

# Incest, Lies and Videotape

8:45pm and just putting the finishing touches on a quote for a retaining wall for a prospective client, I was surprised when an email appeared from my mother. The subject simply titled, "Just for you", I found myself frowning as to why she'd chosen this, namely my business, and not my personal email address. Assuming it important, a potential job perhaps, I clicked on the message to find an MP4 file attached, immediately opening the video.

Every assumption I could've harboured was instantly proven incorrect. The camera set in portrait showed my mother in the familiar space of her bathroom. A glass of white wine was before her on the vanity and she was in the process of moving back from the screen as she smiled. I was about to speak aloud my confusion when she broke the silence.

"So, here it is," she giggled, lifting the glass and taking a sip before resetting it to its position. "What you asked for. Naughty boy!" She didn't sound drunk, but I sensed the glass in frame wasn't the first. "But you have to do something for me first," her hands slid up the front of the white bathrobe she wore and as they passed over her breasts, clearly caressing, I realized I wasn't watching anything related to a job opportunity. In fact, I didn't know what the hell I was witness to! I began to mouth the words, "what the fuck" when she continued. "I want you to take out your cock and jerk it for me!" I actually heard come

from my mother's lips as I watched her spread the front of her robe and reveal her tits.

It was then my phone began ringing and I managed to tear my eyes from the laptop screen to see the woman herself calling me. With my mouth dry and a shaking hand, I paused the video upon her topless state and answered the incoming call.

'Where are you?' Mom instantly questioned as I answered, foregoing pleasantries.

'Hey, what?' I stumbled over my reply, my eyes creeping back to look at my mom's boobs as we spoke. 'Um, at home,' I informed her.

'I'm sorry Honey,' her voice clearly conveyed anxiety. 'I've just accidentally sent an email to you. Mistakenly to you, I mean. You can just delete it. There's no need to open it. Just delete it,' she couldn't hide her nervousness and admittedly her confession went some way to relieving my own tension. Whatever the video was about, it wasn't meant for me. Which at that moment was, I guess, comforting.

'Oh?' I didn't want her to think I'd already seen it. 'I haven't seen anything!' I winced as I said it, thinking she could have read between the lines at my deception.

'It was to your work email,' she explained. 'Just delete it,' she once more pleaded, the third time in fact and I felt for her in her worrying. But who was it actually for, I wondered.

'Ok, I will,' I assured her and with the vision of her half-naked before me, I couldn't think of anything else to say. 'So... was that all?' I questioned. 'You called just for that?'

'Oh, um...' she seemed understandably preoccupied and I laughed to break the awkwardness. 'How's work?' She managed to muster and not wanting to drag out her discomfort any longer than needed, also curious to get back to the video, I gave her an out.

'Flat out. I was actually just working on a quote when you called,' I admitted and again winced, in effect revealing to her I was at the computer and may have seen her email.

'Oh, ok,' she seemed not to put two and two together. 'I'll let you get back to it,' she offered and we made our goodbyes.

So, it's not for me! I sighed as I focused my attention back on the video. Yes, I said I'd delete it, but this is where I admit I'm not a saint. Don't judge me. Honestly, what would you do!?

The shock of seeing my mother's breasts for the first time in my adult life passing, I resumed the video, my eyes laser-focused on her chest, her own dropping to admire them as well. "Do you like them?" She looked at the camera, her hands moving to hold her boobs, lifting them and squeezing. "Are you jerking off? Would you like to suck on my tits? Huh? Suck on my tits while you jerk off that fat cock?" She once more giggled, clearly surprised at her own words.

Now this is where I admit I began to have that moral dilemma. Understanding that what I was watching wasn't intended for me and having lied about it in the first place, I battled with the shame of my actions, the devil on my shoulder ultimately winning the admittedly short conflict. It's a victimless crime, he whispered and didn't fight it when I began to swell inside my track pants.

"I have a secret," Mom continued, taking a small step backward to allow the camera to capture her hips. "I did what you asked," she intriguingly admitted and I watched as she undid the tie at

her waist, allowing the robe to fall away and off her body entirely.

'Jesus!' I exclaimed as I looked at my mom's naked body.

"Yep!" she giggled. "I shaved it for you!" she proudly revealed, her hands sliding down onto her pelvis, massaging the flesh around her pronounced pubic mound. "Are you beating that cock?" She asked and I allowed my hand to press the front of my pants, the taboo nature of the act heightening the pleasure, subconsciously nodding my head in assurance. "I bet you'd love to lick my pussy," she breathed. "Get on your knees and stick your face between my legs. Stick that tongue right up my pussy!" she suggested. "And I know what you want to do to my ass!" She grinned, turning her back on the camera.

With my hand squeezing my engorged length, Mom grabbed her buttocks with both hands and spread, revealing her asshole to me under the bright LED lights of her bathroom. "I want you to eat my ass," she demanded. "Stick your tongue up my ass while you jerk off. Are you jerking off? Jerking off that big hard cock?" She ran a finger over her anus, pressing against herself before turning back to face me. "Are you going to cum? Jerk on that cock. Pull that hard dick for me. Cum on my tits," she ran her hands back up to her breasts, pinching her nipples, manipulating her impressive tits. "Titty fuck me, Larry," she

revealed "his" name. "Cum on my face. Cum in my mouth while you titty fuck me!" She declared as she moved into the camera, her face filling the frame as she poked her tongue out suggestively. "Cum for me," she almost begged as I stroked myself through my pants. "Cum in my mouth," she again stuck her tongue out as I began to ejaculate. "Mmm... Mmm," she sighed as I moaned. "I love your cum. I love your cum all over my face," she slowly flicked her tongue at me as if licking up my orgasm and I finally was able to breathe, gasping as I milked myself, creating a terrible spreading mess inside my clothing.

On-screen, Mom was smiling, taking another sip of her wine before she blew a kiss toward the camera. "And you said I wouldn't do it!" she laughed and the video ended as her hand made contact with the screen.

