

Nepotism

Chapter 1

Cain sat at his kitchen table and looked over the mounting bills. A month behind in rent, overdue loan repayments on his car and no food in the fridge; moving out of home and into his own place now didn't seem to be the great idea it had been a year earlier. The last six months had been the killer. The construction company he worked for had lost a number of contracts leaving him working only two days a week turning a 'STOP/SLOW,' sign on a road project. His father's advice not to quit school was now becoming more and more telling. Looking at the time on his phone he was thankful it was a Thursday and his weekly dinner at his parents house. His stomach grumbled as he picked up his keys and left more than an hour earlier than usual.

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"What do you mean you're only working two days a week?" Harold asked as he handed his son an open cola bottle across the table.

Evelyn approached and placed down a bowl of cut bread stick and Cain was quick to reach for a piece. "I thought you had a contract, aren't they required to give you a certain amount of hours?" His mother asked, sitting down at the table with her husband and son.

Cain shook his head and finished a mouthful. "Not under the new agreement we all signed. There was a pay rise but no minimum hours."

"Well that's not good enough," Evelyn protested. She reached out and touched the back of Cain's hand. "Are you O.k for money honey? Your father and I are happy to help out."

Before Cain had a chance to answer, Harold broke in. "Well, I did tell you not to leave school. I knew something like this would happen."

Evelyn rolled her eyes. "Yes darling we're all aware of your opinion. I'm serious Cain, if you need some help, just ask."

Cain's father again interjected. "I have an idea!"

"Oh my god Harold, give it a rest. He's not going back to school!" Evelyn remarked, still holding her son's hand.

"I was going to say, why doesn't he go and work with you!"

Cain raised his eyebrows at the out of the blue proposal. He noticed his mother was also taken by surprise at the idea.

"What do you mean? I don't have any experience at accounting." Cain remarked.

Harold ignored his son's comment and kept his gaze on his wife. "You were just telling me you have to employ someone. Why not our boy?"

Evelyn sat back in her chair, taking her hand from Cain's in the process. He was slightly disappointed as her touch had felt quite nice. "Well I suppose..." Evelyn looked into space running the idea through her head. "The only thing is the anti nepotism code at Fisk & Tavish. I can't directly hire a relation."

"Who's to know?" Harold retorted. "He's a Trainor not a Parker. He has my surname not yours. Old Fisk will never find out! And it's just down the road from him. He can walk to work."

Cain's head was spinning. "Wait what are you both talking about? Mom, what job?"

Evelyn straightened in her chair. "Well I'd just finished telling your father when you got here that our company had acquired another accounting firm. Morris Accounting. They weren't much of a rival but dealt with hundreds of small businesses all over the place, regional towns, that kind of thing." She stopped and took a hair tie off her wrist and began to tie back her blonde hair. The action pushed her chest out and even Cain noticed his mother's ample breasts as she did so. "Thing is," she went on. "Their records were all kept on a computer system that won't communicate with ours. It's old. Really old. Pre-Windows. Our tech guys have managed to write a code that

could copy the files but in the process it's created loads of discrepancies. Their only suggestion is to manually review both the physical and digital files in the system."

"That could take ages." Cain stated.

"Uh huh. And I've been tasked with it. I can employ someone though."

It was the opportunity Cain needed. "I could do it. Mom you know I'm good with computers. I'm a fast typer and everything. Accurate as well. What's this nepotism thing though?"

"Well that's the rub. As I'm doing the interviewing and directly hiring, I'm not supposed to hire family, due to favoritism."

"Poppycock!" Harold exclaimed.

"But your father's right. You have his surname. You're not at this address. They needn't know your my son." A cheeky smile came across her face. "We'd have to pretend we're not related. It would be fun working together though wouldn't it?"

Cain wasn't thinking about how much fun it would or wouldn't be. He needed the work. He'd pretend to be the King of England if it

meant he could get back on top of his finances. "When do you do the interviews?"

"Monday. Do you think you can make it?" Evelyn answered, still beaming.

"Oh I'll make it and don't worry Ms. Parker. Cain Trainor is going to be the best employee you've ever had!"

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The job couldn't have come at a better time. With only a few weeks before Christmas, the money was what Cain needed to get back on his feet. And the salary was impressive. More than he was being paid full time with the construction company. He gave notice of resignation to his current employer straight after the interview on Monday and spent Tuesday buying new business shirts and pants to look the part. The interview had been humorous. A colleague of his mother's had unexpectedly sat in and it was a perfect prelude to how they'd need to conduct themselves over the duration. Cain addressing her as Evelyn had made them both smile but they figured it had gone unnoticed.

Come Wednesday Cain was eager to get started. After a morning with HR filling out employment details, being shown around the office building and given emergency procedure training, it was after lunchtime before he even got to see his mother. It was strange, as in the interview, she seemed different somehow. It was like she was

another person at work to how he knew her at home. She looked the same of course although he was seeing her dressed in her business clothes for longer than the half hour in the afternoon when he was growing up. Watching her interaction with workmates was fascinating. Her confidence, her demeanor, it was like he was seeing another side of his mother she'd kept secret or he just hadn't noticed his entire life.

"So do I get my own office or do I just work in here with you Mo...er, Evelyn?" Cain asked as he waited beside his mother's desk.

"Hah, no such luck. Records are kept in the basement. We, my friend are about to be banished to the dungeon!"

"The dungeon?" Cain repeated as he watched his mother rise from her chair and take her jacket from the seat back. Sliding one arm into the sleeve he again noticed her sizable breasts pushing against her light blue shirt. She struggled with the other arm and he quickly helped her out.

"Thank you Cain." She touched his arm lightly in a gesture of thanks. "Come on, you ready? I'll show you."

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The 'dungeon' was the basement between the first floor and the car-park and where the server and the records vault was kept. In

adjacent rooms, both fire proof, their environments couldn't have been more dissimilar. The room holding the server was air-conditioned and remained cool while beside it the physical records room was airless and uncomfortably warm. Evelyn used a pin code to unlock the glass door to the records room and as she entered fluorescent lights automatically illuminated the room's length. "Sorry about the heat down here, the air conditioner is favored to the server room. I'll get a fan if it gets too hot." Evelyn remarked.

Cain looked at the number of large document boxes sitting atop the long table. Mentally evaluating the amount of work ahead of them, he envisaged at least two weeks wages, possibly longer. With the handsome remuneration for his labor he'd easily manage to clear his debts and come out with money to spare. Things were looking up.

"So, where do we start?" Cain asked, loosening his tie as the heat of the room began to be noticed.

Evelyn moved to the closest box and opened it, pulling out a manila folder she approached one of the many filing cabinets lining the left wall of the room. Cain followed and paid attention as his mother detailed the differences between their companies filing system to the new accounts and how the records should be arranged to conform. Turning on the two lap tops sitting on the table and logging into the database, Evelyn showed her eager to learn son the discrepancies the I.T. guys had noticed and the process of updating each account. It was all pretty straightforward and Cain felt more than comfortable with the system.

"So what do you think? All good?" Evelyn asked her son as she removed her jacket and placed it over the back of a chair. Nodding confirmation, Cain noticed small sweat patches at her armpits and wondered if he'd actually ever seen his mother sweat before then. The notion left his mind when she followed up with another question. "How about I go and get us a coffee before we get started?"

"Oh I can go." Cain quickly responded.

"You sure?"

