

Lights, Camera, Incest

At thirty-five years of age, moving back into my family home, (with a parent still in residence mind you) wasn't the greatest thing to happen in my life. However, a messy divorce and the abrupt termination of a lease on my apartment saw me back in my childhood bedroom, a full fifteen years after I left. It wasn't all bad I hasten to add. Mom was glad of the company and it enabled me to secure funds, ultimately to regain my independence.

For two months it felt we weren't so much mother and son, more like flat mates. She had her life, work, friends. And I had mine. Namely work, with many of my marriage's mutual friends siding with my wife. And so, we existed. Under the same roof, shared expenses, shared food and after a chance discovery, a shared bed. I can tell you the exact day and time my feelings for my mother turned from love to lust. If you're curious, it was a Saturday and it was 10:35am. But I'm sure you're more interested in the 'how?'

I was absently scrolling through channels on the television mid Sunday morning when Mom huffed in my general direction as she passed by holding laundry. "What?" I laughed.

"You know what," she sniggered, and I acquiesced by switching off the TV.

"I'm bored," I defended my inaction and she again scoffed.

"Well, if you're looking for something to do, clean out all your old junk from the garage. But in the meantime, come help me make the bed."

Neither were the most interesting of endeavors, but short of something else to focus on, followed her progress toward the bedroom.

Strangely, the realization I'd not entered her domain since my return to the house had an impact on me. No reason as to why it should, but helping her with the 'hospital corners,' I felt like getting it over with as soon as possible. Extra cushions perfectly aligned and a throw rug strategically positioned, we soon had it looking like a Good Housekeeping cover and I made to leave before I noticed her closet door.

"What's with this?" I touched the misaligned sliding mirrored door, clearly off its track.

"Oh, that bloody thing," she waved her hand dismissively. "It always falls of the rail."

I gave it a wobble and a tug and on closer inspection could see the problem, a spanner needed to solve the issue.

"Your father had to fix it every few months," she added.

"And how long's it been like this then?" I asked, the ability to close the door completely removed and I waited for Mom to reply, finally turning when she didn't.

She was watching me, the dirty sheets wrapped in her arms. "Since he..." She paused and I knew as to why she'd struggled in responding. Dad's illness, diagnosis, and eventual passing had been swift and in the two years since, the broken door was stark evidence I'd not been around enough to support her. I now was man of the house and starting right then, I determined to right at least one wrong.

"Well," I chuckled to return some levity to the morning. "I was looking for something to do!"

Mom looked past me toward the closet and the partly open door.

"Oh, you don't have too," she moved to my side of the bed, standing between me and the closet in a not-so-subtle attempt to obscure, 'something.'

"It's no problem," I headed out of the room, lightly touching her arm as I left in an attempt at consoling. Allowing her to take care of whatever was in the closet she was uncomfortable with me viewing.

When I returned with the suitable tools, she was gone. A dressing gown thrown over the large cardboard box I'd spied on the floor

inside the closet, hinted at what she'd been nervous about. But why? There are those moments where you know what you're about to do could have drastic effects and you contemplate whether to do them. This was my moment. Before I began work on the door, I took a step back to be sure she wasn't coming down the hallway then reached in and lifted the gown.

The box was closed with a simple fold and with an admittedly shaking hand, (memories of sneaking peeks at Christmas presents coming to mind) I lifted one of the flaps. I was actually kind of disappointed when I saw VHS cassette covers. Dad had been a collector of films and my initial thought was this was his excess storage space. A cursory inspection of a label had me doubting this however. A date. Nothing more. More than ten years previous. The others proved similar, no description as to what they contained, only dates. The size of the box had me calculating how many tapes were held inside without removing any more, and I came up with more than fifty. What was on them? Tv shows? Sporting events Dad had wanted to preserve?

I placed the gown back over the box, cursing myself for not taking note of how it was covered in the first place and went to work on the door. Just in time too, with Mom entering to see how I was progressing.

"Thank you for this," she said as she sat upon the bed to watch. To watch? I wondered. Or to make sure I didn't look inside the closet? I put it out of my mind as I effectively reattached the sliding mechanism and had the door back in working order, demonstrating

to her the ease of opening and closing. "Thank you Honey," she repeated and I was rewarded with a kiss. Not completely a foreign sign of affection from her, but in the circumstances, unexpected.

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I let it slip from my mind. It wasn't until at least three days later that I even thought of the box. Its contents. It entered my head when cleaning out the garage of my old ephemera. Books to donate to charity, toys and games from my childhood that had no real value but the sentimental. There were DVDs that I put aside to watch again, before at the bottom of a box I found old dubbed VHS wrestling tapes.

I dumped them straight into the rubbish before the lightbulb went on in my head. What WAS on those tapes, I wondered? I no longer owned a VCR. I was pretty sure Mom didn't either. Now that I thought of it, nor had any of my friends. What was the likelihood of finding a working one on Craigslist, I wondered? And for what reason? Some probably irrelevant TV shows from the past stored in my Mom's wardrobe? It was only when opening a box of old electrical cables and power boards, did I discover the answer to my dilemma.

I'd never seen it before. It was old enough for Mom and Dad to have had it when I was still at home, and if they had, I'd definitely never seen it used. An old bulky video camera, most likely from the 90's, the deck revealing it to indeed be VHS. As if some premonition of

what was to be, a strange feeling washed over me, my hands becoming slightly clammy, my stomach turning.

I turned it on and wasn't surprised it didn't function, the battery clearly being long dead. However, upon searching further in the box I found a charging pack and set about restoring power to the ageing machinery. Probably doesn't even work anymore. I told myself as I found a box of my old comics and set about losing myself in the adventures of the X-Men.

It was three hours later and on my third trip back from the kitchen with beer, that I noticed the red light on the charger had turned to green. Rescuing one of my wrestling tapes from the bin, I loaded it and the battery back into the camera, pressed play and brought the small viewfinder to my eye.

In black and white, Stone Cold Steve Austin was knocking beer cans together prior to chugging in the middle of the ring and I switched it off with a weird feeling in my gut. I didn't want to admit it to myself, but I had a growing suspicion from the moment I found them what may have been on the video tapes in Mom's closet. I couldn't bring myself to openly contemplate it but now that I had a working player, there was nothing preventing me from finding out. Of course, I could just ignore it. Put the camera away and forget about the box in the bedroom. I could do that. But I knew I wouldn't. Curiosity had the better of me and now I just had to bide my time for a chance to investigate.

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Two days passed. I worked longer hours than Mom and had to travel further to and from. My time home alone was non-existent. I thought of sneaking into her room while she was in the bathroom. She'd announced her decision to take a bath Friday night and immediately my mind went to the videotapes. I controlled myself. I would be violating her privacy looking at the videos to begin with, I didn't want to exacerbate it by loitering outside her en suite door while she was naked. Naked. I repeated to myself and I finally admitted what I expected to find on the tapes. Was it possible? So many questions. Why did Dad have a video camera he'd kept secret from me? Why else would Mom attempt to hide the cache of tapes?

