

"A young man steps up to protect his mother from a bully."

*Hello! So this was originally a story split up into five different chapters. I had four chapters uploaded, and a fifth in progress of writing when I had to go scorched earth due to personal reasons. As most of the chapters were not particularly long, I've just amalgamated them into two large chapters, and this time, it's finished.*

*I hadn't finished writing the fifth chapter, though thankfully, I remembered how I wanted to finish the story, so I can only hope you enjoy this all the way to the conclusion. I have no idea how long this story will be on this site regarding pages, but on Microsoft Word, it was 82 pages and over 43000 words, before splitting it into at least two parts, so I can only assume there's going to be quite a few!*

*All characters and acts of a sexual nature occur with characters 18+.*

*Hope you enjoy it. Feedback / comments appreciated as always.*

## Guardian

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### Chapter 1.1

They were arguing again. They always seemed to argue nowadays whenever he was home. And, unfortunately, I got used to it growing up. It wasn't every night, as he travelled a lot for work, but I learned at an early age that dad had a temper. Or he was just an arsehole. While I was on the receiving end sometimes, it was nothing compared to my poor mother.

I guess I need to give the pair of them some context. My father is 44 years old, about 6'2 but isn't what I would call intimidating as he was tall but lean. But to my mother, who is a foot shorter, he would be intimidating through height alone. Mum had just recently turned 40 years old and made a bantamweight boxer look like a heavyweight. She wasn't scrawny or too thin, but even I towered over her though I was only 5'10 myself. I didn't inherit my fathers' height, but years of rugby had certainly broadened me. Not that anyone would dare call me 'stocky' to my face.

I took up rugby for a specific purpose. To not be intimidated by larger or bigger men. When you're one of the smallest players on the pitch, with guys who are 6'4 and built like a brick shithouse running at you at full pace, you can only do one thing. Meet them with equal force. Sure, I came off the field bleeding numerous times, had a concussion or two, but I'd proven myself over the years. My teammates loved me because I never backed down, always the first to get into the ruck and maul, and never afraid to trade blows with someone who towered over me.

So years of rugby had definitely toughened me up. I was now 20 years old and worked as a mechanic. I loved getting my hands dirty, pulling apart engines, learning how machines worked. Not that my father encouraged me. It all came from my mother. She was the one who constantly showed me support through school, always encouraging me to try and do new things. She was the one who always drove me to rugby training during the week, and to games on a Saturday, standing on the sideline through bitterly

cold winters, always cheering me on. She was the one who helped me with homework and my studies, and was the drive for my own self-improvement.

I love my mum.

But I was always left the feeling my father resented me. I think he may have been jealous of the attention my mother gave me. I think he was just a jealous and petty man, understanding from an early age that he wanted little to do with me, barely acknowledging my presence at times. No matter what, my mother raised me right in how to act and be a man.

However, all through my childhood years of living in that household, they constantly bickered. I had no idea if that was what other married couples did, but the older I got, the worse the relationship between my father and mother. I asked friends, and they suggested they were staying together until I was 18. Well, it was two years past and they were still together. And they still fought.

Once I hit 18, I thought I should start involving myself. I never saw my father raise a hand in anger, but I've walked into the room more than once to find him stooped over my mother, a finger in her face, as he accused her of all manner of things. She'd returned to work once I hit high school and he was adamant she was having an affair with someone. All this despite the fact she

only worked part-time, was still at home when he left for work and was usually home by the time I'd finished school.

I often wanted to approach mum and ask her why she didn't leave him. But it wasn't my place. I'd walked into the kitchen to see her in tears more times than I cared to remember. The only thing I could do was give her a hug each time. She appreciated the gesture. Once or twice, maybe more, definitely more, she'd knocked on my door and crawled into bed with me, simply looking to get away from the man she was supposed to love. And all because he was either jealous or... I'm not entirely sure...

Well, if I was to give him a modicum of understanding, there is the reason of my fathers' supposed jealousy. My mother is gorgeous. Brunette hair without a streak of grey. Ocean blue eyes that even I can't help admit add to her beauty. A cute little nose and full lips that any man would want to kiss. She looked after herself with exercise and yoga, with small B-cup breasts and a tight little arse... Shit, this is my mother I'm talking about, but I'm sure you've now gathered that even her own son sees her as an attractive woman.

I sat back in my chair as I heard the shouting increase. Mum gave as good as she got some nights, but more often than not, the longer time went on, the fight was going out of her. How she didn't show the stress of the situation, particularly on her face, boggled my mind. Still as youthful as ever, I always told her, which just made her smile and that nearly melted my heart, knowing what

she went through. He was accusing her of wasting money tonight. Un-fucking-likely, considering he controlled nearly all the money that came into the household from the pair of them.

I'll be honest, there were only two reasons I still lived at home. One, trying to live by myself as a single man was next to impossible on my wage, and most of my friends were living with their own girlfriends. Two, I was terrified of leaving my mother alone with him. I didn't think their relationship would suddenly improve once I was out of the picture. I was very rarely the topic of arguments nowadays. He pretty much ignored my existence entirely, which suited us both fine.

His voice continued to rise and I sighed, feeling frustration bubble up inside. "That's enough," I said quietly to myself. I'd interrupted before and it never ended well. Usually I'd end up arguing with him, but at least that took some of the pressure off Mum. I got to my feet and strode down the hallway. Dad was on his feet, leering over my mother, who was sat timidly on the couch, as he continued to heckle her. I simply strode towards him and moved myself between him and her. He looked stunned by my appearance.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded.

"You're going to stop yelling at her," I stated calmly, feeling anything but inside.

His jaw actually dropped, stunned further that I'd had enough. Then his eyes narrowed. "Who the fuck do you think you are to tell me what to do in my own home?"

He may have had a good couple of inches on me in height but I was broader. The day where we would come to blows was approaching. It wouldn't be tonight. I didn't particularly want to give him the pleasure of a fight. But I also didn't know what I'd do to him once I did actually hit him. Years of anger and frustration were building up inside.

"I'm your son, if that means anything to you. And the woman you're yelling at behind me is your wife and my mother. And I'm tired of hearing you yell at her. Give it a rest."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

I stepped forward until I was barely inches from his face. "Oh, trust me, I know you want me to take a swing, give you an excuse to kick me out. I won't give you that much satisfaction. But I warn you. One day I won't need your so-called hospitality, and then it's going to be on like Donkey Kong."

"Mark, don't," Mum said quietly behind me.

"Shut up," my father yelled.

I lifted a warning finger to his face. He grabbed it and attempted to bend it back. I simply laughed in his face. My strength exceeded his. I noticed his other hand ball into a fist. "Go on, tough guy. Take a swing. Do it. Because, I tell you what, that will be the only swing you'll ever take at me," I warned.

He let go of my finger. "I suggest you fuck off now."

I held back the 'Or what?' Instead, I gestured behind me. "Mum, get to your feet. We're going out."

"She's not going anywhere," my father stated.

"You don't get to decide." I didn't move my eyes from him. "Mum, do you want to go with me?"

"Yes," she said quietly.

I resisted smiling at him. Instead, I shuffled forward and he actually stepped back, allowing enough space for Mum to get to her feet. "Grab your coat and purse. We'll find somewhere to wait

until he's gone to sleep." I heard Mum leave the room before saying anything else. "I suggest you calm yourself down by the time we return."

"Or what?"

"I'm tired of listening you do nothing but berate her. You've done nothing but bully her for years. I've listened and I've even intervened. But, you know what, no more. I should have done something ages ago. It stops right now."

He smirked. "Afraid of me, were you?"

Now I laughed in his face. "Not fucking likely. But I know you. I know you very well. As I said, as soon as I raise a hand, I'm gone. But, you know what? The price may just be worth it."

Now he stepped forward, trying to reassert authority. "You wouldn't dare?"

I motioned to headbutt him and he flinched. I laughed again as he balled both fists and his eyes narrowed. "Try it, tough guy. Just try it," I suggested, hoping he'd do it, "Just remember, though. I'm not your wife. I hesitate to think of myself as your son. But I am now an adult and won't listen to the shit you put her through any

longer."

"I'm ready," Mum said quietly. My heart broke at how timid she sounded.

Without looking away from him, I stepped backwards until I could sense her presence next to me, before I put a hand on her back and escorting her outside. Because I still lived at home, I'd been able to afford to buy a very nice car. I opened the door for Mum, who smiled at me as she got in, before I got behind the wheel, started the car and drove away.

I'd barely driven for two minutes before Mum told me to stop the car. Once I did, she simply leaned over and hugged me. She didn't say a word, simply hugging me tightly for at least a couple of minutes before letting me go, gently stroking my cheek as her eyes glistened with tears, before she settled back into her seat.

I didn't have a clue of where to go, the idea to get out of the house being spur of the moment, so it was Mum who suggested we simply grab a coffee. I drove us to the nearest mall and, after parking up, we headed inside to find the place still full of shoppers. We avoided the chains and found an independent shop down on one of the lower levels.

Mum took a seat as I bought us a pair of coffees, sitting across

from each other. I noticed her hands were shaking as she stirred in some sugar, so I just grabbed her hands and rubbed my thumbs softly over them. She looked me in the eyes then burst into tears. I moved my chair around and simply wrapped an arm around her.

"Sorry," she mumbled.

I simply shushed her. I took a deep breath and finally suggested, if not told her what to do. "Leave him."

"I can't."

"Why not?" She said nothing for a few seconds so I prodded her. "Why, Mum?"

"I think he'd try and kill me," she admitted, then shook her head, "Okay, maybe I'm being dramatic. But what can I do? He'll just make my life a living hell and I have nowhere to go."

"Over my dead body. The man's a coward, Mum. A bully. But you're right about one thing. He's done nothing but make your life hell for years. I'm still not sure why you never left him."

"As long as I had you, I could see it through. I gave my vows to the man. I just... can't bring myself to break them. Somewhere within him is still the man I married."

"How many more nights of this? It's been getting worse for years but it's definitely been bad lately."

"It's not that bad." I scoffed and she looked away, probably knowing I was right. "He's always provided for you and me. He's... not always been the most affectionate..." I scoffed again, "But he's always provided for his family."

Her hands had stopped shaking enough so she took a sip of her coffee. I moved my chair and had a sip of mine. "No more, Mum. And I mean it. I won't listen to him belittle you anymore. If I have to be the target, then so be it."

She shook her head. "No. Don't get involved. You'll only make things worse."

"Worse than they are now? How much worse do things need to get?"

"Just... promise me you won't get involved... At least not too much. Please, Mark. Promise me you won't do anything stupid." I loved

my mother. I'd do anything for her. And I hated it when she pleaded with me like this, because she knew I'd give in and agree. I couldn't help sigh and shake my head as she grabbed my hand and squeezed. I met her eyes and they still glistened. "Please," she pleaded quietly.

"Okay."

We finished our coffee in near silence, Mum asking a question or two about work but saying little else. I simply went over things in my head. I had savings that I could use to get us out. I could easily afford something like a loan. There were options, but it was simply convincing Mum about leaving. And I'm not sure how much convincing it would take.

I checked my phone and, seeing the time, I suggested it would be okay to go home. The lights were off once I parked up, suggesting the old man had pissed off to bed. Once inside, I headed straight to my bedroom as mum headed to the kitchen. Having calmed down enough, I had a quick shower and was getting ready for bed when I heard a quiet knock at the door. I opened it to see Mum standing there in her pyjamas. She didn't even have to ask as I stepped to the side and allowed her in. It happened so often nowadays it was almost a ritual.

The next morning was slightly awkward upon waking up, my right hand looped over Mum and I'd grabbed her breast without

realising it. What made matters worse was the fact I had the usual morning wood and was definitely poking her with it. I made to move my hand away, and my body, but Mum actually grabbed my hand.

"It's okay, don't worry about it."

"But..."

"It's fine. Scoot your body closer."

"But..."

She laughed. "So you have an erection? All young men wake up with one. Whether their mother is in their bed or not."

"Well, yeah, but..."

Since I wouldn't move, Mum shuffled over until her butt was nestled against me once again. Then she placed my right hand on her breast again. "There. Nothing to be concerned about. Now, are you going back to sleep or what?"

Figuring I couldn't do anything else, I simply snuggled back into her.

"Thank you for last night," she eventually whispered.

"No problem."

The chances of me going back to sleep were slim. As I said, I've always thought my mother was attractive, and although I'd had the thoughts many young men may have about their mothers, particularly if they were young, I generally paid them no mind. Just fantasies, nothing more. But, that morning, with her pressed up against me, my erection resting against her, I had numerous other thoughts that, I'll admit, would have shocked her. I eventually shook my head of them and tried to think of anything else.

It didn't work.

So I lay there with Mum until she was ready to get up. She eventually turned around and looked me in the eyes. Then she smiled and kissed my cheek. "Think it's time you got up for work."

"Shit, I thought it was Saturday." I looked at my phone but thankfully it wasn't too late. "Fuck, I'd better grab a shower."

Wearing only boxer shorts, I leapt out of bed, forgetting I still had an erection, walking around the bed.

"Mark?"

I looked at Mum, who looked me up and down. I noticed she then blushed. "What is it?" I wondered.

"Nothing. Go have your shower."

While showering, I willed my erection to go away but for some reason it wouldn't. So I figured I needed to jerk off. I used my overactive imagination but, for once, it didn't seem to work. Then images of Mum appeared in my mind, nothing terribly sexual, but for whatever reason, that seemed to work. I came like thunder. What the fuck was all that about? I don't really want to fuck my mother despite the fact I think she's beautiful. Well, maybe not. Shit, I don't know. I've thought about it plenty. Hard not to considering how beautiful she is. Why doesn't Dad see it?

Dad had already gone to work so Mum simply made me some toast and coffee, a plate and mug already in place by the time I appeared. The food barely touched the sides before I sculled the coffee, feeling it necessary to rush considering I was running late. Just as I was about to head out the door, Mum stopped me and pulled me in for a hug. Not unusual, but she held onto me for just

that little bit longer.

"Thanks again, Mark," she said quietly.

"No worries, Mum. I have your back, no matter what."

She grabbed my head and dragged me down, kissing my cheek. "Have a nice day," she stated cheerfully, before she turned me around and smacked my bottom as I walked out the door. I just shook my head as I walked to my car but was glad to see Mum was in a much better mood. Long may that continue.

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## Chapter 1.2

Life continued as normal after that night. By normal, I mean the arguments continued, growing ever more one-sided. So, any time I heard an argument start, I let it go for perhaps five or ten minutes before I walked into the room, daring my father to do something. I'd collect Mum and we'd head out. Sometimes we'd go for coffee. Sometimes we'd grab a little food. Sometimes I'd drive us around until we simply stopped, perhaps talking though sometimes we'd just sit in contented silence.

Every time we'd return home, I'd have my nightly shower and head to bed. I'd nearly always receive a knock on the door. Mum would usually wear her pyjamas but it soon turned into a nightie, showing off her legs and arms. As I've said, Mum keeps herself fit and it took a lot of self-control to not see her as anything other than my mother.

What didn't help was the fact I was single. I had one or two steady girlfriends before, but I hated bringing them back to my place because of the arguments. Eventually we broke up as they were convinced I simply didn't want to introduce them to my parents and therefore wasn't that serious, despite my explanations of what my home life was like.

So, considering my mother was the only female companionship I had, it wasn't long before my body started to react to her presence, particularly once she started to wear her nighties and I could feel her skin underneath my palm, as we no longer slept on separate sides. Mum had no problem snuggling into me. What made it even more awkward was I would generally already have an erection by the time I got into bed.

What would stun me is that Mum would make little mention of it when she snuggled into me. And, trust me, I know she would have felt it, either pressing against her back or against her arse. Once or twice in the morning, I'd take a peek and check out her legs, while she continued to hold my hand against one of her breasts each time, which didn't help the whole erection thing. At other

times, she'd purposely wriggle her arse against me and I swear she was doing it on purpose.

One morning she turned around as I was already awake. "Mark, can I ask you a question?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Do you find your mother attractive?"

I didn't really want to answer that question. I'm sure she already knew, so why she needed that verbalised... "Yeah, sure," I repeated, probably not sounding terribly convincing one way or the other.

"What about my breasts?" she asked, squeezing them together. My eyes immediately lowered towards them, "What do you think about them?"

"Why are you asking?"

"I just want to know if a man would still find me attractive. I can't remember the last time your father touched me."

"Seriously?" She nodded. "Mum, this is going to sound... weird, but if you were my partner, you would definitely not remain untouched."

She dazzled me with a smile and kissed my cheek. "Thank you, sweetie. That's just what I wanted to hear." Then she kicked off the blankets. "Now, what about my legs?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "They're great too, Mum. Trust me, there is absolutely nothing wrong with you whatsoever. You're beautiful."

"Is that why you always have an erection by the time I get in this bed?"

"Um..."

"Do you have any idea how long it's been since I felt desirable?" she asked quietly, shuffling closer towards me, wrapping an arm around me, her face incredibly close to mine.

I swallowed hard. "No idea," I whispered.

"You look at me differently now." She was right. It was hard not to.

"Do you find me desirable, Mark?"

"Sometimes," I answered honestly, "I know you're my mother but, well, the imagination can sometimes run away. Doesn't help that I'm single. Doesn't help that... well... you're usually in my bed nowadays. I'm not complaining. I like the company," I added with a smile, "But... Well, despite the fact I'm your son, I'm just a man. And you're a woman... so..." I trailed off.

She moved her face even closer to mine and pulled me closer so my erection pressed into her stomach. "I like sleeping with you, Mark. I prefer sleeping with my son than husband. How fucked up is that?"

"Not particularly surprising though considering he's proven to be one mega twat."

"And the thought you have an erection waiting for me when I get in bed, and when I wake up... excites me far more than it should."

Her lips were now so close to mine I didn't know if she wanted to kiss me or not. Part of me wanted to kiss her and do so much more. The other part saw her as my mother, the woman who raised and nurtured me, the woman who kissed my boo-boos as a child and provided me love and protection as I grew up.

Then my alarm went off. I'll admit I breathed a slight sight of relief as that seemed to break the spell. Mum blinked and smiled at me before she kissed my cheek. "I'll make you some breakfast. You scoot and have a shower."

I masturbated furiously in the shower, only thoughts of my mother crossing my mind.

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### Chapter 1.3

They were arguing again. This time it was about her cheating. And, this time, I knew it was all my fault. I could hear his arguments. You've changed. You're acting differently. Smiling all the time. Who is he? Who are you fucking now? Then he called her a whore, and I had to count to ten to stop myself walking out and smacking him.

Before I even got to five, I heard a slap. A scream. And Mum yell my name.

I was out in the living room so fast, it would have made your head spin. I saw him standing over her, fists balled. Mum was on the floor, holding her face where he'd obviously slapped her. Without

thinking, I strode forward, grabbed him by the shoulder to spin him around, and figured out where to hit him. Stomach or face? I chose stomach, connecting with such force he almost threw up as he fell to his knees.

"You fucking bastard," he croaked, trying to straighten himself up.

"Fuck you, arsehole. You dare call her that? You dare touch her in such a manner?"

"Get the fuck out," he exclaimed, doing his best to stand up, "And don't come back."

"Not going to happen. You do that, we press charges for domestic violence."

Mum held up a hand. "Wait..."

"No, Mum. It was always going to come to this. I should have done something sooner."

"Do that, I charge you with assault," my father retorted.

"Self-defence, dipshit."

He glared at me, taking deep breaths. I didn't move my eyes from him. "Mum, get to your feet, go into your bedroom, grab a couple of things. We're leaving for the night."

"You leave tonight, you don't come back, bitch."

Before he could move out of the way, I grabbed him around the throat and forced him back towards the wall. "You call her anything like that again and I will hurt you in more ways than you can imagine," I warned, tightening my grip.

I then felt a hand on my shoulder. "Mark, it's okay. I'll get my things and we'll just go," Mum said quietly, "Just don't do anything stupid."

I loosened my grip only slightly and nodded. "Grab your things, then grab my keys and get in the car. Beep the horn once you're in. I'll come down then."

I felt the adrenaline coursing through my veins as I continued to hold the pathetic excuse for a man in front of me by the throat. The hatred he had in his eyes in return spoke volumes. I just smirked. "I know you've always despised me for whatever reason.

Trust me, those feelings are now returned ten-fold. You're fucking pathetic."

Then he spat in my face. I clocked him so hard across the jaw with my other hand, he went down immediately. "Shit," I muttered, immediately checking he wasn't dead. I'd read enough to know a single punch can leave people in a bad way. He was still breathing and appeared to be coming around immediately. Worried about leaving a scene, I walked into the kitchen, filled a glass of water and returned, throwing it in his face. I breathed a sigh of relief that he woke up.

"That's assault," he groaned.

I was ready to kick him, though I had been told to never kick a man when he was down. It was very tempting. Thankfully, Mum stopped me from doing anything stupid as I heard the horn beep. I crouched down over him. "We will be back tomorrow and, trust me, we won't be around much longer. You ever, ever, touch her again, I promise you, it won't end prettily."

"Fuck you," he croaked.

I turned and walked out the door, getting in the car, put it into gear and stamped on the accelerator. I drove for a couple of minutes before I slammed on the brakes. Mum looked at me, concern all

over her face, as I opened the door and got out. Adrenaline was still flooding my veins. I'll admit I was even feeling a little hard at finally, finally, having done what I'd wanted to do for ages. I paced back and forth for a few moments, trying to calm myself down, before I was stopped by Mum. She grabbed my hands and squeezed them, before running her hands up my arms and over my shoulders, before she pulled me close.

Then she kissed me. And I don't mean a motherly kiss. It was brief but it still left me slightly shocked. "Thank you," she said once she met my eyes.

"What... What was that for?"

"For being there for me. For being more of a man than my husband."

"That's it, Mum, I've had enough of this. We're moving out. I'll start looking tomorrow." Even in the darkness, I could see her smile. "I have some savings. I'm sure we can get something." I took a deep breath and tried to calm down, taking another, then a third and fourth before I finally felt my heart beat calm. "I'm not a violent person. You know that, right? But he... he's just..."

"He brings out the worst in you."

I gently cupped her cheek. "But I'm nothing like him. And you know I would never hurt you."

She just hugged me tightly. "I know you wouldn't."

"We should find a place to stay."

I opened my phone and found an application that would suggest hotels in the area. I found one close by that wasn't too expensive, but wouldn't be a horrible, dirty place either. But, of course, there were no twin rooms available, only doubles. Mum didn't mind, suggesting that she slept in my bed often enough that it didn't bother her. I reserved it online and paid, though it was only going to be a half hour drive at most.

We checked in upon arrival and headed up by elevator to the room. It was your standard room. A double bed. Small tables beside the bed. A TV attached to the wall. A mirror and table against the same wall. A small bathroom with bathtub, attached shower, toilet and basin. Mum placed her small bag on the bed and looked at me.

"Where are your things?"

"I didn't get anything. It'll be fine. I'll just have a shower and..."

figure things out."

"Want to grab a drink in the bar downstairs first?"

Despite everything that had just happened, I couldn't help smile.  
"That sounds like a great idea actually."

I checked her face as we walked along and there was still a mark, though it was already fading. Mum raised a hand and gently rubbed it. "Does it look bad?"