"Yeah. H.R showed me all the lunchrooms and how to work the coffee machines." He was already headed towards the door before Evelyn could even think of objecting. "I'll be two minutes!"

Cain found the closest lunchroom and set about making the coffees. A couple of men in suits entered and nodded at his presence whilst continuing on with their conversation. As Cain finished making his mother's espresso one of the men addressed him. "So you're the new guy, huh?"

Cain looked up and smiled. "Yeah I guess!" Holding out his hand to accept the other mans shake.

"Miles. Miles Bradley. This is Devon."

"Cain Trainor. Nice to meet you."

"So you're working with Dolly? Lucky you." The man named Devon laughed.

Cain was a little perplexed. "No, Evelyn Parker in accounts."

"Yeah that's who I mean." Devon replied still chuckling to himself.

Miles was quick to explain the comment. "It's her tits man. Dolly Parker. Like Dolly Parton. She's got big tits! Surely you must have noticed?"

Cain felt like punching them in the face. "You call her that?"

"Well not to her face. It's just her nickname." Devon added. "Actually you started here at a good time. Christmas party is this Friday, you should have seen her last year. Fuck me!"

Miles looked to Devon. "You've still got the photo! Show him."

Cain watched as Devon placed a hand into his suit jacket and pulled out his smart phone. He felt the conversation was ugly and entirely disrespectful. They were talking about his mother for God's sake. He held his breath as the man began to navigate his phone in search of whatever he had to reveal.

Devon passed the phone opened on a photo to Cain. Initially the image wouldn't compute in his head. It was his mother alright but the surroundings were unfamiliar, her appearance was unfamiliar. Her demeanor was entirely unfamiliar. Slowly the content of the photo clarified. His mother was wearing tight shiny black leggings and a black top. Her blond hair had been curled and with the fancy dress of the few other people that appeared in the photo, it was obvious even to Cain she was dressed as Olivia Newton John from the closing scenes of Grease. The background of the photo also became recognizable as the foyer of the very building he was standing in. These details were all eclipsed however by the action of his mother in the photo. Holding what looked to be a beer bottle in one hand she was using it and the other to lower the front of her top, exposing both of her bra-less, large white breasts.

Cain was having a hard time rationalizing the woman in the photo with the mother he knew and loved. So out of character, so outrageous and he had to admit, so sexy. The image seared into his brain. Years from then he could describe every detail. Her flushed cheeks and neck from the alcohol. The tightness of her pants, clinging to her groin like a second skin that the line of her vulva created a visible cameltoe. The wicked, drunken smile on her face and those breasts. Those wondrous, magnificent breasts. Whiter than snow under the flash and her pink nipples, erect and proud.

"Earth to new guy!" The voice filtered slowly through to Cain's mind. "Hey man, you done with that? I know she's hot but you look like you've just seen the Virgin Mary floating in a cloud or something!"

"What? Oh yeah, sure." As Cain began to hand back the phone he tapped his finger on the screen and brought up the bin icon. As quick as he could he pressed the logo and confirmed the delete. "Oh shit, I think I've just deleted it." Finally handing over the phone.

"What!?" Devon snatched the phone from his grasp and looked quickly at the screen. "What the fuck man? You deleted it! That was the only copy I had, why'd you do that?"

There was no way he was going to allow these guys to retain such a compromising photo of his mother. Cain felt exhilarated at the words. 'The only copy.' His action had proved more effective than he'd imagined. "Sorry, it was an accident."

Miles calmed the situation. "Relax Dev. You said yourself, it's the Christmas party this week. We'll just ply her with booze again, who knows what she'll do?"

Again the desire to punch these guys was overwhelming for Cain. "Anyway, I better get back to it." He proclaimed, trying to extricate himself from the confrontation.

"Yeah, we'll see you around." Miles offered but Devon retained his focus on his phone, bitter at the loss of the photograph and ignored his departure.

Evelyn was at the filing cabinet when Cain returned. He looked at his mother from behind, her shirt tucked into her tight grey business slacks. He could see the faint line of her underwear cutting across her buttocks and as she turned to him he couldn't help but to recall the photo of her flashing her breasts. He looked up from the swell of her bust to her smiling face. "Hey, you're back. I thought you got lost."

Cain was momentarily lost for words as he looked upon her and was struck by her beauty as if seeing her for the first time in his life.

"What is it?" She asked as she became aware of his lingering in the doorway.

Cain shook his head and approached the table, planting his and his mother's coffees before them. "Oh it's nothing. You just look pretty is all."

Evelyn sat down in her chair and looked up shocked, smiling. "Was that a compliment? Well I'll be!" She took a sip from the cup and moaned. "Mmm lovely. Espresso. You remembered." Placing the cup back down she looked back at her son. "Oh. You weren't trying to hit on me were you? Fisk & Tavish don't look kindly on office romances!" She laughed at her joke and continued on with the next file, smiling to herself.

Cain swallowed hard and sat down quickly. More out of necessity to hide his growing erection than to get started with work.

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Lying in bed, Cain stroked his morning erection. The night before he'd done all he could to put the photo out of his mind but every time he closed his eyes his mother came to him. Her hair curled, the black leggings and those breasts. Finally he'd relented and masturbated to the image of her. His own mother. The guilt he felt fantasizing over her was eclipsed by the pleasure. His orgasm had opened the floodgates to his imagination. Throughout the night he'd envisaged the things he'd like to do with her, to her. To touch her, to kiss her, to fuck her. The incestuous fantasy had snuck up on him out of the blue. A week, a day before, he'd been oblivious to his mother as a woman, as an object of desire. Now, as he neared orgasm with the thought of her ass in grey pants, the tight blue shirt with sweaty armpits, her mouth, her tongue, he came and screamed "Mom" to his empty room.

Evelyn was alone in her bedroom. Harold had already left for work and she stood naked and showered before her dresser contemplating her days wardrobe. "You just look pretty is all." The words came to her as though he'd just said them over her shoulder. Goosebumps broke out over her body at the thought of the unexpected compliment. Had her son ever said anything like that? As nice, as honest? She doubted it. Well I have to look just as nice for him today she thought. She opened the top drawer and removed a white lace bra and matching panties. I wonder if he'll think these are petty? She asked herself and quickly shook her head at the absurdity of the question. "He's your son Evelyn! He doesn't care about your underwear, you idiot!" She told herself and set about finishing getting dressed.

The progress was slower than expected. By the beginning of the second day, mother and son were still only on the businesses beginning with A. Cain for one wasn't unhappy. At this rate he'd added at least a week to the potential employment period which left him way ahead financially and would set him up for a good start to the new year.

Cain reached into the document box and retrieved two new files. "O.k Mom, I've got Alan's Barbers or Angel Adult Toy's and Video. Which do you want?"

Evelyn took a sip from her coffee and snorted. "Well I just had a haircut last week, so I'll take the adult toys!" The attempted joke came out before she'd really thought it through and she began to blush at the real world implication. Cain laughed and noticed her redden as she took the file. Weird, he thought. It was just a joke. Evelyn placed the file beside her laptop and looked down. The room was suddenly a lot hotter and she undid another button on her shirt. She could see the white lace material of her bra and she thought of her morning pondering. I wonder if he'll notice she thought and quickly admonished herself for even contemplating it.

