

# Home Security

Garret looked at himself in the mirror of his bedroom closet. The suit fit him well he thought. He pulled the badge from the inside pocket and flashed it to the reflection. "Security. You're under arrest!"

The door to his room opened without warning and his mother entered, her face lighting up when she saw her son. "Oh Honey, you look so handsome."

"Mom! Can you knock for once!" Garret pleaded feeling more than a little embarrassed at being caught playing security guard.

Brooke Byrnes crossed the short distance to her son and took him by the lapels. "Oh come now, you've got nothing to hide from me," looking down at his awkwardly knotted neck tie. "Here let Mommy do that for you." She stated, undoing the tie and starting again. "Now watch me Honey. Over, around, around..."

Garret wasn't watching her hands. His mother's satin dressing gown, loosely tied at the waist flashed plenty of her inner boob and understandably the sight caught his nearly nineteen year old attention.

"..up and back down the middle. See, it's easy." Brooke continued. "What will you do when you're living on your own? Oh what am I saying?" She quickly added. "You're never leaving home. I won't let you!" She tightened and straightened the tie and pulled her son to her chest, wrapping her arms around him. Garret in turn felt it wrong to not return the hug and with one hand on her lower back, the other

higher, pressed against the silky material and the warm flesh beneath.

Too soon for Garret the embrace ended but his mother remained by his side to look in the mirror. Lifting a hand to her mouth she sighed. "Oh my baby's all grown up. Just look at you. Your Daddy would have been so proud."

The mention of his father took Garret out of his euphoria. "Do you think?" He stated, no hope in his inflection.

Brooke too seemed to reconsider her statement. Her husband resentful of the special relationship she shared with her son, growing to a hatred of the boy. "Well I'm proud of you!" She again raised a hand to her mouth as tears welled in her eyes. "Oh. My baby's first day at work."

"Mom, really?" Garret questioned.

"I can't help it. You've grown up so fast." Brooke again embraced her son and Garret felt her body even closer on this occasion. Her belly and breasts pushing hard against him. "It seems like only yesterday I was nursing you, changing your diapers."

"Okay Mom," Garret broke the embrace much to his mother's annoyance. "I've got to get going. I don't want to be late."

"Well you'll be careful won't you?" Brooke asked. "And you'll call me if anything happens."

Garret shook his head but smiled at her overprotection. "Ah, I doubt it. Mom, don't worry. I'll be okay."

"Oh I know you will baby. You're such a big boy now...but," she paused.

"What?" Garret asked her, placing his phone and wallet in his pocket.

"Well do you need your blankie?"

Garret's face reddened. They hadn't discussed the 'blankie' for months and for her to bring it up right before he started his first day at work wasn't what he needed. "What? No. Mom!"

"It's no problem Sweetie. You can have them right now if you need it."

Garret paused, thinking about her offer before shaking his head. "No. Look I've got to get going," he crossed his room, kissing her on the cheek as he passed. "I should be home around eight tonight."

Brooke followed her son through the house toward the front door. "Well call if you think you'll be late. I'll have dinner ready for you when you get home."

Garret turned to her as he opened the door. She was handling it all better than he'd expected and wanted to give her credit. "I love you Mom."

She leaned in for another goodbye kiss and her lips pressed to his. "I love you too Baby."

On the bus Garret watched the streetscape pass by but his mind was on other things. The 'blankie.' Why would she bring it up today of all days? From an early age Garret had suffered separation anxiety. Bedtime was especially difficult and without the presence of his mother he struggled to fall asleep, crying relentlessly until her return. Only by accident, her discarded scarf left upon his crib, did she stumble on an answer. Finding him snuggling the 'mommy' scented fabric and dozing peacefully one bedtime. From then on he slept like an angel. Her angel. Only needing an item of her clothing to feel secure, like a puppy sensing its mother's heartbeat. As the years progressed they termed any item of her clothing he slept with, the 'blankie.'

