

Home Maid Chapter 01

My 18th birthday dinner at our favorite restaurant had been a washout. My sister Caitlyn had informed me by text she wouldn't be attending and I quote, "soz benji, won't make it. happy b'day baby bro." Which on top of her recently moving out of home with her new boyfriend, had made my dad, Geoff, pissed. So pissed in fact he decided to begin drinking even though he'd promised to be the designated driver.

When it came time for my present, Dad channeled my 12th birthday and presented me with a model car kit. Not the new 4k video, slr camera that I'd been hinting at and was expecting. Dad, noting my obvious disappointment, mumbled something about me being ungrateful and wandered back to the bar. My mother Yvette, who I had to admit was looking especially beautiful that night, mentioned she'd talk to me later about my present and we got on with our meal.

Now if you're thinking here that my mother was hinting at some incestuous coupling later that the evening, don't. At the time I actually wasn't sexually infatuated with her. Of course like all boys my age I'd checked out her breasts and ass and I

admit I had occasionally smelt her panties but that was more a fetish for the item, not the owner.

Later I dragged my father back from the bar in the hope of discovering just what his problem was that night. Amidst his drunken ramblings my mother and I learned he thought me a belcher, my mother an old maid and the "Japs now owned the country." Now, as I was currently out of school and unemployed, I wasn't in a position to argue that point and the Japanese are big enough to defend themselves, but I'd be damned if I'd let the "old maid" title go without a fight.

When I said my mother looked beautiful that night, I was doing her a disservice. She'd recently had her hair styled in a black bob, which gave her a '20's film star look. Her nearly 45 year old, 5'8" body was toned and the cream colored, mid-thigh bodycon dress she wore, accentuated every curve. Tan, high heeled ankle boots led up to sheer, flesh colored pantyhose adorning her long legs. Her makeup was flawless and her brown eyes looked almost black in the dim, mood-lit restaurant. I pointed out to him how stunning his wife, my mother looked, yet he reiterated the "old maid" statement,

pointed out that if I loved her so much I could take her home and declared the night over.

My mother unsuccessfully tried to take the car keys from him and with us not prepared to get in the car, he drove off alone. This left Mom and I to get a taxi home. In the back seat, Mom sat in the middle nestled against me, hugging my left arm, my hand resting on her pantyhosed leg. At one point I noticed the driver adjust his rear-view mirror down, no doubt to obtain a view of my mothers legs but I didn't mind. Nor did I blame him. For here on my arm was a smoking hot middle aged woman, a 'milf' as they say. My milf. My mother I'd like to fuck!

And that was the moment. When that loaded statement entered my mind I think back now and realise, right then was when my love for my mother turned to lust. Now there was no sudden breakout of incestuous sex in the backseat while the driver jerked off and spurred us on. My mother didn't give me a blow job or masturbate me, or I finger her. It was just a slow quiet drive home with the warmth of my moms body

pressed against me, her head on my shoulder and an erection in my pants!

Dads car was parked haphazardly in the drive and we found him asleep on the couch in the living room. Mom ventured off to change and ready herself for bed and I retired to my room to relieve the burden I was carrying in my balls. Visions came to me of my mother only two rooms away, as I wrapped my hand around my cock. Was she removing her dress? Was she in her underwear? Was she already naked, or god help me, in the toilet? That did it. On the verge of cumming I was disrupted by a light knock at my door. Jesus. I had just managed to hide my hard-on away as the door opened and Mom entered, carrying a gift-wrapped box.

She had removed her makeup and was wearing a pink pyjama onesie I had actually bought her for a previous birthday, it wasn't sexy so much as cute. It had a hood for warmth and a button up flap in the rear for bathroom visits. My mind raced with the thought of her turning and revealing it unbuttoned, presenting her ass to me, to do with as I desired. But of course It wasn't, she was quite well covered. Mom sheepishly asked if

she could come in and I leaned forward a little to shield my erection as she sat next to me on the bed.

"Happy birthday Benjamin," she said with a cheeky smile on her lips.

"What's in the box? What's in the box?" I wailed, doing my best Brad Pitt from Se7en impersonation as she handed it to me.

"Well open it and you'll find out silly," then followed up with. "And It's definitely not Gwyneth Paltrow's head!"

