

# SHADES OF BLUE

*Jonnyflies*

*Mother finds erotic books in son's room.*

Incest/Taboo

4.57

20.6k words

*My thanks go to 'Smokahontas' for agreeing to read this through. This made me wait before submitting my first ever attempt to write a story and gave me the time to re-think, and hopefully improve, major parts of it.*

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I suppose some might say all of this was Ms E L James's fault. After all, she was the one who wrote the "Fifty Shades" trilogy in the first place. But, I ask you, can anyone honestly say that reading a book is what caused them to behave in the way they did? I know it is common to hear this from lawyers, as mitigation for all kinds of misdeeds, claiming that their client wasn't responsible for what he or she did, because they were lead astray by drink, or a film, that book, or this computer game. These excuses have always sounded extremely weak to me, to say the least. Any person, unless they are incapable of rational thought, is responsible for whatever actions they take. He, she or it "made me do it", which is basically what blaming drink, book, film or computer game is really claiming, is an excuse, the credibility of which should have expired long before you made it out of kindergarten.

By the same token, if I stay with the "He made me do it" way of thinking, I would have to accept I am the one to blame anyway. After all, it was me that bought the books in the first place, without which it is probable that my mother would never have read them. Even more than that, it was when she saw I was reading the first book in the trilogy, "Fifty Shades of Grey", my response to her comments challenged her to read them herself, before she condemned them, out of hand, as 'pornography'.

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At this point I expect you will be asking "what in heavens name are you going on about?" so I had better explain, and the best place to start is at the beginning. Obviously, all names have been changed, for the usual reasons.

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My name is Paul. I am 19 years old and work in an insurance office in the city of Bristol. I live at home with my Mother, Joanne, who is a 38 year old single parent, my father having left us when I was 10, to live with another woman. Following his divorce from Mum, he married this woman, but I hear that he is currently seeking another divorce because he has found someone else he wants to be with. I heard this from a friend, because I don't have anything at all to do with him. He left my mother and me with nothing, and she had to fight through the courts to get him to help support me. Even then he only sporadically paid up the maintenance the court had awarded, and to this day, I believe, owes her thousands of pounds. Mum says she would rather starve than beg him for anything.

Mum is employed by the local council in one of their many offices. It was her knowledge of the benefits available to people in our situation that helped us survive when my father was moving around and changing jobs in an effort to avoid paying the maintenance the court had awarded.

I think she is still very attractive, although she doesn't seem to think so and refuses to believe anyone would be interested in her. I know this is not true but although I tell her she is still an attractive woman, she just laughs and says I am prejudiced because she is my mum. Maybe I am, but (just between the two of us) she has been my fantasy woman ever since I first became interested in girls.

One thing I haven't told her is that in my last year at college, one of my 'friends' saw us out shopping, and the next day in college he said that he thought my mother was, and I quote, "a real foxy lady" (he thought he was cool). What he meant was, he really fancied her. In fact, he was a lot more 'graphic' than that and he asked me if I could arrange a date with her for him. I told him - "Back Off! That's my mother you are talking about."

I did tell her that a guy at college fancied her, but although she looked surprised and, maybe a little pleased when I told her, she laughed it off saying that he was probably just being nice. I never told her everything he had said, or what happened between us, and certainly not about him wanting a date with her.

I bought the "Fifty Shades" books from our local Tesco's, where they were on special offer. Because of the reviews which had labelled them 'Mummy Porn', I started to read them in private, in my room. I had soon decided that they were not pornographic. Erotic? - Definitely! But it was a love story, well written and engaging. I wouldn't go so far as to say I couldn't put it down, but by the time I was a few chapters into the first book I couldn't wait to see how the story unfolded. In my opinion, anyone who labels them "Porn" has read them like a 13 year old, adolescent schoolboy, skimming through the story to find the "dirty bits". The "filth" is in their own mind, not on the page. Anyway, I digress.

Mum was putting some clean washing away in my drawers and she saw the books where I had put them to keep them out of plain sight. I came in from work and she was sitting in the living room, the three books on the coffee table in front of her, with a face like thunder, wanting to know why I had brought these "dirty books" into the house.

That was the start of our discussion about them. I defended the books, which I thought, although they did have many highly erotic passages in them, had real literary merit. It was obvious from what she said that Mum's opinion had been coloured by what a lady she worked with, a Mrs Smith, had said. She had apparently been 'sounding off' to anyone she could get to listen that they were pornography and that it was disgusting that they were on open sale in the Supermarket where anyone could pick them up.

I asked Mum if Mrs Smith had actually read the books, to which she replied "No, she hasn't, she said that they were filth and she wouldn't allow them in *her* house".

My response to that was, "So she hasn't read them but she knows what is in them, I think she must be either very clever, or an idiot, and I am pretty sure on which side of *that* line she falls. I suppose she has based her 'informed opinion' on something she has heard on TV? Now, tell me, was that before, during, or after Coronation Street?"

Perhaps that was a little bit sneaky, but Mum and I had laughed about this same Mrs Smith seeming to base her life, opinions, thoughts, and most of her conversation around the latest soap

opera plot. 'Coronation Street' was her favourite program.

Mum then said "I don't like you looking at dirty books. That was something your father used to do".

Mum can be sneaky too. She knew that if she said 'that is what your father did', I would immediately, without question stop doing it. As I said, he might have been my father but I still want nothing to do with him. I consider him to be a real 'low life'. This time though she had 'missed the bus', because I had already read enough of the book to have formed my own opinion that they were not "dirty books". Erotic reading? - Yes, but not dirty books.

I told her that before she condemned the books as 'Pornography' she should at least know what she was talking about, unlike Mrs Smith, who had made up *her* mind and wasn't going to be confused by mere facts.

Mum agreed that I had a good point, and after some more discussion, said she would trust my judgement enough to read, just the first book, before she made up her mind about them.

I told her that, so far, in my opinion it was a love story, although "Mills and Boon" it most certainly was not. I warned her that some of the passages were, to say the least, erotic, so not to be too shocked if, when the bedroom door closed, the story didn't cut to 'waves crashing on the sea shore'. I also said that as I was well over half way through the first book, and really into the story, I would give it to her to read as soon as I finished it, and at the speed I was reading it, that should be within the next couple of days.

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Two days later I had finished the first book. I took it downstairs and placed on the coffee table in front of her.

"There you are, delivered as promised; now you can make up your own mind about what you think of the story".

"I will make a deal with you" Mum said, "I don't think I will like it but I *will* read it as I promised, but I don't want you to read the next book until I decide what I think about this one. If I think its filth, you take it, and those other two books, out of the house. I don't care what you do with them, but they have to go. Is that a deal?"

"OK" I replied "but I will go further than that, if you honestly think that the book is pornographic, not only will I get rid of all three of them, but I will take you out to dinner, on me, at a restaurant of your choosing, as an apology for having bought them.

BUT, if you agree they are not pornographic, the dinner is on you and I choose the restaurant. Is *that* a deal?"

One thing my mother really loved was to eat out, somewhere nice. It was a treat we didn't have very often, because, although we were ok now, with both of us working, in the past money had always been a bit tight. This way, whatever she thought of the book, it gave us an excuse to splash out a little for at least one evening.

"You're on!" she said with a smile; "I take it you trust me not to cheat and say 'they are filth', just so you have to pay?"

"Of course I trust you" I said with a grin; "anyway, If you say they are filth, I dump all three books and you don't get to read the other two. I am banking on you being so caught up in the story by then that the cost of the meal is nothing against knowing how it turns out. I'm itching to read the next one, but I will wait as you ask. That does mean you are going to wait for me to finish the second book before you get it.

Another thing" I said; "I can't lose. Which ever way the decision goes, I get a date with the prettiest lady I know",

I bent down and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, before running for the stairs in case she threw the book at me.

I needn't have worried, she was laughing so much she couldn't have hit me if she *had* thrown it.

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It was three days later, on a Saturday morning. I had been sorting out some things in our garden shed and came into the kitchen to wash my hands. Mum was in the lounge reading the 'infamous' book.

I was just about to call out that I had finished outside, when I noticed that she was so deep into the story that she hadn't even noticed I was there. Something in the way she looked so engrossed in what she was reading, made me stop and step back from the door to where I could still see her, but unless she actually looked straight at me, she wouldn't see me.

I don't know where this flash of insight came from, but I just didn't want to disturb her. Her face looked flushed and she looked, sort of 'strange', not really comfortable at all. I wondered what was the matter.

As I watched she dropped her right hand down into her lap, leaving the book in just her left hand. Something in the way she did that made me move a little further back. I could still see her though and now I noticed she seemed to be breathing quite heavily. Her legs began to move apart and her hand pressed down between them although still on top of her skirt and as I watched she began to rub herself.

I was rooted to the spot. I was watching my mother, this beautiful, respectable lady, who had brought me up with very little help from my father, masturbating. Not only that, she was doing it while reading an erotic book that I had given her and only days ago she had denounced it as 'pornography'.

Now I knew that some of the passages were very erotic, in fact most of the book was erotic. I had sported an erection while reading most of it. Some passages had aroused me enough to make me masturbate, but surely it couldn't have done that to my mother as well, could it? Wrong! It certainly looked as if it had.

There was no doubt in my mind she was having at least as profound a response to the book as mine had been. Perhaps even more so, because when I had reacted like that to the story I had been in the privacy of my room, where respect for that privacy would have caused her to knock before entering. She was masturbating, sitting downstairs in the lounge on a Saturday morning, when she knew that I was only in the back, tidying up the shed. Surely she must have known that I could walk in at any time, without knocking, and catch her?

Her eyes were closed and as I watched her, her hand movement began to speed up and her whole body seemed to shudder. Her knees pulled up and spread apart and she dropped the book. A small groan forced its way from her lips. With her knees raised and spread as they were, I could see right up her skirt to her white panties and saw her fingers were pressing deeply into her groin as she rubbed herself to an orgasm.

When she came I heard the moan of pleasure it gave her and, grateful for the fact that her eyes were still closed, I slipped back into the kitchen before she recovered her faculties and saw me.

I was intrigued. I had never really thought of my mother being so sexual before. I had always considered her to be very attractive, well, quite a bit more than just 'attractive' if you must know, but I had never really thought about *her* sexual needs. When that, so called 'friend' had wanted a date, I knew what *he* was after and no way was I going to help him take advantage of my mother, but I had still never even considered what *her* needs might be.