"No," I stated, and kissed it without thinking, "Is that better?"

She turned towards me and kissed me gently on the lips instead.  
"No, that's better though."

I probably looked shocked, as she just smiled. I bought us drinks downstairs, beer for me, wine for her, finding a booth to sit in. Mum sat down first and she suggested I should sit next to her. Thinking nothing of it, I sat next to her and Mum shuffled across to me, grabbing my arm and wrapping it around her.

"Now I feel safe," she whispered.

"I'm sorry. I should have done something before."

"I never thought he'd actually do it. I always thought he was threats and what I hesitate to call bravado. Should have seen it coming though. He was right about one thing."

"He was?"

"I have changed recently." She looked up at me, her eyes shining in the low light. "Because of you."

"What have I done?"

I noticed her blush. "You make me feel like a woman. Desired. Wanted. Definitely more than just... you mother..."

"I do?" I sounded confused, but I guess I also knew exactly what she meant.

She giggled. She actually giggled. I hadn't heard her giggle in... I can't remember. Then she kissed me, and it wasn't a motherly kiss once again. Without thinking, I found myself responding, and soon her tongue was in my mouth and I answered that. My mind was ringing, telling me to stop. But I ignored that, listening to my

body. I pulled her closer to me and ran my other hand up her side and was soon cupping her breast, giving it a gentle squeeze and she actually moaned in my mouth. Just that sound excited me so much I thought my cock was going to burst out of my jeans.

Then we broke apart as I think we both realised what we were doing. I know we probably both grinned like a pair of fools as we drank our drinks in silence for a few minutes. I'll be honest, I had no real idea what the hell I was doing. Mum's mind was probably all over the place and the last thing she probably needed was me giving mixed signals. Or any signals, for that matter. She's my mother, I shouldn't be... finding her desirable. Definitely shouldn't be making out with her.

And liking it.

Finishing our drinks, we headed back to our room. I took a shower first and wondered what I should do as I had no clean underwear. I waited until Mum disappeared into the bathroom. I figured if I got under the covers without any clothes on, she wouldn't notice. Or that was the hope.

She reappeared once her shower was done and what she was wearing made my cock incredibly hard. And made me think Why is she only wearing those? Mum said absolutely nothing as she turned off the main light, leaving only the two sidelights, and slipped under the covers next to me. She turned towards me

when she did.

"Give your mother a hug," she said quietly.

It was a bad idea. It was a very bad idea, considering I had an enormous erection and I wanted nothing more than to jerk off at that very moment. I tried to give her an awkward hug, keeping my body away from her.

"That's not a hug," she stated.

She dragged me closer and I know she would have definitely felt my cock press into her. I felt her own skin touch mine considering she wore only a bra and panties, which only heightened my sexual attraction and made my cock harder than ever. Then she gasped.

"Mark, are you not wearing any underwear?" I shook my head.

"So you're naked in bed with your mother?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"I don't have any spare clothes so thought..." I trailed off.

Then she surprised me by running a hand down my side and grabbing my cock. I almost came as soon as she gripped it. All she did was smile. "You desire me?" she whispered, leaning her face closer to mine.

I couldn't lie to her. Not to my mother. "Nowadays, more than anything. I know I shouldn't but..."

She gently started to jerk me off as our lips met again. This wasn't a good idea. Because all thoughts were now leading to wanting to fuck my mother. And that definitely wasn't a good idea. What was a worse idea was she introduced her tongue again, and I met her tongue with my own, and I could taste her wine, and I could smell the shampoo and soaps she'd used, and, if I didn't know any better, I could smell her... scent. Is my mother really turned on by me?

She kicked the blankets off and broke the kiss to look down my body. "You're so handsome," she said.

"Uh-huh..." I stated, unable to form any words for a few seconds.

"Do you like what I'm doing?" she wondered, her left hand

continuing to stroke my cock.

"Should we be doing this?" I asked, immediately regretting the question.

"Do you want me to stop?" she asked back, though didn't actually stop stroking me.

"If you keep doing it, I'm going to cum," I replied, looking down her body, which was a mistake, considering she was looking... damn fucking hot.

"Mark?" she asked quietly. I met her eyes and she smiled. "I want to take care of you like you take care of me. Let me do this for you."

I closed my eyes and nodded. We were crossing one hell of a boundary here. Sharing a kiss was one thing. But having her hand around my cock, jerking me off... I know I wanted her to continue. I know I wanted to do more than just have her hand around it. But I also knew she wasn't thinking clearly. Or was she? Who knows? She was the one who'd made the first move, after all.

"Mark?" I opened my eyes and she dazzled me with her smile, "Cum for me, baby," she added.

So I did. It was the best orgasm of my life so far, leaving streaks of white cum all over her stomach, plus some on the bed. She continued to stroke me until everything possible had leaked out of my cock, before she lifted her hand to her mouth and licked it clean. Then she just smiled at me and kissed my cheek.

"Someone was horny."

I couldn't form any words in reply, stunned by what had just happened. My mum just gave me a handjob. My mother just gave me a fucking handjob... And it was the best thing EVER!

I did the only thing I could think of. I leaned forward and gently kissed her lips, looked her in the eyes and said, "I love you."

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## Chapter 2.1

Thankfully, he'd pissed off to work by the time we arrived home the next morning. I'd already called into work and explained what happened. They were happy for me to take time off, and whatever time off I needed in the future. 'Get your mum somewhere safe' was all they told me. I would never be able to thank them enough

for their assistance.

I had been expecting to walk into a destroyed house, or at least destroyed bedroom, that being mine, but nothing was disturbed, though it was clear the old man had hit the bottle, a two-thirds empty bottle of whiskey on the table in the living room evidence he'd hit the hard stuff.

"So what do we do?" Mum asked.

"I'll get online and start looking for a place of our own. Do you really want to stay here?"

"No."

"Good. So we find our own place. There's usually plenty of options available. It's more about location and price. While we're doing that, you're staying in my room."

Now that earned a smirk from my mother. "Really? And whatever would your father say?"

"I honestly don't give a flying fuck what he says. But, to not exacerbate the situation any further, I'll unroll my sleeping bag and

leave suggestions that I'm sleeping in that while you take my bed. But do you really want to sleep in the marital bed one more night?"

"I want to sleep with you," she said quietly, stepping forward to hug me, "As I said, I feel safe when you hold me."

I leaned back and lifted her chin. "I don't want to sound like I'm giving orders. When we move out, we're a team. We reach agreements. If you don't like something, you let me know and we'll think of something else. I will never tell you what to do, give you orders or anything like that. You are your own woman, with your own mind and opinions. And there is nothing wrong expressing them, or expressing yourself. I will not be like him." I then grabbed her hands. "I will not be like him. You have my word. But I'm only thinking about what's best for both of us now."

Her eyes glistened and she reached up to kiss me on the cheek, unable to say anything in return.

"You know I'm quite the handyman, considering dipshit barely lifts a finger, so I'll put a deadlock on the door so my room can't be tampered with. I'm also thinking we spend as little time here as possible and avoid him at all costs. Does that sound reasonable?"

She nodded and continued to dazzle me with her smile. I knew

what was happening to me and I knew there was nothing I could do to prevent it. I was only left wondering if she was thinking the same...

"Can you think of anything else we should do in the meantime?"

She nodded, leaned up and kissed me again, though this time on the lips. I wrapped my arms around her and our tongues soon met again. I should have felt awkward. This was my mother. But... She tasted of coffee this time after breakfast, and of the perfume she liked to wear. I moved my hand down and grabbed her arse, giving one of her cheeks a gentle squeeze. I felt her smile for a second and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Wandering hands," she whispered, "Not that I'm complaining." Then she broke the kiss and continued to smile. "You're the first one to do anything like this with me in..."

I cupped her cheek, caressing it with my thumb. "How could he not want you? The man must be blind."

"I'm wondering how my son can want me more than my husband? You look at me with such lust and love in your eyes. I see nothing in his."

I seriously thought about that for a few seconds before my hands dropped away from her. Then I slapped my forehead and started to laugh, seeing the concern on her face as to why. "Son of a bitch. Projection! That's what it is. That's what it's always been about."

"What do you mean?"

"He's always accusing you of an affair. Or wasting money. Or various other so-called 'crimes'. I bet that asshole is having an affair. I bet you'll find the family savings greatly diminished too. Where's his laptop?"

"Bedroom."

I was good with my hands, and while I may not have been the smartest guy around, I knew computers. Like most youngsters, I grew up when computers were becoming ever more powerful and the internet was booming. Due to that, I learned things which certain authorities would probably not appreciate. I never committed any crimes, I'm not that bloody stupid, but I could certainly get into someone's laptop without too much hassle.

I was logged in within a matter of minutes and finding evidence was far too easy. First was the bank account. While there were savings, I checked transactions and the fool wasn't careful. I

showed Mum and she just shook her head. I know she was upset, beginning to realise everything was a lie. I connected the laptop to my printer and started printing evidence. Then I looked for emails. Again, he was not careful. Some would even consider him brazen. I was left wondering what women saw in him.

"How does he get so many women?"

"Well, it's definitely not for the size of his cock."

"How do you mean?"

"Yours is bigger, Mark. Longer and thicker."

I knew I had a shit-eating grin on my face after being told that. And I had a feeling she wouldn't lie to me about that. I printed off numerous emails and then looked for some sort of messenger service. Again, there was little in the way of password protection and I hit the absolute jackpot. I started to laugh.

"What an absolute fucking idiot. He's totally clueless." I looked at mum, adding, "We've got him by the balls."

"I'm getting a divorce," she said quietly. Then she burst into tears.

"That fucking asshole," she added angrily, "How many years has he lied to me? How many years has he treated me like dirt while he's fucking who knows how many whores around the country, if not the continent?" She took a deep breath and looked at me in the eyes. "I should take you into the bedroom and fuck your brains out on our supposed marital bed. Despite the fact you're my son."

Part of me really wanted to take her up on the offer. But that wasn't a good idea. Or, it wasn't at the present time. So I made do with just hugging her as she continued to cry softly. I think her mind was already gone, considering what we were planning, even if what happened in the hotel was a one-time thing between us, but it was now obvious that her heart was well and truly broken. Her entire life had been a lie. I don't think I could ever say she'd been happily married to the man. But the whole marriage was now clearly a sham.

I did one last thing on his laptop before signing out. I left a logger on there so that whenever he received a new email or message, I would receive a copy. I left a trail so if he ever found out, it would end up going through a never-ending series of networks that would never trace back to me. As I said, I knew enough not to be caught.

I collected everything I'd printed and put those in a folder, ready for Mum to hand over to a lawyer. I had no idea if such evidence would be admissible in court, but considering it was clear evidence of his cheating, I saw no reason why not. After that, I got

to work, heading down to the hardware store to buy a lock and that only took an hour to install. Mum moved some of her stuff out of the main bedroom and put it in mine. We then spent some time together online and started looking for places.

"How many rooms do we want?" I asked.

"We only need a one room apartment." I couldn't help but look at her in surprise. "What? I want to sleep with you. You should know that well enough by now. And I don't mean... you know..." She actually blushed, as I knew what she was perhaps already suggesting, "I just want to be held by you."

I leaned over and kissed her cheek. "I like that too, but... Won't that raise questions?"

She smiled. "It won't once I take care of something."

"What's that?"

"I'm going to take my maiden name."

I smiled. "Ah, I see."

There were a number of high-rise apartments available. I whistled at some of the prices but Mum seemed keen on some of them. I wondered if we could afford any of them without struggling when Mum surprised me further.

"I want a full-time job."

"Okay."

"I'm sure I can do some night courses or something to help me find an ever better job too."

"You'll have my support no matter what."

She leaned over and kissed me my cheek. "You are definitely not your father," she whispered, which caused me to smile.

We organised some viewings for the weekend. Once I'd sent off messages and emails, I sat back and it hit me all at once. "Holy shit, this is really happening," I stated, running a hand down my face.

"Second thoughts?" Mum asked, already worried.

I actually chuckled. "Are you kidding me? Not in a million years. But, it's just... You know, we're moving in together. Mother and son. Into a one room apartment. It's..."

She wrapped both arms around me. "It's going to be wonderful."

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## Chapter 2.2

We visited half a dozen places and found one we liked. It was further away from work for me, but the location was sensational, the neighbourhood perfect, and the view from our floor spectacular. I had a feeling I wouldn't fit in as a mechanic, returning home in my oil covered clothes, but once Mum found a decent job, we'd afford it with ease, with money to spare. Maybe I could treat her to a holiday? Nothing spectacular, but we could at least get out of town.

Once we had a place organised, Mum found a divorce lawyer, taking all the evidence we found. I was waiting at home in my bedroom. Robert, for I no longer called him father or dad, was around somewhere, I think in the kitchen, when I heard the front door open and close, wandering out to see Mum enter with the same folder. She met my eyes and smiled, nodding once. I followed her into the kitchen to find dipshit -- my other name for

Robert -- sat at the kitchen table. He looked up as Mum entered and took a seat opposite him.

She did nothing but put the folder on the table and slide it across. He looked down at it before asking "What is it?"

"Divorce papers."

He actually started to laugh. "You want to divorce me?" He continued to laugh. "God, you are such an idiot."

Mum kept her face blank, to her credit. "I suggest you read the contents of the folder."

To see his little world crumble probably gave me one of the largest erections I've ever. Of course, I'm joking about an actual erection, I'm talking justice boner. Then his eyes turned to me. "You did this!"

"Did what?" I asked innocently.

"Well, there's no fucking way she could have done any of this."

"I think you underestimate your soon to be ex-wife."

"One other thing, Robert. My son and I will be moving out this weekend."

"How can either of you afford that?"

"Quite easily. I have enough savings to pay the deposit and I certainly earn more than enough to pay for us. Mum will find a job."

"As a whore?"

Red rag to a bull. Mum didn't move fast enough before I stormed forward, dragged him from the chair by his collar and flung him into the wall. He took a swing at me, which I ducked, hitting with a one-two combination just below the ribs, ensuring all the air blew out of his lungs as he slumped to the ground. I crouched down over him.

"I warned you not to call her that," I growled.

"I'm calling the cops."

"Call them. See if I care. Mum will claim self-defence as you swung first. Won't you mum?"

"My son was defending me. Which is more than I can ever say for my dickless soon to be ex-husband."

I grabbed him with both hands by the collar. "I suggest you find somewhere to stay until we move out. Neither of us want to see you until we're gone from this place. Do not show your face here again this week. Do not show your face here when we move out." His eyes widened as I smiled. "You're scared."

"Fuck you."

I raised my fist and he flinched, hitting his head on the wall. "Not so tough, are we, when someone can fight back."

"You'll get what's coming to you."

"You talk big but I've yet to see a single thing to prove you can back those words up." I stood tall over him and stepped back, pointing down the hallway. "Go to your room, pack a bag and get the fuck out now."

I followed him as he staggered down the hall towards his room. He grabbed a bag and packed some clothes, I didn't really care what, before I gestured him towards the front door. Before he left, I said "House keys," holding out my hand. He looked ready to argue before he finally admitted defeat, taking them off the keyring and jamming them into my hand. I just smiled as he walked out the door. I closed it behind him and leaned my head against it, once again letting the adrenaline die down.

Then Mum said something that made me laugh.

"God, I am so wet for you right now."

"Good to know, Mum," I stated through my chuckles.

"I'm serious."

I turned towards her and she did appear rather... flushed. I walked forward, her lips parting as our mouths crashed together. I barely heard the squeal of the car as Robert disappeared to wherever he was going. All I could feel was my Mum's body in my hands, her tongue in my mouth, her taste, her smell. We hadn't had sex yet. We hadn't done anything except that handjob at the hotel that one time. I don't know if Mum had second thoughts. Or was worried about how I would react. I was still confused by everything but, had to admit, I was falling in love with her.

And I had a feeling things were about to change. I knew both of us would want to take out time if we were serious about going down this road. I was left with the feeling that we definitely wanted to have sex. I was of the mind now that I definitely wanted to fu... no, I didn't want to just fuck her. I'm going to sound really corny here, but I wanted to make love to her.

We ended up in our bedroom, making out but I had to stop it for a minute. I had to make sure because we were potentially about to take one hell of a step.

"Mum, are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely."

"But..."

She put a finger to my lips. "I know what you're going to say. I know what you're thinking. We shouldn't." I nodded. "I'm thinking the same thing. But there's a larger part of me that sees a man standing in front of me, who looks at me with such love and devotion that I only want to make him happy in return."

"I want this but I want to make sure you do too. Because... A lot

has happened and... I just want to make sure we're both making the right decision."

She caressed my cheek. "It will be the best decision of my life. Sure, I'll probably feel a little guilty after this, thinking about what I'm about to do with my son. But, then again, you're a 20-year-old man, more than capable of making your own decisions. You're willingly in this room with me now, as am I. I'm making this choice with a clear mind. My son is a man. I want to be with that man, emotionally and physically. Do you want to be that way with me?"

"More than anything."

She brought my head forward to kiss her. "Good. So, I think it's about time you undressed me then."

I took my time undressing her. I still hadn't seen her completely naked. Once I had her down to bra and panties, I stopped for a second and just looked at her. She was a 40-year-old woman, one child, looked after herself, ate right, exercised. And she was beautiful. My cock was straining at my boxer-briefs as I simply devoured her with my eyes.

"I love it when you look at me like that."

I met her eyes and smiled. "How could I not?"

She moved her hands and unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the ground. Her breasts were magnificent, milky white as she obviously didn't tan, with pink nipples, that looked very hard. I reached forward, my hand actually shaking a little, as I gently squeezed one. Mum just smiled and then giggled.

"I love it when you giggle," I stated.

"Because you give me a reason to."

I brought her in close and continued to play with her breasts as she attempted to undress me at the same time. It was all rather awkward as I wasn't particularly experienced, while I dreaded to think when Mum had last done anything. Eventually we realised it was all rather hopeless and started to laugh. So I kissed her and suggested we get on the bed in our underwear. She agreed, already topless so she just lay down as I undressed myself except for my boxers.

With a hand to either side of her, I looked my mum in the eyes, looking down to see her taking deep breaths. I wasn't sure if she was nervous, self-conscious, horny or all of the above.

"Mum, this is going to sound..." I trailed off, actually embarrassed that I was asking. But I didn't want to just take. I wanted her to agree. It wasn't about consent, something I'd heard too much about. It was obvious what she wanted but I still wanted to make sure.

"What is it?"

"Can I..." I trailed off again. God, 20 years old and can't admit what you want to do. But, then again, you are suggesting this to your mother.

"Mark, you can tell me anything. What is it?"

"I want to eat you out."

I never saw a larger smile. "I thought you'd never ask. My body is yours, baby."

I was experienced enough to know about eating out a woman, and I think I'd brought the girls I'd been with to orgasm, though who the hell knows, considering fake ones and all that. But I definitely wanted to make my mother cum. And cum hard. Many times, to be honest. I wanted her to feel nothing but pleasure when she was with me. I was going to worship her like the

goddess she was. Sound a little bit overboard? Probably, but that was how much I already loved her.

We made out for a little while and I teased her with my cock, tenting in my boxers, as I prodded into her panties. I heard her gasp a number of times as I did so and I nearly ejaculated a couple of times myself. So I stopped doing that. Instead, I started to kiss down her body, focusing on the erogenous zones I'd read up about, having no problem admitting that I read about how to be a better lover, while using a free hand to help remove her panties. Mum eventually just sat up and got rid of them herself. I took them off her and smelled them, and nearly came again.

"Kinky," she whispered.

"They're very wet."

"Because of you."

I spent plenty of time around her breasts, licking, sucking and nibbling at her nipples as I gently played with her pussy. I learned what worked as I went along, listening for her moans and her breathing, understanding when I was doing the right thing, or how her body moved. She was soaking wet and I lifted my hand, looking Mum in the eyes as I licked it.

"You like it?"

"I do."

"Then why don't you get it straight from the source?"

She looked at me with such lust in her eyes that I nearly came again. I'm sure she realised how horny I was but, to be honest, I'd be finished in thirty seconds no matter what, the way I was going. This was about my mum for now.

I kissed down her body, taking time to enjoy her scent. It was wonderful. I love the smell of a woman when she's wet and Mum smelled glorious. Finally, I saw her pussy for the first time. She had hair but it was trimmed. I preferred hair. I didn't care if a woman was shaven, but my personal preference is to have hair, neat if possible. Her sex glistened as I inserted a finger into her slick hole and Mum moaned.

"Oh baby..."

I lowered my mouth and tasted her for the first time. And then I came hard, without even touching my cock. That actually impressed me. Mum knew straight away as I groaned loudly and stopped, moving my free hand to my cock as I had to get it all out.

"Don't worry, baby. You'll get hard again."

I took off my boxers and flung them to the side as I put my mouth back to her pussy. As I said, I read up about how to eat pussy, as I wanted to be a better lover, and read more once I realised that I wanted to eat my mother out. But every woman is different so I would also learn as I went along. So I pretty much tried everything I'd read and most of it worked. Mum was already incredibly horny so, while I like to think I did a good job, I think the fact she was so incredibly turned on that all I had to do with lick her for a few minutes, insert a finger and find her g-spot before focusing some attention on her clit which led to her cumming and soaking my face in her juices.

I think she then passed out for a few seconds so I just kept eating her out, listening to her breathing as she started to moan again.

"My god, baby, my god. How are you so good at this?"

I looked up as she met my eyes. "I read up about it, Mum. I wanted it to be good for you."

"God, I can't remember the last time I was eaten out. And I'll tell you another thing?"

"What's that?"

She smiled. "You're the first man to give me an orgasm." I gave myself a little fist-pump for that. "Can you keep eating me, baby?"

"Of course, Mum. For as long as you want."

I devoured my mother's pussy, even ignoring how sore my jaw was getting. She tasted so good I can't even describe it. She orgasmed again, once again filling my mouth with her tangy juices, wrapping her legs around my head as she writhed in ecstasy. I also wasn't surprised that my cock was soon rock hard again, though I wasn't worried about me for the time being.

I stopped eating her out for a few seconds and just gazed at her pussy. Some guys think they can be rather ugly. I think some of them can be beautiful. My mother's? Absolutely gorgeous. Mum could see me looking at it and I think she actually blushed. "It's beautiful, Mum, just like the rest of you."

She started to cry. I crawled up her body and made to wipe my mouth. She stopped me and dragged me down for a kiss. Then she held me close to her. "I love you," she said through her quiet sobs.

I felt stupid but had to ask because I needed her to tell me. "Why are you crying?"

"My son just gave me the two biggest orgasms of my life. Then he called me beautiful. And he called my pussy beautiful." She sighed. "I've missed out on so much."

"No more, Mum."

She met my eyes. "Do you want to fuck me?" she asked, rather seriously.

"More than anything, Mum. But..."

"But?" she asked, concern in her tone, perhaps thinking I wouldn't.

"I would say wait until you're divorced, but that could take too long. But your relationship with dipshit is over, so I was thinking why not our new apartment?"

"I can wait that long if you can."

"I think I can."

I could see she was exhausted so we simply got on our sides, looking at each other, her eyes half-closed. She ran her left hand up my arm and over my shoulder, before running it down my side and towards my groin.

"You're hard again."

"Because of you, Mum."

