

Fortune Favours the
Brave

Mary Harper stood in the lamplight on the pier, looking out into the black ocean. An overwhelming sense of loneliness swept over her like the waves on the shore below. Her fiftieth birthday. Her husband of thirty-two years leaving her a week before. A son she loved but rarely saw and a part time job that no longer held any satisfaction. The laughter of drunken couples surrounded her and never had she felt so disconnected to society, to happiness.

"God! I think I've drunk too much!" She stated as her two workmates barrelled into her against the railing. "I'm beginning to feel melancholy."

"Haven't we all Darling!" Clarissa shouted.

"It's your birthday," Steffie expounded. "Don't be melancholy, be merry. No that's Christmas!"

"Oh I went through merry about an hour ago," Mary admitted. "I'm moving quickly on to depression."

Clarissa took her by the arm and dragged her off the guard rail. "Then we'll find another bar and drink some more. We'll get you back to merry Darling."

"No that's Christmas!" Steffie repeated, stumbling on her heels as she followed the two other women back towards the strip.

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Morgan let himself into his parent's house and ascended the stairs. No, not his parent's house, he told himself. His mother's house. He'd have to get used to calling it that. The dick. He thought. How could his father file for divorce a week before his mother's birthday? He was aware their relationship hadn't been perfect, but the timing. "Asshole," Morgan stated as he passed a photo of his father in the hallway.

A tool box under one arm and the packaging of the new shower head in his hand he made his way past his old

bedroom towards his parent's, no, his mother's room. It felt wrong somehow. To be in her house without her knowledge. It was his childhood home of course. He could come and go whenever he chose but it still felt an intrusion. More so as he entered her bedroom.

The bed was of course impeccably made. Her dressing table orderly. The only real disorder to the room were the few dresses laid out on the bed. Evidence of her indecision as to what to wear he reasoned. He was pleased she'd chosen to go out with her friends. Not only as it allowed him time to install her present but he'd noticed her mood had soured since his father's decision. Not unsurprisingly of course. But it wasn't like her to be so sad. He always pictured her smiling and like the loving son he was, he wanted her to be happy. Turning on the light in the bathroom, Morgan stopped in his tracks and reassessed his very presence in the house.

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The three women stumbled out of another nightclub. Steffie had abandoned her heels altogether and carried them hanging from her handbag. The shops they walked past on their way to the next bar were mostly closed, take-out and all night convenience stores the exception.

"Oh look," Clarissa unnecessarily shouted in Mary's ear. "A fortune teller! And they're open."

The shop front was half the size of those surrounding and the glass painted in swirling mist and stars.

"So," Mary stated.

"So, you should get a reading."

"Why?" Mary threw back. Both women looked at Steffie who had squatted in the adjacent doorway and was in the process of hitching up her dress.

"Don't mind me," Steffie slurred as she released a stream of pee onto the concrete, oblivious to passers by.

Shaking her head but smiling at the action of her companion, Clarissa looked back at Mary. "Because you need to know what's ahead." Clarissa took Mary's hand. "Look you may not believe in these things but it'd be a bit of fun wouldn't it? Honey, with all that's happened. You could use it!"

Why not? Mary thought to herself.

"Ugh, that's better," Steffie declared as she rose from her impromptu toilet break. "So what's happening?"

"Mary's having her fortune read!" Clarissa declared, taking both women by the arm and marching them through the door beads hanging from the frame.

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Morgan sat on the closed lid of the toilet looking into the shower stall.

"What do I do?" He asked himself. "What do I do?"

The new shower head was the only present he'd organized for his mother. A wide rainfall head with attached hand shower that didn't need to work independently, meaning both flows ran at once. The ultimate decadence and the shower head especially, something he knew his mother had dreamed of for some time.

The problem was what protruded from the far wall of the shower. It had been obvious the moment he'd entered. Just below waist height. Flesh colored and he guessed, roughly nine inches in length.

It wasn't like he'd never seen one before, but to see the suction cup dildo in his own mother's house, in her shower where there was no doubt as to its reason for being; well it wasn't something a son regularly contemplated.

He couldn't take his eyes from it. It drew so many images in his mind. The floor of the shower was wet. She'd only been in there hours before. Had she used it then? The time passed and he realized he had to make a decision. Leave now and pretend he'd never seen it. Or install the shower head and ignore its presence. Be an adult, he told himself. What's the big deal? So my mother masturbates in the shower, so what? But even as he thought of it, the picture of her naked, fucking herself under the flow of water filled his mind and ashamedly, it looked pretty hot.

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The woman was a caricature straight out of a movie. In her late sixties or seventies, she wore a shawl over her head and shoulders and spoke with an Eastern European accent.

"You will cross my palm with twenty shekels and your fortune to be read," she explained and Clarissa was quick to find the money from her purse.

"I'll pay you back," Mary promised as she sat before the woman, a crystal ball between them.

Clarissa dismissed her comment with a wave of the hand and sat beside Steffie who was soundly sleeping, snoring lightly on the bench provided.

The woman ran her hands over the glass ball and murmured something in her own dialect before glancing at Mary. "You have had celebration, yes?"

It wasn't totally unpredictable. Middle aged women out on the town, drunk. There must have been some motive for them to not be at home on a week night.

"It's my birthday," Mary provided.

"Yes, yes. I see."

"Never mind about the past," Clarissa interrupted over Mary's shoulder. "Get to the good stuff. What does her future look like?"

"Please I need relax mood," the fortune teller fired back and Clarissa resumed her position. Steffie had slumped further, a contented trickle of drool running from her mouth.

"You have great sadness," the seer proclaimed and Mary felt her stomach turn. "Yet I see light my child." The woman moved a hand from the crystal ball to touch Mary's and she felt genuine warmth conveyed in the contact.

"A man is coming into your life," she continued and both Clarissa and Mary straightened to hear more. "He rides horses!"

Mary racked her brain to think of a man she knew that rode or would have anything to do with a horse and came up blank.

"He is how you say, outdoorsman," she elaborated. "His hands," she held her own out before her. "They work iron; wood. Yet he is gentle. He will learn your most intimate secret and he will never say a word."

The description was becoming less plausible the more detail it conveyed but Mary listened on.

"He will shower you with gifts. He will see you at your worst and love you all the more."

"Oh goodness," Clarissa remarked from behind. "If you don't want him Mary, I will."

The oracle ignored the intrusion and ran her hands again over the glass.

"In the strangest place you will wish to make love but at the ballet, after a feast it will happen....." The woman stopped in

her telling and leaned back cocking her head. "It is strange....I see....no it can't be....never mind." She concluded.

"So that's it?" Clarissa stood up, knocking Stephie in the process and drawing her from her slumber. "Do we even know what he looks like?" She added.

The fortune teller shook her head. "I only see what the glass allows."

"Hmm," Clarissa frowned. "At least give us a tall, dark and handsome!"