As I washed my hands I tried desperately to control my raging erection. Mum would hear the water running and know I had come in, but hopefully wouldn't realise I had seen what she was doing. Just for a moment a really stupid thought occurred to me, but I pushed it away as being far too ridiculous for consideration. What if *she* wanted me to catch *her*? Well! I did say it was stupid, didn't I? Why would she want that? Obviously she wouldn't! It must have been the book that had excited her so much she had given in to her desire for relief from the sexual tension it had brought on.

I was really curious about which particular passage in that book had caused such a relaxation of her normal self control that it caused her to masturbate, when she knew I was only just outside, in the shed. She must have been really turned on by what she had read to have done that.

Drying my hands I walked into the lounge, where Mum was now quietly sitting, still looking a little flushed, with the book in her hand, but not actually reading it.

"All finished out there" I said, smiling at her, "how is the book coming along? Have I won my bet yet?"

Mum looked at me and a little smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "I am not sure about that yet, although I will admit it is a very interesting story, not at all what I expected"

"I told you so" I said with a grin; "It really grabs your mind, doesn't it? How far have you got into it? I can see by the amount you have read in such a short time that you must be enjoying the story. It must have captured your interest, just like it did mine".

I took the book from her hand and saw she had reached the part where, for the first time, Christian takes Anastasia over his knee and spans her. A section I had found very erotic indeed, it had had quite an effect on me too.

Handing the book back to her I said "What do you think of those 'naughty bits' now? You know, the ones that you were calling 'pornographic' only a few days ago."

Surely reading about Anastasia having her bare bottom spanked couldn't have caused Mum to do what I had just witnessed, could it?

"As the dictionary defines 'pornography' to be 'material which tends to deprave or corrupt'," I said; "do you think what you have read so far has depraved or corrupted you?"

I noticed a slight blush in my Mum's cheeks as she replied; "Don't be silly Paul, of course it hasn't".

"Oh, that's a shame, I was sort of Umm .. hoping? ....." I said, grinning at her.

"You do look a little tense though, Mum, would you like me to massage your shoulders? You always used to like me to do that".

Without waiting for her to answer I moved around behind her and began to work on her shoulders. Looking down I could see down the front of her dress where her breasts disappeared into her white bra. The erection I had managed to successfully control in the kitchen reared its head again. I had always thought that Mum had lovely breasts and I had always loved it when I got this view as I massaged her shoulders.

Mum relaxed as I began to work out the knots in her shoulders. She put the book down and closed her eyes, giving herself up to the pleasurable sensations she was getting from my massage.

After a few minutes she asked me "You haven't said, apart from defending the book against the charge of pornography, what you thought of those 'naughty bits' yourself?"

"Oh No!" I said "you can't catch me like that; the bet is about *your* opinion of them, not your criticism of *my* opinion. I will say this much though, just to justify why I do *not* consider this book to be pornographic.

I admit I have read some books which I know are 'porn' and some erotic classics which are not considered to be so. I think the difference is, in 'porn' the sex is the storyline. That's what the book is about. The authors jump into the sex from page one and that is basically what they describe.

After reading 'Fifty Shades of Grey' I would describe it as 'a love story'. A little unconventional, yes, but a love story none the less. That's what the book is about. Yes, I will agree that Ms James didn't shrink from writing about the more sexual aspects of her story, but they are just that, aspects of a story, about two people, one of them very unconventional in his tastes I admit, falling in love. I did warn you that it wasn't a 'Mills and Boon' type of love story, it was very erotic, but I don't think that makes it any less of a love story.

Does that answer your question?"

Mum sat quietly, still with her eyes closed and then she said; "I can see you have thought quite a lot about this".

"Yes I have. I knew you would ask me about my thoughts." I replied; "porn doesn't require much of a plot. It just caters to a need, and is then forgotten. There is nothing in it which matters once that immediate sexual need has been satisfied. This book is not like that. It involves you in the story and with the characters, it requires you to think. Yes there are moments where the descriptions of events may create a similar physical response to 'pornography', but those descriptions are in the context of a developing relationship, not an end in themselves".

She was quiet for a moment, then she asked; "what were you hoping?"

*[Ah! Careful now Paul, this could be awkward];* - "Hoping?" I asked, trying to sound innocent.

"You said you were 'sort of hoping', what for?"

"I was just teasing Mum".

"I know you were teasing, but explain it to me, in what way was it a tease?"

[Keep it light Paul; tread carefully now]; - "Well whichever way you decide about this book, I get a date with a beautiful lady. The loveliest girl I know. So perhaps I wouldn't mind too much if she had been, maybe just a little bit corrupted, before I get to practice my charms on her". With that I bent down and lightly kissed Mum on the neck, just behind her ear.

I felt Mum shiver as I did this, and she said, in a slightly husky voice "don't do that, it makes me feel all kind of, tingly inside".

"That sounds to me like a very good reason to do it again then" I said, and kissed her there again, this time allowing my tongue to gently tickle her skin, between my lips. I was still holding her shoulders, gently massaging them and felt her tense as if she was going to pull away. Then I felt the tremor that my kiss had caused run through her body and she took a deep breath, releasing it with a soft "Ohhhhh!"

Her nipples had stiffened, now showing as quite pronounced bumps in the smooth material of her plain white bra. Her breathing had increased, and she was almost panting as she squeezed her thighs together.

I suddenly realised that she was desperately fighting to control her body's automatic sexual response to my touch. She was struggling to prevent her arousal pushing her off that sensual cliff and into another orgasm.

'Oh my god' I thought; 'She is almost there! She is so turned on that just by massaging her shoulders and kissing her behind her ear, I have almost made my own mother cum, right here in front of me'.

I released her shoulders and quickly stood back; "does that feel better?" I asked.

With my hands now not stimulating her, she relaxed and after a moment, released her breath with another quiet "Ohhhhh" before she replied; "Yes! - Yes it does." Her breathing was returning to normal, but there was a deep husky quality to her voice, that I don't think I had ever heard before.

Thinking that by just talking about normal, everyday things, I could help her come down from her aroused state without embarrassment, I sat down in my usual armchair and let her re-establish her control. Then I asked her; "Can I add a little something extra to the bet?" Hoping I sounded as if I hadn't noticed anything had happened between us.

"What else do you want to add to it?" said Mum. Suddenly she sounded more alert.

"I just thought, if I win our little bet over this book, I would like to choose what you wear on our 'date'".

"Oh I don't know about that" she said, "I am not going to wear anything that shows myself up or which I think makes me look cheap".

"I wouldn't ask you too Mum" I said; "it's just that sometimes I don't think you dress to make the most of yourself, you have some nice things which you never seem to wear. They just hang in your wardrobe and never seem to come out. On our date I want all the other men there to be jealous of me, because I am with the most beautiful girl in the room".

Mum looked at me very strangely. "Now you are just being silly" she said; "I am your mother, how can I be *your date*? Anyway I am sure there will be far prettier ladies than me there".

"Not to me Mum" I responded, making sure that not even the ghost of a smile touched my face. I didn't want her to even think that I might be still teasing her. "I think you are beautiful. To me you will be the loveliest girl there, and I will be proud that you have allowed me to escort you, as my date, for the evening. I would just like to be able to choose what I would like you to wear.

If you like, you can think of me as Christian, choosing something for Anastasia to wear. Would he choose something inappropriate for her? You have read far enough to be able to answer that question, without committing yourself to making any final decision regarding the merits, or the lack of them, of the whole book".

"When you put it like that, how can I refuse?" said Mum; "but I reserve the right to veto your choice if I think it's inappropriate, is that fair?"

I grinned; "Good point, well made" I said, stealing one of Christian's phrases from the book.

Mum almost blushed and looked down at the floor; "but I am not Anastasia" she said, quietly.

"I know, Mum; you are Joanne, not Anastasia, and I am Paul, not Christian. Anastasia and Christian are characters in a fictional story in a book. Who they are and what they do is determined by the author's imagination, not real life. We can inhabit their world for a while as we read the book, but when we close the book, that world closes with it.

Trust me Mum, I will never do anything to embarrass or hurt you. You have been hurt too much by others in the past and as long as it's within my power to prevent it, I won't allow anyone else to hurt you ever again".

Mum looked across at me and there was a tear in her eye. "That was a beautiful thing to say Paul. I do trust you and all right, yes you *can* choose what I wear on our date. I withdraw my right to veto your selection; I will wear whatever *you* think is appropriate".

"Thank you" I replied; "and I am glad that at last you are thinking of our forthcoming evening out as a date, because that is how I am looking forward to it. I am going to be taking out a lovely girl, for a romantic meal for two. That, in anyone's language, is a date.

On that evening, I will be your date and escort, I will *not* be your son, so please; I want you not to think of me as your son. *I am your date for the evening*. A man who is proud to have on his arm a beautiful lady who looks a million dollars. A man who is the envy of every other man in the place".

I grinned at her "and there is no way I am going to call you 'Mum' on our date; it would completely ruin the atmosphere. If I may, I will call you Anna. It's a bit less cumbersome than Joanne and 'Jo' sounds too much like a mans name, it doesn't suit you. I promise to remember not to go so far as to call you 'Anastasia'".

"As long as you don't want to go as far as Christian goes in this book I think that should be all right" she responded with a smile.

"Ah-Ha! Now that will entirely depend on how far 'Anna' *wants* me to go" I responded; "after all, on that evening I will be *her* date and how far Anna will allow her date for the evening to go, will be entirely up to her".

I got up from my chair and crossed to where she was sitting.



"Anyway, I have been sorting out a dusty shed and I am all sweaty and dirty, and I need to pop into town for something, so I am going to take a shower and get changed into something more presentable". I bent down and kissed her gently on the lips.

"You are, and always have been, beautiful, Mum. I don't tell you that often enough. I am really looking forward to taking you out to dinner, so please hurry up and decide about the book.

You see, I really just want to be able to take you out for a romantic evening, just the two of us, and I don't much care who pays.

It should be me anyway, it is good manners that when a man invites a beautiful girl out for a meal, he should pick up the bill, isn't it? This 'bet' is just a silly excuse, manufactured by me, to get us to forget for a few hours that you are my Mum, and allow me take you out as I would if you were my girlfriend.

I did want you to read the book, though, after you had such a negative opinion of something you hadn't even read.

As I started to straighten up Mum put her hand around the back of my neck and stopped me.