Cain had noticed! He'd noticed everything about her from the moment he'd entered her office that morning. Waiting on a couch for her to finish a phone call he'd been able to admire her whilst pretending to be on his own phone. Her pantyhosed legs crossed beneath the desk, her tan colored skirt riding up higher than mid thigh. The thought of climbing beneath the desk and kissing his way

between her legs had his cock hardening and it was all he could do to will it away when she ended her call and asked if he was, (in her words) "ready to go down?" With the current thoughts running through his mind, the irony of her question wasn't lost on him and he answered with a simple "whenever you are Evelyn."

They lunched separately. As luck had it Cain ran into the 'two stooges' as he was referring to them in his head at a local cafe. Devon approached singing. "Working nine to five. What a way to make a living." He clutched Cain on the shoulder, digging his fingers into the joint. "How's it going with Dolly Parker? You fuck her yet? I hear she likes 'em young."

Cain shrugged off the physical intrusion. "That's funny 'cause I hear she has a husband and kids!"

Devon looked to Miles as if to back up his theory and seeing no support headed off to purchase his lunch at the counter muttering "dick" under his breath.

"Ignore him Cain, I think he's just pissed that you deleted that photo." Miles offered. "Hey you're coming Friday night aren't you, have you got a costume?"

Cain thought of the Christmas party. His mother hadn't said anything about it so he wasn't sure if he'd go or not. "I'm not sure yet. I haven't organized anything."

"O.k well let me know by the end of the day, I've got a spare cop uniform if you want it." Miles opened his wallet and handed Cain a business card. "Just give me a call. Oh and try and convince Doll...Evelyn to go. I heard from the receptionist on her floor she's pulled out. It'd be a shame, they were all going as schoolgirls!"

Devon walked back past the table with his and Miles' lunch singing 'Islands in the stream.' Miles waved goodbye and left Cain to contemplate this new information. Why hadn't his mother mentioned the Christmas party or at least the fact she wasn't going? The thought of seeing her in a school uniform was tantalizing, it would give him endless nights of masturbatory inspiration. He made the decision to confront her about it as soon as he returned to work.

Evelyn sat at her own desk eating her lunch. A leaf of lettuce fell from her fork between her breasts and she immediately looked up to see if anyone had noticed her through the glass partition. She'd forgotten to re-button her blouse upon returning from the basement and she quickly ran through her head the workmates she'd spoken to in the meantime. Had they noticed her bra, so clearly visible? For sure she knew of only one person who had. Cain. She'd felt his eyes on her from the morning. He'd been looking under the desk more than he had his phone. Boys lacked subtlety, that much was obvious. It was all innocent she thought as she retrieved the lettuce from her bra and buttoned up. He wasn't looking at her sexually surely. Why would he? I'm his mother, she reasoned. The flirting on her behalf was harmless fun, it wouldn't amount to anything. It couldn't

They rode down in the elevator together. Cain waited behind her as she unlocked the door and as they entered it seemed the room had become even hotter since the morning.

"Can't we leave the door open?" Cain asked, thinking of solutions.

"No it's alarmed, it's a security thing. I'll call and get us a fan as soon as possible though." Evelyn again undid her top buttons and Cain followed suit by removing his tie and rolling up his sleeves. Retrieving a file for them both, Cain sat at his laptop and tried logging in while Evelyn called upstairs. He entered the password his mother had given him and an 'incorrect' message appeared. He tried again and received the same outcome. With Evelyn in conversation on her phone he gestured to her to look at his screen and she approached and leaned over his shoulder, her phone in the crook of her neck.

It was the closest they'd been so far and they both knew it. As she entered her own password into his laptop her rib-cage pressed against Cain's upper arm. He could smell her perfume, even the scent of her clothes. His eyes rested on the milky whiteness of her neck and as she straightened up, the impressive mounds of her breast. Standing next to him, watching the screen as it logged on she rested a hand on his shoulder in the same location Devon had earlier. This time the sensation was gentle and more than pleasant.

Evelyn didn't want to take her hand away. She could feel the muscle of his shoulder beneath her palm, the warmth of his skin through the shirt. Oh to touch his skin, she thought. The computer logged on and

without a reason to stay she walked around the table towards her own workstation. Watch me. Look at my ass you beautiful boy, she thought as she continued the request for a fan on the phone with administration. Upon reaching her side of the desk she looked across to Cain and he was indeed watching her. He made no secret of the fact. His eyes slowly swept up her body from her groin to her breasts and finally to her face. She returned his stare with equal intensity. This was no longer simple flirting.

Hanging up the phone Evelyn smiled at Cain. "Success. We'll get it tomorrow."

"Oh cool! Literally!" Cain laughed and began working, his mind however focused more on his mother than the task at hand. He noticed himself making mistakes with his data entry and needed to clear his head. "Hey Mom. I mean, Evelyn." He corrected. "What's the deal with this Christmas party? Why didn't you tell me?"

Evelyn stopped her own typing and looked up. "Oh. I didn't think of it. I wasn't planning on going."

"It's just that I was talking to someone and they offered me a costume. It's fancy dress right?"

"Uh huh. Oh god I remember last year or more to the point I don't remember last year. I drank way too much."

"Oh yeah?" Cain smiled. "Didn't Dad try and stop you?"

"Oh he never comes. You know he hates those kind of things."

It was interesting information to Cain. His father wouldn't be there. If she went he'd be alone with his mother, his potentially drunk mother that was willing to flash her breasts like a spring breaker to a crowd of her peers. He had to convince her. "If I go will you come?" Cain asked.

Evelyn thought of the year before. The eyes of the men on her as she flashed the crowd, the exhilaration of the public nudity. She'd put on this years outfit a week ago and asked her husbands opinion and his response had hurt. "Aren't you a bit too old for that Eve?" He'd said. Approaching fifty, with the other girls in the office all younger and with her confidence shattered she'd declined the invite but now under the watchful eyes of her son she all of a sudden felt sexy again. "You'll look after me if I drink too much?"

Cain's eyes lit up. "Of course. So you'll come?"

Evelyn smiled at her son. "Alright but you have to promise not to laugh when you see me."

"I promise." Cain grinned, mentally high-fiving himself.

The afternoon dragged. Cain felt sweat dripping down his back and they took breaks every hour with visits to the server. Five minutes in the chilled room was enough for Evelyn's nipples to stand erect through her shirt and Cain's eyes on her afterwards caused a familiar yet long absent feeling in her sex. And she liked it.

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Miles had dropped off the police uniform to Cain's apartment that evening. Standing in front of the mirror he realized he looked more like a stripper than an actual policeman but rationalized that was probably the point. Again it was hard to sleep, only coming after again masturbating to the image of her in his head.

Evelyn lay next to her snoring husband. Staring up at the darkened ceiling her hand ran over her breast and down her stomach. Her fingers pressed through the thin material of the babydoll she wore and she felt the heat of her vagina. Her panties saturated, she pushed hard against her clitoris and pressed her legs together. Uncontrollably moaning she quickly rolled over and buried her face into the pillow to stifle the noise. With her hand clamped to her pussy she came and it was Cain's face she saw in the ecstasy.

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"Well what time does this thing end?" Harold asked over the newspaper at the breakfast table.

"I don't know. It ends when it ends." Evelyn replied, covering her mouth as she finished off her toast with honey.

"So you expect me to pick you up I suppose?" Harold complained.

"If you could. I won't be able to drive."

"You'll be drunk as last year I guess."

Evelyn didn't respond.

