

Incest is the New Black

sunburycd

"Looks like incest is the new black!" The woman across from Carmen Grey commented, spinning the gossip mag in her workmate's direction.

Carmen stifled the laugh that tried to escape mid mouthful of her quinoa salad by placing a hand across her lips. Finally swallowing and examining the glossy cover.

"What are you talking about Barb?" She quizzed, reading the headline, the word 'scandal' emblazoned across a photo of a woman and an obviously much younger man kissing.

"Lauren Brooks. You know, the fashion model," Barb elaborated. "Seems she's been having an affair with her own son of all people. Can you imagine that?"

"Well, it's none of our business," Carmen declared. "Honestly you can't believe anything you read in these magazines anyway."

"Hmm," Barb leaned over the table of the lunchroom and lowered her voice. "It's going around though," she whispered.

"What is?" Carmen joined in the whisper, unsure exactly why.

"*Incest!*" Barb affirmed. "Did you hear about Evelyn Parker upstairs in accounts? Remember that gorgeous young thing she brought on to help her with the update? Everyone knew they were having an affair."

"Cain, I think his name was, yes, so?"

"He was her son!"

"No!" Carmen again raised her hand to her mouth, this time out of genuine surprise and slightly annoyed with herself for engaging in workplace gossip. "Really?"

Barb leaned back nodding her head. "He WAS beautiful though! Can't really blame her," she laughed.

"Barb!" Carmen scolded her friend but thought of the young man herself and the memory was pleasant.

"Your boy's nineteen now, isn't he?" Barb commented after a moments silence between them.

Carmen immediately recognised what her friend was suggesting and nipped it in the bud.

"Don't even go there Barbara," she jokingly warned.

Barb feigned innocence but immediately gave the game away. "I just wish I'd had a son. A younger healthier version of my Donald around the house. Who knows what we'd get up to?"

"Oh, Barb you're incorrigible," Carmen dismissed her but thought of her own home life. Husband passed away. Mother and adult son under the one roof. Neither having a current

partner. She hurried the train of thought from her mind before it went any further.

"It just makes you wonder if they're all thinking it," Barb continued.

"What?"

"Men," Barb explained. "Do they all secretly want to sleep with their mothers?"

"I doubt it very much," Carmen decreed.

"Hmm," Barb licked her finger and flicked through the magazine. "I'd keep an eye on that boy of yours if I were you," she smirked.

"Oh stop it," Carmen shook her head smiling. Chuckling to herself at the ridiculous proposition. It WAS ridiculous. Preposterous. And as she finished her lunch and the women

headed back to work, Carmen endeavoured to completely put it out of her mind.

But a seed had been planted.

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Vince Grey gestured over the steering wheel to his acquaintance standing outside the 7 Eleven and the man entered the car on the passenger side.

"Yo, Vincent. I got it man," the character confirmed. "One Ounce. \$250 just like we talked about."

"Sweet," Vince nodded, looking around the parking lot for evidence of anything out of the ordinary. "Money's in the glove compartment."

The man pulled a green cling wrapped parcel from his coat pocket and swapped it with the wad of bills folded inside the compartment and was gone as quick as he'd arrived.

Vincent pulled out into the traffic and headed home.

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'Be home late,' Carmen glanced once more at the scrawled note stuck to the front of the fridge as she passed through the kitchen. She'd been disappointed that they'd again not be sharing an evening meal. They so rarely did these days, she pondered. It had been different once. When her husband was still alive. Every night without fails, the family would dine together. Happy; in conversation. Vince had gone off the rails post his father's death. Minor run-ins with the law. Dabbling with drugs. But he'd promised that was behind him. He had a job, was avoiding the so-called friends that had been nothing but a bad influence. If only he could get a stable girlfriend, Carmen thought. Maybe that would settle his restless spirit?