"Would you like me to suck your cock?" I know my mouth dropped as she moved in close. "How would you like your mother to wrap her lips and use her tongue on your big cock?" she whispered.

"More than anything, Mum. I mean, like you wouldn't believe."

She said nothing else, just placing a hand on my chest and pushing me onto my back. She then straddled me and I could feel my cock, pressed against my stomach, but I could feel the heat of her sex. I swallowed hard and had to resist just grabbing her and thrusting inside. Mum knew exactly what she was doing as she leaned down and kissed me, her tongue once again in my mouth pretty quickly.

"I'm going to make you cum so hard, you'll think you're dying," she stated as she kissed down my body.

I had no way of reply, my senses in overload as Mum used her lips, her tongue and her hands over my body. I'd like to describe in minute detail about what my mother did to me over the next few minutes, but I'll be honest, I was in such a blissful state while she pleased me that I can only describe certain sensations. Her tongue as she licked my shaft. Her lips moving up and down from the tip of my cock to the base. The flick of her tongue across my balls. The feel of her hand as she used one to stroke me as she licked around the head of my cock.

I'd had a few blowjobs from previous girlfriends, and while I don't like to speak badly of them, they were fucking hopeless compared to my mother.

"My god, Mum, how are you this good?"

She looked up, my cock against her cheek. "I did some reading too. You really think I did this for him lately?"

"I'm going to cum very soon."

"And I'm going to swallow every drop."

I watched as my cock disappeared into her mouth and felt it go down her throat. She kept eye contact with me the entire time. I had never seen a sexier thing until that time in my life. Well, perhaps I had, my mother standing in front of me for the first time in bra and panties was something I'd never forget, but nothing beats good old eye contact from a woman as she sucks your cock. My mum's eyes were something else altogether and just made the whole thing extra special.

I groaned as I felt the first tingling of an approaching orgasm and it was like Mum had a sixth sense about what was going to happen as she sucked my cock so fast I thought she was trying to suck it out herself. I groaned very loudly as I told her 'I'm cumming', thrusting forward into her mouth without thinking as I shot what felt like a bathtub's worth of cum into her mouth. Mum was a trooper and tried to take the whole load, though I saw one or two dribbles down her chin as I was finally spent, collapsing back onto the bed.

"My god, Mum, that was fucking awesome."

She crawled back up the bed to lie down next to me, licking her lips and stating "Well, I have to say, that was delicious." She said that in such a tone that all I could do was laugh.

Then, both of us a little tired, we had a nap.

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## Chapter 2.3

I thought he would have been smart enough to stay away. I really did, particularly after our last confrontation when I finally had the opportunity to smack him. But the man is nothing but stubborn, and it wasn't surprising that Mum called me at work on the Thursday before we were meant to be moving out. I barely heard it ring over the noise of the workshop, but once I saw her name on the screen, my stomach dropped. Mum never called me at work unless it was an absolute emergency.

I pressed accept. "Mum?"

"He's here, Mark. He's outside."

"Fuck. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. The door's locked, but he's banging on it, yelling the obscenest things about me. I'm scared."

"Give me a few minutes."

"Thank you, baby."

I found my boss, Doug, and he saw my face immediately. "Trouble at home?"

"I'm really sorry, Doug. I feel like I'm taking the piss lately but..."

He held up a hand. "Don't apologise for looking after your mother. I've seen the same shit before. Go sort the prick out."

"Thanks, Doug."

"If you need the rest of the day off, take it. I know you're good for it if I need you to cover something else."

"I owe you big time for all this."

"No, you don't. Family is the most important thing." He smirked. "I like to think we're second on your list."

I couldn't help but laugh, telling him it was a sure thing, before I rushed out to the car. I made sure I didn't speed on the way home,

as the last thing I needed was a ticket, before I pulled into our street and I could see his car parked on the road. I pulled up slowly behind it, hoping he wouldn't hear my car. I calmly go out and walked towards as he continued to bang on the door, shouting all manner of accusations at the same time.

"Oi, dipshit," I called, folding my arms across my chest as he shut up and looked my way.

"You! You little cunt!" he stated, walking towards me, pointing a finger, "Who the fuck do you think you are to kick me out of my own home?"

I couldn't help the smile that would have appeared. "I thought I told you to stay away?" I asked lightly.

"I won't be kept out of my own home. You're both more than welcome to fuck off now."

"Not happening. We leave on Saturday. I suggest you leave now."

"Or what?" he asked, and I could hear the attempted threat.

I could only chuckle. "Or we have a repeat of the other night.

Though, this time, I will kick you when you're down."

We glared at each other for a few seconds in silence. Then he started to smirk. "You really are a little cunt; you know that? I've regretted every single day since your mother told me she was pregnant. I begged her for an abortion. You were nothing but an unfortunate accident. But she wanted to have you and wouldn't be swayed. Then I was practically forced by both her parents and mine to get married."

I just shrugged. I knew part of this story, so hearing his viewpoint was pretty much as I expected.

"You know the bitch is now barren?" Now my fists balled. "Once she had you, she was told she couldn't fall pregnant again. They had to take out everything that would have resulted in another one of you. I tell you what, I celebrated that night. Fucked one of the nurses in the very same hospital. No more little bastards like yourself in my household. I guess that's why she doted on you something fierce, knowing she'd never experience it again. Not that I gave a shit."

"Why the fuck did you hang around then?" I asked, actually exasperated at his attitude.

"Well, I guess I could have my cake and eat it too. The dutiful little

wife at home while I could find a shag while I worked away. Why the fuck do you think I worked away so often? Sure, your mother has her qualities but there is no way I would have married her if I hadn't been forced into it."

I stepped forward. "You're such a fucking cunt."

He smirked again. "About time the air was cleared, eh? About time you knew your place in the world. Unwanted and completely worthless. The pair of you."

The only thing that stopped me practically killing him then and there was the sound of the door opening behind him. Mum stepped out, her cheeks wet with tears but there was a new defiance in her glare as she strode towards Robert. Then she said two simple words.

"Go, Robert."

"Fuck off. This is my house. I won't..."

"If you don't disappear in thirty seconds, Robert, I will unleash my son on you. And, this time, I will not stop him."

"He wouldn't dare."

"Trust me, he would. I heard everything you just said. Now that everything is out in the open, I guess I should let you know that I've been sharing his bed for the past few weeks. That's what has made me happy."

"You're fucking your son? You sick bitch."

She scoffed. "Of course I'm not. But, unlike my husband, he makes me feel safe. He thinks I'm beautiful. He wants to provide for me. He wants to take care of me. Quite frankly, if he wasn't my son, I would fuck him. And, trust me on this one, Robert, I know for a fact my son has a far bigger cock than you."

"You stupid, barren bitch. Go fuck yourself."

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Before he knew what was coming, I grabbed him by the collar and dragged him towards his car. I slammed him backwards into the door and he stepped forward, taking a swing. I ducked and swung back, missing myself, as he swung again, which I blocked. That left him wide open and I clocked him with an uppercut. To his credit, he didn't go down but he wobbled as I grabbed him by the collar, moving my hand to grip his throat and got ready to launch a fist straight into his face. And I knew it wouldn't just be the one...

Then I felt a pair of small hands grab my fist before they ran up my arm and onto my shoulder. "This is what he wants, Mark," a voice said quietly, "He wanted to get a rise out of you. Don't give him the satisfaction."

I took a couple of deep breaths and could feel other emotions well up inside. "What he said, Mum... I don't care what he said about me. I've always known. But what he said about you..." I actually choked back a sob, "It's not right. No man should say that about his wife."

"It doesn't matter, Mark. We're leaving on Saturday and we'll never see him again. He won't know where we are. And then he can do what he wants with his life as we can get on with ours. He no longer controls me. You're my man now."

"Fucking..." he tried to say but I squeezed his throat.

"Just give me a reason and I will end you right now," I growled, enjoying the fact he was gasping for breath.

"Leave him, Mark. He's really not worth it. He's pathetic. Barely a man. There is only one man in my life. There's only been one man in my life for a long time now." She squeezed my shoulder. "Don't let him control you too. You are giving him exactly what he wants."

I took a couple of deep breaths before I finally nodded. Then I asked Mum to open his car door. She did so, then I asked her to move away as I grabbed him by the collar and dragged him around to the opening. "Get in, start the engine, close the door, then drive away. Don't come back again. You can return on Sunday. You will find every key to this place under the doormat. Do not try and find us. Do not even think of trying to contact us. You ever try and speak to my mother again, I will deal with you myself and only God himself will stop me putting you in the ground. She is no longer your wife. I am no longer your son. You are alone in this world." I pulled him close to my face. "Now I seriously suggest you fuck off out of our lives for good before I do something I will only partially regret."

I let him go, wondering what he would do. I could see he was actually scared of me now. I guess I probably had murder in my eyes. I wouldn't kill him. Mum was right about that. I wasn't a murderer and definitely couldn't take a life, even his. But this is the sort of reaction he wanted. He wanted Mum to think I was just like him. But I wasn't like him. The only reason I was violent now is because I was looking out for her. As he drove away, I realised just how much I loved her.

Mum grabbed my hand, shaking it so I'd look at her. Her cheeks were still wet but she smiled at me, the sort of smile that melted my heart. And then I cried. Definitely not for him. Not even for me. Only for her. Life could be cruel at times but what she'd had to put up since even before I was born... She was far stronger than I

ever imagined.

We hugged each other for a long time on the lawn of our soon to be ex-home before she suggested we should head inside. We stood in the living room, hugging again and Mum kissed me in a way that would normally get a reaction. She knew immediately that it wasn't working at that moment, but she wasn't disappointed. Instead, she simply stroked my cheek and looked me in the eyes.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"No... I mean... I'm in love with you, Mark. I love you more than I ever loved him." I didn't really know what to say as Mum laid her heart out on the line. "There are things I feel for you that I can't even explain. There are things that I want to do to you that I can. You've made me so happy these last weeks, I don't know how or have the words to express everything I feel for you." She almost got me going again. "Do you feel the same way?" she then asked, and I could sense her nerves.

"Absolutely. Without a shadow of doubt."

She kissed me softly on the lips and nodded.

"We should go out," I suggested, "Do you really want to stay here?"

"No. Not at all. I hate this place. Ever since we found the apartment, I've been counting down the days until we can leave."

"What would you like?"

She smiled again. "I can't remember..."

I squeezed her hands again. "I'm asking you," I said quietly, "Your opinion matters to me. It always has and it always will. So, my treat. Where would you like your son to take you?"

"Pizza."

"Pizza it is. I'll find us a nice little restaurant, not one of those big chains."

"Romantic?" she asked, and I knew she was teasing.

I added cheese. "Being there with you will be romantic enough."

She chuckled before she wrapped her arms around the back of my neck and kissed me. "I feel as giddy as a schoolgirl being taken on a first date."

"Long may it continue, right? I'm going to do whatever I can to make your feel as special as you are."

She kissed me again and, though I didn't feel exactly in the right frame of mind, we certainly made out for a while, eventually moving to the couch where I sat down and Mum straddled my lap. She rubbed herself against my soon to be rising erection as my hands found her arse. She broke the kiss and put her lips close to my ear.

"I can't wait until you fuck me," she whispered.

That made me laugh. I rarely heard Mum curse, even when arguing with dipshit. I just whispered back "Me too, Mum. Though..."

"Though what?" she asked, moving back and looking at me.

I'm sure I actually blushed. "I don't just want to fuck you. I want to... you know..."

"Make love to me?" she asked quietly.

I just nodded. "You're not just any girl. You're my mum. And I want it to mean something."

We continued to make out for a while longer and there was no missing my growing erection. Mum continued to rub against it, teasing me mercilessly, though I didn't mind. We were simply having fun as she rubbed faster against it, lifting her skirt so only a thin pair of panties separated her pussy from my trousers. She did that a few minutes longer, and I'll admit I was near bursting, when she moaned in frustration, got off my lap, pulled down my trousers and underwear, before she sat back down on my lap.

"Better," she stated quietly. We were so close to fucking, it wasn't funny. But I knew she didn't want to do it just yet. Not like this and not after the day we had. But whatever she was doing soon worked as she started to moan and then she shuddered, collapsing on me as she sucked in a number of deep breaths.

"Feel better?" I asked.

Mum just laughed. "I can't wait until that thing is finally inside me." Then she grabbed my cock and I sucked in a breath. "How long until you cum?"

"I'm fit to burst, Mum."

Then she did something that surprised me, as she got off my lap and kneeled on the floor in front of me. Then she lowered her top, exposing her beautiful breasts. "Would you like to cum on them? I know young men such as yourself fantasise about such things."

I thought all my Christmases had come at once. She chuckled as I probably looked dumbfounded. Then she lowered her head and licked along my shaft before looking up again. "Come on, baby. Cum for your mother."

I came on her breasts about a minute later, watching most of it stay where it landed, though some of it did dribble down. All she did was scoop that up with a finger, look me in the eyes then put it in her mouth. "You are so hot," I mumbled, my mind in a complete daze.

"I am going to make you as happy as you make me. And, I promise you one thing, Mark, we are going to have a lot of sex once we're in our own place."

That sounded good to me as she then used her mouth to clean my cock, which stunned me even more. We then showered, changed and got ready to go out, enjoying a glass of wine

together at the kitchen table as we waited for the right time to head out. We talked about nothing important, Mum asking questions about work and about how rugby training was going, the new season fast approaching.

Once the sunlight started to fade, we wandered out to my car hand in hand. Ever the gentleman, I made sure Mum was seated first before I got into the driver's seat, and we held hands whenever I didn't need to change gear. I'd found the perfect little pizzeria online, a family run establishment with only a few tables inside, and probably some of the most authentic pizza outside of Italy. We ordered one pizza between us and ate it by candlelight, her eyes glowing even in the faint light provided, her cheeks glowing red as I looked at her.

"I still can't believe you look at me that way," she said quietly.

I didn't drink too much though Mum enjoyed a glass or two of wine. I started telling a few jokes just to hear her laugh. She had a wonderful laugh, though I rarely heard it because of how things had been at home. That would be something I'd rectify once we were in our own place. I'd try and make her laugh every day. I started with a few clean jokes but they soon turned dirty, but Mum laughed away. My heart fluttered as she did so. Yeah, pathetic, but I was falling ever more in love with her with each passing minute we were together.

Once home, we pretty much headed straight to bed. I wasn't shocked that she stripped completely before joining me. We were now both naked with nothing to actually stop us having sex except our own self-control. Mum simply hugged and kissed me. I wrapped my hands around her in return and held her close. She giggled as my erection pressed against her.

"How would you like something inside you?" I asked.

Her eyes widened slightly. "But I thought..."

Then I held two fingers in front of her face. "I was talking about these bad boys."

She burst into laughter. Then she kissed me and grabbing my hand, moving it down her body to between her legs. I wasn't surprised that she was already wet. Still kissing her, I played with her pussy, teasing her but never entering her, hearing her moan in joy and frustration in equal measure. I then brushed her clit and she stopped kissing me as she gasped, then kissed me even harder. I lifted my fingers and held them in front of her before I put them in my mouth. She then shocked me by taking those same fingers and put them in her mouth, putting the most seductive look on her face that I'd ever seen. I nearly leapt on her there and then.

Instead, I gently lowered my fingers pressed them into her cunt

and enjoyed the feeling of being inside her, even if it was my fingers instead of my cock. I'd already tasted her, but this was another step towards fucking her. Mum just wrapped her arm around me and continued to kiss me, moaning into my mouth at times as I gently fucked her with my fingers.

She had to break the kiss eventually. "Oh, right there, right there. What you're doing now." I liked to hear I was doing the right thing and she was soon moaning a bit louder. I think Mum may have been a quiet lover, though I didn't mind. As long as she let me know that she liked what I was doing. "Play with my clit, baby. I'm ready to cum." I did as she instructed and gently rubbed her clit with my thumb. She squeezed me hard as she came, bucking against my hand as I continued to fuck her with my fingers. "Off the clit, baby. Too much... too much," she said quietly through her breathing.

I withdrew my fingers again and sucked on them. "You taste wonderful."

"So do you," she said, grabbing my cock.

"Ever had a sixty-nine?"

"Actually, no, I haven't." Then she smiled. "Do you want to try?"

"Absolutely."

Mum's pussy was soon in my face, glistening with her juices. I inhaled her scent and my cock throbbed with excitement. Then I felt her tongue along my shaft and I held my breath, doing everything not to cum immediately. I swear I never usually had that problem, but the fact it was my mother doing it just made it so exciting I was having a bit of trouble controlling my orgasms. I'd learn eventually and Mum seemed excited just to see me cum. I have no doubt she understood my excitement and certainly did nothing to make me feel bad.

I put my tongue to her pussy and she fell forward, my cock falling from her mouth. "Sorry," I said.

"It's not your fault. Still a bit sensitive. Put your mouth to my pussy. Use your tongue and make me cum again."

Well, I'm certainly not one to say no to that sort of request and the fact I focused on eating my mum's cunt helped me control my orgasm, at least for about five minutes. I teased her mercilessly and, while grabbing her arse, lifted my tongue into her arsehole. She stopped sucking my cock and gasped.

"Did you just..." she tried to ask, glancing back at me.

"I did," I replied, smiling back at her.

She smiled. "Naughty. Maybe one day..."

That was a good thought as I licked her arsehole for a couple of minutes, something again which helped control my orgasm as she could barely focus on sucking my cock. "My god, how did you even discover this?" she asked quietly.

"Reading, Mum. Though I had to find a woman I wanted to put it into practice with."

"Lick my pussy, baby. Mum wants to cum again. And she wants her son to cum in her mouth."

Mum took my load a couple of minutes later, barely able to concentrate on eating her out as I felt a number of shots. She just moaned as she continued to suck my cock and, after managing to recover a little, I started eating her out with renewed enthusiasm. Once I started rubbing her clit again, she stopped sucking my cock and fell forward and I soon had the taste of another orgasm in my mouth, drinking down her delicious juices, feeling my softening cock actually harden as I did so.

We were both exhausted as mum swung her body around and

eventually collapsed onto the bed next to me. She kissed my cheek, after throwing an arm over my chest, simply nuzzled my neck. "I love you, baby," she whispered.

"I love you too, Mum."

We were both fast asleep minutes later.

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## Chapter 3.1

"Is that everything, Mum?" I called out from the living room, lifting what I hoped was the last box. We were not taking much, just our own clothes while I was clearing out my room. We were taking my queen-sized bed for the lone bedroom, but I'd already put in orders for a lot of other furniture and kitchen-wear, most of it already being delivered into our new apartment.

Mum appeared from out of the kitchen, carrying absolutely nothing. She then asked for me to follow her back into the kitchen.

"One second, Mum. I'll just put this in the back of the car."

"Okay."

I returned to find her standing in the kitchen, hands flat on the counter. "What do you see on my hands, Mark?"

"A couple of rings."

"Which one in particular?"

"Ah..."

"I haven't taken it off in nearly twenty years. I wonder how often he's taken his off... Doesn't matter now, I guess. Part of me wants to keep it and sell it. The other part wants me to leave it here as a final 'fuck you'." Then she lifted her hand towards me. "Take it off, Mark. You're my partner now. But you're not his replacement. You are so much better!"

I helped take it off. It actually took a little soap to help it finally move, but I managed to gently prise it off her finger. She then simply placed it down on the counter. Didn't leave any sort of note. She didn't even take one last look around the place as we stood at the front door. She saw my face and probably understood what I was thinking. "It's a nice house but fuck this place as a home. There is absolutely no way I could remain living here if he left. As

far as I'm concerned, he's welcome to it. He can invite any of the whores he has over without any sort of guilt." She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, so I just grabbed her hand, interlacing our fingers and squeezing. She opened her eyes and looked at me, a smile on her face. "Let's get out of here and go home, Mark."

I was tempted to leave the place wide open, but we agreed that we would simply leave and be done with it. I locked the door, placed our keys underneath the doormat as I had said I would, hopped in my car and we drove away without a backwards glance.

It had been an empty apartment when we had viewed it, but the movers and delivery men had been hard at work and life had been added. We had organised some painters to give it a new coat, and that had already dried. Now there was furniture in the living room -- a couple of couches, a low coffee table, a cabinet and also a flat-screen TV hanging on the wall. Mum had suggested we should hang a few things on the wall, which we would eventually do. The kitchen was already stocked with kitchen-ware as we wandered into the bedroom to find our bed already in place, tables to either side while there was a built-in wardrobe where we would eventually put all our clothes.

We spent all afternoon and early evening putting things away and clearing up the mess, the delivery of all our goods taking place before lunchtime. The only time we stopped was for lunch itself, nothing more than a quick bite, and a glass of water as it was hard

work. But, by early evening, we had nearly everything packed away, a couple of small boxes still to be sorted out, but we agreed we perhaps needed a couple of more things that we simply hadn't thought about.

We sat down on the couch, both of us a little bit tired, if not exhausted. It had been a very long day. Mum simply curled her legs underneath her and snuggled into me, and we sat and enjoyed the silence.

"Our very own place," she said quietly.

"A new life," I added.

"Any regrets?"

I looked down at her, surprised at the question. She looked up at me and I saw concern and nerves. I simply caressed her cheek. "Never," I stated adamantly.

A large grin spread across her face, but I noticed the sigh of relief. "I know you may have been wondering if... I don't know, if we were in over our heads. Or if the fact you were now living alone with your mother, doing what we're doing..."

"Mum, stop worrying. I love you. I wanted this as much as you did."

She looked into my eyes for a few seconds before she settled down into me again, her left hand on my chest, my left arm wrapped around her. No TV. No music. Next to no sound at all. I was deep in thought about what to do next. I'd had a thought in my mind for quite a few days about how I could show Mum how much I loved her. It wasn't just about sex for either of us. It was about something more. I just wanted to treat her right. Far better than dipshit had ever treated her.

"Mum, I have an unusual request."

"What is it?"

"I'd like us to wait a little bit longer before we go all the way."

"Okay. Can I ask why, though?"

"Of course. I've had an idea and it's going to take a couple of weeks to prepare. It'll be worth it, trust me."

"I trust you more than anything." Then she paused and looked at

me again. "I hope this doesn't mean a stop to everything else?"

I chuckled. "Hell no."

She smiled and snuggled into me again. "Good. Because my pussy needs to be eaten by my son."

"Try and stop me!"

Mum had spoken to her place of work and would start full-time on the Monday, while we would see if she could do some courses so she can eventually find something even better. I would drive her to work and pick her up afterwards, though we planned to get her own car eventually. However, she had already mentioned that she was quite happy for me to do all the driving.

The guys at my place of work said I never looked happier and it was there that I put my plan into action. During my lunchtime, I borrowed one of the computers in the office and started doing some shopping. Like any good boyfriend or son, I knew Mum's bra, dress and shoe size, and also her waistline. Buying clothes online was always risky but I was confident it would work. I then started looking up and printing out other things, such as cooking meals, ordering flowers and other romantic ideas. I was going all out for this one night but money wasn't a real problem. And it wouldn't be just one night. I'd try and make her feel special every

day.

A little under two weeks later, I booked the Friday off as holiday and, after driving Mum to work, I returned home and put my plan into action. Parcels had been arriving for the past week and, while curious, Mum listened to my request not to be a sticky beak and try and find out what they were. I could see it was driving her nuts, so I just told her it would be worth it. I received a couple of deliveries after lunch-time and started preparing the house.