His father had never been happy with the situation and by his son's eighth birthday, with the threat of violence he'd tried to put a stop to it. The ultimatum however brought Mother and son closer, conspiring secretly to continue the practice when he felt he needed it. In his teens, Brooke had presumed he'd grown out of it until

discovering a pair of her panties in his bed shortly after his eighteenth birthday.

Garret had explained their presence with the use of the word 'blankie' thereby extinguishing any sexual connotations and as such, Brooke was more than happy to enable her sons needs, leaving her underwear in places easily accessed by her boy if he needed them. If Brooke was honest with herself, it delighted her. Laying in bed a room away, knowing he was holding them in the night, wondering if he was smelling them, possibly using them to pleasure himself. The idea caused Brooke as much pleasure as she imagined he was having, drifting off to her own dreamland where he and she were the only two people left on Earth.

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The bus pulled up at the mall and Garret found his way to his employer. The department store had three levels and he was now one of their handful of loss prevention officers, two of which on duty at any time. His colleague was an elderly gentleman and Garret took a liking to the man immediately.

"The security tags have brought down the theft," Roy Carter explained. "We'll still get junkies trying it on, they just ignore the alarms and lights and do a runner. You don't chase them lad," Roy raised a finger to emphasise the point. "Let the cops deal with that. No, our job is to watch the monitors and walk the floor."

"So how often do you catch someone stealing stuff?" Garret inquired, looking at the array of screens before them.

"Oh maybe once a week," Roy looked closer at a screen, using the mouse to highlight and zoom in on an area. "Here we go now." The camera focussed on a small group of schoolgirls gathered in the makeup section. "School kids are the ones to look out for." Watching intently the behaviour of the girls for a minute, Roy leaned back in his chair. "Nah, they're not up to anything. School kids and bored housewives. They're the ones to watch!"

"Housewives?" Garret responded.

"Yep. Kleptomaniac cougars I call 'em," Roy chuckled to himself. "Middle aged women, nothing to do at home so they spice up their lives with petty theft. Must give them some kind of thrill. You'd be surprised."

"I am," Garret admitted, thinking of his own mother. She would never do something like that, he reasoned.

"Alright Lad. You've got your radio? Let's go stretch our legs."

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The day ended uneventfully. With sore feet and an honest days work behind him, Garret made it home on time much to his mother's delight and eager to hear of her son's first day.

"Nothing much happened at all really," Garret explained over dinner. "I like the man I work with. He reminds me a bit of Grandpa."

"So no criminals, you didn't thwart a diamond heist?" Brooke mused, refilling her son's water glass.

"Nah. I wouldn't even know what to do if I saw a thief at this stage," Garret expressed.

"But you've had training?"

"Yeah it's not that, it's how I'd react I guess. I suppose I won't know until it happens," he admitted.

"And I'm sure you'll do just fine Baby. Oh Honey. Have I told you how proud I am of you?" Brooke placed a hand over her sons.

Garret smiled back, enjoying the feeling. "Ah yeah. I think you mentioned it once or twice!"

"Oh Sweetie don't be mean to Mommy. I'm just excited for you, that's all."

"I know," Garret conceded shovelling food into his mouth, his first full work day building up a mighty hunger.

"Oh! Roy did tell me something funny. That's my boss," he explained. "He says middle aged housewives are the biggest shoplifters!"

"Really?" Brooke replied, heaping her uneaten meat onto her sons plate.

"Yep, them and school kids," Garret elaborated. "Roy says they must be bored at home and shoplift to liven up the day or something like that."

"Is that so?" Brooke stated. "Well I don't need to do anything illegal to liven up my day!" She thought of her actions before Garret had returned home. Laying on her son's bed, her hand in her underwear, masturbating to the thought of Garret in his new suit.

"Oh I'm not saying you'd do it Mom," Garret laughed. "You're much too straight and predictable."

