

Home Schooling

"So," Tess paused as her son looked up from his phone. "Harry Flack asked me out on a date."

Flynn eyed his mother across the breakfast table.

"Harry 'what the' Flack, Dad's old friend?"

"Uh huh," Tess spied her son's reaction. "I ran into him at the supermarket."

"Oh."

His response wasn't enough for Tess to gauge his opinion and tentatively she sought more.

"So how do you feel about that?" She asked.

Flynn shrugged his shoulders, noncommittal.

"I mean it's been what, seven years since Dad died? He told you to move on so....when are you going out?"

"Friday night," Tess winced.

"Movie night!?" Flynn couldn't help but voice his disappointment. For that was what he felt. Friday's being their day, an ongoing commitment of family time since his father was alive. Flynn's job saw him starting work early Saturday mornings therefore going out with friends on a Friday evening had never been an option, preferring to stay home with his mother and continuing on the tradition of a movie, take out. In truth he loved the time with her. Over time he'd even come to see it as their own kind of mother/son 'date night.' Innocently of course.

"I know," Tess wasn't surprised at Flynn's obvious disappointment. "It was the only time he was free."

"Harry Flack," Flynn repeated. "Isn't he married?"

"Divorced," Tess corrected.

"Oh," Flynn looked back down at his phone. "Well we can watch a movie any night," he maturely conceded much to his mother's delight. Ultimately he wanted her to be happy. His father hadn't always been the best of partners to her he knew and if Harry 'what the' Flack gave her life some enjoyment, then who was he to stand in her way? To his surprise she stood from her chair and circled around the table.

"Thank you," Tess wrapped her arms around her seated son from behind, Flynn recoiling as she tried to kiss his cheek, eventually allowing her lips to make contact with his skin, surprised at the

goosebumps that arose across his body. "I'll make it up to you," she added as she released him from her grip, her hand brushing his bare arm. "Ooh, goosebumps!" She smiled.

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The days leading up, Flynn noticed her demeanour had shifted. Obsessing about her appearance, commenting about some imaginary weight gain, seemingly invisible grey hair. Questioning him as to what to wear, what color to paint her nails? Did that handbag go with this dress? She always looked fine to him, Flynn thought. She was just his mother, ever beautiful whatever she wore, however she had her hair. Was Harry Flack worth this much worry he wondered?

"So how do I look?" Tess posed as she entered the living room early Friday evening, turning for her son as if she were on a runway.

She'd donned the dress Flynn had suggested though now made up completely, hair tied back in a tight pony tail, stockings and heels, he wished he hadn't. She looked amazing and he was sure Harry would agree. It was then the reality of his mother dating another man dawned on him. He could see them together. Holding hands. Would he kiss her? Want more? The thought took him by surprise, not nauseating but close.

"Well?" Tess reminded him of her initial question.

"Oh," Flynn trailed his eyes up her body from her black stockings over the figure hugging red dress and spoke from the heart. "You look beautiful."

Even under the make-up he could see she blushed, the reaction surprising. A car horn sounded from the street, breaking the connection they shared as her eyes unlocked from his.

"Seriously?" Flynn questioned. "He can't even come to the door?"

Tess shrugged. "He always was a bit different," she excused his behaviour and looked at her reflection in a mirror. "Alright don't wait up. Wish me luck," she called as her high heels clicked along the hallway away from him.

He would. And he didn't.

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It was nearly eleven p.m. when he heard the car pull into the driveway. He'd planned to still be watching television in the living room but the thought of Harry and his mother entering the house, awkwardly conversing with him had seen him take refuge in his bedroom. To his surprise however, he heard the front door opening whilst the sound of the car driving away occurred. She'd come home alone. He didn't hear the sound of her heels on the timber floor and

assumed she'd removed them so as not to wake him as she navigated the house.

After awkwardly removing her high heels inside the front door, tipsy, not drunk, Tess was thankful she'd declined another drink at the bar. The evening had been enjoyable. Uncomfortable to begin, with the combined baggage of their previous partners, it was inevitable much of their conversation had circled around such. Developing as the night progressed.

Feeling her way along the darkened hall she was disappointed Flynn hadn't stayed up to see her home; encouraged when she spied light seeping below his closed door. She paused to listen for the sound of his television and jumped when it was his voice that broke the quiet of the night.

"Are you coming in or not?" Flynn yelled from behind the panel and Tess entered her son's room without delay.

