

In His Mother's Bed

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Just a quick one tis time. Marion hears someone outside her bedroom door. She knows it's her son... I hope you enjoy the following. Feedback is welcome. Please forgive any errors which remain in the text. Thanks for reading.

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Marion sat up in bed when she heard the floorboard creak out in the hall. It was full dark outside, had been since mid-afternoon. It was quiet, too, courtesy of a heavy dump of snow which had started about the same time night had fallen like a black curtain. The clock on the face of her mobile phone told Marion it was half-past midnight, which meant there were at least four hours before the snow-plough cleared the lane outside the cottage, a necessary task so the trucks could lumber up and down from the quarry a mile further along. Into the dark, Marion said, "What? What is it, Gareth?" She used her son's name because there was nobody else it could possibly be lurking outside her room.

There was a pause of a few seconds before Marion heard the metallic click of the old-fashioned latch being lifted. It was an old door, not as old as the cottage itself, the building was centuries old, but the door wasn't a contemporary type, more like something you'd find in a stable or hobby-shed. The catch was nothing more than a simple hook device fixed to the jamb on the bedroom side of the door. A thin metal plate sat in the vertical position in the groove of the hook to keep the door securely closed, the plate connected to a spoon-shaped tongue on the outer side. Press the tongue, lift the latch. Open the door. Walk into the bedroom.

The door opened to reveal a rectangle of marginally lighter space in the wall. Something more sensed than seen. Using peripheral vision, Marion saw a shadow flit across the rectangle, a figure moving into her room. Her son's voice came to her, thin and forlorn.

"I'm cold," he said.

Marion sighed, the sound of exasperation. She said, "Gareth, go back to bed."

He replied with, "Can't I get in with you?"

Marion felt the mattress dip, like he was taking it for granted she'd allow him into the bed.

"No, you can't," Marion said, anxious at her son's proximity. "You're not really cold. It's just an excuse."

"Please," Gareth wheedled. "It's really cold tonight. I'm freezing. I can't sleep."

All sorts of emotions and impressions rose up inside Marion. Her heart began to race and she felt the slide of anxiety deep in the pit of her stomach. There was guilt in there, too. Lots of it. Lots of confusion as well. Her instinct was to let her son climb into bed with her. He was cold. It was her job, her duty to take care of him. But, she thought, after last time...

"I ... I don't believe you," Marion stammered, conflicted.

"But I'm really cold. Please, mum. Just for a couple of minutes."

"Gareth, you can't..."

Marion paused, hesitating, fearful of giving voice to what had gone on before. Since it had happened three nights previously, neither mother nor son had spoken a word in reference. They'd gone about their day-to-day chores and obligations as though nothing had occurred, both pretending there'd been no clandestine, nocturnal visit by the son to his mother's bed.

"...Not after what happened before," Marion finished.

Even as she said it, she knew she would crumble. She would deny his request and Gareth would keep on at her until she gave way. It was the way it had always been. Marion thought it was her fault for spoiling Gareth when he was younger.

Following another pause, Gareth said, "I promise, mum. Nothing's going to happen."

Marion sighed, partly hating herself for her weakness as she said, "Oh, god. I suppose so." She shifted across the big bed, the sheet cold through the long tee-shirt she wore as a nightdress. "Here, get in," Marion added, lifting the quilt. Then, as a caveat, she finished with a stern, "Five minutes, that's all."

"Five minutes," her son confirmed as he slid into the warmth.

Gareth left it a full minute before he started. He was fully erect, aroused and excited by the memory of what she'd done before. The bed was warm from where his mother had lain, and desire swirled inside him. He felt the desperate need yawning within, a deep, aching void of carnal longing.

He heard the lust in his own voice when he asked, "Can't I just cuddle up, mum?"

As expected, his mother replied with, "No, Gareth. I don't think you should."

"Just for a minute. That's all. I'll get warmer quicker that way."

"Gareth, please..." his mother said on another exasperated sigh.

"It's just a cuddle," he said, tone petulant.

His mother heaved yet another sigh. Said, "God. Bloody hell, Gareth. You always want more."