To this the fortune teller almost broke character and half smiled. "As you wish," looking back at the still seated Mary. "He has eyes like the darkest forest."

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Morgan tightened the nut around the shower arm and turned the head to face the correct direction. He stood back to survey his handiwork and was proud of the job he'd done. The counterfeit cock caught in the corner of his eye and he looked directly at its veiny length, hairless latex balls hanging beneath.

"What do you think buddy? Did I do a good job?"

He tapped the bulbous head with the end of his spanner and watched it comically bob up and down.

"Exactly," Morgan laughed before being silenced by it slipping from the wall. Bouncing to the floor of the shower, it landed between his feet.

"Oh shit!" He gasped. The whole situation had uncomfortable written all over it. Squatting down, Morgan took hold of the cold dildo and lifted it back to where a smudge on the tiled wall signalled its origin.

Pressing the suction hard, an image of his mother taking the cock in her mouth came to him. Jesus, he thought. Does she suck it? How much can she take before she chokes? The idea of his mother sucking a dildo, the very dildo he had in his hand dominated his mind. Coating it with saliva before taking it inside her body, her ass slapping the wall as she penetrated herself. It was only upon standing did he realize he had an erection.

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It was after one a.m. and Mary had been waiting for the Uber more than twenty minutes past it's arrival time. In a well lit area with constant pedestrian traffic she didn't feel unsafe but she'd drunk way too much, her feet were killing her and she really needed to pee. She looked at her phone and tried the Uber app again but her eyes wouldn't focus on the small text and it just made her nauseous. Taxis drove past but she hated the thought of sitting in the rear of a dirty cab. Did she even have money to pay the fare, she pondered?

She hated doing it. Even in her inebriated state, she could see how annoying being woken in the middle of the night to come and get your drunken mother would be but what other choice did she have? To her surprise he answered on the first ring and without a word of complaint he took down her whereabouts.

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"I'm glad really," Morgan stated. "There's something at your house I want to show you!"

The movement of her son's Mustang had been soothing at first and as he drove her home she'd begun to doze off. Now however, the amount of alcohol she'd consumed was coming back to haunt and again nausea overwhelmed her.

Morgan looked across as her head pressed to the glass of the passenger window. "We can stop if you want."

Mary waved her hand dismissively. "No I'm alright. Just keep going. What were you saying?"

"Oh nothing, you'll see." He again glanced at her and thought he'd never seen her so drunk. Dad, he said to himself. Asshole!

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"I can carry you?" Morgan offered as she struggled to walk beside him from the car to her front door.

He was already carrying her handbag and with an arm around her waist was essentially supporting most of her weight already.

"Oh no Honey, hic," Mary hiccuped, placing an arm up over his shoulder. "I can, hic, make it!"

Mounting the steps was an experience and a shoe came off half way. This caused her to begin laughing and Morgan took it upon himself to carry her the rest of the way anyway.

"Ooh, hic. You're so strong Honey. Stronger than your loser, hic, father that's for, hic, sure!" She opined, looking into her son's face, her arms hugging his neck.

Morgan tried to get his keys without putting her down but it was futile and to Mary's regret he lowered her back to her feet and unlocked the door.

"Ooh my shoe!" She declared.

"Don't worry, I'll go back and get it," Morgan stated. "Actually." He dropped to his knees before her and undoing the sling on her remaining high heel, lifted her foot out of the shoe.

Mary had one hand on the door frame, the other she reached down and stroked Morgan's hair off his forehead. "What, hic, would I do without you?"

Being at her waist it was only then he noticed how high her dress had ridden up her thighs, her bare legs on display from just below her crotch to her toes. They looked pretty good for her age, he thought and all of a sudden the image of her in the shower with the dildo flooded back.

"Oh I'm sure you'd manage," he offered and rose to direct her into the house.

They reached the kitchen and before even contemplating getting her up the stairs to her bedroom, Morgan suggested a large glass of water.

"You're so good, always looking after me...Oh I forgot!" Mary stated, pushing her son against the fridge. "I saw a psycho!"

"What?" Morgan replied, wondering what she was talking about but glad her hiccups had stopped.

"Oh not a psycho, a psychic." She slapped her forehead. "We went to a fortune teller," she admitted. "She said I'm going to meet someone Morgan." She scrunched the front of his t-shirt and her glassy eyes looked intently into his. "But I don't need him," she added. "I have you!"

It looked to Morgan like she was about to cry and ever so slowly she leaned in towards his face.

"Oh shit!" Mary cried out and stumbled towards the sink.

She just made it before a stream of vomit flowed from her mouth. All liquid, Morgan was there beside her quickly and held her hair back from the sink. An action that even in her state, didn't go unnoticed by his mother.

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The purge went a long way to sobering her up. The large drink of cold water even more so.

"I must look awful!" Mary remarked. "You must hate me."

Morgan chuckled. "You look fine, maybe a little green! And I love you. What good am I if not to hold back your hair from a little vomit!?"

"So what was it?" Mary asked him.

Morgan raised his eyebrows before realizing she was asking what it was he'd wanted to show her.

"Oh it's in your bathroom." He felt his face redden and wondered whether she remembered she'd left her toy on the wall.

"In my bathroom?" Her frown showed she had no idea what it could be but the blood draining from her face told him she had remembered the dildo.

If she wasn't sobering up a minute before, she was now. Oh my God, my playmate! She screamed at herself. Did I put it away? It wasn't an everyday thing that she'd use it. Her husband didn't even know she owned it. It was just that afternoon, before going out, she'd felt so horny and needed relief. She hadn't even cum, just toyed with it in the shower. Please tell me I put it away, she pleaded.

Rising, but her eyes trained suspiciously on her son, Mary moved towards the stairs. Morgan followed, remaining close behind her to steady her if she stumbled on her wobbly legs; he wasn't disappointed with the view of her ass as she ascended. The hint of panty when she reached the top caused admittedly impure thoughts to enter his head and he tried to remove them as he wondered how the dildo situation would play out.

"Um," Mary stopped at her bedroom door. "I just have to pee!"

"Oh, yeah of course," Morgan stepped back. "I'll wait."

"Ok," she drummed her fingers on the doorframe. "So it's in the bathroom? My bathroom?"

"Yep," Morgan grinned and cursed himself for his actions. You're an idiot Morgan. She thinks your talking about the dildo. Why did you ever go through with it? Idiot.

Oh Jesus, Mary thought. He's seen my playmate. He's talking about my playmate. He's making fun of me. Why would he do this? What else could he be talking about?

She left him at her door and went to the bathroom. There was a moment before the light came on that she thought it would all be ok. That she was mistaken and had secreted it away before she'd left. But no. There it was. As obvious as the nose on her face, in every direction she looked, there was its

unmistakable color in her peripheral vision. She looked around for sign of anything else. Had he bought her new towels? Bath products? Nothing. She really did need to pee and before she did so, quickly ripped the cock from the wall and threw it in a vanity drawer, completely missing her new shower unit.