"It's a good job you *are* my son" she said, with that husky tone back in her voice again; "with a smooth line of chat like that I think I could be in a lot of trouble here if you weren't" and this time *she* kissed *me*, full on my lips.

"Now get up those stairs and get yourself cleaned up, we still have to decide where we are going. Tonight's dinner is, although I hate to have to admit it, on me. The book is not pornographic, although you must admit; it does skirt very close to the edges of that in places. After that little speech I will have to make a special effort to look nice, won't I? It takes a bit longer than it used to, to make myself look presentable".

"You always look presentable Mum" I said, then I grinned; "but, while you are still hiding behind being my Mum, you shouldn't make promises to your date for tonight, that, later, as Anna, you might not feel able to make good on. Not unless you really *do* want to find yourself in that 'lot of trouble' you mentioned".

"That was a very un-Christian thing to say" retorted Mum grinning at me.

"Perhaps that's just as well" I said; "Christian would have probably had you over his knee by now, for all of the mixed signals you are giving out. Mind you, now I come to think about it that might not be too bad a way to conclude the evening".

"Paul!" exclaimed Mum, as she blushed; "that is going too far".

"Yes, it was, I am sorry, I shouldn't have said that." Then I grinned at her; "after all it is only a first date, and even Christian didn't get *that* far on their first date"; and I scooted off to the stairs, laughing, before my mother recovered her composure enough to think of a fitting response.

When I added my extra bit to the bet, what I had actually said when I put that request to her, was, 'I want to choose what you wear'. Now I realised I hadn't defined exactly what that had included. I had just meant to choose her dress, which of course was what she had assumed as well, but that *wasn't* what I had said. I could now argue that she had agreed to wear whatever I wanted her to. She had also said, without me asking her to, she would not veto anything. I would have to be careful how I presented it to her, but I had a wicked thought and now intended to choose her

underwear for tonight as well. I didn't think that Mum would let me go rooting through her underwear drawer to find what I wanted, even if she actually had what I had in mind, so my trip to town would allow me time to buy her something really pretty to wear underneath her dress.

Taking my change of clothes into the bathroom I locked the door and proceeded to undress. I realised I had no idea what Mum's underwear size was and I would need to get that right for this to work. A quick check of the washing basket was the order of the day.

Bingo! A pair of panties and a bra were there and a quick look at the labels told me exactly what I needed to know. Now all I had to do was pluck up enough courage to go into a shop and buy what I needed. It isn't something men usually do, except maybe at Christmas, and certainly, I had never in my life been shopping for ladies underwear.

When I came downstairs, washed and dressed, Mum was still sitting in the lounge reading. I came up behind her and, bending down, gently kissed her neck. Once again I felt that little shiver and I knew that the story was still holding her enthralled and pushing her buttons.

"I won't be long Mum" I said; "is there anything you want me to bring back?"

"I don't think so love" she replied; "I was going to go out to get something for dinner tonight, but if we are going out to eat I don't need to. Have you decided where we are going yet?"

"I have an idea, but I will have to see if they have a table free. That's another thing I have to do".

"Where is it?" she asked.

"Ah, now that *would* be telling" I replied; "I have a couple of places in mind, but I assure you it will be somewhere nice".

"Not the local chip shop and park in a lay-by to eat them, then?" she said with a grin.

"My Anna is not a 'chip shop and lay-by' kind of girl" I told her with a grin; "She is much more of a 'champagne, caviar and a posh hotel', kind of lady".

"A high maintenance lady then" said Mum with a smile; "are you sure you can afford her".

"No, not really" I replied with a grin. I leaned down and whispered as if it was a secret; "but I would willingly break the bank tonight for the honour of taking her out". I kissed her again, just behind her ear, and was rewarded by another little shiver.

"Don't keep doing that" mum said.

"Why not Mum?" I asked, all innocent; "I quite like doing it. I love the little quiver I feel when I do. Does that little shiver mean you don't like it?"

"You are incorrigible, go away - go and do your shopping" she said, but the smile on her face told me she wasn't too upset; "I have things to do before tonight so go and do whatever you have to do in town. I can't get ready until you get back, can I? You have to choose what I am going to wear and I expect it will need pressing before I can wear it".

"Shall I get out the dress I want you to wear, before I go out then?" I ask.

"You have already decided which one then?" Suddenly she looked concerned; "you haven't been looking in my wardrobe when I am out, have you?"

"No Mum" I replied; "but I remember this dress from when you last wore it and I thought you looked stunning. I'll tell you what; I will pop upstairs now, take it out and put it on your bed. Then if you think it needs pressing, you can do it, or if you think it's inappropriate, you can tell me when I get back. I won't hold you to your 'no veto' pledge if you really do hate my choice, I want you to be comfortable being out with me tonight".

As I went upstairs I wondered what the look Mum had given me when she asked if I had been looking in her wardrobe, meant. Did she have something in there she didn't want me to see? Whatever it was, I wasn't going to spoil tonight by ferreting around in her private things.

It did feel strange, going into Mum's room to look in her wardrobe, but I went straight to it and soon found the dress I was looking for. It was plum coloured, which complemented her light auburn hair and green eyes, with a wrap-over, V neckline in a soft, flowing material. The softly pleated skirt fell to just below the knee, as I remembered it, which would be perfect for the underwear I had in mind. As I had told her, I thought she had looked really great in it when she wore it to her last year's office Christmas party, but as far as I knew, she hadn't worn it since.

Taking it down I carefully laid it on the bottom of the bed. Just for a moment I considered having a quick look to see if there really was something in there that she didn't want me to know about, but I restrained myself and just closed her wardrobe door. I was instantly glad I had, because as I turned to leave the room, there was Mum standing in the doorway, watching me.

"What do you think Mum?" I asked her; "do you like my choice?"

"Well" she said; "it's certainly a bit too dressy for the chip shop, where are you taking me that I need to get so dressed up for?"

"I told you, it's a secret" I said; "but I am not taking my best girl to a 'cheap, rubbish place'. It *will* be somewhere that you will need to dress up for, oh yes, and before I forget" and I went back to her wardrobe and opened the shoe drawer below the main hanging space".

As I did I heard Mum's sharp intake of breath. So this was where whatever she didn't want me to find, was. I noticed a shoe box tucked away at the back corner of the drawer, but I ignored it and took out a pair of black, two inch stiletto heeled, patent leather shoes. Putting them down on the floor I carefully closed the drawer and, as I did I was relieved to hear mum let her breath out again.

So that was definitely where she had whatever it was that she didn't want me to know about. That shoe box looked very interesting all of a sudden.

Picking up the shoes I put them on the floor at the bottom of her bed, below the dress I had picked.

"I think these go well with this dress Mum" I said; "but if you don't like them we can choose something else together".

"No I think you have made a good choice there, but I am really intrigued to know where you are going to take me that I need to dress up like that for" she said.

"But don't you see Mum" I said; "these are *not* for *you* to wear. I have selected these for Anna to wear. She is my date for tonight. I know they will fit her because she is your size, and I know she will look lovely in them because she always looks lovely. I told you, she will be the most beautiful lady in the place tonight and I will be so proud to be seen with her".

Then I did something that, to this day I don't know where I found the courage to do. Stepping up to her I said;

"But I really do need to talk to Anna, Mum, I need to know that she will be comfortable and happy to be with me tonight. I also need to know *she* is pleased with my choice of what I would like her to wear".

I put my arms around her waist, drew her to me and kissed her. Not the little kiss I had placed on her lips before, but a proper kiss. My tongue touched her lips through my slightly open ones, and hesitantly her lips began to open for me. Just for a moment, but then she pulled away, looking flushed.

Before she could say anything, I said "There, do you understand now why I need to see her, Mum? Anna was almost here just then. But just as she was about to appear, she came over all shy, and went and hid again. I need her to be there, with me, so I do need to speak to her and let her know this dress and shoes are for her to wear. I don't want her to be in hiding tonight. I promise both you, and her, tonight I will be the most attentive date she has ever had".

Mum was shaking slightly, so I carefully guided her to the bed and sat her down on the edge, kneeling in front of her.

"I do understand" I said "a transformation like that, from Mum to Anna, is bound to be a bit traumatic, but once you have made that step for the first time, next time it will be so much easier. We almost managed it, but her arrival was too much of a surprise and the step was just a touch too far. Can we try again?"

Mum looked at me in a dazed sort of way, but she nodded her assent.

I gently leaned forward and kissed her again. This time as my tongue touched her lips, very hesitantly they opened and her tongue touched mine as it slipped into her mouth. I had to be gentle with her, this was new territory for both of us, and so although it was so sweet for me, the kiss didn't last long. This time I was the one who broke the kiss and sat back on my heels.

"Hello Anna" I whispered.

Mum just sat there, looking a bit stunned but didn't say anything. I could see her breasts were rising and falling more quickly and I could feel her heart was beating quicker too.

"We almost found her then, but she is still hiding. If we try one more time maybe she might come out" I said, as I drew her back into my arms again.

This time as we kissed she put her arms around my neck and our tongues clashed in what was a proper 'lovers kiss'. I held her to me just a little longer this time, and was rewarded by a tiny 'whimper' into my mouth as her arms tightened around my neck, just before I broke the kiss. Still holding her very tightly I whispered into her ear;

"Hello Anna".

For just a moment there was silence, then, very quietly, she whispered; "Hello".

"Thank you for coming, it's so lovely to have you here with me at last". I have been so looking forward to being with you and I want to ask you if you will come out with me as my date for tonight?" Then I sat back on my heels again and looked into her face.

She remained looking down, if she didn't trust herself to look into my eyes. Then she said, with that same huskiness in her voice that I had heard downstairs; "thank you, I would love to be your date, tonight and any other night".

"Thank you" I whispered, leaning forward and gently kissing her on the cheek.

I then took her hands in mine and, looking into her eyes I said; "It's all right Anna, Mum can come back now, but you do understand why I needed you here, now, so that I could ask you out properly, don't you? By the time I return from town, I hope Mum will have become more accustomed to you being here, so we can be more relaxed and ready for our date tonight. I won't be long, I promise".

Dropping back onto my heels I held both of Mum's hands until she seemed to have calmed a little.

"Welcome back Mum" I said; "I am sorry about that. I realise that must have taken you by surprise, but I did need to speak to Anna, just for a moment. I needed to be sure she was really ready to accompany me on our date.

Are you OK?"

Mum took a deep breath "I think so" she said, a bit shakily;

"I must admit that you threw me a bit then, Paul, but I think I am OK now. I haven't been kissed like that for a very long time and I must say, coming from you, it came as something of a shock".