I figuratively slapped myself across the face. Nonsense. Dad didn't make dirty movies! Maybe the tapes did have some adult content, but it was probably recorded from cable television or something. Whatever the case, I went to bed Friday night with no resolution but the satisfaction I had the means to solve the conundrum.

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Was I becoming obsessed? You bet. But with Mom playing tennis Saturday morning at her club, I was finally afforded the time alone to put an end to the mystery that had me ensconced. The moment her car reversed from the drive, I was hurtling through the house like a madman. I could see how ridiculous was my behaviour, entering Mom's personal space to snoop through her closet. I justified it to myself that maybe I was saving her from embarrassment. Maybe she didn't know what was on Dad's tapes. Maybe they WERE porn that

Dad had acquired and Mom hadn't got around to investigating herself.

When I placed the first in the camera and knelt on the floor of her room, pressing play and squinting into the one-inch screen, it was worse than I'd imagined. Or was it better?

The tape hadn't begun at the start. Clearly by what was occurring on screen, much had taken place beforehand. The room was unmistakable, the one in which I now sat. The subject, or more to the point, the actor who took up the bulk of the scene, immediately recognizable.

My dad wasn't a small man. His back, which I knew well, was hairy. What I hadn't expected to ever discover was what he looked like from this particular angle. The camera focused on his legs, ass and hirsute balls as he thrust into what I could only fathom was my mother. The sight was admittedly nauseating and for a moment I regretted my every action. I shouldn't have seen this. No one should have to see this! And then, admittedly unable to remove my eyes, he rose from between her legs and left the bed.

The sight of my father's glistening erection would be singed on my brain forever but the burn was soothed somewhat when the camera was taken up from wherever it had been positioned. A moment of unsteady blurriness before it was trained upon my mother. Having remained in her prone position, Dad zoomed in on her surprisingly smiling face before panning down her torso. It was a feeling I'd never experienced. I was witness to something so forbidden that I had to

remind myself to breathe. My mother's large breasts, separated as she lay on her back, sat before me. Pale, rounded. Nipples hard amid the shadow of areola. Dad panned down and onto her full bush, her legs spread wide it afforded me an unobscured view of her vulva amid dark pubic hair, and the cum that slowly flowed from her vagina.

Her hand slid down to cup her sex and Dad pulled back, taking one last shot of her entire body. She was naked, she was content and she was ethereally beautiful. The screen turned to black and then snow, the time showing 10:35am, all that was left for me to stare at on the display as I felt the world turn on its axis.

I was right. I was not supposed to see this. A son was never meant to view his mother so. To see her exposed. To see her sex so carnally displayed. But the erection that strained against the confines of my jeans was evidence I wanted to see more. Feverishly I ejected the tape and sought another from the box. Could they all hold similar? If it was the case, there were potentially hundreds of hours of my mother naked, caught on film for posterity.

I didn't look at the dates listed on the label but this time I noted the tape was wound to the beginning. It started with a wonky shot of the living room, the décor as it was today so little idea of the year. Dad's voice way too close to the microphone told someone to enter as though he were directing a scene and moments later Mom walked into the room. Immediately I removed my eye from the viewfinder and pressed stop on the tape. She didn't deserve this. A tiny black and white image.

My days awaiting time alone in the house hadn't been entirely idle. From my back pocket I pulled the composite cables I'd ferreted out of the electronics box and slotted them into the camera. Fortuitously, Mom's old LCD bedroom television had the appropriate plugs and I had the camera connected in seconds, AV selected and standing back to begin the show.

I swallowed a lump in my throat. Mom was in black heels. The purple fishnet stockings she wore must have come with the lingerie above, their color matching perfectly. Thigh highs, they were connected with suspenders to the bodice and between was the tiniest pair of panties she could possibly have found.

As if he read my thoughts, Dad whispered for her to turn and I watched as Mom, with one hand on the mantel above the fire place displayed her ass. It was as I suspected, a thong. The string disappearing between her luscious bare buttocks. I felt light headed as she, without encouragement, leaned forward and spread her legs, the bulge of pussy split down the middle by a thin purple string.

This was insane. This woman was not my mother. Mom got embarrassed when there were sex scenes in movies for fuck's sake! I wanted to fast forward and see where it led but the box beckoned me and I pressed stop just as she turned and ran her hands up to her breasts. Should I have been rewinding them to their original position as I went, I wondered as I ejected and sought another? Probably. But my dick was in charge now and thinking ahead, I released it from its bonds as I stuffed another tape into the deck.

Of this date, I took notice. Only a year before Dad died. Much like the last, Mom was the opening act and it was possible from the stillness of the camera, Dad wasn't even there. She wore a long evening dress that I'd certainly never seen her wear to any of our family get-togethers. And how could she? There was barely anything covering her breasts. Brazenly bra less, they bulged around the black material and the shadow of areola was visible; her midriff was exposed and a slit in the skirt ran to her upper pelvis. With long black gloves she was clearly playing to the camera as she took hold of the hem of the split and allowed it to reveal her groin.

As a furry mound of manicured pussy came into view, I'm ashamed to admit the small amount of pressure of my hand around my cock caused me to spontaneously ejaculate.

I hadn't cum that quickly since I was a teenager! Aghast I attempted to mitigate the damage, cupping a hand over the head of my cock as I released into my palm. It was a complete disaster, cum dripping to the carpet below. I looked up at the screen to at least gain extra stimulus from my mother, to take something from my impromptu orgasm. She'd squatted, leaning back with legs obscenely spread. Though the resolution was low, the image a square frame within the 16:9 display, she none the less looked immaculate. A (considering the footage was captured nearly three years previous) fifty-three-year-old goddess, nonchalantly masturbating in the living room of this very house, all in front of a camera.

As the pleasure of my orgasm abated and the cum ceased its flow, I took stock of my situation. What was wrong with me? Like a common pervert I was sneaking around the house, invading privacy and ultimately spoiling her space with my seed. I charged into her bathroom taking care to not leak from my hand and unrolled a large spool of toilet paper, wiping my hand and dick clean of the semen before disposing the evidence in the toilet. More paper and back to the cabinet the television was mounted upon. Her carpet long pile, the cum had soaked into the fibers and obsessively I cleaned the impacted area. Shame descended. I hated myself. What was next, going through her underwear drawer?

Much as I hated to admit to myself then and there, that didn't sound like such a bad thing but chased the thought away as I scrutinized the floor for remnants. The perfect crime, I supposed, I looked back up at the still playing video. A completely different scenario. Dad was obviously holding the camera and Mom wore bikini bottoms and no top. Sunning herself in the back yard upon a beach towel, her skin slick with suntan I watched as Dad aimed the camera downwards and revealed his erection.

With large sunglasses covering her eyes, Mom seemed gleeful as she took his cock in hand and then mouth. I hastily pressed stop on the camera and stood back in absolute shock. A glance across to the box still in the closet. My initial guess as to fifty cassettes seemed to be conservative. The depth suggesting there was possibly closer to double that number, if not more. That was hundreds of hours of footage. I wanted to see all of it. Right then, right there. I could have gladly spent all day going from one tape to the next just to see what she wore, what sex act she performed. But this wasn't possible. My

orgasm had been a stark display of how unprepared I was. The only TV in the house that could easily display the camera was in Mom's room. How often would I get this opportunity? I needed a better solution.

