

Family Photos

The end of the working week. Post a very satisfying dinner, the only sound better than the cracking open of my beer was the music of the title credits to my current favourite television show. I'd just settled into the armchair, put my feet up, and was about to take my first sip when Mom called my mobile.

"I think I need a new cell phone," she began, forgoing pleasantries. "It keeps coming up with a warning saying," she paused, "...wait a second." I heard the sound of her placing down the receiver of her landline then what I assumed was rummaging through her handbag. "Insufficient memory," she continued. "It's been slow for days now and half my apps won't even open!" She paused to take a breath and a smile came to my lips.

"Who is this?" I joked.

"Oh, stop it, you know it's me!"

"Alright, well hello to you too," I highlighted her impertinence before continuing. "I told you ages ago this would happen."

"But it's only about five years old," she argued and I snickered.

"Mom, that's a lifetime in tech years. Leave it with me, I'll look online, find one in your budget."

"Oh, I don't mind what it costs. Can we get it tonight?" She quickly added.

"Tonight!?"

"It's late-night shopping," she needlessly informed me. "Baby, my games aren't even opening!"

I looked at the paused opening scene of my show; my as-yet-untouched beer; and I suppressed a sigh that longed to come.

"Alright," I managed to smile. "Can't let you miss out on your games! Be there in twenty."

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So, there I was. A thirty-two-year-old single man, walking alongside his mother on a Friday night through a crowded suburban mall. I looked at the generally young age of the shoppers around us and wondered what teenage Me would've thought about my life right now. The word 'sad'

ultimately coming to mind. Grimacing at the thought, I changed my expression to a smile as my eye was caught by an impossibly attractive salesgirl working one of those annoying mid-aisle kiosks.

Young, blonde, and with a body straight from a NSFW website, she returned my smile before offering a flyer for her promotion.

"Win a Bahamas cruise," she declared and I politely shook my head when I noticed the banner behind her displaying the product she was advertising.

"Ooh, I like the sound of that!" Mom however wasn't so quick to dismiss the opportunity, reaching across in front of me to happily receive the pamphlet, causing us both to stop.

"Well, join our Bikini Club and you'll be well on your way to winning," the girl laughed at Mom's enthusiasm in the face of my apathy. "You've heard of Wet Waves?"

I had! What red-blooded male hadn't? Their appearances on the Home Shopping Network, legendary. YouTube clips of all the 'best bits' always worthy of a watch when 'in the mood.' Mom, however, I was sure, would have no idea of the micro and extreme bikinis the company was known for and

I was ready to hasten her along to save us all from embarrassment when she answered.

"You know I have," she giggled, touching the bare arm of the promo girl gently in acknowledgment.

"Let me guess," the girl smiled. "The Home Shopping channel?" And Mom laughed in confirmation. "Well let me tell you about our Bikini Club promotion," she continued straight into her spiel. "For only \$29.95 per month, you'll get two of our latest designs sent straight to your door, along with special gifts and promos. And of course, the chance to win the monthly cruise competition. It's an offer too good to pass up!"

Sadly, for the girl, it was where the sales pitch would come to an end. Mom didn't wear bikinis. In the moment I was struggling to even come up with the last time I'd seen her in a swimsuit, let alone go to the beach.

"Where do I sign!?" Mom laughed and to say I was shocked was an understatement.

"Fantastic," the girl ecstatically reached for a tablet from a podium beside her and I used the opportunity to talk some sense into my mother.

"Are you sure about this?" I turned to her. "You don't wear..." I paused, struggling to even say the word and the promo girl overheard my reticence.

"Oh, come on," she giggled. "Wouldn't you like to see your wife wearing something like this?" She emphasized her chest, her impressive breasts jiggling in the cups of a black bikini top, complimented by the tightest of leggings below, and given license to look I was mesmerized by the sight, only slowly registering her mistaken assumption.

"What?" I broke the spell. "We're not..."

"Oh goodness Dear," Mom again touched the girl's arm. "We're not married! He's my son," she laughed as she delved into her handbag for her purse. "I am flattered though," she added, before lifting her head with a frown.

"What is it?" I questioned, feeling my face blushing and wanting this whole interaction to be done with.

"I've left my purse at home!"

"Oh, that shouldn't be a problem," the salesgirl was swift to remedy the situation, hers along with Mom's doe eyes

quickly falling upon me. "I'm sure your son can take care of it for you!"

"Would you Honey?" Mom questioned. "You can come on the cruise with me when I win!" She smiled, the promo girl broadly grinning, and I released the sigh that had longed to come all evening.

And so it was, along with a new phone, I purchased a bikini subscription (of all things) for my mother. Not just any bikini subscription either. Wet Waves. The most scandalous swimsuits on the market. Even the thought of Mom wearing anything by the company was troubling. But maybe I was overreacting. Maybe I was out of touch. Later that evening, simply out of curiosity I visited their website. Professional photos of their models in the patented micro bikinis, on top of amateur pics sent in by the customers. Women of all ages and body types wearing (and hardly wearing) the swimsuits. Half an hour later and two orgasms down, I left the site exhausted and made it back to my armchair and my tv show. The long-awaited beer happily washed away the zygote of an image that sparked inside my brain. Mom wearing a string bikini. I hoped to not think of it again.

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"There's a catch," Mom began, as per usual, omitting a greeting as I answered her call.

"What are you talking about?" I put my phone on speaker as I set about preparing dinner.

"The Bahamas cruise," she explained and I had to search my brain to recall to what she referred. More than a month had passed since the night; we'd spoken on the phone but never concerning the swimsuits. "I was wondering if they'd published the names of the winners on their website and I discovered, I'm not actually entered," she said.

"Oh," I as well was surprised. "I thought it was automatic."

"So did I," she admitted. "But it seems to go into the running each month you have to send in a photo of yourself..." She paused as if to add drama. "...wearing one of their swimsuits."

That zygote of an image that I'd thought banished long before once more entered my head.

"Oh, so I guess you won't be entering," I surmised and was shocked at her response.

"Oh heavens no. I still want to enter!" She stated. "I've even tried to take a few photos," she divulged and the image developed, recollections of the amateur women on the site. "It's just they didn't turn out very well. I did it with the timer, and in the mirror, but it just looks terrible."

"Okay," I almost whispered, not liking where I thought this was headed.

"Well, I was wondering," she paused and I stopped my chopping of vegetables as I barely breathed. "...I mean if you wouldn't mind...?" Again, she paused and I let the silence linger. "I mean you're much better at taking photos with the phone than I am!"

I swallowed hard as I felt myself blush.

"You want me to take photos of you in...?" I couldn't even finish the sentence.

"Only if you don't mind?" Mom herself had unnecessarily lowered her voice.

It was then I had a moment of clarity. What was wrong with me? What was the big deal? I was behaving like an idiot. Juvenile. She was my mother. It was just a few photos. The

glaring Freudian warning signs could fuck off. She clearly had little problem with the scenario, so why was I turning it into more than it was?

"Oh, don't worry about..."

"I'll do it!" I quickly committed, cutting her off.

"You will!?" I could hear the excitement in her voice and it made me feel pretty good about myself.

"Yeah, sorry I was just in the middle of doing something else," I explained away my silence, rightly perceived as hesitance. "Yeah, why not? When shall I come around?"

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Mid-Saturday morning and the sun shone brightly as I opened the side gate and entered the back yard of my family home. I had a fleeting image enter my head of Mom upon the back lawn, slick with lotion and laying on a beach towel awaiting my arrival, gladly finding the yard empty and even the kitchen vacant as I entered the house announcing my presence.

Strangely, despite our arrangement, she seemed surprised to see me.

"Is it 10:30 already?" She commented as I met her in the hallway, hands holding her satin robe closed at her chest as she offered a perfunctory kiss on my cheek. "You know I'd forgotten all about today," she lied as I spied the tied bow of a pink bikini top hidden under her collar. Even as we parted I could see her breasts pushing out the triangular imprint of the bikini through the thin material, her nipples conspicuously rigid despite the warmth inside the house. Tearing my eyes away, I was happy when she headed back toward the kitchen.

"The money's there," she gestured to a wad of folded bills beside the fruit bowl and I understood it was for the phone and the subscription. "And I was thinking," she paused. "We don't have to do those photos today."