She poured the last of the Shiraz into her glass and was surprised to see it empty, taking the bottle and placing it beside the backdoor for recycling. Catching her reflection in the glass of the door, the sight took her by surprise and she looked down at herself as she went back to her wine. It hadn't been a consciously planned decision to wear the nightie. A shower after work and seeing she'd have the house to herself. Her attention was drawn to the rarely opened bottom drawer of her dresser and one of her more feminine garments. Just to feel a little special, she'd reasoned.

Her nipples had hardened when they contacted the lace of the bust. A slipperiness between her legs when she ran her hands down the white satin. She'd almost foregone panties altogether but seeing the dark shadow of her pubic hair through the thin material deemed it necessary to regain some modesty. A quick dinner alone and the bottle had seemingly opened itself. That she was now draining the last of the glass as she stood by herself in the starkly lit kitchen, probably shouldn't have come as that much of a surprise she figured.

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Vince watched his mother through the glass of the back door place a bottle in the recycling. He had to go in, she'd most likely heard his car pull up. She'd be wondering what was taking him so long? Through the front door, he contemplated? No. That would be too out of the blue. She'd suspect he was up to something nefarious. The wrapped package of marijuana now seemed heavy in his hand; too large to fit in any of his pockets, he quickly adopted the next best option and placed it down the front of his pants as he unlocked the rear door of the house.

Carmen jumped when she heard the door open just as she'd rinsed out her wine glass and placed it on the drying tray. She'd not heard his car so the sudden appearance of her son was shocking but definitely not unwelcome.

"Hey Mom," Vince acknowledged her as he tried to make his way quickly across the kitchen toward the hallway.

Carmen turned to watch his progress, too quickly and her head spun under the influence of the wine, reaching behind to catch and steady herself against the sink.

"What, in a hurry for the toilet?" She enquired.

"No," Vince answered and immediately regretted it, not wanting to face her.

"Well sstop and talk to me, we never see each other," she slurred and blushed at her obvious inebriation. "Sit down I'll make us a hot chocolate," she quickly added pretending not to be drunk and giving her the ability to look away from her son, to hide her red face. And also to momentarily hide her body. She looked at the front of her nightie as she gripped the sink, the lace across her breasts, her nipples clearly visible. The robe she'd taken out and thrown on her bed now seemed so far away. Own it, she told herself. He's your son, he doesn't care what you're wearing. No matter how provocative.

'Sit,' Vince repeated in his head. She'd inadvertently thrown him a lifeline. Beneath the security of the table she'd have no idea what he was hiding in his pants and without looking over his shoulder, slinked sideways to ease onto a chair. Only then did he stare directly at her and register what in fact she wore.

He'd seen her in less. He guessed. At the pool obviously. But then there were always others around. Other women for him to concentrate on. Here and now his full attention was devoted to his mother. He didn't recognise the nightie, if that was in fact what it was called? Because as he took her in, the white satin taut across her back and buttocks, barely reaching her upper thighs, the term lingerie came to mind. Even more so when she turned and his eyes lazily crept up from her waist to her breasts. They're her nipples! I can see my mother's nipples, he marvelled.

"So how was work?" Carmen tried to make conversation as she steadied herself and looked at her son. Seated at the table, did his eyes at the last moment creep up from her breasts, she wondered?

"Work?"

"Yes. Isn't that why you were late. Working back?"

"Oh," Vince felt his cheeks blushing at the real reason for his absence and hoped she wouldn't see through the lie. "Yeah, work. It was good."

Oh my god, Carmen thought. He's blushing because he WAS looking at my breasts. Was it true what Barbara had said, all men do secretly want to sleep with their mothers? She headed to the fridge, aware that his eyes were on her and removed the milk. Was it a conscious decision to accentuate her ass as she did so, bending forward maybe a little too much, she pondered?

Vince watched his mother move from the fridge across to the stove. He hadn't needed to see her with the wine bottle to know she'd been drinking, her speech was enough to give the game away, but her movement was the clincher. The way she'd needed to hold onto the fridge door as she removed the

milk, bending forward awkwardly. She obviously had no idea the action had revealed the transparent material hugging the curve of her buttocks, the cream colored gusset. On any other woman, under any other circumstances it would've been hot. At present, with the package of marijuana weighing heavily on his mind and in his pants, it was just making things more uncomfortable.