"I'm sorry," Gareth replied. "I don't mean to be a pest." He felt the bed bounce. Boards creaked, wooden slats clacked.

"Turn around," his mother said. "I'll spoon against your back."

Gareth smiled into the dark. He rolled onto his side. "Mmm, that's nice," he said when his mother snuggled against him.

"Just for a minute, remember."

Gareth felt the quick gallop of his mother's heartbeat against his back. Inside his head, he willed for her hand to move to the waistband of his underwear, for her fingers to slip inside, for her fist to grip his shaft. Like she had before. Like she had when it had happened the last time.

He lay that way for far longer than the allotted minute. In fact, his mother stayed there snuggled against him for longer than the original five minutes she'd specified at the outset. In the end, with no sign of her hand meandering down to his cock, Gareth squirmed and half-rolled onto his back.

"My arm's going to sleep," Gareth complained.

His mother's response was, "Maybe you should go back to your own bed."

"Aw, not yet," he said. "But how about we swap? What if I spooned you?"

Gareth heard the dubious note in her tone when his mother said, "I don't know about that. I think we've probably gone too far already. I'm not comfortable with this, Gareth. It's a bit too ... intimate."

"I like it," he said on a quick rush of desire. "It's cosy. Nice and warm. And I am your son. It isn't weird being in bed with you."

She snorted and said, "It's exactly because you're my son that it is weird, Gareth. You're a man now. You're nineteen. You're too big to be in bed with me. It's so inappropriate. God," she went on with a sigh, "if anyone knew..."

Gareth seized the opportunity. In argument, he said, "How is anyone going to know? It's only us in the cottage. There's two foot of snow outside. Nobody is going to burst in and catch us this way – not in the middle of the night. Not ever. And I'm not going to tell anyone, mum. Are you?"

"Don't be silly," his mother spluttered. "Of course I'm not going to tell anyone. What the hell would I say?"

Switching tack, Gareth said, "So I can spoon you, then?"

Giving it up, his mother sighed and said, "God, all right, if you have to. But another five minutes and you're in your own bed."

Marion turned away from her son. She settled onto her side and felt the bed move as Gareth shifted around, the heat of his body against her back.

Then she felt the hard ridge press against the crease between her buttocks, a surge of anxiety swelling her throat when she realised it was her son's erection back there. She did her best to ignore it. Marion pretended it didn't exist, that her own son's sexual arousal was right there against her body, that the only things keeping that thing from slipping between her legs were his boxers and her tee-shirt.

"You smell lovely," Marion heard.

The cock pressed harder against her. Her son's arm moved through the space between her neck and the pillow, shoving its way clear until Gareth embraced his mother, his arm around her.

Then he kissed the nape of her neck.

Marion wriggled free. She moved away from her son, weight on one elbow as she craned around to face him in the dark.

She hissed, "What are you doing?"

His voice came back, small and contrite. "I'm sorry. I ... I got carried away. Your hair smells so lovely. You were so warm. I was half-asleep, mum."

"You shouldn't kiss me like that, Gareth. It's not right. I'm your mother. You don't kiss your mother that way."

Marion paused, throat working as her cheeks warmed with embarrassment.

"And ... And I could feel your thing," she finished.

"I've got that tickle," he told her.

Marion knew what he meant. Gareth was saying he was aroused, that the heat was on him, that he could feel dark urges swirling around in a deep, visceral place, a part of him that was far deeper than the pit of his stomach. She knew that feeling herself. Marion had experienced it before. One notable occasion being when she'd used a hand against the same cock which had so recently been pressed against her body.

"You should go to your own bed and sort it out," Marion said.

The mix of swirling emotions rose up inside her again when her son replied with, "Couldn't I do it here? I'm warm now, mum. I could do it and then go back to my bed."

Marion wanted to tell him no, he couldn't do it there. Not in her bed, the idea was disgusting, depraved and immoral.

But, instead, what came out of her mouth was a sigh and, "If you hurry up, Gareth. Just get it done and get out of my bed."

A moment later, after some wriggling around which she took to be her son shucking his underwear down, the bed started to judder.

Marion heard, "Oh ... Oh, yes. Oh, that's nice."