The cistern refilling, she looked in the mirror at her white face before exiting and as she turned she saw it. "Oh my God!" She screamed in genuine delight as she re-opened the door to her shower.

Morgan hearing her shout, tentatively opened the door to the bathroom and his eyes went directly to where the dildo had been, entering fully when he saw it gone.

"I love it!" Mary ecstatically clapped.

Thankfully with the new shower head to focus his attention on, the elephant now hiding somewhere in the room needn't

be mentioned and Morgan joined his mother outside the shower.

"Honey, it's wonderful," she beamed. The dildo was still in her mind but the embarrassment of her son knowing her most intimate secret was put aside with the joy of his gift. "When did you, how did you? Oh my God, I love it."

With abandon she threw her arms around Morgan and kissed his cheek. There was a strange moment with her body pressed to his that she felt like kissing his mouth, settling instead with another kiss on the cheek.

"It has the hand attachment as well," Morgan stated. "And check this out." He turned on the faucet and the rainfall shower head showed its power and then flicking a lever, the hand shower came on as well.

"They work at the same time!" Mary gushed.

Morgan nodded.

"Your father never even offered to get this for me Honey," she stated and as she'd been on the verge of in the kitchen, her eyes filled with tears.

"Happy birthday Mom," Morgan said and looking down at his watch added. "For yesterday! I love you." Turning off the shower, Morgan kissed her on the forehead and couldn't recall ever doing that before then.

Wiping her dripping mascara, Mary sniffed and didn't need to wonder how she must have looked, the mirror right there. He loves me even in this state, she thought to herself.

"Listen, I'm gonna get going and you should get some sleep," Morgan ventured as she walked him out of the bathroom.

"I will, later," she stated. "You know I have to try out my new shower!"

Morgan smiled and rubbed her arm as he left. And with her shouting again her thanks and how much she loved him, he descended the stairs. The sound of the shower starting made him smile and then he wondered if she again had the dildo?

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Morgan walked through the retirement village and navigated his way to his grandmother's unit.

"Knock, knock," he called as he passed through her unlocked screen door and found her in the living room.

"What's this?" Patty remarked. "Two visitors in the one day!"

Morgan kissed his grandmother and went to take up his regular seat beside her, his eyes drifting to the television where women paraded shapewear.

"Let me guess, Mom?" Morgan asked.

"Uh huh," Patty confirmed examining her grandson. "Where are my chocolates?"

Morgan managed to tear his eyes from the alluring display on the screen. "Oh poop, I forgot. Sorry Nan."

"Hah," she exclaimed. "You and your mother. Memories like sieves."

"Why, what's she done?"

"Well while you're here, you can get it," she explained. "She forgot to take her box."

"Box of what?"

"Oh go get it would you Dear, in my closet, bottom shelf, just a cardboard box."

Morgan rose but was reluctant to leave the room. The camera zooming in on the crotch of the middle aged model.

"Do you watch this all day Nana?"

"Hmm?"

"The Home Shopping channel?"

"Oh, I don't want to miss the bargains."

"But you never buy anything!" Morgan remarked.

"Because it's all cheap crap!"

"Then why do you.....? Never mind," he resigned and made his way to his grandmother's room, retrieving the box.

"You can give it to her when you see her," Patty mentioned as Morgan retook his place.

"I don't know when that'll be," he replied.

"When did you last see her?"

"Her birthday," Morgan admitted.

"Morgan!" Patty scolded. "That was more than two weeks ago. You need to visit her more now, since, well you know, your father."

His grandmother was just reaffirming what he knew to be true. He hadn't necessarily avoided seeing her, it was just he was putting off any uncomfortable feelings they'd surely mutually share. He knew that she knew, so to speak. Finding a dildo in your mother's shower wasn't a normal event.

"So what's in the box?" He asked, changing the subject.

"Oh just photos, memorabilia of her dancing," Patty offered, continuing on with the word search puzzle before her. "Your father didn't want it in the house," she added.

Morgan opened the box and a large photo album underneath a trophy came into view.

"Dancing?" He remarked, lifting out the small trophy, a gold figurine of a girl in a dance pose standing atop. "What dancing? And what's Dad got to do with it?"

Patty placed down her pen and looking over her glasses at Morgan, furrowed her brow. "You know your mother danced! You joined in with her when you were little."

A vague memory of playing around in the family room came to mind but quickly faded away.

"Before your father put an end to it that is," Patty added.

Morgan shook his head and lifted out the photo album. "Wait what? What did Dad do?"

Patty removed her glasses completely. "I suppose we can talk about it now. Now that the bastard's shown his true face."

Morgan didn't bat an eyelid at his grandmother's mention of his father. Agreeing with her wholeheartedly.

"He never liked her dancing," Patty began as Morgan opened the photo album to a page showing a young woman that looked very much like his mother on a stage. "Called it 'slutty' he did. And of course when you started to show an interest he nipped that in the bud. Placed that golf club in your hands right away!"

Morgan went back to the start of the album and early photos of his mother he'd never seen. Ballet classes as a little girl.

What looked to be dance recitals in her teens and as she aged, ever more professional events. A billfold for the stage-play Chicago.

"We're not sorry about that Morgan, we're all proud of how well you've done. Your mother especially. It's just a shame that it came to the detriment of your relationship with Mary."

It was true. Golf, though he didn't love the game anymore, had brought him a great deal of success. For a time a top 250 player and now full time coach at one of the more elite clubs.

"I seriously didn't know any of this!" Morgan declared.

"Your father for some twisted reason didn't want any evidence of it in the house, especially those later photos," Patty gestured towards the page open in Morgan's lap. His mother wore a corset and fishnet stockings but it was her pose that really caught his eye. Sitting on a chair with her legs spread wide in an overtly sexual manner. Between the closeups of crotches on the television and the smorgasbord of raunchy pics of his

mother, even in the presence of his grandmother, Morgan got an erection.

"Are you going to make us a cup of tea Love?" Patty asked, turning her attention back toward her puzzle.

Not wanting to rise up in his current state, Morgan grunted he would before examining the rest of the box. Ballet shoes, more framed awards and beneath, what looked to be clothing.

"But really Morgan," his grandmother stated. "It wouldn't hurt to spend some time with her. A mother's relationship with her son is a special one. A mother and daughter, well that dynamic is always about competition, but a boy and his mom. Now that's a pure love. Every girl the boy meets he'll compare to his mother and the little man she created with her own loins, well, no girl will ever love him more than she."

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"So one of my clients cancelled tomorrow afternoon," Morgan explained. "I was wondering if you wanted to come and play nine holes?"

His phone call came at the right time for Mary. Staring at an unopened bottle of Jack Daniels at 12:30 in the afternoon, she had nothing but her thoughts as company and they were proving to be a poor distraction.

"I haven't played in years!" Mary laughed.