The hot chocolate was a good idea Carmen fathomed. She was drunker than expected and the milk would help sober her up she figured. Despite her state she was able to successfully put the milk on to heat and walked to the pantry to obtain the sugar and cocoa. Turning from the cupboard she eyed Vince, a hand beneath the table, eyes downward. Clearly manipulating himself she almost gasped at the connotations. The voice of Barbara rang in her ear. 'I'd keep an eye on that boy of yours..' Was it possible?

Her spoon found the cocoa jar empty and she headed back to the cupboard to find a refill. On the uppermost shelf she spied the unopened box and moved the two step stool into place to reach. If I climb up he'll see right under my slip, she thought

and the idea excited her. He's watching me right now, she reasoned as she placed a foot on the bottom rung.

This was ridiculous, Vince thought. Why couldn't he just quickly nip into his bedroom and stash the package? His mother occupied, clearly drunk, she'd probably not even notice his absence for a few seconds anyway. He rose as she entered the pantry once more, admittedly he allowed his eyes to drift to her ass as she lifted a foot onto the stool, wondering if her bottom had always looked so good?

Carmen heard the chair move behind her. Oh god he's coming, she imagined. She rose onto the second rung and pictured what he could see from behind. Can he see my panties? She wondered. Suddenly, unbelievably she wished she'd indeed not worn them to begin with, the thought making her lightheaded.

Vince kept an eye on her as he quickly crossed the room, the back of her creamy thighs as she rose onto the second rung and then her obvious unbalance. Was she about to fall?

Carmen retained a hold on the shelf before her as her head swum with images of Vincent, the magazine cover, the talk of incest and then she felt it, the strong hands on her hips.

It was a split second decision to go to her. To momentarily forget the contraband and prevent a possible accident. "Careful Mom," he suggested as his hands gripped her sides, the satin silky beneath his fingers, her flesh warm. "You almost fell."

Carmen's breath was taken away at his touch. She dropped a hand upon his own for reassurance as she felt him coax her backwards off the stool, wishing he'd circle them around her body to touch her sex, her breasts.

"Oh," she sighed as once again her feet hit the floor. "I guess I've had more than I thought," she stated as she turned to face her son, disappointed his touch no longer remained.

So close they stood together in the confines of the walk-in pantry. She could feel the heat of his body, the presence of his absent hands lingering.

"I'll get it," Vince proclaimed, rising up onto the bottom rung.
"Was it the cocoa?"

Carmen barely heard the question. Her mind, her eyes were elsewhere. As her son stood up on the top of the step-ladder, his groin came level with her face and she saw it. The evidence. Unmistakable. His affection, his desire, there for her to see. And didn't it look impressive. The bulge pressing out the front of his jeans. His hardness a declaration of his love for her, of a son for his mother.

"Oh god it's true!" Carmen finally exhaled.

"What?" Vince looked down at his mother, shocked to see where her eyes alighted. "Oh Mom, I'm sorry."

"No don't be Darling. It's wonderful," she extolled. "We spoke about it at work. It's in the magazines."

Vince climbed down from the ladder, confused by her words as he moved his hand to the waist of his pants, his mother's eyes following his actions.

"Yes Baby get it out. Show it to Mommy," Carmen breathed, feeling the slick seeping through her underwear. She watched Vince place his hand down his pants, why didn't he just unbutton, she wondered? No matter, he wanted her and she him. It was true, all of it.

And then he removed his hand containing the cling wrapped marijuana.

"What's that!?" The excitement, all heat was taken from her intonation.

"I said I'm sorry," Vince once again apologised, in the moment misreading all the signals of the last minute.

"Is that..is that pot?" Carmen took a step back, as confused as her son by what had just occurred.

"Um yeah, I thought you knew," Vince replied now more perplexed. "You said you were talking about it at work or something."

The sound of the milk boiling caught Carmen's ear and thankfully she was able to extricate herself from the pantry, turning her burning face from her son.