Still clothed, Flynn sat on his bed, a book cast aside as his mom fell into his room.

"I thought you were sleeping," Tess whispered, unsure why, before climbing onto the bed beside him, dropping her shoes on the carpet.

Flynn could smell the alcohol on her but her appearance was much the same prior to her leaving, sans the shoes of course.

"As if, with the sound of you bumping along the hallway!" Flynn chuckled.

"I took my heels off to be quiet!" She defended herself as she leaned down on one elbow, her knees bent and Flynn noticing how her dress rode up high on her stockinged thighs. Had Harry noticed as well? He wondered.

"It didn't work!" Flynn smiled and his mother playfully punched his leg.

"I didn't have that much to drink," Tess confided. "I was a good girl." The hand she'd used to punch him she tucked between her thighs and noticed her sons eyes drift to, then quickly away from the area.

"So I guess you want to tell me how it went," Flynn stated, hoping she hadn't noticed him looking at her legs.

"Oh, it was alright," Tess began, not giving too much away to begin with. "We went to a movie."

"Yeah? Which one?"

"Oh, the one with the bald wrestler and all the car chases," Tess elaborated, Flynn understanding the movie she meant. "It was o.k. Then we went to a bar and just talked. Then home."

"I hope he wasn't drinking and driving," Flynn challenged.

"No Dad!" Tess laughed. "He didn't have much. I was way ahead of him. Nerves I think."

"Nerves?" Flynn furrowed his brow.

"Well yes. I haven't been on a date for God knows how long." The moment she said it she regretted the statement. She always liked to think of Friday nights with Flynn a kind of 'date night,' silly in that she was sure he wouldn't feel the same. "I realized tonight I haven't even kissed another person on the lips in more than seven years!"

The admission was intimate and took Flynn by surprise.

"So how did it go?" He hated asking but wanted to at least seem grown up in the conversation.

"We didn't!" Tess admitted.

"What?" Flynn sat up, heartened.

"I shook his hand!" She held back laughter.

"Really?"

"Yeah. He must think me a dork," Tess stated. "One second he's leaning in to kiss me goodnight and the next I'm holding out my hand to shake his. Like we were in a business meeting or something."

"Oh Mom," Flynn consoled, though thrilled at the news.

"I know! It was like I'd forgotten how to kiss," Tess confided.

Flynn chuckled. "You can't forget how to kiss!" He stated.

"Well maybe not when you have a new girlfriend every six weeks," Tess teased, alluding to him. "But you can when you're out of practice."

Flynn laughed and readjusted his position on the bed to match hers, almost yin and yang.

"You just pucker up and close your eyes!" He grinned.

"Well come on Casanova, show me," Tess spoke the words before she'd really thought them through. What had she just asked him? To kiss her? Would she ever have proposed the act sober? She hadn't even had that much to drink.

"What!?" Flynn's eyes opened wider.

"If you're so good, show me what you can do," Tess doubled down. It was enjoyable. Playful yet layered with so much connotation. Was that why it felt so thrilling? "Teach me how to kiss."

As Flynn looked in her slightly lazy eyes he could see no sign of playful deceit. She wanted him to kiss her. Her son to kiss his mother.

"You're serious?" He almost whispered, a last chance for her to admit she was joking before he potentially made a fool of himself.

"Flynn I'm your mother, it's no big deal," she matter of factly stated and impulsively he leaned in and kissed her on the lips as her final word was spoken.

A mere peck and he withdrew with Tess left in startled shock.

At first, for barely an instant, Flynn believed he'd stuffed up. That even though she had indeed told him to, the kiss was inappropriate, unsolicited.

"That wasn't a kiss," Tess complained. "I mean a real one."

Oh God yes, Flynn spoke to himself. She looked beautiful. She always did he reasoned, but tonight, especially so. The long sleeved red dress cut down low on her chest, the way she sat accentuating one side of her ample cleavage. Had her hand crept up further along her inner thigh, he wondered? Was it his own, or her heartbeat he heard thumping in his ears?

His lips had been on hers for less than a second. A blink of her eyes lasted longer, Tess mused as she watched him lean into her again, this time slowly, deliberately. It was as it had been in the car with Harry, his body closing in on her. Then her instinct had been to pull away, now she leaned in to welcome her son.