"Am I now?" Brooke rose from the table, taking their now empty plates to the sink. Garret took a moment to admire her body from behind. Her long bare legs leading up to a short denim skirt. Her ass was large but definitely not fat and he could see her bra through the thin material of her top.

"Well did you predict what Mommy left on your pillow then Honey?" Brooke enquired over her shoulder.

Garret was taken aback. He'd not noticed anything when he returned home, dropping his phone and wallet off in his room without lingering. He suspected what she was hinting at and was immediately aroused. Sheepishly he rose from the table and moved towards his mother.

"Is it a blankie?" Garret asked cautiously.

Brooke smiled at her boy as she turned to face him. "I thought you might need it after a long day," she smoothed his hair away from his face and left a hand on his cheek. "Just to help my little man relax that's all."

Garret felt a stirring in his pants and was eager to get to his room. His face blushing, he smiled. "Thanks Mom. It's just to help me sleep!"

"I know Honey," she leaned in and kissed Garret on the mouth, her lips slightly parted leaving a drop of moisture behind on her son. "Now go on, off to bed. Let Mommy clean up in here."

Garret tried to refrain from racing to his room and when the door was closed behind him he was quick to remove his clothing and jump

into bed. His mother's panties were cotton. Blue and white checks and wet at the crotch. He'd been home for an hour and yet their dampness remained. Had she taken them off just before he returned? With his erection growing and breathing in the scent of his mother's pussy on her underwear he wondered if he'd grow out of his need for the 'blankie?' Maybe, he thought; but as his hand encircled his swollen cock, he didn't see the need to stop right now.

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Garret was in the dvd section keeping an eye on a group of teenage girls when the radio on his hip received a burst of static and Roy called him. "Garret. Come up to the office, got something to show you."

"Be right there," Garret replied and leaving the teens, made his way to the security office.

Opening the door to the bank of monitors, Garret was greeted by Roy motioning him forward with his hand. "Here look, we've got one."

Garret sat down beside Roy and looked at the appropriate screen.

"I've been watching her for the last ten minutes," Roy proclaimed. "She's not even trying to avoid the cameras!"

Garret watched the woman as the camera followed her course. Browsing the lingerie department she stopped at a row of panties and took a pair off the rack. Casually placing them in her handbag she continued further along the aisle.

"That's the third pair she's taken!" Roy stated before turning to the younger man, yet to say a word.

Garret was as white as a sheet as he stared at the woman.

"What's wrong with you?" Roy asked the boy. "You said you were hoping for some action today. You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"Not a ghost," Garret said, turning in the chair to face Roy. "My Mom!"

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Brooke hadn't really thought it through. She imagined it would be funny, that Garret would see her immediately and understand it was a joke. Having placed two pairs of panties in her bag and having been there for more than ten minutes she was wondering whether she was being observed at all. In full view of the camera she took the lace thong from the rack and added it to her collection. A sheer black bodysuit caught her eye and out of genuine interest she examined it on the rack waiting for her son to discover her.

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"What do you mean it's your mother?" Roy frowned, desperately trying to prevent it turning into a smirk.

"I guess she thinks it's a joke," Garret explained. "I was telling her about the housewife shoplifters and about how I hadn't apprehended a thief yet. She must have thought it would be funny for me to catch her."

Roy was doing all he could to stop himself laughing. "This isn't a game Garret. She could be in serious trouble."

"I know Roy."

"She could go to prison for this!" He added and immediately felt bad when he saw the fear in the kid's face. "Alright look. Granted she hasn't stolen anything until she's left the store. I'm sure we could let her off with a warning just this once."

"If we could! It's just a joke Roy I'm sure. She would never do something like this!" Garret assured him.

"Alright Buddy. Go get her. You can bring her back here if you like. Show her around. And if she really is a thief maybe tell her to find

another profession, because she's piss poor at shoplifting that's for sure!"

"Thank you Roy, will you come with me to tell her?" Garret asked already heading for the door.

