

## Home Again, Home Again.

By: PhoenixKiwi

Stretching luxuriously, I was happy to have spent the first night in almost 2 years in my own bed. Lucky enough to have been born to parents who were 'reasonably comfortable' I had just spent 2 years abroad as an exchange student, staying in the home, and attending the school, of the girl who had lived in my room for the 2 years.

While it still looked the same as I left it there were some subtle differences, that I couldn't point a finger at, that showed she had been there. There was a definite female odour remaining and was reminding me of her bedroom. I had never met Mary-Anne but, having seen her picture, heard her family talking about her and checked out her drawers and wardrobe, and their contents thoroughly, I felt I knew her intimately well.

Her underwear had regularly provided stimulation for my masturbating sessions, faint hints of her womanly odour remaining even though it had all been washed. No doubt she had checked out my room as carefully.

Mum and Dad had picked me up from the airport late last evening and I immediately noticed change in Mum. She looked a lot younger, having changed her hairstyle and lost some weight, and seemed a lot more relaxed and self-confident. Having another woman round the house had obviously been good for her, me being their only child. I noticed when they both gave me welcoming hugs that her body felt a lot firmer and fitter, and I found out, when complimenting her on it, that she had taken up tennis, and was playing and exercising regularly. Dad looked even more worn out and I learned, from Mum's concerned comment, that he was working harder than ever and would not, or could not, slow down, and as she said 'it's not as if they needed the income.'

It felt good to be back with them and it felt good to be heading for home, the three of us crammed across the front seat. We talked non-stop for the whole journey and I found it increasingly difficult to concentrate and answer their questions as the feel of Mum's firm thigh pressed against mine was causing a reaction in me that I was ashamed of. My dick was becoming very uncomfortable confined as it was in my pants. I was glad to arrive home, unload my gear, grab a shower and crawl in to bed.

I came back to reality when I heard the faint sound of Mum approaching my room. A favourite trick of hers used to be waking me



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by tickling and I was fairly sure that she was going to try this again. I decided to give her a surprise of my own and pretended to be asleep as my door slowly opened and she quietly approached my bed. With a sudden laugh she pounced and commenced to tickling me, but I was ready and rolled over quickly and clasped her in my arms and tried to turn her face down saying,

“Think you’d get me, eh? I’m going to paddle your backside to teach you the error of your ways.” I laughingly threatened her, and she struggled in my grasp to continue tickling me or get free.

We finished up in an awkward position, Mum was half lying on my chest and I still had her wrapped in my arms trying to get her so that I could hold her down with one hand and give her bum a couple of smacks with the other. Suddenly the top of her robe fell partly open and one breast fell free and hung only a couple of inches from my face. We both froze and I stared at it. It was not huge but appeared to me to be absolutely perfect. I was so close I could see the fine blue veins criss-crossing under her smooth white skin and could make out the little goose bumps in the large dark aureole that surrounded her nipple. I couldn’t help myself and raised my head and ran my tongue over her nipple and she fell back, mortified. What had I done? This was my mother and I had just licked her breast. My arms fell away and Mum sat up, fumbling her breast back inside her robe.

“God! I’m sorry about. What must you think of me? Flashing myself at my son.”

Mum was flushed, embarrassed at what had happened and looked in need of re-assurance.

“Don’t be silly, Mum. It was an accident and anyway, you shouldn’t be ashamed to show off anything as lovely as that. Any time you want to flash it I don’t mind being the ‘Flashee’.” I thought a bit of a joke might put her more at ease and it seemed to have worked, she visibly relaxed and looked more comfortable being with me.

“Now whose the silly one? I came up to get you up so a you can have breakfast with your father before he goes to the office.” She stood holding the top of her robe closed, seemingly unconcerned that the bottom part separated giving me a glimpse of her inner thigh, well above her knee, and headed out the door.

I went to the bathroom for a pee and a quick shower and eventually



made my way into the kitchen and joined them at the table. We chatted for a while I told them of some of my adventures in a new land and finally Dad was forced to leave for work. Even though it was a Saturday he wouldn't be home till early evening and suggested that he take us out for dinner, somewhere. We could take a cab and have a few drinks and enjoy a good night out to welcome me home. It seemed like an excellent plan and Mum said she would make a reservation for about 8.00 o'clock.

After he had left Mum suggested that we could go to her club, spend an hour on the tennis court and then have a swim before lunch. I gathered up my tennis gear and swim togs and put them in a barrel bag and joined Mum in the car. She had dressed in her tennis clothing and the short skirt rode high as she drove and showed me that she had legs to match the breast I had already seen. I must have been staring too hard and my thoughts must have been obvious as she flushed and said,

"You shouldn't be looking at me like that. I am your mother after all. I should have worn slacks."

"Sorry if I was staring, but you have changed a lot since I went away. You look 10 years younger and if you weren't my Mum you'd have something to worry about. You really are beautiful and sexy – I bet Dad's jealous and keeps close watch on you." I was a bit taken aback at my own temerity and worried how she would take it.

"Thank you for those kind words. It's lucky for you that you're my son as well. It's a pity your father didn't spend more time giving me compliments instead of working. Sometimes I think he doesn't care about me at all."

I could see that I'd hit a nerve and decided to drop the subject and anyway we were nearly at the club. We played a couple of sets of tennis and I got my butt kicked. I hadn't played any tennis for a couple of years and Mum certainly had. When we stopped and had a cold drink before our swim she was obviously pleased and excited about having beaten me – her erect nipples showed clearly through her tennis dress top and sports bra. Suddenly I was eager to see her in a swimsuit.

When she joined me at the pool she had on a tight black single piece suit that moulded her body tightly and contrasted with her tanned skin and pale blond hair. I stared at her yet again and once again she blushed,



“I knew when I was putting it on that I shouldn’t. Stop staring and remember who I am.” She blushed even more and went on, “and you better fix that down there or every one will be staring at you.”

It was my turn to blush, staring at the way her breasts and nipples pushed out the top of her suit and the way her pussy was outlined in it’s tight fit, had given me an erection and it was obvious in my swim-suit. I sat down on a sun-lounger and fumbled my penis to a more comfortable position, under the cover of my towel on my lap. Figuring that the cold water would calm me down I dove in and waited for Mum to join me. We had fun splashing and hazing each other and then climbed out and claimed two loungers to sun our-selves and dry off. At her request I rubbed some lotion on her back and legs, being careful to take no liberties, and I enjoyed the feel of her silky skin unde my palm and the sight of her buttocks and pussy lips outlined by the black nylon of her suit.

Eventually we dressed and headed home for lunch and then I retired to my room ostensibly for a snooze but with the full intention of masturbating. Mums body fulfilled my fantasy needs for that afternoon and I came into the hand towel long and hard. I came to with Dad knocking on my door to hurry me up to get ready for our evening out and I hurried to the shower to freshen up, and remove any trace of my afternoon’s activities. When we set out we made a handsome family picture, Dad in a jacket and tie, me in a sweater and tie and Mum was wearing a strapless number that displayed her shoulders and the upper slope of her breasts off to perfection. The dress only fell to about three inches above her knee and, coupled with her high heeled shoes, showed off the length and shapeliness of her legs. She was carrying a coat and I was pleased that she hadn’t put it on and spoiled my view.

The cab dropped us off at a dinner and dance restaurant that had great food and music and was well patronised. We had a fine meal and drank a couple of bottles of wine and then decided to stay on for a while and do some dancing and have a few more drinks. We moved from the dining area and found a table near the dance floor. Mum and I continued with the wine and Dad switched to Jack Daniels, he was getting a bit drunk having consumed the major portion of the wine at dinner, and he finally seemed to be relaxing. I hadn’t realised the stress that he must work under until I saw him forget about his job for the first time.



Dad had a couple of dances with Mum, returning to the table for a couple of drinks between them, and, when he was having difficulty keeping steady on the dance floor, he suggested that I take over. Mum ignored my half-arsed protests and pulled me onto the floor and putting one hand on my shoulder and grasping my hand in her other one led me round in time to the music. It was getting late and the lights had been dimmed right down and when we were on the opposite side of the floor from Dad she released my hand and put both her arms around my neck pulling my body close to her.

“Just wrap your arms round me and hug me as we dance.” She whispered in my ear.

I held her as she asked but did not hug too tightly because by now I was sporting an erection and was highly embarrassed about it. Mum must be able to feel it brushing against her lower tummy and I didn’t know how to handle the situation. Mum did, she moved closer till I was so close to her I could feel the clasps of her suspenders pressing against me, and whispered in my ear,

“Don’t worry about it. It happens to all young men and it’s not as if it’s the first one I’ve ever had pressing against me. It actually makes me feel good that I’m still able to cause such a reaction in a good-looking young man like you. It’s a pity I’m your mother.” She kissed me on the neck and we carried on dancing to the end of the bracket and made our way, hand in hand, back to the table.