"Oh yes of course I knew," she scrambled to cover her actions, her words. Turning off the milk she felt Vince exiting the pantry. "That's what I was saying. That it's wonderful that it's essentially legal now," she covered.

"Ah yeah," Vince agreed. "I just...I thought you'd be upset. My promise and everything."

Carmen felt humiliated. She didn't dare look him in the eye lest he see through her charade.

"Oh no it's fine," she lied. "Actually I don't really feel like that hot chocolate anymore. I think I might just go to bed."

Vince stood in the middle of the kitchen and watched her. He could see the blush that had spread from her face down to her neck and as she turned to head past him, to her breast.

"Would you mind cleaning up in here Darling?" Carmen asked as she hurried from the room, barely maintaining her mask of composure. "I need to sleep, I've really had far too much to..." She left without even bothering to finish the sentence.

"Yeah of course," Vince watched her progress until she was out of the room. It was only then the questions arose.

He sat back at the table and looked into the pantry. What the fuck had just happened? He wondered. How did she know he had the dope in his pants? Why wasn't she upset about him bringing drugs back into the house after all that had happened in the past? All of his promises. He again looked at the step ladder. Thought of her ass as she bent at the fridge. Her nipples. Oh Jesus Christ, Vince reasoned. She didn't know! So what did she want to see in his pants? He questioned himself and the answer slapped him across the face. "Oh my god!" Vince spoke to the empty room.

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If Carmen had had a worse nights sleep in her life, she couldn't recall it. For hours she sat up in bed listening for any sign of Vince. Did he understand what had happened? Did he see through her veneer? How could he not? Her face blushed every time she recalled her own words. 'Get it out. Show it to

Mommy.' What else but his cock would she be talking about? The drugs. She cared not. Pot. How much different was it to alcohol really? She'd even smoked it herself in college. At least it wasn't anything harder. Harder. The word stuck in her mind and amid the humiliation she was at least able to laugh. Oh God, she mocked herself. It had definitely looked like an erection. It looked exactly like her son had a hard-on. A hard-on given to him by his mother.

All night he debated going to her. Entering her room and then...what? He had no idea what would happen. It was impossible to believe she'd been flirting, but then what was with the satin slip and the provocative gestures? What had she said? He tried to recall the exact words, hazy upon reflection. 'Pull it out, give it to Mommy,' or something like that. That was sexual, of this there could be no doubt and even as he repeated them in his head his cock agreed, hardening to the memory. He stopped short of masturbating. What are you doing Vincent? He asked himself. She's your mother. But as he awoke the following morning from a sleep he thought would never have come, his first thoughts and his morning erection were devoted to her.

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At the first sign of light, Carmen was out of her sleepless bed. One hour earlier than usual she entered her bathroom and freshened up before dressing for work. Attempting to remain as quiet as possible she silently cursed herself for forgetting to do the laundry the night before, her underwear drawer devoid of panties. There's always the bottom drawer, she reminded herself of her sexy, rarely worn attire but images of the night before flooded back and she chose against. Tugging tan pantyhose from the dresser she fell back on the bed. I suppose I can go without panties for one day, she reasoned.

None of the normal noises had preempted the sound of his mother's car starting up and leaving the drive. The house gave away every secret, he'd heard no shower; she didn't even have breakfast. It was a disappointment. In his head he'd come up with scenarios, their hands meeting in the sink as they did the dishes together leading to them kissing, fucking on the dining table. Walking in on her in the toilet. That in particular had his cock granite-like. His mother seated, legs splayed as she

masturbated him, took him in her mouth. He came upon his chest as his alarm went off; a metaphorical reality check. This is the real world Vincent, he told himself. Your mother doesn't want to fuck you.

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Carmen volunteered to work late.

She hated what she was doing but the thought of facing him again had her red faced, her heart rate skyrocketing. It was ridiculous she knew. Delaying the inevitable. But every time she imagined what he may be thinking of her, it was worst case scenario. He'll think me disgusting. A freak. She saw herself on that programme, what was it? She asked herself. Jerry Singer, Springer? The audience booing her for attempting to seduce her own son.