"I think it was something of a shock for Anna too" I said, smiling at her "but I hope that maybe she will get to like it, with a bit of practice".

"Oh, she liked it alright" said Mum; "but are you sure she should really be accepting kisses like that from you?"

When I heard what Mum said I almost danced with joy, but I knew I had to stay calm. Mum had, in her own mind, separated herself and 'Anna' into two separate people, so that our 'lovers kiss', wasn't between a mother and her son, but between me, Paul, and Anna. It was tentative at the moment, but it was a start.

"If she liked it, why shouldn't she?" I asked, and then I moved things forward a little more.

"Whatever two adults do together, in private, is surely, just between them. Look at Christian and Anastasia, who are we to point the finger, and call them pornographic creations".

Mum smiled but still looked a little concerned. I asked her what was wrong.

"It's just that, if you are going to behave like that while on your date with Anna, could you pick somewhere to go where we are not likely to be known. I wouldn't want anyone who knows me, seeing you and Anna together, they wouldn't understand. Imagine Mrs Smith's comments if she saw us behaving like that".

I don't know how I managed to keep my feelings off my face. Mum was almost agreeing that there might be some kind of intimacy between us tonight. Maybe just another kiss or two, but who knows, from little acorns .....

"Leave it to me, I think I might know just the place" I said as I got up off my knees, lifting Mum to her feet as well. Earlier I promised you I would never embarrass you, so trust me, I will be very careful not to be the cause of any embarrassment in front of anyone you know.

"Now I must go or all the shops will be shutting" I said; "I have a few details, I need to sort out for tonight out yet. I didn't know our date was going to happen quite so soon. When I get back I should have everything organised and I hope you will like what I have arranged." Then I headed off downstairs before she could pump me to find out what I had planned.

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Once in town I did what I had come to do, then made my way to the store where I knew Mum bought most of her underwear. Not a sexy place you might think, M&S, but I knew, as well as the 'everyday' things, they did keep quite a good range of very pretty ladies underwear, and with the sizes I had written down, I was sure I would be able to find what I wanted.

Browsing around the displays I found a beautiful range of underwear that I was sure Mum would like, in a soft red, with the most beautiful deep cream lace trim overlaying the fabric. I had just begun looking for her size, when a sales lady came up and asked if she could help.

"I am looking for a present for my girlfriend" I said; "I rather like this design but do you have it in these sizes?"

"Of course sir" she replied, a little haughtily and she took the piece of paper I had written Mum's sizes on. Immediately she saw the sizes I had written down, her whole attitude changed and the haughty look disappeared.

"Perhaps you would come with me, these sizes are over here" and she led me to another display rack; "I am sorry if I appeared unwelcoming just now, but it's just that we have had several, shall I say, 'gentlemen with different needs', browsing in the ladies lingerie department this morning. They seldom buy anything, but they do seem to spend a lot of time browsing".

"Oh, I see" I said, grinning; "no, I really am looking to buy a present for my girlfriend, as I said. I know she buys a lot of her things from M&S so I thought if I get them from here, and I have her size, I was pretty sure that whatever I buy should at least fit her, assuming of course she is prepared to wear them. I know how sizes can vary in different shops, because my Mum is always moaning about it.

I'll be honest; I got her sizes from her things in the wash basket in her bathroom because I want this to be a surprise.

"That's OK sir" she replied; "I can see by the sizes you want, they are definitely for a lady. Sometimes, with those other 'gentlemen' I mentioned, when they do buy something, that isn't always the case. What exactly are you looking for?"

"Well, I thought matching bra panties and suspender belt, would be nice, maybe with a waist slip too. Are they available in this range?"

"Oh yes sir" she responded; "we have all of those, now, what kind of panties would you like? There are briefs, normal and high leg, a thong or French knickers. They are all available in this design".

"Oh God!" I said; "and I thought this would be simple. Not a thong, I know she doesn't like those, but the French knickers might be something just a little bit different for her".

The sales lady took a pair from the display and held them for me to see. She chuckled when she saw how embarrassed I was.

"This is the first time you have bought underwear for a lady, isn't it sir?" she said with a smile on her face.

"It shows, doesn't it" I said. "Usually I get her chocolates or something but I decided I wanted to be different this time. I am beginning to wonder if this was such a good idea".

"I am sorry, I could see you were nervous so I shouldn't have teased you like that. She is a lucky girl to have a boyfriend who cares for her enough to put himself through the embarrassment of buying her lingerie. Do you know the style of bra she likes?"

"Oh No! Not more choices. I am really out of my depth here".

"It's OK" she said, and she selected three different bras and laid them on the display. "Which style do you like?" she asked.

I pointed at the one I thought Mum would like best.

"There now, that wasn't so bad was it?" she said. Then she turned to another display which was next to the bra's and selected a slip from the same range, holding it against herself for my approval.

I nodded "yes, that is just what I wanted" I said.

"Good" she said; "now for the suspender belt. Does the lady usually wear stockings?"

"Errrr - No, she doesn't" I replied.

"But you would like her to. That's OK, in that case I would suggest this one, it's a little bit deeper than the other so should be more comfortable in wear if she isn't used to wearing suspenders, and, of course you will need stockings too if she doesn't have any. Do you have a preference for colour? Black is always popular, although some feel that is a little too, shall we say, 'obvious', especially if the lady is a 'first time' wearer".

Taking the items we had already selected, she took me over to another display where the stockings were.

"I think perhaps I should stick with the colour tights that she usually wears, which is a tan colour" I said; "I don't want her to feel self conscious just because her stockings are not her usual colour. I think going from tights to stockings might be a big enough jump for now".

"Very wise" said the assistant; "but why don't you take one pair of tan and perhaps one pair, a little darker, maybe a smoke, or charcoal grey, something like that, then she can choose for herself what she thinks suits the colour dress she will be wearing with them? I am sure she will be pleased with your choices for her. Any girl would be happy to have a present like this".

"I certainly hope so" I said; "I must admit I am more than a little nervous about her response to me buying her such intimate things as this".

The assistant smiled, and said "I think this is our most sensual range, so I am sure she will love them, but if she doesn't you can always bring them back, as long as she hasn't worn them". Then she came close and said in a low voice;

"if she really *hates* them and you get into *really* hot water for buying them, I think I know someone who wouldn't object to wearing them for you" and she winked at me; "they are my size too".

Oh my god! I have just been propositioned by a young lady assistant in the M&S lingerie department. I could feel my face going red and I couldn't think of anything to say.

She chuckled again; "It's OK I am sure she will love them, but if she doesn't, please bring them back. Ask for me, my name is Sarah".

Without thinking I responded "Paul".

She slipped my purchases into a discreet bag, and I paid with my card.

"Thank you very much Paul" she said with a little smile, then she wrote something on the back of the card receipt and dropped that into the bag as well; "don't forget, you can always bring any items back if your young lady doesn't like them".

I don't think I have ever exited a shop as quickly as I did that day.

Once on the street I took a deep breath; 'what is wrong with me' I thought; 'I have just been propositioned by a very attractive young lady, and all I can think of is going home to be with Mum'. I realised I needed to think about what I was feeling, and made my way to 'Costa' where I could sit down and work things out in comfort.

I couldn't stop thinking about those kisses and not only my reaction to them but Mums response to them as well. Now I had just bought her some very sensual underwear, which I was hoping she would wear tonight on our 'date'. Why was I doing that? No way was she going to let me see her in them, even if she agreed to wear what I had bought, so what was I hoping to get from this?

Then I came back to those kisses. She had responded as if I was her boyfriend, or maybe even ... her lover!

Oh My God! ..... What am I doing to her? What had I done to our relationship and how she would see me in the future? I knew I loved her. I had known that for quite a while, but I had always managed to keep my feelings for her in check, that is, until this morning. I had to sit down with her and talk through this, let her know how I saw, but not what I saw, this morning, and hope we could still be as we were before.

I finished my coffee and left 'Costa' intending to make for my car and go home, but then another thought struck me as I was passing M&S and it stopped me dead in my tracks. Almost without meaning to I opened the door and made my way back to the lingerie dept. I looked round and saw Sarah talking to another assistant, and, going up to them said "Excuse me".

Sarah turned round and as soon as she saw who it was her face broke into a smile; "Oh! Hello Paul. My, that was quick" she said; "didn't she like them?"

"It's just that I had another thought, do you have a nightwear section as well?" I asked.

"Yes, it's not really my department, but as you are already my customer I think I can look after you there as well. I don't want any of the other girls stealing you away from under my nose, do I?" she said with a smile; "come with me."

She led me to the displays of nightwear and, looking at me with a smile on her face said; "it looks to me like you have a really big night planned. I think this young lady of yours would be a fool if she lets you get away, just because you would like her to wear a suspender belt and a pair of stockings, but it really doesn't look as if I am going to get a call from you, am I?"



"Sorry but I don't think you will" I replied; "but I was flattered by you suggesting I could. You are very lovely, but I think the girl I am buying these things for, just might be *the one* for me".

Sarah smiled a little ruefully; "just my luck, all the best ones are always taken. Sometimes I think my boyfriend would rather go to football and be drinking with his mates than be with me".

"In that case he must be a fool" I responded; "if I wasn't so absolutely stuck on my girl, I would be round here like a shot. You are beautiful and I think, a really nice girl. Obviously he doesn't appreciate what he has".

"Oh why didn't I meet you before your young lady did?" said Sarah; "she would never have got near enough for you to even see her. Oh well! Never mind, let me see if I can find something else you might like to see her in".

She looked through the nightwear on the display, before asking "do you want a short nightdress, or something a bit more flowing?"

"Flowing I think. I was hoping for something, not actually see through, but sort of suggesting what is underneath, if you know what I mean" I said; "sort of sexy but not too obvious."

"Yes I do" she said with a smile; "I think I know just the thing, how tall is she?"

"About your height, maybe an inch taller but no more" I said.

She led me to a display, running her hand along the garments before extracting a hangar and holding it up for me to see. "What do you think?" she asked.

"I think that is perfect" I replied, and grinned; "I just hope I get to see her in it, that's all".

"If you *do* get to see her wearing this, make sure you are a good boy scout and follow their motto" she said with a grin; "we don't want any unplanned accidents, now do we?"