"Good, then you won't show me up in front of my peers," Morgan quipped. "So it's a yes?"

"Of course Honey, I'd love to," Mary sighed. "And Baby, thank you."

Morgan wondered whether she was thanking him for the golf date or not mentioning her dildo but hung up feeling good

about himself. She sounds so sad he thought. Nana's right, I should spend more time with her he told himself.

Mary put the bottle of whiskey away and went to her bedroom to look for her old golfing outfit. They'd played a lot as a family. Regularly when Morgan began showing talent for the game. It had always been pleasant being outdoors with her men back then. 'Outdoors' Mary repeated to herself and the drunken memory of her birthday came back to her. 'He's an outdoorsman, works iron and wood with his hands' she paraphrased. The image of golf clubs came to mind, irons, woods, and the thought caught her breath.

She opened her closet and found on a rack the white polo shirt and matching skirt. Small, read the label. Ten years it had probably been since she'd worn it and despite its age, she couldn't fault its quality as it hugged her body, the skirt taugth over her buttocks and tightly clenching her breasts. She turned and didn't hate her reflection and as she thought of her son's dark forest green eyes, she wondered if he'd like her in it?

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Mary walked along the beachside strip looking for the fortune teller's shopfront. "Don't tell me it doesn't exist," she joked with herself as she struggled to remember where they'd found it on that drunken night.

She was there for answers. The words of the 'gypsy' had haunted her overnight. 'He will see you at your worst and love you all the more.' Morgan had held her hair back when she'd vomited, said he loved her. That qualified surely. 'He will shower you with gifts.' Morgan had given her a shower as a gift! 'He'd learn her most intimate secret and never say a word.' She knew he'd seen her 'playmate' suction cupped to the wall of the shower and yet he'd let it slide. There were too many coincidences. A month before she would have laughed off believing anything a so called psychic said to her. Now she was not so flippant.

She'd passed the shop before she noticed it. Everything looking different in the light. Closed, she peered through the

glass door and saw movement inside before knocking. The woman that came to the door looked familiar and it took a moment to realize she was one and the same.

"You look twenty years younger," Mary marvelled and the woman smiled.

"Makeup Babe," she laughed.

"And I notice you've lost your accent!" Mary herself smiled, understanding her whole visage that night had been an act.

"What can I say, people expect that sort of thing," she winked. "Would you have believed anything I said to you if I gave it to you like this?"

"So you remember me?" Mary asked, relieved.

To this the woman's face clouded. "Yeah, I remember."

Mary sat with the woman in the back room of the shop drinking coffee.

"And you see it in the glass ball?"

"No not exactly," the woman now looking ten years younger than even herself Mary thought, explained. "The crystal ball is just for show. I think the things, I see them in my mind. It's like when someone has drawn a cartoon in the corner of a book and you flick through to see the image change."

"And that's the vision you have of people, like a little comic book?" Mary asked.

"No," the woman refuted. "I see the words of the book under the thumb, flying by so very quickly, like reading someones biography in snippets and they form as images in my mind."

"But you saw something else that night. Something you told me to never mind. What was it?"

The woman looked in Mary's eyes and nodded. "I saw him in your arms."

"The mystery man?" Mary asked, leaning forward.

"Yes and no. I saw a child, a baby in your arms. He was yours I know that. But he was also your mystery man. It didn't make sense and of course, that can't be! Can it?"

Mary leaned back and breathed out noticeably.

"Yeah look, I'm sorry my prediction didn't work out but sometimes I get it wrong you know," the fortune teller explained. "I mean you can have your twenty back if that's what this is about?"

"No," Mary replied, a calm coming over her. "No I'm satisfied with my fortune." She crossed the woman's palm with another twenty 'shekels' to show her gratitude for opening the store and left the strip looking for the nearest bus stop.

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"That's it, head directly over the ball," Morgan directed his mother from behind. He tried to focus solely on her stance but found himself admiring her body instead. He remembered her wearing the outfit back when they played together as a family, more than ten years he fathomed but never recalled her looking so good. That she had put on weight was undeniable, the straps of her bra clearly visible pressing through the white polo shirt, but it was her ass his eyes kept coming back to. The skirt was definitely shorter than most of the women wore on the course, the leg of her pastel blue boy short underwear noticeable whenever she bent forward.

"Yep, now just spread your legs a little!"

The words sent an excited shiver down Mary's spine. My son's ordering me to spread my legs, she laughed internally. She could feel his eyes on her from behind, he'd be looking at my ass right now, she reasoned. Can he see my panties? She asked herself. She'd noticed her reflection in a window whilst awaiting the bus and was shocked at how short her skirt had looked now she was in public. It explained the admiring glances she'd seen from men from almost the minute she'd left home.

Morgan walked around to examine her stance from the side. It was a strange experience forensically studying her. Staring at, assessing her body with impunity. Able to almost ogle without fear of being discovered.

"You really do have great posture Mom, your back's perfectly straight. Now remember the follow through," Morgan directed.

Mary swung and the ball sailed sweetly down the fairway before looking back at Morgan for appraisal.

"How was that?" She asked.

Morgan lifted his eyes from her breasts to her face, her pony tail pulled through her cap swinging over her shoulder, her eyes glinting in the sunlight.

"Perfect," he admitted.

A par four, Morgan watched his second stroke land only feet from the pin and was delighted with his mother's squeal of enthusiasm.

"You really are good at this aren't you!?" Mary commended taking the opportunity to herself admire another's body, her son so lean, muscular and tall. His tan pants hugging his butt. An ass she could see herself digging her nails into.

"Well we're all good at something," Morgan replied, looking back and thinking of his mother's history of dance. Now that he knew of her past, he could see the evidence in her stance, the alignment of her feet, her posture. He took hold of the cart and they walked side by side towards Mary's ball. "By the way, I know your secret!" He added.

The comment came like a bolt of lightning out of the blue sky to Mary. 'Her secret?' Did he mean her 'playmate' in the shower? Why would he bring it up now of all times? She felt her face flush and was grateful they weren't facing one another.

"My secret?" Mary asked, swallowing.

"I think you know what I'm talking about," Morgan vaguely stated.

My God, Mary thought. He wants to discuss it. The idea her son wanted to talk about her masturbating in the shower was both humiliating and arousing all at once. She could feel a

dampness in her panties and knew it wasn't sweat in the hot afternoon.

"Honey I didn't know you'd find it," Mary tentatively ventured.

"Well it wasn't hard," Morgan elaborated. "Nana told me exactly where it was."

His words were confusing for a moment before she realized he wasn't talking about her dildo at all.

"Oh, my box!" She gasped, relieved but somewhat disappointed. Discussing her masturbatory habits with her son becoming more and more alluring.

"Yeah, why didn't you ever tell me you were a dancer? Nan says it has something to do with Dad."

"Oh it wasn't important, your father didn't like it was all."