She said, "I don't want to hear. Just hurry and get it over with. This is so bloody wrong already. God," she breathed in an aside to herself. "I can't believe I'm letting this happen."

The bed rocked and her son groaned. Marion could hear the surreptitious and somewhat glutinous squelch of Gareth's hand moving over the shaft, the slick fap-fap-fap causing a slither of some dark and very illicit sensation way down deep. Right where it tickled.

Then she heard her son asking, "Mum, I was wondering..." His voice tapered off to a low groan of delight.

On a heady rush of anxious anticipation, Marion asked, "What?"

To which Gareth replied with a half-choked and stuttered, "Wuh-would you help me with it? Like you did before."

"No, Gareth," Marion gasped. "I can't. You shouldn't ask, either. God," she went on with another in the long series of exasperated sighs, "I knew I shouldn't have let you in. I should have known you'd try it again."

"I can't help it," Gareth gurgled into the dark. "It's the tickle. It's you, mum. You're so lovely..."

"Stop it, now," Marion said in as stern a tone as she could manage. "You need to finish. You need to go."

"I'm trying," she heard him say. The words sounded strained, like it was an effort to climax.

Then it occurred to Marion to ask, "Where are you going to do it? You made such a mess of the bed last time. Where are you going to ... to ... to shoot all that stuff?"

"I could use your nightie," Gareth suggested as the bed continued to rock.
"But then I'd be naked," Marion said. "I don't know if I like the idea of being nude in here with you like this."
"Then I'll try not to make a mess," Gareth grunted. "But I can't promise."
Which is why Marion found herself sitting up and hauling the tee-shirt over her head.
She thrust the garment towards where she thought her son lay.
"Here," Marion said, the cold air on her torso. She felt her nipples go tight in response to the chill. "Take it," she said. "Use it and then get out."
Gareth took the shirt and, a moment later, Marion felt the bed moving and heard the liquid thrap of Gareth's fist against his cock.
"Mum," her son gasped a moment before Marion felt his hand touched her thigh. "It'd be quicker if you helped me."
"I told you," Marion said. "I'm not going to do it. And you can't touch me, either." Marion shoved Gareth's fingers away from her skin.
"Can I look at you instead?" Gareth asked on a groan.
A second later, the bedside light clicked on and bathed Marion's bedroom in its weak glow.
Marion saw the familiar layout. The same dressing table her mother had used was against the wall at the far end of the bed. She saw the door, ajar, the corridor beyond, its walls covered by a floral print wallpaper she'd been meaning to change. It was a scene Marion was so accustomed to seeing she didn't register it any longer. It was the same room she'd slept in for almost two decades, inherited from her mother, just like the dressing table and every other stick of furniture in the cottage. She'd moved the bed in ten years before. A brand new purchase at the time, along with the bedding. The bedside light sat on a small, wooden, three-drawer unit, another just like it on the side of the bed Marion was laid in, its bulb still unlit.
What was different, however, was the sight of her son cranking his fist over a cock of generous proportions. Gareth was caressing the length of the thing, his hungry and lupine gaze locked on his mother, his focus right on her breasts.
As she watched him, Marion felt an involuntary flash of arousal. It wasn't her fault; she just couldn't help it. "You've got really great tits," she heard her son mumble. "Fuck, mum, I just love their size and their shape." Gareth's eyes flicked to her face as he added a moaning, "In fact, you're just beautiful, mum."
Despite him being her son, Marion was momentarily thrilled to hear him say it.
Then common sense and morality kicked in again.
"You can't say that," Marion said. "Stop it. Stop looking at me."
"I can't," Gareth said on a gasp, his hand moving faster. "I don't want to stop looking. Please, don't make me, mum. I only want to look at your body."
It took an effort of will, but Marion managed to tear her focus away from the cock, away from the big dome. She looked into her son's face and mumbled out, "God, will you hurry up and finish. Just do it and go. Use my shirt. Don't make a mess."
"If I could just touch your tits," her son responded. His eyes were huge and set back on her breasts. ""It'd all be over sooner, I promise."
Marion sighed and quelled her own desire to touch herself between her legs. She was mortified at her body's response, the pulse in her clit and the fact she could feel herself getting wet with arousal.
"Bloody hell, Gareth," Marion said, spitting the words. "You have to push it, don't you?" Marion gritted her teeth and closed her eyes. "All right," she told him. "You can touch me. But only my breasts. And I'm not looking at you. This is so bloody off. This is just so bloody wrong."
She turned her face away and Gareth's fingers found her breast. Marion heard him moan, a long sigh following on as he kneaded and squeezed. Her son's attention moved from one orb to the other, the bed moving as he cranked at his cock, his breath coming in ragged gasps she took to be a significant sign he was close to release.
"Are you nearly there?" Marion asked.
"Oh, mum," he said in reply. "I have to suck them. I'm sorry, but..." And then his breath was hot against her skin. Marion felt the bed moving more violently, like an earthquake was rocking the room. Her son's mouth was over one of her nipples, his tongue swirling around, his teeth just grazing tender flesh.
"You can't do that!" Marion cried. She opened her eyes and looked at where Gareth's palms and fingers were filled with breast-flesh, his mouth at her nipple, his eyes fixed on her stare.
He was up on his knees by then, one fist jacking his dick, his lips going from one breast to its twin, his moans and gasps muffled by his mother's bounty.
"Just for a minute," Gareth said around a mouthful of his own mother's body. "I'll come soon, mum. I promise I will."
Ashamed at the flare of desire she felt when her son suckled her flesh, Marion just gasped and told him to hurry. It really was a pleasant sensation having his lips and tongue working her nipples. And he was handling her breasts in a way which pleased her as well. He wasn't too rough, but nor was he overly gentle. Her son had it just right, his mauling and sucking and squeezing sending thrills of pleasure down to her core.
"Just for a minute," Marion gasped. "Then you really do have to finish it, Gareth. Just come, will you. Squirt it out and then leave me alone. And this is never going to happen again. Don't ever try to kid me your cold in the idle of the night ever again."

