

My Sons Growing Up.  
By PhoenixKiwi.

Chapter 1.

“Gee you’re pretty, Mom.”

I turned to look at my son, Mike, where he sat on the edge of my bed watching me, at my dressing table, put on the finishing touches before we went out to our meal and movie.

“Why, thank you very much. What suddenly brought that on?”

“I don’t know. I suppose I just suddenly realised how beautiful you were. I’m going to feel so proud when we go out tonight.” Mike blushed as he said this and my heart went out to him.

I placed my hairbrush down and stood and moved to sit beside him where I put my arm round his shoulders and hugged him to me and replied,

“And I’ll be very proud to be with you too. It’s a pity that your Dad couldn’t be here to celebrate with us. He was looking forward to it and he was so disappointed when they had to sail again so quickly. Still never mind – we’ll have a good night anyway.”

It was Mike’s 14<sup>th</sup> birthday two nights before and we were going out to celebrate. We had waited till tonight for the school holidays to begin so as we wouldn’t have to get home so early. My husband, Mike Snr., was the captain of an oil tanker and spent most of his life at sea, getting home for short spells at irregular intervals. I was allowed to accompany him on his voyages but, since Mike’s schooling was so important, long periods of separation had become the way of life of our family. The re-unions were great, a bit like having honeymoons a number of times a year, and went some way towards making up for our having to be apart.

“I’ll just slip my blouse on, grab a jacket and we’re ready to go.” I was fully dressed from waist level down but, not wanting to mess up my blouse, was only wearing my bra on top.

“Um... before you...no.. it doesn’t matter.” Mike started to say something but halted mid-sentence, once again looking embarrassed.



“What were you going to say?” I asked.

“It doesn’t matter.” Came his reply.

“No. Go ahead. You know you can ask me anything. Don’t be embarrassed.” I encouraged him.

“Since you’ve only got your bra on would you take it off and let me see your breasts.” Mike blurted this out and then looked away and sort of cringed, expecting major rejection from me.

I was a bit shocked and wondered what had suddenly brought this request about. Mike and I had a somewhat unusual relationship brought about by our loneliness caused by Mike Snr. being away so much. I worked part-time as an editor for a publishing house and earned quite good money and Mike Snr was extremely well recompensed for his work and lifestyle. We all lived very well in a large two bed-roomed apartment, both with king-size beds with en-suites, a well-appointed and modern kitchen and excellent dining and living areas with the latest in furniture and appliances. Since we both missed Mike Snr. so much we had got in the habit, since Mike Jnr. was very young, of regularly sleeping together for comfort and company. There was never anything sexual or illicit about our actions and I don’t think it had ever occurred to either of us that we were doing anything unusual and Mike Snr. was well aware of our actions and had no problems with it. I usually slept in a tee shirt and a loose pair of shorts and while Mike had never seen me naked, or even partly so, he had occasionally seen me in my underwear and had never seemed to be particularly interested in my body. I guess he had grown up without me really noticing.

“Mike! What’s suddenly brought this on? You’ve seen me in my under clothes before and never seemed too interested. Why the sudden change?” I tried not to sound pissed off when I replied, not wanting to embarrass him too much or appear too forbidding.

“I’m sorry Mom. I don’t know what came over me. It was just seeing you in your bra and suddenly realising how great you look. It made me want to see more of you. I really am sorry. Please forgive me and try to pretend I never asked.” Mike sounded as if he was not too far from tears and I felt quite sorry for him.



“I’m not angry. I just hadn’t realised that you had begun to change into a man. It’s probably not right but I love you so much and I hate refusing you anything. If I was to show you it would have to be a total secret between me and you.” I wasn’t sure why I said this but the die was now cast.

“Do you really mean it Mom? Of course I’ll never tell anyone. As if I would!” Mike suddenly looked a lot more cheerful and less embarrassed.

“I’m not really sure about this, but, I suppose.... It will only be for a minute anyway as we will miss our booking if we don’t get a move on.” I, somewhat reluctantly, raised my hands and unfastened the clasp between my breasts, holding the cups in place, until, with a deep breath, I let them fall free and sat with my breasts bare to my son’s gaze.

Mike looked at them with wonderment in his eyes. He finally stretched out his hand and, with his forefinger, he traced a circle around the aureole of the breast nearest to him.

“They are even more beautiful than I imagined. Could I touch them? Please.” Mike looked at me with pleading eyes and I found it impossible to say “No”, so I just nodded.

With both hands cupped Mike took the weight of both breasts and held them tentatively for a few seconds before brushing my nipples with his thumbs, causing them to pucker up and begin to harden, and making me wonder at his sudden knowledge.

“Did I get fed by these when I was a baby?”

“Yes. I breast-fed you for nearly a year and we both seemed to get a lot of love and enjoyment from it. I think that’s when a mother and baby bond so closely.” I answered his question and was not too shocked when he bent down and took a nipple into his mouth and sucked it for just an instant before turning absolutely scarlet and releasing me and dropping his hands in total confusion.

“Oh God! I’m so sorry Mom. I don’t know what came over me. Everything I do seems’ to go wrong.” Mike buried his face in his hands and his shoulders shook in mortification.



I laughed and reassured him,

“It’s ok. You’ve done me no harm. And it’s not as if that’s the first time you’ve ever had your mouth there – it’s just been a long time. Now lets get ready and go out.” I was trying to make a bit of a joke about it to relieve the tension. “Shoo!”

Mike got up and went out and I quickly replaced my bra and put on my blouse. I wasn’t too sure about why that had just happened or how I felt about it but I decided that the best thing would be to pretend it never occurred and make no future mention of it. I joined Mike and our cab soon arrived to take us to the restaurant where we had a perfectly lovely meal before going on to the movie theatre. I had let Mike choose the restaurant and movie and I was touched when he chose one’s that he knew I would enjoy so I made no protest when he lifted his arm and placed it round my shoulders. I played along and leant a little towards him, actually enjoying the feeling of closeness, and I was not at all surprised when his hand ‘accidentally’ fell onto my breast. I pretended that nothing untoward was happening but I was relieved when he made no further advances and the movie finally finished.