"No I'll save her the embarrassment. I'll head off on my break and see you in half an hour. You're in charge son and please, in the future. No more practical joking family members!"

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Brooke placed the bodysuit on the hanger in the changing room and her handbag on the seat. Looking at herself in the mirror she noticed how pronounced her nipples appeared through the dress. It's the excitement of shoplifting, she thought to herself; must be the reason we middle aged housewives turn to crime. No, she quickly rebutted. They're hard for another reason aren't they Brooke? She added. It's him. The thought of Garret finding her in the change rooms. Arresting her, only jokingly of course. Handcuffing her and searching her like they do at the airport. Patting down her body, his hands all over her.

Oh get a grip Brooke she told herself. He doesn't even have handcuffs! But the thought of her son's touch on her body didn't go away, the familiar feeling creeping into her groin. Untying her wrap dress and pulling her arms from the sleeves she placed it on another hanger and again eyed her reflection. He could come in now, she

imagined. She removed her bra and as her panties lowered she noticed how wet she'd become. Standing totally naked but for her heels she ran a hand down from her breast and across her stomach, imagining the door opening and Garret entering. He'd close it behind himself and gaze upon her nudity. She'd see the hardness growing in his pants and the hunger in his eyes. Her baby boy, now a man would press her to the wall and...no Brooke. She broke into the fantasy, pulling her hand from between her legs and regaining her faculties. Don't cum now.

Garret crossed the women's department heading for the lingerie section.

"Oh good," a shop assistant caught his eye and approached. "I was just about to call you guys."

Garret hadn't been introduced to everyone in the store and the girl, roughly his own age was unknown to him.

"Oh yeah?" Garret asked, resting his hand on his radio, all of a sudden feeling quite important and hoping she wasn't alluding to his mother. "What's the problem?"

"Well you've seen her right? That's why you're here?"

"Ah seen who," Garret looked down at her name-tag. "Katie?"

"The woman stealing all of the panties! She's gone into the changing rooms."

"Um yep, we've been watching her." Garret felt himself blush at his mother's actions. If anyone else found out who she was, he'd never live it down. "I'll take care of it."

Brooke did a final turn in the mirror. The bodysuit was tight and sheer enough to reveal her pubic hair and nipples. Would Garret like it? She asked herself. Where was he? The fantasy was for him to be in there with her. Reluctantly she lowered the lingerie noting she'd dampened the crotch and guiltily grinned at her reflection. Oh well. I was going to buy it anyway! She told herself and reached for her own underwear. Resigned he wasn't coming she was quickly dressed and taking her handbag opened the change room door.

They both jumped as they met each other face to face. "Oh goodness Garret! You surprised me." Brooke exclaimed.

"Mom!" Garret challenged. "What the hell are you doing?"

Recovering from the fright, Brooke smiled with relief. "Well here you are finally. I was wondering how long you'd take to catch me."

"What? 'Catch' you! Mom this isn't a game."

"Oh come now Sweetheart. You know I was only playing." She held open her handbag to reveal the panties and Garret reached in, taking possession.

"And what about that one?" He asked gesturing to the bodysuit.

"Oh I was actually going to buy this." She held it up to her body. "Do you like it?"

He did like it but wasn't in the mood to debate its merits right then and then. The staff member entered the change rooms and being within hearing distance Garret thought it time they move along. Adding the bodysuit to the panties, Garret took his mother by the elbow and led her past the sales assistant, leaving the underwear with the girl. "Right this way Madam," he stated keeping up the charade she was unknown to him.

Garret guiding his mother quickly through the store toward the back offices, to the average customer and even other staff looked exactly like the shoplifting apprehension he intended to have them believe it was. He navigated the back passages until finally they were alone in the security office and Garret challenged her again.

"Seriously Mom. You could have gotten into trouble or had me fired," Garret tried to rationalize. "What were you thinking?"