"Hang about. Why don't you stay at Cain's?" Harold proposed out of the blue. "He's only a few blocks from the building, you could just walk there and I could pick you up in the morning. Save me driving at night. You know my eyes are no good."

Evelyn was taken aback by the proposal. She was sure Cain wouldn't mind but her heart began racing at the prospect of them alone together. "Ah I could mention it I suppose."

"It's settled then." Harold leaned back smiling and flicked the paper to straighten it, satisfied with his solution.

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"What? I mean sure you can but what did Dad say?" Cain asked amazed at the idea of his mother spending the night at his apartment.

"It was his idea actually. You know he can't drive at night."

"Yeah of course, no it's all good, I can drive you home in the morning if you like."

"Harold said he'd come get me." Evelyn took off her grey jacket and placed it over the back of her chair. She watched out of the corner of her eye at Cain's reaction to her outfit and it pleased her. Again she'd chosen her wardrobe for him. The black shape wear bodysuit cinched around her waist like a corset and accentuated her bust like no other garment she owned. Her only regret were the black opaque pantyhose under her grey skirt in the heat of the room.

"God it's so hot in here. I hope that fan comes soon." She remarked before taking her seat. Cain's eyes lowered to his own screen and she was disappointed she was no longer the focus of his attention.

I'm going to sleep at his house tonight, she thought. In his bed. No. She corrected herself. Surely not. On his couch. No. In his bed, with him. Stop it Evelyn she told herself. She felt dampness between her legs and couldn't decide if it was her wet or her sweat. "Oh I cant stand it. Don't look Cain. I have to take off these pantyhose!"

"What?" Cain looked up, incredulous.

"It's the heat." She stood up and didn't wait for him to divert his eyes before she kicked off her heels and began hiking up her skirt.

"Oh O.k." Cain replied and made the effort to lower his head but she could see he was still peeking under his brow.

It was what she wanted. She raised her skirt to just below her crotch and reached behind to grab hold of her pantyhose. Lowering them down her legs she allowed her skirt to stay at miniskirt level before sitting down and completing the removal. Lifting them up she placed them in her handbag on the edge of the table, the toe of one leg poking out the top as a reminder of the action that had just taken place.

Mother and son finished a file consecutively and both approached the filing cabinets. It was inopportune timing for Cain. He'd been slowly stroking his erection under the table and now with his mother standing beside him at the cabinet there was really nowhere to hide. As she moved back to obtain another file she casually glanced down at his groin and there it was. There was no doubting what she saw, his hardness pressing out the front of his pants and off to the right. It was what she'd wanted to see for days but now confronted with the reality of her son's erection, she lost her composure. The file in her hand slipped out of her grasp and fell to the floor, the pages inside scattering. Immediately dropping to her haunches she was joined by Cain to help retrieve the documents.

There was a pop quickly followed by another and Evelyn felt the snaps of her bodysuit at her crotch come undone. She knew what had happened immediately but Cain, perplexed by the sound looked to it's source and hence forth, between his mother's legs and up her skirt. Evelyn instinctively lowered her hand to her groin, momentarily spreading her legs to allow access. This afforded her son with an unobstructed view of her pussy. It lasted for less than a second but it cemented in Cain's mind, it was where he wanted to be.

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Cain locked the door of his apartment and began walking back to work. The sun was already setting so he didn't feel too conspicuous walking the streets dressed as a cop. "Don't worry, I'll change my sheets!" He felt like slapping himself for saying it. The last words as he farewelled his mother that afternoon. Of all the stupid, brainless things to say. He felt he'd acted so maturely all day. Casually reacting to her removing her pantyhose in front of him, his nonchalance at her accidental upskirt and accompanying wardrobe malfunction. Jesus, I saw my mother's pussy, he exclaimed. And then I go and say that. "Don't worry, I'll change my sheets!" Idiot. He wouldn't be surprised if she changed her mind about staying over.

The noise of the party could be heard from even outside the building as Cain approached the front doors. Upon entering the foyer he was surprised at the number of people gathered, nearly all complete strangers with only a handful of familiar faces. He looked around for his mother but came up empty, eventually grabbing a drink and

gravitating towards the 'two stooges' in Devon and Miles dressed as a cowboy and doctor respectively.

Miles took him under his wing and introduced him to countless members of staff and Cain began to be swamped by names and faces. It was all too much and after his fourth drink there was only one face he wanted to see and it looked like she was a no show.

The C.E.O, Walter Fisk himself, made an appearance to much mirth. Dressed as Donald Trump it caused great humor among the crowd. Miles tried to explain the irony in that it was widely regarded Walter was the spitting image of Richard Nixon but Cain struggled to recall what Nixon looked like or the scandal itself, so the joke was lost on him.

"So Evelyn didn't come?" Cain shouted to Miles over the music. "I guess I couldn't convince her."

"No she's here. I saw her with...oh look out!" Miles exclaimed as two hands were placed over Cain's eyes from behind.

He knew it was her in an instant. The feeling he would later in life equate to holding hands with a grade school crush. As he turned, the music, the lights, the volume of people around them, all seemed too perfect, as if written for a screenplay of his life. For a split second as he laid eyes on her he thought he had mistaken her identity, such was her appearance. Her hair in pigtails, held with red ribbon. Smokey eyeshadow and ruby lips. The breasts were hers alright, a

black bra framing her cleavage under a tight white shirt. He could see the grey pleated mini, the expanse of leg, the white socks and black shoes from his perspective but he longed to stand back, take in her beauty from a distance. To see her majesty in it's entirety.

"Cain. I'd like you to meet Daniel Blake." She leaned in close as if to whisper but spoke at the same level. "He's a big shot here!" She laughed. It was obvious to Cain his mother had started early but he would be happy to see her drinking before breakfast if it meant she would always look this happy. "And this is his personal assistant, Madeline Green. Maddie, Daniel, this is my so.." Evelyn corrected herself. "..savior. He's the one helping me with the Morris acquisition."

Daniel held out his hand and shook Cain's. "Cain. Good to have you on board." He looked at Miles standing beside Cain. "I hope Miles here hasn't been boring you with stories about his art collection?"

"I haven't said a word Daniel. Although now you mention it there is a Rubens I have my eye on."

Cain had no idea what they were talking about and allowed the men to continue their conversation alone as he turned back to his mother and the other woman. Wearing a flight attendant uniform she was older than Evelyn and looked over Cain with a seeming wizened interest.

"Savior. You say Evelyn. You know I thought you were going to say something else." Madeline stated. She slowly raised a hand and pressed it against Cain's chest over his heart. "Always follow this young man." She again turned to Evelyn. "You two look so alike." She paused and let the words hang in the air. "Savior. I could've sworn you were going to say something else." She touched Evelyn's hand before smiling and walking away to follow Daniel and Miles.

Mother and son looked at each other with the same amazed expression. "What the fuck was that about?" Cain finally exclaimed.

Evelyn smiled. "I think I know but it's not important. Come on let's dance." She tried to take hold of Cain's hand and pull him to the makeshift dance floor but he resisted.

"I don't know Evelyn. I'm not much of a dancer!"

Evelyn leaned into Cain and giggling, whispered in his ear. "You'll do what your mother tells you young man!"

And who was Cain to resist?