We held hands while we stood and waited for our turn for a cab and continued to do so all the way home. When we got inside Mike turned to me and thanked me very much for his night out and I couldn’t resist giving him a quick, not quite, motherly kiss and saying goodnight. When I was curled up under the duvet my hands seemed to find their own way under my shorts and tee shirt, my erect nipples and very wet and swollen pussy proving that I had not remained completely unaffected by what had happened earlier, and just a few minutes of manipulation with my fingers brought me to a much-needed orgasm. I was amazed at the strength of my climax and how wet the top of my thighs and the whole area round my cunt had become. It hadn’t been my husband that I was fantasizing about and when I had calmed down I felt very guilty about why I had masturbated and I vowed never to think about my son in such a way ever again.

Chapter 2.

As was usual on Saturday mornings we started the day with a cooked breakfast and then we both got stuck in and cleaned our apartment. We had learnt that if we did this very thoroughly once a week then only minimal attention was required during the rest of the week. If we worked hard we could be finished by noon or soon after and, after a



visit to the supermarket and a light lunch and coffee in town, we were finished all the necessary duties and we both had the rest of the weekend to relax in. On a regular basis, probably more regular than was good for us, we got a take-away meal and just slobbered around watching videos in the evening, and this is what we decided to do. No mention of yesterday's happenings was made during the day and it was as if it had never occurred, much to my relief.

I headed off to bed first and was almost asleep when my door opened wider and Mike came in his nightwear.

“Do you feel like some company tonight, Mom? I feel a bit lonely tonight and miss Dad.”

I flipped back the covers to let him join me and we were soon settled down and the light was out after a quick goodnight peck. I was on my side facing away from my son and there was a space between us but, even though there was no physical contact, just knowing that the other was there comforted both of us and we were totally at ease in each other's presence.

I was not sure exactly how long I'd slept or what woke me but suddenly I was aware that Mike had shifted closer to me and his arm was lying over me. I was a bit alarmed when I discovered that not only was his arm over me but that his hand was gently cupping my breast and, in an unconscious reaction, my nipple had become hard and erect. I lay there frozen and too frightened to move and I gradually became aware that Mike was sound asleep. I slowly relaxed and thought about it and found that, despite my previous vows, I really didn't mind what was happening and I went back to sleep.

Mike surprised me with a tray laden with juice, toast etc and I woke to the delicious odour of freshly brewed coffee that literally had my mouth watering. I held the tray and Mike climbed back into bed and we shared breakfast and when we were finished I put the tray on the bedside table and we decided to relax under the covers for a while longer. I lifted onto one elbow and leant over and gave Mike a kiss to thank him and then asked,

“What brought that on? It was a nice surprise.” And without waiting for a reply I went on, “I suppose you're buttering me up for something. Now come on admit it and tell me what you're after. In fact I think I'll torture it out of you.” And not giving him time to respond I began to



tickle him.

Mike was extremely ticklish and I soon had him curled up and begging for mercy and I finally took pity on him and stopped. Mike calmed down a bit and sat up and without warning he leapt on me and returned my tickling. I was as vulnerable as him and I was quickly in the same state that he had been just a short time before, curled up and helpless. I didn't know how it happened but my tee shirt slid up and I was bare from my shorts to just below my breasts and further my further struggles soon had one of them exposed. Mike paused and then placed his hand on me and began to squeeze and fondle my breast and I quickly responded, my nipple becoming engorged and erect. I managed to pull myself together and removed his hand saying,

“I don't think that this is such a good idea. It's time we got up, now off to your shower and let me have mine.” Mike quickly pulled back from me and got out of bed and, trying to keep turned away from me, headed back to his own bedroom. He almost succeeded but I saw that he had an erection and it was driven home to me that my son was definitely maturing.

We spent a quiet Sunday, going for a drive, a stroll in the country and a bit of a picnic lunch while there and then returning to relax in front of the TV before bed. That night we both stayed in our own rooms and I was off to work next morning before Mike climbed from his bed and I spent a long day at work trying, in vain, for a major part of it, to explain to a budding author that most his novel needed rewriting to make it acceptable to 'Joe Public'. As a result of this, I was gratified, when I got home, to be greeted by the delicious odour of roasting meat and my depression soon disappeared when I realised that I could relax with a drink and then dine on a home-cooked meal that I hadn't had to prepare myself.

“Go and get changed while I fix you a gin and tonic. Dinner is all under control but it'll be about an hour before it's ready.” Mike called out to me from the kitchen and I shouted my thanks as I went to my room to change into jeans and a tee shirt. I returned to a LARGE gin and tonic and I managed to pour two of them down before sitting down to roast beef, roast veges, mashed potatoes and fresh asparagus and carrots. It was as good as it looked and I opened a bottle of red wine to go with it and allowed Mike to share it with me.

By the time I dropped into my lay-z-boy I was not feeling much pain



and I dozed and wound down until it was time to retire. By the time I actually headed to my bed the frustrations of the day were just a distant memory and I climbed in feeling good. After lying there for a while I decided that I needed to share how good I felt and I went into Mike's room and hopped into bed with him. We spoke quietly in that totally relaxed half awake/half asleep state and I explained how much he had done to retrieve my day from being totally and utterly depressing. After a kiss and a hug I rolled over and prepared for sleep and I hadn't laid there, almost asleep, for very long before I felt Mike's arm slowly slide over me as he moved closer.