Dad had obviously had a few more while we were on the floor and he was now decidedly drunk and ready to go. We collected Mum’s coat and hailed a cab and poured Dad into it, with Mum and me following. We gave directions to the driver and after only a couple of minutes, Dad was asleep, leaning against the door, so Mum leant over and snibbed the lock. When she sat back down she leaned against me and smiled happily,

“That was a great night out and I’m rapt that Dad unwound and also enjoyed himself. It’s been a long time since he last did that. It’s great to have you home and I think he has missed you more than he let on.” She gave me a gentle kiss on my cheek and I put my arm around her and gave her a hug and cuddled her into me for the journey home.

Mum took my free hand in one of hers and gave it an affectionate squeeze and when she released it, it fell on the top of her leg, right at



the hem of her dress. Without looking at me she pulled her coat, which again she had not put on, over her lap and partly over mine, effectively cutting off any view of where my hand was. I was unsure of what message she was sending me but decided to take a risk and pushed my hand further around her thigh and squeezed it gently, and, when she made no protest, I proceeded to slide it up the inside of her leg, under her dress and slip, waiting for her to push me away or set some sort of limit. I expected her to definitely stop me when I reached the top of her stocking and my hand slipped onto her bare thigh, but, when I looked at her, she was smiling softly and looking straight ahead, staring vacantly into the distance. Her thighs opened a little so I took this as permission to go further and I slid my hand right to the junction of her thighs and cupped her pussy in my hand.

She was hot and moist, the dampness of her panties showing just how wet she was. I could feel that the lips of her cunt were open and I was about to try and insert my hand under the leg of her panties when the cab turned into our driveway. I had been so involved in what I was doing I had not noticed how far we had travelled. Quickly withdrawing my hand from between her legs I sat up and lifted my arm from round her.

We half woke Dad and, after paying off the cab, we helped him upstairs and got him out of his clothes and between the sheets, where he went straight back to sleep. Mum stood up and said,

‘I’ll just get out of this dress and these shoes and we’ll have a nightcap. Unzip me please.’ Mum turned her back to me and I unfastened the clasp at the top of her dress and opened the zip down to her waist.

She turned to face me and there was a pause, Mum obviously expected me to leave and I waited for her to tell me to go. When neither of us moved she sort of shrugged and stepped out of her shoes and slid her dress down and over her hips and stepped out of it. She was standing there in her underwear - see through slip, black stockings and suspender belt, little lacy black panties and matching lace uplift bra and she stood there watching me look her over, before she moved to her closet and hung the dress up and grabbed her robe and slipped it on after removing her slip and dropping it in the linen hamper. I followed her downstairs to the lounge where she said,

“You light the fire and turn the stereo on while I get some wine.”



Lighting the fire was simple, we had a gas log fire installed and all I had to do was flick a switch, and I had chosen some mellow music and had it playing in the background and was sitting on the sofa looking into the fire by the time she returned. Mum sat beside me and poured a couple of glasses of wine and handed me one and curled her legs under her and leaned back, completely relaxed.

“I’m sorry I let you go so far in the taxi and got you all wound up. I’d like to be able finish what we started, but it wouldn’t be right or fair to your father. I really am sorry. I think it was partly the wine and partly the excitement of you coming home.”

“It’s OK, Mum. I shouldn’t have taken advantage of you, anyway. It’s just that you’ve changed so much and you’re so lovely that it’s hard only to think of you as just my mother.” I leant over and hugged her and pecked her on the cheek.

Mum sipped her wine and put her glass aside, she pulled me to her saying,

“At least we can have a proper kiss, that can’t hurt anyone.” And suiting her actions to her words she pressed her lips to mine and probed at my lips with her tongue.

I couldn’t believe this was happening, and I automatically opened my mouth and let Mum thrust her tongue in and toy with mine. Acting automatically I reached through the front of her robe and clasped her breast. I was horrified at what I had done and quickly went to remove it, but Mum reached up and held my hand in place. She continued to kiss me and hold me close so I pushed her bra cup down and freed her breast to my touch. I caressed it and pinched her nipple and felt it harden under my touch. I then risked rejection and slipped my hand downwards over her tummy and under the waistband of her panties, waiting all the time for her to stop me, but slowly growing in confidence.

Mum was now holding my erection through the thickness of my pants and under-shorts and this action encouraged me to try to make more progress. I moved my hand a bit lower and ran my fingers through her pubic hair down on to her cunt and rubbed her clitoris. When I inserted my finger between the lips of her cunt I found her to be very wet and I thought my turn had finally arrived. I had managed to get this far with a couple of girlfriends but had never succeeded in having proper





intercourse; they were all set on not surrendering up their virgin status to me. Mum obviously didn't have this problem and I thought that provided I could keep her aroused I might be able to fuck her.

When I removed my hand from her crotch and brought my other arm down to slide her panties off, she suddenly came to her senses, released her grasp of me and pushed herself away, a bit panic stricken, and leapt up, crying out,

"No! No! We can't do this! Your Dad's upstairs and this is terribly wrong! We just can't!" She ran upstairs and I heard the bedroom door close behind her.

I sat for a few minutes bemoaning my hastiness and highly disappointed with the way it had all ended. I returned the rest of the wine to the fridge and after locking the door and turning off the lights, headed to my room, intending to wank myself off yet again. I retrieved my trusty hand towel, stripped off my clothes and crawled under the duvet. I was about to switch my bed-lamp off when there was a gentle tap on my door and Mum crept in and closing the door behind her. She was dressed in her nightie and it appeared that she had been in bed and had got up to come and talk to me.

Sitting on the edge of my bed she spoke softly to me,

"I've come to apologise and say how sorry I am for leading you on. I suppose you are cursing me for being a cock tease, but I really didn't mean to get you all excited and then leave you up in the air. I just suddenly realised the consequences of what we were doing. Can you forgive me?"

"It wasn't your fault, I knew you'd had a few drinks and were a bit vulnerable. I was taking advantage of you after what happened in the taxi. It's me that should be apologising to you."

Mum sniffed and looked relieved, I hadn't realised how upset and close to tears she was, so I reached out and patted her hand where it was resting on the bed. This brought a faint smile to her face and she looked down at the bulge my erection was making in the duvet and said,

"If you promise not to take it the wrong way I'll help you with that. Just this once though, and only with my hand. Do you want that?"





I didn't trust myself to speak so I just nodded, eagerly. She reached under the duvet and clasped my cock in her hand and rubbed her hand up and down. I was leaking pre-cum and she smeared this over the head and shaft and went back to rubbing it. Soon she pulled the duvet clear and I was lying there completely naked to her gaze. She cupped my testicles in her free hand and squeezed them gently in rhythm with the strokes of her other hand. I soon reached a climax and spurted my cum all over my groin, belly and over her hand. She took the towel from where I had dropped it and wiped it up, and, after pulling the duvet back over me, bent down and gave me a chaste kiss, said goodnight and left my room, leaving me wondering if it had really happened.

When I woke next morning the happenings of the previous day and night flooded back and I lay there for some time remembering it all and wondering how I could entice Mum further. I finally forced myself out of bed and pulled on shorts and a tee shirt and went down to the kitchen. My parents were sitting at the table in their robes, drinking coffee, eating toast and reading the Sunday papers. They both looked up and greeted me, and I gave Mum a peck on the cheek and squeezed Dads shoulder as I said Good-Morning back to them

When I had my coffee and toast I joined them at the table and Dad handed over the sport's section and I buried myself in it. When I looked up, while turning the page, I saw that Mum's robe had parted over her crossed legs and I could see an expanse of her inner thigh to about 3 or 4 inches above her knee. Mum looked up and caught me ogling her and instead of pulling it closed I saw the corners of her mouth twitch and she just returned back to her reading. The next time I checked the robe had opened further and I could see at least 6 inches of bare skin now. Did she know and was she deliberately teasing me?

Finally Dad put his paper down and spoke,

"I hope you had a good time last night, Son, and I didn't embarrass you too much."

He looked slightly abashed and went on, "That's the first time I've relaxed like that in a long time. It's great having you back home, I missed you."

I reassured him and made certain that he knew I wasn't the least bit embarrassed about his getting drunk. I was reassured my-self as well



as it seemed certain he had no inkling of my activities with his wife.

“What do you want to do today? Your mother and I are going to an all day bar-b-que at my boss’s place. I didn’t think you would want to go, so they are not expecting you but they would be pleased to see you if you’d like to come.”