'Jesus Christ!' I exhaled, looking down at the dark stain showing through my grey track pants. 'Mom!' I sighed shaking my head in disbelief at what had just occurred, so many thoughts running through my mind. Not least of all, who the fuck was Larry?

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Showered, and my pants and shorts in the wash, I took my phone into the living room and sat down on the couch, opening up my work email account. In line with my assurance to my mother, I deleted the email she'd sent me, after, I hasten to admit, I'd saved the video directly to my phone. With a sober mind, I watched it again. No more than four minutes long (Larry obviously a premature ejaculator, I mused before realizing the hypocrisy of my thought) I paused multiple times amid its duration to take screen grabs of pivotal moments as my heart raced and my cock throbbed. I was well aware of how incestuous the whole thing was, and apart from some experimentation with her underwear as a teen, I hadn't thought I was that way inclined. How wrong I was as I found myself jerking off once again, this time prepared as I released into a strategically placed paper towel, the one thought again entering my mind. Who was Larry?

Mom hadn't dated once in the years since Dad had passed. And the thought of her with anyone but him had never crossed my mind. Obviously, it had hers! I wracked my brain for anyone named Larry in our orbit and came up dry and it was as with dick still hard and beginning to watch the video once more that Mom called me for the second time that night.

'Hey,' I nonchalantly responded to the call and she was silent for a moment before I heard her breathe.

'Honey,' she sighed. 'I think I've made a big mistake,' she confided and I again thought about lying, saying I hadn't seen the email before she went on.

'In what way?' I replied. 'What's wrong Mom,' I asked, tucking my dick back into my pants, sensing it wasn't a conversation to be masturbating to!

'I think I've been a fool,' she whispered and her tone had me worried for her.

'Mom... what is it? You know you can tell me anything,' I hinted at the video without bringing it to light.

'I know,' I could hear her on the verge of tears. 'I'm probably just being silly. I mean I have been silly!' she managed to chuckle. 'Oh, I don't know.'

'Mom. Tell me,' I said, hoping she'd come out and admit the recording, a large part of me hoping we could watch it together, laugh perhaps. Perhaps more, my cock speculated.

'Can you...' she paused. 'I know it's late, but can you come around?' she requested and I assured her I'd be there within the half hour.

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She wasn't the blubbering mess I'd expected her to be when I arrived. In fact, she was quite relaxed. An open bottle of red wine on the kitchen counter probably assisting her mood. I wasn't. Relaxed that is! A bundle of nerves, I wasn't sure what my visit would entail but had cleaned myself up for a second time that night just in case something sexual was to eventuate. Why I would think that I didn't know, but just like a good boy scout, it pays to be prepared.

'You're going to think me an idiot,' Mom laughed and she offered me a glass of wine which I didn't turn down.

'What, more than I already do?' I too laughed and she playfully slapped me on the arm before sliding me a well-filled glass.

'No, I think I've really made a fool of myself,' she grimaced, and sure she was discussing the video I wanted to assure her she hadn't been foolish. Quite the contrary. How fucking hot she'd

looked. 'I met someone online,' she admitted and awaited my reaction. Little forthcoming. 'You're not surprised?' she frowned and I shrugged.

'It's how people meet nowadays,' I tried to convey an air of maturity. 'It's been a long time since Dad died,' I took a sip of the shiraz, my mind picturing her back in the bathroom opening her robe to show me her breasts.

'Well!' she seemed taken aback by my lack of shock. 'I admit I thought you would've reacted a little differently,' she nervously chuckled.

'I guess a divorce and turning thirty forces you to grow up,' I reflected on my position, also reinforcing to her not so subtly I was unattached if she wanted to incestuously fool around some!!

'Maybe it does,' she smiled softly before looking towards her phone on the benchtop. 'I want to show you something,' she reached for it and I felt my face begin to blush, my heart beginning to beat rapidly as I envisaged us watching the video together.

'Mom, I...' I began to admit I'd seen the email. I moved to her side of the counter preempting our embrace, would we fuck in the kitchen, I wondered, or in her bedroom? 'I...' I was about to take her in my arms when she interrupted me.

'I received this email from him,' she held her phone out to me and I dropped my eyes to her hand to read what she presented to me.

"Thank you so much for the money again mia cara. I would pay the bill myself but for the time money transfers take in this godforsaken country. I fly back to Italy after the weekend and expect to be piloting a flight to America soon. Then we shall finally be together. I hate to request this of you, but would a further \$1000 be possible? I know I ask so much of you but be assured you'll be recompensed once the court case is settled. The same account would be fine. All my love bella donna. Larry."

I looked up from her phone and she obviously caught my look of skepticism.

'I'm a fool, right?' she proffered and I tried not to be too cynical.

'Mom, how much have you given this guy?'

'Oh,' she closed the phone, shaking her head as she momentarily avoided my gaze. 'I don't know... maybe two thousand,' she winced as she once more found my eyes.

'And you've never met him?' I inquired, admittedly more enthusiastic about this fact than angry she'd been taken for a ride by an obvious romance scam.

'No,' she shook her head. 'Oh, I'm an idiot aren't I!' she took a draught of her wine and I reached for her hand when she placed the glass back on the counter.

'Mom,' I enveloped her small hand in mine. 'Smarter people than you have been duped by romance scams,' I insisted.

'I'll try not to be offended,' she gave the briefest of smiles. 'And you think that's what it is?' She sought my confirmation, obviously aware herself.

'How long have you been talking to this guy?' I nodded toward her phone.

'A month or so,' she paused. 'Maybe two.'

'And when did he start asking for money?' I asked.

'Only in the last few weeks. It was because of the court case you see. His divorce. He found it hard to pay his lawyers from the places he was flying to. He's a pilot!' She seemed proud to convey.

'Yeah, I got that,' I looked back skeptically.