That he had two left feet didn't seem to bother Evelyn. Nor anyone else for that matter. They drank and laughed and Cain was surprised that the first real adult party he'd been to turned out to be exactly the same as parties of his youth. People got drunk, a minor scuffle broke out and to hell with the 'no office romance' policy, there were people

making out all over the place. The C.E.O made a speech at the end of the night and thanked everyone for such a successful year. He noted the acquisition of Morris Accounting and the work being done by Evelyn and her staff. Come 11:30pm Evelyn went upstairs to get her bag and soon met Cain outside the building.

Noticeably drunk she didn't seem to mind who heard when she asked if it was still alright for her to stay at Cain's house.

"I didn't think you'd want to after that stupid thing I said this afternoon."

Evelyn looked puzzled as they began to walk home together.

"You know, the thing about my sheets." Cain reminded her.

Her laugh reassured him she didn't think twice. "Oh honey I won't take your bed anyway. The couch will be fine."

"No way. I want you in my bed." It came out wrong and Cain was quick to try and fix it. "I mean not with me. We won't sleep together..I mean I'll take the couch!"

Evelyn reached out to wrap her hands around Cain's arm as they walked, a show of affection and to help with her balance. "Oh honey

wherever you want me is fine." Her choice of words to Cain seemed loaded but happily she did nothing to correct them.

After only a block Evelyn was putting on a whiny voice and asking how far to go?

"We've only just started!" Cain laughed.

"I know but my feet are sore, I don't often wear these if you hadn't noticed."

Cain looked down at the black school shoes. Her white socks pulled up to just below the knee. "I think they look cute."

"That may be but I'll have blisters tomorrow. You might have to carry me!"

Cain stopped short. "I will if you want. Come on I'll piggy back you."

Evelyn thought of climbing onto her sons back. Her vagina would be pressed against him, her breasts. His hands would be on her legs, their faces so close." The idea seemed appealing but even in her drunken mind the image of them looked ridiculous. "Oh we'd better not, I'd end up weeing on you!"

"What?" Cain exclaimed.

"I'm absolutely busting!" Evelyn admitted and pressed her legs together bending a little at the waist to emphasize the fact.

"Really! Why didn't you go at work?"

"I didn't have to go then."

"Well do you think you can make it?"

Evelyn balled up her hands and pushed them into her crotch. She looked into Cain's eyes. "Nup!"

The block they were on was pretty much deserted. Cars continually crossed at the next intersection but the traffic flow on their street was intermittent. A vacant shop front with a darkened doorway caught Evelyn's eye and she gestured to Cain. "I've got to go honey." She confirmed and passed her handbag to Cain. "Keep watch for me officer?" She added as she ducked into the recess. Cain turned his back and looked either way on the street.

"Really Mom? Peeing in the street." His embarrassment at her behavior quickly turned to fascination as he heard her flow begin behind him. "You know I could arrest you for this young lady!"

Evelyn laughed behind him as she peed. "Oh no look out!"

It was the opening Cain needed to allow him to look at her. Turning he looked first at the ground to see her trail of urine heading quickly towards his shoes. Moving a foot to allow her flow to pass between his legs he looked up at his mother. Facing him squatting, her ass inches off the ground she'd lifted her skirt and pulled aside her white underwear. The cascading waterfall of pee shot out at least a foot from his mother's shadowed pussy. Should he have looked away? He wasn't sure, all he knew was it was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen.

Evelyn had stopped laughing and now looked up into her son's eyes, biting her bottom lip. He's watching me pee, she thought. My son is watching me pee! She'd never been more aroused. If he'd pulled out his cock she'd have taken him in her mouth right then and there. She thought of touching herself. Slapping a hand against her still pissing pussy and masturbating in front of him. Would he like that? She wondered.

"Shit, Mom there's someone coming!" Cain quickly uttered.

Her flow already decreasing she finished and stood up, covering herself in the process. Stumbling towards Cain she again latched onto his arm and they casually continued their way along the street before both bursting out in laughter at the intersection.

Inside the front door of Cain's apartment Evelyn dropped her bag in the hallway. Leaning against the wall she watched as Cain dead

bolted the door and turned to her. "You know I forgot to say how good you look in that uniform." She grabbed at his shirt as he approached and ran a hand over his chest. "Maybe you missed your calling."

"Oh yeah. You think I should be a cop?" Cain asked looking down into his mother's eyes, enjoying the feeling of her hand on his chest.

"Didn't you say you could've arrested me back there? Maybe you should practice!" Evelyn's hand ran down across his stomach to his belt and across to the plastic handcuffs.

It was all the invitation Cain needed. She was willing, it was obvious. He grabbed at her wrist and gently bent up her arm. "Right. You're under arrest madam." He turned her body away from him and released her wrist. "Hands against the wall. You have the right to remain silent." He pressed his shoe against hers and forced her legs open shoulder width.

Evelyn pushed out her ass towards him, arching her back. "Oh yeah! And what if I don't remain silent?"

Cain grabbed hold of his mother's hips and moved in closer, his growing erection inches from her butt. "Then anything you say can and will be used against you!"

Evelyn giggled as Cain ran his hands up from her hips along her rib cage to beneath her armpits. He hesitated, needing another sign before he attempted to touch her breasts and it was forthcoming. Evelyn pushed her ass back onto him and his hardon pressed into the crack of her buttocks through her skirt. It was now fair game. They were doing this, they both knew it. Cain wasted no time. He moved his hands around beneath her arms and took hold of her breasts. Evelyn stood straight up, removing her hands from the wall she placed one over Cain's and the other back onto his hip, pulling him into her.

"Oh baby yes." She purred as Cain's mouth brushed against her ear, kissing first the lobe and then behind.

Evelyn took hold of his hand and directed it down her body. Lifting the front of her skirt she pressed his hand against the mound of her pussy.

Cain could feel his mother's wetness through the cotton panties. He pressed three fingers hard against her pussy and began kneading her like dough. His cock was straining against his pants and Evelyn was quick to respond. Turning to face her son whilst making sure his hand remained on her pussy she reached for the fly of his pants. Her hands delved inside and connected with her son's cock through his underpants. The muffled sound of a mobile phone caught their ears and Evelyn tried to ignore it as she finally released Cain's erection from his pants. Both hands wrapped around his length as then she realized the phone was hers. The ring tone that of her husband calling.

Evelyn immediately let go of his cock and pulled back to the wall with a shocked look on her face, Cain's hand losing its grip on her vagina. "My god. What are we doing!?" She gasped before bending down to open her bag and pull out the still ringing phone. "Harold. How are you?"

Cain despairingly pushed his penis back into his pants and watched as Evelyn picked up her bag and walked into the other room. "Mhmm. About 11:30 I think...Yeah we've just got back...No a cab will cost too much...Yes...No, I'm fine. Just tired I guess...Yes. O.k I'll see you then...I love you too."

Cain and Evelyn looked at each other for a moment before either spoke. "I'm sorry Cain. That shouldn't have happened. It was my fault."

"Mom it's no ones fault. I wanted it." He began to approach her but she pulled back holding up a hand.

"No. I was drunk. We have to try and forget this ever happened."

"The hell with that. I..."

"No I'm serious Cain, don't...I think I need to go to bed now." She stood there waiting for Cain's direction and he realized her mind was made up.

Despondent he led her to his room. "I want you to take my bed. I'll take the couch." About to leave the room he walked to his dresser and took out a t-shirt. Handing it to her as he left.

"Thank you Cain. I'm sorry." She added as he closed the door behind him with slumped shoulders.