It was the camera I'd been wishing for. So this was what she'd meant back at the restaurant about talking to me later. I was thrilled, I kissed her on the cheek and hugged her tightly, feeling through the onesie that she had no bra on. I quickly mused as to whether or not she was wearing panties as well and my cock pulsed. It however wasn't pressing against her and if you're wondering, we didn't then have sex in my bed.

The camera it turned out was just from Mom, Dad having decided it was a waste of money. Mom also revealed that Dad and her hadn't been getting along for a while now and were debating separation. Even with my sudden interest in her, I actually didn't want to see them divorce and told her to hang in and give it another chance. After we'd talked for a while and I'd showed her all the things the camera could do, she eventually went off to bed, alone. I finally released an epic load of cum into some tissues and Dad snored his way through to dawn and a well deserved hangover.

The next week saw me taking more photos than a paparazzi paid by the snap. My mother the focus of my work. I assembled a pictorial record of the meals she'd prepared, her daily clothing ensemble and to go with it some sneaky candid downblouses when I was sure she wasn't looking. Yet I spaced it all out with plenty of landscapes, architectural and conceptual, so as not to make my obsession with her, too obvious. An ambulance arriving at a neighbor's house saw me becoming an amateur journo, snapping away as a woman who looked to have hurt her arms was taken to hospital.

The weekend came and as luck would have it, Sunday was Mother's day. Saturday saw me at the mall buying her a new tennis outfit she'd hinted at whilst browsing a sports catalogue. Having procured the dress and heading out I walked past a lingerie store. I wouldn't have thought twice about looking but the display in the front window caught my eye. Three headless, pale mannequins, each wearing the stereotypical sexy costumes of the schoolgirl, the nurse and the french maid. There it was, the maid. What was it my father had kept calling my mother? The "old maid." This could be what Mom needed to show Dad she wasn't an old maid and in fact she was still the sexy woman he'd fallen in love with. Yes, that was my rationale!

With saving my parents' marriage at the forefront of my mind I entered the store and asked for the french maids uniform. The sales assistant was helpful. If this had been a book or movie or just a fantasy, she would have of course, offered to try on the said item for me in store and we'd have sex right there in the change room. Unfortunately this was reality. She did on my departure however, enthusiastically say, "Your girlfriend is going to love this!"

To which I proudly responded, "Oh no. It's for my mother!"
And left.

Mother's day morning I greeted her in the kitchen as she was eating breakfast. She was still wearing her pyjamas, (a lemon colored satin shirt and shorts) and had slippers on her feet. I wished her a happy Mother's day with a kiss and hug. She was thrilled with the tennis outfit, proffering me with more kisses and hugs which I gladly received and went off to try it on. I was thrilled with how it looked on her, pink and white with a pleated skirt. I was ready with my camera to document the fashion show and she was happy to pose, declaring that she liked it so much she'd wear it for the rest of the day.

Well after breakfast and back in my room I positioned my camera on my desk pointing at the bed and setting it to video, pressed record. As Mom passed in the hall I called her in and had her sit on the bed. This was it I thought, I sat next to her and began saying how I'd thought long and hard about her and Dad and come up with a way for him to fall in love with her again.

"I've got another Mother's day present for you, I know it might be a little strange but just hear me out, OK?"

"Ah, OK honey," she replied, with some obvious curiosity in her tone.

I reached behind my bed to retrieve the gift-wrapped box, the ribbon of which had the lingerie stores name emblazoned across it, giving her an immediate idea of it's contents. Before I allowed her to open it, I explained about how Dad had been calling her an "old maid" and that got me thinking he just needed a reminder of what he had at home before he even contemplated leaving her.

A tear had formed in my mother's eye and I quickly lifted a hand to wipe it away, she clasped it as I did so and looked into my eyes. "I love you so much honey, thank you"

"I love you too Mommy," I replied. "Now, open up and tell me what you think?"

She unwrapped the present and opened the box. That trepidatious moment.

"Is it alright mom? It's not too weird is it?" I didn't wait for a response. "It comes with a feather duster and headpiece, it doesn't have the stockings but I know you've got those so I didn't get any. I can take it back if you hate..."

She stopped me blubbering with a finger to my lips. "Honey, I love it. You're so thoughtful. My god I would never have thought of this... I can't believe it! How did I get so lucky to have you, huh?" She leaned forward and embraced me and I responded, pulling her tight into me. I could feel her breasts against my chest, my cheek against hers, her hair smelt so fresh. I ran a hand up and down her back slowly for the duration of the cuddle, I could feel her bra beneath the lycra tennis outfit. I could've stayed like this forever. She broke the embrace first.