'No, he is,' Mom slid her hand from between mine to once more retrieve her phone. 'I have his photo,' she navigated to her gallery and presented me with an image of a man (pretty good-looking admittedly) in a pilot's uniform. 'He found me on my Facebook,' she admitted. 'We've been emailing ever since.'

'Can I?' I took the phone from her and pressed on the photo.

'What are you doing?' she moved in beside me and I was well aware of her breast pressing into my arm.

'Just...!' I paused as I navigated to Google, 'reverse imaging his photo,' I explained as the results began to pop up on the screen, tilting the phone further in her direction. 'Larry, you say his name is!' I tried not to scoff as his photo returned with another name attached.

'Matteo Forte,' Mom read. 'Died April 5th, 2012 in a plane crash in the Swiss Alps...' she gasped. 'Then who have I been emailing?' She exclaimed.

'Just emailing?' I inquired. 'You never spoke to him?'

'Well, no,' she admitted. 'Oh God I've been such an idiot, haven't I?' She took the phone from me to further inspect the deception. 'Matteo has ah... had a Facebook,' she pressed on the link, examining the page. 'These are the photos Larry sent me!' She seemed genuinely surprised.

'Larry. Not very Italian sounding,' I laughed and Mom looked up at me, trying not to laugh herself and I was impressed with how well she was taking it.

'Don't make fun of me!' she slapped my chest and I felt her hand cling to me slightly longer than normal for the interaction, but I may have been imagining it.

'I'm not,' I shook my head, catching her eye as I lost the frivolity. 'Anyone can get scammed like this. I'm just glad you realized before it went any further,' I praised her and she began to blush.

'Oh, so am I,' she rolled her eyes. 'You have no idea.'

'What?' I nudged, hoping she was alluding to the video, hoping she hadn't sent it to "Larry" after the initial mix-up.

'Well, it was because of earlier tonight,' she began. 'That vid... email, I mistakenly sent to you,' she corrected herself. 'His address is so similar to yours you understand,' she held the phone out to show me and I read.

"LivingLegendLarry," I quoted the beginning of his email address, understanding how she could get it confused with mine, "LivingLandscapes" being, I supposed somewhat similar, with the same provider.

'I was sending him that email, well, YOU that email when his came through. It made me stop and think. Oh goodness, I should've known he wasn't real the first time he asked for money. I only have myself to blame, I suppose,' she belittled herself and I reached out to touch her arm.

'Don't do that,' I shook my head. 'You have nothing to be ashamed about. It's this guy that's at fault. So, what do you want to do?'

She paused in contemplation before shaking her head.

'To be honest, I just want it all to go away. I don't really even care about the money.'

'Yeah, but he might do it to someone else. You say he's in Italy?'

'Well,' she managed again to laugh. 'He told me he lives in Italy. Said he's in Morrocco at the moment. Previous to that it was Portugal, Spain. He made a great show of the fact he was flying over Ukraine once. I guess it was all lies. He probably lives in downtown Los Angeles.'

'Well, I think we should at least inform the police,' I suggested and Mom looked apprehensive.

'They'd go through all my emails, wouldn't they?' she proposed, and as if on call, her phone screen lit up with an alert to a new email. 'It's him,' she whispered as if he might hear.

I took the phone from the benchtop to Mom's minor reluctance and opened her email account, reading.

"How are you going with that money transfer mia cara? I don't mean to pressure you, but we're so close now. Please come through for me. P.s. The photo you sent last week, my god! I can't wait for more in the vid..."

Mom reached out and took the phone from me before I could finish the line, but I got the drift of his sentiment.

'I don't want to hear any more,' she explained her abrupt action and I looked at her face, her cheeks beginning to color.

'You're not going to respond to him? Will he keep emailing?' I questioned.

'I don't know,' she shrugged. 'I don't know about anything,' she looked exasperated and I rubbed her arm in support.

'Why did you get involved with him in the first place?' I questioned. 'You never said anything about moving on after Dad.'

She shrugged and looked into my eyes. 'It was just nice to be noticed by someone,' she admitted. 'You wouldn't understand Darling, sixty-year-old women are invisible to most men. I was just swept up in someone paying me attention.'

Her words cut at my heart and I wanted to tell her she was wrong.

'That's not true Mom,' I refuted. 'First of all, you're only fifty-six last time I checked,' I smiled, 'and you still look great. Any man would be proud to have you on his arm.'

'Oh, Honey,' she waved away my flattery before placing her hand again on mine. 'Why "she" left you I'll never know,' she laughed. 'Look at us, two romantic fools. How are we both single?'

'Yeah,' I chuckled. 'Maybe WE should get together!' I daringly proffered in obvious jest and she took it as that, shaking her head as she giggled. However, I did notice the skin on her neck redden at the prospect.

'So, seriously, Mom. What do you want to do?' 'What's this photo he was talking about?' I tentatively inquired and her cheeks grew redder.

'Oh,' she paused, 'just something silly,' she quickly diverted. 'I don't want to go to the police. I can break it off with him quite easily,' she admitted. 'I just really needed someone to talk to about it,' she smiled stoically. 'And you were there for me,' she raised a hand to touch my cheek and the act gave me goosebumps. 'For that, I thank you.'

'Hey,' I lifted my arms to bring her into an embrace, her body so soft and warm against me. 'I'll always be here for you,' her head pressed against my cheek and I inhaled the scent of her hair, having to pull my groin back from her as I felt myself begin to harden. 'And furthermore, on what you said about someone paying you attention. Well how about I come around tomorrow and start on that garden bed you've been wanting?' I proposed.

'Really?' She pulled her face back to look me in the eyes. 'You're not too busy?'

'No,' I insisted adamantly. 'No. From now on you're my number one client,' I winked. 'You think men don't see you! Well, I'm going to be seeing a lot of you from now on. So, get used to it,' I purposefully loaded my statement, hoping she'd read into it whatever she desired.