She laughed at me as I blushed. "Oh I could really love being with you" she said; "you can tell her from me that if she doesn't want her presents, she can send *you* back with them. I promise you I will be phoning my boy friend to dump him before the shop door has closed behind you".

This time I didn't exit the shop quite so fast. It looked like I really had 'pulled', if I wanted her. She was very attractive, and fun too, but she was just not who I knew I wanted to be with tonight.

Just then I was walking past 'Superdrug' and another really naughty thought struck me; "if I am going to play Christian, I had better make sure I am, as Sarah put it 'a boy scout', a good motto that, 'Be prepared!" Turning into the store I made my way to the display of condoms. Selecting a pack I paid at the till and headed back to my car.

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Back home, Mum was in the bathroom and I called out through the closed door that I was back and going to have a look on the internet for somewhere for us to eat. After the encounter in Mum's bedroom, I thought that a neutral location might be best and help her to relax. Maybe then, if she was still talking to me, she might allow a little more intimacy than she would usually have permitted.

"My original idea was a bit too near home" I said; "and anyway they don't have a table for tonight, so I will search a bit further afield."

I heard her say something, but didn't catch what it was.

A quick look on a search engine soon gave me loads of choices, but I was looking for something a little bit special. I soon found what I was looking for. It looked like a very nice hotel and restaurant, about 30 miles away from home. Far enough to justify staying over, well away from anyone we knew, but not so far that it would require too long a drive to get there. On their web site, the rooms looked really good, and the restaurant had good reviews, so I made a reservation for a twin room, and a table for two for dinner, that evening at 8.0'clock.

After printing out the reservation, I began to feel uncomfortable about what I was setting up. We had to talk!

I went to the bathroom door, because Mum was still in there, tapped on the door and said; "I am going down to make a cup of tea Mum" I said; "I will make you a cup too, and if you would, I would like you to join me in the lounge for a chat. I want to discuss plans for tonight with you, before anything is finally booked and can't be changed."

I heard Mum say something, but once again it was a bit indistinct and I didn't catch what she said.

I made the tea and put some biscuits on a plate, with a slice of cake each. "It's in the lounge" I called up the stairs.

After a few moments I heard Mum coming downstairs, and stood up to meet her as she entered the lounge. When she came in I could see she looked upset, as if she had been crying, so I helped her to the couch, where she sat looking down at the floor. I sat in my usual chair, facing her and said; "I think we really need to talk, and perhaps, after what happened this morning, it might be better if we do it while we are sitting a little apart."

She just nodded; "whatever you think is best Paul".

Would you like me to start?" I asked her.

She nodded.

"OK! Now first of all I want you to know that I stand by everything I said earlier. I do want you to come out with me, not as my Mum, but as my date. I do think you are beautiful and will be the prettiest lady in the room, wherever we go, and I would be proud to escort you, anywhere and any time. Do you accept that?"

Mum nodded; "BUT? There is always a 'but' at the end of a sentence like that".

"There is no 'BUT'" I replied. "That is the truth! My problem is, now I have a confession to make to you. You see, when I asked you to agree to me choosing what you wore tonight, I was just thinking of the dress I wanted you to wear. The shoes came later, when I was getting the dress from your wardrobe. The reason for my choice was absolutely truthful. When you wore that dress to your office Christmas party, you looked stunning. You actually took my breath away you looked so gorgeous. I know you won't believe that you had that effect on me, but you did .... you still do, whatever you are wearing! But that's why I wanted you to wear it tonight".

"I never told you everything that Pete from college actually said to me, did I? I don't know if you remember him, we met him in town when we were shopping. The one who I told you said he fancied you".

"Oh yes, I think I remember him", said Mum; a tall, slim boy, who I said thought far too much of himself".

"That sounds like him" I said with a grin; "anyway, even though when he met you, we were just shopping and you were not particularly 'dressed up', what he actually said, was 'Your mum is a fox, how can you live in the same house as her without having a permanent hard-on?' Then he asked me if I could set up a date with you for him".

"No, you certainly never told me that" said Mum; "when did he say that".

"It doesn't matter, because I told him to 'Back Off and to keep his hands and his dirty mind off you'. Anyway, a few words were exchanged, he said something I took exception to and we, sort of 'fell out'."

"Fell out?" said Mum; "What do you mean, 'you fell out'? What did he say? What happened?"

"Mum, I don't need anyone to tell me that you are beautiful, especially a slime ball like him, I had always known that. As your son, all I could hope for was a chaste kiss on the cheek and maybe a hug on a special occasion, but he could ask you out on a date and from what he said I knew he would try to get you into bed afterwards, then, if he managed that, brag about it to everyone he knew. I couldn't even ask you out and I was as jealous as hell, so when he said what he did, I hit him! We just had a bit of a fight, that's all"

"Was that when you came home with your face bruised and you said you had tripped over?" I nodded.

"You are not usually a violent person so it must have been really bad, was it something about me?" She asked.

"No Mum!" I replied; "it was about me and I would rather not talk about it, if you don't mind".

"But what he said involved me, didn't it?"

"Please Mum, let it go. I shouldn't have said anything."

"Now, just when you said you trusted me, I have betrayed that trust. I started thinking about how I had phrased the addition to our bet, about me choosing what you wear. I thought I could use your agreement to that, to slip in something else I would like you to wear. That was underhand and wrong of me! So now, I want you to re-instate your 'veto' clause. Anything you are not happy with goes. No matter what it is."

"That goes for the dress, the shoes .... *And* ..... The underwear I bought for you this morning in town".

Mum looked at me in surprise; "you have bought me underwear to wear tonight?"

"Yes Mum. I will bring it down for you to see and accept or reject as you choose. The sales lady did say I could take it back if you didn't like it.

I have also, provisionally, booked this" and I handed her the print out of the provisional booking I had made for dinner and a twin room at 'The Grange Hotel'; "it's only a provisional booking so if you don't like the idea I can cancel that too".

Mum was quiet for a few moments as she looked at the booking I had made. Then she said, in a very quiet, controlled voice, "Is there anything else I should know about?"

"No Mum" I said; "other than that, everything else is as I said before."

"You have booked the two of us into a room at a hotel, for tonight?" she said; "don't you think that was being a little bit presumptuous?"

"If you look, you will see I have booked a twin room, not a double" I said; "I hoped you would still trust me enough to be able to sleep in the same room as me. I know things got a little out of control earlier, but I promise, on my honour, you will be safe. I just thought it would look a bit strange if we are booked in as Mr and Mrs James, but had separate rooms".

"Mr and Mrs James?" exclaimed Mum.

"Well, I am not a little boy anymore, so to people at work I am 'Mr James', and you still use your married name, so you are still 'Mrs James', That's what I put on the booking form. Mr and Mrs James. It's not my fault if they then assume we are married, is it?" I said, and I grinned at her.

"You are a very naughty boy" said Mum.

"Not the Messiah then?" I joked, paraphrasing that famous line from 'The Life of Brian'.

"No!" She said with a grin; "definitely NOT the Messiah".

"I need to think about this, but now, I want to talk to you about this morning" she said; "I have to try and explain".

"There is no need Mum" I replied; "Look! I read 'Fifty Shades of Grey' before you, and although I stand by my opinion that it is not pornographic, it *is* a very erotic book. I don't want to shock you, but while reading it I wouldn't like to count the number of times I needed to .. shall we say 'ease the pressure', that the story had caused to build up. I would be amazed, because those scenes are so graphic, if you hadn't felt a similar pressure too. When I came in from tidying the shed, you were reading, what is, if I remember correctly, a very erotic passage. Thinking that you looked a little 'tense' I offered to massage your shoulders. While I was doing that I looked down and I could see down your top to the swell of your breasts – only as far as your bra, but they looked so beautiful that, without consciously meaning to, I had, err ... let's call it, 'a natural, physical reaction' to that view.

I then noticed you looked flushed, and your breathing was .. shall we say, a little different to normal. I realised that the book had, in some measure, turned you on, and with me massaging your neck and shoulders, it wasn't helping you in this situation. That was why I stopped, because I didn't want to embarrass you.

Then while we talked there was quite a high level of sexual tension in the room and we started teasing each other. I was trying to hide my 'physical reaction' and you were still breathing a little heavily. The teasing became a little more explicit than it should have, leading to both of us becoming ... let's say, a little ... over-excited? This raised the stakes in the explicit nature of the teasing, which raised the tension in the room even more, and that was when I kissed you on the

lips, and that then lead to you kissing me. Obviously, along with everything else that led up to what happened between us, later, upstairs.

I didn't mean for that to happen, but I will not apologise for it either. It happened, and I loved it. I can't tell you how long I have wanted to kiss you like that and I just hope you can forgive me for taking advantage like I did.

The introduction of 'Anna' into the mix gave me an opportunity to push further into this 'forbidden territory', while blaming a fictional third party for what I was doing, and anything that might happen because of it.

I took advantage of this to kiss you in a way that a son would not normally kiss his mother. By our third kiss, you were responding to me so much, that between us, we actually created that third person, 'Anna'.

This raised our level of mutual excitement to the point where if we hadn't stopped it then, I am pretty sure we would have taken a step, which really *would* have taken things too far, and which you would have regretted later. We didn't go there and I think we are both stronger for having stopped before it got to that point.

Now we have both 'cooled off' a bit, we can look back and see what, I think, and I am sure you will agree, very nearly happened between us. Hopefully you can now remember it without too much embarrassment.

Now! I *still* want to take you, my beautiful mother, out for that romantic meal. You can call that whatever you like, but to me it is and always will be, a date.

I *still* have no intention, during that date, of calling you Mum or Mother, so I intend to stick with 'Anna', after all, when I did finally get to meet her she did seem to me to be a very nice girl" I said with a grin.

"Your comment about us not being seen together as Paul and Anna was duly noted, so I have booked a meal far enough away for that not to happen.

Because of the distance involved I decided it also made sense to book a room for the night, so we didn't have a long drive home after the meal. After all, we might both like to have a drink as well.

I asked for a twin room for 'Mr & Mrs James', so I am not trying to be, as you say, presumptuous, by suggesting that we sleep together. Changing clothes can be easily worked out by the person not changing; waiting in the bathroom, so preserving the modesty of the person changing.

I think that covers everything. Can you think of anything I have forgotten?" I asked.

Mum shook her head. "I think you have covered almost everything I have been concerned about" she said; "although I must admit when I saw that you had booked just one room for us, I nearly died from shock, but you do seem to have thought this through, and thought of almost everything."