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When I arrived home from the electronics store, Mom's car was in the driveway. It gave my heart a flutter but also filled me with apprehension. Had I placed the tapes back according to how I'd found them? Was there absolutely no trace of my cum on her floor? Would she smell my presence in her room? A sick feeling in my stomach, had I actually flushed the semen filled toilet paper? It was just paranoia. I'd been meticulous in my coverup, I knew that. Even re-entering her room multiple times to be sure no trace was evident.

I HAD removed items however. A whole level of videotapes. My own wrestling tapes rescued from the trash to stand in for the originals. What if she chose today to go through the box? My own cleaning out of the garage inspiring her to spring clean her own closet? I put the thought aside. Again paranoia. Taking a deep breath, I left my car with my newly acquired cables and entered the house. And there she was.

Clearly having not been home long, she remained in her tennis attire and it was now I wondered if her skirt had always been so short? And if so, why hadn't I noticed before now? She sat upon a backless stool at the kitchen bench and fortuitously was leaning over the counter as I entered the room behind her. The pleated white skirt

rose off the seat and as she strained to retrieve her phone from the other side of the marble surface, her underwear came into view. Light blue knickers, full backed briefs that looked to be nylon or some other shiny material. "You're home," she noted as I paused momentarily to take in the view, her plump buttocks bulging out the fabric, exposed pale skin of her upper thighs and yes, there it was. The lump of pussy that begged to be inhaled, kissed, fucked.

She sat back down and the temptation was taken away from me. Not before time too, as I felt the stirring of an erection in my shorts. "Yeah, had to go out," I eventually responded as I headed through the kitchen, eager to get to my room and test out my purchase.

"Have you eaten?" She asked before I could vacate and I forced myself to stop and look back. An empty plate before her, she was finishing a mouthful as she looked at her phone, her mouth unpainted just as it'd been in the last images of the video, her lips wrapping around a cock. That did it. My own penis moving inside my pants as blood surged into its length.

"Ah, yeah I had something before I left," I lied for no particular reason, crossing the kitchen and pouring myself a glass of water.

"Look at this," Mom stated as I drank and I looked back as she circled the bench-top, slowly walking toward me, eyes still on her phone. "It's a video I made."

I choked on the water mid swallow, some even coming out of my nose as I turned back to the sink.

"You okay?" She laughed as I felt her hand on my back, tapping as I coughed.

"Yeah, just went down the wrong hole," I dismissed, looking once more upon her.

"Well, like I was saying," she concentrated again on her phone. "Check out Denise," she giggled. "You know, my friend from the club."

I looked down at her phone as she tilted it in my direction, sidling in beside me to watch along. Admittedly I took in my fair share of her cleavage, what looked to be a white sports bra poking out around her t-shirt.

"What am I looking at here?" I asked as I concentrated on the screen, Mom filming her friend practicing her serves as she watched on from the sideline. And then I saw it, her short skirt flipping up with the follow through, what looked to be lace panties beneath. From behind the phone came the laughter of multiple women before I heard Mom's voice.

"You're terrible Denise," Mom laughed.

Another woman chiming in. "Go on, show us." To which Denise lifted her skirt to reveal the hot pink lace underwear, the hem cutting across her buttocks.

Once more a chorus of laughter before the video ended and began playing again from the beginning.

"Why are you showing me this?" I was flabbergasted. The sexuality on display, overt.

"Well, it's funny," she laughed, absently flicking through other images on her screen. "It's classic Denise."

"Okay."

"Well, you aren't supposed to wear..." She paused. "...well, lingerie when you're playing. It should be just normal knickers...like these."

I supposed it was innocent. A week before and without the insight into my mother's private life, I would've believed it. Now it was just as overtly sexual as Denise's tennis upskirts. Mom took hold of the front of her skirt and raised it up to reveal her panties. Having already spied them from behind, I was now treated to an unrestricted view of her pubic mound, the light blue material delving between the bumps of her upper labia. It was beautiful.

I raised a hand in jest to shield my eyes from the sight. That would be a son's normal reaction would it not? In fact, merely blocking her eyes from seeing where mine remained focused. I wanted to stare for as long as possible. I cared not that I could feel my cock hardening further in my shorts, doubting she'd notice anyway. Why would a mother look at her son's crotch?

"I'm blind," I joked and sadly whilst laughing she took it from my sight, lowering her skirt.

"Oh alright," she giggled. "You can look again."

I'd never stopped.

"So, this friend of yours, Denise. She single?" I jokingly inquired and Mom slapped me on the arm as she crossed the kitchen with her plate.

"She's too old for you," she laughed as I followed her progress, her skirt once more riding up on her thighs as she leaned forward to open the dishwasher, the briefest glimpse of her panties.

"Maybe my tastes are maturing," I muttered to myself, risking a rub of my crotch just before Mom turned and I managed to evade her eyes.

"What?"

"Oh...nothing," I felt myself redden.

"Well, I'm having a shower," she looked at me suspiciously as she vacated the kitchen.

I had to be more careful.

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Why WOULD she show me that video? I pondered as I set up my rig. The camera I hid beneath my desk, the newly acquired cables running up the back to join my laptop. If Mom happened to enter the room, the video camera wouldn't be noticed. When not at home, I'd place it in my closet or even back in the garage. I thought of our interaction in the kitchen. Was it to tease me? I plugged in a two-terabyte hard drive and the adapter for transferring VHS to MP4 and turned everything on. Was her plan the whole time to get me to see her panties? Was it her intent when I first walked in, her ass on display? It was all a fancy, I told myself. It was possible Mom had always acted like that, nonchalant about how much of her body she was exposing, yet now that I was harboring incestuous fantasies it was only becoming obvious to me.

Whatever. I pressed play on the camera and watched with satisfaction, the image appearing on my screen of Mom on her bed.

Masturbating. Only one more thing to do and I navigated the menus and found what I was after. 'Copy to file.'

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The sound of the shower running in the background had long ended and I anticipated her arrival not long after by switching off the screen of my computer. Mom finding me innocently reading a book in my chair.

"Going next door for a coffee," she held the door frame. Dressed in casual leggings and a sweater, she still looked great and much as I was thrilled to have her out of the house, I was somewhat disappointed she was leaving. A paradox. "Want to come?"

"What? To June's?" I referred to our next-door neighbor.

"Well, you said you were bored the other day. You'd be getting out of the house."

I looked to the camera hidden beneath my desk.

"Nah, it's alright. I've found something to keep me occupied."