I had also organised with one of the girls she worked with to drive her home. Thankfully she didn't know I was her son so I assumed she would be asking plenty of questions about who I was. Considering Mum was now using her maiden name, no-one would have a clue we were anything but a couple living together.

I was just putting on some aftershave when I heard the door open and close. "Mark?" Pause, as she obviously noticed what I'd been up to. "What the?"

I smiled to myself as I wandered out of our bedroom, dressed in a new suit, holding a single red rose. Mum stood near the counter, already stunned as she looked around the room. On the counter was a bouquet of flowers waiting for her, a card inside that simply said 'I love you'. The room was lit by numerous candles dotted around the dining room and living room. I had a little music playing in the background. The table had two places set, a bucket of ice

with a bottle of wine to be consumed with dinner.

She turned towards me as I approached and she nearly started to cry. I handed her the rose before I kissed her cheek. "Hello gorgeous," I said softly. She just nodded, incapable of speech. "Follow me."

I grabbed her hand and led her to her to the bedroom. She gasped at what she could see laid out on the bed. "Take your time getting ready. I need to start preparing things for dinner. I won't come in until you walk out."

She turned towards me and kissed me hard. I didn't want to but I gently pushed her away. "Later, Mum. Get dressed and join me for dinner."

She cleared her throat. "You're cooking?"

"I'll try. I can do simple things. What I'm doing... Not so simple."

"I'll get ready then. Can I shower first?"

"Of course. Take your time. I have plenty to prepare."

I hung my suit jacket up and put on an apron before I started to get dinner ready. I figured I'd probably make a bit of a mess but hoped I wouldn't fuck it up too much. I prepared the starter first, which was something I'd had bubbling away all day. Just a simple soup, which I would serve with hot bread from the oven and butter. Dinner would be steak, some fancy unpronounceable potatoes and various vegetables, plus a selection of sauces, as Mum liked a few with her steak. Dessert would be tiramisu. Mum loved it so I'd spent half the morning making it, the dessert currently sitting in the fridge. I'm no chef but I tried my best. I'm sure Mum would simply appreciate the effort.

I had to help myself to a glass of whiskey to help take care of some of the nerves that were building up. I had everything for the evening planned out, except the final act, but I just hoped she liked everything else. Her face had been a picture when she had walked in, so that was a good start, so now I could only hope that she liked everything else I'd chosen.

She took a while to get ready, which didn't bother me, as there was absolutely no rush. But I soon heard the click of heels as she appeared. She came to a stop as I approached her and I had to show all the self-control possible not to strip her right there and then.

The largest smile I'd ever seen on her face appeared as she did a little twirl. "What do you think?"

I knew she'd look good in what I'd chosen but she was absolutely stunning. She'd styled her hair into one of the latest styles, slight eyeshadow on her eyelids and faint rouge on her cheeks. Deep red lipstick that accentuated her lips. Around her neck hung a necklace I'd bought for her that ended just above her cleavage. She wore what I called an LBD. A little black dress. Strapless but tight to her body, though she would have also worn a black bra underneath. The dress stopped just down her thighs, where underneath she would be wearing black panties, a garter and, down her legs, black stockings. On her little feet were a pair of sensible heels, open toed.

"Mark?" she asked, walking towards me, only the click of her heels on the tiled floor. She came to a stop just in front of me, looking into my eyes. I'll admit, I was speechless. A little turned on. And, I have no problem admitting, even a little emotional. I'd never seen her look so good. She just gently stroked my cheek. "I'll take that as a sign that you think I'm beautiful."

"Would you care for a drink?" I finally managed to ask.

"What do you have?"

I escorted her to the kitchen, where she took one of the two available stools behind the counter. I walked to the fridge and took out a bottle of champagne, not the most expensive as I can't afford that, but it's the thought that counts. I'd bought a couple of

cheap champagne flutes and poured Mum a glass, apparently stunned by this first event, poured myself a glass before we clinked glasses and took a sip. I wasn't a big fan but it was worth it.

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

"For starters, we're having soup with oven baked bread. The main is steak with fancy potatoes and vegetables, with a selection of sauces. For dessert, it's a surprise."

"Is it a good surprise?"

"I don't know. What would you think is a good surprise?"

"Your cock in my mouth."

I almost spat my drink all over the counter. "Mum, you are incorrigible."

"So it's not your cock?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "No, Mum. I made you something."

Another dazzling smile. "You're full of surprises."

Grabbing her hands, I simply said "I'm going to spend the rest of my days making sure you feel special."

We drank the rest of the champagne as I started to heat the soup. Once that was nearly ready, I escorted Mum to the dinner table, ensuring she was seated and had a napkin on her lap before I was ready to serve. Before I did that, I opened the wine and poured her a glass, wondering how it tasted.

"Very nice, Mark. Will it suit the soup?"

"Of course. I read about it."

I finally took a seat once I had bowls placed in front of us and a plate with bread straight out of the oven, a small dish with a bit of butter on it. I watched Mum as she lifted her spoon but she stopped and shook her head. "He never..."

I grabbed her hand and shook it. "Don't, Mum. Don't even think about it. You're here with me now. And I'm doing this for you."

She looked at me, blinked rapidly, then did the usual thing of smiling. Mum was always honest and, while she thoroughly enjoyed the soup, she said there was perhaps a dash too much salt. Not too much to make it taste awful, but just a tip for next time. I laughed at that comment, though there was every chance I'd do this time and again. I promised her that too.

I cleared everything away and filled the dishwasher before I got started on the main course. Mum sat at the counter again and watched me work. I'd timed everything so that the steak just needed a few minutes while the rest would only need a fast heating. One thing I could never be criticised of was being disorganised. Mum was speechless as I worked the kitchen.

Once everything was cooked, Mum was once again seated, a new bottle of wine introduced that would suit the steak. I received no end of compliments after she took her first bite, mentioning the wine also added to the flavour. I even received compliments about the vegetables, saying the oil and herbs I'd used just added to her overall enjoyment. I wondered if I had a smug grin on my face by the time we'd finished the main meal.

"What's for dessert?" Mum asked after we'd let the meal settle and finished the bottle of wine.

First I retrieved a bottle of liqueur from the cabinet and placed it on the table. Mum gasped and looked at me with a large grin.

"You didn't?" she asked quietly.

I just wandered into the kitchen, opened the fridge and grabbed the plate. I smiled to myself, noticing the dessert had set well, as I carried the plate back to the table. Mum looked stunned as I placed it down.

"You made that?" I nodded. "I had no idea... How did..." Then she smiled. "You read about it, correct?"

"Knowledge is power."

She burst into laughter as I poured a small glass of liqueur for her and myself before I cut the dessert, handing her a small plate first before cutting myself a piece. I then sat back and watched her take a first bite. She closed her eyes and made a sound that suggested she enjoyed it.

"I can think of only one thing better," she said.

"What's that?"

"The orgasm you're going to give me later."

Mum enjoyed dessert so much she had two helpings and another glass of liqueur. I think we were probably both getting a little drunk, so the next idea would probably be good for both of us. I cleared away all our plates first, stacking the dishwasher but left it off. Mum sat at the table, watching me, as I finally took off the apron and joined her at the table. Her cheeks were a little red, probably from the alcohol, excitement and make-up, as she wondered what was next. I checked my watch.

"We have a taxi arriving in half an hour."

She reached out to grab my hand. "What next?" she wondered.

"I have reserved us a table at a piano bar in town. It has rave reviews. I thought you might like a drink and a dance?"

I noticed she blinked rapidly and I knew, this time, she wouldn't be able to stop herself. I got to my feet, helping Mum to her own, before I hugged her, feeling her quietly sob in my arms. I just stroked her hair as she let it all out. I should have guessed it would eventually, though I had hoped it wouldn't be tonight.

"Sorry," she said quietly.

"You have nothing to apologise for."

She looked up, using one hand to wipe her cheeks, the other still around my waist. "Twenty years, Mark. And most of them were... Within two weeks, you've done so much more. So much more. I can't really believe it. I have to pinch myself. The girls at work wonder what the hell is going on with me, saying I sit there at my desk and just smile to myself all day. And now you've done this. I had no idea!" She kissed me. "Just this one night makes it all worth it."

"I just want to make you happy."

She giggled. "You've done so much more than that." Then she grabbed both my hands. "You're my partner. My lover. My... boyfriend."

"I like the sound of that."

"When we go out, call me by my name. I know who I am. You know who you are. But you're now so much more to me than that." She let go of one of my hands and cupped my cheek. "Please call me Caroline."

"Okay, Mum."

She laughed. "It'll take a little getting used to for both of us."

Mum disappeared to reapply her make-up before returning holding the small purse I'd also bought her. Feeling all the booze, we both just made do with a coffee as we waited for the taxi. We chatted about nothing of consequence. We both knew the past would constantly come up for some time yet. I didn't particularly want to discuss it, but I knew Mum would have to get it all off her chest. I promised her that I'd always listen, whenever she wanted to say something. But I also told her that I would like us to both think of the future. She promised me in return to do just that.

Once the taxi arrived, we headed downstairs. Living in the suburbs, it was a long drive into the city, but soon the bright lights and large, colourful advertising came into view. We could see the crowds on the sidewalk, and even with the windows down, we could hear the noise as the city always came alive during the evening, particularly on a Friday night. Once we arrived at our destination, I got out first before helping Mum out. There was no line for the venue and, once we were greeted, we were escorted to our table. After our drinks were ordered and delivered, we clinked glasses and sat back, holding hands for a while, and listened to the music.

It wasn't long before I felt a foot grazing my shin, meeting her eyes and she did everything possible to appear innocent. She was sitting close enough where her foot travelled higher, over my knee until it was nestled in my crotch. She was soon using her toes to

massage my groin. I had to shuffle as, well, I was getting excited.

"Want to dance?" she asked, a twinkle in her eye.

"Give me a minute."

"What's wrong?" she asked, innocence personified.

"You know what's wrong, you little minx."

"Me? I'm not doing anything," she stated, ensuring she moved her toes even faster.

I leaned forward. "Unless you want me to eventually cum in my trousers, or you want me to bend you over this table and ram my cock inside you in front of all these people, you need to stop that," I said quietly, "I'm not complaining, but I don't want to walk around with a giant erection either."

Mum leaned forward and kissed my lips. "Just want to ensure everything is in working order for later."

"Trust me, Caroline," her face lit up when I used her name,

"Nothing is going to stop that."

Mum gave me five minutes to settle down, then she grabbed my hand and we ended up on the dance floor. Holding her right hand close to me, I wrapped my left hand around her, eventually resting it just above her butt, occasionally letting it slip down for a quick feel. She'd just laugh as we slowly circled the floor with the other dancers, though we barely took notice of them, eyes only for each other.

I have no idea how long we danced before heading back to our small table. I ordered another round of drinks and we sat back again, holding hands, and simply enjoyed the ambience. The music was perfect, the man behind the piano was extraordinary and his voice was sensational. A real crooner. Mum squeezed my hand from time to time and just smiled at me. I'd never seen her happier. She'd never looked more beautiful. To say I was now utterly devoted to her was an understatement.

"Mark, I want to go home," she finally said, "Would you like to go home?"

"Absolutely, Caroline. More than anything."

The door into our apartment had barely closed before we were all over each other. My jacket ended up somewhere in the living

room, as did her heels, pretty much kicking those off straight away. My shoes and socks disappeared quickly as we continued to make out, hands all over each other as we manoeuvred our way to the bedroom. Once there, Mum let me go for a second as she unzipped her back and dropped the dress. I think I used the word goddess before. That's definitely what she was.

"You have no idea how you look at me, do you?" she asked quietly. I shook my head as she smiled before she bopped me on the nose with a finger. "Definitely like how no son should look at their mother. But definitely as how a handsome man such as yourself should look at his lover."

She stripped off my shirt and unbuckled my belt, so I was only standing there in my boxer-briefs. I pulled her close and felt her hot skin under my palm as our mouths connected, our tongues searching for each other. I kept my left hand wrapped around her as I was eager to see how hot she was, placing my hand under her panties and feeling her sex. She wasn't just wet. She was burning.

"I need you inside me," she whispered into my ear.

I figured there wasn't going to be much in the way of foreplay. Considering that's what we'd been doing the past couple of weeks, it wasn't a surprise. Mum was ready to take off her bra, but I asked her not to, as I liked the bra on her, but I helped remove

her panties, but left the stocking and garter, ensuring I tasted her as I did so. She almost collapsed when I did.

Then we laid down together on the bed, Mum underneath me, my cock near her soaking pussy. I kissed her again as I teased her entrance, hearing her gasp as I did it a few times. Then I teased her no more and slowly entered her, feeling her hot, wet walls surrounded my cock. I know I groaned very loudly as I did so, never taking my eyes from hers until I was all the way in. All she did was kiss me gently on the lips. I was ready to pull backwards when she grabbed my butt.

"Not yet. Just let me feel you inside me. Just for a minute," she whispered. Then she moaned. "My god, you are so big..."

"Thanks." I didn't know what else to say. To be honest, I was a little bit embarrassed.

She giggled and kissed my cheek. "I'm being honest. You are so big. So much bigger than..." Then she smiled. "God, so much better too." She started to laugh to herself. "You have no idea how much better," she added, before nodding towards me, "Okay, baby, make love to your mother."

Hands down, it was the best sex I'd ever had and would probably ever have, though I'm sure we'd try and match if not exceed it

later. There were no acrobatics and continuous change of position. She wasn't that loud, and neither was I. There were constant confessions of love. The occasional moan and groan. Mum would say when something felt really good. I simply savoured the feeling of having my cock buried inside her, slowly thrusting in and out, listening to her heavy breathing, her moans, enjoying the taste of the drinks we'd consumed as I kissed her, looking in her eyes and seeing more feeling in them than I thought was possible.

Mum lay back and ran her hands up and down my body constantly, complimenting me on the strength she could feel in my arms, the curve of my back and tickled my sides, which made us both collapse in laughter. I started to speed up as I felt the need to cum. Mum lifted her legs and hooked her hands underneath her knees and then she really moaned.

"Fuck, that's so deep," she said quietly.

"Is it okay?"

"Fuck yes."

I kissed her again as I started to pump her even faster. She just beckoned me to fuck her. We'd made love for a while, now it was time to fuck. I had no idea if she was going to orgasm or not, but I

don't think she was all that worried, truth be told. She was just enjoying a cock inside her for the first time in who knew how long. It made me sad to think about it, though I was glad to be her first in however long. Eventually she wrapped her legs around me and moaned loudly again, telling me I was now hitting exactly the right spot. That surprised me as she met my thrusts with her own and, once she started to make quite a bit of noise as she came, that sent me right over the edge and I came so hard I nearly passed out on top of her. I could barely hold my body up over her as I pumped what felt like gallons of cum inside her. All she did was look at me with a large grin before she lifted her face to mine and gently kissed me.

"I love you."

I took a deep breath. "I love you too, Mum."

She gave me a look. "Caroline," she said quietly, "You're my man even more so than my son now."

I nodded, understanding what she meant and the new dynamic of our relationship. I took a few seconds, waiting for my cock to soften before I took it out. Mum actually looked a little disappointed, only because I was no longer inside her, then she simply said, "I'm sure round two isn't far away."

"That's guaranteed, Caroline," I stated as I lay back and she snuggled into me, looking up at me with another large smile.

"Mark Webb and Caroline Brown," she said.

"I'll change my last name."

"To what?"

"I'm not sure. Something that wouldn't link me with him though."

"I'll give it some thought too."

We lay back in contented silent, both of us blissfully happy that we had finally consummated our relationship. I certainly felt that way. I think Mum probably felt even better.

"I've waited a long time for that," she stated a little later, as I thought I was about to drift off.

"What do you mean?"

She looked at me for a second then looked away. "I can't say."

I lifted her chin towards me so her eyes met mine. "You can tell me anything. You know that. I have a feeling you mean something. I know you well enough."

Mum shuffled up the bed until we were both sat against the headboard. She grabbed my hand and locked our fingers together.

"I've been unhappy for so long. So, so long that I really can't remember the last full day I was happy and content. But do you know what did make me happy, even if it was only for those brief moments?" I didn't reply. I figured she was getting a lot off her chest. "You. That bastard isolated me. I lost contact with old friends. Was barely allowed out with new friends. He was just so... controlling. He tried to control you but it just never seemed to work. You did your own thing. And you always supported me. Your hugs, whenever I needed them, when you were younger or older, got me through the tough times.

And, this is the confession bit, the longer it went on, the less and less I loved your... Robert. I think I thought I loved him out of some obligation. Truth be told, that spark went a long time ago. But, as I said, he was controlling and I felt trapped. That's when I started to look at you as... more than a son."

"Really?" I asked.

She looked at me and smiled. "Innocently at first. I just mean I saw you develop into a man. And a good man at that. Responsible. Intelligent. And handsome. When you started playing rugby, and you broadened out and developed all these muscles over your body, I would take those extra few seconds just to enjoy my son hugging me because I knew you loved me more than he ever did. But I always knew you found your mother beautiful so I figured there was no harm in thinking my son was handsome. All mothers think their sons are handsome."

"When did it become something more?"

"As soon as you became a man at eighteen. That's when I allowed myself to fantasise. I would never have acted on any of it. I was still married to him, though I was miserable and I knew he cheated on me, though I had no proof. I still don't know why he didn't leave. I should have left, but where could I have gone? I have no money. My parents are dead and I don't have any siblings. I have few friends I could rely on because I've lost contact with the good ones. And, for most of the time, you were too young for me to share my problems with."

"When did it completely change?"

"The first time you stepped in front of him and protected me. Soon as you hit eighteen, that's when your father did start to fear you."

He saw you as the man you'd become. From that day, I did not see that man as my husband and I started to see you as..." She sighed before she flashed me a small grin. "That's why I came into your room more and more. I couldn't even bear the thought of being next to him. But when I snuggled into you, and I felt your arms around me, I slept blissfully. And I knew, deep down, that my feelings were changing and turning into something a mother should definitely not feel about her son. And, you know, I don't regret a damned thing. You are a good man, Mark. I'm proud of you, both as a mother and as your..." She smiled, almost embarrassed, "Your girlfriend or your lover, take your pick. I wouldn't trade what I have now for anything."

We sat in silence for a few minutes before she looked at me. I looked at her as well and smiled. "Quite the confession. Thanks for your honesty."

"So, what do you think now?"

"I think I love you a little bit more."

She leaned across and kissed my cheek. "What about you? What changed for you to take this step?"

"I've always thought you were beautiful, but you already know that. I guess physically it changed in the past few months. I

started to see you as more than just my mum. I saw you as a woman. A sexual being. And, once that happened, I was pretty much helpless after that. I won't lie and say there was probably some base desire there once I faced down dipshit for your affections. But I don't want to go down that road. We'll end up talking about Freud and his theories."

"Man had some valid points, it seems."

We both chuckled before I continued. "But I just hated seeing you hurt. I just wanted to protect you, wrap you in my arms and shield you from everything but, in particular, him. I wanted to show you that a man would love and respect you as he should. I know I'm still young and lack life experience, but I know there was far more to love and life than what that dipshit had to offer. In the end, I knew I wanted to fight him for you. I wanted to defeat him, leave him feeling as less of a man compared to his son, then take your hand for myself and spend the rest of my life treating you... right."

"And you did," she whispered.

"I'm still angry in here," I said, putting a hand over my heart, "About what he said to you on that last day. I swear I was ready to kill him. Not for what he said about me. I've known for years he despised me. But for what he said about you. That was the cherry on top of the shit treatment you've received at the hand of that man for years."

She hugged me tightly. "I always wanted another baby," she said, though I barely heard it.

That nearly set me off right there, blinking rapidly, feeling my heart break as Mum admitted the truth. Instead I just hugged her back. "That is precisely why I wanted to hit him again and again. And why I'll now spend the rest of my life trying to... I don't know, fill that void."

She looked up again, her eyes glistening but another smile in the long list that I'd commit to memory. "You already have."

I think we were both talked about by now as we lay in silence, Mum still hugging me tightly. Her hand continued to stroke my chest and just that was enough to keep me awake and stir a certain part of my body. I wasn't sure if Mum would be in the right frame of mind after our chat, but perhaps with everything off her chest, she'd be feeling a lot better about life. Once my erection was up and ready, Mum turned towards me and lifted her leg over until she straddled my lap. Without uttering a sound, she then grabbed my cock and positioned it, before lowering herself down.

I was still sitting mostly upright so, when Mum had lowered herself down until I was fully inside her, we were at eye level. The gaze in her eyes into mine was something else. Lust. Love. Desire. Excitement. All in one look. Then she leaned forward and brushed

her lips against mine, teasing me as I leaned forward. She leaned back and unclipped her bra and my mouth immediately went to one of her breasts as she slowly started to rock herself on my cock.

I alternated between her breasts, pretty much suckling at her hard nipples, as I grabbed her arse as she started to rock herself a little faster. I moved one hand to the middle of her back to keep her stable as she wrapped both hands around my neck, as I lifted my head and kissed her again. She moaned into my mouth as she picked her pace even more, the feel of her warm pussy around my cock the most exciting thing I'd ever experienced. She had to stop kissing me and take a deep breath, touching her forehead to mine, looking in my eyes. She was almost drooling from the pleasure.

I slowly started to thrust, not much, just enough to she would feel it and it wasn't long before she was making all the noises I'd already learned to suggest she wasn't far away.

"Fuck me, baby. Make me cum. Make your mother cum," she whispered. Those were the first words she'd said in quite a while.

I grabbed her by the hips and lowered myself down a bit so I was a little more comfortable. Mum continued to rock herself as, still holding her hips, I started to thrust upwards. That made her shout, throwing her head back as she beckoned me to keep fucking her.

Hearing her shout that was so hot that I nearly shot my wad, somehow holding it back as I knew it wouldn't be long for her.

Then I felt the walls of her pussy clamp around my cock and a slight wetness, then she moaned loudly, telling me how much she loved me cock inside her, before she just started to repeat 'Yes' a few times. She kept going, though, not stopping as she continued to shudder from the post-effects of her orgasm. I knew she wanted to keep going so stopped moving. She glanced at me and knew what I was doing, gently pushing me by the shoulders until I was lying flat.

"You're going to cum in me," she stated.

I smirked. "Someone's getting bossy."

She kissed me hard and that nearly set me off. She knew me well as she started to properly bounce up and down on my cock. I had to stop kissing her as I had to groan myself, grabbing her arse by both hands again. I met her eyes as she gave me a suggestive look of 'So, what next?'

I showed her as I flipped her over, my cock not leaving her pussy, and my mother was well and truly fucked for... probably the next two minutes at best. But she absolutely loved it and, by the time I came in her again, she was approaching another orgasm. So,

even though I was well and truly spent, I kept myself upright with one hand while used my other one to stimulate her clit. It wasn't long until she was practically convulsing underneath me, urging me on to leave my cock inside her and play with her clit.

The sounds she made while having that third orgasm would live with me forever.