His face she knew as well as her own. Studied every day of his eighteen years. Her eyes trained on his lips before locking on his own, a cautious determination behind them. What was he feeling? Hell what was she feeling? What in the name of God were they doing?

He looked in her eyes until they closed with their lips' connection. What were they doing, he wondered? Closed mouth they kissed until she allowed more, her lips parting to embrace his bottom, the upper. She needed no lessons, he reasoned as he felt the tip of a tongue dampen his lip. Tentatively he reciprocated, her mouth opening to take him in, twirling her own tongue around his.

Flynn finally closed his own eyes as the passion grew. Their faces tilting, noses rubbing together as they changed position, tongues deep in the other's mouth. Flynn raised a hand and cradled her head, caressing his fingers behind her ear and along her neck to the encouraging sound of his mother's sighs.

Emboldened he broke from her mouth, no destination intended but kissed her chin and onto her jaw, her head tilting upward to enable him to kiss her neck, his cock hardening. His cock hardening! What the fuck was this? He drew away from her in bewilderment to see her own eyes opening slowly, contentment on her face before she came back to reality. That she was upon her son's bed.

Even as she sat there she could feel the dampness between her legs. Spreading as she so subtly ground her thighs together. Why had he pulled away, she pondered as her eyes opened? Oh that's right, she scolded herself. Because you're his goddamn mother! She yelled in her head. His gaze was penetrating as he looked to her for guidance. How had they, she, let this game go so far? Was it a game? She buckled under his stare and let her eyes fall along his body. Unmistakeable was the bulge in his pants. Oh my god, she breathed.

"So how did I go on my first lesson?" She tried to break the heavy tension that had enveloped them, asking the question as if she'd merely had a driving test.

"Ah," Flynn tried to remain composed, fighting the emotions, the urges he had for her. "Ahem, good I guess." 'First lesson,' she had said, he noted. Was this not a one off? He certainly hoped not.

"Well thanks Honey," Tess sat up further on the bed, distancing herself from him. "I won't be so nervous on my next date now." She admitted, attempting to dismiss what had just happened between them as totally innocent, nothing more than a lesson.

"Next date?" Flynn repeated, not hiding his dissatisfaction at the news. "You're going out with him again?"

It was ridiculous but Tess hated herself for revealing the information then and there. She swung her legs off the bed, feeling the pronounced dampness between her upper thighs, her panties sliding against her labia.

"Uh huh, Friday again," she doubly berated herself for revealing the date. Again cancelling their own mother/son date night. But it had to be done didn't it? Whatever had just occurred wasn't normal. Her body reacting in a way she'd never known to a man she'd never considered. She shouldn't consider. Not in that way.

She could see the disappointment in his face but he tried to mask it with humour.

"Well I guess there'll be no more awkward handshakes," Flynn offered, trying not to show his emotions. He watched her pull her dress down her thighs where it had crept up nearly to her hips, smiling down at him.

"And I have you to thank for that," she grinned. "You're a good teacher."

Flynn wanted to say something smart like 'any time' or 'you're a good student,' but she didn't give him the opportunity, hastening toward his door. He looked at her ass as she went, rounded cheeks that swayed with each step. Clench-able, kissable, he thought but wrenched his eyes from the temptation. Stop it, he told himself. It would never happen.

"See you tomorrow night?" She turned when she reached the door, knowing she wouldn't be up when he left in the morning.

"Good night Mom," he replied and with the close of the door, she was gone. Her presence however lingered. The smell of her perfume in the air, on the sheets. Her forgotten shoes beside his bed, the erection that retained its vigour, and the memory. The memory he could replay over and again as sleep eventually came for him. Of kissing his mother on the mouth. Her skin, her tongue, her saliva. The taste of her. And it was a pretty picture he painted.

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His alarm rang early and his first act was to roll over and see that her heels remained. That none of it had been a beautiful yet ultimately cruel dream. No. They were there. And the very sight of them had his dick swelling.

Tess heard her son leave and a large part of her was thankful he was gone. That she didn't have to face him so soon after the events. She knew her own feelings on the matter, the remembrance creating that familiar yet so infrequent wetness in her panties, but how did he feel? Did he see through the charade of 'kissing lessons?' How could he not?

She lay in bed longer than was usual and was startled late morning from a second sleep she hadn't planned by her phone ringing. Guiltily grinning to herself as she withdrew a hand from between her legs, her fingers wrinkled from her own sap.