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With Mom's blessing, I gave a friend of mine with certain advantageous computer skills the email of her lothario. Just to look into to find out any information he could about the guy. I didn't have high hopes of taking him down or anything, but if there was any way to get back some of Mom's money, it was worth a shot.

I fell asleep having masturbated to Mom's video twice more. Yes, it was wrong. But did I care? Not one iota. In my incestuous laden mind, she'd subconsciously intended for me to see it in the first place. Yeah, our emails were similar. But when you're sending a sex tape to someone, don't you make sure you get the address correct!? By the next day and my

morning erection devoted to her, I was even beginning to believe she'd made the video for me to begin with.

I moved around my schedule to devote the day to Mom. Being a Saturday, I was only planning on working until midday anyway, so if Mom wanted someone to show her attention, she'd have me for the entire day, the whole weekend if necessary. Anything to show her she was wanted and definitely not "invisible", at least to me.

I had much of the materials I needed for her garden bed; edging; and fertilizer, but ordered a ton of soil and the plants she'd mentioned in the past from my usual supplier to pick up on the way. By 10am, I was at Mom's and was not unhappy to see she hadn't expected me so soon. Fresh from the shower, her hair was wet around her face and she wore the robe I'd spied in the video.

'Can I get you a coffee?' She proposed as I started, spray painting the lawn to determine the position of the bed, and was enthused when she chose to join me outside, setting her own mug on a garden bench to watch me work. Seemingly in no hurry to clothe herself, I was afforded a near-transparent view through her robe as she allowed the sun to bathe her body, and the morning being warm, I decided I no longer needed a t-shirt as I went about my business.

Under her watchful eye, I found myself flexing more often than not. Accentuating my movements as I wielded the spade.

'Your friend,' Mom inquired. 'He won't be able to see the emails I sent, will he?' She tentatively questioned and I wondered what she'd put in them. What words of pent-up sexuality? The photos she may have included. You don't go from simple flirting to full-on sex tape without some progression. Yes, her actions had been for another man. But it didn't mean I too couldn't be aroused by them.

'It won't be like that,' I informed her. 'He'll just find out his IP. Find out who and where he really is in the world. Let's face it, I doubt he's Italian.'

'Well, he isn't,' Mom declared. 'He apparently married an Italian woman. He's American.'

'Oh, hence the Larry,' I laughed, leaning on the spade handle as I used the back of my hand to wipe sweat from my forehead, purposefully clenching my abs.

'Look at you!' Mom swooned, her eyes not disguising where they traveled as she admired my body, my ploy working perfectly.

'What?' I attempted to look nonchalant, keeping the flex in my biceps.

'Well, you could be in one of those calendars!' she laughed. 'Like the firemen do!'

'Give it a rest!' I scoffed, feigning embarrassment as I continued digging. 'But speaking of photos,' I kept my eyes on the work as I questioned her. 'What was the photo Larry was talking about in that last email?' I probed, turning the tables.

She paused before she answered and I looked up to see her reaction, a smirk on her face.

'Oh, Honey. Just something silly. I can't tell you,' she insisted, giggling.

'Oh?' I poked and could see her noticeably blush. 'Oh!' I overtly reacted, not letting her off so easily. 'Mom!?!'

'Baby!' she laughed. 'Let's just say, it wouldn't have looked out of place in one of those calendars!'

'Whoa!' I breathed, noting her nipples had become rigid through her robe, hoping it was reactionary to our conversation.

'I nearly made a bigger mistake before I came to my senses,' she divulged and despite my arousal, I felt deep sympathy for the position she'd been put in.

'Mom,' I again leaned on the spade's handle. 'You're not a fool. I hope you know that,' I informed her and she smiled understandingly, her eyes locked on mine in silence.

'This is nice, isn't it?' She reflected after the extended moment between us.

'What?' I laughed. 'Sitting back and watching someone work in your backyard for free?'

'No!' she giggled. 'Well, yes. But I mean, us. Talking like this. Spending time together. I feel like somehow, it's... well like Larry has brought us closer.'

'Yeah,' I locked my eyes on hers. 'It's nice,' I agreed before plunging the spade back into the soil, laughing.

'What?' Mom asked.

'Just a crazy thought.'

'About?'

'Remember a few weeks ago I mentioned I needed someone to do the books?' I reminded her.

'Me?' She immediately understood where I was headed.

'Well, it'd be one way for us to spend more time together,' I proposed. 'Just something to think about. That or you could become my helper,' I laughed. 'I was thinking about taking on an apprentice!'

'Hmm,' Mom giggled, seemingly excited. 'Bookkeeper or laborer. That does give me something to think about.'

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'Lunch is ready,' Mom called from the back door of the house and I grabbed my t-shirt as I surveyed the morning's work. Only a few of the mature flowers and bulbs left to plant, it actually disappointed me that my time there would be coming to an end so shortly. I contemplated ways to hang around as I headed inside.

'What did you do, just run your hands under the water?' Mom laughed as I wiped my hands on the front of my jeans.

'I washed them!' I looked back incredulously.

'Oh, my goodness. Did I teach you nothing?' she scoffed as she directed me back to the sink, lifting the soap dispenser up in readiness. Admittedly, dirt remained around my nails and on the webbing between my fingers, and to my surprise, Mom's hands joined mine under the running water to lather the soap. It was a feeling unlike any I'd known, her fingers slipping around mine as she massaged my hands, our lubricated digits

sensuously writhing around the others. Overtly sexual, I watched almost entranced as she jerked her fist along each individual finger, her expression concentrated as she washed me.

I found myself studying the skin on her face. The folds of her ear and the grey flecks in her hair tucked behind. The curve of her neck and shadow of cleavage as my eyes chanced to spy down the collar of her t-shirt.

She must have sensed my gaze and my eyes were slow to find hers when her face turned toward me, her fingers still locked around mine.