"I was trying to help," Brooke began. "You said you didn't know what you would do if you saw a shoplifter. I thought you could do a test run on me!"

"And what if I wasn't here when you came in?"

Brooke had to admit to herself again, she probably hadn't thought it through. It had worked out well enough though. Here she was, under arrest by her own son. "It worked though didn't it? You got the thief. What would you do now if I was the real thing?"

"Call the cops I suppose," Garret offered, still frazzled.

"Oh!" Brooke replied a little disappointed. "But what about the stolen goods? Wouldn't you have to search me to get the items back?"

"I already did! They were in your handbag."

"Ah but I went into the change rooms," Brooke stated. "What if I'd hidden some more items on myself?"

She was right, Garret thought. She (or the potential thief) could be wearing stolen items and just walk out of the store. "Mom. Do you have any more items on you?"

"Well no but maybe you should do a test run on me anyway!"

"You want me to search you?" Garret asked.

"Well yes. Isn't it part of your job?"

"Um to be honest; no," Garret explained. "Actually I think it would be against the law."

"Oh that's nonsense, come on someone must have to do it at some stage, you'd best get some practice while you have the chance."

She was making some valid points. It hadn't been part of his training up until then but he'd seen police do it. Maybe he should practice on his mother, as she said, 'while he had the chance.'

"Um okay, I guess I could do it," Garret complied, beginning to sense there was more to this than his mother helping to provide on the job training.

"Good boy," Brooke commended him. "Now, what would you do if you thought I'd hidden some goods?"

Garret looked at his mother up and down. Her green wrap dress was tight fitting and didn't offer any potential hidden compartments. His eyes settled on her breasts.

"Ah, pat you down I guess," he proposed.

"Alright," Brooke replied dropping her handbag onto the table behind her. "Tell me what to do Darling."

"Um, arms out to your side," he commanded and was surprised to see his mother immediately comply. Running his hands from her wrist along the sleeve of her dress he reached her armpit and stopped as she giggled. "Mom, you have to take this seriously."

"I'm sorry Honey, it just tickled is all," she defended herself. "Okay now the other."

Garret repeated the process on her left, then avoiding her breasts ran his hands down her sides to the hip. Dropping to his knees he looked up into his mother's eyes.

"Excuse me madam but I have to do this!" He explained, beginning to enjoy their play acting. With one hand outside her dress, the other beneath, he slid them up her leg. Inching upwards from the hem at her knee along her inner and outer thighs before stopping when his hand hit her crotch. He repeated the action on the other leg, his hand pressing harder this time as he made contact with his mother's panty covered pussy.

"I'm sorry," he offered as he began to blush.

Brooke was breathing heavier and whispered back. "It's fine Darling. You have to be sure."

Garret stood back up and again stared at his mother's breasts.

"Oh my baby's so smart!" Brooke stated. "It's probably where I'd hide something too!"

Garret swallowed hard and hesitated.

"It's okay sweetheart. You can touch Mommy's breasts!" Brooke whispered.

With shaking hands and an erection growing in his pants, Garret gently pressed his palms to her bust. Her nipples hardened under his touch as he moved his thumbs and fingers across her cups, pressing, lifting, weighing her boobs in his hands. He would have been content to just hold them. To cradle them in his palms for the rest of the day but Brooke, as aroused as her son was obviously becoming, wanted more. "Good boy Baby, you're so thorough. Let me help you, just to be sure."

With a deft move of her hands, Brooke undid the belt around her waist and her dress fell partly open, remaining sealed at her chest merely by her son's touch. Garret dropped his arms and it opened to reveal her underwear. The white bra, nipples he'd just caressed clearly visible and matching panties; a pair he knew all too well. His

favourite of many 'blankies.' Noticeably blushing, Garret let out a held breath as he took in his mother, his eyes trailing down from her breasts, drawn to her pubic mound.

"Do you see any stolen goods Honey?" Brooke asked.