'An hour or two.' Was the time frame she gave me. And I intended to make the most of it. It had occurred to me early on, making quick

trips to and from her bedroom to snatch a video tape or two wasn't going to cut it. Like a junkie in search of a fix, I needed it as soon as possible, all of it. And the only way for that to happen was if I had my own copies. The quick test of her masturbating was successful and I saved the file on the hard drive. Now for the rest of them. With her gone, I dragged the entire box from her room and into my own. Heavier, bigger than I expected, I was right when I'd deduced there to be more than a hundred. 121 VHS tapes to be exact. It was ridiculous to look at when I lined them up on my bedroom floor and attempted to organize them into order by date. Some of the tapes with 4hr run times, I calculated conservatively there to more than 350 hours of potential mom porn for me to wade through, to dub. It was a huge undertaking. But if ever there was a man for the job, it was me!

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I found the first. It was confusing as the first thirty or so weren't labelled by day or month, only year. But when I began playing a random cassette just to view its contents, I struck gold. The beginning, and an answer to a lot of questions.

Obviously Dad filming, the recording began with a tour through the house, eventually ending up in the kitchen where it looked like Mom was making lunch. The sun streaming through the window AND her dress, Dad focused on her and advanced from behind. "Say something to the camera," Dad's voice came from behind the screen and Mom turned. It was then I noticed how much she'd aged since. Not in a bad way mind you. It's funny, you don't see the progression

of time on those you see often and seventeen years can do a lot to one's appearance. Her hair was long, as long as I remembered it being when I was a child. Fascinated with her locks then and Mom more than willing for her son to brush it to his heart's content. The remembrance brought a smile to my face and as she in turn beamed, a hardness to my pants.

"You got it working!" She waved at the camera and the white dress once again revealed its transparent nature. The curve of her torso and hips silhouetted by the sunlight behind.

"Best twenty bucks we've ever spent! And you didn't want to go to the yard sale!" Dad laughed. "Do something."

Bemused, Mom scratched her head, biting her lip before looking behind her and out of the window momentarily. On returning, she raised her hands to the front of her dress and without pause, undid the buttons leading down the front.

"Jesus, Philippa?" Dad remarked as we watched together, mother and wife expose her bra-less chest, cupping her boobs and seductively playing to the camera. "Leo's just outside."

The mention of my name was startling. If the date on the tape was correct, I was aware I was still living there at the time, but that it was happening when I was actually at home! It was mind blowing. "He's playing with his car," Mom dismissed Dad's apprehension and advanced on the camera. "What, don't you like it?" She giggled.

"No, no, I like it fine Baby," he attempted to sound cool and I laughed at Dad myself. He was no 'cool' guy. A stuffed shirt if ever there was one.

"Then you won't mind if I...?" Mom questioned and she lowered her hands down to the skirt of her dress and raised it up her legs.

"Christ Babe," Dad exclaimed as he lowered the camera and it nauseatingly panned across the cupboard doors. "Are we really doing this?"

"What? It's just a bit of fun," Mom countered and I watched enthralled. The action out of sight, but their conversation conveniently explaining so very much.

"But what if Leo sees it?" Dad was thinking rationally and there was an extended pause before the camera was lifted and Mom's hands came away from the lens, her mischievous face smiling at the screen.

"What he doesn't know can't hurt him," she stated and I could see the front of her dress was now fully undone, her panties removed. She leaned back on the bench-top and slid a hand down her stomach into her thick furrow of pubic hair...

It was her. All along I'd been under the misguided and blatantly sexist impression Dad had coerced her into the films. No. It was her

idea. My cock was a rock-hard tower inside my shorts and I undid my fly and let it breathe as I rewound the tape to begin dubbing the first video.

And so, it began.

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Four days later and I'd refined it to a fine art. Recording in real time the entirety of each video tape no matter the contents, editing digitally later. I set my alarm for three- or four-hour intervals overnight corresponding to the length of the cassette, sleeping in shifts between. Much as I'd initially frowned upon sneaking into her room, I found to achieve my endeavor, it was necessary. Taking the opportunity whenever it should arise; when she was showering; ensconced in a TV show; even to my shame, when she was on the toilet. I began to justify the deception in that I was doing her a service. Was it possible she in fact kept the tapes to hold on to the memory of Dad? My actions, (however nefarious) were consolidating the act. Preserving his image in a longer lasting format, for posterity.

I told myself that as I delved into the box once again. Taking a whole layer of cassettes as she hung out washing in the back yard. Setting up another recording and I as usual grew hard as I looked upon the shiny pink spandex pants she wore. Such that wouldn't look out of place on a street walker. Zoomed in on her pussy, Mom pulled them high on her waist and highlighted her folds as Dad ran his fingers all over her crotch, between her legs. She turned and the same actions

were performed on her ass. Mom clearly not wearing panties, Dad had the pleasure of fingering her crack from top to bottom, using his knuckle to stimulate her clit. She leaned forward and the wetness of her sex showed through, Dad a genius at holding the camera and pleasing his wife simultaneously.

Did she still own them? I wondered, thinking of the spandex pants a day later. And what of the rest of the lingerie and yes, costumes, I'd seen her wearing as the years progressed in celluloid. Had she held on to them? I was envious of my father. That she'd worn them for him. Was there any chance she could still wear them for me?

I'd told myself I wouldn't do it, go through her underwear drawer. It was a step too far. Such an invasion of her privacy. And yet, a day later, there I was. Calling in to work with a feigned illness, I found myself with a day alone in the house. With a recording in progress, I trance-like made my way to her room and watched as I saw myself open the topmost drawer of her dresser. And there they were. All manner of delicates. A spectrum of colors and materials. Panties clearly for comfort and those for play. The drawer below housed teddies, sleepwear, a baby doll I recognized from a solo recording where she masturbated upon the bed.

And further down. Leggings, tights and yes, the shocking pink of remembered spandex. There was no reason I couldn't take the baton from my father. Rub my fingers along her heavenly crack, to feel the same wetness seep through and have her scent upon my own knuckles...

Ridiculous, I admitted to myself. There WAS a reason. And it was a doozy. She was my mother for god's sake. I was delusional. I slammed the drawer shut and turned to see my reflection in the mirrored door of her closet. I was gaunt from excessive masturbation and lack of sleep. I was so swept up in a clearly unhealthy fantasy that I was even missing work, not to mention a social life to comply to its needs. Enough, I told myself. I'd finish my 'project' for the good of humanity and attempt to find a more socially acceptable outlet for my sexual appetite. Enough of the unobtainable fantasies of maternal incest. It would never happen.

Never.

Ever.

And then I was thrown a bone.

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The video started out unlike most I'd seen up until then. Dad filming, his work vastly superior to his earlier efforts. No more swirling of the camera and quick pans. No, this was someone who knew what he was doing from years of experience. He followed the sound and light from the bedroom toward the bathroom and entered to capture my mother completely naked, perched upon the edge of the bathtub. Legs spread wide, she was in the process of spraying shaving foam into her palm, smiling at the camera as she pressed it to her hirsute pussy.

"And you think this'll do the job?" Dad asked as Mom took up a razor and began shaving her mound.

"Well, he must have looked at least twenty times today and...nothing," Mom cryptically responded and I wondered to whom in fact she referred?

The answer coming directly.

"It was his anniversary Phil," Dad replied. "Leo was more concerned about his wife than taking peeks up his mother's skirt!"