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## Chapter 3.2

I looked at the fourteen men around me as I took a knee. We were covered in mud. A few of us were bleeding. We were tired and worn out. It had been a long, tough game, considering the conditions. Wet, cold, muddy. I loved these guys as much as they loved me. We'd been through thick and thin over a number of seasons. I'd played with a few of them since I was a teenager, if not younger. Once I'd been made captain, even at my relatively young age, I knew I had their respect and they followed me nearly without question.

"Last play, lads. Last play. Let's keep it simple. Keep possession. Don't give away a penalty. But we need a try. No point taking the three because, if you know maths, that won't do. Don't worry, Micky, you'll learn that soon enough." There were a few chuckles.

"First game of the season, lads. We've trained the past two months for this. We're not starting with a loss. Deano, once you get the ball, set the plan in motion. With any luck, I'll see you guys on the other side of the tryline." I put my hand out. "What is our motto?" I asked as fourteen hands lay on top of mine.

Fifteen hands raised as one. "No bruises, no glory," they stated.

There is no greater feeling in rugby than scoring the game winning try in the final minute of the game. The coach's plan worked perfectly, so that by the time I received the ball on the wing, I only had two men to beat. I had a team-mate on my inside as a decoy, throwing a dummy at him, causing one of the defenders to move out of the way. I sidestepped the other, fending him off at the same time, before tucking the ball in my arm and bolting for the line twenty metres away. I could see at least three players running towards me to stop me, and I dove for the line, arms outstretched as they collided with me. I was sure I felt a rib crack as I landed heavily with at least two large men on top of me. But all pain disappeared when I heard the whistle blow to signal a try.

I immediately got to my feet to see all my teammates run towards me and was soon on the ground again as we celebrated. With the adrenaline still flowing through my veins, I still didn't feel anything wrong as I jogged back to the halfway line, throwing the coach a thumbs up for a well thought out plan. The conversion wasn't successful, but that didn't matter.

The reason I like rugby is the respect. Every player respects the referee. And while you may exchange blows with the opposition, most issues are left on the field. The losers will clap off the winners, and the winners will do the same. I saw Mum on the sideline and I wandered over to see her, as did a few of my teammates going to see their partners or parents. Mum was very excited that I'd won the game.

She kissed me on the lips, only lightly, before she hugged me. "Careful, Caroline. I'm a bit muddy."

She just kissed my cheek. "I don't care! What a try, Mark! And that fend. You left him face down in the mud," she finished with a chuckle.

"I was lucky. If the other guy hadn't fallen for the dummy..."

"Will you be in the club later?"

"Of course. Just need to get changed into my suit."

There was a raucous atmosphere in the changing room after our last minute victory. I sat down next to Deano as I started to get changed. "Who was the brunette?" he asked.

"Caroline."

"Looks a bit like your mum."

"Does she? I hadn't noticed."

He laughed. "Fuck off. I'm not saying a dead ringer but there are similarities. How old is she?"

"Older."

"You dog!"

"I thought that was your mum?" Mick asked, looking confused.

"Deano thinks they look similar," I replied with a shrug, "But I met her a few weeks ago."

Mick still looked confused but shrugged. I was going to have to play this carefully as a few of these lads knew my mother, though they wouldn't have seen her in a quite a while now. She used to go to all my games but hadn't in the past two to three years, mostly because of dipshit. I was hoping they wouldn't remember

her too well and that we'd get away with it. Otherwise, I'd just have to play it off as some elaborate joke. That meant we couldn't be too open about our relationship but I had no problem being a little affectionate. I could just use the excuse that we were close, at least.

Once we were all changed into our club suits, we headed to the clubhouse where we mingled with the opposition, swapping rugby stories as we consumed a beer or two. Mum joined me and stayed on my arm, and I saw one or two of my teammates doing double takes. I know why they'd think she didn't look the same. She had a never ending smile. All the worry and stress was gone. She was dressing far sexier, showing much more skin, even though it wasn't particularly warm. We both knew we were pushing our luck but, as long as we didn't actually get found out, it was all part of the fun.

I only had one beer before I told them all I was heading home, suggesting I may have to go to the doctor as my rib was really starting to hurt. Once I was sat in the car, I suffered a real shot of pain and Mum was now concerned.

"We should go to the hospital."

"I'll be fine."

"Mark..."

I looked at her. She was only concerned, face matching her tone. I relented, because she only cared, after all. "Okay, we'll go straight there."

I spent a couple of hours at the hospital where, after an x-ray, they could confirm there wasn't a break, not even a crack. They said it was just two large men tackling then landing on me which caused the significant bruising. Therefore, I was told to take it easy while given a small dose of painkillers as they thought I might struggle with sleep for a couple of days.

On the way home, we were driving past a park when Mum suggested I pull into the adjoining car park. I wondered what she wanted, sex not even crossing my mind, as I parked up, looking around to see it was completely deserted. I turned to Mum and she had a look in her eyes I already knew well.

"Seriously?" I asked, unable to hold back my chuckle.

She leaned over. "I want you now. Do you know how hot and wet I got watching you play rugby?" I just nodded as I had a fair idea. "Lower your pants and push your seat back."

I did as she asked as Mum pulled down her panties, handing them to me. Of course, they were already wet. I made her laugh as I put them in my mouth, mentioning how tasty they were. She hiked up her skirt and clambered over to my side of the car. I groaned as I felt my cock slide inside her.

"God, I needed this," she whispered as she started to slowly bounce up and down on my cock.

"You're insatiable lately."

"Are you complaining?"

"Never. Just stating a fact."

She wrapped both arms around me, holding her body close to mine. "I just need my lover, that's all."

I lowered the back part of my seat to make us both a little more comfortable. Mum unbuttoned her shirt, taking that off before she took off her bra, leaving her in just a skirt. She lowered herself down so I could play with her breasts and soon I had a nipple on my mouth. She just gasped as I flicked it with my tongue and perhaps nibbled at it a bit.

"I think we should make this a post-match ritual. Find a place to fuck on the way home from your match."

That sounded like a bloody fine idea to me. Mum was well and truly horny as it wasn't long until she was ready to cum, moving in such a way that she'd rub her clit against me, and I knew my cock was inside her in such a way that it touched all the right areas. As Mum said, my cock was made for her as she constantly commented that it fit her perfectly and made her cum nearly every time.

Once she started to make those sounds I knew meant impending orgasm, I grabbed an arse cheek with one hand and fucked her silly. It was now a race to see who would cum first, a silly thing we did as we'd had enough sex to read each other well. Mum still wasn't the most vocal of lovers, but I didn't mind, she still told me what was good or great, and still made all the sounds I would expect. But I guess she was still a little shy, or she was just getting used to the near constant sex we were having. Once she started to orgasm, and I felt her pussy clamp on my cock, I probably had a half dozen more thrusts myself before I came inside her again.

There was only heavy breathing for the next couple of minutes as we recovered, Mum having collapsed on my chest. Eventually she lifted her head and I could see the light sheen of sweat across her forehead, her cheeks red for the exertion and her lips slightly parted as she panted.

I just caressed her cheek. "You are beautiful, Caroline."

"You're not bad yourself, Mr. Green."

I'd changed my name not long after our first night together. We were now Mr. Green and Ms. Brown, partners, lovers, but also mother and son, not anyone was aware. Our neighbours certainly didn't know. We'd gotten to know a few of them and they thought we were just a regular couple. Some made mention of our obvious age gap, generally only in jest, suggesting it wasn't strange for a young man to end up with a woman as beautiful as my mother.

The divorce had gone through rather quickly. Mum kept the same divorce lawyer and, with all our evidence, we were assured a rather quick case. Applying was easy and the grounds for the divorce were quite simple. Adultery, as evidenced by everything I found. Unreasonable behaviour, including both verbal and physical abuse. Once we paid costs, dipshit didn't even bother responding, considering we made no application for money or assets from him, so we applied for a decree nisi. The six weeks after that were probably the longest of our lives, just waiting for him to fuck up our lives somehow. But there was still nothing, so on the very day we could apply, we sent off the documents for a decree absolute. Every afternoon we arrived home, we checked for the letter that would finally grant her a release. The day it finally did, Mum and I celebrated.

I took her out for dinner, drinks and a dance, unable to wipe the smile off our faces. Then we headed home and made love until the dawn.

Back to the present day, Mum was still on my lap, her arms wrapped around me and her head on my chest. I really didn't feel like moving whenever she was laying on top of me and my cock was inside her. She loved it too. She would sometimes climb on top of me in the morning, knowing I would have morning wood, and she would just slide herself down then lean forward and make out with me, barely moving otherwise. She just liked to be filled, or that was her excuse anyway.

Mum finally stirred and sat up. I just held her by the waist and looked her up and down. "What?" she asked.

"Just looking."

She still blushed whenever I did. Her self-confidence was slowly but surely coming back. I had no real idea what she was like as a younger woman but, considering how she'd been treated for nearly two decades, it was little wonder she was still shy sometimes. I just ran a hand down the centre of her chest and stomach and back before running it around her back and dragging her down for a hug, feeling her breasts against my chest.

"I'm so lucky," she whispered in my ear.

"If you're lucky, then I wonder what I am?"

"You're mine."

I chuckled. "Now and forever."

"Are you hungry?"

"Starving. Want to go out for dinner?"

"I think we probably need a shower first. Unless you want to go out smelling of sex."

"While I find the idea funny, I wouldn't mind a change of clothes."

We checked outside the car and, finding we were still very much alone, we got out and got dressed, Mum giggling away as she did so. I drove the rest of the way home, Mum suggesting we should head to the same park tomorrow for a picnic. I thought that was a great idea, particularly as the weather was supposed to be good.

Back at the apartment, we headed straight for a shower, and unsurprisingly Mum invited me to join her. She took great delight in washing me down, claiming I was still dirty after rugby. While I would never say Mum would lie to me, she did spend a lot of time washing my chest and back before practically massaging my legs. Surprisingly, she barely touched my groin, gently cleaning it but giving it nowhere as much attention. She must have noticed my face as she simply looked up at me and said, "Later." Then she added "My turn."

I can say right now; I was merciless in my teasing. Oh, she was washed properly alright, there wouldn't have been a spec of dirt on her entire body. But I had her practically begging for release as I otherwise massaged her entire body. As you've likely already gathered, I do a lot of reading, not always about sex, but if I think of something I think she would like, I'll research and then put it into practice.

It got to the point where I had her backed against the wall, my tongue in her mouth, before she broke away and begged me to do something. Lick her hard nipples. Finger her pussy. Or simply fuck her. I smiled at her as I turned off the water. "Okay, I think we should get dressed and go out for dinner."

I grabbed a towel and started to wipe myself down as I offered a towel to Mum. She looked incredibly unhappy as she grabbed the towel but just stood there, so I took it off her and dried her, kissing

her at the same time.

"This is mean," she grumbled.

"It'll be worth it later, won't it?"

She appeared thoughtful, then smiled. "I guess I won't last very long," she stated with a giggle, "But I'm going to be turned on all through dinner."

"How do you think I feel most of the time I'm around you?" I stopped drying her hair as she looked at me with wide eyes. "Come on, Caroline, I have to stop myself leaping on you all the time, otherwise we'd never get anything done."

Her cheeks started to glow red. "I guess I realise but hearing you say it..."

"I'm a 20-year-old in a relationship with a beautiful 40-year-old woman, who I love and desire almost more than life itself. I'm pretty much a walking erection at the moment."

She looked down for a moment before meeting my eyes again. "Speaking of which..."

I chuckled. "Exactly. We're both going to suffer through dinner."

Somehow, we both managed to get dressed and head out the door without leaping on each other. We only headed to a local restaurant that served the usual food we wanted. We ended up just having burgers and fries with a beer on the side. Mum then said she wanted a sundae, so we ended up sharing one of those too, taking great pleasure in feeding each other. Of course, she made all manner of appreciative noises and sucked on the spoon in such a fashion that it was only fabulous self-control on my part that didn't end up with her lying back on our table, panties to the side as I buried my cock inside her. Those thoughts certainly passed through my mind, causing me to smirk, and Mum just smiled at me, knowing exactly what I thinking.

Thankfully it was only a short drive back to the apartment, as Mum was very touchy-feely as I was driving home, her hand eventually resting on my crotch, where she would have felt my half-erect cock through my trousers. Once she started to rub it, I had to tell her to stop, advising her it was very distracting while I was trying to drive. She then took off her panties and jammed them in my mouth. I don't have a panty fetish, if you're wondering, I just appreciated the fact Mum wore nice ones, and they were usually wet by the time I got to them. Once again, those in my mouth were very wet.

"How do you think I feel?" she groaned.

We fucked for five minutes at most after walking in the front door. We didn't make it to the bedroom. We barely made the living room. We hadn't christened the couch, so Mum practically dragged me there while undressing. She sat me down, climbed on and rode herself to one hell of a climax. I couldn't help but chuckle once we were both done. All she did was lightly slap my shoulder.

"I wanted that before we went out!"

"But was it worth the wait?"

She smiled and kissed me. "It's always worth it." Then she looked down. "Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to keep this inside me as I snuggle into you. Do you have a problem with that?"

"None at all. You make yourself comfortable, Caroline." Then I smirked. "Can I watch a little TV?"

"No more sex for now. I just want your cock inside me. So don't mind me. Though I may want to talk a bit later," she mumbled.

She was falling asleep no more than ten minutes later, so I didn't even bother switching on the TV. Instead, I carried her to bed, as she was awake enough to wrap her legs around me, before I lay

down on the bed and she just slept on my chest. It was so adorable I was tempted to take a photo. Next morning, she was still in place, though my cock had fallen out overnight. As it was hard once again due to the ever reliable morning wood, all she did was shuffle so she could re-insert it, then went back to sleep.

"Hang on..." I started.

She just shushed me. "Still sleeping," she whispered. I guess I couldn't really complain, so I just wrapped my arms around her and closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation. "Love you," she said quietly.

"I love you too."

Of course, I couldn't sleep with a raging hard-on that rested inside my mother's nice, warm pussy. I think I lasted another five to ten minutes at most before I whispered, "I really need to fuck you."

"Go for it," she mumbled, still half asleep. Since I was given permission, I just slowly started to thrust, knowing it wouldn't take long for her to be involved. After a minute, she was already moaning and moving her body in a way that suggested her excitement was climbing. After another minute, she moved her head so she could look at me. "Well, this is a fine way to be woken up," with a cheeky grin on her face.

I was surprised when she climbed off me, but then she lay next to me and lifted her legs up, holding them apart so they were out of my way but bending them. I loved it when she did that as it completely exposed her pussy, glistening in the morning light, and I knew I'd fuck her even deeper. I then grabbed a pillow and placed it under her butt and she smiled, knowing exactly what was going to happen, kissing her as I entered her again.

"Oh, fuck," she moaned.

"Good?"

"Uh-huh. Too good."

I fucked her hard. I'll admit I couldn't get enough of her pussy, whether it was mouth, fingers or cock. And I know she felt the same way about me. Every weekend, if we stayed at home, we barely left the bedroom at times. Mum was probably making up for years of being ignored. I just loved being with a woman who loved sex as much as myself. The fact she was my Mum and my lover just made it even better. I was soon pounding her hard, not something I always did, but she was loving it this morning, moving one hand to my arse and almost urging me on.

"I want to cum on you," I stated once I knew I was close.

"Of course, baby. I love watching you shoot."

It wasn't something we did too often, as quite frankly, I preferred finishing inside her, as did she. But sometimes she'd take a load on her tits or in her mouth, and we were going to shower soon anyway. Mum was soon near screaming as I sped up, feeling the urge to cum getting closer and closer, before I pulled out and shot. The first went all the way to her face. Mum, being as good as she is, opened her mouth and most of it went in. The second shot followed the first, though the rest ended up on her chest and stomach. I simply held myself up, feeling absolutely covered in sweat.

"10 points, sweetie," Mum stated, as she wiped her face of cum, putting it in her mouth.

"Shouldn't that be 20?"

She smirked. "It didn't all go in. It's better if you just put your cock in my mouth."

I cracked up in laughter. "I'll remember that next time."

"I'm going to need a shower. I assume you'll be joining me?" I

gave her a look, suggesting that was a stupid question. "Good. Because I need an orgasm and I think you need to finish me off."

"Fingers or mouth?"

"I think you should be on your knees as you eat my pussy."

I felt my cock twitch. "Naughty," I stated, raising an eyebrow, "I love it."

Did I end up on my knees in the shower? Of course I bloody did! Did Mum have one hell of an orgasm? It was so good that it was only my neck muscles that kept her standing, her legs practically giving out as I ate her to at least a pair of orgasms. Once I was done, she ended up her knees in front of me, kissing me hard before just hugging me tightly. I had learned over time that Mum could sometimes get a little emotional after orgasm. I'm not sure if it was a natural thing, but she said it did have a lot to do with the fact I always tried to make her feel special, just like I told her I would, whether it was something simple as holding her hand, or perhaps taking her out for dinner or enjoying mind blowing sex together.

"I'm being silly," she eventually stated.

"Never apologise for wanting to have a good cry. And I'm always here for cuddles." I added as a whisper, "I like cuddles. Don't tell anyone else that."

She looked at me with another smile, laughing at the same time. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Ditto." I cupped her cheek as always. "But you're my girl."

She giggled again. "You make me feel like I'm half my age when you look at me and tell me things like that. No wonder I'm always giddy. All the girls at work want to meet the man who put this constant smile on my face."

"Still want to go out for that picnic?"

A radiant smile appeared. "That would be lovely."

We spent the rest of the morning preparing to go out. I popped out to a local store to grab things we didn't have in the house, and it wasn't long until we had enough food prepared to feed us all day. We made sure to take a blanket with us as we packed everything into my car before thinking of where we should go. I checked my phone and sat nav for options and we chose a nature reserve outside the city limits.

It was a beautiful sunny day and the roads were quiet the closer we approached the reserve. There were only a few cars in the carpark so we were hopeful we would be able to find a peaceful spot. I checked the map and found a path that would eventually lead to a lake. We wandered hand in hand, enjoying the warmth of the sun and the light breeze. Mum was dressed only a light summer dress, thin straps at her shoulders and barely as far down as her knees. She certainly wore far different clothing with me than when she was with... him.

We wandered past one or two couples and families, most of those staying near the playground. We kept walking until we were sure it was only us, skirting the lake until Mum pointed out a spot that would perhaps give us a bit of privacy. I laid the blanket down first before we sat down, Mum immediately sitting between my legs and leaning back as we stared out over the lake. I just wrapped my arms around her.

"Safe," she said quietly.

"At least we have some privacy. Fancy a dip later?"

She glanced backwards. "Good thing I brought my bikini."

I could help raised my eyebrows. "Bikini?"

"Of course. My lover thinks I'm beautiful. I have the body for it, don't I?"

"Hell yes. I'm just... surprised."

She leaned back and kissed my cheek. "I'm wearing it for you too. I'm hoping you'll get excited."

I chuckled. "That's a guarantee. I'm already thinking about it."

As the day grew warmer, we applied a little cream to exposed skin once Mum took off her dress and lay back in her bikini. A simple black one but I had to control myself as my eyes gazed over her. I was rather liberal as I applied the cream, spending plenty of time massaging it into her skin. All she did was laugh, knowing exactly what I was up to.

We eventually lay back together, Mum snuggling into me as we lay in mostly silence, though we'd share the occasional word. We were simply relaxing for now. Lunch was a simple affair of salad and cold meats, crackers and cheese, a little fruit as well plus we'd also put a bottle of wine in the basket. I tried to be romantic by feeding Mum, though we both descended into giggles.

After lunch, we had a make-out session as I took great delight in running my hands all over her bare skin, not to say Mum didn't enjoy it as well, though I knowingly teased her, not touching any of her major erogenous zones. We were almost like high-school sweethearts, plenty of heavy petting and a lot of giggling, particularly on her part. With every day that passed, her eyes sparkled with more life than ever, she had a near constant grin on her face and, as far as I was concerned, she was ever more beautiful.

"I think we should go for a swim," Mum finally suggested, getting to her feet. My eyes just ran up her legs to her butt. She clicked her fingers to grab my attention. "Earth to Mark."

"Come on, your arse is right in my face. Of course I'm going to ogle."

I got to my feet and removed my shirt and shorts, having worn swimming trunks underneath. I noticed Mum looked me up and down. I tried very hard not to start flexing. "You're staring," I stated.

She stepped forward me, running a hand down my chest. "How can I not? Have you seen yourself in the mirror?"

Feeling a little embarrassed, I just shrugged. "I make sure I look

after myself. I'm only young once so want to stay as fit and healthy for as long as possible."

Then I made her scream by picking her up and ran towards the water, almost tripping over once my feet hit water before I was waist deep and I placed her gently in the water. She claimed it was cold and leapt on me so I just ducked under the water. Upon surfacing, Mum didn't look happy at all, which only made me laugh. Though with her hair now slicked back, she looked... Remember Jamie Lee Curtis in 'True Lies'? Something like that. Tits probably not as big, though my mother was just as hot. No, hotter, as far as I'm concerned.

I looked around to make sure we were alone, and while I could see people far in the distance, I figured that they could see us but certainly not see what we were actually doing. So I swam towards Mum as she wrapped her arms around my neck. We started to kiss and she knew exactly what I wanted as she lifted herself up and wrapped her legs around me, thankful I could still plant my feet below the water.

"Thinking about something?" she asked quietly.

I undid her top and exposed her breasts. "I'm thinking about starting with these and moving down."

"Why not both? Surely you're strong enough to hold me up with one arm."

"I'll take that challenge."

I wrapped my left arm around her, holding her tightly, as she giggled, stating how strong I was. I caressed her cheek with my right hand to begin with, watching her smile at me before we kissed once again. Lightly at first, almost teasing each other to see who would make the first serious move. I crumbled first as I wanted to move on and soon I could well and truly taste the wine she'd drunk earlier. I was busy using my free hand to fondle her breasts but soon had to lift her up slightly and a nipple was soon in my mouth, hearing her moan lightly as I teased her left one first.

While doing that, I somewhat awkwardly moved my hand down her body and started to tease her through her bikini bottoms. I was already thinking we should get out of the water and onto our blanket, but Mum appeared to be enjoying it for now, constantly running her hands up my biceps and down my back, so I'd wait until she wanted to move. If she ever did...

It didn't take long, with all the teasing, before she moaned that she wanted to go back to the blanket. I practically carried her over my shoulder, again hearing her laughter. I gently lay her down and lowered myself over her. She wasted no time removing her bikini bottoms before she grabbed my trunks and lowered them. I raised

an eyebrow.

"Forget about foreplay. I just want you inside me."

I think my cock got even harder at the tone. The fact I was on the verge of publicly fucking my mother was also an incredible turn on. All she did was reach forward to grab my cock, kissing me at the same time, my cock soon at her entrance.

"Mark?"

"Yeah?"

"Call me Mum while you fuck me this time."

I couldn't help chuckle. "Naughty."

She actually blushed. "The thought of my son fucking me in public is... well, I won't lie. It's made me very wet. And I don't just mean the lake."

I kissed her hard and thrust inside her, causing her to gasp and then smile immediately, kissing me softly once I was full inside. I

was already raring to go despite the fact I had mostly remained untouched while Mum wasn't lying. She was wet, hot and ready to be fucked.

"God, you feel great, Mum."

"You love fucking mummy, don't you?"

"Fuck yes. Balls deep, Mum."