The statement was unexpected and I was taken aback considering how excited she'd been on the phone.

"What? Why?"

"Well, it's silly," she scoffed. "I mean it's not like I'd win or anything."

It was a dramatic turn of events from two nights before. I'd lay awake dreading this day. I had no desire to see Mom in a bikini let alone take photos of it, and yet, despite the out she'd given me, I was a little disappointed. I mean I'd come this far. Why not go through with it? After all, there was the possibility of a free vacation if she won!

"You don't know that!" I declared and I watched a tiny spark seem to light in her eyes. "Why don't we just take one and see how it turns out? You never know."

"Do you think?"

"Yeah, why not? You've got to be in it to win it!" I added and I could see the enthusiasm in her return.

"Well," she made a move from where she leaned against the benchtop, and for a second, I thought she'd drop the robe then and there, surprised by her next statement. "Okay, like you said, maybe just one or two..." She paused as if convincing herself. "Alright, I guess I'll... go and get changed."

Confused, I watched as she made her way back to the hallway, her hands ensuring the robe didn't part at her

thighs as she walked. 'Changed.' I questioned. Wasn't she already wearing the bikini? Why would she lie? Twice now. I shrugged as I picked up and counted the money, finding it over and leaving \$50 in the fruit bowl. It was barely a minute later when I heard her call from down the hall and I understood I was to go to her. To her bedroom.

"We're using your phone I take it?" I called as I approached her door, having brought it with me and shaking it as I cautiously peered around the jamb to look into her room.

"If you think it's got the best camera?" She nervously replied as I laid eyes upon her, once again surprised at developments.

Gone was the pink bikini of recent memory. In its place was a tankini. Dark brown, it covered up much of her torso, matching boy shorts over her hips. What was going on here I wasn't sure, but one thing I was positive about was this was no Wet Waves original.

"Yeah, it is," I answered her query regarding the phone, still taken aback by what had happened. My eyes lingered on the unflattering and yet somehow familiar-looking swimsuit, and Mom picked up the change in my disposition.

"What?" She shuffled awkwardly, seeming unsure of what to do with her hands. "Oh, it's bad, isn't it?" She looked down at the tankini and I was quick to assure her everything was okay.

"No, it's just," it was now I that was uncomfortable. "Um let's just take the photo," I offered, hoping to get it over with as soon as possible.

Once more, Mom stood awkwardly, a nervous flick of her hair, a tug at the hem of the tankini as I raised the phone.

"I don't really know what to do," she admitted and it strangely broke the ice somewhat, both of us venting a nervous laugh.

"Nor do I," I agreed, lowering the phone. I thought back to the photos on the website and an idea came to mind. "Um, why don't you get up on the bed?" I cautiously suggested and seemingly relieved someone was telling her what to do, Mom complied, kneeling upon the mattress. Again, I lifted the phone and offered another direction. "Okay. Maybe rise on your knees and," I paused. "I don't know... um, put your hands up behind your head?"

Bizarre as it was, ordering my mother to willingly take up the pose was kind of satisfying, and moving slightly to find

the best angle and lighting, I quickly took the photo, then another just to be sure. And it was over.

"There, done," I stated. "Wasn't so bad after all."

"No," Mom giggled as she crawled over to kneel beside where I'd taken up position on the edge of the bed. Her hand on my shoulder for balance felt nice as I showed her the photos I'd taken, the first basically identical to the second and surprisingly quite good. "It was kind of fun," she admitted.

"Oh yeah?" I turned to look up into her eyes and she began to blush which in turn caused me to blush and we again shared a nervous laugh.

"Yeah, you know. Pretending to be a model. It felt almost like a real photoshoot," she giggled. "I mean what one must feel like."

"Yeah," I agreed. "It was fun." A silence followed and I filled it by looking back down at the photos. "Did you want to..." I paused. "I mean if you want, we could do a couple more. Just so you've got a few to choose from," I added, unsure as to what my intentions ultimately were.

"Okay," Mom was quick to agree, moving back on the bed to where she'd started and seemingly ready for me to direct once more. "What should I do?"

Before I answered, I took a second to reflect on how surreal this had all become. I was in my mother's bedroom, taking photos of her in a swimsuit. It didn't get any stranger than this! I assumed.

"Um, maybe just lean back on your arms," I offered and Mom seemed to understand what I intended, stretching her legs out before herself and pushing out her chest as I freely took photos. "That's it, great," I played up the role of photographer to her approving smile, becoming bolder. "Ok, what about you get on all fours?" I proposed and for the slightest of seconds, I thought I'd gone too far before she gleefully complied. "Nice," I complimented, and seeing her in such an overtly sexual position, her breasts hanging down between her arms, rounded ass in the air, I felt a sudden and completely unexpected stirring in my pants.

Immediately I shot it down. Remembering who she was. That's your mom dude! I told myself and focused on the job at hand. Jokingly I suggested she make a seductive face and it lightened the mood even further, both of us laughing before I signaled an end when I'd run out of poses for her to attempt. When she fell back upon her pillows, I climbed up on the bed and joined her to share the images we'd created.

"You know, some of these are pretty good," I admitted and enjoyed the feeling of her boob touching my arm as she leaned her body in to view the screen.

"I had a good photographer," Mom nudged against me and we momentarily looked into each other's eyes, exchanging a smile. My gaze crept slowly back to the phone but lingered on its journey, taking time to admire a large amount of cleavage exposed at her chest, and lower, the triangular mound of pussy at her groin. Stop it, I told myself. Again, reminding myself she was my mother. Why the fuck was I even looking?

"I'm sure you can find one of these good enough to enter that comp," I suggested and Mom was quick to reply in the negative.

"Oh, I can't use any of these," she stated and I was immediately taken aback.

"What!?"

"Well, this isn't one of the Wet Waves!" She admitted and as her eyes once again found mine, she understood she'd made a mistake.

"Seriously?" I frowned. "Then what are we taking these photos for?"

My tone was probably too aggrieved and I didn't like the discomfort she seemed to project as she squirmed beside me, her face and chest turning a red hue.

"I was embarrassed," she admitted and I immediately felt like an asshole for coming on so strong, wanting to put an arm around her to show I wasn't upset. I refrained. Allowing her to continue. "I was wearing the Wet Waves bikini when you arrived," she admitted something I already knew. "But when I looked at myself in the mirror," she paused. "...well, I chickened out," her eyes crept back to mine.

"You chickened out!?" I repeated.

"Yeah," her face had become a deeper crimson. "You know, it was a bit... revealing."

"I thought you knew what the bikinis from them were like!?" I smiled and thought of all the women on the website, amateur and otherwise. "So, what's this about then?" I picked at the waist of her tankini, letting it go, her eyes dropping to the swimsuit.

"It's just one I've had for years," she admitted.

"I knew it," I surprised her. "Florida, right? I thought I recognized it."

"You remember!?" She smiled. "Goodness, that vacation was more than twenty years ago."

"So why wear it now?" I challenged.

"Well, I didn't want you to feel you'd wasted your time. I had to put something on," she explained.

I'd never seen her look so vulnerable. Nor blush as she'd done. Again, I had the urge to embrace her, to tell her time spent together wasn't wasted.

"Well, it'll be a wasted opportunity if you don't enter this competition!" I stated and immediately saw the response in her eyes.

"You think I should put it back on? You still want to take the photos?" She questioned.

"Of course," I sat up and made to climb off the bed, holding my hand out for her to do the same. "And any swimsuit will look better than this ugly old thing," I laughed, tugging again at the tankini at her waist as we stood before each other.

"Alright," she giggled, wriggling out of my hold and heading toward her dresser. "I'll do it."

I found myself looking at her ass, filling out the admittedly tight boy shorts nicely, and again that stirring in my pants. "I'll wait outside," I offered, quite aware she hadn't asked me to do so as I forced my eyes from her body. Would she have changed in front of me? No. I automatically answered. Again, you idiot. She's your mother! Without a further word between us, I exited the room.

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I stood with my back to her closed door and tried not to imagine what was happening behind me. Futile, as images flooded my mind. She'd be naked by now, I pictured and immediately scolded myself, looking across to the door of my childhood bedroom. What would teenage Me think of what was happening here? Mortified, was a word that came to mind and I smiled just as a faint voice caught my ear from behind me.