My mouth dried instantly, my heart racing as I turned up the volume on my laptop.

Dad quite steadily lowered the camera to be looking up between my mother's thighs as she expertly removed her pubic hair, her dripping labia glistening not only from the water and foam.

"Ugh," Mom groaned. "She hates him. They hate each other. I give it another six months at most."

"And then what?" The camera began subtly shaking and I wondered if Dad was masturbating? "He turns to you for comfort?"

Mom let out a mischievous giggle. "You said yourself, all boys want to fuck their mothers!"

I reached down and paused the camera to take in what I'd just heard, recording be damned.

What the hell was going on? My anniversary. Judging by how Mom looked, I took it to mean my tenth. Our divorce was more than a year after, but Mom's prediction of six months wasn't outlandish. My mother was openly discussing sex with me in front of Dad. What had she said? I'd looked twenty times or more! At what? Up her skirt? I thought back to my wedding anniversary. We'd gone to a restaurant, my wife, Mom and Dad. I clearly remembered what my wife had worn, a tight bodycon dress we'd bought online together. She'd looked spectacular and for a time I thought our sex life could've saved our marriage. I was wrong. What had Mom worn?

It came back to me right away. We'd joked about it on the night. The two women standing beside each other to compare who had the shortest dress. Mom had won. Had I looked up her skirt? Multiple times? If I had I couldn't recall. But what was the deal with her shaving her pussy? How would that draw me into the scheme she seemingly had underway? I started the tape once more and watched even more intently.

Dad had the same question. "So how's shaving your pussy help out?" The camera even shakier than before, leaving little doubt he was indeed jerking off. "And when's he even gonna see it!?"

A valid point, I agreed.

"Well all women are shaved nowadays. Maybe he likes it better that way. And you're forgetting next weekend," Mom stated.

"What's next weekend?" Dad (and I) asked. She took a wash cloth and dripped water over her groin before wiping between her legs, revealing her smooth pubic mound. "Fuck that looks beautiful," Dad declared and the camera moved to be placed on the toilet seat, remaining focused on my mother as naked and erect, Dad shuffled between her legs.

"And he'll think so too," Mom whispered as she wrapped her arms and legs around him. "Don't you remember? We're playing tennis against them. I'm gonna make sure he notices me this time!"

My dick was as hard as Dad's. Just like that my earlier attempted dismissal of an incestuous relationship was steamrolled by my own mother's words, more to the point, her actions. Regrettably, the tennis match had never eventuated. The cruel hand of fate saw Dad become ill and was in an out of hospital. What had she planned to do? Blatantly flaunt her sex from the other side of the net? We would always have a post-game drink. Had she planned to spread her legs in the bar, seduce her own son with the power of pussy? A bald pussy no less. How would I have reacted? Now the thought of it was ridiculously arousing and I pictured her in the kitchen upon the stool a week before. Rising up to show me her ass. I would've seen her

asshole if she'd been panty less then. What about when she'd lifted her skirt to reveal her panties minutes later? Was she still shaved?

As I'd done a week before, I was ejaculating before I had a chance to prepare, standing to cum across the surface of my desk and minimize the clean-up. It was possible. All my fantasies seemingly had the ability to become reality. A tissue in hand, I fervently took care of the mess before rewinding the video to be sure.

Oh, I was sure.

*

"You think your friend, what was her name?...Denise, will be up to her tricks again?" I casually remarked as I passed Mom in the kitchen. I surreptitiously smelled her hair as we moved by one another, controlling the desire to take her in my arms and kiss her. To press my hardness against her body and declare my love.

"Who knows with her," Mom laughed and I watched her take her bottle of water from the fridge. Though upon the highest shelf it was well within reach yet she was up on her toes, her legs lengthening in the short pleated skirt. "She'll probably be wearing a thong," she added.

"Hah, yeah," I laughed. "You should go one better," I casually suggested.

All night as I recorded more of her videos, I imagined ways to admit I wanted her. To reveal I knew of her potentially shared feelings. Her regular Saturday game of tennis with friends was a prospect. Hadn't she herself originally planned it that way?

Mom looked at me quizzically. "What do you mean?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Just for a laugh...go commando."

Her reaction was as I expected. A blush coming to her chest and neck. "Leo!" She laughed, slapping my arm as she crossed the room.

"What?" I teased. "It'd be funny. It's just you girls."

Not entirely to my surprise she seemed to be contemplating it.

"Oh...no I couldn't," she giggled, moving to her hand bag and depositing the water bottle.

"Go on. You said yourself how funny Denise was. This'd be hilarious. And I bet they'd never expect it from you."

She'd placed a hand around her racket fixing to leave, when her grip lessened.

"What, I take them off when I get there?" She actually sought my opinion.

"Yeah," I paused. "Or now?" I looked square in her eyes and tried to psychically reveal my intent, my desire for her.

The ball was in her court. Almost literally! She had the option to remove her panties before her son. It'd been nearly three years since the video in the bathroom but what I'd seen with my own eyes, heard as well, that kind of attraction bordering on incestuous obsession just didn't go away with time.

I could see the cogs turning in her head

"Oh, no. I'm already running late," she paused as if to drag out the proceedings.

"It'd only take a second," I fired back, then went for it. "Go on Mom. Take off your panties."

It was so sexual. So overtly incestuous. I could see the mental gymnastics she was performing, wondering if it was all innocent or was there far more to the suggestion? I gave her an out.

"Just for a laugh," I added and it immediately calmed her exterior.

"I guess it WOULD be funny," she chuckled and released her hold on the racket and her handbag. "Alright, I'll do it!"

It caught my breath when I heard the words. In my wildest fantasies I didn't even imagine her actually agreeing, and then, to see her reach up under her white pleated skirt and take hold of her underwear, I could have fainted. With her eyes trained on me, she pulled yellow panties down below the hem and over her knees. One sneaker then the next was carefully pulled through the delicate material before she once more stood tall, holding her panties.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she laughed as I felt my cock harden. In track pants, I did nothing to hide its expected waking, willing her eyes to look down at my arousal. She quickly looked at her watch, then back at her panties. "I'd better get going," she admitted before almost whispering as her eyes met mine. "Can you put these in the wash for me?"

Her hand reached out towards me and I reacted almost too quickly, lunging forward to accept the offering. And what a gift it was. For a mother to present her warm panties to her son, why shouldn't I be enthusiastic to receive this blessing? Our hands touched as she gently placed her knickers into my palm, her eyes momentarily reading mine, the lust surely evident before she glanced away, reaching out for her bag and racket and was flying from the room. "Better get going," she giggled playfully as I begged her skirt to flick up with her movement. It didn't. But who was I to demand more? I'd essentially ordered my mother to take off her panties and she'd

gladly complied. I'd made the first move and it'd been monumentally successful. What more was to come?