Gareth was so over-heated he'd have agreed to anything right in the moment. He was fully charged, his dick in his fist sending pleasure signals right to his brain. It was a surge of delight, an absolute joy. He had his lips over her nipples, the big fleshy fuckers on his tongue, his own mother's weighty boobs in his palm. He was always going to push it, to see just how far he could go, how far over the line he could push his mother. So far, she was going well beyond what he'd expected. His arousal was such he was getting bolder and reckless. For him, it was all about the here and now. Tomorrow could take care of itself. If there were recriminations to come, he didn't care. All he could think of was his mother's body and how hot he was for her.
"It'd be real quick if you just let me rub my cock over your pussy," he said on a gasp. "You know," Gareth added, looking into her eyes. He was upright, still on his knees, his mother's torso bare and exposed to his

stare while the sheet was still up to her waist. "If I could slide it around down there. That would get me off sooner. A lot quicker than just wanking it off."

It looked like he'd pushed it too far. Just after he'd said it, Gareth saw his mother's expression go dark. She closed her eyes and sucked in a breath, the action swelling her chest so her large breasts were thrust forward. Gareth watched and let out a groan, the sight of her boobs and their pale saucer-sized areolae bringing forth the response. It certainly seemed like she was about to shake her head and rebuff the request. Gareth knew it had been an outrageous thing to ask. Even in his advanced and heated state of arousal, he didn't really expect his mother to cave in and let him touch her sex with his dick. Not on that one. It really was taking it a step beyond.

Then she just came out and said it. It was unbelievable, truly amazing.

"I don't believe I'm actually letting you do it," his mother said on a long outburst of breath. She was shaking her head and looking at him, face slack with something Gareth recognised but couldn't quite figure. "But this really is as far as I'm going."

Gareth gawped and his hand stopped its tugging when his mother shoved the sheet down to reveal her hips and her vulva and thighs. She kicked the sheet away and spread her legs, a hand going down to where she splayed her labia, the pink of her core glistening amid the dark pet of her black pubic bush.

"Kneel between my legs and get on with it," his mother said. "Rub that thing over me, Gareth. Just get on with it. Get it done."