'You're just like your father,' she whispered in the quiet of the kitchen and I hoped she understood that extended to my feelings for her. 'He wouldn't wash his hands properly either,' she elaborated and our eyes locked for an extended moment. I wanted to hold her. To press my body into hers and kiss her mouth. 'Come on,' she finally broke the stare, rinsing our hands, still combined, 'I think you're done!'

But we were far from done!

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She stood beside me as we looked at her new garden bed. Daffodils and Violets in full bloom.

'The iris and tulip bulbs will bloom next season,' I assured her, and she surprisingly put an arm around my waist from behind.

'I love it!' she declared, looking up at me, squinting in the sun. 'It's just what I needed right now.'

I leaned down and kissed her head, my lips pressing the warm silkiness of her hair.

'It's what you deserve,' I wrapped my arm around her shoulder, pulling her into me, her breasts against my chest. 'I meant what I said. I'm going to be here for you, Mom. Whatever you need... whatever you want,' I quickly added. 'I'll give it to you.'

I was admittedly coming on strong, but I wanted her in no doubt as to my feelings. What was stopping us fucking? I wondered. If we were both on board, who was to deny us being together?

'You're giving me everything I want right now,' her hands caressed my back and her belly pressed into my semi-erect cock, the reaction on her face immediate. 'Um... so, what do I owe you?' she slipped from our embrace and I followed her progress as she moved in to examine the plants.

'What!?' I laughed, staring directly at her ass as she bent forward as if presenting herself to me. Her threadbare black leggings hugged her buttocks and I spied the red lace of her panties through the material, my dick completing the erection process. 'This is my shout,' I revealed.

'What!? No, Honey. It's too much,' she rose, turning to look upon me. The sun in my face, I was possibly mistaken, but I was pretty sure her eyes lingered at my groin as they crept up my body. 'I have to give you something,' she determined and every neuron in my brain screamed as to how indeed she could repay me, hoping she picked up the psychic link.

'Well, we'll figure something out,' I smiled.

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The offer of dinner was an acceptable start and going home to shower and change, I assured her I'd be back before she knew it. Even driving I was thinking about her, treating myself to occasional rubs when stopped at lights. The word obsessed lingered in my mind and walking around the normality of my house, I began to have doubts. What actually had happened, I asked myself and the facts presented themselves to me, the image it created was not as enticing and salacious as the reality.

Accidentally, she'd sent me a naked video of herself. I had to repeat, accidentally. She thought she was in a relationship with someone else. The video was for someone else. Not her pervert liar of a son. She even mentioned his name in it, thereby proving it was never her intention for me to see it. All that had happened from that point on were acceptable altercations between mother and son. Nothing to see here, I told myself.

And then I thought of her washing my hands. Was that normal? My dick reacted to just the memory as I pulled on my microfiber jocks, the silky material encouraging my erection. Her belly pushed into my groin. Was that normal? Her eyes on my semi-erect penis. Normal? No, I won the debate as I slipped into jeans and a fresh t-shirt. I may have only just rekindled a long-doused fire of incestuous desire, but as I walked from my bedroom back into the living room to once more watch the video (was it the tenth/twelfth time?) now on my television, it was becoming a raging inferno.

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'His name's Benny Larreto. He's twenty-one years old, lives alone in a two bed, one bath condo in New Jersey,' I relayed the email I'd received from my acquaintance. 'His advice was, as he's obtained money from you by deception, it's wire fraud. You can go to the police or the Feds. It'd be a RICO case or something. Probably you'd have to attend court as a witness on the East Coast sometime in the future. The guy has no priors, so he'll most likely walk and there's not a great chance of ever seeing your money again...'

Mom looked unconvinced by the news, waiting for me to go on.

'...or, as a favor to me, I'll probably have to end up building him a pergola or something, he'll take back the two grand you've handed over, scrub your existence from his computer, you won't hear from him again, and we'll never have to get involved.'

'What!?' Mom looked shocked. 'He can do that?' She asked and I smiled.

'Mom...!' I paused for dramatic effect. 'It's already done!' I chuckled as her jaw literally dropped.

'What!?!'

'Seems the guy, Benny, was doing this to a heap of other women. My friend withdrew your money before putting a bank-appointed freeze on his account, then made an anonymous, evidence-laden tip to the FBI about the guy's crimes,' I proudly relayed what I knew.

'Baby!' Mom rose from the couch and followed me into the kitchen. We were well into our second bottle of wine, and for the rest of the evening, I wanted Mom to be clear-eyed, procuring us both glasses of water. 'Who is this friend of yours, Batman?'

'Ha,' I laughed. 'He'll get a kick out of that. He's just a guy I know; runs a crypto agency, "A Bit on the Side." He does this kind of stuff for kicks, Mom,' I handed her the water and watched her take a sip, a drop of condensation falling from the glass to spot her dress at her breast, Mom's eyes following mine downwards before languidly rising.

'I wasn't in love with him,' she confided and I didn't respond, allowing her to clear her conscience. 'To be honest, a part of me always knew it wasn't real.'

'Mom, I...' I began but she stopped me.

'No, I just don't want you to think me a stupid old woman,' she said and I immediately shook my head. 'I did some foolish things, but a lot of it was just, well... fun really!'

'Ok,' I laughed and she smiled coyly in response.

'You know, being flirty and all that,' her neck reddened and she couldn't hold my gaze, focusing on the glass in hand. 'I didn't think I still had it in me,' she divulged and seemed more than willing to share, obviously the water not sobering her up that quickly.

'Whoa, you're not talking about that "silly" photo you took, are you?' I feigned reluctance to discuss and she giggled.

'Which one!?' She laughed as she threw a hand over her mouth in what was obviously mock embarrassment.

'Mom!' I laughed. 'Have you been a naughty girl?' I allowed my libido to do the talking.

'Well, you'll never find out Mister,' she stepped forward and playfully poked me in the chest. 'There're some things a boy doesn't need to know about his mother!' she cryptically explained, giggling.