"Now! Just so that I have all this clear in my mind. You say you have wanted to kiss me like that for some time, but you admit that a kiss like that says something a mother doesn't expect to hear from her son. You also say that if we had taken that step, 'I' would have regretted it later but now you hope that 'I' can remember it without embarrassment. You seem concerned about me, but what about your feelings about what happened?"

"These are things I think we need to be clear about before we go out tonight. Can you give me a few minutes, all this is happening much too fast for me to take in, and I need a few moments alone to compose myself before we continue. I think at this point we would both benefit from some time to collect our thoughts before we address where we go from here. I am going to my room to think about what you have said. Perhaps you could give me five minutes and then bring whatever you have bought for me today with you, to my room."

She stood up, "I would like you to do one thing for me now though Paul" she said; "this declaration of your feelings has come as something of a shock, as I am sure you can understand. Do you think you could just put your arms around me and hold me, just for a moment? I don't know what to think, but at this moment I feel I just need someone to hold me."

Standing up, I carefully put my arms around her and hugged her to me. For a couple of minutes we stood like that, in the centre of the lounge. I could feel she was shaking but it felt wonderful just to be holding Mum like that.

Even though I was so nervous about her response to what I had said, I couldn't control my 'physical response' to holding her, with her body pressed against mine. I also couldn't get out of my mind that this might be the last time I ever got to hold her like this.

Mum stepped away from me and looked into my eyes, "Thank you for that Paul" she said quietly.

Her voice sounded strange and in that moment, as she turned and went to the stairs, I was sure that my world was about to collapse around me.

"Five minutes, Paul" she said; "I will be waiting".

I sat there for those five minutes, basically scared out of my wits that I had destroyed our relationship for ever, but glad that I had at last brought out into the open my feelings for her, which I knew went way beyond the usual feelings a boy is supposed to have for his mother.

I went up to my room and picked up the bags I had bought in M&S, walked along the landing to my mother's room and tapped gently on the closed door.

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"Yes, come in" she answered in a quiet voice.

Mum was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking very nervous. The bedroom curtains were drawn and there was just a small light on, on the bedside table.

"Come in Paul" she said; "close the door".

I closed the door behind me and came and stood before her, feeling like a naughty schoolboy in front of the headmistresses.

"Are those the things you have bought for me?" she asked in a quiet, controlled voice.

"Yes Mum" I replied.

"Put them here" she said, patting the bed cover beside her; "I will look at them in a few moments, when we have cleared the air a little".

I put the bags down on the bed where she had indicated. Mum then held out her hands, took mine in them and with a slight downward pressure indicated that she wanted me to come down to her level, putting our faces on the same level as we talked. I knelt on the floor in front of her, looking into her eyes, dreading what she might say.

"You have been very honest about your feelings for me" she said. "You are not a fool, you obviously understand that the feelings you say you have for me, are not those a boy is supposed to feel towards his mother".

"Yes Mum I am well aware of that," I said; "but I can't help how I feel. It wasn't easy for me to tell you, but after this morning I couldn't just allow everything to carry on as if nothing had happened. What happened this morning brought my feelings out into the open and forced me to admit to myself what, if I am being truthful, I have always known .... That I love you.

However much we might wish we could, I know we can't turn back the clock and return to how we were before. You have brought me up to be honest, and it would have been dishonest of me to have tried to pretend that nothing happened when both you and I know it did. We both know, obviously, it will have totally altered our relationship in the future.

You know that I love you! Of course you have always known that, but you now know I love you, not just as a boy loves his mother, but as a man loves a woman.

I do understand, now you might be uncomfortable with me being here, and you might be going to tell me I have to move out and get a place of my own. That I can't stay here now that I have confessed how I feel about you".

"Is that what *you* want Paul?" she asked quietly.

"No Mum!" I replied; "I love you and want to be near you, but if I am living here, I thought it would make you uncomfortable, so it might be what you want".

"These feelings haven't just arrived today have they? How long have you felt this way about me?"

"I think I first knew how I felt about you when I was about 12", I said; "but more recently, maybe in the last year or so, they have been getting more intense. I see you around the house and I long to put my arms round you and hold you, but of course I can't, because I wouldn't be able to hide my feelings for you if I did".

"You mean that 'natural physical reaction' you spoke about? I did notice it when you held me just now, downstairs"

"That would be a part of it, yes, but if I were to hold you like that, I would want to kiss you too, and as Cher put it in song 'how do you know if he loves you so? It's in his kiss'.

I wouldn't have been able to hide how I felt, as you must have realised from when we kissed this morning.

After we kissed this morning, and you responded as you did, I knew I had to get right away from the house so I could think. You knew now, how I felt about you, and just for those few wonderful moments I dared to dream that you might have similar feelings for me. That's when I knew I had to get away to give us both time to cool down

Kissing you like I did was inexcusable, I know that. Only a lovesick fool wouldn't have realised that doing so took what was 'a bit of teasing' into a whole new arena, but perhaps that is what I am, a lovesick fool.

Then, as I thought about it, I couldn't get it out of my mind that I was trying to almost trick you into a situation that wasn't right. I couldn't continue; knowing I was taking advantage of you, having played on what was your momentary vulnerability arising from your own 'natural physical response' to that book.

That was why I asked you to come downstairs for a chat. Why I couldn't allow myself to touch you, not even hold your hand, as we spoke. Why I had to tell you how I felt about you, whatever the consequences might be".

"If we *could* turn back the clock, would you want to?" she asked, very quietly.

"I honestly don't know what I want" I replied; "my head is saying 'You could lose everything here, let's go back to how things were' - but my heart says 'I love you and I can't pretend I don't', so I am being torn apart by what I feel.

I am glad I have now told you how I feel and it's out in the open, between us. What has been said can't be un-said. You know how I feel and you can't now 'not know' something like that.

If you decide I have to leave, it is something I *must* accept and whatever then becomes of our relationship, I know it's my own fault".

I could see a tear in Mums eyes as she looked at me. I was sure that she was going to tell me I had to go. Then she took a deep breath and, taking my hands in hers, said;

"I want you to tell me something, completely honestly now Paul. I want the truth ... No hiding, the honest truth!

Assuming I accept all you have said, and then say I *don't* want you move out, but I *am* your mother and these feelings you have for me, must *never* be allowed to surface, ever again. Could you live with that?"

"I would try Mum" I said; "but if I found that I couldn't, I would have to make the decision to move out myself. I would still remain your loving son, but one who everyone else would think had moved out to have a little bit of independence. To do otherwise would hurt you, and I could never, as I said this morning, hurt you. I will always be there for you, no matter what happens, or what you now think of me."

"On your honour now Paul, if we decide that you are going to stay, under the conditions I have just described, but if one evening, I fall asleep on the sofa and this happens" and she slowly allowed her knees to come apart; "how do you think you would respond?"

"I hope I would have the moral strength to either leave the room, or to do this, Mum" I said, as I put my hands on the outside of her knees and gently pressed them together again.

"Thank you that was what I hoped you would do".

Then she sat there, silent for maybe a minute or minute and a half, before in a quiet, husky voice said;



"Now I have to address the problem of 'Anna'. You have been completely honest with me and the least I can do is to be the same with you.

This morning, 'Anna' had arrived long before we started teasing each other. She slipped out of that book into my mind and caused me to behave in a way I should have been ashamed of, but I wasn't.

I know you saw what I did, because as I recovered, out of the corner of my eye, I saw your shadow in the hall as you slipped back into the kitchen. You spared my blushes by pretending you had just come in and hadn't seen anything, and for saving my embarrassment like that, I must thank you.

Anna was almost on the point of disgracing herself again as you massaged my shoulders, but you realised I was becoming aroused again, and stopped before it happened. Again, I thank you for your consideration for my feelings.

Then we came up here, to my bedroom, for you to select the dress for tonight, and you kissed me!

Oh My God! I didn't know what had hit me. My brain just scrambled. My knees went weak and if you hadn't supported me and helped me to the bed to sit down, I think I would have fallen.

You were so considerate and understanding, and I was so shaken and confused by the feelings running riot inside me I couldn't even speak. Then, when you asked if you could kiss me again, I just nodded.

After that second kiss, I knew then, that you were feeling the same as me. As you, and Cher, put it 'It's in his kiss' and it was there in yours. I still didn't trust myself to speak, so when you said 'Hello Anna', I just held you, afraid to say anything, afraid that if I let myself go, what I was feeling would have come out and allowed 'Anna' to take over.

Then you kissed me again and that was it, I was lost. When you said 'Hello Anna' again I did manage to reply, with just that one word 'Hello'.

Again you were so kind. You asked me, as Anna, if I would go out with you. I managed to say 'yes I would', and then you mercifully let me calm down and return to being your mother, with no recriminations, no taking advantage of what had just happened to me, and you must have known how I was feeling, just as I did about you.

That was when I became absolutely certain about the real feelings you had for me. Not just from the kiss, but in the love and concern you showed for me at that moment.

That young man you said wanted a date with me, or any other man than you, would have gone for it and taken me. But you didn't. And you must have known, if you had kissed me like that, again, you could have had me. I had no resistance, I was yours for the taking, but instead you just held my hands while I recovered. You could have taken that 'next step', as you called it, right then and there and I would have welcomed you into my arms and my bed.

May God forgive me! I wanted you to take that step. My whole being wanted that next kiss and for you to make love to me. I wanted it so much. I don't think I have ever in my life wanted *anything* as much as I wanted you to hold me, kiss me, lay me back on this bed and make love to me.

Now you know why I was hiding in the bathroom when you came home. Why I have been crying. How can I even *hope* there can be any future for us?

How you could find the courage to tell me how you feel, when I have been hiding in the bathroom because I didn't have the courage to tell you the same?

So! Now I am speaking to you, as Anna. Your date for tonight, who has already admitted that she absolutely loved your kisses and who, you now know, wanted so much more.

If that same scenario that I just suggested, happened, after what I have just said, knowing what I have just said, how do you think you would behave then?" Once again she allowed her knees to fall open.

I took a deep breath before speaking. "I would first of all wake you up Mum, but then ... " I placed my hands on her knees and pressed them gently in the opposite direction to last time, spreading them wider, leaning forward and placing tiny kisses on the inside of her knees, alternating between her right and left thigh as I moved slowly higher, pushing up her skirt with my head as I went. I could smell her arousal getting stronger the nearer I came to the apex of her thighs. My nose touched the thin strip, of already damp cotton material between her thighs, pressing the material between the lips of her sex. I tilted my head back and kissed her there, pressing my lips to her, touching the cotton with my tongue, licking gently, tasting my own mothers sweet sexual juices.