"Lunch. Today?" She repeated Harry Flack's words and couldn't think of a valid reason to say no. Well there was one. But he wasn't home and if she was honest, merely a pipe dream.

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Flynn was understandably sheepish when he encountered her in the kitchen on returning home. Small talk both of their go to's before Tess broke the seal.

"So your kissing lesson paid off," she proclaimed, pouring herself another glass of white wine.

"What? You saw Harry?" A part of Flynn's heart sheared off.

"Uh huh. He took me for lunch," she proclaimed, immediately realizing, far too proudly.

"I thought you weren't going to see him again until next week?"

"Well that was the plan, but I guess your old mom is just too alluring to stay away from," she laughed.

"You're not old," Flynn bluntly stated and turned his back to her as he asked the question he already knew the answer to. "And you kissed him?"

"Well I had to put my training into affect at some stage," she again laughed, nerves, the half bottle she'd already consumed dictating her cavalier demeanour. "It must have worked, he's asked me out again mid week!"

He almost wished they'd not done it, shared the kiss. If she was to be with Harry 'what the' Flack, then why dangle that tantalising delight before him, then so cruelly snatch it away? He was glad he'd made

plans that evening with friends and not be tortured further by being in her unobtainable presence.

"Oh that's good," Flynn lied. "I'm happy for you Mom," he managed to again look in her eyes.

Tess had hoped he wouldn't be. That he'd right then and there declare his love for her and forbid her seeing another but he. But knowing the likelihood was minimal, she fell on her back-up plan.

Flynn watched her down the rest of her recently poured glass and wondered why she was imbibing so enthusiastically.

"So what are your plans for this evening?" She launched, to her son's noncommittal shrug.

"Meeting up with some friends," he confided. "Maybe see the film you did."

"Oh," Tess replied, casting her eyes downward in legitimate disappointment.

"Oh, what?" Flynn asked, mimicking her seeming dismay.

She again looked up to him as he stood across from the table an arms length away.

"We're more than mother and son aren't we?" She began. "I mean we've always been more like friends."

Flynn sat down on a chair as he saw the serious look growing behind her eyes.

"I mean, yeah. I guess," he agreed, not knowing where this was going.

Nodding, Tess smiled. "I hoped you'd say that. It was like with the kissing thing. I could trust you with that because it's something a friend would be willing to oblige, maybe not so much a mom and son. Or more to the point, it made it not an issue that we're related. Do you know what I mean? I'm waffling a bit aren't I?"

"No I get it Mom," Flynn was more than eager to agree. "But it's also like, because we are related, there's no worry that whatever we do or say can get in the way of our friendship. Does that make sense?"

Tess grasped her son's hand in hers across the glass table top. "Yes! That's exactly how I feel too," she smiled. "We're so alike."

Again the goose-bumps from her touch as she stroked the back of his hand, not lost on Tess.

"It's a shame you have to go out tonight, I wanted to ask you another favour," she casually threw in his direction.

Flynn saw the change in her manner. Most dramatically in her eyes, turning from serious to almost seductive.

"I mean I don't have to go out, it's not set in stone," he admitted. "What did you want?"

"Oh it's silly," Tess played. "Embarrassing too," she dropped her eyes before slowly reengaging with his. "You probably wouldn't want to do it."

Now Flynn was committed. Silly, embarrassing. They were his stock in trade. "You just have to ask Mom," he confessed. "I'd do anything for you."

Could she have done it without the alcohol? Tess wondered. Yes, was her verdict.

"Well you remember I said I hadn't kissed a man in more than seven years?" She paused, watching her son nod slowly. "Well it's been a lot longer than that since I've....touched a man!"

After the previous night, Flynn was pretty sure what she was insinuating by 'touched,' but needed her to elaborate. Wanted her to say the words.

"What do you mean?" Flynn blushed.

"You know, down there," her eyes dropped to the surface of the table, looking through the glass in the direction of his groin.

"Oh," Flynn swallowed loudly before belying his nerves and chuckling to break the tension.

"What? Don't laugh," Tess smiled. "It's alright for you, you touch one every day," she laughed. "I can't even remember what one feels like."

There was no doubt where this was heading and Flynn hastened its arrival.

"I mean I can show you if you want?" He graciously offered. "Give you some tips."

"You'd do that?" Tess placed a hand on her heart. "For me?"

Knowing there was a lot of performance behind her actions, Flynn kept up their charade.