“Nah, think I’ll phone around and contact some of my old friends and spend some time on my computer. Have I still got my phone/internet line or did you shut it down?”

“Nope, it’s still connected, Mary-Anne spent a lot of time on your computer while she was here. We had better get organised to go and we won’t be home for tea so you will have to look after yourself. Mum’s car is there and do you need some money?”

Dad left \$50 for me on the table and they headed upstairs to get ready. I cleaned up the kitchen for them and headed up to my room and switched on my computer to get my address book. I was on the phone when they left and Mum stuck her head in my door to say goodbye. She looked lovely again in a flowery summer dress and I thought how lucky Dad was.

After a couple of hours renewing some old friendships I decided to get on the net and surf some of my favourite sites. I had copied all my porn site addresses and downloaded pictures to a couple of files; password protected them and cleaned up everything else in my computer. I had left on my trip safe in the knowledge that all my fantasies and fetishes were safe and secure. I was looking forward to visiting this site, as it had been a long time since I was last there so it was with some anticipation that I clicked on my connection icon and then opened my secret file. I was aghast when, after typing in my password, the first thing I saw was,

**Hello There !**

Bet you thought you had these well hidden.  
Nothing is safe from the Mary-Anne the Marauder.

I was utterly devastated, how the hell had she done this to me, and what must she be thinking of me? I sat with my face in my hands for a couple of minutes visualising her telling her parents and their good opinion of me changing to disgust. When I finally pulled myself together I returned to the file and read on



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“Enjoyed looking at all your pictures and visiting your favourite sites. You are obsessed with women pissing and their breasts and bums aren’t you. I’m the same but opposite if you know what I mean.”

When I read this I relaxed a bit as she was hardly liable to report me to her parents after telling me this and I was a lot happier when I read on,

“I think we should write to each other and we can each confide our secrets knowing that we are completely safe. I have opened a secret email address and will keep it just for you and it’s at the bottom of your secret address page. I think you should get one as well and send it to me when you’ve opened it.

I bet you were surprised when you opened this. LOL. I’ve hidden another wee surprise for you somewhere in your room. I hope you enjoy the surprise and put it to good use if you find it.

Luv and Lust you,

Mary-Anne.

PS I’d give you a hint but I don’t really have the word power to describe its whereabouts.”

I thought she was having me on but I figured why go to that much trouble just as a joke that she would never appreciate. I decided to make a search and I turned my room upside down without success. Finally I gave up and went back to my computer.

Late in the afternoon, after many happy hours surfing, I felt the pangs of starvation and went down and fixed some sandwiches and retired to the TV room to watch the golf. I was still there 3 hours later when the parents arrived home. They had obviously had a pleasant day and were both happily tiddly. Dad made some coffee and bought the pot and 3 mugs in and settled down on the sofa to watch TV with me while Mum disappeared upstairs and returned in her robe. She had freshened up while up there and had also removed her make-up, and she looked fresh-faced and a lot younger than Dad. Mum poured the coffee and handed it round sitting down on the sofa beside Dad, curling her legs under her.

We sat and watched some rubbish program, all comfortably relaxed and half asleep.

And when I looked over at Mum she had moved and her robe had shifted exposing the back of her thighs almost completely. She was aware that I was checking her out but made no move to cover herself,



and, as she watched me watching her, she allowed her robe to slip a little further. I could now see everything to half-way up her bum and could clearly make out her pussy cupped in her white panties, which because of the way she was sitting were pulled tight and had slipped into the crack between her cheeks. This exposed her buttocks almost entirely to my view and I desperately wanted to fondle and kiss and lick and play with them. What was the message Mum was trying to give me?

This erotic view finally got to me and I headed off to the safety of my bedroom. I was lying there looking at the ceiling when suddenly a thought burst through, and I climbed out of bed and went to the bookcase. Sure enough, there was a 'Thesaurus' on the shelf that I had never seen before and, when I removed and opened it, there was a tightly rolled up plastic bag in the hollowed out inside. There was also a folded up note with it and when unfolded, I read,

'Congratulations! You've found my surprise then. From my reading of your 'Hidden Safely' files I think you will enjoy it. Let me know if I'm correct via our new email connection.

Much love and other Indecencies,  
Mary-Anne.

PS I hope you find this within a couple of days or so.'

I eagerly unwrapped it and was flabbergasted when a set of her underwear fell out into my lap. There was a pair of white lacy nickers and a matching bra, and, when I held them to my face and sniffed, I could tell instantly she had worn them before leaving them for me. Instant reaction! Her womanly odour immediately had me aroused to a fever pitch with an erection I could have driven nails with and I knew exactly what I was going to do with her surprise. I crawled back into bed and began to wank while holding her panties over my face and visualising her and imagining what I would be doing to her. As I got more excited I removed the panties from my face and used them to rub my cock with and the silky feel of them soon caused me to reach my climax and I ejaculated forcefully into the underwear.

It was late by the time I got to the kitchen, showered and dressed, next morning and Dad had already left for work. Mum was at the bench when I came in and I stood close behind her and, placing my hands on her hips, I kissed the back of her neck and wished her a good morning. She didn't turn around but did lean slightly back and press herself against me, and taking this as encouragement, I slid my hands up and



around her front and cupped her breasts. She was not wearing a bra under her blouse and I could feel her nipples hardening in my palms, She did not attempt to stop me playing with her tits nor did she even try to pull away. I released one breast and slid my hand down over her shorts and placed it over her pussy. She didn't seem to mind me rubbing her down there, either, but when I attempted to thrust my hand under her waistband she pulled away and said,

“No I'm sorry, but as I explained the other night I can't let you go too far. I love and respect you father too much to be completely unfaithful to him. I'm sorry but I did tell you.”

I resigned myself to a life of masturbation until I could latch on to an obliging girlfriend. I had some breakfast and trailed behind mum when she went to get changed for her visit to the club and tennis. I sat on the edge of the bed and watched her putting on her make-up, I was chatting to her and wondering why the hell put on makeup before a sweaty game of tennis. I concluded that it's obviously a woman's thing, beyond a male comprehension and I must have had a sorrowful look on my face because Mum offered to bring me off with her hand again. It was better than nothing so I stripped off and lay back on her bed. She sat beside me and rubbed me until, when I was about to orgasm I heard her mutter,

“What the hell. Why not.” And she bent her head down and took the head of my penis into her mouth. This was my first blow-job and I didn't last long after I felt her tongue licking the head of my cock. I tried to warn her that I was about to cum in her mouth but she didn't seem to be concerned and swallowed all of my discharge without losing a drop. I lay there on her bed, exhausted, and watched her change into her tennis outfit, and reflected that she was definitely getting more daring and familiar around me. She wasn't at all bothered about stripping down to her panties and wandering around the bedroom collecting her new clothing. When she had squeezed herself into her sports bra and put on her tennis dress she reached up under it and skinned her nickers down and slipped on a fresh pair. I got a quick look at her cunt when she pulled her clean nickers into place and I vowed to retrieve the freshly worn pair from the laundry hamper when she left.

I watched Mum's car pull away and returned to her bedroom and retrieved her panties from the basket, holding them to my face and breathing in deeply. Even though it was only about half an hour since



Mum's hand job I was still hard as soon as I got a deep whiff of her feminine smell. Taking them with me I sat in front of my computer and fired it up and the first thing I did was start a new Hotmail Email address and then I wrote to Mary-Anne.

"Hi there Mary-Anne,

As you can see I've done as you directed and opened a new email just for you and me.

I found your hidden surprise and how wonderful it was. After sniffing and tasting your panties I put them to good use. I just wish it was you, instead of your clothes that I was playing with. I doubt if you would want your nickers back at the moment, they wouldn't be too soft and silky to wear right now, and I bet you can guess why.

You must be a very clever person to have accessed my secret files, I that thought they were safe. I searched your room out very carefully but sadly didn't find anything really erotic or naughty, you must have cleared up pretty carefully. LOL. I had hoped to find a diary or some naughty pictures of you – no luck. 😊. I really wanted to see you naked 'cos your photos seemed to promise a good body and your underwear shows I'm right. I bet you've got a real tight and pretty pussy, and pert little titties with little hard pink nipples! God my cock's hard.

Lots of love, Cya

P.S. What a great hiding place and how devious a clue."

I sent it off and then sat hoping I had read her intentions right. Drafting and thinking about my message truly had kept me hard and horny and I decided to have a look at some sites and maybe beat off with Mum's panties. I found an 'Older amateur women' site and pushed my hand with the nickers into my pants and masturbated to the visualisation of my doing to Mum what I could see on my screen. I filled the nickers with my cum and decided to return them to the laundry basket as a present for Mum and I did this after shutting down the computer.