"To hell it wasn't important," Morgan rebuffed. "That was your history, what made you. It just gives me another reason to hate him."

Mary didn't rebuke her son for his words towards her ex-husband. Now that she herself thought of it, his attitude had been unreasonable from day one, that she'd been living under his thumb for so long, her perspective had been entirely skewed.

"So I have it in the car, you can throw it in your trunk when we leave," Morgan proposed.

"Oh I don't have it," Mary admitted.

"What?"

"I sold the car," Mary stated and again felt herself blush.

"You sold the car!" Morgan repeated. "Why?"

"I needed the money Honey," Mary explained. "The mortgage and bills."

Morgan stopped on the fairway and turned to his mother. "Mom, why didn't you say? How did you get here?"

"The bus," she proudly stated. "And it's not your problem. Your father just left at the wrong time is all, everything came at once."

She was breaking Morgan's heart. Without thought he left the cart and put his arms around her, holding her body to his chest. Her breasts so soft against him.

"You're right, you're not my 'problem.' You're my mother, and that makes you my life." Her head nestled snugly on his shoulder and he could smell her hair. His hands pressed the straps of her bra and it took all his willpower to not caress

them down her body. His cock reacted to their closeness, slowly filling with blood and before she would no doubt feel it, he broke their embrace.

"We'll talk about how I can help later," he gestured behind her.
"Now we have to deal with that."

They stood on the edge of the bunker and looked at Mary's ball in the sand.

"I told you it landed in there!" Mary laughed.

Morgan took the sand wedge from the cart and handed it to his mother and they entered the sand trap.

She had felt it! Her face resting on his collarbone, his hands on her back, willing him to lower them and touch her ass, lift her skirt and delve inside her underwear. And then she sensed it against her belly. She knew the feeling of a man pressing against her. Her husband in bed before their relationship

dissolved; a pervert on a crowded train once, his erection touching her hip. This was entirely different. This was the respectful shyness of a boy, her boy, unsure of whether he'd overstepped the bounds of a mother/son relationship. She wanted to tell him he hadn't. That he had every right to touch her. With his hands, with his mouth, with his cock. She could feel her panties saturated, her pulse raced.

"Now your going to want to hit beneath the ball and place your weight on your front foot," Morgan coached, examining her stance. She was standing all wrong, her back slumped, arms bent.

"No straighten your back Mom," he suggested wondering why her posture had all of a sudden abandoned her. "And again, spread your legs."

Yes. Mary thought. I love it when he says that. Her poor stance was deliberate and as Morgan approached, her plan had worked perfectly.

Standing behind her, Morgan placed his hands on her body. "May I?" He asked.

"You may," Mary sighed. Out of the breeze it was so hot in the bunker. She could feel her back sweating, her clothing all of a sudden feeling so restricting.

"You need to straighten up Mom," he explained, holding her ribcage and preventing her slumping. He ran his hand down her left side to her hip. "This foot can angle out some," he suggested before leaning further in to reach around and touch her arms.

Mary pushed her bottom back to meet him and although he was no longer hard, she could feel his bulge against her. He straightened her arms, his chest to her back, their entire bodies touching. For Morgan the pose he'd taken was entirely unprofessional. However, it felt as if she was intentionally pushing her ass back into him, was she not aware his cock was against her buttocks?

Again the inevitable happened. More sudden than previous, his cock twitched into life and probed her crack. He felt a breath escape her lungs but if anything her body pushed further back into him.

"Now dig in, twist your feet into the sand," Morgan whispered into her ear and over-exaggerating the movement, Mary wriggled her ass over her son's groin.

There was no denying what was happening between the two. Both mother and son engaging in the unspoken intimacy. Morgan chanced it and running his hand back down her ribcage and hip, circled around the front of her leg and pressed her inner thigh below her skirt.

"Now just spread your legs more Mom," he breathed, coaxing her legs apart and Mary's cheek turned until their lips were only a inch apart, almost kissing.

"Can we play through?" A voice interrupted them from behind and Morgan quickly backed away from his mother, shielding his erection from the seniors looking on.

"Yeah, of course," Morgan smiled, hoping his behaviour hadn't been so overt to cause rumours around the club.

He looked back at his mother who coyly swung the club before her, butter not melting in her mouth.

What the fuck is going on? He wondered.

* * * * *

Morgan pulled the Mustang up in his mother's driveway and they walked together towards the house. "Oh I forgot!" Morgan remarked and headed back to the car.

Mary allowed her eyes to drift from her son's ass to the light reflecting off the front bumper, the mustang logo taking her

by surprise. 'He rides horses' the fortune teller had stated. The galloping horse badge yet another piece of the puzzle falling into place.

Morgan carried the box of dance memorabilia into the house and placed it down in the living room.

"So what's for dinner?" He asked.

"You're going to stay?" Mary excitedly replied.

"I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be," he laughed and Mary playfully slapped his arm, lingering on his bicep he noticed.

"I know you're joking but I'm glad anyway," Mary smiled. "I don't know, pizza?"

"Sounds good, my shout," Morgan quickly proposed. "I'll order the family feast, means I can have it cold tomorrow!"

'In the strangest place you will wish to make love but at the ballet after a feast it will happen,' the words of the fortune teller rang in her ears. Her desire for him in the bunker, (would they have fucked then if no one had come along?) the family feast... It was all so literal, her fortune playing out before her as if making love to her son was destiny. An incestuous bond that couldn't be broken or denied. It was the first time she'd thought of the word. Incest. Such a simple pretty word, yet so laden with insinuation, sin. 'At the ballet,' she wondered. What was that about? She didn't have to wait long to discover.

* * * * *

A half empty pizza box sat on the coffee table surrounded by her trophies, ribbons and a nearly empty bottle of red wine. The photo album perched across their thighs, Mary turned another of the pages and laughed at the costumes she had worn as a child, her garish makeup, comical stances.

"So Nana was an original Dance Mom!" Morgan joked as seated on the floor before he turned to recognise his grandmother in one of the photos.

"You know she used to make all of my outfits!" Mary laughingly informed him, turning a page.

"And you wanted to be a ballerina?" Morgan asked, gesturing to an early photo of her in a tutu.

Placing her hands down on the book, Mary closed her eyes and tilted her chin to the ceiling allowing Morgan to admire her long neck, her pulse visible before she again looked down to him, her hands on her heart.

"You know it was always my dream," she confessed. "I love the ballet. So graceful. So feminine."

Morgan peered into the box, his eyes alighting on a light pink ballet slipper with an extended toe. His mother's bare feet

beside him, he lifted her by the ankle and gently slipped the shoe upon her.

"Why Cinderella, it fits!" He smiled.

"Oh my pointe shoes!" Mary exclaimed, as goosebumps ran up her spine from his touch. "I saved up forever for them."