"I'll go try it on and show you!" She exclaimed.

I was taken aback and in my stupor I blurted out, "Oh, I don't expect you to!"

"Nonsense honey, you bought it for me. You get to see it first!"

She bounded off and I admired her as she left, the hem of the tennis skirt barely covering the cheeks of her rounded ass. "Fuck," I thought to myself. "That went better than expected!"

I remembered my camera and stopped the recording, pressed play on the file and watched what I'd just filmed. The quality was undeniably good, my hat's off to the manufacturer. My mother entered and in full high definition sat down on the bed. Something happened that I hadn't been aware of at the time. I had to rewind and watch the moment again. When I had reached for the present my mother looked directly at the camera and as if aware it was recording, she did something

that took my breath away, and even now after all this time still gets me hard. She spread her legs! It was momentary. I timed it, roughly two and a half seconds. When I had turned back to face her, holding the present she'd closed them. I watched it over again. It was blatant. It wasn't accidental or a shift in position. My mother had looked directly at the camera and given it a clear view of her panties up her skirt.

My mind reeled. What was this? A sign? A come on? Maybe it was nothing, she didn't even know the camera was on, there were no flashing red lights!

My door opened again and mom ventured a little way in, "Tadah.." She noticed I was holding the camera, "Ah..no photos mister!"

"Oh no I wouldn't, I..." But I stopped talking. What I saw stays with me still. She hadn't put on her stockings or the headpiece but it didn't lessen the sight. The mannequin did it no justice! For starters I hadn't realized the thing was practically see-through. My mother attempted to cover her breasts with her

arm but it wasn't working, I could clearly see her small pink nipples through the sheer material. The string thong that came with it was merely a small triangle of material trying in vain to conceal her dark pubes beneath, it did no good.

"So what do you think?" She asked as I was obviously struck speechless.

I paused and then finally came out with what I actually felt, "You look fucking beautiful Mom!"

She beamed and ran towards me. I had the sudden feeling she'd leap upon me and fuck my brains out but she quickly pecked me on the cheek, fluffed my nose with the feather duster that I hadn't even noticed she was holding and scurried out of the room, covering her backside with her other hand as she left. That was the other thing, apart from the g-string running up her ass crack, the outfit left her bottom completely exposed. I nearly fainted and could've died a happy man right then and there.

Mom went about her daily business, Dad went off to play golf (yes, on Mother's day) and I spent the next few hours watching my Mom's upskirt video on the 30" monitor of my computer. The panties she wore were white and I had a pretty fair idea which ones they were, having become quite the panty aficionado in the last week. Well, for hers at least. With this footage and the memory of her in the french maids lingerie, I was developing the mother-load (appropriate term) of sperm in my testes but I didn't cum. Something told me to hold it and boy was I rewarded.

That afternoon, my father still at golf, I spied my mother entering the bathroom wearing her short satin robe. Having heard the bath running I knew she'd be in there for a while. I walked down the hall and entered her bedroom, sure enough there on the bed was her discarded tennis outfit and sitting on top the white panties from earlier. I lifted them up and was delighted to find, not only were they still warm but were saturated around the gusset. Pressing them to my nose I inhaled her sweet musky scent, my mother's scent, my mother's pussy scent. The thought made me giddy, my cock

couldn't have been harder. I could've cum then and there but still I denied myself.

When Dad returned I made myself scarce and when around 7pm I heard the unmistakable sound of high heels on the hallway floor I knew it was showtime for Mom. I opened my door a crack just in time to see my mother from behind at the end of the hall. She had black high heels on that lengthened her already long legs, complimented by black sheer thigh high stay-up stockings. The maids lingerie tied together at the waist, leaving her upper back and her immaculate white peach shaped buttocks visible. I was an idiot for not having my camera at hand, this could've been the last time I ever saw her wearing it. She turned into the lounge-room where my father was watching television and disappeared from view. I went back to my computer.

I expected not to hear much for a while but when the sound of raised voices and then quiet conversation filtered through I was intrigued. When I heard car keys, the front door opening and closing, then Mom's high heels coming back down the hall, I knew something hadn't gone right.