I changed into my swim shorts and grabbed a foam pad and retired to the back lawn to sunbathe. I woke to the sound of Mum's car stopping in the garage and looked up to see her hobbling through the garage door, heading inside. She was obviously suffering some pain and discomfort and I followed her in to see what was wrong.

"I ricked my back on the tennis court and it's really painful. It was just my luck that the club masseur has Monday and Tuesday off to make up



for working the weekends. Look at me, I'm all dirty and smelly and in pain – I was too frightened to grab a shower in case I was too sore to be able to get dressed again. I think I'd better go to the Doctor or somewhere." She grimaced as she told me this and didn't look to keen on going out again.

"Would you like me to see if I can rub the pain from your back? I'm no expert but I've got pretty good hands."

"Would you do that for me?" Mum seemed eager for my help, "I had better grab a shower first, I'm all yucky like this."

"No you're OK. Have your shower afterwards – the hot water might help."

We went slowly to her bedroom and I helped her lift her tennis dress over her head and knelt to remove her sneakers and socks. When she was left in just her sports bra and white tennis nickers she lay face down on her bed with a deep groan.

"God! Even bending over to lie down hurt. You will be gentle wont you?"

I fetched a large bottle of body lotion from her dressing table and sat on the edge of the bed beside her.

"I'll have to take your bra off, Mum. I can't get at your back properly with it on"

Without giving her a chance to refuse I unfastened it and slid the straps down her arms and left it lying there under her. Her breasts overflowed the cups because of the way she was lying and bulged out slightly at her sides. I rubbed my palms together to warm them and poured some lotion onto her back and commenced to rub it into her gently. I could feel that the muscles in her back and shoulders were tight and knotted and I saw her slowly relax as I rubbed the kinks out.

I caressed rather than massaged my way down her back to her waist making it a long....slow...sensual... experience and Mum went into a kind of trance, and was virtually purring, by the time I reached the waistband of her panties. I bent down and with my lips almost in her ears I whispered softly to her,





“I’m going to gently rub this lotion on you right down to your pretty little toes and then I’m going to give you a proper rub down on the way back up. Now lift up a bit so I can roll your panties down a little.”

She lifted a bit and I pulled them down, exposing half of her buttocks and I proceeded to rub them softly, slowly sliding her nickers further down as I went lower. Finally I had them in a tangle at the top of her thighs and she was completely exposed to me. I couldn’t make out her pussy or her anus because of the way her legs were closed but even the sight of her bum crack was arousing to me.

I worked my way slowly down her legs to her feet and took the panties with me and removed them completely, leaving her lying nude except for being half in and half out of her bra. I kneaded her feet and rubbed lotion over and between her toes and manipulated them until they were loose and supple. I took advantage of these actions to move her legs a bit further apart and could then make out a hint of her pussy lips. I started to work my way back up her legs, massaging her a lot more firmly and digging my fingers quite deeply into her muscles. At first she twitched away from my prodding fingers but she quickly relaxed and appeared to be revelling in the slight pain I was inflicting, and did not notice that I was spreading her legs wider as I got higher. By the time I reached her knees she was wide open and I could clearly see her cunt with its lips slightly open showing that she was very wet. Mum was clearly aroused and she was softly clenching and relaxing her buttocks, her lip were parted, she was breathing through her mouth and she had the ‘thousand yard’ stare, not seemingly aware, or concerned about, what was happening to her.

I slowly got higher and higher on her thighs and the closer I got to the junction of them, the wider they parted and the more open her pussy became. She appeared to be clenching her buttocks tighter and tighter, and I guessed that she was deep in her own fantasy world and was really turned on. As I started in on rubbing her bum I moved further onto the bed and knelt between her legs. My strokes got longer and longer until I was massaging her with long, slow forceful strokes that started on her bum cheeks and finished on her shoulders. As I slid my palms up her back I leant forward and down and finished the stroke pressing my erection along her crack and between her buttocks. Finally I paused, pushed my shorts down, and on the next pass, pressed my bare cock into her crack and stayed lying on top of her.

Mum didn’t object and I could hear her breathing noisily, in small



shallow gasps through her mouth and she had her eyes screwed tightly shut and was hanging desperately onto the headboard. I slowly started a slow thrusting motion, sliding my dick back and forth along her crack, and I reached around her and pushed my hands under her, shoving her bra out of the way and cupping my hands over her breasts, squeezing them firmly. As I got more excited I began to thrust faster and press harder onto her and when I finally reached my climax I shoved my groin right forward and lifted my body clear of her on my outstretched arms and with my head thrust back, I ejaculated my discharge in long ropey spurts up her back. I think she was experiencing her own orgasm by this time as she was shaking and crying out and bucking her arse up at me. I slumped down on her, smearing my cum all over her back and my belly and chest and just lay there recovering and trying to get my breath back. While I was humping I never gave her sore back a thought and I couldn't have cared less about it, but now some guilt crept in and I worried if she was OK. I rolled off and moved clear of her, and when I looked at her, she was on her side facing away from me and her shoulders were heaving. Mum was weeping silently.

"What's wrong? I didn't hurt your back, did I? I'm sorry – I totally lost myself for a minute or two there." I was very concerned and placed my hand on her shoulder to comfort her.

"I'm a slut! Not fit to be a wife and Mother! Look at me! God, you must hate me." and she sobbed a bit harder, getting more upset.

I wrapped my arms around her, cuddling her closely and whispering in her ear,

"Don't be so silly. I love and desire you, why do you think I've got an erection whenever you're near? You've got a wonderful personality and a fabulous body and I really fancy making love to you properly. Now stop all this nonsense and tell me how your back is?"

Mum stopped sobbing and sniffled a couple of times, then wiped her nose on the back of her arm like a child and rolled to face me with a damp smile on her face.

"That was shameful and totally disgraceful and we shouldn't have done it. But it did seem to fix my back. I thought 'shaggers back' was supposed to be a sore back not a fixed one." She giggled at her silly joke and went on, "I know you want me and I want to let you but I just



can't. It would be so unfair and unfaithful to your father and I really do love him. He works so hard for the two of us. I really am sorry, but it's got to be no." She really did look regretful, lying there naked.

I rose up on one elbow and looked down on her, running my finger in circles round her nipples and down to her belly button and around that. I watched with interest as her skin shivered as my finger ran over it and I said to her,

"That's OK Mum. I can understand what's troubling you. I sort of feel guilty too but I want to fuck you so badly I don't really care about Dad – even though I love him a lot too. You know I'm going to keep trying, don't you?" I thought the bad language might shock her and possibly turn her on again but I guess she had heard it plenty of times before, as she didn't even flinch. I slid my fingers down over her tummy and combed them through her pubic hair – she was blond and her hair was sparse and well trimmed. There was just a small triangular patch above her cunt and the lips were smooth and hairless, she definitely groomed herself carefully down there. She was still wet and open from her climax and I thought she was aroused, but when I tried to insert my finger inside her cunt, she sat up and away, refusing me.

"We're not going any further. There's been enough damage done today already. I told you! I'm sorry." She turned to me and pulled me to her and gave me a passionate kiss and hug and then pushed me away, continuing, "Now go away and let me get showered and get dressed."

Even that brief press of her naked breasts against my bare chest started me off and when we both stood I didn't have an erection but my cock was definitely growing harder. When we were standing nude in front of each other I checked out Mum's body carefully, She blushed but stood unflinching and let me look my fill. She was about 5' 4' tall, approximately 100 pounds and was a true pale blond. She had a fine figure and her breasts were about 33 or 34 inch, "D" cup size and her nipples were quite prominent and had good sized aureoles. They didn't sag much, just enough to be sexy and natural looking and her tummy bulged out a little above the small patch of very fine, pale pubic hair. Her tummy twitched a little as my eyes lowered to look at her pussy but she did not try to conceal it, the lips pouted out delightfully and her clitoris was prominent enough to poke out into view a little, and moving on down I saw that her thighs and legs were well shaped and fit and supple looking, all that exercise was definitely paying dividends. By the time I had finished my examination my erection was



back in all its glory and Mum looked at it and unconsciously licked her lips before shooing me out.

I went back to my sunbathing and lay there thinking of a plan to seduce Mum. My feelings for Dad and my conscience were preying on me, giving me a strong guilt feeling, but I was so horny from wanting her that even a threat with a shotgun probably would not have stopped me trying to get in her pants. I ran through all the mother/ son incest stories on the net that I could remember but could not come up with an idea that might work. My best approach seemed to be to carry on as I had been, taking every chance to caress and sweet-talk her, in the hope that the pressure might eventually get too much and overcome her natural instinct to say No to me. Not a very cunning plan but it was the best I could come up with. With this thought in mind I dozed off in the sunshine and slept till the evening shadows chilled me and drove me indoors.