*

I'd be lying if I said I immediately complied with her wishes. The soft nylon Lycra blend of her yellow sports knickers was far too tempting to simply dispose of in the laundry. No, I kept them with me as I went back to my work. Close at hand as I dubbed more of her videos. The occasional caress and yes, I'm not too ashamed to admit, I breathed in their scent. Was it her panties? Was it the footage I watched of my mother in lingerie, in the bath, the shower? Was it the potential of our coupling in the real world? Whatever, probably all of the former. But for three hours, my cock remained hard. Not just erect. Easily the hardest, longest lasting erection of my life. It was proof undeniable of the lust, the love I felt for her. And to top it off. I knew she felt the same.

*

It was only minutes after I placed her underwear in the laundry hamper, did she arrive home. I nonchalantly acknowledged her return, not wishing to come across as desperate or overly thirsty. It was a facade. Inside I was a volcano of incestuous desire, ready to erupt. In turn she was coy. Had I expected to her to regale me with every detail of the day? Pretty much, but instead our interactions were not unlike the ordinary. She mentioned she'd won, to which I gave my congratulations. She asked what I'd been up to and I steered clear of sniffing her panties and watching her masturbate with the

handheld shower extension on VHS. Clearly, we were dancing around the inevitable and finally unable to take anymore, I broached the subject.

"So, ah...what was the reaction?" I muttered and clearly having been thinking the same thing, she answered immediately without needing clarification.

"They didn't even notice!" She seemed suitably disappointed.

"Oh, really!?" I replied, incredulous.

"I know right!"

"Maybe it just doesn't fly up when you play," I proposed, hoping she'd offer me a practice swing or serve to inspect.

"Hmm, maybe," she seemed despondent. "Shame, you're right, it would've been funny."

"Oh well, maybe next time," I suggested as she began to leave the room.

"Maybe," she repeated. "Anyway, I'm taking a shower." She informed and I struggled to come up with anything to make her stay, or if I

was honest, have her invite me in with her, merely nodding my acknowledgement.

I took my eyes off her as she exited the kitchen and she was half way down the hall when she called my name. "Hey Leo," Mom playfully laughed and I looked just in time to see her lift the rear of her skirt. Her bottom pushed out, I stared as my mother mooned me. The moment lasted less than a second I supposed but I recall it even to this day, the smoothness of her cheeks, the darkness of the crevice. The way her thighs clung together with her feet turned inward slightly. "At least someone got to see!" She laughed as she disappeared into her bedroom, the door closing behind her.

I admit I was awestruck. Yes, I'd heard what she'd declared on the video about incest. Yes, she'd only hours before placed her warm panties in my hand. But this was the first time I'd seen her nudity in the flesh. Playful, risqué and yes, beautiful. I closed my eyes for the briefest of seconds and there she was once more, tennis skirt raised, bare ass on display for me and me alone.

But what did it mean? I asked myself as I walked down the hall. Was it an invitation? Or as I'd observed, merely playful flirting? A mother just following through with the joke she'd meant for her peers? I paused outside her bedroom and debated whether I should follow her in. The door closed. Wouldn't she have left it ajar? For me to peek through and see her disrobe? For her eyes to drift to mine and then call me to enter? That's what should have happened. Instead, this. A mixed signal if ever there was. A barrier on any potential coupling.

With the sound of the shower turning on, I left to check on my recording.

*

A wine with dinner. Did we need alcohol to facilitate the potential illicit act of mother/son romance? Probably not. But if the incestuous lubricating properties of a fine Riesling, along with my admittedly impeccably cooked salmon couldn't encourage my mother into the bedroom, nothing could.

It wasn't all smooth sailing. I struggled to draw our conversation towards anything sexual during the meal and Mom wasn't making it easy. In fact, if I was honest, I'd suggest she deliberately avoided my eye as we dined and when I directed our discussion back to the tennis and 'the joke,' she quickly changed the subject. Did she regret what she'd done? Had the reality of flashing her naked buttocks to her son changed her sinful desires from years before? When post-dinner we'd cleaned the kitchen and still feeling hungry Mom took a small tub of yogurt from the fridge however, her actions proved otherwise.

The foil lid removed as I refilled our glasses, (wine with yogurt, I did question?) I turned back to see her seemingly waiting for me to acknowledge her. With lid in hand, she lifted it toward her mouth and suggestively poked out her tongue to lick the remnant of vanilla from the underside. It was overtly sexual. Her tongue slow to enter back in her mouth to swallow as if presenting her prize. Once more

licking the lid, her eyes on me and again the creamy white yogurt, almost resembling cum upon her pink salivating tongue.

She grinned as she drew it back into her mouth. "Yummy," she declared and I fumbled my glass as I absently reached beside to retrieve it. "Did you want some?" She asked.

If it was from her mouth, savoring the taste of vanilla as we kissed? The answer was yes. If, as I expected it was from a spoon which she then reached for, I was want to decline.

"Oh, come on," she didn't take no for an answer and dipped the teaspoon into the yogurt, moving forward to hold it out in my direction. "It's delicious."

Mom stopped inches before me with spoon held up. She looked up expectedly, almost pleadingly into my eyes, and I couldn't deny her, opening my mouth to accept her offering. She was right. It was delicious and I told her so to which she smiled and regrettably took a step back. I expected her to retrieve another spoon but to my surprise, she dipped her own back into the yogurt and ate right off the same. THAT was a sign, surely. "You want more you'll have to wrestle me for it," she laughed as she again hungrily dipped into the dessert.

I took a sip from my glass and was right. Wine and yogurt didn't mix and smiled as I shook my head. Idiot, I thought as I immediately regretted my decision. Was that an honest invitation at physical

contact? Had I just deprived myself of a legitimate yet playful wrestle with my mother? Yes. And I knew why. Just as I wondered if she was having doubts during dinner, I myself was beginning to question whether incest was on the cards. Shit like that didn't happen. Not to normal people like us.

"Your loss," Mom commented as she finished the small tub and disposed of the evidence. I immediately and silently agreed.

*

I opened another bottle. Fully admitting to myself now that the night had advanced, I actually did need alcohol to summon up the courage to make a move. All evening I'd looked for another opening and it came just as I was getting desperate and thinking of turning to an 'adult' channel on cable. I didn't need it. I watched as Mom left the living room. Her glass still unfinished, I knew it wasn't final although I still held my breath until her eventual return. And return she did. With the means of seduction.

Her hair pulled out of her pony tail, she entered with eyes on the television and ran a hairbrush through her shoulder length locks. "Ugh, knots," she bemoaned as she slumped back beside me on the couch.

And there it was!

"Remember I used to brush your hair as a kid?" I chuckled as I kept my eyes on the screen and the Bruce Willis action movie, we'd both seen countless times before.

"Remember," she laughed. "Your father and I thought you may've been gay, the amount of time you spent styling my hair. We thought you'd at least grow up to be a barber."

"Ha," I laughed. "Nah, I just liked doing it I guess."

"You offering?" Mom herself watched the movie, her question more in jest.

"If you want?" I threw it back at her, nonchalantly looking in her direction.

Her reaction was immediate. Of course it was. She wasn't the knucklehead that had turned down the offer of a wrestle. "Ah, yeah!" She enthused as she handed me the hairbrush and climbed down to the floor between my legs.