Garret could merely shake his head.

"You should probably search me again, don't you think?"

This time Garret nodded.

His hands rose again to her breasts and having shed all doubt this wasn't sexual, confidently pressed them to her bra. Pushed up from beneath, Brooke's breasts pointed suggestively towards her son; the nipples rigid. Garret massaged the soft satin and the skin beneath with love, pinching his mother's nipples gently between thumb and forefinger.

Brooke could see the erection twitch in her son's pants. She longed to see it in person. "Do you need to inspect inside Mommy's panties Darling?" Brooke hinted, aching for him to touch her vagina.

Garret was finding it hard to verbalise and again nodded, sliding a hand down her belly to her groin. Hitting the waistband of his

mother's panties he continued, cupping his palm onto her pubic mound, his fingers between her legs.

He could feel the dampness through her panties, her thick inner thighs slick with juice. Garret looked up into his mother's eyes. "Like this Mom?"

"Oh yes Baby," she sighed. "Just like that. Your so good at your job."

The heat from his mother's pussy increased as he pressed harder into her groin, gently rocking back and forth as Brooke's mouth fell open with pleasure.

"Hmm, nothing here," Garret stated, enjoying the look on his mother's face. "I think I'll have to check them from behind Madam," he ventured.

"If you say so," Brooke purred. "I'll do anything to co-operate Mister!"

Excitement showed in Garret's face as he turned his mother to face the monitors, bending her forward over the back of a chair. Brooke was compliant and spread her feet as her son lifted her dress up over her bottom to rest on her lower back. Her peach shaped rear exposed, Garret used the opportunity to readjust his erection before placing his hands on the cheeks of his mother's panty clad ass.

The white satin was taut across her globes and he caressed the familiar material (a pair he'd snuggled up in bed with on many an occasion), and her warm buttocks beneath.

"That's right my angel," Brooke purred, swaying her ass gently under his touch. "Touch Mommy's panties."

Garret could smell his mother's arousal. From his vantage point he could see the wetness of her gusset. He took hold of the hem and eased the underwear over his mother's ass exposing her bare buttocks and slid them half way down her thighs. His cock ached to be loosed from his pants. To be pressed against her beautiful bottom, to penetrate his mother as nature intended.

The lips of his mother's pussy clearly visible, her hairless anus above, Garret thought he would faint. So many times he'd dreamed of this moment, her panties to his face, wrapped around his cock all the while imagining it was her in bed with him. The charade this was practice for his job was well and truly over; they both knew it but Brooke continued playing the game.

"It's called a cavity search Darling. Go on, put your fingers inside Mommy's pussy," she sighed.

Garret was eager to comply, first pressing the backs of two fingers to her sodden pubic bone and sliding them along her labia until reaching her asshole and returning. Literally dripping, he placed them at the entrance to her vagina and entered.

"Oh Baby," Brooke moaned.

"Oh Mom," Garret chorused, pushing them in and out, amazed at the heat inside her body. "It feels beautiful!"

"Does it Sweetie? Do you like fingering Mommy's pussy?" Brooke sighed, using one hand for balance the other to tweak a nipple.

"I love it Mom, it's amazing."

"Don't forget Mommy's asshole Baby, you have to search there too!" Brooke hinted, desperate to have both her holes filled by her son.

Garret was quick to facilitate his mother's desire. Sliding his fingers from her pussy he smeared her already wet anus with lubricant and pressed his index finger to her tiny puckered asshole. It looked so small, he thought, they'll never fit. But as he pushed, her anus opened allowing his digit to pass the rubbery sphincter and enter her rectum. A whole new world opened up to him. An undiscovered country within his mother's body, hereto unexplored by his mind let alone his fingers. He pressed his other hand to her pussy below and about to enter was stopped by his mother. "Use you dick Darling!" She begged and being a dutiful son, Garret obliged.

His fly was open in seconds and his cock aimed squarely at his mother's pussy. With his finger buried to the webbing inside her ass, his penis joined it inside her body.