Mum was standing at the bench chopping vegetables when I entered the kitchen and I decided to put my plan into immediate action. I had the rolled up foam pad under one arm, and so, when I paused to kiss the back of her neck, I reached down and ran the other hand up her thigh, under her dress, and clasped one cheek of her backside, and squeezed it through her nickers. Mum jumped and tried to escape my grasp but was prevented from getting away by the bench, so she slapped at my hand, forgetting she was holding a peeling knife, and it was only my quick reflexes that saved my getting a nasty wound. She was quite shocked at what she had nearly done and was most apologetic and anxious that I should forgive her action.

“It’s OK! It was probably my own fault, it’s just that I didn’t realise my touch was so repulsive to you now. I’m sorry if I offended you earlier to the extent that you now find my touch so terrible.” I didn’t really mean any of this bullshit but I figured that my increasing her mixed feelings of guilt and contriteness could only work to my advantage.

Mum dropped the knife and turned and wrapped me in her arms, hugging me tightly and saying,

“Don’t be so silly! Of course I don’t find you repulsive! Just the opposite, in fact, – I find you too attractive and desirable. I don’t feel I can trust myself when you touch me.” She looked most distressed as she said this and I could see that my ploy had worked. She gave me a



quick kiss and released me, turning back to carry on with the vegetables, and I headed upstairs feeling smug and pleased with myself.

I mucked around on my computer until I heard Dad come home and then headed down to join them for dinner. While I opened a bottle of wine in the kitchen Dad went upstairs and got out of his jacket and tie and when he returned he climbed on a stool on the dinette side of the Island Bench and we all chatted over a glass until the dinner finished cooking, and then I helped Mum dish out while Dad had another wine. We decided to eat at the Island and not bother about setting the main table so Dad stayed where he was with Mum and I sitting opposite him out in the kitchen. It was a cosy way to dine, we finished the rest of the bottle of wine and started in on another, and I was feeling quite mellow and reckless when I placed my hand on Mum's thigh. Dad could not see my action from where he was seated and I knew it would look as if I was just sitting with my hand on my lap. Poor Mum didn't know what to do, she couldn't reach down and push my hand away, or protest verbally, so she merely sat there with her legs clenched together, pretending that nothing untoward was happening. She got a bit flushed and started to burble a little when she was talking to Dad, but I think he put this down to the wine. I had managed to get my hand about half way up her thigh, but could progress no further, when Mum finally finished her food and quickly stood up to clear away the dishes.

We spent the rest of the evening watching TV with Mum sitting on the far side of Dad, keeping clear of me, until it was time for bed.

I lay in bed until Dad left next morning and waited until I heard Mum go to the bathroom for her morning shower. I gave her a couple of minutes and then went down the hall, tapped on the door and walked straight in, saying,

“Sorry Mum! Can't wait! I need to pee right away. Just pretend that I'm not here and go on with what you were doing.” I flipped my cock out and proceeded to piss as hard and noisily as I could, watching at her outline through the misted glass door. Mum gave a startled yelp and turned her back to me, but then, for some reason, she turned back and went on with her wash. She seemed to make a great production of washing her pussy very carefully and rubbed at it for an excessive time with her face cloth, I wasn't sure whether it was me winding her up or the other way round. I quickly grew an erection and stood there rubbing it softly waiting for her to exit the shower and make some



comment. Finally the water shut off and she stepped out, reaching for a towel. Mum looked at my erection and commented,

“Well, I suppose you’re pleased with that but you are wasting your time. I told you yesterday that we weren’t going to go any further so you might as well go to your bedroom and play by yourself.” She turned away and began to dry herself.

That hadn’t turned out quite as I hoped or expected and I left with my tail between my legs. After a sheepish breakfast I retired to my room and switched on my computer, hoping to have received a reply from Mary-Anne, and sure enough, when I had loaded in my user name and password, I found that there was a fair sized file waiting for me. I paused before opening it and decided that I would be better reading it when Mum wasn’t around, so I walked down to her room and found her in her undies sitting in front of the mirror doing her hair and makeup.

“What have you got planned for today?”

“I’m going over to the club to apologise for not being able to play tennis today and then I will come back and head into town to do some shopping. Would you come with me and carry the parcels?”

I agreed to this and it was decided that she would pick me up in a couple of hours, and after watching her put on her stockings and dress I returned to my room and opened my email when I heard her leave.

‘Hello Lover,

I’m so pleased that you have decided to chat with me. Pleased as well that you found and liked my surprise – I was sure you would – and put it to good use. Did they feel good wrapped round your hard cock – I guess that’s what you would have used them for – I left my silkiest pair for you. I spent a long time last night playing with myself thinking about you and my panties.

And you also liked the taste of me on my panties? I was careful to make certain that there was plenty of my pussy fluids on them for you and I hoped it would stay fresh and moist in the plastic bag for long enough. LOL





I borrowed Daddy's digital camera and made a couple of pictures for you since you wanted to see me so badly. Here they are, I hope that you like them



I took them while I was playing with myself thinking of you and I hope you can see how excited and wet you got me. I just wish it was either your great big cock or your tongue that was in there instead of my fingers.

I think I might take off my nightie and panties, get under the bedclothes and make myself come again, thinking about you licking and sucking me and me doing the same to you. I bet you love having your cock sucked and licked until you spurt your cum everywhere.

Lots of love, write to me soon,  
MA. ‘

I kicked the printer into life and printed a hard copy and retired to my bed after retrieving my hand-towel. It was definitely a first division orgasm and I spurted copious quantities feeling that it was coming from right down out of my toes. After I had calmed down I cleaned myself and got ready for my trip with Mum.

When we were heading into town I felt quite proud to be in the car with Mum, she was certainly a fine looking woman and did not look anywhere near old enough to be my mother. Anybody checking us out would just think that I was someone who liked my dates to be a few years older than myself – and I guess that, in this case, they would be right. I definitely wished that she was my girl at this time and was available to me. Mum was aware of my looking at her and half turned to me and asked,



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“What? Why are you staring at me? Is there something wrong with my dress or something?” She wouldn’t have admitted it but she was fishing for a compliment and I was only too pleased to oblige.

“No! I’m just admiring how you look. You look about 10 years younger now days. What happened? Did Mary-Anne take you in hand or something?”

Mum blushed a little and looking embarrassed. She responded. “Don’t be silly! What do you mean? It was just good to have a daughter around to swap ideas with. And. she really had good clothes sense.”

She seemed to be protesting a bit too much and, coupled with her blushing, I wondered if I’d struck a nerve. Our first stop was a supermarket and I pushed the trolley and loaded the bags into the car for Mum and then we visited a wine shop. After we had stocked up on booze Mum stated that she was going shopping for some clothes and I could go for coffee and meet her later if I wanted.

“Nah. I’ll wait and have a coffee with you later. I’ll come along and give you the benefit of my expert opinion in ladies clothing.” Mum laughed and led the way.

I watched her pick her way through a rack of underwear sets and pick out a matching set of lacy pearl coloured panties, bra and slip. She then searched through about 2 million dresses and selected three of them, and, with the clothing over her arm, she said to me.

“I’m going to duck into this changing room and try these on. I won’t be long – don’t get arrested for playing with the underwear, will you?” She laughed and headed through the door, I took a quick look round and when I found that no one was watching I followed her in.

“What are you doing? You can’t come in here! What will people think?” Mum was a bit panicky.

“No-one saw me come in and anyway, everybody thinks I’m your boyfriend. Can I help you with that dress?”

Mum calmed down and turned her back to me and got me to undo the fastening and unzip her. I lifted her dress off and didn’t take any



liberties, even though she looked absolutely lovely and totally desirable, standing there in her stockings, nickers and bra. I helped her on with all three dresses and we finally chose a peach coloured summer number that was so short that only reached to about three inches above her knee. It really looked great and set off her complexion beautifully. When she had taken it back off and was again standing there in her undies I suggested,

“Now what about trying that underwear on – you don’t want to have to come all the way back if it doesn’t fit.” I held out no hope that she would do this but...

“Well... I suppose ... I could try on the bra anyway. It’s not as if you haven’t seen everything I’ve got already!”

She reached behind her and unfastened the clip and removed her bra and stood there undoing the new one. I couldn’t believe that this was happening – here I was sitting in front of my mother in the changing room of one of the largest shops in the city and all she was wearing was stockings, suspenders and nickers. Her nipples were hard and erect and I knew she was as aroused as I was, and, when she had her breasts fitted in the cups, she turned her back and asked me to do up the clip. She turned back to face me and asked.