I expected Mike to once again hold my breast through my tee shirt and so I was a little shocked when his hand moved down to the hem of my shirt and insinuate in underneath and slowly slide up my bare tummy till he was holding my naked tit. Mike must have been sure that I was asleep and I did nothing to alert him that I wasn't, especially since I was actually enjoying his touch and could feel my excitement rising. Mike must have been able to feel my nipple hardening and swelling and I had to concentrate not to make some sound that would alert him to my being awake. The way I was lying meant that I had one hand down near my groin and I managed, slowly, ever so slowly, to move it until I was cupping my pussy through my shorts and, while I couldn't move much without giving the game away, I did manage to press hard and squeeze, probably just arousing and frustrating me more, but gratifying just the same. I could feel the crotch of my shorts becoming distinctly damp and knew that I would also be giving off an arousal odour and I hoped that Mike wouldn't smell it or, failing that, wouldn't realise the implications.

Next morning I woke and slipped off to work without disturbing Mike and thankfully my day went a lot better and I was a whole lot happier when I returned home to yet another meal, I could rapidly get to like this and all too easily get used to the attention. Mike Snr. phoned after our meal and we all had long chats, unfortunately leaving each of us realising how much we missed each other, and the news that it would be almost another month before the ship returned to port close enough for him to return home was a bit depressing but the fact that we would have a full week together this time at least gave us something to look forward to.

The rest of the week went by the same way and on Friday I phoned Mike and told him that I would take him out for a meal as 'a thank you' for his cooking during the week. We had another great meal out and



once again went to the movies where Mike made no pretences about putting his arm round me and placing his hand on my breast. When we got home I knew that Mike would come to my room and I wasn't disappointed as he joined me almost as soon as I had climbed into bed.

As soon as I turned the light off Mike slid his arm over me and with no hesitation he slid his hand down to the bottom of my tee shirt. Straight away I sat up and Mike recoiled in some alarm – I think I may have shocked and frightened him a little.

“It's quite warm and I hate it when my shirt gets rucked up round my armpits and neck. I think I'll take it off – you've already spent a lot of time exploring my breasts so it won't make difference.” I let Mike know that I was aware of his previous incursions and didn't mind them too much.

When I lay back down Mike managed to wrap both arms round me and I went to sleep feeling his breath on the back of my neck, both my breasts being gently fondled at the same time and with what felt suspiciously like an erection just touching my bum.

### Chapter 3

Saturday passed as usual and we spent the afternoon in the park and spent our normal Saturday night watching videos and when I went off to bed Mike made no pretence and as soon as he was changed he came into my room. I was about to climb into bed when he came in so, without saying a word, I lifted my tee shirt over my head and dropped it on the floor and climbed beneath the duvet. Mike joined me and without hesitation placed his arm over me and we lay there chatting as he groped my breast until I turned the lamp off.

After a short time, during which I relaxed and feigned sleep, Mike withdrew his arm and I waited anxiously to find out what he intended. When I felt his hand find its way onto my buttock I almost squeaked in surprise but I managed to prevent myself from making a sound or moving and alarming him. My son slowly and carefully investigated my bum, through the cloth of my shorts, running his hand over both cheeks and gently pushing into my crack but, when I felt his hand move lower and then try to insinuate his fingers in under the leg opening, I thought that enough was enough and I moved and made sort of wake up noises. Mike quickly removed his hand and we both



sank into sleep.

Sunday we spent the day lounging around the apartment, reading the Sundays', snacking and having the occasional glass of wine and when we headed off to bed it was separately and I felt somewhat relieved to be sleeping alone. After work on Monday I returned to yet another meal and I was beginning to regret that Mike would eventually have to return to school.

That evening I left Mike at home while I went to visit friends and when I returned he was already in bed. I used my en-suite and had just got into bed when Mike came in and joined me. I sat up and removed my top and turned the light out and when I lay back down I moved closer to Mike to make it easier for him to reach my breast. It came as no surprise when he soon released my breast and returned to my bum.

"Would you like me to lower my shorts for you? I think we would both enjoy it more."

"Gulp! That would be great!" Mike removed his hand and I pushed the back of my shorts down below the swell of my buttocks and eagerly anticipated the return of his exploring fingers.

The feel of his fingers going over every square inch of my naked flesh was highly arousing and I was in danger of climaxing just from this and when he inserted his fingers in the crack between my cheeks and slowly slid them down towards my wet and open pussy I panicked a little and, reaching behind me, I pulled his hand away and whispered,

"I think that's far enough. If we're not careful this could lead us into very deep and dangerous waters. I don't think we should go there."

I felt Mike sigh and pull back and roll over to face away from me. I lay there, on edge, dying to rub myself to orgasm, but not prepared to do so while my son could realise what I was doing and, even when I felt Mike begin to move rhythmically, I still didn't feel right in joining him. He began to move quicker and finally he groaned and shook for a few seconds and I knew that he had erupted. I was certain in my mind that what he had groaned out was 'Oh Mom' and I wondered what we were doing to each other in his fantasy. It crossed my mind that I wouldn't mind dong anything with him and I was shocked at how my feelings had changed in just over a week. I decided that my husband had been away far too long and that I wasn't the type to be able to go without



sex for any length of time. I badly needed fucking long and hard or I didn't know where my desires might lead.

I woke early on Monday morning and lay there for quite a while thinking about going to work and running over the happenings between me and Mike and pondered the implications of anything further happening. I was sorry that he was still sleeping as I would have liked to talk it over with him but he looked so peaceful and content lying there that I didn't have the heart to disturb him. My feelings for my son were jumbled; on one side were my strong motherly love and pride and opposing them was my incestual desire and lust that had grown in me. I weighed up the implications of allowing Mike to take further liberties against what would happen if we were found out and what we would all loose and I decided, reluctantly, that we would have to put a stop to it all.

With my mind finally made up I resolved to discuss things with Mike after work and I gently pulled the covers back to head for the shower. I was not worried about appearing topless in front of my son, as he had already extensively examined my bare breasts, but when I sat up I realised that I had not pulled my shorts back up over my bum before dropping off to sleep and, during the night, they had worked down and I had kicked them off during my sleep and they were lost somewhere in the covers at the foot of the bed. I looked round at my son and was relieved to see that his eyes were shut, apparently still sleeping, and as my gown was draped over a chair on the far side of the room, I quietly crept over to it in all my nakedness being very careful not to wake my son. I went into my bathroom and closed the door and had my morning pee and, after turning the shower on, I returned to sort out some underwear. Mike was sitting up in bed and he grinned at me and said,

“Morning, Mom. Sleep well? I did – had a great sleep. Got a great wake-up as well, too. You really do have a magnificent bum. Beautiful.”