'Oh!' I threw a hand up over my eyes, laughing as I played along with her charade, but I sensed she wasn't uncomfortable with it all, the possibility of her showing me the photos, quite real.

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'I might have to get an Uber,' I placed my empty wine glass on the coffee table and leaned back on the couch beside Mom. 'Doubt I'm good to drive home,' I stated the obvious having consumed over a bottle alone. Not that I was feeling the effects however, my tolerance to alcohol had been unfortunately strengthened during my divorce over the previous year.

'Oh, you can't drive Darling!' Mom was quick to concur. 'I thought you'd have just stayed here though,' she placed her hand on mine momentarily before self-consciously it seemed, drawing it back. 'The guest room's always made up. It gets so little use; it'd be nice to have someone stay.'

I chuckled to myself and she asked what it was about.

'Just us,' I informed her, the volume of the television down low. 'It's only 8:30 Saturday night and we're home like a couple of losers in love talking about going to bed! I mean... separately!' I quickly added. 'I didn't mean, you know, together,' I laughed.

'Oh, I understand,' Mom smiled, pausing. 'You know, I never wanted... "him", my fictional Larry, to actually come to America,' she changed the subject and I turned on the couch slightly to face her, putting a hand up on the backrest. 'It would have made it real, not just the online fantasy I was living.'

She'd suddenly turned our conversation from superficial to earnest and I took the opportunity to offer affection in response to her honesty, moving my hand to touch the back of her head and stroking her hair.

'You weren't really interested in a relationship?' I inquired and receiving the desired result, she moved her head back in my hand, clearly enjoying my tentative scalp massage.

'Oh, Baby,' she giggled. 'I've only ever been with your father,' she freely revealed the intimate detail. 'I couldn't even imagine what it would be like with another man.'

It was the most personal discussion I was sure we'd ever had and now seemingly so willing, I encouraged her to reveal more.

'You were just having fun,' I reassured her. 'We all deserve that. You did nothing wrong,' I declared.

'Oh, I don't know about that,' she cheekily giggled. 'You didn't see the photos!' she quickly took a sip of wine, looking guiltily over the rim at me.

'Pfft!' I waved away her words. 'Again, with these photos. I doubt they even exist!' I challenged her and she scoffed.

'Well, I can't show YOU!' she laughed.

'Whatever,' I grinned as I focused on the television, attempting to be uninterested.

'Ok then smarty,' she leaned forward to grab her phone from the coffee table, leaving her near-empty wine glass. 'Now I can't show you the whole...' she paused as she unlocked and navigated to her gallery, '...screen,' she giggled as she angled it toward me, her palm covering two-thirds of the image.

It was a bathroom selfie she showed me, and though her hand shielded her body, it was obvious from her bare shoulders she was at least topless.

'I mean, everyone has taken at least one bathroom selfie!' I dismissed the scandal she'd made it out to be.

'Oh, ok,' she drew the phone away, possibly feigning dejection. 'Well, what about this then?' She once more aimed the screen at me, this time allowing most of the image to be revealed, a transparent lace tank top hugging her torso, the pink of her nipples clearly visible and I exhaled audibly, Mom noting.

'Trust me, you don't want to see the panties!' she laughed and again took the screen from my sight.

Oh, but I did! I wanted to tell her, my dick also curious, swelling to make its presence known.

'Well,' I chuckled, not saying I agreed. 'I know you're right about one thing.'

'Oh?'

'You could be on a calendar!' I encouraged. 'You look great. And you say you're invisible,' I shook my head. Mom smiled at me before focusing again on the phone, not closing the gallery before she looked back at me.

'You really think I looked good?' She clearly fished for a compliment and I didn't disappoint.

'Mom,' I returned my hand to her head, my fingers combing through her hair, kneading her scalp, 'I think you look beautiful,' I admitted and kept my eyes fixed on hers, letting her read my sincerity.

She was silent for an extended moment before she released a small giggle.

'I suppose it doesn't matter, you're my son and everything,' she angled the phone's screen toward me, lifting it between us as she revealed the entire photo, and my breath was caught along with my heart.

The panties in the photo were minuscule, her free hand pulling up on the waist of the thong at her hip to hug them to her pussy. Clearly taken before she'd shaved for the video, a healthy thatch of light brown pubic hair adorned her mound, the material of the lace panties lost between her folds.

'Yep,' I exhaled overtly. 'Now I've been proven right. Not just beautiful... hot!' I appreciated, moving my hand down to the back of her neck.

'Here's the other one,' her thumb flicked back to the last photo of her in the bathroom, now unfurling the complete image, not naked, her arm across her braless chest and a tiny white transparent thong at her crotch.

'Mom,' I sighed, not disguising by my reaction that I was turned on. 'They're really good,' I commended. 'And these are the photos you sent to Larry?'

'Those...!' she noticeably reddened, even in the dim light from the lamp and television. 'And this,' she swiped to an image of her laying back in bed, clearly topless though her nipples out of frame. What was the focus however was her face, her mouth open and tongue suggestively poked out as if awaiting a facial.

'Jesus!' I exclaimed. 'You HAVE been a naughty girl!' I sighed.

'You're not ashamed of me?' she removed the phone, placing it beside her, her eyes seeking my approval.

'Hey,' I placed my left hand on her thigh, an act more sympathetic than sexual. 'You're a beautiful and... well you're my mom and everything,' I laughed, 'but clearly sexy woman! Why wouldn't you want someone to admire it!? There's nothing wrong with that.'

Seemingly satisfied, Mom looked down at my hand on her thigh, her crossed leg preventing it from getting anywhere near her sex and she too let out a chuckle.

'What?' I whispered.

'I was just thinking about your dirty hands. Today,' she shook her head as she lifted my hand in hers, her fingers working across my knuckles. 'Just like your father,' she smiled, opening my grip and running her fingers between mine, ever so slowly drawing me closer to her mouth. 'In so many ways,' she pressed her lips to my knuckle, gently kissing her way across each in turn.