"Of course Mom. I told you I'd do anything," he reinforced.

"You're the best," Tess stated, already rising from her seat. "I should get you one of those mugs, 'world's best son.'"

Following her lead, their hands still locked, Flynn left the table, allowing himself to be led along the hallway.

"I could do the same for you," he concurred.

She bypassed his room and entered her own, turning to face him fully once they hit the bed.

Flynn wanted to lean forward and kiss her as they'd done the night before but knew it would break the emersion. Let her take the lead, he thought. If she wanted to imagine whatever was happening between them was a lesson, just pretend, then so be it. As stated, he'd do anything.

"So do I have to pretend I'm Harry 'what the' Flack?" He asked. "Why did Dad call him that anyway?"

"Who?" Tess dreamily asked as if forgetting the reason the act was playing out to begin with. "Oh, it's not important." Her eyes scanned

her son's chest, her hands rising as if to touch before composing herself and bringing them together below her breasts.

Flynn could see she was struggling and took over, performing his part perfectly.

His cock growing by the second, Flynn took hold of his belt and unbuckled, watching his mother's eyes drawn to the area.

"So let's just assume his pants are already off," Flynn confidently stated, pulling his jeans and underpants down below his shaved dick and balls.

He heard the intake of her breath as she looked down on his swelling, her eyes widening.

"Oh Flynn," she looked up into his face. "Can I touch it?"

"It's why we're doing this!" He smiled and with their eyes still locked, felt her cradle his semi erect penis in her palm.

"Oh God!" Flynn exhaled. "Is what the guy will probably say," he covered.

Swelling in her grip, Tess wrapped her fingers around her son, turning her wrist as he achieved his full erection and slowly running her hand along his length.

"Like this?" Tess coyly asked, seeing by his reaction she was doing it correctly.

"Oh yess!" Flynn concurred, raising his t-shirt up his torso to remove and throw onto the bed. "See it's not so hard."

"Well it IS hard!" Tess brought some levity, smiling at her son. "Do you want to sit down?"

Without word, Flynn backed onto the edge of the bed, his mother not removing her hand, squatting down before him.

"There, more comfortable," she acknowledged, still slowly masturbating him. "Now what else should I do? Would sitting like this turn a guy on?"

Flynn let his eyes fall from hers, dropping to her breasts, obviously bra-less behind a thin white tank top. Her thighs parted, the light blue denim skirt had ridden up to her hips, pink panties covering a clearly damp bulge of pussy meat.

"Um, yeah. That's gonna help!" Flynn managed.

Tess lifted her other hand to his cock, stroking his swollen balls, weighing them in her palm.

"Do men like that, a woman playing with their balls?" She asked almost innocently and all Flynn could do was nod his approval.

Without waiting for further instructions, Tess leaned forward and kissed the head of her son's cock, her lips coming away with a trail of pre-cum before she licked it into her mouth.

"Oh I remember that flavour," she smiled. "Sweet."

Her mouth hovering over the head she once again looked into Flynn's eyes. "Can I?" She asked, both in no doubt as to what she referred and once again Flynn nodded, mesmerised.

So wet, so warm were her lips around him. No more than half his length did she take into her mouth but it was far more than Flynn could ever have hoped or dreamed of. Her tongue swirled around him as she masturbated his base, her eyes fixed on his to see his reaction.

Almost mimicking her own mouth, Flynn's dropped open as he gazed down upon his mother. Gently thrusting his hips up and down in time with her hand's twisting movement. Slurping her

mouth from his cock and leaving it slick and glistening, Tess sought more answers.

"Is it better getting jerked off when its slippery like this?" She posed, smearing her saliva along his length.

"Yeah I love that. I mean, I'm sure all guys like it," he quickly explained.

Her fist moved so quickly up and down his column, her gaze fixed on the task at hand, in hand; the muscles in her arm as rigid as the cock she friggged.

"How does it feel Baby?" She looked up to Flynn, her wrist pumping.

"So good Mom," he managed to pant. He looked at her face, her boobs, the nipples so pronounced, between her parted legs, that pussy bulge and knew he wouldn't last. "Mom, you'd better...you'd better stop."

It was a look of satisfaction, not concern that came to Tess' face.

"So I'm doing it right!?" She asked, if anything, moving her hand quicker along his cock, with a tighter grip.