"Umm," Mom spoke sheepishly and I turned to face the door.

"Yeah?" I called back and there was a pause from within the room.

"I, ah... think I need a hand," she tentatively proposed and I gripped the door handle.

"Ok, I'm coming in," I warned and unsure of what I'd face, turned the knob and entered.

There was an extended moment where I indeed believed she was still naked. Facing the mirror, presented to me was her entire exposed body from behind, all that covered her flesh, the thinnest of pink string disappearing between her bare buttocks.

"I can't seem to..." she began. "...I had no trouble with it earlier," she alluded to the strings of the bikini top hanging down at her sides, and placing the phone in my front pocket and trying to remain professional in the face of such a sight, I approached her from behind. "If you wouldn't mind?" She almost whispered.

"No, that's cool," I casually replied, though I felt my heart could be heard in the otherwise quiet room, totally giving the game away as to how I felt. Closer, and I could see over

her shoulder, her hands cupping her breasts, keeping the bikini in place. I dared not look lower, focusing on the task presented to me. My fingers shook as I took hold of the strings, bringing them together across her spine, feeling her warm skin, goosebumps noticeably rising on her arms at my touch. "Perfect," I complimented my work, though as she turned, adjusting the bikini to evenly sit upon her boobs, I could've been complimenting her.

The small cups were no match for her areola. The pink skin escaping the material on nearly all sides, her nipples, hard and demanding my eyes acknowledge, mother or not! Did they linger? You bet. And when they'd had their fill, they sought further nourishment. Dropping. Her exposed belly. Was it flat? Of course not. This was a woman who'd just seen her fifty-fifth year. I didn't expect to see a calendar girl, yet the calendar hadn't been unkind; smooth pale skin descending to the thong of her bikini. The tiniest of triangles attempting to contain her pronounced pubic bone. It was here I came to my senses and looked away, turning as if unconcerned or unfazed by her state.

"So..." She paused and pulling the phone from my pocket, I slowly turned back to face her. "What do you think?"

She was in the process of climbing back upon the bed, bent forward as she crawled onto the mattress. My eyes zeroed in on her butt, the curve of her pale buttocks, and the pink

string lost between. My mother's bare ass, I told myself, and sirens ringing in my head told me to look away. I couldn't. Mesmerized I watched as she slowly turned, almost seductively taking up the kneeling position we'd begun with the tankini, her eyes eventually returning to mine.

"Well?" She continued.

"What?" I came to my senses, realizing I was staring and tearing my gaze from her, focusing on the phone.

"The bikini?" She questioned her outfit and given a license to once more look... I looked.

"Oh..." I paused, letting my eyes linger upon her breasts, surprisingly perky for her age, again focusing on her crotch, a conspicuous absence of any obvious pubic hair escaping the minimal fabric. Was my mother's pussy shaved? I asked myself and horror of all horrors, my cock responded to the thought and vision, hardening despite the familial relationship. No, this wasn't happening, I determined and attempted to shut it down, willing away the developing erection. "Um... I'm just wondering what Dad would've thought about it?" I deferred giving my own opinion, the thought of my deceased father helping ease the swelling in my pants.

To my surprise, Mom scoffed.

"Oh, your father wouldn't have let me wear anything like this," she divulged and for a moment there was a look of sadness in her eyes, dispelled as she changed the subject. "So how do you want me?" She questioned, quickly laughing as she realized how it sounded, throwing a hand over her mouth in embarrassment. "I mean, how should I pose?" She giggled, her face noticeably red.

"Um," I looked down at the phone, lifting it to train once more upon her. "I guess we just do like before," I offered, and seamlessly, she moved into the spread-legged kneeling position we'd begun with. Same, yet oh so different.

Looking through the phone's screen gave me some detachment from the scenario. But I wondered if it wasn't adding to the arousal I felt. Confusing my emotions somehow? Was my now undeniable hard-on, for my mother, or the product of acting out a fantasy roleplay of photographer and model? Stimulating, regardless of subject? Moving the camera from panorama to portrait and zooming in to have her take up the whole screen, the paleness of her skin, the curves of her flesh, the smile in her eyes and on her mouth. That mouth. Her full lips with the lightest daubing of lipstick. As she took hold of the waist of her bikini and pulled up as a professional model would do, the triangle of material barely able to contain her bulging labia. As she

pushed out her chest to present her magnificent breasts to me. Her nipples hard. As hard as my cock. Who was I kidding? It was her I was attracted to. There was no denying it as she seamlessly transitioned into the poses we'd practiced earlier. As I surreptitiously rubbed my erection when her eyes were elsewhere. As I breathed in the faintest and yet undeniable scent of pussy. My mother's pussy. Aroused as I? Surely not.

What little blood that wasn't in my dick flooded and heated my face and feeling lightheaded I ended the session with her on all fours, dropping my eyes from the ridiculously attractive sight to turn and once more sit upon the edge of the bed. Immediately Mom was beside me, her body pressing into me as she matched my position to inspect the photos I'd taken.

"Ooh that's a good one," she stated, referring to an image of her looking back over her shoulder at the camera, my cock twitching just below the phone as I admired her ass and bare spine.

"You want to upload this one?" I questioned.

"Maybe. If you think my bum doesn't look too big?"

Her ass didn't look too big. Or too small. Goldilocks, it was just right. Perfect in my eyes. I didn't know if I should answer, definitely knew I couldn't be honest, so I deflected.

"Doesn't show off the bikini much though," I suggested, swiping to the next, another.

"You're right, best do one of the ones from the front," she agreed and I paused upon one of the first photos taken. Upon her knees, legs spread. Both arms raised behind her head. Her breasts lifted with ample under-boob on display, nipples poking; more than a hint of cameltoe; a seductive expression upon her face with lips parted. It could've been a professional photo, a glamour shot that wouldn't have looked out of place up on teenage Me's bedroom wall. (Had it not been my mother of course!)

"What about that?" I offered and looked into her eyes.

"If you think it looks good?" She threw it back to me and it was finally time to admit I did.

"They're all good," I confessed and my cock ached to be let loose. God, if I'd been on the Wet Waves website I'd have cum twice by now! "You look good," I followed and our locked eyes became uncomfortable, forcing mine away to

focus on the phone. "I mean for my mom and everything!" I annotated and she laughed.

"I get it," she giggled, wriggling into me. "So, can you upload it for me?"

"Way ahead of you," I stated, already navigating to her browser and searching for the Wet Waves site, quickly finding the competition link.

"Oh!" Mom leaned further into me to inspect the webpage, the warmth of her exposed skin against my arm, the smell of perfume in her hair, and that other scent that was driving me mad.

"What?" I questioned.

"Go back to the last screen," she asked and then began to read from the page as I tilted the phone further in her direction. "...entrants must be over eighteen... the copyright owner... okay... there... whoops!"

"What?" I again asked, confused.

"This month's bikini," she read, then looked back up into my eyes.

"So?" I posed and she grimaced.

"This is last month's!" She looked down at her barely clad body. "We missed the cut-off by a week."

Was she serious? Nearly an hour we'd been at this. My cock was aching, pre-cum uncomfortably sticking the eye to my underpants now and then. Then there was the overriding unease of just keeping its presence a secret. There was no way I wanted her to know she'd given me the erection in the first place and until then I thought I'd done an impressively commendable job. I rose from the bed beside her, admittedly without a thought to my cock's position, and in my frustration with the situation dismissed the train her eyes took as they followed my movement. Disregarding the pause as they rose up my legs and lingered momentarily on my groin.

"What do you mean, last month's?" I once more sounded more aggrieved than I meant. "So again, we've wasted time for nothing?" I hated how it sounded. Was any erection wasted time? Was admittedly enjoying myself taking near-nude photos of my mother, wasted time? No fucking way. But ultimately, we were meant to be entering a competition.

Nothing we'd done so far seemed relevant to that point. "Where's this month's bikini?" I held my hands out in exasperation.

"In my panty drawer," she meekly replied, and hearing her say 'that' word caught my breath a little.

"What?" I barely mumbled.