“Well how do I look? Does the colour suit me and should I keep it?”

“Let’s try on the panties and see what the whole set looks like - the bra really suits you. Brings out the tone of your eyes.” I was really laying it on thickly.

“Don’t be silly. You’ve seen more than enough already. I think they’ll look OK.”

“Why not? Go on try them on.” Mum wavered for a moment and then inserted her thumbs under the waistband and pushed her panties down and stepped out of them. She pulled the new ones on and up and standing in front of me she struck a pose and asked,

“Well? What do you think? Do they look alright and should I keep them or should I try on another set?”

I stood up and stepped to her and grabbed her in my arms pressing my erection forcefully against her belly. I slid my hands down and grabbed



her arse cheeks firmly.

“That should show you what I think. God! I could fuck you right here.” I pulled back a bit and let go of one cheek and cupped her cunt in that hand, squeezing it gently. Mum kissed me and then pulled away,

“There’s no use getting over excited. You know the rules. Now I’ll have to buy these, you’ve made me get the crotch all wet. God knows what the salesgirl will think.” She changed back to her own clothes and we set off for home after completing the purchase.

“Why are you staring me? You’ve just seen all of me naked! What else do you want?” Mum was a bit anxious about my watching her as she drove us home.

“You’ve got such great legs. I can’t keep my eyes off them! They seem to go on forever!” I was still working at Mum, keeping her on edge and, hopefully, teetering on going further with me. “I reckon they’d feel really great wrapped round me.” I smiled inwardly, imagining what she was thinking. I reached down and flipped the hem a little higher so as to expose the crotch of her white panties.

“Now you can just stop that right now! I’ve told you a dozen times you are NOT going to have sex with me. I’ve never let anyone fuck me since I married your father and I’m certainly not going to start with my own son!” Mum seemed quite adamant but I did notice that she hadn’t pulled her skirt back down.

After we had carried the parcels in and put away the booze and groceries Mum complained that she still felt a bit sore and tired, so I volunteered to fix hamburgers and fries for dinner after I’d changed. Dad arrived home at about the time everything was ready and he went upstairs to get out of his suit and to wake Mum. We decided to have dinner on our knees in front of the TV and the hamburgers went down real well with a couple of beers for me and Dad and a couple of wines for Mum.

When the plates were in the dishwasher and the empty cans in the rubbish, we settled in for the evening, Dad in his recliner and Mum and I on the sofa. She curled her legs up and reached down and rubbed her feet.

“God! My feet are tired and sore. I don’t know why. With all the tennis I



play they should be in good condition.”

“Would you like me to rub and massage them for you?”

“That would be marvellous – I’ll just nip upstairs and take my stockings off and get the lotion. Don’t go away!” She climbed off the sofa and headed up stairs.

I looked down the length of the sofa at Dad and saw that he was on his 4<sup>th</sup> can of beer since he got home (and I don’t know how many before he arrived) and was lying back in his recliner in a sleepy stupor. It wouldn’t be too long before he dozed off. Mum arrived back, took her seat, blocking out my view of Dad, and handed me the bottle of lotion, and then she swung her legs back onto the couch, placing a foot on my lap.

“Thanks Sweetie, I really appreciate this.” She said, over Dad’s snores.

“You’re Welcome. I’m only too pleased to help out a lady in distress. Now just lie back and enjoy.” I began to rub the lotion over her foot and between her toes. Mum’s foot writhed and flexed and she stretched her whole body in sensuous enjoyment. I released her foot with one hand and freed my erection out the leg of my shorts and pressed the sole of her foot against it as I continued to massage it. She made no sign that she could feel it and I was quite disappointed, as I had hoped for some reaction, even if it was negative.

I put my other hand on her knee and slowly slid it up the inside of her thigh, waiting for her hand to come down and prevent me going any higher, but she offered no resistance, just kept looking at the TV screen. Finally I got to the top of her leg and instead of feeling her panty covered crotch I felt the bare lips of her cunt, Mum had removed her nickers when she took off her stockings. What sort of game was she playing with me? She seemed adamant that I wasn’t going to get to have intercourse with her but she seemed quite prepared for the two of us to do just about anything else. I decided to play her game and I slid a couple of fingers between her cunt lips and proceeded to fuck her with them. She was very moist when I started and my actions caused her to get even wetter and soon the squishing sounds of my fingers plunging in and out were clearly audible. I was nervous that Dad would hear but the sound of his snoring reassured me and I carried on, rubbing her foot with one hand and her pussy with the other.



Mum was getting agitated and was breathing heavily, I could tell that she was closing in on her climax and it was at this time that Dad spluttered and moved in his chair, waking up, and Mum was clearly upset that we had to stop and her pussy clung to my fingers as I removed them and flipped her dress down to cover her bum and thighs, and tucked my dick back into my shorts.

“I think I might head off to bed. Might as well sleep in comfort as down here. You coming, Dear?” Dad was climbing out of his chair, yawning.

“Think I’ll be about  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. I’m getting interested in this programme now and I might wait till it finishes. I’ll try not to wake you when I come up. Goodnight.”

Dad had hardly gone out the door before Mum was pulling her dress clear and shifting to make her pussy more accessible. She looked at me imploringly and pleaded,

“Keep going, Sweetie? I was nearly there when Dad woke, so please, you can’t stop now.”

I was tempted to refuse and hold out for a proper fuck but decided not to be so mean, and, after hearing Dad go up the stairs, I went back to fingering her to an orgasm. When she had calmed down she sat up and kissed me in thanks and asked if she could help me with my erection.

I lifted my bum and slid my shorts down to my thighs and sat with my cock pointing to the heavens. Mum moved closer to me and put a little lotion on her hands and grasped my cock between her palms and proceeded to massage and squeeze me. With all the arousal and sexual tension that had built up between us during the day it did not take long for me to reach my own climax. Mum could see I was about to explode and she lowered her head and took me in her mouth, freeing her hands to cup and squeeze my balls and to reach under and insert a finger into my arsehole. When I finally did erupt I pumped out what felt like vast quantities of cum and it was with such force that it hurt, in a nice sort of way. Mum swallowed it all, not even dribbling any, and when I had stopped and my erection was starting to wilt she let my cock fall from her mouth and then cleaned it by licking.

“Shit! You really needed that, didn’t you? I thought I was going to choke, you pumped out so much. But, God, you do taste good and I



just love the feel of a hard cock in my mouth thrusting and jerking and spurting cum.”

Mum wrapped me in her arms and kissed me, saying, “Isn’t that as good as fucking? Most men would give their left ball for a blowjob of that standard. Surely that will take your mind off putting you dick into me!”

Far from it, her activities had made me even more determined to succeed. After we had gone to bed I lay there and decided that what I should do is get her so excited, with my lips and tongue, she wouldn’t be able to say no. Tomorrow morning after Dad had gone to work I would try out this new ploy.

I woke next morning to the sound of Dad’s car leaving and after my usual morning ablutions I went down to the kitchen in my shorts and tee shirt and found Mum sitting drinking coffee and reading the paper. I stood behind her chair, put my hands on her shoulders and kissed the back of her neck, sliding my hands down to her breasts as I did so. Mum gave no indication, positive or negative, that my actions were concerning her; she just said ‘Good Morning’ and went on with her paper. I untied her dressing gown, swung her around on her chair and dropped to my knees, burying my face in her lap and breathing in deeply, sampling her womanly odours. I pushed my hands up under her nightie and wrapped my arms around her bum and dragged her to the edge of the chair, nuzzling into her crotch as I did so. Her legs parted and she murmured something inaudible, my plan was finally working and I was now getting her full attention. I lifted her nightie clear and pressed my mouth to her now naked cunt and ran my tongue the full length of her lips and then thrust it in between them. One more lick and I pulled free, standing up and saying,

“Now that’s what I call a proper Good Morning kiss! I really feel like toast and coffee now. Would you like another cup?” I never looked at Mum, not wanting to give her any hint of my distress at having stopped my actions, preferring to imagine the look of disappointment on her face and the disbelief that I could leave her suspended like that.

I took my breakfast up to my room and, after closing the door, I switched on my computer and read over Mary-Anne’s email before I composed my reply.



'Hi Mary-Anne,  
Loved getting your last message with the outstanding photos - sadly I haven't got ready access to a digital camera or I would send you some photos of my dick. I'm working on the situation and I hope to be able to send them soon – they will all have to be of my erection as when ever I think of you I get a major hard on.

I could see from your photos how excited you were from the wetness of your fingers in the second one. I now understand why your nickers smelt so great and tasted so lovely and I wish I could have sucked tour fingers when you removed them from pussy.'