"You can actually stand in those, on your toes?" He inquired, genuinely curious. His eyes following her foot as she raised it up onto the couch. Her knee lifting with the photo album, she allowed her skirt to ride up her thigh exposing her light blue panties, the bulge of her pussy inside the boy shorts.

"Of course silly," she laughed, not drunk but half way there. "I wouldn't be much of a dancer if I couldn't." She saw where his eyes had drifted. It wasn't her ballet shoe he admired. He's looking at my vagina, Mary told herself, the very thought lubricating her.

Too soon his gaze was diverted but not without benefit as Morgan's hand came out of the box holding pink silky material and Mary clapped gleefully.

"Oh my gosh Morgan. My leotard." She accepted it from him and held it out before her. "You know I got this when I was seventeen! It's, oh my God, thirty three years old! It's older than you!" She exclaimed.

"Still looks in pretty good shape," Morgan remarked. The skimpy nature of the leotard wasn't lost on him. He doubted she would offer to model it for him but there was no harm in stoking the flame. "Maybe a little small," he added.

"Oh!" Mary leaned forward and slapped his shoulder and much like she had done with his arm, kept her hand there. "How rude!" She laughed.

"No I didn't mean you've put on weight," he tried to correct his statement. "Just that you've obviously grown since then."

"Oh relax Honey, I know what you mean," she removed her hand and examined the stitching. "It'd probably fall apart anyway, we wouldn't want that to happen would we?" She laughed.

Oh that was it, Morgan thought. She had to wear it now.

"You should never have stopped dancing!" Morgan stated, turning the conversation serious. "Nana said it was Dad that made you."

Reluctant to let go of the leotard, Mary held it beneath the photo album and flipped to a page near the rear, turning it to face her son.

"It was Chicago!" She stated. "Your father saw me performing, what I was wearing, how I danced with the other performers. He said I looked like a slut! It sort of ruined it for me."

"Dick!" Morgan declared admiring her photo in the skimpy outfit. "Why did you stay with him Mom?"

Despite the nature of the story, Mary smiled. "Well if I hadn't I wouldn't have had you!" She laughed. "I did so love dancing though."

Morgan closed the album and lifted up the leotard. "Put it on!"

"What?" Mary laughed.

"Put it on, the leotard, the shoes. It'll take you back there! When you were happy."

"I am happy now Honey," she smiled.

"You know what I mean," Morgan nudged her. "Go on."

Mary gripped the material, stroked the ballet slipper. "Really?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I mean I don't have the white tights or anything, but I guess I could...." She began.

"You can," Morgan insisted. The idea of white tights sounded enticing but without would be just as hot, he reasoned.

"Alright, I will!" Mary jumped up, taking the leotard and other shoe with her. "Won't be long," she giggled as she ran from the room.

Oh my God, Morgan thought. Is this really happening? The very thought of how he was about to see his mother having his cock twitching in anticipation. He filled his glass and shook the empty bottle before realizing he himself was shaking. We're not going to fuck, surely. He told himself. She's my mother. But every way he looked at the situation, her actions, recent events (he was so hot for her in the bunker),

had him thinking it was the only outcome. I AM going to fuck my mother, he stated.

* * * * *

Mary looked at herself in the mirror and her enthusiasm evaporated. In her mind she still resembled the svelte seventeen year old. In her reflection she was a fifty year old, her best days long behind her, her self esteem shattered after a long and loveless marriage. Her breasts bulged from the leotard, her nipples barely obscured by the thin material. Without panties beneath, her labia pressed out the crotch, the line of vulva providing the most obscene of cameltoes. "I can't let him see me like this," she spoke to the empty room. "He'll think me disgusting."

Morgan looked at the time. She'd been fifteen minutes. How long did it take to put on a leotard, he asked himself? Yeah the shoes with their ribbons looked a little fiddly but this was ridiculous. Rising he made his way to the stairs and ascended.

Mary had pinned her hair up completely in a bun. A long cream colored satin gown covering her body completely. For five minutes, possibly longer she'd debated just taking the leotard off and heading back downstairs in jeans and a tshirt. 'At the ballet after a feast' kept running around her head. She had to go through with it, the leotard and shoes was the 'ballet' the clairvoyant spoke of. There was no other explanation. And then came the knock at the door.

She hadn't closed it completely, leaving it ajar on purpose and now as it slowly opened and it was finally judgement day, she lost all nerve.

"Hey, I thought you'd got lost!" Morgan smiled as he laid his eyes upon her. He noticed the ballet shoes right away, evidence she'd at least gone half way.

"Oh, Honey. I changed my mind," she offered.

"What?" Morgan sighed, entering the room fully. "Why?"

Although tied, Mary held the front of her robe securely closed and tried to avert her eyes from her son's. "Because you were right, I look terrible."

"When did I say that?" Morgan protested closing the gap between them. He noticed she'd put up her hair, her neck pale and exposed.

"What I mean is I don't look like a seventeen year old anymore," Mary explained. "It's embarrassing."

Stopping a mere foot from her, Morgan reached out and tilted her face back in his direction. He couldn't recall ever touching her cheek, her skin so very soft.

"I'm not forcing you; this was meant to be fun, but I want you to know there is no way you should feel embarrassed," he made to turn, to leave her room as so many thoughts ran

through Mary's mind, one finally becoming clearer than the rest. Don't stuff this up, she told herself.

"No wait Morgan," she reached out and halted his movement. Turning back to his mother to see her undo the tie at her waist and allow the gown to open.

His breath was caught. Taken from him as he gazed upon her beauty. The leotard was small yes, but simply acted to highlight the goddess it lay upon. Parsley on a Michelin plate. She raised her eyes to his and found them devouring her body and at once she knew she should never have doubted his devotion, his desire.

Allowing the robe to fall from her shoulders it caught at her elbows before she dove completely in and let it drop to the floor. Morgan took in the sight of his mother in the pink leotard, letting the vision settle in his brain before uttering a word, the first that came to mind.

"Wow!" He whispered.

"I know, it's bad right?" Mary blushed.

"What?" Morgan gasped. "Are you kidding? You look amazing." He approached her and hoping he wasn't overstepping the line, placed his hands on her body, turning her to face the mirror.

"Mom, need I remind you you're fifty years old and yet, look at you!"

Mary looked again at her reflection but now through her son's eyes. Her nipples to attention; the pronounced vulva she'd sneered at moments before now a proud statement of her sex, a banner for her womanhood. Morgan's hands hadn't left her sides, standing behind her much as he'd done in the bunker.

"You know if you were my dance partner that's exactly how you'd hold me," she whispered referring to his hand positions on her hips.

"Oh yeah? I'd love to be your partner," he sighed back, so close to her ear she felt his breath and noting he left out the 'dance' in partner. "What would I do?"

Without further instructions, Mary rose onto the points of her toes and pirouetted in his loose grip, spinning in his hands as they caressed her waist.

So graceful was her movement, it took Morgan by surprise. "Shit Mom. You CAN dance!"

She stopped her turn and lowered back onto her heels smiling.