I was a bit speechless – I wasn't sure whether Mike was referring to feeling me up last night or seeing me this morning. Maybe he wasn't as sound asleep as I had thought and I decided to ignore him in the meantime and order him to his own bed.

“Morning Mike. Yes, I slept great as well, thanks. Now how about heading back to your own room and letting me get organised for work. We need to have a talk about everything tonight.”



He obligingly departed and I showered, dressed and eventually headed off to the office. I seemed to be getting a bigger and bigger workload and my part-time job now seemed to be full time with today being no exception. It was late in the afternoon before I managed to take a break and, as I sipped my coffee at my desk, I thought over this mornings' decision again and decided that I had made the correct one.

Very tasty pasta was on the menu that night and after we had eaten and cleaned up we retired to the lounge in front of the TV.

“Mike, it’s time we had a talk about what has been happening between us.”

“Err...how do you mean, Mom?”

“I don’t want you to say anything until you’ve heard me out and then we can discuss my decision if you want.” I had decided to tell him what I had decided with out him interrupting me and possibly talking me out of my decision, “What we have been doing over the last week or so has been very nice and quite exciting but it’s not very appropriate between a mother and her son. Society definitely frowns on it and we could cause ourselves all sorts of trouble if anyone found out and reported us. I’m still happily married to your father and we have a very satisfying sex life when he is home. It’s just unfortunate that his work keeps him away for so long at a time and I’m sure that if I hadn’t been missing him so much nothing would have ever occurred between me and you. Most of what we have done was brought about by our sleeping together and I should have put a stop to it long ago but I hadn’t really realised that you were so quickly changing to a man. I’m sorry for not doing something sooner but I’m afraid that we’re going to have to sleep in our own beds from now on. And there definitely can’t be any further sexual occurrences between us.”

Mike sat there with a look of abject disappointment on his face and if it hadn’t been so serious I probably would have giggled at the look that my speech had incurred. I wasn’t sure what he had planned for that night but he was quite definitely sad to be missing out on it.

“I suppose that I can see where you are coming from, Mom. I’m sad that’s it’s over but I can understand why you are reluctant. It not fair on Dad either, I suppose, especially as he’s only away so much to provide so well for us. Oh well – it was great while it lasted.” He smiled at me



and I was forced to giggle at his 'devil may care' attitude. Typical horny teenager – he'd have it off with anybody, given half a chance.

#### Chapter 4.

The rest of the school holidays passed with Mike feeding me well and with us treading somewhat carefully round each other. I was careful to be fully clothed and modest at all times when my son was around and after Mike had been back at school for a few days his homework load and the fact that he was back amongst female students seemed to have taken his mind off me and we slowly slipped back into our old relaxed ways. We were true to our vow to sleep separately and the couple of weeks till Mike Snr.'s return soon passed and he finally arrived home for a week.

We were both at the airport to pick him up off the plane and it felt great to have him with us again. We spent the rest of the day just being together and getting re-acquainted until Mike Jnr. left to stay with his friend for that night. I guessed that my earlier comment to him about our sex life had hit home and he had thoughtfully decided to leave us alone together.

I was fairly certain that my husband didn't play around in all those overseas ports, as he was always exceedingly horny when he got home. Mike hadn't been gone more than a few minutes when his father picked me up, carried me into the bedroom and threw me backwards onto our bed. Without giving me time to even think about undressing he yanked my dress up round my waist and dragged my panties down to my knees and buried his face in my crotch. I was soaked down there as I had been looking forward to this for days and I could smell the odour my pussy was giving off showing him how ready I was. Mike was unfastening his belt as he licked and chewed on my cunt and when he had his trousers lowered he wasted no time in crawling up and just sticking his cock into me.

There was no finesse, no chat, little kissing just good solid fucking. Mike seemed to be intent on driving his whole cock right through me and I was just as keen as he was that he should succeed. Neither one of us could last very long and the sweat from his face had only just started to drip onto me when we both reached our orgasms. Mike's whole body stiffened and I could feel him ejaculating deep inside me, groaning and shaking with the excitement and pure pleasure of it. I



was well into my climax as this was happening and I think I felt every one of the spurts he managed, each one setting off little bursts of pleasure deep inside me. We lay clinging together for some time after we had subsided back to earth and Mike finally rolled off me and said,

“Well, now I know I’m home. I’ve been looking forward to doing that for weeks. I hope you realise that I haven’t even jerked myself off for almost two weeks to save that up for you. You are going to think all your Xmases have come at the same time for the next week and by the time I head back to sea your pussy is going to be so tender that you probably won’t walk properly for a week after I’m gone.”

“I hope you’re not all talk! Why don’t you get yourself organised and I’ll go and make up a whole pile of snacks and we can take our clothes off, eat, drink wine and fuck ourselves silly all night. Let’s make the best of our son being away.”

By the time Mike Jnr. returned next afternoon we had nearly fucked ourselves out. It wasn’t going to take a week for my poor cunt to feel the effects, it had taken less than 24 hours. We seemed to have made love in every conceivable place and position and I was worried that the whole apartment stank of sex and what would Jnr think. My fears were groundless as Mike Jnr. didn’t even seem to notice anything odd but I’m sure that he was aware of how carefully I was moving about and I was willing to bet that he guessed why.

Since I had been putting in so many hours I had no qualms about demanding the week off and I spent a lot of time with my husband. We explored the surrounding countryside, sometimes with a picnic lunch and sometimes we visited pubs or cafes, but, however we fed ourselves, each day we managed to find some secluded spot to make love in and I spent so much time on my back on the grass I was lucky not to develop ‘Grass Burns’. That could have been a bit embarrassing. It was also pleasurable to be fixing meals for both my men and I had a very enjoyable week playing housemother until the regular heartbreak of departure and separation arrived again. This time it was to be almost 3 months before Mike Snr expected to be home again

We all went to the airport and after Mike Snr and Jnr had said their farewells Mike Snr and I went off a little apart and we said goodbye.