"What are you still doing here?" The voice came from over her shoulder. "It's 7:30 Carmen," her manager spoke as she swivelled in her chair. "Go home to your family."

The words were a wake up call. Vincent wouldn't hate her. He was her little man, her son. A part of her. Who knows, she thought. Maybe he thinks I really WAS talking about his pot!

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Sheepishly she unlocked the back door and entered the house. Well after 8pm, the heartening smell of cooking still lingered in the kitchen but no human presence remained. His car was in the driveway which was strange for a Friday night she thought but he wasn't in the living room and his door shut, she resigned to allow the confrontation to be delayed at least a little longer.

He would be aware she was home, she knew that. The walls of the house were like paper and as she returned to the kitchen the sound of his door opening came to her ears. A deep breath and she turned to face him.

"I made dinner," Vince declared as he opened the fridge and took out a Coke. "I didn't know you were working late. I left a plate."

Carmen gripped the back of one of the chairs and tried to remain composed. "Mmm, something came up at work. Sorry I should've called."

"No big deal," Vince offered. No, he screamed at himself. This wasn't how it was meant to go! "Well as I said, lasagna's in the fridge if you want it." He looked at her for a sign, a thrown bone.

"Uh huh," Carmen replied. "Thanks."

Nothing. "Ok," he resigned, deflated. "Well, I'll be in my room."

"Ok," she managed as she watched him shrug and shuffle off back down the hallway.

She slumped where she stood.

"Ugh, you idiot Carmen," she whispered. You're acting like a child, she told herself. Opening the fridge she found the meal, a note attached, 'five mins in microwave should do,' an 'x' at the end. Now she really felt a child. She wanted to go to him. To break the awkwardness and confess her sins but cowardice won out. She heated and ate the meal in silence.

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The clock read 10:30pm and Vince stared at the wall of his bedroom. No sound for nearly an hour, she must have gone to bed, he reasoned. Fuck this, he thought. I can't hide in here forever.

He was surprised to see the lamp on in the living room, the flicker from the television on the walls as he approached the doorway.

She was slumped on the couch, her legs out before her, feet on the coffee table. Her head turned in his direction as he stopped at the entrance.

"Hey, I thought you'd gone to bed," he ventured.

"Nope, just watching tv," Carmen offered.

"Sound's down low," Vince observed.

"Mmm, it's ok. I didn't want to disturb you."

Vince exhaled, frustrated.

"Look, Mom is something wrong?"

"No," Carmen looked back incredulous.

"Is it about the marijuana? I can get rid of it if you want," Vince offered.

"No, I told you I don't care about it," she stated. No, no, no. Carmen screamed at herself. What is wrong with you woman? Tell him, confess everything. But still she remained silent.

"Well then," Vince shook his head, throwing his hands out in despair as he turned to head for the kitchen. "I don't know what to do!"

Carmen hated herself. The moment he was out of sight she slapped a hand upon her forehead. What are you doing? Fix this.

Vincent placed the jug of cold water back in the fridge and switching off the light headed back to his bedroom. If only there was a way back that didn't take me past her, he

lightheartedly imagined. Instead, with head down he hurried past the doorway.

"You know I used to smoke it in College!" The voice came from the room and Vince stopped in the hallway.

Carmen's heart beat rapidly as she waited for him to acknowledge her confession. The seconds for him to return to the doorway, like hours.

"What?" He smirked as his face came around the doorframe followed by his body.

"You heard!" She giggled as he ventured into the room.

The mood between them had dramatically changed, they both felt it as Vince knelt down on the sofa a cushion away.

"Really?" He challenged.

"Hey I was young too once!" She laughed and it was infectious, Vince too joining her.

"You're still young," Vince chuckled. "They say forty is the new thirty!"

Carmen snorted, stifling the laugh that leapt from her.

"What?" Vince asked, surprised at her reaction.

"Oh nothing Baby. Something someone said at work."