I wasn't prepared, and the position I now found her in took my breath away. Her shoulders pressed my inner thighs at the knee, my feet feeling her hips upon the floor. I handed her my wine glass and she placed it upon the coffee table as I casually took her hair in hand and pressed the brush to her crown. Casually, yet inside I was a ball of nerves and sexual repression. The memories of my youth came

flooding back. More than twenty-five years before, in the same position. Then so innocent. A child enjoying intimate time with his mother, the love of his life. Now a man, feeling those same silky locks between his fingers and completely different emotions running through his mind. She sighed as I ran the brush through her hair and the sound was arousing. Wearing track pants, my cock's presence was instantly obvious, twitching under the thin layer of material and bulging my crotch.

Again, I stroked from top to bottom, encountering not one knot and I wondered if indeed there'd been any to begin with? Had this been her intention all along? Once more with the sighs and I laughed at her contentment.

"What!?" She giggled. "It's been so long since someone brushed my hair. It feels nice."

"I'm not saying anything," I grinned, my cock now a tower protruding from the cotton. No knots to be found, I abandoned the brush and before taking to her scalp with both hands, treated myself to a rub of my dick. The feeling was better than I expected and the mere stroke, the pressure of the material, had me bordering on orgasm.

I ran my fingers through her hair and massaged her head with the tips, her sighs quickly becoming uncontrolled moans. "Ahhh, that's so good," she whispered. "So good Baby," she added and I felt her tense between my legs. The way she'd uttered the words was so sexual and I wondered if she'd even surprised herself. I responded

by increasing my massage. Down from her hairline and onto her neck; up behind her ears which increased her pleased utterances and feeling even more confident with my endeavors, down onto her shoulders.

For a moment I believed with horror I'd gone too far. She broke from my grip and leaned forward and I cursed myself for not going slower. Felt for sure she'd turn and see my erection and be mortified at my unwarranted arousal. No. That wasn't what happened.

The bra strap I'd felt beneath my fingers as I touched her shoulders had obviously had an effect on both of us. Me as tactile evidence of her underwear. For her, a barrier to receiving the full massage she desired. Her hand slid up beneath her loose V-neck t-shirt and unclasped the bra, followed by her deftly removing it through the arm hole and tossing it onto the couch beside me. The whole process took less than five seconds and she was back between my legs as if nothing had changed. But everything had changed. I was now given non-verbal license to continue my fondling. Encouraged to delve further, to give her the pleasure she deserved.

I was upon her shoulders immediately, once more running my fingers up behind her ears and down to the collarbone. "Ooh yes," she enthused as I tentatively circled her neck, my little finger venturing onto her chest. Not wanting to push it, I withdrew once more to her shoulders before again circling onto her chest, my finger slightly lower. "Yesss," she uttered no more than a whisper and her hands settled upon my socked feet, caressing, encouraging.

My cock uncomfortable in its position, I moved it vertically to sit against my belly and leaning forward I was able to peer over her shoulder to see her nipples jutting out the front of her t-shirt from the light of the television. Her attire hadn't suggested sex from the time she'd left the shower that afternoon, but now I could see its benefits. Her loose-fitting shirt, the baggy track pants, all would be so easily removed (just as mine) if we were to go any further. And with my hands once more encroaching onto her chest, and the almost sexual sighs emitting from her lungs, further I went.

Her hands had crept to my shins, thumbs stimulating my calves as with one hand in her hair, I let the other drift inside the collar of her shirt. Onto her chest I ventured and got no opposition. In fact she clearly lifted her breast up toward me as I felt her heartbeat under my gentle rubbing. And then...just as Bruce Willis aptly uttered 'Yippee Ki-yay Motherfucker,' I pressed the palm of my right hand onto her left breast.

I heard her breath taken. Mine also held as I cupped her soft mammary. The hardness of her nipple pressed into my palm and I held it for what seemed an eternity. Waiting for a sign. A rejection of the advance. Quashing my inappropriate behavior and scolding my audacity. The opposite. She breathed out noticeably, her body relaxing ever more. "Mmm," she sighed and I slid her nipple between my fingers in response and again the sigh of compliance.

It was the perfect reaction and emboldened, I crossed to the other breast, stretching the collar of her t-shirt yet neither of us seemingly concerned. Her right nipple just as hard, I caressed her breast with

all the affection I could muster, tweaking her nipple, moving my hand across to capture both at once between my fingers and thumb. "Oh Leo," she breathed as leaning further forward my cheek came close to hers. "So good Baby," she repeated and her elbows rose up between my thighs. The action caused my grip on her boobs to break and disheartened momentarily I fell backwards as she rose and slid back on onto my lap.

If she was surprised to feel my hard-on press between her buttocks, she didn't say. Instead, she lay fully upon me and lifted a hand up into my own hair behind her. Once more I pressed a hand upon her. My fingers creeping up under her t-shirt and feeling her soft belly, a thumb again touching nipple whilst my little finger teased the waistband of her pants. "My sweet boy," she whispered as our cheeks pressed and I lay the gentlest of kisses beside her mouth. Her lips parted and I felt her tongue search for mine, obliging as side by side our first real kiss began.

As she licked the edge of my mouth, I plunged my hand down the front of her track pants and found pubic hair. Had I entered her panties? No. She wore none. With my other I again took a boob in hand and squeezed a nipple just as I stroked through her ample locks and came upon her wetness. So slick were her folds, my middle finger slid immediately inside her body, her warmth all encompassing. The intoxicating scent of pussy reached my nostrils and I breathed deep as she turned her face further towards me, I in-turn. Again, we kissed. This time fully, her tongue delving inside my mouth as I curled my finger inside her vagina. Her whole body ground against me, her ass in particular. So perfect a fit were her buttocks around my cock I felt I she was moulded to suit me. No, I

to her. Two fingers I pushed inside her dripping pussy, as my other hand became sweaty at her tit. Finger fucking my mother as we kissed, pushing my cock up against her ass. One thing was bound to happen and it occurred for both of us simultaneously.

Biting down on my tongue, she prevented me from declaring I was about to cum. Her orgasm however was far more pronounced. One hand on my head, she clenched, tugging at my hair as her entire body convulsed. The other hand she clutched to my own as it groped at her breast. Wiggling, curling my fingers inside her velvety cave, the walls squeezed around me quivering as I felt the shuddering orgasm sweep her body. The idea I'd made my own mother cum was quickly eclipsed by the pleasure of my own premature ejaculation. Inside my stretched track pants, I shot forth my load, burst after contained burst of wasted seed filling my underwear, probably soaking through my pants and onto hers.

With her mouth still hermetically attached to mine, I breathed out with relief and she finally released my lips, quick to kiss me again as she drew her legs together around my hand once more locking a part of my anatomy. "Did you just cum Leo?" She smiled and I managed to finally speak, my first words for almost ten minutes.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I can feel it Honey," she giggled kissing my mouth, my nose, my cheek.

"Oh. I'm sorry," I admitted but she'd have none of it.

"Don't be silly darling," she wriggled her ass around on my cock, no doubt drawing more sperm from my length, increasing the damage I'd done. "It's beautiful."