I waited a couple of minutes and ventured out. In the kitchen were open bottles of bourbon and champagne. Dad was gone. Outside his car was gone too. I went straight to my mom's room, knocked on the door and entered to find her sitting on the edge of the bed, glass of champagne in hand.

"What went wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, hey Benjamin...Come in baby. Keep your old mother company," she replied. "What went wrong? Well I guess I just don't cut it anymore. I suspect he's found someone else, a younger, better model I suppose. He says we're through."

It came like a stab to my heart to hear her say this. "Younger, better model? Are you kidding me? Have you seen yourself Mom? You look incredible!"

"Oh you're just saying that darling," she replied.

Was she fishing for compliments? I didn't care. "Mom. Honestly, as a guy talking here. You look fucking hot. You could be in por...in magazines!" I'd managed to stop myself from saying it.

"Benjamin...!" She retorted, shocked. "Were you going to say porn!?"

"Well so what if I was Mom? Really you need to see yourself how a guy would see you. Look, let me take a photo of you and you'll see what I mean."

I didn't wait for an objection, I bounded out of there and grabbed my camera along with the champagne. When I returned I topped up her glass and told her to pose for me over near her antique set of drawers. To my delight she did what I said and drowning her glass and picking up her duster she stood awaiting my next instruction.

It was now I could gaze upon her as I'd hoped. "OK, now pretend you're dusting the top of the drawer, turn sideways, push your bum out a little and lean forward."

She laughed, "Gee..Bossy much!"

I took the photo and went to show her. "There, see."

She did look hot. The photo wouldn't have looked out of place in Vogue, let alone a porn site and she knew it.

"Well, I guess I look OK. Probably more to do with the photographer," she chided.

"Nuh..Uh...Mom, it's all you. Let's do some more."

I had her pose in every position I'd seen in soft porn. From behind leaning forward, legs crossed, on her knees, on the bed on her back. Everything I came up with she followed and seemed to enjoy. My cock was rock hard and I didn't even

attempt to hide it. She knew it too, now and again looking at it sticking out of my grey track pants. For an hour we must have done this, I was running out of poses for her to perform, yet I wanted every inch of this beautiful women documented. I'd taken closeups of her feet, her mouth, her tongue, her pube covered pussy behind the small thong, her ass and she allowed me. When I brazenly told her to spread her bum cheeks, she did so without objection. Letting her own son photograph her anus, covered only by a thin strip of saturated cotton. Finally she must have thought it was time.

"So what else happens in one of these photo shoots honey?" She asked. I was standing before her as she went down to her knees level with my cock.

"Does this happen?" She pulled my pants down vigorously, unleashing my cock standing at a 45deg angle.

"Does this happen?" She leaned forward and licked up the length of my shaft from my swollen balls to the dripping head.

"Oh god yes, it does happen Mom!"

"Does this happen honey?" She grabbed the base of my cock and wrapped her lips around the head, then slowly sucked it's length into her mouth.

"Oh fuck yes Mommy, yes." I managed to exhort as I blindly clicked away with the camera at what was happening.

She sucked my cock deeper into her throat, it felt better than any time I'd masturbated. The warmth, the wetness, all the while she kneaded my leaden balls. It was too much.

"Shit Mom, I'm gonna cum. What should I do, where should I?"

She removed my cock from her mouth just long enough to reply she didn't mind and anywhere was OK by her. So I did it. I grabbed the back of her head for leverage and began

cumming inside my mothers mouth. My god there must have been a lot, 8, 9, 10 times I spurted inside her and she seemed to swallow every drop. Pulling out I threw the camera behind me onto the bed, ripped off my t-shirt and knelt down in front of her, my still erect penis now pressed against her stomach.

With one hand I grabbed her ass and the other the back of her head and kissed her with all the passion I could muster. My tongue darted into her mouth and tasted my cum, her tongue entwined with mine, her lips dripping with saliva and sperm. My hand found the crack of her ass and I ran my index finger over her anus. I needed to taste her cunt. I stood up with her, turned her around and lifted her back onto the bed, spreading her legs wide in the process. She lay on her back before me and I began by kissing her stockinged leg at her knee and working my way up. Past the lace stocking tops and the soft skin of her inner thigh. The entire region was slick with her pussy juice and so much heat and scent emanated from her cunt. I pulled the flimsy black panty aside and buried my face into her hairy crotch. With my thumb and index finger I separated her lips above her clit, giving me access to the little

engorged button and let my tongue go to work. With my other hand I'd been pressing my thumb against her anus but now I used two fingers to penetrate my mothers pussy, going deep and curling them trying to find the most stimulating spot.