“Sooner or later I’m going to have to say goodbye to the sea. This is getting harder and harder to do. Three months till the next time we



make love – it seems like forever. Still, we had a great break and I bet that this feels absolutely satisfied.” Mike had me backed into a corner, almost out of sight, and he kept me crushed against him with one arm as he reached down with the other and clasped my cunt through my slacks. He went on, “I don’t even think we fucked each other that often or that well when we first got married. God. I’d love to throw you on the floor and fuck you right here and now. But I’d better not, they are due to call my flight any second. Ha Ha.”

Just being clutched down there like that in public had excited me and I was feverishly (and shamelessly) pushing myself down against the pressure of his hand.

“I think we’d better stop this before I stain the crotch of my slacks and you do something equally as bad. Do you want to shift that thing into a more comfortable position before we separate?” I could feel his cock pressing against my tummy as we stayed tightly together and Mike finally released his hold on me and wriggled his erection into the correct place as we gave each other a final kiss and pulled apart.

I returned to my son as my husband walked out to his plane and he turned and waved as he climbed the stairs and I was in tears as we waved back.

He was right, our separations were becoming more and more difficult to deal with, I didn’t used to cry, just suffer stoically.

## Chapter 5

The next few weeks passed without anything untoward occurring. My workload at work gradually increased until I was virtually back full time, and it was a good thing that I enjoyed my job as I would have been pissed off the way things were going. Our home-life went on as usual with the exception that Mike Jnr and I no longer occasionally shared our beds for comfit and companionship. My son seemed to be taking his studies seriously and was working hard at them so we took turns at cooking on a completely non-formal basis.

The thing that changed things for me was the return of the manuscript that I had sent away for a rewrite and, unfortunately, the author accompanied it. I re-read his work and was absolutely devastated – instead of improving what he previously submitted he had almost ruined it completely. He had managed to take what was work that could be improved and had completely destroyed it, turning it into a



disjointed and characterless stack of words. I tried to explain the problems to him and he turned out to be a bigger jerk than I had first thought. Everything was my fault, I wasn't an editor's arse-hole, all I wanted to do was put him down, I wouldn't recognise good writing if it hit me in the face, and so-on and so-on. I let him run off for a while and then I finally lost it and told him exactly what I thought and suggested that he take his heap of paper and take it home to his toilet where it could be usefully employed. Unfortunately he headed straight from my office to that of the CEO and I was soon on the mat in front of them.

When the jerk had gone I remained and decided that they needed me more than I needed them and so I fed the CEO his pedigree,

“Well, if that's all you think of me then you can take your job and stick it. I don't appreciate getting reamed out in front of an author, particularly a no-account one like he was. He'll never be any good and if he ever writes a decent novel then I'll eat it, page by page. You talked me into working for you because of my experience and ability and if you can't support me and my decisions then 'Fuck You'. You can mail me what you owe me. Goodbye – it used to be nice working here.” I was almost crying as I turned to leave, highly distressed to be losing my job over such a prick.

“Whoa, whoa. Wait up. You've got the wrong end of the stick. Let me explain.” The CEO came round his desk and grasped me by the shoulder and drew me back and sat me down. “I'll get some coffee sent in and we'll talk and I'll explain.” He buzzed for coffee and I tried to compose myself before his secretary came in.

“Right, you drink that and let me explain a couple of facts to you. Unfortunately that little jerk is the son of one of our major shareholders who also happens to be my wife's sister. It was her that suggested that he should write 'A Novel' and, despite my protests, demanded that we should handle it. I haven't read it but I have a pretty good idea what it will be like. Absolute crap – right?” I nodded, not yet trusting myself to speak and he went on,

“I put him in your hands because you are normally so kind and nice and I thought that you would be able to let him down gently. It turned out that I was wrong and he even changed you from your normal self. He can be a completely irritating little prick can't he?” He opened a desk drawer and passed over a box of tissues and paused while I blew my nose and dried my eyes.



“Feel better now? I meant to tell you what was going on but I just overlooked it and when I heard nothing I figured that things were going along ok. I was caught completely on the wrong foot when he stormed in here and made his demands. His mother is a demanding and vengeful bitch so it was in everybody’s best interest to play along with his demands. I tried to slip you a wink as I was going on but you wouldn’t meet my gaze. I really am sorry, I did intend explaining and trying to make it up to you but you blew your top before I could open my mouth. Forgive me and withdraw your resignation. I’ll take you out for the best lunch I can buy if you will. Pleeeaaasseeeee.”

I was forced to smile at the earnest plea and I nodded in agreement.

“You can take me out on Friday and I will be expecting to go somewhere pretty damn posh.”

“You’ve got it and I’ll manage to get rid of that arse-hole somehow or other.” I received a bit of a hug and a fatherly pat on the shoulder as he ushered me from his office.

The rest of the day passed and I was grateful to finally get home, and after learning that Mike was cooking I retired to my bedroom and lay on the bed and thought the day’s happenings over. I was still a bit down and thoughts of how I had blown my stack, not just once but twice, caused me to feel even more depressed. I normally prided myself on being level headed and thoughtful and my reactions today pointed out that I wasn’t my usual self. I finally concluded that loneliness was getting to me. I had been lonelyish most of my married life but it was starting to effect me more as I got older and I no longer had Mike Jnr to draw strength from. It still seemed like forever before my husband returned again and I could feel the emotion building up again and I headed down to join my boy before I burst into tears again.