"You're beautiful," I declared and she brought my face into hers, pressing her cheek against mine.

"I love you," she whispered into my ear and it caused my cock to pulse once more as if declaring its own love in response. This caused her to giggle all over again and I felt her squeeze her pussy around my fingers as if to mimic my own sex's feat. "We should probably talk," she laughed.

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It was now I that sat upon the floor. After possibly the longest most erotic shower of my life where until the warm water ran out, we held each other, we kissed, we fucked. So comfortable with each other's nudity, so relaxed in each other's arms. In my lap we'd sat upon the tiles as the water rained upon us. My cock within her, so deep. Our mouths locked; tongues entwined. I came inside her and stayed hard. I declared my love.

To then be in her bedroom. Naked and upon the carpet. She stood above me topless, dressed in the pink spandex pants I'd so fascinated

about. "Pull them up higher," I encouraged as I masturbated and she complied. Her pussy bulged through the material, a meaty cameltoe longing to be pawed. And so I did. Squeezing her labia together, sliding a finger between the folds and encouraging the moisture that began to seep through. "That's fucking beautiful!"

"Your father liked these ones too," she smiled down at me as I continued to furiously jerk on my cock. She turned and presented her bottom and as if reading my mind, tugged them up at the rear to cinch the silky material between her buttocks. I dived forward and buried my face in her ass, my nose running over the indent of her asshole and breathing in the heady odor of a woman's sex.

It was too much stimulus and bordering on orgasm I withdrew my face, Mom turning to see the affect she was having on me. "When did you know?" I looked into her eyes as she began to remove her pants.

"Oh Darling. I knew you'd looked in the box the very day you fixed the door," she smiled. "When I found you'd discovered the camera in the garage, it was obvious you were watching the tapes. I'm just surprised it took you so long." With panties already removed she was just as naked as I and I watched her move back to her dresser. "What do you want to see me wear next?"

"Anything. Nothing. Just come to me," I held out a hand as I rose to sit on the edge of her bed. She did as requested and climbed once more into my lap, positioning the head of my erection at her entrance and slowly sliding down my length. "Mmmhfff," I breathed out as her pelvis met mine, her boobs pressing my chest.

We kissed and ever so slowly she rocked back and forth on my dick. "You wanted me to find them? Why didn't you just come out and tell me how you felt?"

Squeezing her pelvic floor around my cock, she raised her eyebrows. "It's not that easy you know!"

I did know!

"Your father told me years ago that every boy wants to make love to his mother," she continued. "But as time went on, I felt that maybe it wasn't true."

"It is," I conceded. "It just took me a while to realize it I guess."

"I waited so long Leo," she admitted and a tear came to her eye. "Every boy wants to fuck his mom, but you forget it goes both ways. Every mother wants to fuck her son. So many years I waited..."

"Shh," I kissed her. "You have me now," I told her. "You have me forever."

Her tears dried as I pulled her down onto the bed atop me, her hands on my chest as she ground her groin into my own. I reached up and cupped her breasts and she tilted her head back, her neck so slender,

boobs so rounded. "I want to taste you again," I admitted, so turned on by her and ever so quickly she responded. Climbing off with an accompanying squelch that brought a smile to both our faces, she spun around on the bed and raised a knee up over my head. I'd only expected her to sit on my face, but as she leaned forward whilst lowering her groin onto me and her own head descended upon my cock, this was sooo much better.

I wrapped my arms up and around her hips, pulling her crotch down onto my face and smothering myself in her hot dripping vagina. In turn, I felt her take my cock in hand and then the warm wetness of her mouth enclosing my head. Her tongue massaging my length, the gagging and slurping of a mature woman dining on her favorite meal. I pushed my tongue inside her as my nose once more buried into her ass, this time without restriction, all senses overwhelmed by the moment, breathing deep her sex and smearing it all over my face. "Mmmph, fuck m...me," I heard her muffled voice and with her not attempting to change positions, I understood it was her mouth she desired to be fucked.

I obliged. Thrusting my hips up from the bed, I felt my cock deep in her mouth, the restriction of her throat a warm wet tunnel for my love. One hand pulling her ass onto me, securing her in place, the other I reached out and found the back of her neck, pushing her hard onto my cock during each thrust. So hard I hammered up into her, even the sound of my balls slapping back between my legs could be heard from my confined position between her thighs. No way could I hold back my orgasm and wanting to look in her eyes when I came, I reluctantly pulled away, taking control of her body and throwing her onto her back.

Her lips dripping with saliva, eyes watery and face red, still she smiled and still she was beautiful. I climbed between her legs and she accepted me inside her as I descended on her mouth. I tasted my own cock, I tasted pussy. Her mouth flowed saliva into mine and I greedily lapped it up, swallowing her every offering as I thrust myself deep. Her arms wrapped my body and nails dug into my flesh as I watched her eyes grow vacant, her own orgasm commandeering her faculties and sending obvious waves of delight the length of her body. Another thrust and I joined her. Harder and faster, I pumped as I released inside her. Spurt after spurt of my fiery love delivered straight to her heart by way of her cunt. With our mouths still locked and tongues entwined I managed to voice my love, my everlasting devotion to her, her body, her vagina. I was hers forever. And she, mine.

*

We did sleep. We did eat. But much of the next day we stayed in bed. Fucking, as any truly loving mother and son should. The afternoon sunlight streaming across her bed, I held her from behind, our bodies perfectly spooned and she wriggled her ass against my groin as she felt my cock once more harden.

Responding, I kissed the back of her neck and she sighed sleepily as my erection found its way between her thighs. Without pause, I felt her fingers press against the underside of my engorged cock and so easily I was once more inside her body, her vagina slick with her own lube and the countless loads of my cum deposited for safekeeping.

"I'm happier than I've ever been," I whispered into her ear as I held her tight and she purred her delight at my admission.

"Good," she sighed. "All a mother wants is for her son to be happy."

"I'm serious," I reiterated, slowly thrusting my entire length inside her. "It doesn't get any better than this."

At that I felt her body stiffen and was surprised when she allowed my dick to slide from her velvety home as she rolled to the edge of the bed and rose.

"What are you doing?" I asked as the sheet fell across my body and she turned to look down upon me.

"You really think that?" She stated as I watched her naked form leave the room and I wondered indeed if or even how I'd upset her?

"What? Mom, come back."

She didn't respond and I questioned if I should go after her, nearly a minute passing before I felt her presence once more approaching the room.

She entered with the video camera from my bedroom perched upon her shoulder and a wicked smile on her face. "There's always ways to make it better," she giggled. "How do you feel about making some movies?"

Grinning, I pressed the sheet down on my groin to highlight the tower of cock pulsing at her suggestion. "Does this answer your question Mom?"

THE END

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Thank you for reading and apologies for the length.

If I may, just a word to say thank you to all those that comment, follow and contact me directly through email; those that were there from the start and supported my writing when many didn't, to those that are only new to reading my fantasies. I appreciate all your feedback, encouragement and engagement. Cheers.

-Sunburycd