I then sat back on my heels with my head bowed, closing her knees together with my hands as I waited for her reaction to what I had just done.

She put her finger under my chin and raised my head so that I was looking into her eyes. Then she put her hands on my arms and moved herself forward to the edge of the bed, drawing me towards her. Her knees spread again, but this time it was so that our bodies could come together as our lips met in, what I can only describe as a kiss that totally eclipsed those three we had tasted that morning. My erection, still enclosed in my trousers, pressed against her, where I had kissed her, moments before, and she held me tightly to her. As she broke the kiss, she put her lips close to my ear, and whispered;

"Don't leave me Paul. Please stay here with me, and let me be your 'Anna', because now you know, she loves you, just like you love her. She wants you to make love to her, completely and utterly".

My heart leaped. I had gone from despair to ecstasy in a matter of a few minutes.

"Are you sure Mum?" I asked quietly; "do you really think we can work this out?"

"I don't know my love" she replied "but, more than anything, I want this. We will need to be careful, obviously, but almost everything inside me is screaming out 'YES, YES, GO FOR IT' except for one tiny voice of common sense, which is saying "don't be a fool, you can't do this, he is your son, this is incest". Damn that small voice! *I know what it is*. If you want me to be your lover, in every sense of that word, Paul, I am yours.

Dropping back onto my heels I looked at her, sitting on her bed with her skirt around her hips, legs apart and her plain white panties openly displayed. I put my hands on her thighs, sliding them up over her hips to her waist, then hooking my thumbs in the waistband I gently drew them down, drawing her panties over her bottom. She raised herself from the bed to allow me to slip them under her, then raising her feet off the floor so I could completely remove them.

I smiled lovingly at her and lifted her thighs onto my shoulders, causing her to lie back onto the bed. I was entranced by what was there before me. I had dreamed of this for so long, in so many fantasies, but never dared to hope it would ever happen.

I pressed my lips to her and I licked her, tasting her juices. She was so wet and as I pushed my tongue into the opening of her vagina she groaned. Her hands went to my head, holding me tightly to her. My nose pressed against her clitoris, and I licked gently up to there, sucking it into my mouth and teasing it with my tongue, before returning to her pussy to taste again the sweet juices, oozing from her. She pushed her hips up against me as I returned to sucking her clitoris, and I slid two fingers gently into her. Her hips bucked against me wanting them deeper inside her, and she cried out in passion as she surrendered to the first of the many orgasms I intended to give her tonight, and in the future. As she relaxed after her climax I pulled her up again to a sitting position and gently kissed her. Her arms were around my neck and she had tears running down her cheeks.

"Now you know just *how* naughty this 'very naughty boy' *can* be, and tonight, is *intending* to be.

"Oh you are a fool – but I do love you" said mum through her laughter.

After a few moments she composed herself and, pushing her skirt back down to cover her legs, she said; "Now I suppose I had better have a look and see how naughty you thought you might be able to get away with, *before* we had this little chat" and she kissed me again.

She picked up the smaller of the two bags I had put on the bed.

"M&S! Well at least you haven't gone for some 'all froth and no substance' underwear from a sex shop, and she took out the underwear I had bought for her and laid them out on the bed.

"Oh my" she said; "these must have cost you a small fortune".

"I wasn't looking for 'cheap and cheerful' Mum" I said; "The dress will make you look stunning, as it did when you wore it last, everyone would be able to see that. What I wanted was for you to be looking equally stunning underneath, which they couldn't see.

When I bought them I knew there was more than a fair chance I would never actually get to see them on you."

I grinned; "although I am beginning to think, just possibly, my chances of that have just improved somewhat! But when I bought them it was so that, if you did accept them, I would have known, tonight, under your dress, you were wearing the prettiest underwear I could find for you. Underneath your dress you would look just as gorgeous as you did on top".

She looked at the size labels; "how long have you known my sizes?" she said.

"I looked in the wash basket when I was getting changed and got your sizes from your things in there".

"But why did you buy the suspender belt? I don't wear stockings."

"Well I think you should," I said; "you have lovely legs. The sales lady asked if you wore stockings, and when I said you didn't, she chose this suspender belt because it was deeper and would be the more comfortable of the two in this design if you were not used to wearing suspenders.

She also suggested that I give you a choice of colour stockings to go with it, so you could choose what you thought went best with the dress you were wearing".

"I am quite surprised that you didn't go for black stockings, they are the usual 'sexy colour' that men buy".

"That was her idea too. She suggested that, for a 'first time wearer', black could be a little 'too obvious' so I kept away from it. She could see I was very nervous, buying these things, and she was very helpful, although she did tease me quite a bit though, about buying them for you".

"Please god! Don't tell me that you told her that you were buying these for your mother" said Mum.

"No, of course I didn't" I said; "I told her they were for a special occasion with my girlfriend. She said she was certain that you would like them".

"Well, she was certainly right there" said Mum; "I really love them, you can shop for underwear for me, anytime".

Then Mum opened the other bag and took out the nightdress I had bought.

She gasped, "Oh My God! It's beautiful! But how much have you spent on all this?"

I just shrugged.

"I know I asked if you could afford a 'high maintenance lady' like Anna, but I didn't think you really meant it when you said you were willing to break the bank to take her out. This must have cost a fortune, just on it's own, without the underwear, and I do know how much *that* was, because I looked at it in M&S several weeks ago. At those prices I would never have even considered buying it, it was far too expensive, and I wouldn't have bought the suspender belt, because, as you know, I don't normally wear stockings. You have spent all this money on me, and you didn't even know if I would refuse to wear it?"

"Well, she did say I could take it back if you didn't like it. But she also said something else when she said that, sort of a 'back-up' plan, for if things really went 'pear shaped' when I gave them to you."

"What else did she say?" asked Mum.

I grinned at her; "well, she said, if you absolutely hated them, and I got into *real* trouble for buying such sensual underwear as this, with the stockings and a suspender belt too, you could send *me* back *with* them, and she knew a girl who would be only too pleased to wear them for me. She said they were her size too".

Mum burst out laughing, "My goodness, so while buying this, you also managed to get yourself propositioned by an M&S sales lady" she said grinning all over her face; "did she give you her name as well?"

"Yes she did, it was Sarah" I said grinning; "and she gave me her mobile number as well. I'm really on a roll today Mum"

"Sarah? Oh my goodness! I know which girl you mean. She is lovely, why didn't you take her up on it, most men would have. That girl I introduced you to from my office, Samantha, the one who prefers to be called 'Sam', the one you said '*she is very nice, but she really isn't interested in men at all*', about. She is absolutely crazy about her. She refers to her as 'the ice maiden' because she has been trying for about six months now, and she still hasn't managed to get a date with her. She was moaning that she had spent a fortune on underwear just to get to talk to her. My god, 'the ice maiden' propositioned you and you turned her down? I bet that doesn't happen to her very often."

I leaned forward and gently kissed her lips.

"But *she* wasn't the lady I wanted to have them, Mum" I said; "you are the one they were bought for".

"Oh God!" she said; "you really have got it bad, haven't you?"

"Yes Mum, I have" I replied; "and I have had it this bad for a long time".

"Well! 'The ice maiden' can keep her 'icy fingers' off you, or I will scratch her eyes out, because I think I have got it quite bad, too".

She pulled me to her again and we kissed passionately. My hand cupped her breast, and although, as my thumb caressed her nipple she gave another little whimper like she did when we had kissed that morning, she made no move to stop me. As we pulled apart, she gently removed my hand from her breast.

"I had better get ready and put a few things in a case, hadn't I. We don't want to have to rush things tonight, do we? What time have you booked the meal for?"

"8.0'clock" I said, with a smile on my face; "so we have plenty of time".

"Not for *that* we haven't" she said with a naughty grin; "Mr and Mrs James will have to check in and I will have to get ready to 'Wow' the restaurant for you. If I let you start with *that* now, we might not get out of this room till Monday, so go and get yourself ready, you have to pack your things too".

As I got up from the floor, she looked up at me with a really strange look on her face.

"Before you go, would you please go to my shoe drawer and bring me the box that is in there. Our future together is going to have to be a big enough secret for the two of us, so there shouldn't be secrets between us.

[*Ah! The secret shoe box. She wants me to see that. What has she got hidden in there?*] I opened the drawer and, taking the box I held it out to her. "You don't have to do this Mum, this is yours and it's obviously private".

"No I want you to see this; you need to know the kind of person you are getting involved with".

"I know who I am involved with, Mum, I have been with her, in my mind, for some time now." I said, and kissed her gently on the lips.

"Please open it, I want you to see what it contains" she said.

I opened the box! Inside was a 'Rabbit' vibrator, a medium sized moulded dildo with vibrator built in, a small bottle which the label identified as 'anal lubricant', and a 'butt plug'.

I must admit, I had expected there to be a vibrator. The moulded dildo was a little bit of a surprise, but I really hadn't expected the 'butt plug and lube'. It took all of my control not to show my surprise at that.

In that moment I realised exactly how much, seeing I was reading 'Fifty Shades of Grey' must have been like a blow between the eyes for her.

She must have known that the book dealt with a Dom/Sub relationship from all the talk about it on TV. What I had thought was anger when she found the books, must have been fear that I might know about the contents of her 'shoe box'. A vibrator? I was expecting that, but a butt plug and

lube? They suggested she had other fantasies and desires I had never ever suspected. The bottle of 'lube' was only just over half full, so it must have been used several times, but was it the first bottle or a replacement for an empty? I had no way of knowing.

She must have gone through all kinds of torment when she saw the book. By bringing those books into the house I had put her through that. I wondered when, and for how long at a time had 'the plug' been inserted? How often did she use it and how long had she owned it? I had absolutely no idea. The 'lube' for ease of entry I could understand, but no wonder she had got aroused when reading the book.

I looked at her, still sitting on the edge of her bed, but now staring fixedly down at the floor.

I thought about asking those questions, just for a second, before I carefully closed the box and returned it to the drawer. Sliding the drawer closed again, I returned to her. Standing before her where I had knelt only moments ago, I squatted down and gently tilted her head up so she was looking at me.

"I need you to know this, and although I will probably tell you many times during our time together, I need to say it now, so that there is no mistake. I want you to completely understand how I feel about you.