'Baby,' Vince repeated to himself. Like, 'show it to Mommy Baby,' or whatever she had said. It was so good to see her laughing, smiling. The wall that had been between them for twenty four hours now seemingly crumbling. He looked at her legs, her dark burgundy skirt ending mid thigh, pantyhose covering the rest to her unshod feet, the television beyond.

"What ya watch'n?" He enquired.

"Oh nothing really," she admitted. Had he just looked at her legs? She wondered. Please stay, she begged to herself. Please stay.

Vince dropped his knee from the sofa and slumped down in the seat, still a cushion dividing them. "There isn't anything on free to air anymore," he lamented, picking up the remote and scrolling through the channels, eventually leaving it where it was.

There was another awkward silence and Vince was determined to not let it linger.

"Look how small your feet are!" He laughed.

"What?" Carmen feigned indignation, twisting her foot on the coffee table. "There's nothing wrong with my feet!"

Vince took advantage and sidled across on the couch, his hip meeting her own.

"Look," he stated, placing a foot up against hers, their entire legs touching. "That's a normal sized foot!"

Again Carmen laughed. "No, that's a freakishly large foot!"

"I'm offended," Vince laughed, nudging her body with his shoulder. The action caused Carmen to further slump, her skirt rising noticeably along her thigh.

"You shouldn't be," Carmen spoke after debating whether to say it or not. "I mean you know what they say about men with big feet!"

The statement hung in the air for moments before they both laughed, Carmen covering her face with her hand in mock embarrassment. She wasn't. She wanted nothing more than to

talk about his cock. To discuss its size. To weigh it in her hands. To feel it inside her. She could feel herself getting wet, the fact she wasn't wearing panties accentuating the sensation.

Their feet remained side by side, legs touching. Innocently Carmen stroked her sons foot with her little toe, such a gentle contact that would ordinarily possibly go unnoticed. Not now. The sensation was as stimulating as a massage to Vince. He moved his foot against her, again so innocently, a mother and son incidentally touching as they watched television together. But neither of them concentrated on the screen.

Vince moved a hand from his lap to rest along his thigh, his little finger making connection with the pantyhosed leg of his mother but keeping his eyes on the tv. Just as she did his foot, he subtly moved his finger against her, feeling the silky nylon. The contact had immediate effects. On her, on him.

Was that movement? Carmen asked herself. Again she glanced at his groin, the same jeans he wore the night before, the bulge of his cock and balls, nothing like the mistaken

protrusion of yesterday. Yes, it happened again. Unmistakeable, she saw the lump move, a defined shape appearing under the denim, lengthening. Hardening, she stated to herself.

His little finger was now not so subtle. More than an inch of space it covered as it moved back and forth on her thigh. Her nipples stood out boldly through her white tank top. Jesus, she could smell herself, she thought aghast. But then checked herself. No, it was exactly what she wanted.

Vince wondered if she'd noticed? Half erect, steadily growing he felt the urge to move its position in his pants but didn't dare upset the flow. Let it happen naturally, if it's going to happen at all, he proposed. Don't fuck this up. He allowed another finger to touch her leg and she didn't stop him. A third. Her foot moved harder against his own and he wondered which of them would finally make the first overt move?

Her breathing was laboured. She could feel her face was flushed as she turned her gaze to look at him, her head resting back on the cushion. Vince had his whole hand on his mother's thigh. The skirt was under the palm, his fingers caressing the pantyhose. Fuck, he thought as he turned to look in her eyes. I can smell her.

Their arms, shoulders touching, mother and son stared at each other in silence. Both aware of what was happening but finding that final hurdle almost insurmountable. Almost imperceptibly slowly their faces closed in, eyes never unlocking. Vince was fully erect, his cock pained and begging to be loosed from its confines. Now or never he thought as he covered the last few inches between them, seeing his mother's eyes close at the very last second as their lips connected.

It was soft, sensual. The first intimate kiss between mother and son. In no way to be misconstrued as anything but incestuous, with confidence they exchanged their love through their lips, a tongue and then two. Mouths open as they explored the taboo. A whole new world of passion opening up to them.