* * * * *

Evelyn lay in her son's bed and looked at the ceiling. Wide awake she had no idea how long she had been there. Sleep would not come. The alcohol had worn off and she played over and over again the events of the evening in her mind. The events of the week. One phone call had brought her to her senses. She'd been on the verge of sleeping with her son and Harold had saved her. Prevented a tragedy. Or had he? What if he hadn't called? She thought. She imagined the scenario again in her head. His cock in her hand. She would've sucked him. Hell, she had desired it in the street. He would've fucked her in the hallway. From behind? No, she thought, from the front. She'd want to see his face.

Evelyn moved a hand up from the mattress beside her and onto her thigh. She slowly inched across to her pubic mound and ever so slightly spread her legs. Her fingers delved through her pubes and between her labia. She was literally dripping. A finger slid easily inside herself. "What have I done?" She whispered. God don't let it be too late. She thought as she leaped out of bed and hurried to the

door. The apartment was dark and silent. She padded her way across the hall and entered the living room. She could see the couch and the darker shadow of her son's body beneath a throw rug.

Standing above him he seemed to be sleeping. "Cain." She leaned down and touched his arm. "Honey are you awake?"

Cain stirred and opened his eyes. "Mom?"

"Baby I'm so sorry." She was almost in tears. Taking hold of his blanket she lifted it off him and climbed atop her son. Her groin came down on his, her wet pussy pressing against the soft penis beneath his underpants. "I was cruel. Can you forgive me?"

Cain was now wide awake. He lifted his hands to her back and pulled her down onto him. Her breasts met his chest before her mouth neared his. "There's nothing to forgive." Stroking down he reached the hem of the t-shirt and felt her buttocks. She wore no underwear and her ass was warm against his palms.

Evelyn's lips met her son's. His mouth opened and she slid her tongue inside as she began to grind her sex against his swelling. Their saliva mixing, her tits pressed down against his bare chest, his cock was hard in seconds. Back and forth she slid herself along his length, coating his undies with her love.

Evelyn reached down and pulled his erection from the leg band and he was inside her. So smooth, so deep was the penetration. Her cunt enveloped her son's penis, embracing his flesh inside. His hands dug underneath the t-shirt and found their way to her breasts. Her wondrous tits he'd fantasized of for days. Now his to caress, to squeeze. His pelvis thrust forward and they formed a rhythm, her clit grinding against his pubic bone. Evelyn lifted the front of her t-shirt to feel his skin against hers and again she pressed herself atop him, their tongues once again entwined.

Cain relinquished a breast to take possession of a buttock, using his leverage to drive harder and deeper into his mother with each thrust. "Oh fuck baby yes." Evelyn cried and Cain realized it did the trick. His thrusting increased and he knew he wouldn't last long. "Don't stop baby, don't stop." Evelyn begged and Cain would be damned if he would cum before her. Evelyn dropped her face into the crook of her son's shoulder and bit lightly into his neck. Cain squeezed both her buttocks hard as he lost control and began to cum, shooting jet after jet of seed into his mother's hot cunt. He thought he'd failed her before he felt her vagina convulsing around him and the shuddering of her body above as she in turn came. She bit down harder on his skin as she stifled her own moans and Cain reckoned it would leave a mark.

With the blanket pulled down over them he remained inside her as sleep came for them. The last words Cain recalled was her whispered confession of love as the weariness overtook.

* * * * *

In his dream Cain was banging on the photocopier in his mother's office in an attempt to get it to work. He opened his eyes to his light filled living room and the weight of his sleeping mother above him. The banging continued and he realized it was from the front door. "Shit Mom. Dad's here!"

Evelyn opened her eyes drowsy and took a second to locate herself. She lifted her chest off Cain's and came away sweaty. "What?" Then she heard the knocking on the front door. "Your father!?"

Cain's cock came away wet from between her legs as she climbed off him. How long he'd stayed inside her he didn't know but his flaccid cock was wrinkled more than usual and still coated in a whitish film so it was possible he'd been in her all night.

Evelyn ran to her son's room as Cain found his pants. He walked to the door of his bedroom as the knocking came again. "You good? I cant leave him out there any longer, the neighbors will start complaining." He saw she'd managed to climb back into her skirt and left his t-shirt on.

"Yep I'm good. Go on." She answered while tying her hair back in a pony tail. "Wait." She added as Cain began to head to the front door. Running to him she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed her son on the mouth. "Thank you...for everything."

The knocking began again and they broke the embrace.

"Jesus take your time." Harold complained as he stepped into the hallway.

"Hey Dad." Cain replied closing the door behind him.

"I've aged a year in the time I waited out there." Walking into the living room Harold noticed the blanket on the couch. "Guess you got the couch! Your mother even awake yet?"

Cain rubbed a hand through his hair and yawned looking around for Evelyn. She exited the bedroom with her handbag over her shoulder and shoes on. She still wore his t-shirt, now tucked into her skirt. To Cain she looked beautiful.

"God you look a sight. Hard night?" Harold joked. "Come on love, you ready to get going?"

"Uh-huh." She approached Cain and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks for putting up with me honey."

"Any time Mom." He responded.

As Cain escorted his parents to the door his father noticed the mark on his neck. "Jesus, what's that? Looks like a bite."

Cain ran his hand over the area. "Oh yeah. Sheesh, just this girl I'm seeing."

"Well lucky you son." Harold laughed as they left.

With the door closed behind him Cain heard their muffled conversation continue until they entered the car. He walked back down the hall and entered his bedroom. His mother had pulled the cover back over his bed but left something on his pillow, He walked forward and picked up the obviously placed item. The white cotton was cool but the gusset hadn't dried completely. He lifted his mother's panties to his face and inhaled her scent, his cock rising at the action.

What the future held he didn't know, but for now he was happy.

Chapter 2

One year earlier.

Evelyn looked at her reflection in the bedroom mirror. Can I really wear this? She asked herself as she turned and examined her ass in the skin tight leggings. A visible panty line cut across her buttocks and to her eyes looked unflattering. Commando? She thought and smiled at herself. Why not?

Without her underwear the leggings dove between the folds of her sex. She loved the feel as the cheeks of her ass cinched the material. She ran her hands over her large breasts pushing out the black tank top. "Sandy eat your heart out." She exclaimed.

Harold was waiting in the kitchen jiggling his car keys as Evelyn entered. She turned to allow her husband to admire her look. "You're really wearing that?" He questioned.

It wasn't the response she had expected. "I don't look like Sandy from Grease?"

"You like like you belong on a street corner."

Evelyn let the comment pass, picking up her handbag and following her husband to the car. She really needed a drink.

She danced like she was in her teens. Harold's insensitive words were forgotten with the flattery from her colleagues. The men especially. It felt good to be admired, to have their eyes on her, mentally undressing her. The alcohol flowed. Someone touched her ass on the dance floor. She drank vodka. She was kissed by a girl. The music blared, the lights strobed. Harold who? She drank beer, she hated beer. She flashed her breasts. She vomited out of the window of a cab. She hugged the bowl of her toilet and thanked god porcelain was cold. She didn't get up the next day.

* * * * *

Today

"Probably a good idea to wear a bra in front of the boy next time Eve." Harold stated as Cain closed the door behind them.

Evelyn had been on a high, her self esteem soaring and then her husband said that. "What are you saying?"

He looked across at her as they walked to the car. "Well I mean look at them. They're swinging around all over the place. You're not in your twenties any more darl'."