At this time there was a tap on my door and after I minimised the email window and had the patience game showing, I called for Mum to enter.

"Um...I was just wondering how busy you were and if you could spare me a couple of minutes in my bedroom?" Mum looked highly embarrassed as she made her request, without actually telling me what she wanted. I guessed she was feeling a bit frustrated and would like me to give her some relief but I decided to put more pressure on and replied.

"Sorry Mum. I'm a bit busy right at the moment. Is it too important to wait? Can I come and help you after?" She just muttered 'OK' and headed off to her room and I returned to my email,

"I printed out your pictures and jerked off about five times looking at your pretty pussy, imagining first my tongue then my cock sliding in there, where I just know its all hot and wet.

God I'm sitting here typing this with an erection that is almost pressing against the keyboard shelf. I think I'll have to go to the toilet and wank myself off, visualising you doing it for me. Do you play with yourself in the toilet – how does it feel pissing with a finger or two thrust inside you at the same time?

Gotta go or I'll mess my shorts,

Lots of Luv and Lust  
Your Ever Randy Friend"





Just as I finished my email and clicked the send button, I heard Mum heading away in her car and realised,

1. That she was so pissed at me that she didn't even say goodbye, and
2. That I wouldn't be sneaking down to her room to try screwing her again just yet

Since I was at home alone I decided to take advantage of the situation and check out Mum's drawers. I felt quite guilty and nervous when I entered my parent's bedroom even though I knew I was completely alone and safe, old hangovers are hard to lose completely. I checked out the closet first and enjoyed just standing there with my head pushed amongst Mum's dresses, skirts and other clothing. The combined smell of the scent she used together with her faint personal odour was a delight to breathe in and I could feel myself tensing up a little.

The top three drawers of her dresser revealed nothing exciting, just jewellery, blouses, stockings, etc, etc, - the usual feminine paraphernalia. But, the bottom drawer turned out to be a treasure trove. When I first pulled it open I found it to be full of panties, of all types and colours, and I took them out one by one and examined them minutely. Mum certainly wore a diverse range of nickers, everything from plain, white, cotton, high-waisted pants through little, black, lacy numbers to silken crotchless passion arousers. I sniffed and fondled each pair and visualised her in them and me sliding them down her legs.

Underneath the panties I discovered a couple of Mum's secret items. The first thing that surprised me was a large pink vibrator and it was obvious from the feel and smell of it that Mum used it regularly, and I switched it on, rubbed it over my face and my lips, and pushed out my tongue to taste the juices from mum that had dried on it. The taste and odour of it completed my arousal and I was forced to thrust my hand inside my shorts and free up my erection from where it was jammed, hurting, in my twisted up underpants.

The next thing I checked out was a small stack of magazines, and the first one I picked up out was a 'Forum'. It fell open naturally in the letters section, at a letter about incest, and I began to get the idea that Mum was maybe as excited about incest as I was. I read through the rest of the magazines and discovered that they were all much the same type and all had incest letters in them, invariably about mothers and sons, and this confirmed my conviction that Mum did not find the



thought of sex between us as repulsive as she protested and had entertained the idea for some time.

My last discovery was the best – Mum kept a diary and the latest one was in the drawer. A quick glance at my watch revealed that I had been in there for nearly 2 hours (where had the time gone – it only seemed like a few minutes) and I had better put things back in place, in case Mum returned. I retained the diary and replaced the vibrator and magazines and stacked the panties back on top of them, I was then ready for some quick action when I heard the car.

It was a terrible thing to do, invading Mum's privacy, but, ignoring my guilt feelings, I opened the diary near the end.

Nov 20. John's home tomorrow - wonder how he's changed. God I've missed him. I'm tingling down there just b thinking about him.

Nov 22. John back last night. Looked wonderful. Got quite wet seeing him at Airport. Pressed my leg against him in car and watched him get a hard on. Looks big. Thought I'd tickle him this morning and accidentally let my tit fall out HE LICKED it - nearly came. Enjoyed him watching me at pool. Going out tonite - what will happen?

Nov 23. Great nite out, George got drunk. John danced with me. Had a hard on. Let him feel me up in taxi. Finished up in lounge with George asleep in bed. Nearly let him fuck me. Will sooner or later. Can't help myself. Wanked John in his bed then wanked myself in my own. Horny all time.

Nov 25. Terrible. Flashed myself at him all day and let him see my pussy on couch last night. This morning finished up giving him a blowjob. Tasted great. Hope he fucks me soon.

Nov 27 Again yesterday....

It was at this point that I heard Mum's car turn into the driveway and I hurriedly pushed the diary under the nickers and, after, closing the drawer and a quick check that everything was ship-shape, I returned to my room to think about what I had learnt. It was obvious that Mum wanted to have sex with me but her long-time natural inhibitions were preventing her. She had admitted her needs to herself in her diary, but



there was no way she could admit them to me and would, in fact, be totally mortified to learn that I had read her most secret thoughts, and for me to admit to my invasion of her privacy would probably completely end any chance that I had. It was clear that the knowledge I had gleaned from her diary was of no advantage, but, I now knew that she wanted me and that I would find some other way of breaking down her resistance.

In the kitchen Mum was just cutting up a couple of sandwiches and the sweet smell of freshly made coffee filled the room. She placed one plate and a mug in front of me and placed hers close to them

“I was just going to call you for lunch. What have you been up to all morning?”

“Oh, just mucked around – played on my computer and read. You?” I grabbed her and pulled her onto my lap and hugged her and pressed my lips to hers, giving her no chance of replying.

Mum hugged me back and opened her mouth to return my kiss and made no objection when I cupped her crotch in my hand and squeezed her pussy through her shorts.

“I’m sorry to have left you up in the air this morning, Mum. After we’ve had this I’m going to drag you upstairs and make it up to you.” Mum smiled happily, stretched out and handed me a sandwich, grabbing one for herself and ordered me to ‘Hurry and Eat Up’.

When I finished with my lunch I stood and headed off upstairs, holding her hand and pulling her with me, unresisting. At the top of the stairs I paused, and, wrapping one arm round her shoulders and the other around her knees, I lifted and carried Mum into her bedroom and dropped onto the bed, with her underneath me. I knelt up between her spread legs and proceeded to unbutton and remove her blouse and bra. Mum lay, spreadeagled, without protest and allowed me to unfasten and remove her shorts and panties. When she was completely naked, lying there with erect nipples and pussy lips spread, showing the moisture inside, she looked absolutely wanton and completely ready for sex.

I lowered myself down and pushed my face into her crotch and licked and nibbled at her cunt and arsehole. From her cries and movements, Mum obviously needed and enjoyed my actions and tried to push my



face right inside her. I removed my shorts and jockeys and when I was naked from the waist down I pulled my face free and slithered up till I could kiss her.

“Mum, I have to have sex with you. Please let me fuck you – I really need it and you know you want to. Please!” I begged her desperately. ‘Even if you absolutely can’t stand the thought of my making love to you because I’m too repulsive, I won’t leave you hanging, I’ll lick you to an orgasm, and I’ll never annoy you again.” the pressure just moved a couple of notches higher.

Mum never replied, she just wrapped her legs around me and reached down and held the head of my cock to the entrance of her cunt. I thrust forward and pushed myself slowly between her lips until I was completely imbedded in her cunt. It was hot, moist, slippery and tight and it felt wonderful, worth all the work and wait that I had done to finally get to this stage, and I just lay there, unmoving, on top of her, savouring the pure pleasure of the feel of her pussy trying to ‘milk’ my cock.

When Mum became agitated and started jerking her hips up at me, I began to thrust in and out of her, getting quicker and quicker and ramming harder and harder into her. Soon we were both groaning and sweating and the sounds of our fucking were quite audible and distinct, Mum was generating so much moisture that there was a sloshing noise and the slap of our bodies meeting was only slightly less loud than the squeaking of the bed.

When Mum eventually climaxed she tilted her head right back and literally screamed, and I counted our blessings that there were no close neighbours and I hoped that there was no-one passing within earshot. Mum’s writhing and shaking and groaning pushed me over the top and I reached my own climax, pumping my cum deep inside her, spurting and spurting, emptying what felt like gallons into her. When it was over I rolled free and just slumped flat on my back, gasping and puffing desperately, trying to regather my strength and I could feel Mum doing much the same beside me.

“Well? How was it for you? Aren’t you pleased that I finally convinced you to fuck with me? I just knew we would be great together.” I was feeling quite proud of the orgasm I had given Mum and I was sure that she would be appreciative.