"Oh God yes," Flynn gasped, clutching the comforter in both hands behind him. "So.....good!" He declared as his orgasm rose.

Tess could see in his face he was about to cum, his entire body tensing, the muscles in his stomach pronounced. She pressed beneath his balls and stared at the head, her hand a blur as she masturbated her son, the thrill of the action, the taboo, causing a delirious sensation in her mind, almost orgasmic, saturating her panties. And then he came.

An eruption accompanied by his approving sigh. Jet after jet, long ropes of cum surged from her son's beautiful cock to lay upon his flat stomach, reaching his pecs. Semen flowed down over her knuckles as her hand continued it's rapid movement, the torrent reducing as she massaged his emptied balls.

Flynn let go of the duvet, the warm tingling of his orgasm still flowing through his body. He wanted to kiss her, to declare his love, to thank her for what she'd given him but she got in first.

"Thank you Honey," Tess stated, her hand slowly coming to a stop, squeezing out the last of his cum from the eye as her gaze drifted up to his face. "I probably needed the practice didn't I!?"

If she'd kept tugging him, he knew he would've cum again, so turned on was he and he wanted to let her know.

"No you were great, look," he pointed to his still erect penis. "If you kept doing what you're doing I'd cum again for sure."

"Oh, do you think I should keep masturbating you?" She asked. "Build up my hours, so to speak."

She was already rising from between his legs, her hand in the process of coming from his dick and he didn't stop her, something else just as delightful drawing his attention.

"No," he directed and allowed her cum covered hand to leave his cock, passing her his t-shirt to wipe away the evidence. He kept his eyes on the denim skirt that had ridden up to her hips and stayed there, a triangular bulge of pink nylon covering her pussy. She passed back his shirt and he wiped the cum from his stomach as he looked up into her face. "I was just thinking, what if Harry wants to touch you? I mean, speaking frankly how long has it been Mom?"

Tess looked down at her own body, knowing full well what her skirt was revealing.

"You're right Darling," she agreed. "It HAS been so long since a man has touched me. Do you think we should try some other things, just so I'm prepared?"

Flynn cast the cum soaked t-shirt aside. "I mean it wouldn't hurt," he added, dropping his eyes back to her pubic bulge then up again. "Do you want me to.....?"

Her nodding was all the consent he needed as he leaned forward. The closer her got the stronger the scent. The smell of a woman, his mother. His mother's pussy. He inhaled deeper as his lips pressed the soft lump of pubic hair and bone behind the damp pink material. Gently kissing the divine region before raising his hands to her hips and beneath her skirt.

With his mouth still pressed to her, he took hold of the band of her underwear and lowered them down her thighs, his lips meeting a wet tangle of pube, kissing her, breathing her in.

"Oh Flynn," Tess sighed above him and he looked up to her as he lowered her underwear the rest of the way down her legs. She ran a hand through his hair, her breathing laboured. "Should I get on the bed?"

The question needed no answer and as she moved beside him, Flynn took the opportunity to remove his own jeans completely, leaving them aptly beside his mother's panties. She lay down before him, skirt hitched around her waist and naked, her son climbed between her legs, his hands on her parted thighs. Flynn took a moment to admire the sight, the v of dark pubes above the folds of dripping labia before he moved in, his mouth encircling his mother's cunt.

Her hips rose to push against him as his tongue entered her body, lapping, drinking in the fluid she'd created for him, only for him. His hands joining in the fray, spreading her labia as he pulled out and focussed on her clit. The pleasure was unexpected and Tess arched her spine on the mattress, clutching the comforter much as her own son had done as he nibbled, sucked her most tender of zones.

Wrapping a leg around his head, Tess drew her son further into her pussy as he dropped two fingers to her opening. Lapping away on her clitoris, he delved deep, her vagina tighter than he expected, her reaction as welcoming as he'd hoped.

Tess moaned as he fingered her. The pleasure almost too much as he doubled up by sucking her clit. She wondered how he was so good? How he knew just the right way to please her? How many girls had he done this with? It didn't matter. He was with her now. Mother and son. No more intimate relationship could there be, no coupling more righteous. They were made for each other.

Her orgasm came faster than she could manage herself. Did she need further proof they were meant to be? Wave after wave of euphoria swept her body as Flynn suckled her clitoris, his fingers curling inside her, now familiar within her private walls. She lifted her top above her breasts, pinching her own nipples to prolong, enhance the climax, her pussy grinding into her son's face.