Nineteen years Brooke had waited for this moment. To have her baby back inside her. To finally be one with him again. Her orgasm began the moment his penis pressed to her vagina. Exploding in her brain, flooding her body with pleasure and his cock with fluid. "Oh my baby boy yes! Fuck Mommy," she screamed. "Fuck Mommy's wet pussy Garret."

Garret was almost in tears so great was the feeling. Her body shuddering, his mother's pussy twitching around his cock, hugging his shaft perfectly as though made for him. No, he thought. I was made for her. I was born to fuck her. The only woman I'll ever need or love.

Through bleary eyes Brooke absently watched the bank of monitors as she came. She saw the change rooms where she'd tried on the lingerie. A woman with a younger man. Were they mother and son? She wondered. She pitied the woman if she never felt the love she now experienced. To have her son inside her.

Garret's groin slapped against his mother's ass. He pressed his exploring index finger down and felt his cock inside her. Just the idea of which, hastening his orgasm. He too looked at the monitors, the lingerie department, the group of girls now near the change rooms, the entrance to the store and Roy heading back from his break. "Oh

shit," Garret exclaimed as he looked to another camera, Roy now nearing the back offices.

"It's okay Honey, you can cum inside me!" Brooke declared, thinking her boy was alluding to an impending orgasm.

"No Mom, it's Roy!" He pointed at the monitor as he reluctantly pulled his dripping cock from her vagina followed by his finger from her anus accompanied by a satisfying pop.

Brooke disregarded her sons aimed finger, instead focusing her attention on the slick hard flesh staring up at her as she turned.

"Then I'll have to escalate your training," she huffed as she dropped to her knees before her son.

Garret, with mouth agape, followed his mother's progression as she took hold of his rigid cock, her own mouth opening to take him between her lips.

He'd fantasised this happening. In his mind he was always in bed, in his pyjamas, his mother sucking him off to sleep. In reality it was much, much better.

She cupped his balls, so heavy, laden with accumulated teenage boy sperm. She squeezed his wet lubricated shaft, jerking her hand along

and around him rapidly as her mouth sucked furiously on his swollen head, drinking down his sweet pre-cum.

"Oh Jesus," Garret managed to gasp as he felt his orgasm approach. He conceded the quickest of glances at the monitor to see Roy's approach paused as he spoke to a manager, then directly back at his mom, her head bobbing, more of his cock entering her mouth.

"Mom I'm gonna cum!" He confessed, warning her. At least giving her the option of not taking his load in her mouth. He wasn't surprised when she didn't release him from her oral confines, in fact milking harder his pussy juice, saliva slick, incest pole.

He exploded inside her. Brooke, although expecting and welcoming the cum, shocked at the volume, the speed it shot into her mouth. Down her throat, jets of sperm rocketed before she even thought about swallowing, her tongue instinctively blocking its passage and her cheeks filling with cum, before finally having to remove the cock from her mouth for lack of room.

The head of his still cumming cock slurped out from between his mother's lips, sperm spraying her nose and cheek as she angled him upwards.

"Fuck Mom," he gasped, in pleasure, in apology, in relief before darting his eyes again toward the monitor. Roy nowhere. "Shit, get up," he screamed, helping his mother to her feet as she swallowed

her mouthful of son cum, annoyed she no longer had his cock in her hand, let alone between her lips.

"He's nearly here," Garret explained as he stuffed his erection back into his pants, bending forward uncomfortably as he did up the fly.

Brooke had her dress together and tied as Garret raised a hand to her face, his index finger scooping up the streak of jizz, about to dispose of the evidence before his mother took his hand and wrapped her lips around his digit. Sucking the cum from his finger, dessert after the main meal, Brooke swirled the flavour around her mouth before swallowing another load of her son's produce.