I tried hard to put on a brave front for Mike and I probably had more wine than I should have, both with the meal and relaxed in front of the TV. I was feeling both mellow and depressed when I headed off to bed after giving Mike a big hug and kiss, probably alerting him to the fact that all wasn’t as usual. I removed my clothes down to just my panties, slipped on an old tee shirt and crawled, almost drunkenly, under the covers. I lay there still feeling sorry for myself until I decided that I didn’t want to be alone and got back up to go into Mike’s room.



In my half aware state I had forgotten that since sleeping completely alone I had changed my sleep apparel and, when I walked into Mike's room and he flicked on his bedside light, he was greeted by the sight of his mother standing there in just a pair of lacy, black bikini panties and an old frail tee shirt that didn't reach much below her belly button. Even when he lay there with his mouth open and a look of wonderment on his face I still didn't realise what he was seeing and I just asked him,

"Mike, I know what we decided but I really don't want to be alone tonight and I need someone to hold and talk to. Would you mind very much if we slept together just once more?"

Mike just lay there with his mouth open and speechless until he suddenly came to with a jerk and I became aware of what he was seeing and quickly turned to leave in total embarrassment.

"Don't go Mom. I'd love you to stay with me. I knew there was something wrong with you today. Hop in and I'll try to cheer you up a bit." Mike held the blankets up and I scuttled over and climbed in beside him.

Mike wrapped his arms around me and cuddled me to him and whispered in my ear,

"Now, why don't you tell me what's bothering you and we'll see if we can do something about it."

I told him what had occurred at work and how I'd lost my temper with the client and then my boss and all he could do was laugh. I explained that I thought it was because I was missing his father so much and finally he began to sympathise with me, quickly making me feel a lot better. It would appear that I was missing the close contact with my son as well as my husband and it wasn't long before I felt Mike's hands slowly stroking and caressing my back, first on top of my shirt and then on my bare skin underneath it. It felt so good and comforting that I couldn't force myself to stop him.

As I slowly sobered my senses returned and I became aware of Mike's cock pressing hard against me and it felt marvellous, and I didn't try to pull away from the contact, rather I just stayed there and revelled in the delightful feeling. By this time I had my face pressed into the join of Mike's neck and shoulder and his hands were finding their way all over



my back and onto the areas of my front and breast that he could reach.

My excitement grew and I finally forced myself to pull back just a little and I suggested,

“Why don’t we both take off our shirts and we can enjoy our closeness even more.” Mike readily agreed and he sat up and dragged his top off and then helped me lift mine over my head and off and we lay back down, facing each other, and cuddled again.

The sensation of our bare upper bodies pressing so close together was even more erotic than before and I felt my nipples harden and knew that Mike must be able to feel them digging into his chest and this thought excited me to an even higher degree. Mike had stopped rubbing my back and slid both hands a lot lower to enter under the elastic of my panties and he had a cheek of my bum in each hand and was squeezing them tightly and forcing my lower body hard against his erection.

For the first time I sought for my son’s mouth and began to kiss him in a definitely non-motherly fashion. At first Mike didn’t seem to know to open his mouth but my probing tongue soon convinced him to open and let it enter and he very quickly got the idea and began to suck on my tongue and explore with his own, finding no repugnance in swapping saliva with me. My panties were sliding down my body and I knew I would be stark naked in my son’s arms in a very short time. My pussy was highly aroused and, knowing that the lips were swollen and open, it felt as if lubricating fluid was gushing in torrents from me. I knew I was ready to make love sex with my son.

“Stop, stop, Mike! We can’t do this. I can’t let you have sex with me. I’m sorry but it’s just not right and we’ve got to stop right now.” I had suddenly come to my senses and realised what we were about to enter into and, to my surprise, I was actually capable of trying to stop Mike from going any further.

Mike was still clutching one buttock and had the other hand thrust down between the tops of my thighs and had almost managed to reach onto my cunt. At my entreaty he withdrew this hand but still kept me pressed hard to his cock as he replied,

“God Mom. You don’t know what you’re asking. Can’t you feel the state of me? It’s so hard it hurts.” Mike’s erection felt enormous and I felt



almost as sorry for him as for myself and decided that I had to help him out.

“I can’t let you have proper sex but we can almost do it. Take the rest of your clothes off and we’ll do something about that.” My panties were down somewhere round my knees and it was the work of seconds to kick them right off as Mike slid his boxers off.

I lay flat on my back with my legs spread wide apart and I encouraged Mike to roll on top of me and lie in a position that allowed his cock to rest along the split between my cunt lips and to press against my pubic hair at the base of my tummy.

“Now press hard against me and slide back and forth. That should feel almost as good as entering inside me.” I felt Mike do as I directed and the combination of pre-cum from his cock and fluid from my pussy allowed him to slip easily back and forth and the sensation of his cock spreading my lips wider and rubbing against my clitoris was arousing me rapidly and I knew that I would soon have an orgasm. Mike was surely enjoying what he was doing and he was beginning to groan and sweat and he made no objection when I dragged his head down to kiss him again, thrusting my tongue in and out of his mouth in approximate rhythm with his thrusting cock.

Mike’s movements became hurried and jerky and suddenly he pulled back from me. Lifted his upper body up on his out-thrust arms and jammed his cock as hard against my lower belly as he could and I felt his cock begin to jerk and spasm as he pumped out his seed onto my bare flesh. This was enough to send me into my own throes and I orgasmed to the feel of his discharge spreading over me.

“Was that ok? Do you feel relieved and satisfied now? You certainly helped me to reach an orgasm.” I waited for Mike to reply and, when he said how wonderful it had been and how much better he felt, I was pleased and relieved and suggested that we now needed to sleep and he was happy to drop off wrapped in my arms.