"It's in with my panties," she whispered and I followed her eyes as she looked toward her dresser.

"Well do you still want to enter this thing?" I looked back at her and as she sexily bit her lower lip, she nodded her head.

Was it adrenaline? Was it just a desire to look in her 'panty' drawer? I don't know. Whatever, I confidently strode to the dresser and opened the upmost drawer to reveal all manner of satin and lace delicates. So many colors, so many fabrics, and designs. I had the strangest compulsion to take all in my hands and lift to my face to press into my skin, my mouth, and nose. I obviously resisted, instead searching for what could be declared a bikini amid the eye candy.

"What am I looking for?" I gruffly questioned and hearing her rise she informed me it was yellow. Again, nothing came

to the eye. There was a fluorescent shoelace in the corner, but nothing else remotely yellow, and definitely nothing that looked like a bikini. "I can't see anything," I admitted as I felt her presence beside me, and together, we stood before her dresser. Her open panty drawer below us. My mother's intimates, her bras, panties, and lingerie all within our grasp, all within caress.

"It's right here," she reached for the shoelace and my breath was caught.

Surely not!?

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"What is that!?" I took a step back as she slowly pushed the drawer closed, allowing the 'shoelace' to unfurl from her fingers. Not a shoelace but surely not a bikini, simply a loop of thin fluorescent nylon.

"This is it," she nonchalantly declared. "This month's bikini."

I doubted it. She must have been mistaken somehow. The thing she held in her hands had no substance. It wouldn't cover anything. Amazingly I could feel my dick hardening

further. The already granite-like structure straining against my pants, testing their resistance.

"Okay," I accepted her assertion. "I'll wait outside," I proposed, eager to be out of the room where I could think of something else. Remove her from my mind and sight and attempt to lessen the pressure at my groin, if only momentarily.

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "This'll only take a moment. Just turn around," she wickedly smiled as she twirled an index finger.

Yep. She was going to get changed with me in the room. My mother. Seemingly not having a problem with her son being in such intimate proximity.

"Oh, before you do, could you?" She turned around and I understood she needed me to untie the bow I'd fastened. Did she though? She could merely have lifted the bikini top from her torso. Regardless, with shaking hands, I once more took hold of the ties and this time unfastened her top, the bikini falling away to leave her back bare. "Now turn around Mister," she giggled as she indeed lifted the bikini top over her head. "No peeking at your mother!"

As if in a trance, I followed her instruction and fortuitously found myself staring into our reflection in the full-length mirror of her closet.

I saw everything!

With her back to me, she tugged at the waist of her bikini bottom and pulled it down her legs, stepping out and leaving the minuscule item on the carpet. For a moment my eyes remained on it, imagining taking it in my hands and lifting it to my face. To breathe in the scent of my mother left on the tiny gusset. In response and with impunity, I moved a hand to the front of my pants and caressed the length of my bulge as I watched her take hold of the loop. Crossing it over to form a figure eight I finally understood how it worked and feasted on her nudity as she stepped into the sling she'd formed, pulling it up over her shoulders.

"Okay," she sighed. "I..." she paused. "...think I'm ready."

My hand came from my cock just in time as we turned as one to face each other. Was she serious? Was she mad? This was no bikini. And even if it was, what mother would dare wear it in front of her son? The greatest mother on Earth! I quickly answered my question. Showing some awareness as to the state of her undress, she attempted to position the two strings over her nipples but the task was fruitless, slipping

off immediately to leave her breasts bare and exposed to my eyes. But it wasn't where they lingered. No. Immediately I gazed down at her groin and yes. As I'd assumed earlier, my mother's pussy was shaved. The converging V of the strings lay atop her bald mound to disappear completely within her exposed vulva, her labia clear as day. To sum up. My mother was naked.

My mouth had dried, and as my eyes slowly raised to find hers upon me, I struggled to come up with anything intelligible to say.

"I," I paused. "Mom! Are you sure about this?"

"What?" She seemed almost taken aback, looking down at her body.

"What!" I repeated to her. "You're almost... I mean, you're naked," I stated and to this, she scoffed.

"Oh, heavens I am not," she denied, giggling. "It's a swimsuit Darling. Yes, it's a little skimpy but not much more than the last. You didn't have a problem with that one!" She challenged and to be honest I had to agree. Nor with this, my cock especially complimentary, pulsing against my pants.

"I... I..." I was turning into a bumbling idiot and fumbled over my words, clearly embarrassed and to this, she seemed aware.

"It's alright Honey," she reassured. "You're my son. It's okay for you to see me like this. I wouldn't wear it for a stranger."

Her words were shocking. She wouldn't have worn it for my father either, I reflected upon her earlier comment. So, this was just for me. A private show. Almost a motherly striptease for her special boy. And an audience of potentially millions online, I quickly recalled the reason this was happening in the first place.

"I guess," I managed to swallow the lump that had formed in my throat, taking the phone from my pocket and holding it up as she once more adjusted the straps over her nipples, again pointless. "So, shall we try again?" I suggested.

"Let's!" Mom beamed, confidence emanating from her as she unnecessarily brushed past me on the way back to the bed. I watched from behind as she climbed up, seemingly accentuating the movement necessary to accomplish the task, her back arching to enhance her rear, legs spread wider than needed to steady her crawl across the mattress. My eyes were drawn to her ass, noting every dimple, every freckle. And as she moved directly under the overhead light, the

darker skin around her asshole. My mother's asshole, staring at me from behind the most feeble of barriers. I groaned.

"Pardon?" Mom turned, taking up the now familiar position upon her knees, legs well spread.

"Nothing," I lied. "Just clearing my throat," I added, lifting the phone to once more capture her image. "Whenever you're ready."

She was more than ready. Now a professional at this, she went straight into poses. No longer attempting to cover her nipples, embracing her nudity, reveling in her newfound liberation. And why shouldn't she? She was beautiful. A middle-aged body that deserved to be shown, to be celebrated, and lusted after. And of course, she should feel confident. She was in her home. Her bedroom. With her son. Safe in the knowledge he was possibly the one man who wouldn't attempt to hit on her. To take advantage. To have his way. Because mothers and sons didn't do that, right? There was no sexual attraction between them! Nothing could come of it if there were. Because that was incest. And that didn't happen in real life. Not like this.

The hardness of my cock suggested otherwise. She must have known. There was no hiding the sideways lump in my pants, admittedly encouraged with rubs every time she

looked away. Even the distinct mushroom of the head showed through the cotton of my tan-colored trousers. It was becoming unbearable, erect for an hour, my balls swollen with inspiration and desperate to be emptied. How many photos I took I had no idea, ruing they weren't on my phone. To have and to hold. To use when I saw fit.

Upon her knees once more, Mom drew the two lengths of the string together in her fist and pulled up, accentuating the exposed slit of her pussy. Her eyes dropped down to see the effect before once more meeting mine.

"I've seen models do something like this," she somehow defended the overtly sexual nature of her action, the string disappearing between her folds. "And this," she opened her mouth wide, poking her tongue out suggestively as if awaiting my cock, my cum. It was too much. For me; attempting to come to terms with the fact I was so attracted to my mother. For the website; the almost hardcore nature of the pose, far more extreme than the regular photos on display. But mostly for my cock; my pants were way too constrictive, the pressure leaving me pulsing and on the verge of orgasm. I managed to take the shot. Irrelevant in that the sight would forever be imprinted in my memory. Something to call upon for years to come when in the deepest of taboo fantasies. A masturbatory stimulus and nothing more. Because nothing was going to happen between us. Not now. Not ever.

With her remaining in the stance, I slowly lowered the phone and though less than willing, forced my eyes from my mother. She responded immediately, seemingly disappointed.

"What's wrong?" She asked as I turned my back and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Nothing," I was quick to explain my abrupt end to the photo shoot. "Just, I think we've probably got enough."

"Oh, okay," she was just as quick to once again join me. Her naked thigh against my leg, breast pressing my arm as she wrapped hers across my back to rest a hand on my opposing shoulder, balancing her body alongside mine. "Let's look at the photos," she almost whispered, so close to my ear.

I didn't need any more prompting, anxious to browse the collection myself. If only I were alone, I thought. Mere seconds all I'd need to truly pay homage to her beauty. To grasp my cock and honor her with the sincerest expression of flattery. An orgasm. Incestuously inspired.