"Did you think I was lying?" She giggled before frowning. "Have to say I don't miss what it does to your toes though."

As one they looked down to her feet and noticed the ribbon of one of the pointe shoes had unwound.

"Let me," Morgan quickly stated and dropped to a knee before her.

Mary looked down on her son; his hands making contact with her ankle as he wound the ribbon around her shin to match the other. His fingers so light on her skin, his face so near to her aroused sex. Can he smell me, she wondered, does he want to taste me?

Morgan found himself shaking as did his best to re-tie the ribbon. His mother's foot so small, her ankle so pale and smooth. Acutely aware of how close his mouth was to her sex. He looked up as he felt her hand on his head, her fingers running through his hair but his eyes stopped at her groin, devouring her puffy pussy behind the spandex, the moisture showing through before finally resuming their journey upward.

"Oh sorry," Mary apologized, Her fingers deep in his hair, caressing. "I don't know why I did that."

Morgan looked fiercely into her eyes. From his vantage he could take in her pussy, the mound of her pubic bone and the line of wet vulva below; her breasts with her nipples erect, protruding; and her face, her lips slightly parted, eyes as intent as his.

"You don't ever have to apologize," he whispered. "And I won't apologize for this."

Without a second thought, boldly leaping from the cliff, Morgan leaned forward and pressed his lips to his mother's crotch. Planting a kiss directly on her soft cameltoe, lips to lips. Feeling the dampness in the material, inhaling the scent of a middle aged woman. Not any woman, his birth mother.

Her mouth fell open as a breath escaped her lungs. Her legs wobbly, she felt for a moment she would faint as the realization her son had just willingly crossed the unspoken line between mother and child sunk in. Such a brave move. She loved him more for having taken the bold step. For acting

on the attraction they were obviously both feeling. Again his eyes drifted up to her's and their was no doubt behind them, no questioning, only confidence that this was right.

Her hands reached out and helping him rise they faced each other once more. She could see the bulge in the front of his pants, his obvious desire for her and she suddenly felt overdressed. The little she wore, constricting as if the material conspired to keep her from her son. With her eyes locked on his, she raised her hands to lower the straps of her leotard, dropping them from her shoulders and pulling the pink spandex down below her breasts. At her ribcage he stopped her and moved in, his arms encircling her torso, his body to her's.

"Oh Morgan," she breathed into his mouth as their lips connected. His hands were on her bare back as their tongues touched. She felt him caress her ass as their mouths became one, saliva mingling, incest confirmed.

Pushing her pubic bone hard against her son's erection, Mary raised a leg to straddle his hip. "I need you inside me Darling," she sighed as Morgan kissed from her mouth to her neck.

Immediately, his hands cupped her legs and lifted her onto his chest, carrying her from before the mirror back towards the bed. With a knee forward, Morgan gently lowered his mother down with his body until her back was on the covers. His cock grinding along the slit of her vagina, he ran his lips down to her chest, kissing between her breasts before taking a nipple into his mouth and suckling.

Mary threw her head back as the pleasure enveloped her. Flooding memories of the closeness between a nursing mother and her baby now amplified thirty years later in eroticism.

"I love you so much," Morgan confessed as he worked his way across to her other breast and they were the words Mary needed to hear. She lifted her pelvis violently against his grinding cock and ejaculated. The intense orgasm shuddering

through her body as she bit her lip to keep from screaming, eventually relenting and begging Morgan, interlaced with expletives to fuck her.

"Please Baby, fuck me," she pleaded. "Stick your cock in Mommy Darling. Fuck me good."

Morgan was already unbuttoning. His belt undone, noting the dampness that had soaked through from her on his pants as he lowered them; his mother lifting his shirt above his head. One more kiss on her now saturated crotch before he pulled her leotard from her body for good. Mother and son, now naked. A pair of ballet slippers the only clothing between them.

And he was inside her. So natural was their coupling. Every movement coordinated, every thrust in time as though choreographed. An incestuous ballet performed in the maternal bed. Morgan's hands reached beneath her and clenched her buttocks as he hammered his love. Their chests

pressed tightly, sweat forming as Mary sucked her son's neck, licked his skin.

Turning, never pulling out, Morgan lay upon his back as his mother rode him. Taking her breasts in his hands he massaged her nipples as her hips swayed in circles, her clitoris grinding on his pubic bone. "How does it feel Honey?" She whispered.

"Beautiful, just like you," he admitted as he admired her. Raising her arms up behind her head, her breasts lifting as she arched her back to show off her body. "You're perfect Mom!"

"Then cum in me my son," Mary instructed. "Cum inside Mommy's cunny Baby."

Morgan didn't need to be told twice. Rising up to meet her they kissed as she sat in his lap. Passionately their tongues danced and gracefully Morgan again placed her upon her back. His mouth remaining on her's, he renewed his fucking with vigour. With arms around her body, hugging her to him

his hips slapped her inner thighs. Mary wrapped her legs around him, pulling his cock deeper inside her body, longing for him to fill her with flesh, with seed.

The sound of their love filled the room. The smell of their incest, the sweetest incense to their senses. "I'm gonna cum!" Morgan admitted.

"Yes," Mary cried, thrilled at his confession. "Yes Baby. Cum in me."

"Oh Mom," Morgan gasped, thrusting. "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum." He repeated before squeezing her body and burying his cock as deep inside her as would go. "I'm cumming!"

Mary didn't need informing. She could feel every spurt inside her. Every orgasmic pulse of his penis as he released his love into her womb. Her pussy hugging him, milking her son's length to devour his creamy concoction.

"Oh God," Morgan breathed again as he buried his face in her neck, his thrusting subsided. His cock twitched as he felt his mother clench her pussy around him and he laughed into her ear. "Oh Mom, you're so bad!"

"What? I'm bad?" Mary feigned indignation. "You're the naughty boy that just came inside his mother!"

Morgan lifted his face to meet her's. "Where good aren't we?"

Mary let the smile drift from her face, nodding. "I hope so. I mean no one needs to know Morgan."

"What? This wasn't just a on off was it? I want everyone to know!" He claimed. "I want to call up Dad and tell him!"

Mary's mouth fell open in mock shock. "We can't! Can we?"

"Why not? I'd love to see the look on his face," Morgan admitted. "Nana would be happy I think."

"What, why would you say that?"

Morgan was softening inside her and as he answered he allowed his cock to slide out of her in a slick of cum.

"Oh just something she said about mothers and sons," Morgan explained.

"You don't think the world would judge us?"

"Let them!" Morgan proclaimed as he cupped his hand over his mother's sopping pussy, pressing the creampie he'd made for her and leaned in for a kiss.

* * * * *

The story was totally unbelievable if they hadn't known it to be true. A skeptic, even Morgan had difficulty punching holes in the fortune tellers ability to describe his life and direct his mother towards him incestuously.