They entered the car and Harold began reversing out of the complex. "Same with the skirt. The lad doesn't want to see his mother dressed like a slut."

"It was a costume party Harold! Everyone was dressed up." She let the slut comment go, not wanting to get into an argument.

"I'm just saying you're too old to be dressed like that."

"Oh Jesus Harold, I'm only forty nine!" Evelyn pleaded her case, being drawn into the argument anyway.

Her husband laughed. "Closer to fifty every day!"

She had no idea why he was doing this. Why he seemed to be going out of his way to antagonize her. The alert tone of a message on her phone came from her handbag and she reached down to retrieve it.

"Probably the fashion police. They want you to return what you stole." Harold laughed to himself.

Evelyn rolled her eyes, the joke not really making any sense. She looked at the phone and the sender. It was the police in some form. A text from Cain and the message was exactly what she needed after her husbands comments. "You looked beautiful last night and better this morning. I cant wait to see you again. I love you."

"Who was that?" Harold asked.

Evelyn placed the phone back in her handbag without responding to the message. "Cain."

"What did he say? You leave something behind?"

Evelyn smiled as she looked out of the window and thought of her panties left on his pillow. Only my heart, she thought.

* * * * *

Cain left the shower and naked went straight to his phone to see if she'd texted back. Nothing. It had been hours and doubts were beginning to form. She had been reluctant at first. Maybe she was having regrets? Did I do something wrong? He ran everything through his mind. My God, he thought. I came inside her, what was I thinking? I didn't think! He picked up his phone again and was about to call her when a text came through. "Dinner tonight?" His heart stopped racing. His cock began to swell.

Evelyn took another sip from her mug and looked at her phone on the kitchen counter. Harold turned a page of his newspaper and looked across to his wife. "Watched pot never boils!"

"Huh?" Evelyn replied.

"Cain. He'll reply when he's ready. He's probably off with this girl of his." He chuckled to himself. "Lucky him."

Evelyn shook her head. Lucky him? She thought. You haven't wanted to have sex for years, why would you be jealous of him? She picked up the phone and headed to her bedroom.

There was a book on her bedside table and she lay on the bed and began reading but found herself having to re-read entire paragraphs due to her lack of concentration. Her eyes kept diverting to the phone, her mind kept focusing on her son.

Cain was struggling to compose the text. He lay on his bed and was trying to write something poetic. A love letter to her. Something to show how he felt. Each time he read back the message he thought how stupid it all sounded. Trying to rhyme, what rhymes with Evelyn for fuck's sake? He asked himself. Finally he realized it wasn't needed. He was acting like a lovelorn schoolboy. She wouldn't want that. No, the text this morning said it all. It told her all she needed to know. Time to be a man. "Of course I'll come for dinner." He typed before sending.

Evelyn snatched up the phone and opened the text. She smiled as she read his confirmation. It was silly how excited she felt. Her own son, someone she'd seen basically every day for eighteen years and yet she couldn't wait to be in his presence. It was different now

though she admitted. He was different. She jumped when the phone vibrated in her hand as she daydreamed. She again opened the follow up text. "By the way, what are you wearing right now?"

Evelyn blushed. She wriggled down on the bed slightly and her jeans pulled between her legs, the seam pressing her sex. She thought of lying. Telling him she was in lingerie or naked. Instead she looked down at herself and told the truth. "Tight blue jeans and white t-shirt. You?"

Cain stroked his cock as he brought his mother's underwear to his face. He thought of her in the hallway, bending over for him. He recalled his hand cupped over her vagina, her pissing in the street. His message tone rang beside him and hurriedly picked up the phone. He read the text and now wanted more, responding straight away. "Naked! What color are your panties?"

Evelyn read the message and genuinely didn't know. A little hung over when she and Harold returned home she'd showered and changed without thought. She undid the button of her jeans and lowered the zip. The purple satin underwear were a favorite, so low cut she could see her pubic hair poking out the top. She ran a hand down the silky material and cupped her vagina, feeling her wetness seeping through. What if Harold comes in? She thought.

Zippering back up, Evelyn rose from the bed and walked into her ensuite. She locked the door behind her and lifted the toilet seat. Dropping her jeans to her ankles she sat on the toilet and dialed Cain's number.

"Mom. Hello."

"They're purple baby!"

Cain sat up on his bed not expecting to be talking to her so soon.
"Where are you? Where's Dad?"

"I'm in the bathroom. You're father's in the other room. I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Me too. I cant stop thinking about you." Cain thought of his doubts that morning. "Mom I came inside you. Is that alright? Did I fuck up?"

Evelyn's heart soared. That he was thinking of her, that he cared about her well-being. It possibly made her love him more. "Baby don't worry about that. I'm safe."

Cain wasn't sure what she meant by "I'm safe" but the reassurance calmed him. "Purple you say?"

Evelyn smiled. She could see herself in the full length mirror. Her bare legs akimbo. The t-shirt rode down over her hips and she lifted the front up and over her breasts to reveal her flesh colored bra. "Yep. They're satin with a black lace trim. I think you'd like them."

Cain held his cock as he imagined the underwear. "I bet I would."

"Do you want to know what I'm doing?" Evelyn asked.

"Tell me."

"I'm sitting on the toilet. I have my jeans down at my ankles, my t-shirt is up over my boobs and I'm touching myself."

Cain closed his eyes and put himself in his parents bathroom. He could see her. "Where are you touching Mom?"

Evelyn ran her fingers back and forth along her vulva through her panties. The satin getting wetter as she masturbated. Her breathing labored. "My...my pussy baby. Mommy's touching her pussy."

The words were ones he thought he'd never hear in a sentence. Never from her mouth. That beautiful mouth. He beat his cock as he imagined her. "I wish I was there Mom. Is your pussy wet?"

"It's so wet baby. I'm rubbing it through my panties. They're getting so wet."

Cain put his phone on speaker and again picked up the underwear his mother had left him, pressing them to his nose while jacking off. "Can you cum in them Mom? I want you to cum in your panties."

Evelyn concentrated her fingers on her clit, furiously massaging in a circle the now sodden region. "I'm gonna cum baby. Mommy's gonna cum for you."

Cain himself was on the verge of cumming. Listening to her heavy breathing through the speaker he again closed his eyes and it was as if she was next to him. They were masturbating together. "I have to cum Mom!"

"Yes baby cum for me. Cum for Mommy."

Cain fell backwards onto his mattress. The spurts of semen spraying his chest, his stomach. His hand slid up over his cut head and coated his palm in cum. Down back along his length, now slick with sperm. Evelyn's breathing stopped as she held it, no noise came from the phone but a slight rustle. And then her sigh. A muffled gasp as if she held her hand over her mouth to silence herself and then again the quiet. Moments passed as neither said a word, just happy to dwell in the afterglow.

"Did you hear me cum baby?" Evelyn whispered as she came down from her high.

Cain still held his cock. He remained hard. He would as long as he was speaking to her. "I heard it Mom. I wish I was there. I want to see those panties."

Evelyn smiled. "I'll see you tonight. It's only a few hours honey."

"I know. I'll see you then. I love you."

"You nearly done in there?" Harold called from the other side of the door.

Evelyn nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard his voice. How much had he heard she wondered? How long had he been there? "Oh just a minute." She replied, hiding her phone in the back pocket of her jeans as she pulled them up. Evelyn flushed the toilet and washed her hands, finally opening the door to her husband, "You could have gone in the other bathroom!"