I swiped backward through the shots with her breath upon my neck, her chin resting upon my shoulder. Mother and son

looking through family photos, innocent but for the fact she was essentially naked. The scent of her rose to my nostrils. Intense fragrance from her hair and skin, and another far more natural perfume. One that I longed to have on my fingers, in my mouth, on my cock, and upon my sheets. Her free hand interrupted my swiping, scrolling back to comment on a particular photo, suggesting it for upload. But really, I heard not. My mind was reeling. No longer was I resisting the impure thoughts. I'd given up attempting to stifle the taboo desire. 'She's your mom dude,' could fuck off. I welcomed it. I'd discovered something illicit and exciting here today and there was no going back. Something seen couldn't be unseen and it was now a part of me, a forbidden and private part of me. Something I'd never share with anyone. Most importantly, her.

Mom's hand dropped from the phone as I saved the picture to the website, coming to rest on the most convenient location should she choose to touch the screen again, my thigh. My upper thigh. It was innocent of course. She had no realization her pervert of a son was erect. That for more than an hour he'd been encouraging said hardon. Selfishly rubbing it as she naively posed for him. Bordering on orgasm right under her nose. But now. Now as I flicked ever more rapidly back through the photos, its presence was undeniable. To me. To her? I hoped not. I dropped my eyes from the phone to my crotch, her hand so close. Too close.

"That's a good one," she lifted her hand, swiping back a photo to land on an image of her on all fours, boobs showing

yet nipples obscured by her arms. "Do you like it?" She asked and I declined to answer. Of course, I liked it. I loved it! But how could I admit it?

"I'll add it," I replied impartially and her hand again fell to my leg. This time higher. Fractionally, but it was enough. The jig was up. Her thumb came to rest upon the shaft of my cock, her palm essentially cupping the head. I pulsed beneath her and expected a gasp of surprise. A horrified release of disgust from her as I held my breath in anticipation. None came. Some change in her breathing, but no revulsion. Didn't she feel it? Was it possible she wasn't aware? The hardness something else. A roll of quarters? My cell phone? Ridiculous I know, but when your mother's hand unexpectantly presses upon your hard-on, strange things go through your mind.

"Ooh, I like that," she whispered so close to my cheek. "Do you, Honey?"

The photo we were looking at? Or her hand on my cock? Either was fine by me and I managed to form a response.

"Yes," I sighed as I stared at her photo, on her back upon the bed, noticing something I hadn't earlier, a glistening upon her upper thighs, caught by the automatic flash of the camera. My dick involuntarily twitched and surely it was the

final straw. Now she'd realize my state and call me out. Send me from her house in shame. No. The opposite, more pressure placed upon my shaft, the length of her index finger joining her thumb. Undeniable. If she were my date we'd be making out by now, my hand between her legs, a finger within.

Her head nestled further into my shoulder, her breath warm upon my neck, my own held as so gently she massaged my erection, the movement subtle enough to be misconstrued as innocent, unintentional. Was it? My head swam. My cock pulsed. I managed to add the photo to the website and felt on the verge of fainting. No, it wasn't unconsciousness that was imminent I realized. Something else.

"Thank you for this," Mom whispered, breathless. For what? My erection? Allowing her to touch it? "For today. For everything," she explained further and her hand increased its movement, no doubt left in her actions as I twitched beneath her, the inevitable approaching.

"I..." I wanted to admit my state, the impending release, but words failed me. "I..."

"Shhh, Honey," her mouth moved to be beside my ear, her breath giving me goosebumps, her hand essentially jerking me off through my pants. "A mother knows when her baby

needs a milking," she whispered and the words sent me over the edge. Losing the fight as she pressed against my shaft. I came. Not an ordinary ejaculation. This was something otherworldly. A volcanic eruption. I exhaled in gasps as over and again my orgasm surged forth. Flooding my underpants, warmth spreading across my pelvis. It was wonderful. It was horrific. Such taboo euphoria mixed with an undeniable shame. Had she expected this? Her son to cum in his pants? Embarrassment quickly overtook pleasure as the last of the semen pulsed forth, the single synapse in my brain that wasn't completely devoted to an incestuous desire for my mother taking charge and forcing me to realize my situation. 'Get out of there,' it yelled.

Abruptly I rose from the bed, the corner of my eye-catching Mom almost falling to the mattress before she steadied herself, so unexpected was my escape. I kept my groin out of sight as I explained my action, dropping her phone on the bed as I made my way to the door. "Well, if we're done here, I've gotta get going," I stated, seeing my reflection in her mirror, a dark patch seeping through the front of my pants. The sight hastened my getaway.

"What!?! Honey?" Mom seemingly perplexed, attempted to stall my departure. "You don't have to go."

"Yeah..." I couldn't even look back at her such was my embarrassment. A glance in the mirror. "Yeah, I do," I found

the door and the safety of the hallway. Behind I could hear her rising from the bed and as I sought the kitchen, my car keys, and the backdoor, I saw her peripherally, donning her satin robe as she followed.

"But, the photos? The website?" Mom questioned, a tension in her voice.

"They're uploaded," I dismissively informed her as I hurried to the exit. "You just need to hit enter."

"But..." Mom made a last attempt to get me to stay or at least to turn and face her.

"Mom, I've gotta go. I'm late for something," I lied. "Let me know how the comp goes," I denied her endeavor, closing the door behind me to almost run from the house and to my car.

And then came the shame. Sitting in the now cold and uncomfortable evidence of my transgression, I looked in the visor mirror at my red face. What had I done? I'd never be able to look at her again, I decided. Speak to her? How? I looked down at the fist-sized wet patch on my pants and the embarrassment rose all over again. But she'd wanted it! I reminded myself. It wasn't just me in there. I thought of her words. Struggling to come up with her exact phrase. 'A

mother needs to milk her son,' or something like that. Ridiculously my cock responded, its semi-erect state hardening. Stop it, I told myself. She must have been drunk. Mad maybe? I started the car and with my dick once more gaining its fully erect state, began the drive home.

*

The shower. Washing away the evidence. My soapy hand upon my cock immediately reminded me of my mother's touch. This wasn't good. The erection following, devoted to her. Closing my eyes under the flow of water and seeing her in the bikini. I laughed. What bikini? It was barely even a piece of string. I wanted to talk to her about it. To laugh with her and declare how good she looked. How good she looked naked. This wasn't healthy. I began wanking, the slick lotion reminding me of her glistening upper thighs. The scent of her pussy coming back to me. I came. This wasn't right. Nothing about this was right.

A day passed. Two. I expected her to call me but it never came. Checking my phone just in case when I'd been apart from it. Nothing. And why would she? Probably didn't want to speak to her creep of a son ever again. The one that got a hard-on from taking innocent photos of her. What must she think of me? The one that came in his pants from a simple touch. Had it even been sexual? Maybe she was just balancing herself! What had she said? 'A mother knows

when her baby needs a milking.' Had I misheard her words? Maybe she was just offering me a glass of milk! Had any of it even happened? As the days went by, the event seemed more to be a dream. A week and still nothing. It was a dream. A fantasy I'd concocted from a night of too much drinking perhaps? Had I even gone to the mall with her so long ago now? Seen the Wet Waves kiosk? Purchased the bikini subscription?

When two weeks had passed and we'd still not spoken, I'd begun to worry. As much as I'd attempted to convince myself nothing untoward had happened between us. I knew the reality. And it had played out exactly as recalled. She'd been as much a part (if not more) of it as me. As willing. Friday night and with a few beers under my belt, I determined to call her and talk about it frankly. To say sorry for how I'd left it. To admit how I'd felt. How I still felt.

I was in the act of reaching for my phone when it rang. And of course, it was her.

And of course, I didn't say any of what I'd intended. Pleasantries were what was conveyed. Small talk so banal that for more than a moment I wondered if I had indeed imagined it all. And then came the reality check. Words that washed away like a tsunami all suggestions I'd concocted any of it in my head.

"They haven't named the winners yet," she flippantly raised. "They haven't even put the photos on the website. Have you looked?"

Had I looked? Was she serious? Daily, I was checking the site for the images. Multiple times.