With an open mouth, lips wet, Carmen withdrew to look again into her sons eyes. "I didn't know it was pot!" She confessed, an unnecessary admission in the circumstances but a relief to be out in the open nonetheless.

Vince couldn't help smiling, his eyes dropping to his crotch. "I'm afraid the reality isn't as impressive."

Carmen grinned mischievously. "Let me be the judge of that!" She sighed as she leaned forward, her hands moving to the front of his pants.

Vince looked on in contented awe as his mother unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, wrenching them with his underwear below his buttocks to leave him bare assed on the sofa. His cock looked fantastic if he did say so himself. Fully erect, pointing at the ceiling, a trimmed covering of pubic hair at the base. He wondered if she was as impressed but lost the thought to pleasure as her hands were laid upon him.

"My baby's all grown up!" Carmen exclaimed as she was able to wrap both hands, one above the other around his cock. Her face descended upon him to plant her lips against the swollen head protruding between thumb and index finger, kissing the bead of clear pre-cum that daubed the eye. Her tongue drew it into her mouth to savour before she was back, this time not so restrained.

Vince watched her lips envelop the tip. Her mouth so warm around him, so loving. A hand removed, half of his cock sliding into her, saliva dribbling down his length to be used as a lubricant.

"Oh Mom," he exhaled as her fist stroked him, her mouth twisting around the head seemingly determined to extract his orgasm as quickly as possible.

Amazing the things one thinks when being given head by their mother, Vince pondered. Do I tell her I'm about to cum? He wondered. She made sounds he'd never expected to come from his mother, a slurping, a pleased moaning as if she was

gaining as much satisfaction as he by the act. Her spare hand moved to his balls and cupped and it was then he needed to stop her before it was too late.

"Mom stop," he gasped, sliding back on the couch, his slick cock popping from her mouth but her hand retaining its grip.

She looked up at him with wide expectant eyes, her chin glistening. "Why?"

Vince exhaled laughing. "Because I was about to cum."

"But it's what I want," she admitted, almost begging.

Vince pulled her off her knees to once again be by his side.

"Is this a once off?" He asked.

"I hope not, why?"

"Then. And I can't believe I'm about to say this Mom but, I'll cum in your mouth another time," he promised. "But right now there's something I really need to see!"

Her skirt had ridden up to her groin anyway but the final reveal came as he gently pushed her back onto the lounge. Her legs spreading, Vince pushed the skirt the rest of the way and revealed her pantyhose covered pussy. She saw the surprise in his eyes at her lack of underwear and felt she needed to explain.

"I had no clean panties!" She acknowledged.

Vince took in the vision. The small gusset and her inner thighs saturated, her labia splayed against the nylon and a thick patch of dark pubic hair above pressed down by the thin material. Such a beautiful sight, his cock hardened further, twitching below to remind him it desired to inspect as well.

"It's beautiful," Vince declared, looking up from her groin to her face. "You're beautiful Mom."

She felt when he was born she could never love him more. Now that he knelt between her legs, so close from whence he came, she knew that was untrue. "I love you Vincent," she sighed, almost on the brink of tears.

As if in response, he moved his head into her.

"Oh," she breathed and he stopped, inches from her pussy. "I haven't showered!" She volunteered and she watched him shake his head at her almost in pity with no malice attached.

"I don't care!" He proclaimed and pressed his face into her cunt.

Carmen threw back her head and arched her spine up from the couch. Her pussy pushed up into his nose and mouth, feeling his lips opening and his tongue slide along her slit.

Greedily he licked her through her pantyhose, revelling in the strong flavour that seeped through the nylon. He wanted more. To be inside her. Taking hold of the waist, Vince wrenched his mother's hose down her hips, hitting himself in the jaw as he tugged them over her pussy and along her legs.