Next morning I was awake for a short while before Mike regained consciousness and this gave me time to think. I made a momentous decision and when Mike awoke I told him that we needed to have a very serious talk and that I was going to ring in sick and that I felt he should do the same. Mike readily agreed and I said to him,



“Right. Well now that’s decided I am going to have a piddle and then we can make our phone calls and have our talk.” I sat up and climbed out of bed, ignoring the fact that I was stark naked, and headed into the bathroom. I just pushed the door to and sat on the commode and just let it pour from me, hissing and splashing, not caring that my son could clearly hear me. I washed my hands and face, brushed my teeth and gargled with some mouthwash before returning to the bed, enjoying the sight of my son not taking his eyes from me. When I was back beside him he said,

“God! Your beautiful and sexy both coming and going. I don’t know what the best vision of you, your sexy little bum twitching up and down, your little pert breasts bouncing or your pretty pussy just being there. The rest of you is pretty damn nice as well.” Mike grinned and leant over to kiss me before going on, “And Jeez, it was erotic listening to you pee. I want to watch next time. Now you ring work while I go to the bathroom.”

Mike, as nude as I had been, headed off as I examined him just as carefully as he had me. He was becoming a fine young man with well-defined muscles on his back and tight, muscly buns. His shoulders were broad and tapered down to a narrow waist before spreading to nicely shaped legs and it wouldn’t be long before he was attracting all the action he could handle. I reached for the phone as I heard him begin to piss and by the time he had finished his ablutions I had phoned in and informed work that I wouldn’t be in.

His front view was as impressive as the back one, revealing excellent muscle tone and a good healthy look. Mike’s cock was semi-erect and waggled side to side as he walked and I could see that he was quite proud of the way he was hung, about 7 inches when erect I guessed, and he looked to be approximately the same size as his father. When he was lying beside me again I began,

“I was a bit drunk last night and what happened shouldn’t have. I thought that we were handling it ok and the danger had passed but I was obviously fooling myself. To my shame I have to admit that I enjoyed it very much and it proved to me how much I miss your father and having sex with him. I didn’t know what to do about it all and while you were still asleep I reached a decision that could change things forever. Before I go any further do you want to say anything?”

“There’s not much I can say except to tell you how great last night was,



and how much I want to do it again. But I will live with what ever decision you have made. I love you very much and trust to you to do the best thing.” Mike was obviously trying to butter me up and play on my emotions but things had progressed far beyond that.

“I finally decided that telling ourselves that being naked in each others arms, kissing like lovers and simulating sex is absolutely two-faced and we would be deceiving no-one but ourselves. If we are prepared to go that far together then we might just as well complete the act and have full and proper sex. That’s if you want to, of course.” I meant every word of what I said and waited expectantly for Mike to respond.

“That would be about the silliest and most unnecessary question that I have ever been asked. When can we start?”

“I think we had better contact your school first, otherwise we’ll probably never get round to it. Do you want to call or should I?” I smiled happily at him and he answered exactly as I expected.

“It would be more believable if you phoned, Mom.”

I dialled the administrators office and, while I was busy explaining that Mike had the flu and might be back tomorrow and, if not, definitely the next day, he was pulling the covers back from me and carefully examining me in my nakedness. I had great difficulty in speaking calmly as Mike slid his fingers back and forth along the lips of my cunt and I was relieved when I was finally able to hang up.

“You are a wicked bugger for someone so young and inexperienced. I’ll get you for that.” Mike smirked and carried on with his explorations.

When he thrust a couple of fingers inside me I almost cried out in pleasure and when he began to slowly push them in and out as he rubbed on my clitoris with his other hand I rapidly scaled the heights towards my first orgasm of the day and Mike pushed me into orbit when he began to gently nibble on my nipples. Mike continued to work at my pussy as he sat back on his heels and watched me work my way through my orgasm and when I slowed down to normal he removed his invading fingers and said to me,

“That was amazing. Do you always look like that when you have an orgasm? And does it always take that long? I feel quite jealous.”



“You’ve got a lot to learn, young man. Woman can have multi-orgasms and they can last forever. You need to be pretty damned good at sex before you can cause that though. I’ll do my best to teach you everything I know and it looks like being a real interesting time.” I smiled at him and looked down at his throbbing erection. “I think it’s time for your first lesson. Lie back and enjoy.”

When he was flat on his back I bent down and began to kiss him and gently stroke his cock, being very careful not to get him too excited. After I had thoroughly kissed him I began to lick and nip his face and then slowly started to work my way down his body. I could sense his whole body tensing as I worked at him and when I began to suck and nibble at his hard little nipples he began to groan and writhe around. I paused for an instant or two to let him calm down a little then began again and shifted even lower. I left a trail of saliva right down the middle of his tummy and he actually bucked when I poked my tongue into his navel and rotated it about. I had removed my hand well away from his cock so as not to bring him off and he was desperately making small thrusting motions with his pelvis and his cock was standing straight up in the air as if it was searching for something but didn’t know what.

I slipped lower, working my way through the thick bush of hair above his penis and I gripped it between my lips and tugged on it and chewed it softly. I was close to his cock now and it rubbed against my cheek and felt hot and wet. I carefully withdrew from him and shifted my body until I was kneeling between his knees instead of at his side and I then began to lick at the upper parts of his thighs. I think Mike was completely lost by then in the sensations I was inducing and I was sure that the only thing he wanted was to climax.

Carefully keeping clear of his cock I licked my way up underneath his balls and licked and nipped the soft flesh there before opening my mouth wide and taking his complete ball bag in. They were extremely tight and I was aware that I was very much in danger of hurting him or causing him to erupt if I went too far, so, contenting myself with just a couple of gentle licks, I soon let his sac free and moved up to the main event. Mike was in total arousal now and his cock looked as if it was straining at a leash, standing straight up, precum dripping from the tip and running down the shaft, head swollen and purple in colour and the whole thing looked like it was actually trembling in anticipation.

When I opened wide and slid just the head of his cock into my mouth



and ran my tongue over it, Mike cried out in sheer joy and almost shouted,

“Christ! What are you trying to do to me? If you only knew how that feels. Please don’t stop. Please! Please! Please!”

I was startled, as I had never heard Mike take the Lords name in vain before, and I figured that he was rapt in what I was doing to him. I slowly slid more and more of his member into my mouth and I managed to get almost all of it in before I began to have difficulty breathing. I was sucking hard and running my tongue over as much of it as I could and it was only seconds before I felt his whole body stiffen, his cock swell just a little bit more and when he grabbed my head in his hands I braced myself and prepared to swallow the deluge that I knew was imminent.