"Good thing I can't get enough of my son's cock."

This sort of dirty talk was nearly driving me over the edge already. We were aware of who we were, but I think we'd put it to the back of our minds the longer we were together because we always introduced each other by name, then said 'my girlfriend' or 'my boyfriend'. If anything, we only used the whole 'mother and son' thing when we wanted to roleplay... or when we were both very horny, like we were right now, and just wanted to add that little bit of naughtiness.

I lifted one of her legs over my shoulder to get that little bit deeper and Mum moaned very loudly. Apart from those sounds, you would have only heard skin on skin as I well and truly started to fuck her.

"One second, one second," she stated, already out of breath, as she got on all fours, "Fuck me like a bitch on heat."

She crossed her arms and lay her head down on the ground, lifting her arse towards me. I quickly inserted my cock inside her once again, placed my hands on her hips, and went to town.

"Oh, fuck... Mum..."

"Fuck me, baby. Make mummy cum hard."

I upped the tempo, moving slightly so I could really drive into her. She started to properly squeal and I was sure someone was bound to hear us. Frankly, at that moment, I didn't give a shit. I just enjoyed the feel of my mother's hot, wet pussy, the feel of her skin beneath my hands, the fact her tight little arsehole was so close I was tempted to just stick my cock into it. Instead, I made do with placing my left hand on her back for balance as I gently started to play with her arse.

"Oh baby, that's so naughty," Mum moaned, "Would you like to fuck your mother in the arse?"

"Not right now but one day, if you're up for it."

"I'll do anything for you, baby. You make mummy so hot."

So naughty but, my god, she was so hot. She was so wet I was sure she was going to cum soon and I was using all the willpower in the world to hold back my orgasm. I was now pounding her so hard I was sure I was going to leave her so sore while my thumb was now in her arse. She wasn't being quiet at all and soon I felt the walls of her pussy start to clamp around my cock and she started to cum. Happy that she'd now had an orgasm, I withdrew my thumb, placed both hands back on her hips, and absolutely fucked her.

"Oh fuck. I'm gonna cum, Mum. I'm gonna cum."

Mum could barely put together a coherent sentence as I thrust a final time before I started to shoot, feeling my legs go light as I collapsed on top of her, both of us then collapsing to the ground. I slightly lifted myself up on my elbows so I didn't squash Mum though I still had my cock buried inside her. We both lay down, simply taking a few deep breaths.

I learned and whispered, "That was awesome, Mum."

She turned her head and kissed me on the cheek. "I love you," she said quietly.

"I love you too."

She wiggled her butt and moaned. "You're still hard?"

"It'll go down shortly. I was very turned on..."

"I meant what I said too. But I've never done it before."

"I know, Mum. We'll read about it together."

I pulled my still relatively hard cock out of Mum and rolled onto my back, glancing left and right to see that we were still very much alone. Mum just shuffled across and wrapped an arm around my chest, snuggling into me as usual as I just cuddled her.

"That was fun," she said.

"Of course it was. We just had fantastic sex."

"It's always fantastic with you."

"You're the best, Mum."

"Caroline," she whispered.

I kissed her forehead. "How about my one true love?"

She chuckled. "You can be so cheesy sometimes," but she squeezed me and added, "But I love it."

The blanket was that large that I was able to cover us both with the part we were not lying on and Mum eventually snuggled into me and had a nap. I felt myself starting to drift off as well and I think eventually had about an hour's nap. Once I woke up, I just continued to hold Mum as she continued to sleep. The sun finally started to dip, the weather starting to cool, so I shook Mum gently, who woke up and returned a simple smile before kissing me gently on the cheek.

"I had an orgasm coma."

I chuckled lightly before stating "It's getting late. Would you like to go home?"

She stretched and yawned. "I'm rather comfortable here. Though I

guess I'd be even more comfortable in our bed."

"Again?"

"You're complaining?"

"No. Not at all. I thought I would have worn you out though."

She leaned forward and kissed me on the nose. "Orgasm coma. I'm ready and raring to go again."

"Guess we'd better get you home then."

We managed to find all our clothes and, once dressed, grabbed the basket and blanket and wandered out of the park, hand in hand. We wandered by other people who were heading out and I'm sure we received one or two glances, though I figured it was just my mind playing tricks on me. I don't think Mum even noticed as she simply walked in step with me, snuggled into my side as we slowly meandered back to the car.

I was ready for bed by the time we got back to the apartment. Mum noticed and offered to cook a simple dinner, allowing me to just sit back on the couch and relax. I was close to nodding off

when she called me to the dinner table. I made sure to kiss her in thanks before we sat down to eat a relatively simple fayre, not that I'm one to complain. Once the dishwasher was loaded, we sat back and watched a little TV. I think Mum was in the mood again, but I had to be honest and tell her I was knackered.

Of course, once we were naked and in bed together, all it took was for Mum to gently stroke my chest before her hand moved down to my groin for my body to react. Once I was hard, Mum got exactly what she wanted, on her back with her legs spread wide as I buried myself inside her. I knew as soon as I came, I'd fall asleep, so took my time thrusting in and out, teasing her, knowing she wanted to orgasm as much as I did.

I felt her legs move and eventually wrap around me, before she grabbed me by the back of the neck and brought my face down to hers and she kissed me with all the urgency I recognised. I picked up the pace and she was soon panting hard, moans coming in between the pants as I knew she was getting close.

"This is too fucking good," she said quietly.

"Yeah?"

She kissed me hard and was on the verge of climaxing. "Keep fucking me, baby. I'm so... close..."

As I said, Mum wasn't a shouter or a screamer. I actually found the fact she was quiet rather adorable. And more 'real' than the shit you see in movies, with all the fake moans and whatnot. Mum had no problem telling me what she thought and what she enjoyed, and certainly made all the noises I would expect, but she certainly didn't fake it to just make me happy, not that it would have.

She eventually held me tight to her body as she started to moan as an orgasm rippled through her body, moaning into my ear and telling me how good it was. I lasted another thirty seconds before I came inside her. Mum just smiled at me as I did so, gently kissing my cheek.

"You have no idea how good that feels," she stated. All I could do was nod my head, feeling tiredness almost overwhelm me.

"Tired?" she asked, a cheeky grin on her face.

"I'm going to sleep like the dead tonight. I'm going to work tomorrow for a rest!" Mum broke out in a fit of giggles. "I'm not complaining, just so you know."

Of course, now that the deed was done, Mum was more than happy to snuggle into me, just like we had done while back at the old house. I know for a fact that I fell asleep before Mum for once.

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## Part 2

"The conclusion to the romance between a son and his mother."

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### Chapter 4.1

It was the end of another long week at work. I loved being a mechanic but, by god, were people stupid. I understand a lot of people probably don't understand much about the car they drive, but I know what the fuck I'm talking about, so when some numpty on the other side of the desk wants to argue with me, it takes all the self-control I have to not leap out of my chair and beat them to within an inch of their life.

So, by Friday afternoon, I was rather fed up and looking forward to spending some time with Caroline. My mother. We hadn't actually made any plans to do anything for the weekend except for my usual rugby game on Saturday afternoon, so I figured that probably meant staying at the apartment, relaxing and some sex. Not a bad weekend, when I thought about it.

As Mum still hadn't bought a car, happy for me to drive her to and

from work, or drive her about, I had to pick her up from work after I'd finished. She was usually outside waiting for me by the time I pulled up outside, but there was no sign of her today. Thinking nothing of it, I parked the car and headed into the building, stopping at the reception desk, behind which sat a blonde woman, who I guess was perhaps around 50.

"May I help you?" she asked.

"I'm here to pick up Caroline."

"And you are?"

"I'm Mark."

A smile lit up her face and I knew immediately why. "Ah, so you're the mysterious man who's put the smile on her face."

I groaned though couldn't help but smile. "What's she been saying?"

"Oh, nothing much... Just that she's enjoying life with a virile young man. You'll find her up on the third floor, sweetie. I'd be careful up there. Quite a few of her team are aware of who you

probably are. They'll be like sharks."

I chuckled. "Thanks for the advice."

I bounded up the stairs before walking into an open floor planned office, desks in small blocks dotted around the office. I immediately felt a dozen pair of eyes fall upon me as I wandered through the door. Considering I was wearing a rather tight white shirt, jeans and boots, I probably made many of their dreams come true just strolling through that door. I didn't hear but certainly noticed whispered words being shared. Eventually one of them got to their feet and approached me.

"Can we help you?"

"I'm here to collect Caroline."

It clicked immediately. "Oh, you must be Mark. Wait right here, I'll go and get her."

As she disappeared, at least a half-dozen of the other women got to their feet and approached me. I wasn't used to being centre of attention but I didn't feel embarrassed or intimidated. I just threw them my easiest smile. I glanced around and noticed many would probably have been a similar age to Mum. One or two looked like

they may have been in their thirties, while I don't think any of them would have been in their twenties.

"No wonder Caroline always comes into work with a smile on her face nowadays," one of the women stated, "Oh, sorry, I'm Mary," she added, offering her hand.

"Mark," gently clasping the offered hand.

She smiled, I think seductively, and I tried not to laugh.  
"Charmed."

I was soon introduced to all of them, usually shaking hands though one or two just had to hug me and I certainly felt their hands run up and down me.

"You must work out?" one of the others, Jessica, stated.

"I do, but I also play rugby."

"Oh, what position?"

"Centre, though I can play on the wing if required."

"So you're strong and fast?"

"Fast at certain things, yes. Nothing wrong with taking your time, though. Draw it out. Patience is a virtue, after all."

"And what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a mechanic. So I'm also good with my hands. Sometimes I have to be rough with things. Others require a more... delicate touch, shall we say."

I swear a wave of wetness went through the lot of them. I'll admit, I was doing it on purpose. Thankfully, I was soon rescued by the appearance of Mum, who wrapped me in a hug and shared quite the kiss with me. "Sorry I wasn't down there, sweetie. It's been a bitch of a week."

"That's fine. I was just introducing myself to your colleagues here."

She cast them a glance. "Yes, and I bet they were introducing themselves too. Weren't you girls?"

"It's not often we get a specimen like him in the office, Caroline,"

one of them replied.

"Agreed. Can't waste the opportunity," added another.

"Uh-huh. I'm sure you haven't." She grabbed me by the hand. "I've still got one or two things to wrap up, Mark. If you don't mind waiting in my office while I do."

"That's fine." I looked across the gaggle of women. "Nice meeting you, ladies. Hopefully we'll meet again."

There were plenty murmurs of agreement, along with a few choice phrases which I politely ignored, while I heard Mum giggle away. Once we were in the office, Mum closed the door behind her and turned to me. "I can't wait to hear about this on Monday."

"Why?"

"They've been dying to meet you. I think you just met all their expectations, if not exceeded them."

I just smiled and looked Mum up and down. She was wearing a white blouse, the top couple of buttons open, a tight black skirt that ended just above her knee, black stockings and some

sensible black shoes. She looking stunning, as always. Then my eyes met hers and she returned a smile I knew well. I stepped forward as she stepped away, eventually with her back against the door. I leaned in close to her lips.

"Want to be naughty?" I asked quietly.

"Definitely," she whispered back.

I closed the curtains to the large window looking into her office as she locked the door. I wasted no time moving my hands to the side of her skirt, lowering the zipper as she wiggled her hips. Our lips met and she was already hungry for me, her tongue not taking long to enter my mouth. I just gently turned back to her desk and eventually sat her down, continuing to kiss her before she grabbed my shirt and lifted it up and off me.

"Only I get to see this, though," she stated, running a hand down my chest.

Our mouths met again and I carefully unbuttoned Mum's blouse, until I could open it. I then expertly unclasped her bra and soon she was topless. I moved a hand to her breast and gently squeezed, hearing her moan into my mouth before I loved down and sucked at one of her nipples.

"I've thought about doing this for a long time," she stated.

I stopped sucking for a second. "You should have told me."

"I knew it would happen eventually."

While I continued to suckle at her nipples, enjoying how hard they got, I felt Mum's hands move to my jeans, undoing the belt, the button and finally lowering the zipper. She then lowered those and my boxers, freeing my growing erection, gently grasping it in one of her tiny hands. She jerked me off as I kissed her again before moving my hand down towards her pussy. I teased her outside her panties, unsurprised to feel they were already wet. I then simply moved those to the side and started to finger the outside of her pussy, enjoying the slickness before I inserted one finger.

"God, I need you to fuck me," she whispered into my ear.

"In a minute."

I gently pleased her with my fingers as she continued to jerk me off but eventually I couldn't wait any longer. I moved my hands to her panties, Mum lifting her butt so I could get those off, but thankfully she still had her stocking and heels on. I found that rather arousing, to be honest. Mum lay back on the desk and

spread her legs. I teased her again, lowering my mouth to her pussy and enjoyed her taste once again. She gasped as I did so, particularly when I entered her with my tongue. But it was just to tease her as we both knew what we wanted.

Once she was ready, I stood up and positioned my cock at her entrance. She looked at me with such lust in her eyes I thought she was going to cum as soon as I entered her. She didn't, but she had to cover her mouth as I did so, as although she wasn't loud, I was left thinking the girls out in the office probably had a good idea what we were doing.

Feeling my cock completely inside her, I grabbed her legs and put them over my shoulders and proceeded to fuck her. Mum lifted herself up as I did so and I put a finger in her mouth, simply because I thought it would help her be quiet, though even doing that was seductive as fuck, and I fucked her that little bit harder.

She eventually dropped her legs and simply spread them wide as I planted my hands on the desk to her sides and lowered myself down to kiss her. "This is so naughty, Mark," she stated, "I love it."

"I'm going to make you cum hard at work. How does that sound?"

"Sounds like a good way to end the week."

Neither of us lasted much longer. It was perhaps the fact we were fucking at her office, with a dozen women only a few feet away who likely had a very good idea what we were doing, but once she was on her way, Mum lifted herself up so she was sitting and wrapped her arms around me, moaning as the first waves of her orgasm started to hit, saying I was fucking her in just the right spot. We kissed again and hearing her moans into my mouth as she started to shudder tipped me over the edge and I started to pump her full of cum again, continuing to fuck her long after I'd finished. Eventually I stopped, both of us bathed in sweat, panting hard after our exertions. Mum leaned back, her hair plastered to her forehead, a sheen of sweat, cheeks flushed.

She was beautiful.

Keeping my left arm around her waist, I caressed her cheek with my right hand. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the moment.

"It's going to smell of sex in here," she finally said.

I couldn't help but laugh. "We'll smell of sex walking out too."

"Definite topic of conversation on Monday."

We got dressed and all Mum did was switch off her computer

while tidying up her desk. I couldn't help laugh. "You planned this, didn't you?"

Mum returned a look suggesting 'Well, duh!' "And you're complaining because?"

"Not complaining. Definitely not complaining."

"I did need your help with a couple of things," she stated, opening a desk drawer and retrieving a couple of packages, "I've been online and bought a few things you may be interested in."

"What?"

"Not now. When we get home."

"Colour me intrigued."

Mum sniffed and giggled. "Definitely smells of sex in here. And, you know what, I don't care. Ready to go?"

I checked to see we hadn't forgotten anything. We were both dressed, but there was no doubt Mum had the appearance of

being recently fucked. And fucked well. Mum just grabbed my hand as I opened the door and I immediately felt eyes fall on us once again.

"Leaving already?" one of them asked.

"Mark is taking me out for dinner. Aren't you?" Mum stated, ensuring she turned towards me and laid a hand on my chest.

"Of course. I was thinking that little Italian place we both love."

"Will you buy me dessert?"

"Of course. Though you will be my dessert, Caroline."

Cheesy, I know, but Mum loved my comments. Even when silly, they still made her feel special. Or made her laugh, which is precisely what I wanted. But her eyes smouldered again and I knew I was in for a good night. Again, there were a few comments, mostly about how lucky she was, while I think I was being compared to any possible husbands or boyfriends. All Mum did was wrap a hand around my waist and put her hand in my back pocket as she cheerfully bade them all farewell.

"Come back soon, Mark," was the general theme.

Once we were settled in the car, Mum turned to me. "I guarantee you one thing. All the women up there want to fuck you. Married or not."

"Good thing I'm a one-woman man then."

"Never thought about a threesome?" she asked, a twinkle in her eyes.

"You're more than enough woman for me, Caroline." Another memorable smile appeared as she leaned forward to gently kiss me. "Did you know who ever visit you at work?"

Mum laughed. "Of course not. And I definitely wouldn't have done what we just did anyway. That was for you and me only."

I drove us to that little Italian restaurant, just as I said. We were regulars there, knew the family who now ran the place rather well and they always threw in one or two free things in addition to the pizza and wine we always ordered. Mum was beautiful as always in the candlelight, though she still had the appearance of a woman who'd just been properly fucked, looking at me with that little grin on her face I knew so well.

We didn't get home too late, Mum heading straight for a shower, not surprised to hear her offer to join in. The surprise was that our desire for each other had been sated by our exertions in the office, so while there was some kissing and perhaps a little fondling, we spent most of the time simply washing each other. That was erotic enough for me, spending plenty of time washing up and down her body more times than necessary, though I certainly heard no complaints. We finished by simply standing under the water and cuddling until Mum said we should get out, otherwise the water bill would end up being horrendous.

Settling down together on the couch, Mum grabbed the little parcels she'd brought home from the office. I was intrigued by what was in them.

"I've been doing some online shopping recently. And a little reading, too," she started to explain.

"What sort of reading?"

"I bought a specific book," she continued, opening one of the parcels and taking out a book wrapped in brown paper, handing it to me, "A book specific to something I know we'd both like to try."

I tore off the paper and read the title. I couldn't help the chuckle.

"So you were serious?" I asked quietly.

She put a hand on my leg. "Of course I was. But I knew both us didn't really have an idea. I mean, people talk about it and we can watch videos, but I know you like to read. So, I thought we could read about this together and then eventually try it."

"I'm intrigued as to the other parcels."

She opened one and I wasn't surprised by its contents. It went with the book and suggested Mum had already done plenty of her own research. The third parcel was something she placed under her armpit as she got to her feet. "Wait here," she told me.

"Okay."

I had a feeling I knew what was in the parcel but said nothing as Mum disappeared wearing only her towel. I sat back and simply waited for her to reappear. The sound of heels clicking on tiles caused me to turn towards her as she walked towards me. I know my jaw dropped as Mum just smiled at my reaction, unaware my growing erection was now peeking through the gap of my towel.

"What do you think?" she breathed, continuing to walk towards me until she stood in front of me. I just looked her up and down in

silence. "I know you like it when I wear that little black thing with all the trimmings, but I've gathered over time that you really like me in red. So..."

She wasn't wearing a red dress, not that I would have complained. But she was reading a red bra, red glove that went up to her elbow, red panties, red garter and red stockings, while on her feet were a pair of small red heels. I wondered if she did have a red dress that would have completed the ensemble, though that would have meant I would have just taken it off.

"Do you know the best thing though?" I just shook my head. "They're crotchless," she whispered as she grabbed the sides of the towel and moved them away, exposing my rock hard cock. She trailed a finger around the head. "I take this as a sign that you approve of what I'm wearing?"

I nodded dumbly. Sometimes Mum left me incapable of speech.

"If you're wondering, I did buy a dress too, but I figured that would probably just get in the way," she continued as she straddled my lap. I simply didn't know where to look. Her eyes. Her face. Her breasts. Her body. I was feeling a little bit lost. But she sat on my so her already hot, wet pussy rested against my cock.

"So, what do you think of the book?"

"Uh... I guess we have a little reading to do."

It took all my willpower to not just start fucking her as she bent forward and gently kissed my lips. As she kissed me, she lifted herself up slightly as I felt a delicate hand grab my cock before I felt the wet warmth of her pussy once again, hearing and feeling the moan she made into my mouth at the same time. She wrapped her arms around the back of my neck, not breaking our kisses, as she started to gently ride me. I wrapped my arms around her back at the same time, caressing her back before moving my right hand to her left breast and giving that a gentle squeeze.

That caused her to smile and break the kiss. "On or off?" she asked quietly.

"Keep everything on. You're... you're just sexy. I can't think of anything else to say."

The smile broadened. "I'm glad you approve."

She kissed me again, bouncing softly up and down on my cock. I barely moved at all, simply enjoying her kiss and the feeling of being inside her once again. After our sweaty fuck at her office, this was rather sedate, though we always mixed up our

lovemaking. She broke the kiss again and moved her head next to mine.

"I can't wait to feel your cock in my arse," she whispered in my ear. I couldn't help but chuckle as she leaned back to meet my eyes. "What's so funny?" she wondered.

"I'm sorry, but... Listen, I know I want it. I know you want it. But, in the background of it all, my mother just told me she wants her son to fuck her in the arse."

She gently kissed my lips again. "Caroline wants her lover in her arse."

"I know."

"I've been thinking about it a lot," she muttered as she started to ride me that little bit quicker. I guess she found the idea exciting. I certainly did.

I gently grabbed her by the back of her neck and put her forehead against mine. "Do you want to be on all fours as I pound your little arse?"

"Oh god yes!" she cried as she rode me even faster. I could feel my groin get even wetter as I knew she was getting closer to an orgasm.

"Or how about on your back, arse in the air, with your legs pushed back as I..."

"Oh god, Mark, I'm so close..."

I immediately put my hands on her hips and started thrusting up. Mum kissed her hard, her tongue in my mouth as she started to moan once again. The sound of skin slapping skin echoed around the empty apartment as I felt the usual tingle in my balls of an approaching gallon of cum ready to be fired into my Mum once again.

Mum broke the kiss and started to moan, making those little noises she made for me when she was nearly there.

"Cum for me, Caroline," I whispered.

She grabbed me by the back of my neck and looked me in the eyes, a gaze of such intensity it nearly sent me over the edge. Then she shut her eyes, opened her mouth and moaned loudly, bucking against me wildly as she finally came. As I've often said,

Mum's a trooper and she powered through that orgasm, continuing to ride me hard and fast as she put her head on my shoulder.

"Oh god... Mark..."

She realised I hadn't finished yet as she eventually came to a standstill. She took a few deep breaths, her head still on my shoulder as I just kissed her cheek. She leaned back, cheeks flushed as usual, before she gently kissed my lips. Then she climbed off my cock and pushed me down to lie on couch, spreading my legs and taking my length in her mouth. She looked up to meet my eyes and, popping my cock out of her mouth, said, "I taste good, don't I?"

"You are so naughty."

"I think you taste better though, Mark. Are you going to cum in my mouth?"

"Give it a couple of minutes."

My cock disappeared in her mouth again and she kept looking up, in my eyes. I'm sure most guys love it, but when it's someone as beautiful as my mother, and the fact she is my mother, that's

enough to drive anyone crazy. It wasn't long before I felt the tingle again, groaning as I felt cum escape cock. Mum squealed as the first shot entered her mouth, obviously surprised, before she clamped her lips around the head and helped, jerking me off at the same time as I felt more cum flow.

"Fucking hell... Mum... Caroline... Just..."

I looked down as I could see the smile in her eyes as she hummed to herself, making sure my balls were empty before she finally let my cock drop from her mouth, it falling back on my stomach. Mum noticeably gulped before she crawled up my body until she hovered over me.

"That was tasty, Mark. You must have a good diet." I couldn't help but chuckle again. "I love you."