"She even got my eye color!" Morgan stated as he looked at his forest green eyes in the bathroom mirror.

Mary looked over his shoulder, her arms wrapping around his waist and dropping down to encourage his arousal. "The one thing you inherited from your father," she admitted. "Everything else is so much better." Her hand wrapped around his penis and he swelled in her hand.

He wondered if she meant his cock was bigger than his father's but it really wasn't something he wanted to dwell on.

"Come on, you have to try this shower," Mary suggested, leading her son by the erection toward the stall. She took her hand from him before they entered and she bent at her vanity, opening a drawer.

"And I wanted to show you this!"

Morgan turned to see her holding his old friend the dildo. Even after all they'd shared in the last few hours, he still felt his face flush.

"Oh I was wondering about that," he smiled as his mother stepped into the shower alongside him.

"My little playmate," she grinned. "My most intimate secret and you never said a word." She repeated the fortune tellers words, placing the dildo on the rack alongside the shampoo and body wash.

She turned the shower on and the rainfall head sprayed them both, the stall quickly filling with steam.

"You know I wondered what you did with it," Morgan told her as their bodies came together under the flow. "I imagined so many things."

"There's no need to imagine anymore Honey," she whispered into his mouth between kisses. "I'll show you."

Taking the dildo she pressed it back into its original position and went to her knees whilst still holding her son's cock. Morgan shuffled across to stand beside her as her mouth wrapped around the latex cock, her hand masturbating its length in the same manner she did his.

He could see where this was headed and on cue, her mouth left the dildo and gorged upon him. Her lips around the head, her cheeks sucking his shaft into her throat.

"Oh Jesus Mom," Morgan gasped, her hand continuing to stroke the dildo now slick with saliva. "That's so hot!"

She took her mouth off his cock just long enough to smile up at him before licking from his balls to the head and resuming her fellatio. The feeling, the vision, had Morgan edging on orgasm and didn't want it over so soon.

"What else do you do?" He asked, needing the respite as he fought himself back from the verge.

Mary was eager to share, rising to her feet and turning her back to the dildo wall.

It was just as Morgan had pictured it. Her ass slapping back onto the tiles as she fucked herself. Obviously he hadn't been in the shower with her in his vision but everything else was exact.

"It's not like the real thing Baby," she moaned as she lowered a hand to play with her clit. "But it was all I had for years."

The stark admission she hadn't been with his father for years was welcoming as much as it was heartbreaking. He kissed her and held her face to look directly in his eyes. "You'll never be alone again Mom. I'm coming home." He pledged and she returned his kisses before working her mouth down his chest to again take him in her mouth.

Spit roasting, Morgan realized the position was called and like an eager teen he was again on the brink of cumming, pulling from her mouth in the brink of time.

"You can cum in my mouth Darling," Mary stated, becoming frustrated at him again pulling away. "I won't mind."

"Really? Oh God I want to Mom but I also want this to last," Morgan admitted.

"We have forever Honey," she kissed him, lifting herself off the dildo. "Here let me show you something else I discovered. You can just watch."

Nothing to do with the dildo or his cock, Morgan watched his mother turn the head of the hand shower around 180 degrees and flip the lever. Moving forward she positioned it to spray directly between her legs, the flow having an immediate effect on her as she clutched the wall and Morgan for stability.

"You have no idea how much I love this present Morgan," Mary admitted to her son grinning.

The hyper aroused state she was in, there was no way he could prevent her hand again finding his cock and he was done denying her.

"There's something I've always wanted Morgan," she whispered as she masturbated him. "Would you be willing?"

"Mom," Morgan replied wondering what on Earth else his mother had in mind, discovering how sexual she was. "I'll do anything."

Taking the botanical body wash she poured a large amount into her palm and reached behind herself. The simple act had Morgan aware of what she wanted and his cock grew harder at the proposition. But she wasn't done.

He should have realized her libido wouldn't settle for anal alone. Reaching out she took hold of the dildo and dropped it to the floor of the shower and Morgan smiled at his memory of the falling dildo himself. Turning and lowering, Mary went to her knees and positioned the counterfeit cock at the entrance to her vagina and looked back at her son.

"Morgan."

"Yes Mom," he replied.

"Will you put it in my ass Baby?"

The world turned. A day previous this was an impossibility. A box of old photos and dance memorabilia. A lecture from his

grandmother and a game of golf and here he was about to double penetrate his own mother.

"Oh, Ok." Morgan complied, barely able to control his elation.
"If you say so."

Easing in behind his naked mother, water cascading upon them, Morgan further smeared her soapy asshole before pressing the engorged head of his penis against her holiest of holes. Immediately upon feeling the pressure, Mary pushed herself back onto him, the tip sliding effortlessly past her sphincter. Further into his mother's butt Morgan slid before Mary lowered herself slightly and allowed the dildo to enter her vagina.

His arms wrapped around her, Morgan manhandled a breast whilst finding her clitoris with the other, feeling the lubricated dildo from the outside as well as from within as it stretched the walls of her vagina against his rigid cock. Mary turned her head to seek her son's mouth, their tongues

flicking the other's, her lips frozen open in pleasure as she was fucked in both holes.

"Oh my God Baby, it feels so good," Mary confessed. "Do you like it?"

"I love it," Morgan admitted.

"Say it Baby," she asked.

"I love fucking your ass Mom."

"It's your ass now Baby. My ass, my pussy, my mouth. They're all yours to fuck whenever you choose."

"I love you," Morgan sighed, ceasing his thrusting, his cock buried to the pelvis. "Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

"I want to see it Morgan," Mary stated. "Will you do it on me?"

His orgasm seconds away, Morgan didn't have time to reply. His actions speaking for him, he slid from her ass with a pop and rose as Mary, remaining impaled on her 'playmate,' leaned back to display her sex and breasts to her son.

"Cum on me Baby," Mary pleaded. "Cum on Mommy's face. Cum on my tits."

Her legs spread; her pussy moving up and down on the dildo, she flicked her fingers across her clit as Morgan masturbated above her. His shoulders against the tiled wall behind him, his groin pushed out towards his mother; one hand furiously pumping his length, the other cupping his balls, Morgan began to cum.

Although anticipating his spray, Mary was taken by its speed, squealing as his aim caught the side of her face; a white streak across her cheek and dark wet hair. He came again. A thick rope over both lips to trail down her neck. Mary slipped off the dildo, catching it and using the head to rub against her

clitoris as she too came. Spraying her fluid against her latex partner. Jet after jet of Morgan's sperm coated her breasts before on wobbly legs he knelt down between his mother's parted thighs and embraced her.

A finger used to gather the cum from her lips, Mary swallowed her son's offering before climbing into his lap, his cock again finding its home inside her. So closely they held each other as the hot water fell. His cum slowly dripping from her body as their mouths locked and the minutes passed without need of words. Their love secured, their lives forever entwined, mother and son united as one. Their fortunes told.

The End.