“I’ve got to admit that you certainly gave me quite an orgasm! I should feel depressed that I’ve betrayed your father but I don’t. That still doesn’t make what we’ve done right, and I do feel a bit ashamed, but I definitely don’t regret it. Now I’d better go to the bathroom and get rid of your gift.” Mum climbed off the bed and cupped her pussy in her hand to stop it dripping everywhere and headed off to the bathroom. I climbed out and followed her.

She was seated on the toilet by the time I got there and I knelt down and spread her thighs apart so as to watch her piss and empty my cum from inside her. When she stopped peeing a thick off-white fluid continued to seep slowly out of her and after a few minutes she pulled a wad of paper from the roll and wiped herself dry. When she had washed at the hand-basin we returned to the bedroom and sat, side-by-side, naked, on the edge of the bed, and talked about what had happened.

“I don’t regret what happened, but we must never, ever let your Dad find out or it will kill him. If we are going to continue to have sex it must be completely without risk of our being caught. If at any time I think that your father is becoming suspicious it stops straight away, right then and there – with no argument. Do you agree and promise?”

After what I had just enjoyed I would have agreed to anything to continue. I had never had sex that even closely approached what we had just enjoyed. It seemed that this was not to be a once only occurrence, and I felt overjoyed at the prospect of shagging my Mum again.

I wrapped my arms round Mum’s naked torso and cuddled her to me,

“Of course I’ll do as you want. Anything as long as I can keep fucking you, Look how excited I am again just thinking about it.” I pulled back a bit to allow Mum to see the erection I was again sporting.

“We haven’t time to do anything about that now. We both need showers before your father gets home. Why don’t you join me in the shower?”

I picked up my clothes and followed her to the bathroom, throwing my clothes into my room on the way, and climbed into the shower stall with her. There was not a lot of room in there and we were pressed hard up against each other and my hard cock was rubbing against her



soft tummy, and her breasts were against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and proceeded to rub myself to a climax, ejaculating my cum up her belly and between her tits. My legs almost gave out as I was coming and I had to cling desperately to her to stop myself slumping down to the shower tray.

When I had recovered my strength I apologised for my thoughtless action and went on to try to bring Mum off with my fingers, eventually dropping to my knees and locking my mouth over her cunt and working on her with my tongue. It was a great feeling engaging in sex play with the hot water cascading over us. Finally Mum orgasmed and we were able to get cleaned up and dry off, both managing to be fully dressed and down stairs when Dad got home.

After dinner some friends came by and picked me up for a night on the town, the result of which was a horrendous hangover next morning. I kept my head down until I heard Dad leave for work and then I sneaked downstairs in my underwear, trying desperately not to make any loud, painful noise, like footsteps. When I entered the kitchen Mum looked up from her paper and asked if I wanted something cooked for breakfast. The thought of it almost made me vomit and she looked quite worried at the vehemence of my negative response.

“All I want is Enos, disprins and coffee and to be left in peace. I’m going back to bed and I’ll be lucky to get up today!”

“I suppose that means you don’t want me to join you then?” Mum looked extremely surprised when I confirmed my desire to be alone.

“You wont forget that Dad has his boss and his two assistants and their wives coming for a bar-b-que dinner tonight, will you?”

“I think I’ll just stay in my room out of the way and grab something to eat if I feel like it. Dad won’t mind, will he?” I took my coffee and headed back to bed and was really relieved when I heard Mum’s car head off, presumably for a day at the tennis club.

When I awoke late in the afternoon, had dozed fitfully for hours, off and on, I went down and helped Mum get the barby ready and assisted her in preparing salads. After the spuds were peeled and there was nothing else to do I borrowed her car and went down to the local pool for a quick dip, feeling infinitely better afterwards. I stopped off, bought a 6 pack of beer, picked up a couple of burgers for my tea and returned



home. I just beat the arrival of Dad and the visitors and retired to the safety of my room. Dad came up and suggested that I might like to go down and meet his guests, but seemed to understand my reluctance and acquiesced to my staying out of sight

I mucked around on my computer and consumed my burgers and put a large dent in the six-pack. The ice-cold beer really tasted great, and despite my morning decision to never drink again, I found that a full dozen would have been a more appropriate purchase. I listened to everyone eating and drinking and soon after their meal I heard Mum come upstairs to the bathroom – she must have decided to leave the downstairs facilities for the guests. By this time I was getting quite nicely, thank you very much, and in my semi-drunken state I decided to pay Mum a visit.

I walked quietly down the hall and walked straight into the bathroom. I had prepared myself to apologise and walk straight back out again if it wasn't Mum, but luckily it was her, sitting on the toilet with her shorts and nickers around her ankles, peeing quite peacefully. She looked up in shock and opened her mouth to scream but quickly shut it when she realised that it was me. I snibbed the lock on the door behind me.

“Hurry up and finish there! I'm as horny as hell and need a quick piece.”

“Don't be so stupid! We've got visitors and Dad's home! What do you think you are playing at? Get out and don't let any one catch you leaving.” By now the stream of urine had ceased.

I didn't say anything, just moved to her and pulled a wad of paper off the roll and reached down and wiped her dry. I grabbed her arms and pulled her to her feet and moved her so her back was against the wall. I crouched at the knees, placed the head of my cock at the entrance to her pussy and stood up, driving my cock home and lifting her off her feet. I grasped her buttocks to help support her and she wrapped her legs around my waist and we proceeded to fuck, Mum was well lubricated and, once we had started, she entered into our intercourse with enthusiasm. We both soon reached climaxes and I had to clamp my hand over her mouth as she went to cry out in her excitement, getting a painful bite for my thoughtfulness.

When it was over Mum partially mopped herself with toilet paper and pushed a wad of it in the crotch of her panties. When she was fully





dressed she opened the door and slipped out, leaving me to wonder at what we had just done. I was a bit shell-shocked at our actions and now that we had got away with it I was absolutely astounded that I could do something so outrageous. Cold sober I would not have had the balls to initiate something this risky.

After sleeping the sleep of the innocent or the drunk, I went down to breakfast with my parents and made small talk with them both until Dad left for work. When he had gone Mum gave me a good dressing down and berated me for putting her to such risks last evening. I apologised profusely and assured her that nothing that dangerous would ever happen again, and then we hugged, kissed and made up.

When the kitchen was tidied and after Mum had left for her club I fired up my computer and check my email, and, sure enough, there was another message from Mary-Anne:

“Hi Lover,  
Got you message and yes, I do get very hot and wet thinking about you. I would be much keener on you licking me directly in my pussy than just  
tasting my fingers – I bet you would just love to eat my cunt and make me cum

I would like to suck and lick your cock till you squirted all your juice into my  
Mouth and I would swallow it all right down. We could 69 and do this to each other at the same time.

Eventually when you got sick of going down on me I might consider allowing you to  
push your cock inside me – if you fancy doing that.

Here’s some more pictures for you to wank off to – I hope that these one’s arouse you as much as the last two.





Was getting ready to masturbate thinking about you in the first two and the third one is after I had cum. It a wonder the wet patch on the sheet didn't show out. I certainly Got excited and wet.

Yes I do enjoy playing with myself when I am peeing – its one of my fantasies to pee when I am getting fucked, preferably out somewhere in the public where we might get caught.

Hope to hear from you soon  
Yours in love and lust,  
Mary-Anne

PS I've got two fingers playing with myself as I write this. “

I printed out the photos and retired to my bed to follow her instructions. I vowed that one day I would get to visit her and find out if she was as hot as she came across.

Mum and I continued to fuck on a regular basis and we did take a couple more silly risks, fucking in the lounge when Dad was reading in bed upstairs, going for a walk one evening and making love in some bushes in a nearby park with other strollers passing near by, but I think the stupidest thing we ever did was me, sitting on the kitchen floor with my head and shoulders under her dress, licking Mum's pussy while she was made a salad to go with the steaks that Dad was cooking on the barb-e que, outside on the patio.

Eventually I headed off to college and we could only make love in the term breaks, to the relief of both of us. I continued with my



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correspondence with Mary-Anne and our sex chat gradually turned into love talk. We found that we had a deep and lasting attraction to each other and after a couple of years she flew out to visit me and we got engaged, planning to marry when I obtained my degree, which we eventually did, being still happily married to this day. (and yes, she is as hot and randy as I thought!)

After my betrothal Mum and I tapered of our love-making until it was only happening infrequently, almost completely ended by the time of our wedding. My parents flew over to visit us after we were married and we have visited them a couple of times. During each visit Mum and I have conspired to have sex and she is still as good a fuck as she ever was. There is a good chance that they may come to live near us so as they can enjoy more of their grandchildren, but I don't think that this is all Mum has in mind.

The Finish.