"No, been busy with work," I lied, not wanting her to think I was some mommy-obsessed pervert.

I detected a notable disappointment in her voice at my confession and immediately regretted my words.

"Oh," she paused. "Well... I've been looking at the photos you took. They came out great," again there was silence and I wanted to fill it by telling her the truth. That I didn't want to see her in photos or online. That I wanted her in person. Clothed, naked, any which way. That I wanted to kiss her, to taste and touch her. That every time I jerked off, she was in my head. "I actually purchased something else from them," she again stalled. "It just arrived in the mail," she added and this time I endeavored to sound enthusiastic in response.

"Oh yeah?" I said and she noted my change in tone, her voice rising.

"I was wondering if you'd... I mean maybe we could..." It was nice to know even she was nervous about what was clearly happening between us.

"You want me to come around and take some photos?" My cock began rising as I said the words.

*

Too early to be changed for bed, the familiar satin robe I spied her wearing as I glanced through the kitchen window was obviously to conceal something special. My heart was racing as I imagined what design of bikini she'd reveal. How many times had I seen her thus? Called in from play as a child. Arriving home early evening from school or football practice as a teen. Seen her moving about the kitchen in the act of preparing a meal. The perfect mother. And she was perfect. Her hair was up in the highest of ponytails, the robe barely dropping below her curved buttocks as she moved across the room, her shapely legs below. Why hadn't I noticed her beauty sooner?

"Hey," I flippantly announced my arrival as I entered the family home, just as all the fear and doubt I'd felt last I was there came flooding back. I'd come around expecting we'd fuck. That she'd come to me and we'd embrace in unrestrained incestuous desire. When we looked at each

other, however, that prospect evaporated with reality. We were mother and son, not lovers. If this was going to happen, caution needed to be shown. We both needed to be entirely on board.

"Honey," Mom just as casually responded and what followed was a moment of awkwardness. Was she recalling me running from the house in shame with pants full of cum? I blushed at my recollection and diverted my eyes from hers seeking something to stimulate conversation, her phone charging upon the bench awaiting my use. "Oh, yeah," she noted where my eyes had settled. "The battery is really low. We might have to use yours if you don't mind?"

Did I mind!? It was what I'd been wishing for from the beginning and just the thought I'd now have photos of Mom at my disposal had my dick twitching. It was then I noticed the butter. A knob sitting upon a saucer in the middle of the bench and still nodding my agreement at using my phone, I commented upon it. "What are you cooking?" I questioned and it was now her that blushed.

"Oh!" She waved a hand in dismissal before clutching at the front of her robe, what could only be described as a smirk coming to her face. "It's not for cooking," she cryptically suggested. "I bought one of those swimming plugs," she added as if it would explain everything.

"A what?" I asked.

"You know, a plug for swimming," she stated. "They sell them on the Wet Waves site. I thought if we take some photos of me wearing it and send them in... well... I've not seen any other woman on the site wearing one, so I'm sure I'll stand out when they judge the competition."

I was perplexed as to what she was referring to and told her so.

"Mom, what are you talking about? What's that got to do with the butter?"

"To get it in!" She looked at me as though I were an idiot. "I couldn't do it at first and couldn't think of something to use, then remembered that Brando movie... what was it called? Tango in France or something..." She must have noticed the blank expression on my face and got back to the story. "Well. Butter! It was the perfect lubricant!" She finally stated.

"For what?" I was still confused.

"For the swimming plug!" She straightened where she was leaning against the kitchen bench and turned around,

undoing the tie of her robe and allowing it to fall down her bare back.

My eyes followed its path as her flesh was exposed. No bikini. Not even a shoelace masquerading as one. The perfect curve of her spine, the small of her back, and as those luscious bare buttocks came into view, still nothing of note. Until she bent slightly forward and I saw it. Her 'swimming plug', the round bejeweled plunger of a butt plug nestled between her heavenly globes; the sight caused my heart to race, and my face to flush.

"Mom!" I exhaled. "That's a... that's a butt plug," I informed her, wondering how it had taken me so long to understand what she'd been referring to.

"Oh, well I've not seen it called that. But yes, a plug," she turned to face me, lifting the robe back up her arms in the process, slowly, almost halfheartedly drawing it across her breasts to give me the briefest glimpse of her smooth groin. "It stops the water going inside you when you swim," she completely misunderstood the role of the sex toy she'd inserted in her ass. "I have to say, it was bigger than I'd expected it to be. It's not unpleasant though!"

My cock was swelling at a rapid rate and I knew the sweatpants I'd chosen specifically to wear, gladly did

nothing to hide my affection as I wondered if, in fact, she was putting on an act. Feigning ignorance, or innocence? An underhanded way of seducing me, of turning me on. What did I care? Naive or not, it did the trick, without even glancing down, seeing my cock tenting out at my groin.

"And you're positive about this?" I stupidly questioned her resolve.

"What?"

"Well, I mean we've been here before, you're... you'll be naked!" I once more needlessly informed her and thankfully, she dismissed my concern.

"Oh Darling," she gave me a sympathetic smile. "I do have something on... well in!" She laughed. "Now, shall we go to the bedroom?" Mom continued, dismissing my unwarranted concerns, her eyes glancing down, skirting across the development in my pants as she led the way from the kitchen and down the hallway.

Mesmerized, I followed. Glued to her rear in the robe, now catching the almost imperceptible change in her gait as she accommodated the butt plug. I momentarily looked at teenage Me's bedroom door and shook my head as I trailed Mom into her own. If only to go back in time and tell Me

what was in our future I thought, smiling at the idea only to have Mom catch my expression as she turned, preparing to speak when she hit the bed.

"What?" She questioned my appearance, interrupting herself, I noticed now doing a good job at not looking at my obvious hard-on.

"Nothing Mom," I answered, my cheeks beginning to hurt from my grin. "Everything's fine."

"Oh, ok," she threw me a sly look. "It's not how I look or anything, is it? I don't want to make a fool of myself."

"Not at all," I admitted as she climbed upon the bed, the robe parting to once more reveal her nudity, again slow to correct the malfunction. "You look perfect."

"Oh, go on!" She laughed. Allowing herself a glance at my cock, her face slowly blushing. "Now, as I was going to say. I don't mind being a little more daring this time. Let's do our best to win this thing."

"Alright," I agreed, taking a moment to stroke up the length of my erection, squeezing the underside of my shaft while

she turned on the bed, her eyes diverted. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well," she began and I raised my phone as on her knees she again lowered the robe down her back. "I wouldn't say no to some close-ups."

"Ok, we can do that," I affirmed as I admired my naked mother through the screen of my iPhone, taking the first of many photos that I knew I'd be jerking off to for years to come.

"Just tell me what to do," she breathed as I dropped lower to concentrate on her ass and the focus of the photo shoot, noting the two diamante W's of the Wet Waves logo turned sideways.

"Well, you could start by straightening up the plug. You'd want their logo to be in the right position," I suggested and watched intently as she threw a hand back to take hold of the flared end.

"It does feel weird when you touch it!" She giggled as she turned the plug around only to have the letters appear upside down. "Is that better?" She looked over her shoulder at me hopefully, only to see me shake my head.

"Now they're totally the wrong way around," I laughed, and again she made to adjust the butt plug, spinning it in her sphincter.

"Now?" She questioned and I shook my head. "Oh, you do it then," she exhaled, turning away from me and dropping her chin to the mattress, the now abandoned robe falling the rest of the way off her body, her ass remaining raised upon the bed, pointed directly at me.

"Me?" I stammered.

"Yes Darling," she confirmed as she spread her knees upon the bed, her bald slit coming into view below the butt plug. "All that butter makes it quite easy to turn."

I could feel my face burning as I dropped a knee down onto the mattress, climbing up behind my naked mother. Abandoning my phone, I reached out a shaking hand and placed it upon her left buttock for support, spreading her cheek to give me greater access to the butt plug, pausing as I admired her sex.

"It's ok Honey," Mom whispered into the mattress. "You can touch me there," she added, obviously sensing my hesitance

and misconstruing it as reluctance as I drew out the moment. "Here, I'll make it easier," she added.