That brought my laughter to a stop as I brought her lips to mine. "I love you too," I said quietly.

She lay down on top of me, neither of us ready to move to the bedroom. I just caressed her back with my right hand, feeling her shudder every so often. She just said it was the after effects of another thundering orgasm, though she didn't tell me to stop, adding that she found it soothing. I did wonder what she thought of my hands at times. Although I wore gloves at work at lot of the

time, there was no way that they were smooth. Definitely not as smooth as hers.

Eventually, I sensed she was starting to drift off so I suggested we should head to bed. Mum just nodded into my chest so I managed to sit up, Mum wrapping her legs around me, as I then carried her to bed. I'd done it enough now, whether she held onto me with her arms and legs wrapped around me, or sometimes I'd just carry her in my arms, her eyes always opening and looking at me with such genuine affection it would sometimes bring me to a standstill for a moment.

Uncoupling her from my body, I laid Mum down after struggling to move the covers. I spent a few moments just looking over her. She appeared so peaceful, a faint smile on her lips as I thought she was fast asleep. Instead, her eyes slowly opened and she noticed me watching her. I'll admit I felt my cheeks heat up a little. Mum just smiled at me, knowing exactly why.

"Come to bed, Mark," she requested.

"You need cuddles?"

"I need my son."

I got into bed behind her, wrapping my right arm around her body, my left arm straight underneath her. Mum clasped her right hand over mine, placing it over her breast, just like what had happened so long ago. She shuffled her butt into my crotch. Thankfully, after all the fun we'd had, I was simply too worn out to get hard. Mum was asleep in barely a few minutes. I followed her into dreamland not long afterwards.

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## Chapter 4.2

I leaned against my car, waiting for Mum to come out of work. I was tempted to wander inside, but after last time, I was worried I'd either end up fucking her in the office again, which wouldn't be so bad, or would be a lamb to slaughter with all the women she worked with. She'd dropped a number of hints in the previous couple of weeks that I'd made a rather good impression.

Mum appeared about ten minutes later, in amongst a gaggle of women, all of them chatting away and laughing. Then all their eyes fell on me. Know how I just said lamb to slaughter? Yep, that's exactly how I felt as Mum plus at least half a dozen women converged on me all at once. Mum wrapped her arms around me and I lowered my mouth to hers, enjoying a brief kiss. I think Mum wanted more but I didn't want to exactly put on a show.

"Hi, Mark," she said, almost shyly.

"Evening, gorgeous." Mum immediately blushed. She always did when I called her gorgeous. Or beautiful. Or any other verb I could think of to describe her. "Are you ready to go?"

"I am but the girls and I have been talking and, well, organising something."

I looked across the 'girls' and noticed all their eyes were on me. "What have you been organising?" I asked, almost afraid to hear the answer.

"A night out. It's... tomorrow night. I was thinking we could go after you played rugby."

"And we've all been invited to watch you play rugby," one of the 'girls' blurted out.

Mum glanced across. "Jennifer," she said quietly, "You weren't supposed to..."

Jennifer's cheeks grew red. "Sorry. I just... Sorry."

"So I'm getting an audience?" I asked playfully, "All your girls are rugby fans, I take it?"

"Yes. Oh, definitely," was the general consensus of the 'girls'.

I shrugged. "I don't see why not. The game's at 3pm. Have you told them where we play, Caroline?"

"I have."

I shrugged again. "Okay. Well, I guess we'll see you all there."

"Definitely, see you there, Mark," was one of the many responses I heard.

Opening the door for Mum as always, I got behind the wheel and just looked at her once I was settled. She looked at me in return and blushed again. "I'm sorry."

I chuckled. "What are you sorry for?"

"I was the one who suggested it. As I said, you made an impression and they wanted to see you play."

"Where are we going out?"

"We'll head out for dinner first then perhaps hit up one or two pubs before heading to a club."

"And are other partners being invited?"

"A few, though I'm sure you've probably gathered some are in unhappy relationships or marriages, so those ladies will probably be alone."

"And you? Are you happy?"

She looked at me, shocked by the question. "What? What makes..." She trailed off as I smiled. She just smiled in returned as she reached out to stroke my cheek. "I've never been happier" she added quietly.

"Me too."

"Why the question?" she asked, actually sounding a little nervous. I realised I'd probably slightly put my foot in it. So I reached across and grabbed her hand as I replied.

"One, because I want to hear you say that you are. Two, because I would like you to tell me if you were ever unhappy."

She leaned across and kissed my cheek. "You would have to majorly fuck up to make me anywhere close to unhappy," she whispered before grabbing my chin, turning my face towards hers before she devoured my mouth for a good thirty seconds, the sort of kiss that left me breathless, and a little bit hard.

I cleared my throat and started the car, glancing at Mum, who started to laugh to herself. I knew why, as I had to shuffle in my seat before engaging first gear and pressing down on the accelerator. I stalled before we even moved, leading to much laughter from Mum. "Distracted, are we?"

Managing to get moving after trying a second time, I managed to get us home safely, despite the fact Mum distracted me by lifting her skirt to show off her legs, clad in another pair of thigh highs, and unbuttoning a couple of buttons on her shirt.

Let's just say, once we got back to our apartment, we only just reached the bedroom before we were both naked and I was inside her once again. I barely lasted ten minutes, while she must have been waiting all day for me, because she came at pretty much the same time. Once I had softened and collapsed next to her, I met her eyes and she started to giggle.

"I may have been a little horny. I was wondering if you were going to come up to the office again, and then I remembered what we did last time. And that just made me wet..."

"I was going to ask what brought all that on!"

She turned onto her side and started to caress my chest. "I may have been sharing one or two things with the girls about us." I knew my eyes widened in surprise, if not a little fear. She could obviously feel my heart beat a little faster too. "No, not that, Mark. I don't particularly want either of us to be arrested."

"Sorry, I didn't..."

She crossed her arm across my chest and squeezed me. "I know. I hate that both of us have to be so careful about who we are. But it hasn't exactly stopped us going out in public together. We now live in a completely different part of the city, the girls at work never met you before, and you don't see many people you know from school nowadays. I guess that has given us a limited amount of freedom."

I took a deep breath, a sign of relief. "So, what did you tell them then?"

"That I'm very satisfied with my virile young stallion that I share a bed with. That he's very open-minded, that he's an incredibly considerate lover, but had no problem fucking me when I need it, loves to spend plenty of time with his face between my legs, treats me like a princess and is a living guardian angel at the same time. I think they collectively swooned." She then paused and met my eyes. "Which leads me to one more thing."

"What is it?"

"I've obviously tried a lot of new things with you, Mark. I do it because I want to, plus I do it because I want to make you happy. I know you said that you are a one-woman man but what if..."

I couldn't help raise my eyebrows as I could already guess what she was offering. "You're serious?" She nodded. "But wouldn't that, you know, make it weird at work? I live by the rule of don't shit where you eat." She laughed at that description. "Then again, I work with a bunch of guys, and I don't want to fuck them."

"It might make it weird, but I've had conversations with one or two, and the more I've thought about it, the more I realised I could perhaps share you, just for one night, with one or two friends. And... Well, I've never been with a woman so... Two birds, one stone." I was flabbergasted and Mum grew worried by my silence. "Mark?"

I shrugged. "I mean, if you're willing, sure... But who?"

"You'll meet a few possibilities tomorrow night," she replied, a smirk on her face.

"What's brought all this on?"

"You have, Mark. The self-confidence I now have in myself is something I haven't felt in years. And, be honest with me here, don't all young men dream of the whole two women at once thing?" I know my jaw dropped as Mum giggled. "There we go. So, I'm happy to invite another woman into my bed, and experience that, because I know that I will always have you to fall asleep next to."

I scratched the back of my head, near disbelieving where this conversation had ended up. "Well, I mean, if you're sure and all."

"Are you unsure?"

"Well, a little... I mean... Sure, it's a fantasy, but I also meant what I said. You're my one and only, Mu... Caroline. I don't need anyone else. But, if you're willing to do it, then so am I. As you said, I'm open-minded." I paused, then had to add, "But, I'm going

to sound like a right hypocrite, but I could never have another man involved. I have no problem admitting I'd get jealous just seeing another man touch you intimately, let alone sharing a bed with us."

She smiled and leaned across, kissing my cheek again. "You are more than enough man for me, baby!" she whispered into my ear.

As usual, I drove Mum to the game next day, escorting her to the clubhouse, where she could mingle with the other wives and girlfriends, as I wandered into the dressing room. Thankfully, there were very few questions about who Caroline actually was nowadays as, after that first introduction, she was simply introduced as Caroline Brown. They knew what my old surname was, and they did wonder why I'd changed mine, but while I think there was still a little suspicion, I guess no-one would come out and flat out accuse someone of sleeping with their mother. She was simply accepted as my beautiful but older girlfriend.

There was plenty of noise as our team headed out onto the field, Mum and her friends adding to the atmosphere of the couple of hundred people that would usually attend their games. As we gathered in a huddle before kick-off, Deano just had to ask, "Friends of yours, Mark?"

I think I blushed. "Caroline brought some friends along."

"Any of them single?" Bruce wondered.

"Go up and introduce yourself after the game. You never know," I replied, "Now, should we get our heads in the game?"

We absolutely slaughtered the opposition as I think we were all showing off by the end. I scored a hat-trick of tries, nothing unusual considering the position I played, But I noticed everyone was tackling that little bit harder, passing that ball with a little more of the 'spectacular', little sideways glances to where the women were standing when there was a break in play. I heard the coach continually yelling at us to keep our heads in the game, despite the fact we were racking up a hefty points tally.

Once the referee blew his whistle for the last time, we checked the scoreboard to see that we'd absolutely thumped our opponents. Once we'd all shook hands, I wandered over the sideline to have a quick chat with Mum before heading into the sheds. Mum just squealed as she hugged me, before I put on a little show and took off my shirt, handing it over.

"Keep that as a souvenir. I haven't scored a hat-trick of tries in years, Caroline."

"You're just showing off, Mark," Mum stated, playfully slapping my shoulder.

"Guess I have to give these ladies something to look at too." I looked over the lot of them. "Right, ladies?"

The looks returned spoke volumes as I cheekily gave them a wave before I headed off to join my team-mates. There was the usual case of sharing a beer with the opposition in our changing room, swapping stories of previous victories or defeats, or just sharing stories of our personal lives. We were not professional rugby players, we played for the love of the game. All of us worked full-time, trained two or three times a week, then played on the weekend.

After the post-match ritual of drinks at the club bar, where a few of my team-mates tried it one with some of the women Mum had brought along, without much success, I bid my team-mates farewell as I grabbed Mum by the hand and headed to my car. Once Mum was seated, I got behind the wheel and glanced towards her. "You know we're not going to have the ritualistic fuck on the way to the... Where are we going?"

"We're heading into the city. You know the steakhouse on Macquarie Street?"

"Hang on, Alboreto's? How did you score a reservation there?"

"Oh, it was easy. I just said about a dozen women, plus a few men, will be visiting and have cash to burn. They practically offered me whatever night we wanted."

"Oh, well, good."

"But we have enough time to fuck on the way. Just let me send the girls a message to let them know we'll be running about half an hour behind them."

She showed me the message left on their group chat before sending it, to plenty of laughter from both of us. There were a number of replies, including one or two suggesting they wouldn't mind being involved, Mum adding that they were two of the women that she had in mind about any possible addition to our bedroom. I was still in two minds about it, and was already thinking that I'd need to discuss it further. Part of me was left wondering if Mum wanted it to happen tonight.

Of course, I got distracted when, after finding a secluded area, Mum and I got down to business. It was a quiet enough location where Mum could lay back on the bonnet of my car, spread her legs and beckoned me to fuck her. I didn't do that at first. As usual, I wanted to eat her out and make her cum. God, I can't even begin to describe her taste. And the noises she uttered eventually made me rock hard. She wasn't loud, as I've said time and again. They were those delightful, almost innocent noises, as

my tongue probed the depths of her cunt before I assaulted her clit as she begged me to make her cum. Once she started to shudder and moan, she begged me to fuck her and it didn't take long for me to unbuckle my belt, unzip my fly and ram my cock inside her. I lasted all of five minutes before I came hard, falling on top of her as she wrapped her legs around me, feeling her stroke my head as I took a number of deep breaths.

"We're probably going to get caught one day," she finally said.

"Well, if it's a cop, they'll probably just tell us to go home. If it's regular folk, they'll either watch or tell us to knock it off. God help us if we're accidentally at a dogging site..."

"Dogging?"

I lifted myself up and looked at her. "You've never heard of dogging?" She shook her head as I started to chuckle. "Caroline, sometimes you are adorably innocent."

"So, what is it?"

"Strangers will meet up in car parks and have sex with each other. It's sort of like swinging, I guess, but nowhere near as organised."

"How do you know about it?" Then she paused, and started to laugh to herself. "Yes, reading, I know."

"It's amazing what you can find out online nowadays."

"Have you ever read about anything like us?"

"Like us?" I asked, somewhat confused. She just smiled and then it clicked. "Oh, you mean, like... the incest thing?" She nodded. "To be honest, not really because I don't think of our relationship that way. I mean, I know it is, I'm in love with and fucking my mother, but you're much more than that to me now."

She reached forward to grab me, pulling me forward and wrapping me in a hug. "I feel the same way too," she whispered.

We lay like that for a few more minutes before I suggested we should get dressed and head off, otherwise we were definitely going to get caught. Mum groaned as I pulled out, unhappy that I was leaving her body than any other reason. I promised we could have round two once we got home. Once we were dressed, I allowed Mum time to touch up her make-up in the rearview mirror before we finally headed into the city.

"Did you ever do it?" Mum wondered aloud once we hit the

freeway, which was the quickest route.

"Do what?"

"Dogging. You ever do it?"

"God no."

"Why not? You sound horrified I've even asked."

"A few reasons, I guess. Firstly, I have had one or two serious girlfriends before you, who I was committed to. Secondly, I'm not interested in anonymous sex or one night stands. I've always thought sex means more when you do it with someone you love, or if not love, someone you at least know and like a lot. Thirdly, you don't want to see the... uh, standard of those who like to participate in such activities."

"How do you mean?"

I grabbed her hand and gently squeezed it. "None of them could match your beauty, Mum."

"You don't have to keep sweet talking me, Mark. You've got a sure thing when it comes to me."

"Just being honest."

She squeezed my hand in return. "You do tell me every day, Mark."

"And I'll tell you every day for the rest of my life. Just like I make sure the last thing I say when I sleep is that I love you. Or when I drop you off at work. Or whenever I know I won't see you for about... five minutes."

"Sure you can't pull this car over on the hard shoulder?"

I chuckled as Mum returned a gaze that suggested she was at least half-serious. "If I do, we're going to be late. We're already cutting it close."

Mum nodded but that didn't stop her leaning across and resting a hand on my thigh, gently caressing it though she was careful not to go too far north. I didn't need the distraction of a handjob while driving, and the last thing I wanted was an accident while doing a tonne. Still, just having her hand on my thigh meant I had to concentrate that little bit more. Mum had that effect on me. Just

her being close to me, feeling her presence, was enough to drive me a little wild sometimes. I was actually thankful we had stopped and fucked, otherwise I'd have taken up her offer of the hard shoulder.

After I'd found somewhere to park, we walked hand in hand to the restaurant, noticing a few of the others standing outside, waiting our arrival. There were one or two partners now, so I wasn't exactly going to be lamb to slaughter, surrounded by a gaggle of women. I'll be honest and state I made a beeline straight for the guys as we entered the restaurant, where after introductions, they showed some interest in the game I'd just played. I told them the team I played for and position, and it wasn't long before sports stories were being shared between the four of us. Because there were only four men, and at least twelve women. We shared a glance or two and knew we were outnumbered.

"So, you and Caroline. How'd that start?" asked Steve. He was the husband of one of the gaggle.

I was ready for the question. Mum and I had what we both thought was a believable backstory. A realm of fantasy for most young men, so we went with it. "She was the mother of one of my friends at school."

"No shit," stated Matthew, the fiancé of another.

"Yeah, though it means I don't talk to my friend anymore."

"Freaked out about it?"

"Punches may have been thrown when he walked in on us."

"Ooh, that must have been uncomfortable," Steve stated, wincing at the same time.

"I was balls deep in Caroline and didn't notice until I heard him shout. I basically defended myself as Caroline did her best to help, though considering she was naked at the time, it was awkward. Basically I just grabbed my shit and ran. Thankfully, Caroline popped around to my house that same night and told me nothing would stop us seeing each other."

"So it's serious?" asked Michael, the third and last partner, another husband dragged to this event.

"We live together and everything, so yeah, I guess it is."

"How old are you?" Steve asked.

"Twenty. And, before you ask, she's forty."

There was admiration, if not a little jealousy, in the glances the three men shared. We continued to chat, the conversation moving on from my private life, until the waiter arrived, asking if we wanted to be seated. I wasn't surprised to find myself isolated in a sea of women upon being sat at the table. I was sat next to Mum, which didn't surprise me, but to my right and across from me were the rest of the single women.

I'm sure Mum had already told them all about us, but I was soon being grilled myself about aspects of our relationship. One or two were curious why I wasn't with a woman closer to my age, who were told, quite bluntly, that age means nothing, and that Caroline was a beautiful, intelligent woman who, most women my age, couldn't compete against. Mum squeezed my thigh upon saying that, returning a radiant smile, while most of the single women practically leered at me. I think I was making quite the impression.

The food was as fantastic as I thought it would be, the steak cooked to near perfection, the type that melts in your mouth as soon as you bite in. As I was driving home, I only had the one beer before I switched to soft drink, though nearly everyone else was on the road towards getting rather drunk. The conversation flowed as we dined, thankfully not steering towards the topic I know was the elephant in the room. That didn't stop Mum being handsy as she slid her chair closer to mine, and it wasn't long before her hand was caressing my thigh once again.

Well, two could play at that game, so I returned the favour, and it wasn't long before her hand disappeared as I gently stroked her leg before I upped it a notch and moved my hand closer to her pussy. I wasn't surprised to feel the heat and damp radiating from it, moving my hand high enough just to touch her panties.

"You're soaking," I whispered after leaning across to her ear.

All Mum did was return a smile I knew well, suggesting that she wanted to be fucked. But I think both of us knew we probably wouldn't get away with it, so she grasped my hand and put it back on her thigh, leaning across and simply whispered, "When we get home."

Once dinner was finished, we paid up and headed out towards a nearby bar. There was no music, but it was loud enough with conversation. Mum had also reserved a booth for us there and I was soon sat in the middle of the semi-circle, Mum sat next to me again while nearly all the single women gathered around me. I immediately noticed I was the only man left, Mum suggesting that they had all been taken home by their respective partners.

I was now, most definitely, a lamb surrounded by a number of wolves.

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## Chapter 5.1

I was doing my best to hold back my orgasm, Mum having wrapped her legs around my waist and urging me on to finish inside her. I'd already made her cum at least twice, both times with my mouth, before she practically leapt on my cock, begging me to fuck her senseless.

I had teased her throughout dinner, while the conversation at the bar had gone just as I expected. The women were rather eager to hear about our sex life, and Mum held nothing back, except the fact she was my mother. I'll admit to being a little embarrassed at some of the things Mum shared, though it was only because the looks I received from them told me everything that they thought and wanted. What didn't help is that Mum, quite obviously, was feeling me up at the same time and I was left wondering if I would find other hands starting to grope me.

We ended up at a club, the sort of place that didn't usually interest me, and Mum was very keen for me to dance with her. Never one to disappoint, we spent a couple of hours on the dance floor and our hands were all over each other. The awkward part for me, at least, was when I found myself dancing with someone else. Their hands were everywhere while I'll admit to being a little unsure of how far I could go. Eventually Mum just whispered in my ear to

return the favour.

Once the night was over, I received a number of kisses and squeezes on my butt, promises that we'd all have to meet up again. Unsurprisingly, once I had Mum in the car, she had my cock out of my pants and stroking me as I drove us home. She attempted to give me a blowjob, and while it felt great, I was worried about crashing, so I asked if she could wait until we got home. So, instead, she positioned herself in such a way after lowering her panties, grabbed my hand and she started to masturbate herself with my fingers. It took all my self-control not to pull the car over and fuck her.

Once back at our apartment, we were both naked within a couple of minutes, my head between my mother's legs as I feasted on her soaking wet pussy. I think she had her first orgasm within five minutes, her second and far stronger one following about five minutes after that. She then dragged me up and I plunged my cock into her warm depths, groaning to myself as I didn't move, just settled inside her once again. All she did was smile and kiss me.

"I'm sorry for teasing you all night."

"What? Why?" I wondered, "I really didn't mind," I added.

I fucked her hard for no more than a couple of minutes before I came. I wasn't surprised considering I'd been teased all night. Mum just held me in place as I softened before finally relaxing her legs, allowing me to withdraw and collapse on the bed beside her. She immediately wrapped an arm around my waist, pecking me on the nose. "So, have you given it any thought?"

"I have." I grabbed Mum by both hands. "You don't have to do it for me, Caroline. I only need one woman in my life."

"But you're still so young, and I wondered..."

I kissed her gently on the lips, stopping whatever she was going to say. "Mum, listen to me." I used that term instead of her name to get the point across. "I have chosen to be with you and you alone. I don't want to be without anyone else. I don't need to be with anyone else. And you don't have to feel like you need to introduce a third person into our bedroom to keep me happy. Do you even want to do it?"

Mum shrugged. "I'll admit to being a little curious, but I just thought..." She stopped and smiled. "I guess it doesn't matter," she said, leaning forward to kiss me, "You're completely serious about this, aren't you?"

"You thought I wasn't?"

"You're fucking your mother, Mark. I know we're in a relationship at the moment but I just thought... I don't know, you'd eventually tire of me and want someone more your own age."

"Whatever would give you that idea?" I met her eyes and Mum looked away. "Caroline?"

She snuggled into me, resting her head on my chest. "I was wondering if you ever wanted children..."

"Oh."

She moved so she could lay her head on my chest but look at me. "Have you thought about it?"

"Kids with you? Well, no, because I know you can't have any more."

"But would like one or more?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"You know I wanted another child, Mark. So I was thinking about adoption."

"You're serious?" Mum nodded. "Have you looked into it?"

"I have. It won't be easy."

"Well, this evening has taken a turn. We've gone from talking about a potential threesome to possible adoption."

"And you still have to fuck my arse too."

I burst into laughter as Mum looked and sounded positively excited by the thought. "Yes, Caroline, we have to do that too."

I think we were closer than ever and deeply in love. I never left the room or the apartment without telling her I loved her, and spent most of my time just making her happy, whether something simple such as just holding and kissing her, perhaps buying her a little gift or, what she liked best, having her brains fucked out somewhere in the apartment. Honestly, our sex life was awesome, and she loved it just as much as I did, rarely if ever saying she wasn't in the mood.

It was only a week later when I picked Mum up from work, waiting outside as always. She almost ran towards me, leaping into my arms as I hugged her close, sharing a very long kiss that certainly had me rising to the occasion. She had a look in her eyes I now recognised, unable to stop smiling. After ensuring she was seated first, I drove us home, holding hands the entire way.

"I'm going to have a shower as soon as we get inside, Mark."