*I love you! You are my life! You are everything I want and everything I need! Those things change nothing! I love you!*

She had tears in her eyes. "May I touch you sir?" she asked with a catch in her voice.

"Of course you can" I said as I stood up; "I am yours, you know that now".

"Thank you sir" she said. She unfastened my belt, the waist button of my trousers and slid down the zip.

Then she pushed them and my pants down to my ankles. I was still fully erect and my penis sprang up pointing straight at her face. She wrapped her fingers round it and, opening her mouth, inserted my penis deep inside, leaning forward so my cock touched the back of her throat. Then she proceeded to give me a blow job that exceeded even *my* wildest dreams. 'Where *did* she learn to do *that*?' I wondered.

I have to admit here, unlike the usual hero's of these stories, after everything which had happened that day, I didn't have very much in the way of control. All too soon I could feel I was about to cum.

I tried to warn her about what was about to happen. She just sucked harder, holding me inside as the whole world exploded around me and I blasted probably the biggest load I had ever ejaculated, into her mouth. She didn't lose a single drop, swallowing it all and carefully licking around my cock to make sure she hadn't missed any.

"Thank you for my present's sir. I would love to wear them for you" she whispered.

I dropped to my knees again and hugged her to me. I was shaking like a leaf in a storm.

"You didn't have to do that, just accepting them was thanks enough".

She kissed me, and I could taste my cum on her lips.

"I did it because I wanted to," she said; "not because I had to. Could I also suggest, when you confirm that booking, a double might be more convenient than twin beds, for our first night

together".

"I will do that, but could I ask what the 'can I touch you, *sir*' was all about?"

"I think a little bit of Anastasia must have sneaked in with Anna" she replied; "did you mind?"

"No" I said; "but I am not Christian, and you don't have to ask if you want to touch me. Although it might be a good idea if you could warn me if you are going to do things like that. That is, unless you *want* to have to make a claim on my life insurance when I die from shock.

"Will you go and get ready!" said Mum laughing; "This night out must be costing a fortune and I really do want to enjoy all of it, especially what comes after dinner."

"I didn't realise you were that fond of chocolate mints" I said; "I would have bought you a box ages ago if I had."

Now Mum was openly laughing out loud; "will you get out and let me get dressed!" She said; "go and do something useful, like changing that booking or it is going to be a very uncomfortable night, trying to fit both of us into a single bed.

It's been a long time since your dad left and there hasn't been a man in my bed since then, so I am going to be a little bit rusty as far as technique goes, and please pull your pants up before you fall over them and break something. My plans for tonight do not include visiting you in a *hospital* bed. Something tells me the nurses might object to what I have in mind."

"I see" I said; "but if what you just did to me was your technique being 'rusty' I had better get a supply of vitamins in, or I don't think I will last till morning.

As to what you might have in mind, I will have to see what I can do" I said; "I can't promise anything, but I will do my best to fully fill you, and satisfy all your needs and requirements – Ah .. Whoops! Should I have said to fulfil all your expectations? - Or should that have been to fully fill you and satisfy all *our* needs and requirements *and* fulfil all of *your* expectations and desires? - Or maybe some combination of all of the above."

Mum stood up and took my hands; looking into my eyes she became serious. "Are you really sure that this is what you want Paul?" she asked; "this is a big step and what we are looking at here is actually illegal. We could get into a lot of trouble if it comes out."

I kissed her again (it's wasn't until I wrote all this down I realised how many times we had kissed that day). "In that case, we had better be very careful, so that it *doesn't* come out, hadn't we."

Mum held me tightly for a moment, then she said, "You asked me to let it go, but I can't, I need to know. What happened when you and that boy had a fight in college? What did he say that made you so angry you hit him?"

I sat her down again on her bed and sat beside her, holding her hand.

"I didn't really want to go into this, but if you really feel you must know I will tell you. It was some time ago, and I can't remember word for word most of what he said, and anyway, I am sure you can guess most of it. But he made some quite graphic comments regarding what he would like to do with you, if you went out with him. Then, when I objected to what he was suggesting, and told him to 'back off' he said, very sarcastically;

'What's the matter with *you*, are you jealous, or do *you* want to get back into where you came from, yourself?'

That was when I hit him. He hit me back and we finished up rolling on the floor punching each other. We were separated by a teacher, who dragged us both up in front of the principle."

"Go on" said Mum.

"That's it really, except that three other people, two boys and a girl, had heard what he said and while we were waiting in the outer office while the teacher explained to the principle why he had brought us there, under guard to make sure we didn't start again, those three walked straight past us into the principles office and told him what Pete had said, which had caused me to hit him and started the fight.

I had some bruising, which was what you saw when I got home. I just got a lecture about controlling my temper.

Pete went to hospital with a broken nose and two cracked ribs. A letter was sent to his parents and he was suspended from college for three weeks.

The girl who had heard what he said and went to the principle's office, was a friend of the girl Pete was seeing at the time. That girl immediately dumped him and no other girl would go out with him, because, by the end of his suspension, the whole college knew what he had said.

Pete found he was now not welcome with anyone that he used to hang out with. A few weeks later, during a rugby practice somehow he finished up at the bottom of a loose scrum and got quite badly stamped on. Of course I am quite sure was accidental, although a couple of the players did clap me on the back later, and one said 'we just thought he was a bit out of order there'. I don't play rugby, as you know, so I never touched him.

After that he stopped coming to college and I think he is signing on 'unemployed'. He did have a job, but I heard that someone at the college was a friend of the son of his manager, and at the end of his 'probationary employment period' he was 'let go' as being 'unsuitable'.

That's about it, so now you know, and now you can now see why I didn't want to discuss it."

Mum was looking at me, her face pale with shock. "It *did* involve me then, it *was* about me."

I squeezed her hand; "No Mum, it was about me! I hit him for what he said about me.

Even if I hadn't felt for you as I do, if I had just had the normal son's feelings for his mother, I would have done exactly the same.

He didn't insult anyone else, or accuse anyone else of wanting to sleep with their mothers, but even his previous friends all cut him dead. Both rugby teams were grinning at me as they came off the field and he hadn't said anything about them. As that one said, 'he was out of order' and when what he said got round, he found he had upset a lot of other people, not just me, even though he said it about me.

Anyway, it does reinforce in my mind the need to be discrete and extra careful. What it doesn't do is change how I have always felt about you. Just because what he said was, in a way, true.



In the way he meant it, it wasn't true. He was suggesting I was after a 'quick fuck', which was what he wanted. A quick conquest he could brag about later!

You know I am not after that! I love you and want to spend my life loving you, there is a big difference.

If you say we cannot make love because it is wrong, I will have to live with that, reluctantly it's true, but if that's how it has to be – that's how it has to be. But I will still love you."

I raised her hand and kissed it; "now you see how bad I really have got 'it' for you, *I DO REALLY LOVE YOU!*"

"OK! I have now thought of something else I think I need for tonight, so I have to pop out again. I won't be long, and I will sort out that booking before I go. Please don't worry Mum; nothing is going to happen unless we both want it to happen. I promise!"

I walked out of her bedroom feeling like a king. I was in love and the woman of my dreams loved me too. I didn't care what the rest of the world might think; *my world* was a wonderful place.

One phone call to the hotel was all that it took to sort out the sleeping arrangements.

I apologised that I had clicked on the wrong box on the web site when booking, and said I actually required a double room not a twin. The lady I spoke to assured me that this wasn't a problem and when I told her, a little white lie, that it was our first anniversary. She asked if I would like her to upgrade us to their 'Honeymoon Suite' (at no extra charge) which was available, and promised there would be (this time, for a small extra charge of course) flowers, a bottle of champagne and a box of chocolates in the room. I do admit to a little smile when I asked if it was possible to have a box of 'After Eights' there as well, saying that my 'wife' (what a lovely word that is) had something of a 'thing' about after dinner mints.

I packed a few things for an overnight stay, so I would be ready to go when I got back. Then I slipped out to get what I had thought of, which would make tonight perfect. Mum, not knowing I had already got them, probably thought I was going to buy condoms, but I had something else in mind. It didn't take me long to find what I was looking for and within twenty minutes I was on my way home again.

Mum was still getting ready (Oh why does it take women so long to get ready?) and I fetched our cases down and loaded them in the car. Then I sat in the lounge, as nervous as a kitten, waiting for her to come downstairs.

At last she came down and I asked her if she had everything.

"I think so" she said.

"There is just one thing missing" I said; "come here." I took her hands in mine and standing, facing her I said:

***"I, Paul Martin James, take thee Joanne Elizabeth Peters (her maiden name) to be my unlawful wedded wife. To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, keeping only unto you, for as long as we both shall live."*** (I may have got some of the words wrong but I think she got the general idea).

Then, onto the third finger of her left hand I slipped the wedding ring I had bought for her not half an hour before.

Mum was dumb-struck. She was crying so much that she couldn't speak and I just held her, kissing her tears away, laughing at her tears.

"What are you doing? When did you....? Where did ....? Why ...? Oh God! You can't do this!" she spluttered.

"Too late Anna, I have just done it. I just thought there was more one thing we needed to make tonight perfect, so I went for it. If we could have done that in church, I would have, but that isn't possible, so today, our lounge is our church, and I make these vows, to you, here and now, in *our* church.

I sprinkled a little confetti on her hair, just for effect and led her to the car.

Tonight was looking like it was going to be the start of something I had hoped for since I first started getting erections as a young boy, and incest though it may be, I was going to spend tonight, and hopefully many more nights, in the arms of the woman I love.

The confetti had been an afterthought, but it turned out to have been quite a good idea, because when we signed in at reception, a couple of pieces fell from her hair onto the desk. The receptionist spotted them, and as she was about to say something I put my finger to my lips, asking her not to. Our 'secret' must have been shared with the rest of the staff though, because everyone was especially attentive. A bottle of wine with our meal was provided, 'complements of the management' and when we returned to our room, there were fresh flowers in the bed to welcome us. When I paid the bill, the champagne, flowers and chocolates had not been charged for, and the manager personally escorted us to our car and wished us well.

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*Who says being sneaky doesn't sometimes pay off?*

In spite of the "names have been changed for the usual reasons" statement at the beginning, this story is a complete work of fiction.

The characters, like the events related, do not exist, and as far as I know have never existed.

(If you know different, and feel it is possible that some part of this story might have been based on your own life or experiences, it might, just possibly, be a good idea if you kept that to yourself.)