The security office door opened and Roy was surprised by the presence of the two. The woman especially. "Well I take it this is the thief?" He joked as he entered the room and approached the occupants.

"Yeah, um Roy," Garret sheepishly began. "This is my mother."

"Brooke Byrnes," she ventured, holding her hand out to the older man.

Roy took it and inspected the woman. Closer up she was very attractive, possibly in her forties he assumed judging by the age of Garret. Now closer to her he could smell the scent of a woman.

Strong, the pleasant aroma of sex. He looked at Garret, standing uncomfortably, stooping almost. No! He thought to himself.

"Dangerous game you were playing here young lady!" Roy declared.

Brooke for an instant believed their incestuous coupling had been discovered before Roy went on.

"Stores policy is to prosecute shoplifters!"

She smiled nervously. "Oh I can assure you it was only meant as a harmless joke."

"Yeah Roy," Garret added. "She was only trying to help me get some experience." He thought of the experience she had given him. He'd lost his virginity with her, his mother. Or had he? He wondered. Does it count if you cum in their mouth? He put that thought on hold.

"Well I hope you gave her a stern talking to." He smiled as he said it and it reassured both mother and son there would be no repercussions.

"I did Roy, I was pretty hard on her!" Garret confessed, smiling at his mother.

"That's right," Brooke added. "And I'm sure he'll give me a thorough tongue lashing when he gets home tonight!"

Garret did his best not to laugh as he led his mother out of the room. Roy watched the two leave, again admiring the boy's mother. He thought of his own, now in her eighties. Curiously his mind drifted back to his youth, sneaking her underwear from the wash. His cock twitched in his pants and he made a note of visiting her on the weekend.

In the hallway, the door closed behind them, Mother and son stared into each other's eyes before bursting into stifled laughter. It seemed so natural. His mother undressing before him. He'd seen her naked before of course. Boyhood peeks as she moved from the shower to her bedroom; a bathtub moment forever in his memory where the bubbles dispersed to reveal her pubic hair. Nothing like this. He'd seen her asshole, fingered it, had his cock inside her, he'd cum in her mouth!

Brooke raised a hand to her mouth as if reading his thoughts, a final inspection to be sure there was no residual cum as her giggling subsided.

"Oh goodness Darling, that was close!" She breathed, reaching out and straightening her sons tie.

"Yeah Mom, this can't happen again. You could get me fired or worse get caught by someone else!"

"Oh I know Honey, I've learnt my lesson," she conceded. "You've set Mommy straight. I'll be good from now on."

"Oh really?" Garret looked at her questionably.

"Well...I'll try to be," she admitted. Satisfied with his tie, Brooke took a step back, holding his hand to keep the connection.

"Well I suppose I'll see you when you get home," she conceded reluctant to leave his presence. "Don't worry I won't embarrass you by kissing you goodbye in public," she added.

"Screw that," Garret laughed and moved in immediately, his lips pressing to those that had moments earlier been around his cock, his tongue entering the mouth that had swallowed his cum. "If we can fuck in public, we can kiss as well," he told her.

His mouth on hers, his hand casually wrapping around her hip to caress her ass, feeling the bare skin of her buttocks through the dress.

"You forgot to pull up your panties Mom," Garret challenged her.

Brooke pulled back with a wicked grin on her face, looking either side to be sure they weren't observed.

"No Honey, I forgot to take them off," she whispered as she bent down to slip her underwear from mid thigh to her ankles and off.

She brought the white satin up between them, presenting her panties to her son.

"I thought you might need a blankie to bide you over until home time."

Garret's cock stiffened in his pants, longing like its commander to again be inside the woman.

Taking the delicate material from his mother, Garret placed them in his pocket.

"Don't think that this precludes you from receiving that tongue lashing when I get home Mom," Garret confidently warned her.

"Oh no Honey, when Mommy's been bad, she needs to be punished," she sighed, feeling her juice dripping between her thighs. "And Mommy's been a bad, bad girl."

**THE END**