"Okay, Mum."

She gave me a look and smiled. I made nothing of it, focusing on driving and getting us home safely. Opening the door for us, she dumped her things in the chair before turning to kiss me again, tongues playing as she moulded into my body again. Running my hands down her body to her arse, I gave that a good squeeze, which made her giggle. "Shower time," she whispered.

There was no invite, which I didn't mind. We didn't always shower together, though I certainly did enjoy her company whenever we did. It either meant we were going to have sex, or we'd just finished having sex. I sat on the lounge and played with my phone, hearing her singing to herself, spending half the time chuckling as they were love songs she'd no doubt listened to over the years.

She was in there a while but eventually reappeared wearing her dressing gown, small bare feet padding across the floor. Standing in front of me, she slipped off the gown to reveal her naked body. Just seeing her naked had me rock hard immediately, but she turned around and lowered herself slightly, and that's when I saw something new, the bottom of a plug in her arse. She glanced back and put a hand over her mouth. "I do believe I something in a very naughty place, Mark," she whispered.

I pulled her onto my lap, making her giggle, my hands running up her body to her breasts as she turned her head to kiss me. "Are you suggesting something, Caroline?" I murmured into her ear.

"I want my son to make love to me by taking my arse," she whispered back.

"Guess we've talked about it long enough."

"I'm ready, Mark. Followed all the instructions. All you need is lube and you'll figure out the rest."

"I love you, Mum."

That made her laugh. "You're just saying that because I'm about to have your big cock in my tight little butt. But I love you too."

She stood up and took me by the hand towards our bedroom, where she already had everything we needed ready to go. Helping me undress, she slowly kissed down my body until she was on her knees, looking up at me with a mixture of lust and love in her eyes. I knew why she wanted to blow me first, hoping I'd last longer later. It's generally how it worked, and I loved watching my mother please me as much in return.

Caressing her hair, my entire cock eventually disappeared, Mum always smiling when her nose bopped into my groin. She was soon bobbing up and down on my cock, one hand fondling my balls, the other caressing my leg and arse. I could only watch in amazement. Mum knew I loved pleasing her in return and making love, or fucking her, but the enthusiasm she showed when blowing me always warmed my heart. Made me love her a little bit more each time.

"Mum," I moaned. I knew I wasn't going to last much longer.

My cock reappeared as she started to slowly stroke it. "You going to cum in Mummy's mouth, Mark?"

"God yes. Any minute."

"Will you cum in my arse later?" I nodded somewhat dumbly. "I

only want that tonight, Mark. A night of anal. If I love it, we can do it again. If not, at least we can say we tried."

"Stop if you don't. Please," I managed to say.

"I will, baby. But, first, I want to taste you cum again. Ready?"

I nodded again, watching in amazement as my cock disappear in one swift move of her head, and I came within a minute. I groaned so loudly, our neighbours must have heard and figured out we were fucking. I'd received more than one approving glance from a couple of female neighbours, while mother smiled so often, I'm sure they figured all we did when at home was fuck each other senseless.

Mum swallowed some before my cock reappeared. She then happily sat back on her knees and opened her mouth. I felt my eyes widen in amazement as she then closed her mouth and audibly gulped, looking up at me with a proud grin. "My son's cum tastes divine," she said, "And now he's going to make love to my arse."

I took her hand and practically dragged her to the bedroom, hearing her giggle, before I gently picked her up and placed her on the bed. Could have thrown her, and she would have liked that, but I wanted to be careful. Her pussy glistened in the light but she

immediately turned over, getting onto her knees. Getting behind her, I fiddled with the toy, making her giggle again.

"It's not very big," she explained, "Just a little one. I wanted to feel your big cock really... really spread me."

"Keep going," I said, as I took out the toy, reaching to grab the lube to get us both ready.

"I've thought about this ever since you mentioned it, Mark. The idea of my son sliding his big, thick cock into my arse. Anal isn't taboo any longer, but fucking your mother's arse? Isn't that the ultimate taboo? I think the only larger taboo would be..." She paused and glanced back. "I may have suggested to some of the girls what I was doing tonight. They assured me I was going to love it. Wish I could say it was my son doing it to me, but so be it."

She went quiet as I slid a couple of fingers into her arse, as two of my fingers were almost bigger than that, and within a couple of minutes, she asked for another one. That made her moan softly, her body reacting in a way that pleased me. I knew we'd have to take it nice and slow, but I have no doubt Mum had been preparing herself in the shower. We'd done our research.

Part of me wanted to try eating her arse, but... only part of me. I knew it was something becoming rather popular in certain circles.

I thought it was something I could mention later, but I'd rather eat her pussy above anything. I'd always loved making her cum over and over again with my head between her legs.

"Just your fingers," she moaned.

"Think you're ready?" She nodded eagerly, so I withdrew my fingers, lubing up my cock again just to be sure, before pouring even more on her. All the advice we'd read said 'Lube, lube and more lube'. Resting my cock between her cheeks, she giggled and told me to stop teasing her, though I knew she also loved it. Ever since we'd moved in together, the one sound of the apartment was of her laughter.

Pressing the head of my cock to her tight little hole, I gently slid it inside until it basically popped inside, stopping so she got used to it. She was resting on her hands for now, glancing back with a smile, nodding for me to continue. Ever so slowly I slid inside her. I knew it was going to be tight, but it was even tighter than I imagined. Mum looked back, her face lit up with nothing but desire. She wanted this as much as I did.

"Oh god," she moaned softly. Before I could ask, she added, "It feels wonderful, Mark."

I leaned forward, kissing up her back and neck until I rested my

head next to her cheek, still slowly sliding my cock into her.  
"Fuck... Mum..."

"Call me that while we do this. I want to feel my son's big cock in me."

"I'm loving my mother's arse already."

"Oh, baby... I love you so much," she whispered once I was buried completely, "Fuck me... gently, but fuck me. All night, baby. Nothing but this. I love it already."

Leaning back, I grabbed her by the hips and gently started to thrust into her. The tightness was something else entirely, but it was the fact I was buried in my mother's arse that had me ever so excited, thankful she blew me before we'd started doing. Slowly but surely, I picked up the tempo of my thrust, watching her reaction far more carefully than during anything else we did. But her moaning suggested to me she loved it, and every time she glanced back, there was nothing but a smile on her face.

"Oh god," I eventually groaned, amazed at the thought I was going to cum again so quickly.

"Loving Mummy's arse that much?" she breathed, looking back at

me with such a look, I nearly blasted then and there.

"Mummy has the tightest arse imaginable," I grunted.

Picking up the tempo even further, she lowered herself to her forearms, though one arm then seemed to move. I asked if she was playing with herself, glancing back again with a cheeky smile. "Want to cum while you're fucking my arse," she moaned.

Ever told you how much I love my mother?

When I was getting close, my hands certainly tightened at her hips, the pace of my thrusts picking up even more. I knew there were other positions we could try, but for a first time, we were both being sensible. Mum was soon moaning as I could see from the way her shoulder moved she was rubbing herself something fierce.

"Oh Christ," she cried, and before I knew it, she'd made herself orgasm before me. She squeezed my cock something fierce as he did. It was almost like a vice, but it was the fact she'd cum while I was in her arse that set me off, grunting and groaning as I unloaded deep inside her. It wasn't the best orgasm of my life but certainly one of the most memorable, eventually halting with my cock still buried, both of us breathing deeply.

Sitting up, she rested back against me, eager for me to kiss her again, my hands caressing her body before moving down to her pussy, fondling that and she was soon gyrating against my hand. My cock barely went soft while we spent time recovering.

Breaking the kiss, she gazed into my eyes, raising my fingers from her pussy and sliding them into her mouth. Hearing her moan had me rock hard within a few seconds. She slid a hand down to her pussy and had me suck her fingers in return.

"Love my pussy," she whispered, "And my son does too."

"Love you so much," I whispered back.

The smile that formed made my heart beat faster. If I ever doubted how in love we are, I think at that moment, all doubts ceased. She kissed me softly before leaning forward again, this time on her forearms as she almost demanded I mount her this time.

Leaning forward myself, resting a forearm to either side of her body, the angle into her arse definitely changed. It felt even deeper than before, feeling Mum change her position herself, making herself moan a couple of times as we both got comfortable. "Harder this time," she said, "I can handle it, baby."

Kissing her cheek, I left my head next to hers as I started out

slowly again. She was moaning within a couple of minutes, but when I picked up the tempo of my thrusts again, far quicker than our first time, her face lit up with a grin, the only noises escaping her mouth being ones that suggested she was loving it. "Oh fuck me, baby," she groaned, "Fuck your mother's arse."

I didn't fuck her as hard as I thought I could. The idea of hurting her for a second would break my heart. But I certainly fucked her as hard as I thought she could handle. Once I saw her wince, that's when I scaled it back a touch. She recognised that, turning to kiss my cheek. "That's perfect, baby. Just like this for as long as you can."

"Think you can cum?" I wondered.

"I don't know, baby. All I know is that it feels... far better than I expected. If I don't, you can eat my pussy afterwards and make me cum until I pass out."

"Luckiest son in the world!"

Having cum twice, I have no idea how long I fucked her that time, but it was certainly quite a while, not that we ever really watched the clock. When we did, it was simply for fun, wondering how long we could fuck until one of us simply had to give in and cum. I slowed down and sped up, changing the angle slightly, kissed up

and down her back and nuzzled into her neck. Mum... just spent most of the time moaning, giggling and begging me for more.

Only when I was getting close did I change, gently pushing down onto her shoulders. Her face was turned to the side and I saw the grin. "Fuck me until you cum, Mark. I can handle it. Trust me."

Those last couple of minutes, I fucked mother hard. It was fantastic. She grunted and moaned the entire time, but the smile never left her face otherwise. And when I did finally cum, it felt epic, a couple of last thrusts before I buried my cock again, falling forward to rest on my forearms, sucking in some deep breaths. Her skin glistened with sweat like mine.

"Pull out," she whispered.

I did so carefully, sitting back and checking there wasn't a real mess. Thankful there wasn't, Mum immediately lay on her side as I lay down next to her, immediately snuggling into me. She started giggling straight away. "On my god, Mark! That was wonderful!"

"Glad you enjoyed it."

"We'll definitely do that again. Just... not too often. Already feeling a little tender, but I want to ride you like that before you eat my

pussy."

"My cock is yours, Mum."

We spent the next few minutes cuddling and kissing. I would have been content to just do that the rest of the night, and Mum knew that, but she seemed eager to ride me. Gently pushing me onto my back, she straddled my lap, hearing her giggle away as she mentioned my cum was already leaking out of her, though my cock put a stop to that once I was slid inside her arse again.

I then lay there as my mother happily rode away, her fingers gently fondling her pussy, and I figured she was going to ensure she enjoyed more than one orgasm. My hands were not idle, caressing her body, definitely giving her breasts some attention, but I left her pussy to her own expert fingers. I loved watching my mother masturbate, and she loved putting on a show for me. She was just so damned sexy, and even after all this time, when I did give her a moment of thought, I could only shake my head in disbelief. My mother was a sexual dynamo, and had clearly repressed so many desires for years, now living them out with her son, who loved watching his mother explore whatever she wanted to do.

"Oh baby," she moaned. Then she orgasmed. Barely realised she was close, her body shuddering as she stopped moving for a few seconds. Then she smiled and started back up again. "I'm going

to ride you until you cum again."

"Might be awhile."

"Good," she retorted, giggling away, "More orgasms for me then!"

I love my mum.

She happily rode me. Her fingers remained busy the entire time, sometimes sliding them into my mouth, sometimes into her own. Whenever she did it to herself, she suggested my cock got harder. She rode me fast, she rode me slow. She never stopped complimenting my cock. She occasionally had a wave of emotion hit her, needing to stop for a few seconds for a cuddle, before she restarted. She'd orgasm, stopped to catch her breath, then restart.

Only when I warned her I was getting close did she finally lean forward, kissing me softly on the lips. "Fuck me, baby," she moaned.

I lasted a minute, a firm grip on her arse as I pounded her. Good thing I came quickly as I don't think she could handle much more, and by the time I did cum, that was it for the evening. Though I think we'd have both enjoyed me eating her out, she'd enjoyed plenty of orgasms. Suggesting a shower would be best, I took her

by the hand, enjoying washing her down before she returned the favour, ending it by simply cuddling under the hot water.

"I love you, Mum," I whispered.

"This. I want this the rest of my life. Just me like this, in your arms after we'd made love."

"I'll do whatever I can to ensure that happens as often as possible."

Little did I know the curve ball life was going to throw in our direction.

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Chapter 5.2 (Last Chapter / Epilogue)

"Mark, there's someone outside asking for you."

Looking up from the engine I was working on, I asked, "Who is it?"

"Bloke says he's your father."

I almost hit my head on the raised bonnet. "Say that again?"

"Says he's your father. Gangly looking fella. Older looking."

My boss, Doug, stepped out of his office straight away as I grabbed the nearest heavy object, a wrench. "Mark..." Doug warned.

"Look, it's been at least three years..." I totted up the time in my head, "Probably even more since I've seen him. He must be here for a reason, but just be ready to call an ambulance. The last time we saw each other, I verged on killing him." He glanced at the wrench in my hand. "Purely for self-defence."

Stepping out into the car park, there was no missing him sitting back against the front of his car. I came to a stop no more than a dozen paces away as I was shocked at what I could see. His hair was gone. He looked rather thin. He didn't look well at all. He noticed the look on my face and stood up as I approached him. "What do you want?" I asked.

"We need to talk, Mark."

"We have nothing to say to each other, Robert. I still remember

our last conversation rather vividly, every single word about me and Mum. So give me on good reason why we need to talk and I don't bury this wrench in your face?" I chuckled bitterly to myself. "Shit, even after all this time, you're the only person that makes me want to get needlessly violent. Speaks volumes, really."

"I'm dying, Mark." Well... shit. I may have despised the bastard, but did I want him to die? I wanted him out of my life, and for him to leave Mum and I alone, but I would never wish death on anyone. Not even him. Before I could ask, he added, "Cancer. Explains the lack of hair and gaunt look. Stage four prostate, grade three. By the time they caught it, it was too late. Spread too far to do anything."

"How long?"

He sighed. "Long enough that I can do a couple of things right in my life. I'm not here to ask for forgiveness. Don't expect it. But as I stare death in the face, I guess I hope for some personal redemption before I die."

"So I'll ask again. What do you want?"

"I'm hoping you'll sit down with me for a coffee. Man to man. I won't say father to son. We know that doesn't exist here."

I made him wait before I replied, "Wait here."

Walking back into the workshop, I placed the wrench down in the toolbox and took a breath, running a hand down my face. Doug wandered over. "Shit, what is it?"

"He's got terminal cancer. He's going to die. He wants to get coffee."

"If you need to..."

"I should really tell him to fuck off."

"Mark... I know what went on, but... You don't have to forgive him. Just because he's dying doesn't mean dick. But perhaps hearing him out will give peace of mind to both of you."

I sighed. I hated being the bad guy in any situation. And there was a small part of me that wondered what he had to say. "Mind if I..."

"Mark, you're a fucking hard worker. You're good. Go talk to him."

After washing my hands, staring in the mirror at my face, I walked

outside and told him I'd follow to wherever he wanted to grab coffee. We ended up at a nearly McDonald's, which suited me fine, buying individual coffees, before we sat a corner table, far away from everyone.

"Still living with your mother?" I nodded. "Is she well?" I nodded again. He took a sip of his coffee. "Care to hear your old man confess his sins?"

"Why should I care? I know what you've done to Mum and I. What else do I need to know?"

"More than you realise, Mark." He took out his phone, taking a few seconds before he slid it forward, face up. There was a picture of two cute little girls, blonde hair, pigtails, smiling faces, bright blue eyes. "They're my daughters, Mark. Three years old. Your sisters."

I glared at him. The urge to leap over the table to beat him was in my blood. "You bastard," I growled.

"I was with their mother for fifteen years. So that obviously means I was with her during over half the marriage to your mother. It was only after your mother left that we had the children. There was a difference between them and you. I never wanted you. Never particularly wanted to marry your mother. But I did want my little

girls."

"Fuck you and fuck your redemption," I said, making to stand up. He grabbed my wrist and I near enough swung at him. "I don't like the idea of smacking someone dying from cancer..."

"I want your mother to adopt them," he said.

"Fucking what?" I shouted, recognising the restaurant went completely silent.

"Sit down and I'll explain. There's more to the story." I glared at him with all the hate I could muster. But he met my eyes, nothing but a blank look in his own. With a sigh, I sat down. "I'm dying, Mark. They don't give me more than six months at best. As for their mother, well, she's in Europe somewhere with her fitness instructor. Left me with the girls as soon as the going got tough."

"Well, if that isn't karma..."

"I've already started laying the groundwork for the process to happen. This will be my redemption, Mark. To give your mother what she quite clearly wanted."

"And you know she'll say yes. Some would call you a sick son of a bitch for this."

"I know you hate me with every fibre of your being, Mark. Truthfully, I don't blame you. I know your mother probably still despises me, despite the fact she would have moved on. But do you think she'd agree?"

"Of course she would. Why are you even asking?"

"I'd speak to her, but I have a feeling she won't want to hear my voice."

"So you want me to?"

He nodded. "I sold the old house. Made quite a pretty penny considering the housing market. My second act of redemption is... I've purchased a house I know your mother would love. I've never lived in it, so I know she could possibly accept it. It would be perfect for her and the girls."

"Why weren't you like this when you were married?"

He shrugged. "I don't really have an answer to that, apart from the

fact I was forced into a marriage and fatherhood against my own desires, so I played the family man to those who cared, living my own life otherwise."

"You're pathetic. Why not just divorce Mum and be done with it?"

"She's was a good little housewife. Good to have on my arm at functions and whatnot." I sighed, shaking my head in disbelief. I could have cursed him out again, but what was the point. "Will you talk to your mother for me?"

"Not for you. For the girls. Last thing they need is ending up in foster care or worse."

He slid across a piece of paper. "That's my number. When you've talked and made your decision, let me know."

I left my half-finished coffee behind and returned to my car. Sitting behind the wheel, I took a few deep breaths before I banged the steering wheel with my fists a few times, hating the fact I could feel tears dripping down my cheeks. Only after I'd wiped them did I start the car up and drive to pick up Mum.

My face must have concerned her by the time she'd cuddled into me. "What's wrong?"

"Robert's dying," I replied flatly.

She leaned back, confusion on her face. "How on earth..."

"He came by work today and told me." I took her hands in mine. "Mum, we have to talk when we get home. What I have to tell you..."

Stepping into our apartment, the spectre of her ex-husband loomed heavily over both of us. She needed a glass of wine, I needed a beer for what I needed to explain. Sitting her on the couch, I told her everything he'd told me. She was crying after five minutes as she'd suspected it for that long. But when I told her about the daughters, I think it both shattered her heart but also gave her a semblance of hope. "He's really doing that?"

"He knows you wanted more children." I took her hands in mine. "Plus, look at this way, you adopt, I'm old enough to be their father so... we can raise them together."

I think that made up her mind immediately. "Where's his number? I need to talk to him myself."

She put him on speaker so I could hear him too, though I didn't

say a word. The conversation was predictable. My mother was not in a forgiving mood, she never would be, but she was certainly surprised by what Robert was trying to achieve. And he was honest again. He knew Mum wanted children, his children needed a new family, so this was the best option. He made only one request.

"My children are old enough to understand I'm their father, and they had a mother, but they'll soon adapt to a new reality with you as their mother. The only thing I want is for them to come to my funeral when I die."

"I'm not the heartless one, Robert. I'd ensure they'd come pay their respects. They'd understand enough."

Mum and Robert wanted to ensure the adoption was legal, so the next few months were a whirlwind of interviews, visitations and court appearances. We viewed the new house together and Mum was taken aback. It was much nicer than our old house, a better suburb, and would suit the little girls. We visited them often, Robert ensuring the girls starting calling her Mum, but to my slight surprise, I wasn't introduced as their brother. I wonder if he suspected something was going on, but if he did, he kept his mouth shut. Considering he was dying, I guess he figured I'd look after his girls with Mum, and that was all that really mattered.

Despite it not being official, four months later, the four of us

moved into our new home. The courts were aware, and were happy for the arrangement to begin before being made official. Robert was in hospice care by then, barely able to get out of bed. Mum took the girls to visit him occasionally. I went rarely. I'd go to his funeral when he died.

He died just a little after five months after that coffee at McDonald's. We attended his funeral, the girls understanding their father had died, but that they had a new mother who would love them very much, and then there was me. They only knew me as the man who lived with their new mother, so it was Mum who sat them down after another couple of months over dinner.

"Girls, I'm your new Mummy, right?"

They giggled. Precocious little things they were. I loved them to bits already. They'd been amazingly resilient during everything with Robert, and now enjoyed living in their new home. From what I could tell, they barely remembered their birth mother, who as far as I was aware, still living on the other side of the world, having given up all parental rights. "We know," Emily said softly. Her sister, Rebecca, nodded along.

"So you have a new Mummy. Would you like a new Daddy?"

They both looked at me and smiled. "Will you be our new Daddy,

Mark?"

That got to me. It really did, immediately standing up and walking, crouching between their chairs. "I'd love to call you my daughters," I said, "Would you like me to be your new father?"

They nodded and hugged me straight away, feeling their arms around my neck. I'll admit it. I cried, probably harder than I'd done in years. Easily picking them up, I carried them around towards Mum, where she joined in the hug. "There we go, girls. That was easy. You now have a new Mummy and Daddy who both love you very much. And we'll love you both for the rest of our lives."

Standing in the doorway of their room later that evening, leaning against the frame, I couldn't help sigh as I watched them sleep. I loved my mother, but though I'd never officially be their father, my heart almost burst with my love for my daughters. Mum came up behind me, feeling her arms wrap around me. "Does Daddy want to make love to Mummy now?"

"He sure does," I said, turning to take her in my arms, "You going to start calling me Daddy now? That's quite the kink, Caroline."

She snorted, covering her mouth with a hand so she didn't wake the girls. Then she lifted her left hand, showing me the ring on her finger. "No, I think I'll call you husband."

"Therefore, I think this husband should make love to his wife."

"And that's the right answer."

Undressing her slowly, her body was still perfect in my eyes, drinking in her curves, hunger definitely appearing as she undressed me in return, lust and desire in eyes, face, body language. Falling onto the bed together, she spread her legs as I slowly slid my cock inside her, both of us sighing with contentment that we were joined again, just like last night, and the night before that...

"I love you, son," she whispered, caressing my cheek.

"I love you, Mum," I whispered back.

Mother and son made love that night. And did every night for many years into the future.

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*A/N -- Hope you enjoyed the story.*

*I wasn't sure how people would react to the small 'Robert redemption' arc, but I wanted to give mother and son children, and the idea of adopting his half-sisters was something that came to mind while writing the very first chapter all that time ago. I just had to get there. Even Darth Vader found redemption in the end...*

*To be honest, there was an element of my own experiences regarding the first couple of chapters where I grew up in a household where domestic violence occurred, and it is a topic I've touched upon in other stories I've written or am writing. I'm sure many authors do rely on personal experiences for their stories. It's not a pleasant topic but I do find it somewhat cathartic, even if it happened a while ago now.*