Gareth boggled some more, stunned by the sight of the thick triangle of hair way down low on his mother's body. He gawked, absorbed by the meaty labia and the oversized bean of her clit.

"Yuh-you mean it?" Gareth gurgled, not believing his mother was giving it up.

"Yes, but be quick before I change my mind. Do you have any idea how pervy this is? And don't get spunk all over me, Gareth. I saw what you did the last time. Use my tee-shirt to catch it all in. You're liable to get your muck in my hair if it squirts out like it did before. I don't want that stuff on my face. I don't want it on my boobs, either, thank you very much."

Gareth moved quickly. Once he realised it was on, he scrambled around, suddenly oblivious to the cold winter chill. He knee-walked in place and held his shaft in one hand, looming over his mother while she lay with her thighs spread wide, her fingers still holding her ungainly folds apart.

He lowered himself down and rubbed the keel of his cock over his mother's sex, the shaft moving over her clit. "Oh, fuck, mum," groaned Gareth, his stare fixed on her breasts. He watched his mother's boobs shiver and roll, his focus going down to where his dick moved over illicit flesh, her pubic bush a brittle scratch at the underside of his dick. "You're lovely. I think you've got a sensational body."

"I'm forty-five," his mother replied. "It isn't like it used to be, Gareth."

"You're still gorgeous," he told her. "My friends all want to fuck you."

"Gareth," his mother admonished. "Don't say that to me. It's not the sort of thing you should be telling me. Just come and get out. I'm cold and I want to go to sleep. It's late. And this is just so wrong. We shouldn't ... I mean, you shouldn't ... I mean, I shouldn't..."

Gareth moved his hips, working his pelvis back-and-forth so his cock slid through the slick folds. Neither mother nor son had hold of the cock. It was just slipping and sliding while Gareth held himself over his mother on two straight arms. She was beneath him, breasts shivering, her legs folded at the knees, thighs spread, an inarticulate gurgling sound coming up from her throat. Gareth gulped and gasped and dared to ease the end of his cock lower than he probably should, the head of it nudging his mother's body at a very intimate and very illicit place.

It was where he had no right to be. It was a trespass of Olympic proportions, bold and daring and wrong. He felt her shifting beneath him, the wriggling causing the dome to press up against his mother's opening, the big bulb somehow slipping inside.

Gareth let out an, "Oh," of surprise when he felt the molten embrace tight around his shaft. He was halfway inside his mother, her heat all around him when he gawked down at their sudden conjunction.

"Gareth," she mumbled, eyes wide. "I didn't say you could put it in. We can't do that. It's incest. It's wrong. Gareth, we can't possibly fuck."

But the sensations were just to sublime to ignore. Gareth couldn't say how he'd managed to slide into his mother's body, he was sure he hadn't intended to do it, although he couldn't actually swear to that fact. But he was in there now and he wasn't about to pull out.

"Just a couple of strokes," he managed to croak, his cock going in up to his nuts. "Just let me do it for a minute, mum. Then I'll pull it out and wank it 'til I come."

"God, I don't believe you're inside me," his mother replied on a gasp. "What are you doing? How did it happen? You were only supposed to rub it over me, not put it in."

Gareth moaned and grunted and eased almost all the way out. Then he was going back in, his mother's pussy taking his length in one easy glide.

"I don't know how it happened," Gareth said through teeth gritted with pleasure. "But it's in now, mum. I'll just keep going for a few seconds."

"But you're not wearing a condom," his mother said, her stare fixed on his face. "That's bad, Gareth. You can't do this without a condom."

"Just a few strokes, that's all. I'll take it out."

"Oh, God, go on then. But make sure you don't squirt your muck inside me. I don't want all that sticky goo. You're only nineteen, your stuff will be teeming with sperm."

Gareth watched as he fucked into his mother. He saw his shaft on the outstroke, his length smeared with buttery goo.

"Mum," he sighed when he saw it. "Why are you so wet?"