'Mom,' I sighed, my cock throbbing within my jeans, poking against the denim. 'I want...' I tried to confess my desire and she interrupted.

'You watched the video, didn't you?' She asked in no more than a whisper and it was now me that blushed.

'Wh... what!?' I breathed; my heartbeat rapid.

'I knew from the moment you came around,' she revealed as she straightened my index finger, pressing it to her lips.

'Mom, I... I'm...' I stammered.

'It's ok Darling,' she soothed. 'You haven't managed to lie to me in thirty years,' she explained. 'A mother always knows,' her tongue slipped from between her red-painted smile to lick the tip of my finger, running the saliva around her lips like a gloss.

'Oh Jesus,' my breath came out in gasps. 'I'm... sorry,' I again tried to lie and she saw right through it.

'And there you go again,' she smirked and I needed to kiss her, to have her scent on my skin.

'Mom,' I panted, feeling the precum soaking my underpants. 'Can I?' I paused. 'Can we?' I didn't need to expand as she nodded her head.

Her body was lighter than I'd expected as I drew her to me, my hand sliding down her back to caress her spine as her mouth met mine. We'd kissed on the lips before. And fleeting images came to me of birth and mother's days, of school drop-offs and camping trip farewells. Every time our mouths had connected, I realized they'd all had something missing. This. Her lips opened to welcome my tongue, her hand on my chest and quickly dropping to my lap, pressing my hardness and tracing along its length. This was how a mother and son should kiss.

Passionately. Incestuously. It was the right way. It was the only way.

'I'd already opened it when you called,' I breathed between her lips, explaining myself, the hand she'd freed moving to her chest, to feel the weight of her breast and then the hardness of her nipple through the dress.

'I don't care,' she kissed, bit at my mouth. 'I want you to look at me. I love how you look at me now.'

'I love you,' I sighed as I kissed my way along her jaw, nibbling and sucking on her neck as she tilted her head back.

'Oh Baby,' she gasped as her hand left my cock to free her braless breasts from the dress. 'I know,' she whispered as she coaxed my mouth toward her nipple.

I gazed upon her exposed breasts before I dined, admiring their size, the milky whiteness of her skin; her breath pushing them toward me as if begging to be lavished with affection. I didn't disappoint, cradling in my palm before wrapping my mouth around her nipple, my tongue twirling around her hardness before I sucked as eager as a hungry baby.

'Oh God,' I heard her moan above me and I ran my hand down her torso to her hip, her legs parting in anticipation. 'Yes, Darling,' she sighed as I slipped my fingers under the fold of her wrap dress, meeting the skin of her leg, caressing before I committed to the act, and slid between her upper thighs, finding them hot and wet.

Again, my mouth was on hers as my palm found her panties. The material soaked; her labia soft as I gently pressed against her. Somehow, she'd managed to unbutton my jeans and the pressure of my pants was released as she freed my cock from its bonds, her small hand wrapping me, holding me tight as if for comfort.

'This is awesome!' I immaturely giggled as the magnitude of our actions registered through the fogginess of my lust.

'It's beautiful,' Mom panted between my lips as my fingers worked their way into her panties, nothing separating me from the dripping silkiness of her pussy.

'Can I...?' My cheek rubbed against hers as I looked down at what I'd done, her dress clinging on only at the waist. 'Can I

taste you?' I begged and Mom responded in the best way possible, immediately pushing my head down her body.

She lost possession of my penis and the last thing I noticed before I focused on my task was her hand lifting to her mouth, her tongue licking the clear evidence of my affection from herself, my copious precum glistening upon her lips. With the swiftest of movements, I took hold of the waist of her panties and slid them down her thighs, catching on her heels where my fingers fumbled to release them.

'Leave it,' Mom giggled and I abandoned the side quest, all my attention devoted to the mission as I plunged my face between her spread thighs, nectar coating my jaw and cheeks as I slid my tongue inside her body. 'Oh... Oh Darling,' she sighed above me as I found her clit, my lips wrapping around her, my tongue lavishing her with affection.

Mom ground herself into my face as I ate, one hand helping to spread her labia, the other on her breast, squeezing and pinching her nipple.

'So good Baby,' she whispered, her eyes on me as I looked up over her bald pubic mound, her large breasts to her beautiful face, cheeks flushed. 'Such a good so... so... son,' she managed

to gasp as she began to cum. Her thighs squeezed around my head and her hands flew down to fix me in position, my mouth locked to her saturated vulva, tongue inside her pussy, no place I'd rather be.

My head rose with her hips as she squirmed on the couch, her mouth agape in a silent scream as her orgasm wracked her body, my cock literally throbbing with anticipation as together we witnessed her climax.

'Come to me,' she whimpered, her face aglow, eyes teary for all the right reasons and her thighs parted to enable my rising, my jeans slipping below my buttocks as I climbed between her legs.

'I can?' I sighed as the head of my cock made contact with her slick labia.

'Oh, you most certainly can!' she laughed as I slid inside, my weight coming down on her body. Nothing had ever felt so right I believed as inch by inch I eased inside her tight pussy. So welcoming, the walls of her vagina embraced me, my cock now a part of her, enveloped in her loving maternal grip. 'My darling son,' she sighed as my pelvis met hers, fully penetrated

within, her pussy tensing around me as though sucking me further inside.

I held the back of her neck as we kissed, slowly pulling out of her below before plunging back inside, her head tilting in my hands to once more expose her throat to my lips, lavishing her with kisses.

'I have to...' Mom sighed as I fucked her slowly, enjoying the feeling of the repeated penetrations, balls deep with every thrust. 'I have to tell you... something,' she struggled to speak as I increased my momentum, slapping my groin between her thighs.

'Just tell me I can cum inside you!' I huffed, chuckling as I knew I'd not last much longer.