With my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her ass, I watched as Mom pushed out upon the butt plug, the surrounding skin of her sphincter ballooning to emphasize the proportion of the plug within her body.

"Ok, do it now," she insisted, and breaking the spell I was under, I raised my other hand to take hold of the flared end of the plug, my fingers caressing the hot buttered greasiness of her asshole as I turned the Wet Waves logo to the correct position. "Mmm," Mom sighed at the action. "I admit, that does feel good!" She confessed laughing, and I released her buttock to grab at the front of my pants heightening the moment by squeezing my hard-on through the material as I reluctantly let go of the butt plug. "I suppose that's a bit naughty to say, isn't it!?"

"Ah... it's ok," I sighed, essentially jerking off behind her, feeling the slickness of precum seeping from my eye, my cock aching to be out of my track pants. "We're good to go I think," I quickly removed my hand as once more I bordered on premature ejaculation. Not again, I told myself!

"Thank you, Darling," Mom again rose on the bed as I stepped away, doing nothing to hide my erection, willing

her to look. "Now," she turned comfortable in her nudity. "What do you want me to do?"

I could think of a million things, but the professional in me got down to business, taking up my phone as I openly stared at her breasts, her nipples hard in the warm bedroom. As I dropped my gaze to feast my eyes on her groin. That perfectly smooth patch of skin above the hint of labia. Surely waxed, with no visible sign of shaving. How I longed to investigate closer and of course, I could.

"I guess just turn around again," I offered. "That position before was fine."

"Like this?" She crawled onto all fours, knees together as she looked back hopefully.

"Almost," I enthusiastically nodded. "Now, just spread your legs."

She did exactly as told, sliding her knees out beneath herself to again fully expose the butt plug, and of course her pussy below. Without further pause, I lifted the phone and began taking photos.

"That's it, Mom," I encouraged as she threw back a hand to plant upon her buttock, digging her fingers into the flesh and spreading her cheek as I'd just done. "Nice. I was just about to tell you to do that," I admitted as I moved in closer, mounting the mattress to focus in on her ass. Inches from the butt plug, I took shot after shot of her plugged asshole and vulva below. Moisture began to glisten her labia, the scent of her sex becoming intoxicating.

"What about if I turn over?" Mom rolled before me and unashamed fell back onto her elbows, parting her legs. Despite all that had come before, the sight of her spread thighs and welcoming sex, her breasts primed for sucking, her eyes upon me, I felt suddenly embarrassed and the burning in my cheeks increased.

"Oh, Honey, I'm sorry," she seemed genuinely concerned at my reaction. "Is this a little too much?"

"What? No, I... ah..."

"You know I heard somewhere that to make everyone feel more comfortable during one of these shoots, the crew will get undressed as well," she posited.

"What?" I hoped I'd heard correctly.

"You know, it makes it more equal," her wide eyes looked expectantly up at me before slowly dropping down my torso to my groin.

"So, you think I should... I mean I just take off my..."

"That's right Darling," she coaxed. "I'm sure if we're both naked it won't be so... awkward, maybe?"

My lightheadedness from prior altercations had returned. I wanted nothing more than to get naked. To jump upon her and fuck. But as I placed my phone on the bed, the last atom of doubt sparked in my brain. What if this wasn't what I believed was happening? What if I took off my pants and she was horrified at my arousal? I lifted the t-shirt from my body and watched intently her reaction to my bare chest, seeing her lips part ever so slightly. Was that good? I kicked off my shoes and tucked my fingers into the waist of my pants before stalling. I had to admit my state.

"Mom, I just want you to..." I began before she interrupted me in a whisper.

"Darling, I know," she sighed, and never removing my eyes from hers, I pulled my track pants and shorts down over my hard-on, presenting my desire to the room.

There was silence. Extended. As I stepped out of my pants leaving them on the carpeted floor, the discomfort I presumed I'd feel faded with her smile. Her look of maternal pride.

"See," she struggled to lift her eyes from my admittedly impressive-looking erection. "Doesn't that feel better?" She questioned and I had to agree. That atom of doubt evaporated. It felt so right to undress before her. Seemingly so normal for a mother and son to be naked together. As nature intended.

"You're not upset by..." I made a motion pointed toward my crotch and her eyes once again fell upon my hard-on.

"Oh Baby. No loving mother could," she sighed as she slowly shook her head. "Now, where were we?"

"I think we were about to do some more close-ups," I suggested as I managed to take my eyes off her for a moment to retrieve my phone.

"Oh yes," Mom purred. "But can you even see the plug like this?" She highlighted her position and as I climbed onto the

bed, I looked down at her pussy, the butt plug buried into the mattress.

"Not really," I shook my head. "Maybe you could...." I began but Mom was way ahead of me.

"Do this?" She read my thoughts, rolling back to lift her spread legs under her arms. Her buttocks rose from the bed, her pussy and the butt plug presented to me obscenely. "How does that look, Honey?"

"P... Perfect," I stammered as I lifted the phone to take a photo, capturing the glistening that now coated her entire pussy, her inner thighs.

"You can get in closer if you like?" Mom hinted and I shuffled further toward her. In response, she leaned back and her ass raised higher in the air, her knees dropping to the mattress on either side of her head, letting out a giggle at the outcome. "How's that?" She beamed, her face reddening.

"Even better!" I admitted and watched as she again pushed the butt plug out, the chrome of the bulb bulging her sphincter to which I took more photos.

"That feels so weird!" Mom laughed as the butt plug was sucked back in. "Try it, Baby," she proposed and I moved further into her body, my spread thighs meeting her back, my erection against her spine.

Once more I had my fingers around the butt plug and this time pulled out on the bejeweled flared rim, Mom moaning at my actions as her asshole pouted.

"Oh God," she sighed. "Is it meant to feel this good?"

I couldn't provide an answer. Mesmerized by the sight, I pushed it back in before repeating the process all the while taking multiple photos. Mom managed to release a hand from her thigh and it found its way to her pussy, and as I recorded the moment for posterity, she ran her fingers along her slit before splaying her labia, revealing the moist pink within.

"I've seen models pose like this," she declared as if the actions we were partaking in were still in the realm of a competition photo shoot. "How does it look, Baby?" She purred, and not realizing I'd been holding my breath; I released it with a sigh before inhaling deep her scent, doing everything I could to not plunge my face into her exposed and beckoning sex.

"Mom, I..." I fumbled over my thoughts and words. "I don't think we can use these photos," I admitted as she concentrated her touch on her clit, slipping her fingers back and forth over her swollen button, her eyes upon me, searching my reaction.

"Well, they can be just for us then," she whispered. "Our little secret family photos," she quickened the movement of her hand, her fingers slick to the second knuckle.

"Oh God," I breathed, barely a whisper.

"Honey?" Mom questioned, her middle finger slipping between her labia, and entering herself.

"Is this happening?" I struggled to voice, grinding my cock against her back.

"I don't know Darling," she panted. "If you want it to."

That was it. I was done. My cock had never felt harder as it abutted her inverted spine, the head lathered with precum as it slid against her skin. No more games. I looked at us from outside my body and there was no longer any doubt. It should've been obvious two weeks before, but some taboos

are harder to break than others. Time to ultimately declare my position, I decided.

"Oh, fuck this!" I gasped as I threw the phone down beside us and grasping her thighs for leverage, buried my face into her pussy. Laughing, Mom withdrew her fingers as my nose smashed into her clit, my tongue immediately darting out to slurp at her flowing natural lubricant.

"Oh fuck Baby, yes!" she giggled as I pushed my tongue into her body, my chin pressing the butt plug into her asshole. "Tongue fuck me, Darling," she added and even in the position we were in I was shocked I'd just heard my mother say 'fuck.' Twice! Despite her words, I needed not her prompting. Caution thrown to the wind I licked inside her, deep, drinking her mommy juice as she began grinding herself up into me.