The first jet squirted out under great pressure and forced its’ way straight down my throat and I began to gulp desperately as he continued to spout out streams of hot white sticky cum. I managed to swallow it all and when Mike’s cock softened I let it drop from my mouth and looked up at my son’s face as he lay looking more contented than I had ever seen him before.

“Well what did you think of your first blow job? Enjoy it did you?”

“Oh Mom. I didn’t imagine that anything could possibly feel that good. I would have happily died to experience that. Don’t you mind doing that for me? It doesn’t seem as if you can get much pleasure from it.” Mike seemed genuinely concerned about my welfare and I quickly put his mind at rest.

“I love sucking cock. The feel of something so hard and yet so tender in my mouth excites me and to be able to cause a reaction like you just had by means of licking and sucking makes me feel quite superior. Later I’ll teach you how you can give me the same pleasure with your mouth. Now lets take a shower together and then we’ll have some breakfast and make the best of our day of complete and unbridled lust and total pleasure.”

Chapter 6.

We shared a very intimate and erotic shower, each of us taking great



pleasure in soaping and washing the others body and our touching soon became lovers caresses and we both nearly climaxed under the stream of hot water. I carefully dried Mike's body and rubbed talc all over him before letting him do the same to me, and it was amazing how stimulating it was both rubbing talc on and having it rubbed on. Mike followed me back into my bedroom and I figured that he would head off to his own room to get dressed but he just seated himself on the side of my bed, where all this had started such a short time ago, and settled down to watch me dress. I grabbed a light dress from my closet and, opening a drawer full of underwear, I bent over to sort through the jumble of panties and bras and had just settled on a filmy, cream set of boxer type underthings when I felt Mike's hand push, from behind, between the tops of my thighs and cup my pussy.

Mike bent down and licked a swath right up the middle of my back and I felt every millimetre that it travelled. With the hand cupping my cunt he pulled me towards him and I finished up half sitting on his lap with his fingers once more rubbing me and causing me to get hot and moist again. Mike used his free hand to tilt my head towards him and when he kissed me he lowered me back onto the bed and moved round to tower over me, and he pulled from the kiss and pleaded,

"I can't wait any longer. I need to make love with you urgently. Please can we fuck here and now?"

I smiled up at him and nodded my agreement and I spread my legs and moved my feet up to open myself wide for him. Mike lowered himself and began to thrust with his hips trying desperately to enter me and I quickly stopped him.

"Whoa! Slow down, stud, or it will all be over before we get started. Now let me help." I reached down and guided the head of his cock to my opening, widely dilated and well and truly lubricated, "Now, push it in slowly and take your time and savour what you feel."

Mike did as I directed and slowly pushed his erection into me until our pubic hair was intermingled and he couldn't drive it in any further.

"Now just hold it there for a short time to enjoy it and then begin to slowly pull it almost out and then push it back in again. Once we get our rhythm together you'll have no further trouble and you'll instinctively know what to do."



Mike paid close attention to my lesson and we were soon completely involved in a full force fuck. He quickly got the idea and was soon slamming his cock hard and deep and timing his thrusts with my efforts to push back at him. He managed to keep going a lot longer than I expected and I figured that it was because it was so soon after his blowjob. The bedroom was soon echoing to the sounds of our bodies slapping forcefully against each other and the 'squishy' watery sounds coming from our crotches showed how much moisture our excitement was generating. To my total amazement he managed to bring me to orgasm just as he reached out for his own, something that a lot of couples never manage to do. It had taken his father and I a long time and lots of practice before we learnt how to have simultaneous climaxes and I don't think there is anything better in sex than a mutual orgasms, so I was overjoyed that Mike experienced it so soon. I had never heard of it happening to anyone on their first fuck and wondered at the possibilities that Mike had in front of him, sexually.

We both dozed off again and Mike must have woken some time before me as when I opened my eyes it was to see him, propped up on one elbow, just looking down on me with a smile on his face as he slowly and softly stroked my tummy, between my belly button and the top of my carefully groomed pubic bush, with his free hand.

"What? What? Why are you looking at me like that?" I smiled back at him as I made my query.

"I was just thinking how wonderful and beautiful you are and how lucky I am. To be able to get so much pleasure from this wonderful place down here," and he caressed my pussy lovingly before going on, "and to also feel the pleasure your mouth can give, as well, makes me feel so grateful and loving. Who would ever have known just how great women are and how marvellous their bodies are? I wish we could stay like this forever." Mike looked absolutely encaptured by me and I felt sad that the initial wonderment would all too soon wane.

"I'm so pleased that you feel that way. I am pretty much in love with you as well and we should have a lot of fun before Dad gets home. You do realise that he will take total preference when he is here, don't you?" I paused till Mike nodded that he understood before continuing. "Now, after all that exercise I feel really hungry but we both need another shower before we are respectable again. This time you go to your own bathroom and I'll use mine. Later on I'll teach you how to pleasure a woman with your mouth. Now, be off and let an old lady



rebuild her tiring body.”

When he had disappeared I lay there for a few minutes thinking about how good the next few weeks would be. I could teach Mike all about sex and we could explore lots of aspects of it together. It seemed from his comment that he had some sort of yearning about peeing and I guessed that he had inherited that from me – I would enjoy displaying myself to let him watch me piss and I would love it if I could convince him to piddle over me. I often enjoyed the sight and feel of his father standing over me and hosing me down as I lay, nude and masturbating, in the bath and I often reached a climax in this way. Mike Snr also enjoyed it when I returned the favour and held his cock while he pissed and then carried on to stroke him to orgasm and I wondered if Jnr would enjoy the same.

It looked as if it would be an exciting and adventurous time in the future and I very much looked forward to it and ‘to hang with the conventions’ I couldn’t see much wrong with incest.

The End.