'Oh, God. Yes, you can Baby,' she moaned. 'Cum inside me. It's all I want. All any mother wants!' she admitted, my dick unbelievably hardening further at her confession. Was it true? Did every mother secretly desire their son? Could I have come to her years before? Even without the advantageous events of the last day? The mistakenly sent email? The photos?

'I meant to...!' Mom panted; her languid orgasm doped eyes on me, mascara running. 'I meant to send...' she struggled to voice her confession. '...the email!' She admitted and I could feel my ejaculation approach. 'I sent it to you...' she gasped, '...on purpose!' she proudly confided and I began to cum, groaning as I fell onto her, pumping my love deep within her body.

Burst after burst, the dam released. A Biblical flood of semen surged deep within, loosening her grip around me as her pussy was inundated. My cock drowning in the combined fluids of our incest as her words began to register and I allowed air to once more enter my lungs as I studied her expectant face.

'You sent it on purpose?' I made sure I'd heard correctly, ceasing my thrusts to wallow in her cum filled sex, Mom nodding as she bit her lip.

'I wanted you to see,' she looked vulnerable and more beautiful than I ever thought she could get. 'What would be the harm, I thought. You'd either just delete it, or...'

'Thank you!' I kissed her, my cock as deep as my love. 'It was the best gift you could ever have given,' I admitted, and her pussy tensed around my cock. 'Well, the second best!' I laughed as our mouths met, sealing our love in post-orgasm affection.

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I woke to see her still sleeping, the sheets off my body and her hand wrapped around my flaccid cock! A Sunday morning lie-in couldn't get any better, I reasoned as I began to harden and the effect caused Mom to stir, her sleepy eyes opening.

'Finally,' she lazily responded to the day. 'I was holding it for hours,' she sighed and I watched mesmerized as she slid down the bed, climbing between my legs to take my rapidly stiffening cock in her mouth.

'Oh God!' I sighed as I lifted myself into her, her small mouth endeavoring to accommodate most of my length, failing and popping off with a trail of saliva. 'Fuck I love you!' I declared and she slowly jerked my slick cock against her cheek.

'Enough to fuck me again?' she smiled, kissing up and down the shaft.

'And again, and again...' I laughed. 'Come here you,' I reached out to coax her to me and she climbed aboard, her pussy coming down on my erection, effortlessly accepting me inside.

'Oh God,' I sighed as she received my entire length, my hands cupping her breasts, thumbs teasing her hard nipples.

'Do you like them?' Her eyes left mine to look at her breasts.

'They're exceptional,' I lifted my pelvis up into her as she slowly gyrated on my cock. 'Good enough to titty fuck!' I referenced the video and watched her noticeably blush.

'I was thinking of you when I filmed it,' she divulged and she took my hands in hers, locking our fingers and almost using me for balance as she ground her pussy into my groin.

'Really?' I marveled.

'You're surprised?' she questioned. 'You don't think mothers fantasize too?'

I pulled her down onto my chest and my hands went to her ass, kneading and spreading her buttocks.

'I'm gonna cum in you!' I whispered into her hair, ramming my cock up into her body. 'I'm gonna cum in you every day...'

Her head turned and she pressed her lips against my ear, her breathing giving me goosebumps as I ejaculated.

'Every day, Mom,' I promised.

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8:45am and just out of the shower, I was standing at the bedside table putting on my watch when I noticed the email notification on the screen of my phone, frowning when I identified the sender. 'What are you doing?' I mused as I opened the app and looked at the subject line. "Just for you", it read and with a smile coming to my lips, I opened the email and the attached MP4 file.

Mom's face filled the majority of the screen and she leaned back to reveal her location as the video played, the familiar bookcase and office chair. They weren't where my eyes were focused. Mom smiled at the camera as she waved her hands over herself before completing a full turn. "So, furthermore to our discussion, I'm leaving it for you to decide between the two. This..." she looked down at her costume, the smallest, tightest pair of khaki shorts I could've imagined. She highlighted their nature by moving into the camera, accentuating the cameltoe

created at her crotch before again showing me her ass, her buttocks bulging around the pockets. "Perfect for digging holes in backyards!" she claimed, her words loaded with innuendo. Her boobs were just contained in a tight white tank top, her nipples suggestively poking through. "What do you think, Baby?" She giggled. "Can you imagine me working under you in this?" She asked the camera and I smiled as I nodded my affirmation. "Now. If you'd prefer me to just do your bookkeeping," she smiled into the camera, caressing her breasts. "Well, you'll just have to come find me!" She reached in to end the video.

My dick already hard, I placed my phone into my pocket and left my mother's bedroom, walking down the hall to enter Dad's old study. Mom, as expected was waiting for me, leaning back on the desk. She'd changed of course, and I marveled at how much she'd achieved in the little time I was in the shower.

'So, you saw the email!' she giggled and I didn't need to lie on this occasion, unashamedly rubbing my hand along my hardon as I admired her appearance. Dressed for the office, (well the workplace of my fantasies I supposed) her tan skirt failed to drop below her groin, and the white satin panties she'd donned cinched between the folds of her labia.

'Mom!' I sighed as I walked to her and she rose from the desk on the highest of heels, flesh-colored stay-up stockings on her legs. 'Well, you look more than qualified for either position!' I smiled as I took her in my arms, noting the transparent nature of her white blouse, her braless breasts clearly visible.

She placed her hands on my shoulders and pushed her groin into me, the delight on her face obvious as she felt my erection nudging her belly.

'But of course, it'd be remiss of me if I didn't test out your skills before I make a decision,' I explained and playing the role perfectly, Mom brought her hands to my belt and unbuckled, leaning in to kiss my lips before she lowered herself to her knees. I groaned as she pulled my cock from its confines and pressed her lips to my already dripping eye.

'I assure you, Sir,' she looked up with doe eyes as she rubbed her cheek against my length. 'If part of my role is being your fuck toy, then I'm definitely the right woman for the jo...'

'You've got the job!' I interrupted and smiling, she wrapped her mouth around the head of my cock.