Carmen wasn't idle. Her tank top removed, her bra followed until she was naked for her son. How she was meant to be around him. To be his slave, his slut, his mistress. Whatever he wanted her to be as long as she was naked. Vince once again buried his face between her legs, finding her clitoris, wrapping his mouth around the hood, a tangle of wet pubic hair. He pressed his nose in her bush, inhaling her. Back in her cunt to delve his tongue deep. Mining his mother's vagina for nutrients, for her quenching fluid.

Carmen cupped her breasts as she watched him, her mouth fixed in an open 'O.' Had anyone been so enthusiastic about going down on her? Not even her husband had lavished her cunt with such affection. Again her son licked, sucked her clit as he pressed a finger to her opening. "Oh yes Baby," she

encouraged. "Finger me son," she insisted as she pinched her nipples, feeling his digit slide gently inside her.

Holding apart her clitoral hood, Vince nibbled on his mother's little button. Such a precious pea he'd be happy to suckle for hours. Two fingers he now used to fuck her, moist slapping sounds music to his ears. "I'm cumming, I'm cumming," he heard on repeat from above and he increased his rate of penetration before her declaration changed to an order. "Give me your cock Baby," she demanded and Vince wasted not a second more.

Her pantyhose on one foot, his own jeans around his knees, he climbed between her spread legs and shrugging off his t-shirt, fell upon her. His engorged dick finding its mark and effortlessly sliding deep into her body. Her mouth was at his before their bodies had even connected, drawing his tongue between her lips as his penis reached its zenith.

She bit down as he felt her cunt convulse around him. Thrusting into her as she came. With her eyes closed, Carmen

saw stars. Felt outside of herself as wave after wave of orgasm swept her shores. This was love. This was what a true connection with another human was meant to feel like. To hell with the world if what they shared was immoral. Seen through her eyes, a mother and son fucking was the most beautiful act that could be committed. The purest form of passion.

Vince pounded away. She was wet, possibly too wet. He could feel her walls hugging him inside the way her mouth embraced his tongue, the way her arms clung to his back. Finally she set his tongue free, only to fill his mouth with obscenities. "Fuck me Baby, fuck my cunt. Fuck Mommy's pussy lover," she begged, their eyes fixed on one another's.

He brought her knees up to her chest, locking her legs in place with his forearms. His heavy balls slapped her asshole as his cock plunged piston-like into her perfectly moulded vagina. And then. Her boobs framed by her thighs, her red face blemished by the dark streaks of her running eyeliner, he came inside her. Inside his mother. Releasing 19 years of pent up unacknowledged incest in the form of an orgasm. Jet after

jet of jizz escaped him. As she'd flooded him, he did to her. A firehose of cum surging forth into her red hot fiery mom cunt. Seemingly never ending pulses as they stared into the other's eyes. Carmen feeling and loving every spurt until finally he fell again upon her chest declaring his love.

Her fingers ran through his hair and it was possible he'd fallen asleep for some time as he eventually moved his head from the crook of her neck.

"Big shoes," he whispered, kissing her collarbone.

Goosebumps ran all over her body as she laughed. "What?"

"What they say about men with big feet," he explained and she chuckled, kissing his mouth.

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Carmen swivelled in her chair when her name was called from behind her.

"There's a young man here to see you," the receptionist explained, pointing over her shoulder at Vince who stood unsurely beside the elevators.

"Thank you Inez," Carmen stated, taking her handbag from beneath her desk.

"Cute too!" The receptionist acknowledged before heading off in the other direction.

Carmen could barely hide her pride as she walked towards her son, eyes of her workmates spying her activity.

"Hello beautiful," Vince welcomed her as she approached, surprised when she leaned in for a kiss in front of her workplace. She encouraged his arm around her waist and as they turned, the door of the elevator opened upon Barbara

whose eyes immediately dropped from their faces to the open display of intimacy.

"Oh, hello," she stated. "Going to lunch?"

"Uh huh," Carmen beamed as they sidled past through the doors. "Oh Barb, you remember my son Vincent."

The two smiled toward each other in response as Carmen pressed the down button before leaning into Vince and kissing him again lasciviously.

"Oh, and you were right," she called out to Barbara as the doors began to close. "Incest is *definitely* the new black!"

THE END