"Because it feels so bloody good to have you inside me," his mother replied. Her hips moved as she worked up to meet Gareth on his slide into her body. "This is incest, Gareth. I'm your mother and you have no right to be where you are. You shouldn't be fucking that cunny. It's wrong. It's where you came from. But it feels so lovely to have your cock moving like it is. I can't help it. I know we shouldn't be doing this together, and I know I

should make you take it out. But I can't. it feels so good. You just have to fuck me. Just this once. We can't ever do it again, of course. But for now, just love me."

So Marion let it all go. She succumbed to her body's demands, part of her mind revelling in the depravity of taking her own son's cock – and it was a gorgeous cock. Thick and long, the big dome stretching her further. She was appalled at what she'd allowed to happen, mortified by the dark urges she felt. Yet the thrill of such a taboo fuck only making her hotter and wetter. The sheer filthiness of taking her own son's cock got her all revved up and horny for more.

It was her son, her very own Gareth moving inside her. Marion couldn't quite believe she was taking him at all, let alone bareback, his naked shaft slick with her lust as her pussy squelched around his dick.

"We can't ever do this again," Marion moaned. "This is the end. Just this once."

"Whatever you say," her son replied. "Once is enough."

Marion experienced a curious mix of guilt and horror and absolute delight at having her son using his cock against her pussy. She moaned and gasped and shifted up to rest on her elbows. She grabbed at her breasts to stop the big pillows from rolling and swaying, her forefingers teasing her nipples while she gazed down in awe at where her body was accepting the length.

"Oh, no, we're fucking," Marion gasped. She gaped into her son's face, the truth of it too much to process.

"That's your cock inside me," she added, like it was a surprise.

Marion stared at her son as he gasped, "I love you, mum. I love being with you like this." Gareth told her before he ducked in to kiss her mouth. "And yes, we're fucking," he said, gasping it out. "I'm fucking you, mum. I'm fucking you and it feels so fucking sweet."

"Don't come inside me," Marion mumbled. She gazed into Gareth's eyes, face going slack. "You can't come in there, darling. Your sperm..."

She said it but didn't mean it. Marion really wanted her son to flood her insides with his lust. It was just part of the nasty, filthy, sordid game. Just like she'd known how it would end. When she'd first heard his tread outside her door she'd known she'd end up with his big dick inside her, that she'd sleep with her own son's jizm seeping out of her body. She'd denied it to herself for as long as she could, but when his dick had slid over her clit, Marion had let it go and moved so his cock-head slipped into her pussy.

Gareth was close. Marion could tell he was barely holding it in, that her son was about to let loose with the deluge. And she knew what he was capable of, had seen the huge rush of cum when she'd milked his cock that time before. And Marion wanted the rush to flood her insides, she wanted her own son's semen bathing her cervix, his moans loud in her ears as she drained him of all his desire and his love poured into her body.

"Mum, I'm sorry," she heard Gareth mumble. "I'm going to..."

"Then do it," Marion snarled, her hips working faster. "If you have to come, just let it go. You can do it inside me. I want you to do it. Flood mummy's pussy with cum. Love me, darling. Love me like a son should love his mother. Give it to me. Show me how much you love me."

She kissed him as he juddered and groaned and pumped desire into her pussy. Marion gasped into her son's open mouth, his seed rushing inside her, his cock working like a piston until he was drained.

"Oh, mum," Gareth gasped as he slid out. He slumped at her side, chest heaving with effort, his dick all slick with his mother's arousal and his own semen. "Oh, mum, I don't believe it's happened. Oh, God. It's incredible."

"It isn't a one-off either, Gareth," Marion said. "It's going to happen again. I want us to do it again."

"Mum, what? But you said..." Gareth was looking at her, staring, his eyes wide with the shock.

"I want us to be together every night," Marion told him. "Like this. You in my bed. We can love every night when we close out the world. We can fuck, my darling. We can do it all. Anything you want. I'll suck you ... You can lick me. We can kiss and do it and nobody will know."

Marion kissed her son's mouth, her tongue searching for his.

The kiss rolled on, seemingly endless as the impact of his mother's words hit Gareth, hard.

"You mean it?" he gasped.

Marion smiled and nodded and replied softly.

"I do," she said. "Now, turn of the light and cuddle in close. Let's try to get a little sleep before we make love again."