"So good Baby," she moaned and I quaffed my way to her clit, wrapping my lips as best I could around her little pink dial, sucking and licking until she was writhing with pleasure. "Make me..." she stammered. "You're gonna make Momm...make me..." Words failed to come to her lips as I slid a hand along her thigh and used my thumb to push at the butt plug, deftly slipping a finger into her welcoming vagina. "...cum Baby!" She managed to cry as I finger fucked her, nibbling and sucking on her clit as she came against my face. "Don't stop... Don't stop... Yes... Yes... Yesss," she moaned as

her body shivered in spasms; her eyes glazed and her head rolled back upon the mattress as I held her closer, pressing my thighs into her, my arm wrapping around her leg and upside-down torso, face glued to her cunt. Our bodies never as close. Our familial connection was never so strong. "Fuck me now," Mom managed, and with our eyes locked, I allowed her body to fall flat upon the bed. "I need you inside me, Darling."

I'd never entered a woman so quickly. With perfect ease, my cock guided its way between her velvety folds before even my torso met hers. And when it did, I knew this was where I belonged. Where I should always have been. Her soft breasts met my chest as her arms wrapped around me, drawing me further into her embrace, sucking my cock deeper into her body. With our eyes fixed upon the others, my mouth descended, and her tongue, desperate to taste my lips, to taste herself upon my lips, flicked out to meet me.

Perfect was the kiss. Perfect was the union. Mother and son in tune as if we were made for each other. And of course, we were. I was born from this womb, and no other cock would ever feel as at home. No man would be better suited to fuck her. No one could she ever feel as comfortable with. "I love you," I whispered into her mouth and her kisses intensified, nibbling, biting, her tongue licking my lips, my cheeks, my jaw.

"Don't stop," she found my ear, and her breathing gave me goosebumps.

"Never," I told her and it was true. Fuck Freud, screw mortified teenage Me. I'd found the love of my life; discovered my soulmate right in my family home. The hardness of my cock testified; and for as long as she needed me to, I swore I'd keep fucking my mother.

She arched her neck as my pelvis repeatedly slammed into her body and her throat presented, I kissed; my passion turned to sucking, and as I moved on, a hickey remained, Mom immediately recognized the crime committed.

"Oh, you naughty boy," she laughed and I grinned, sliding my arm lower beneath her torso and grabbing her ass.

"I'm not the only one that's naughty," I slowed the rhythm of my fucking and took hold of the butt plug, pulling on it, feeling it against my cock through her vaginal wall.

"Oh God that feels good," she sighed, her mouth opening with pleasure. "You feel so good. So hard Baby."

"It's all for you Mom," I groaned, my dick plunging to its zenith, withdrawing so slowly, reentering. "My hard cock;

my love. It's all for you," I declared, kissing her gaping mouth.

"Will you cum Lover?" She managed to question and abandoning the butt plug, I rose on my knuckles to look down on her from above. To watch my cock sliding in and out of her gorgeous pussy, that hairless mound begging to be kissed, her breasts slowly wobbling with every thrust, her beautiful face, begging to be cum upon. "I need to see it, Baby," she continued, not waiting for my answer. "I wanna see your love for me."

"You want it, Mom?" I asked, more a statement.

"I want it, Baby," she affirmed as I again increased my pace, my balls slapping the butt plug. "I need it, Baby," she almost demanded and who was I to deny this woman? This giver of life. This Goddess.

"I'm gonna..." I held my breath as I felt the inevitable approaching, her pussy so slick, so tight around my hardness. "I'm gonna..."

"Yes Baby. Cum for me," Mom begged. "Cum all over me Darling."

"Fuck Mom," I pulled from her and climbed up over her belly, my orgasm so close, strokes away.

"Use my boobs Baby," Mom's wide eyes devoured my erection. "Fuck Mommy's tits Lover," she suggested, taking them in her hands, and bringing them together around my slick engorged penis.

This wouldn't last long, I realized as I pumped my hips, my heavy balls slapping her sternum. With her jaw dropped, the head of my cock nudging her chin with each thrust, Mom opened her mouth wide and suggestively poked out her tongue in the hope of licking cock or receiving the full blast when it should come.

"Yes Baby," she gasped. "I love it. Your big dick between my tits. Cum on them Honey. Cum on Mommy's face Darling," she ordered, and she didn't have to wait long.

Two, three thrusts between her pussy juice lubricated cleavage and I was releasing.

"Oh..." I realized I still wasn't breathing, the lightheadedness amplifying the ecstasy. "O... O... Oh Mamma!" I gasped as I exploded like a geyser. Mom took a shot to the side of her face, the thread of cum streaking from cheek to forehead, laying across her left eye. Again, I came. Pulse after pulse

from my veiny firehose, spraying her neck, her hair, her chin. Releasing her breasts Mom took charge of my weapon, grasping and guiding my decreasing flow onto her eager tongue. Her body shuffled down to accept me fully within her mouth, her lips wrapping my cock, her cheeks sucking me like a thick meaty straw. "Fuuck!" I exhaled the last of my held breath before filling my lungs with the scent of pussy, sex, and cum that permeated the air of her bedroom.

"Yes, we did!" Mom giggled as her lips came off my dick, her mouth full of cum before she swallowed, grinning like that cat that got the cream, which she in fact had.

"What?" I fell beside her, my abs aching, even my buttocks sore from the workout.

"Fuck Baby," Mom sighed. "We just fucked," she glowed, using a finger to wipe the cum that daubed her throat like a necklace and sucking it into her mouth, again swallowing after savoring the taste.

"And it was awesome!" I complimented, helping her labors by wiping up the streak of cum coating her cheek, lifting it from over her partially closed eye in a sticky thread.

"You're awesome," Mom took my hand and guided my cum coated finger between her lips.

"And you're the world's best mother," I admitted hoping to get the last say in the battle of compliments, surprised when the smile faded from her greedy cum smeared lips. "What?" I questioned, worried, and she paused before she spoke.

"You might not think that after I tell you," she cryptically stated and I frowned.

"Tell me what?"

"I have something to admit," she blushed and I rose further on my elbow, now fully invested in what she had to say. In the time provided to me, bad thoughts entered my head. Had she not wanted this? Had I forced myself upon her? Was she regretting what we'd done already? "I knew the Wet Waves stand was at the mall!" She confessed and I attempted to keep a straight face. "I was there the day before and knew all about the promotion," her eyes found mine, vulnerable and beautiful, and cum lined lips regardless, I wanted to kiss her. Refraining. "I just thought it could be something fun to do together. Are you angry with me?" She asked and I rose to my knees on the bed, Mom's doe eyes following, just as they'd looked back in the mall, begging me to pay for her bikini club subscription.

"What do you think?" I smiled, as I moved down to plant the kiss upon her pubic mound that I'd longed to do earlier, Mom sighing as she watched.

"That's not all," she barely whispered and I raised my eyebrows as I decorated her bald pubis with affection.

"Oh?"

"I didn't press enter!" She blushed and I was confused for a moment. "I didn't upload the photos to the site," she confessed and I raised slightly from between her legs. "I don't want everyone to see me..." she quickly explained before pausing. "Just you."

Our eyes were locked. She'd never looked so beautiful. My cock which hadn't completely softened, hardened against the mattress and I wanted to enter her again, right then and there.

"Good," I stated, and surprised, her face brightened. "I don't want to share you with the world either," I admitted.

"But what about the competition? You're not disappointed?" She questioned and in response I dropped my chin, once more kissing her mound of Venus, lower and the uppermost

slit of her vulva, my tongue slipping out to taste her incest-marinated sex.

"I don't know about you, but as far as I'm concerned, I've won something far greater than a Bahamas cruise," I grinned.

"So, I'm not in trouble?" I could almost sense a little disappointment in her; was it mischief?

"Well now, I didn't say that," I quickly rose to my knees and accompanied by her giggles, rolled her onto her stomach, pulling her naked ass up off the mattress. Caressing her buttocks, my fingers made their way to the butt plug, and again I found myself manipulating it in her anus. "Push it out Mom," I ordered and watched once more with fascination as her sphincter bulged around the chrome plug, its girth slowly sliding from her rubbery grip to come away from her body and into my possession.

Her asshole remained gaped as I lifted the plug up between us for inspection.

"Just as I suspected Mom. You ordered the small," I noted as I caressed her greasy buttered anus with my other hand, two fingers easily accommodated within her willing cavern. "Let's see how you take something a little larger," I proposed as my cock once more reached its full potential, and along

with her satisfied and encouraging sigh, I pressed the bulbous head up against her vacated asshole.

THE END