Flynn rubbed his cock hard into the mattress as she came into his mouth. The reality of bringing his own mother to orgasm had himself on the verge of again cumming, lifting his groin at the last moment

from the duvet before he embarrassed himself. Would he though? He was at the point where he felt he could do and say whatever in front of her. She to him. They were finally one. Well almost.

Flynn raised his face from between his mother's parted thighs when it finally seemed her orgasm had ebbed. Her expectant eyes looking along her body to him.

"Do you think we should fuc....?" He nearly managed to completely ask.

"Yes!" Tess demanded before he could finish, dragging him up her body, his cock magnetically homing in on her lubricated and awaiting love.

Now they were one. Mother and son as nature intended. Cock deep. Their pelvis' ground together.

Flynn dropped his face to hers and her mouth opened awaiting his lips, his tongue. Their kiss as passionate, more so than the previous night.

"There is no Harry," she breathed into his mouth as they embraced, arms, her legs wrapped tight around his body, drawing him into her.

"What?" Flynn sighed as he kissed her mouth, her jaw. Wondering why she'd even bother raising his name.

"We kissed at lunch today and I felt nothing," she confided and Flynn looked into her eyes, ceasing his penetration as she explained. "Nothing like last night Flynn." She admitted, her eyes tearing with the confession. "It was then I knew Baby. That it's you. It's always been you. You're the only man I want. That I need."

"What about the other date?" Flynn asked.

"There isn't another," a wry smile came to her mouth. "I lied. I broke it off with him today."

That she needed 'help' with kissing, with 'touching' a man had always seemed the flimsiest excuse for what they were doing, Flynn knew but never had he been so happy to be lied to.

"So no more Harry?" He excitedly posed, his mother shaking her head in assurance as he resumed his slow fucking of her before once again pausing. "Does that mean no more lessons?"

Tess lowered her arms down her son's back, cupping his buttocks and pulling him deep inside her.

"Oh no Baby, there's still so much we've yet to do," she assured him.

"I love you," Flynn declared and it was exactly what Tess needed to hear, raising her mouth to again join his.

"Then show me Baby," Tess stated. "Teach me how a son fucks his mother."

Despite her hands locking him in place, Flynn pulled out and malleable, completely at his will, Tess allowed herself to be turned over on the bed. Pulling her onto her knees, she looked back at him, muscular yet still so young. Always her little boy but with the body of a man, the erection to prove it. For a moment she thought he'd take her ass. The idea terrifying and thrilling at once. More than willing to accept him, welcome to anything. He pulled her back onto him, his cock entering her again, doggy style, his pelvis slapping her ass. Dropping forward she clutched at a pillow, turning her head to see herself and her son in the reflection of a mirror. So beautiful a sight. His hands on her ass, spreading her as he fucked. Her body revealed before him, as base as she could be. Submitted. Orgasm approaching.

Flynn could feel her cumming. His eyes locked on her spread asshole, twitching as in turn the walls of her pussy twitched around him. He lifted her up to kneel with him, her back to his chest. Kissing her neck, she turned her face to greet him, her eyes lazy, delirious from cumming.

"Cum in me," she begged and as if she'd turned a faucet, he came.

Hands on her breasts, their mouths locked, Flynn came inside his mother. His commitment to her in the form of ejaculate. Proof he loved her. With the subtlest of thrusts he painted her walls. Cum surging forth, Tess feeling the flood, her son welcomed once more by her womb.

Releasing his held breath, Flynn dropped down onto the mattress, his mother following, turning with him inside her to face her boy. Kissing, they hugged, Tess squeezing her pelvic floor around him drawing a smile upon his face.

"Looks like you have a lot you can teach me," Flynn marvelled at the sensation around his cock.

"Oh, I'm sure I can come up with a few lessons," she giggled.

Flynn ran his hands down his mother's back drawing goosebumps.

"Mmm," she sighed, slowly moving her hips on his still erect penis. "Think you're ready for a bit more home schooling?"

Flynn lowered his mother back down onto the bed, thanking Harry Flack for coming back into their lives, his slick cum coated cock sliding most of the way out before again fully entering.

"I am," Flynn agreed, kissing her throat. "And I'm already imagining some extracurricular activities for us in the future."

"Mmm, I like the sound of that," Tess sighed, thanking Harry herself for re-appearing on the scene.

THE END