"Yes Benjamin, yes. That's it baby. Tongue mommy's pussy," she screamed as she grabbed my hair and ground my face between her legs. "Oh god honey you're gonna make mommy cu...cu...cum. Oh my baby. My baby boy. Make mommy cum!" She wrapped both her legs around me and pulled my head into her, I actually stopped fingering her and licking as there was no room. It was all her. She held the back of my head and ground her pussy up and down over my mouth and nose.

I couldn't breathe nor did I care. If I'd suffocated right then, my life would've been complete. After all I was born from this pussy, I'd be happy to die here. Mom had stopped breathing herself, she went extremely quiet and just held my head tight between her legs, my face hermetically sealed to her cunt. She then must have cum, as her legs began quivering and her breath let out in a massive sigh of relief and ecstasy. She held

me there a moment longer then released me and pulled me up on top of her. In the process I pulled the lingerie over her head and tossed it aside. We were now chest to chest. My arm went beneath her head and the other beneath her ass. My cock found it's way to the entrance of her sopping cunt and poked it's head in.

"Do it baby," she ordered. "Stick that cock in mommy's pussy. Fuck me hard Benny!"

I needed no more prompting. I went deep. I slid effortlessly inside my mom's vagina. My balls slapped against her ass. My left index finger found her anus, teased then slid inside. She must have loved that as she bit down on my earlobe and hissed again to fuck her hard. My finger now wedged in her asshole I could feel my cock through her vaginal wall plunging deep into her. I knew I wouldn't last long and she must have known.

"Do it honey, cum inside mommy. Fill me with cum Benny. I want it so bad."

When she said my name, that did it. My cock exploded inside my mother's cunt, shooting load after load of semen as deep as her womb from whence I came. The feeling was indescribable as she squeezed my cock with her pussy and drained the excess sperm. I kissed her mouth, her neck, her jawline. I buried my face in her hair and she whispered her love for me into my ear.

We lay together on her bed in the afterglow and with my dick softening inside her, Mom looked me in the face. "That was just what I needed honey. You've given me the best Mother's day ever."

I kissed her on the lips again and felt my cock stiffening.

"My god, are you getting hard again baby?" She asked.

"I can't help it Mom, it just feels so good." I replied. "There is one thing I want to ask you about though, what about Dad?"

And then something happened. As if saying his name had summoned him somehow, we both heard the front door of the house opening, then close. "Yvette," he called out. Mom and I looked at each other in horror.

"Oh shit," Mom whispered as we leaped out of bed. Grabbing my pants and shirt I looked at Mom in the process of finding a robe to quickly throw over herself. Knowing I couldn't make it back to my room without being seen asked what I should do and she immediately rushed me into her en-suite and closed the door behind me.

I put on my clothes and listened at the door. Mom must have made it back to bed as I heard Dad enter and begin his apology.

"I'm sorry Yve, I've been a fool. Can you forgive me?"

"You were so cruel. I was just trying to look pretty for you Geoff, that's all. You've been so distant since Caitlyn left, I thought the lingerie might have changed things." She didn't mention that I'd bought her the maids outfit but I held no grudge, it probably wouldn't have helped. "Look, why don't we go to the lounge and have a glass of something and talk?"

"Sounds like a good idea," there was a pause. "What's this camera doing here?" He asked. Oh shit, I'd left the camera on the bed.

"Oh Benjamin was just showing me what it can do, he must have left it there. Here let me take that from you."

I think she'd gotten away with it and then my Dad spoke again. "I hope he didn't see you in that getup you were wearing, you'd give the boy nightmares!" He laughed as I heard him leaving her room. Mom entered and passed me the camera.

"OK, he's gone. Quickly honey, go to your room."

I looked at her and she must have seen the concern on my face, "Mom, what does this mean? I mean Dad coming back. What does it mean for us?"

"I don't know Ben, I'll just have to see what happens but I do still love him," she replied.

"So we're over, you and me?"

My mom moved closer to me and kissed me on the lips, "Oh no Benjamin, you and I have only just begun!"

End of chapter 1