He grumbled something about her being hungover and closed the door behind him. Evelyn floated towards the kitchen to prepare a meal for her secret lover, giggling to herself to be more careful in the future.

* * * * *

"Twice in a week." Harold commented as Cain entered the house.

"No Dad only once. I didn't come this Thursday." Cain replied as he pinched a carrot from the salad bowl on the kitchen bench. "Where's Mom?"

"I don't know, around. I thought you'd be sick of her by now, working with her all day!"

Cain faked a laugh. "Yeah you're right." He thought of her naked body on top of him that morning. "I probably see more of her than you do!" The double entendre was lost on his father and Cain felt good about getting one over him.

Evelyn walked into the kitchen and immediately met eyes with Cain. They played it cool. She approached him and her kiss was motherly. Cain inhaled her hair as their faces brushed and he wished he could hold her. Kiss her like she wanted to be kissed. Maybe it would happen, he told himself, there might be chances.

"So who is this girl you were telling us about?" Harold inquired. He was watching the television in the other room whilst at the dining table and didn't look at Cain as he waited for a response. Cain wasn't interested in looking at him either. His attention was directed towards the goddess in his vicinity. Evelyn had changed for dinner. Harold had commented when she re-appeared mid afternoon in another outfit as to whom she was trying to impress? Him or Cain? She'd fobbed him off saying she wasn't dressing for any man, it was for herself but it was a lie. It was for Cain.

Cain couldn't recall if he'd ever seen her wearing it but if he had he surely would've remembered. Fuchsia colored, the dress was above knee length and a-line. The top revealed a great deal of cleavage and being sleeveless, even some side boob. The fact she was bra-less was obvious. Standing in such close proximity in the kitchen, Cain could feel his penis harden just from the sight of her. Evelyn walked from cupboard to drawer preparing the dinner. She stopped in the middle of the floor and gazed across to Harold to be sure he wasn't looking. Cain wondered what she had in mind and could only look on in wonder as she slowly raised the front of her dress to reveal her purple panties.

"Well?" Harold looked back from his seat at the table towards mother and son.

Evelyn quickly lowered her dress and joined Cain behind the island bench, their lower halves obscured from Harold's view.

"Well what?" Cain asked, having completely forgotten his father's question.

"The girl that sunk her fangs into your neck. I haven't seen a hickey like that in years!" He began laughing to himself. "You used to give a hell of a hickey Eve!"

Cain looked towards his mother and she began to blush.

"Oh that." Cain rubbed his neck. "Yeah it's a girl I've been seeing. Can't say much about it yet."

"Well good for you buddy. You've been single for a while. You should bring her around to meet your mother." He turned back to give his attention to the television and Cain looked at Evelyn.

"Actually she's a lot like you Mom." Cain stated.

Evelyn smiled and began separating the plates she'd retrieved from the cupboard. "Oh yeah?"

Cain moved in closer and looked over to his father. "Yeah, she's beautiful just like you." He hadn't seemed to hear the comment although it wasn't overt enough for him to question it.

Evelyn turned slightly to face her son and with one hand holding a plate on the bench top she again raised her dress. It was more than a subtle invitation and Cain reached out to press his hand against his mother's pussy. Evelyn opened her mouth in response to his touch, her eyes closing as he cupped her, sliding a fingers length along her slit. Cain felt they were wet. Possibly still from earlier that day.

"Bloody government. You pay your taxes and this is what you end up with!" Harold stated.

Cain pulled his hand quickly away from between his mother's legs as his father once again looked in their direction.

"Don't ever vote Republican Cain. They do nothing for the worker," he complained.

"O.k, O.k. No politics at the dinner table please men." Evelyn declared and headed to the walk-in pantry. Out of the view of her husband she turned to make sure Cain was watching and lifted up her dress. Taking hold of her panties she slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. Returning to Cain with them balled in her hand she passed her panties to her son. "Be a dear and set the table for me would you Cain?" She asked casually and as Cain slid the damp underwear into his front pocket he hoped his father wouldn't notice the erection tenting out the front of his pants.

* * * * *

Cain thought of the cliché as he sat across from his mother in his usual position. Dropping a napkin to look up her skirt beneath the table, playing footsies. All options were out of the question with the glass see through table top. They ate dinner much as they always did, as they always had for his nineteen years. So many years wasted, he thought. Why did it take a topless photo of her to awaken this lust? It suddenly occurred to him he had a reason for his awakening. What was hers? What did it take for a mother to become sexually attracted

to her son? He reminded himself to brooch the subject the first chance he got.

"Well since your mother made dinner Cain, you can do the dishes." Harold declared as he leaned back in his chair.

"I always do!" Cain defended himself as he began to rise, taking his father's plate and receiving his mother's.

"I'll help honey." Evelyn stated and collected the remaining cutlery. Harold made his way to the living room and switched the television on again. The sound of a game show filtered through as mother and son began the tidy up.

"You know what I was thinking all through dinner?" Evelyn asked as she stood beside Cain at the sink.

"That you wished we didn't have a glass topped table!" Cain immediately threw back at her.

She looked amazed at his mind reading skills. "How did you?"

"Mom, I was thinking the same thing." He laughed.

Evelyn moved closer to him by the sink and their bodies touched. Their hands came together in the water and soap suds and their

fingers entwined. Evelyn wrapped her fist around Cain's index finger and masturbated it as if it were a small cock.

"Mom I want you so bad!"

Evelyn looked back into the living room and still holding Cain's hand led him towards the pantry. With her back to the shelves she immediately lifted the front of her dress and Cain was quick to move in. His fingers combed down through her pubic hair and reached her vulva. Her labia slick with moisture, he slid his middle finger along its length and then entered. Evelyn arched her neck back and Cain lavished her skin with kisses from her collarbone to her jaw. Kissing along her chin he came to her mouth and she greeted him with tongue.

Evelyn pulled her son closer to her. His body pressed to her naked lower half. She lifted a leg and he caught it with his free hand only removing his other hand from her pussy when she began to lift her other leg. Cupping her beneath the ass, her vagina now pressing against his own groin he attempted to balance her on a lower shelf but the action sent bottles toppling. A can of peaches fell to the floor and landed with a crash. They began to laugh and Cain lifted a hand to cover his mother's mouth.

"You making a cup of tea out there? It's about that time." Harold called from the family room and they knew they had to stop. Evelyn took hold of Cain's hand and kissed his fingers. As he slowly backed out of the pantry and Evelyn's dress fell back into place, she took his index finger into her mouth and sucked it like a counterfeit cock. His

arm held out, she followed him out attached to his finger and only relinquished her hold half way across the kitchen.

Evelyn looked down at the erection, so noticeable in her son's pants. The wet patch where she'd climbed upon him. The aching lust in his eyes. "He goes for a bike ride every Sunday morning."

"I'll be here!" Cain quickly replied.

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There had been no further interaction between them. His father had been constantly present and only when he said goodbye later than usual did he again touch his mother. It wasn't enough. He wanted to be with her constantly. Even with his first girlfriends he'd never been so smitten. To be forever on his mind, to be aroused at the thought of her body, her smile, her laugh. He needed her, he couldn't live without his mother.

He lay in bed, the purple satin panties beside his head on the pillow. Their scent was strong and every once in a while he'd turn and press his nose into the gusset, the rear. His cock wouldn't go down, with only the slightest of touches sending thoughts of her hand, her pussy, her mouth wrapped around him. The prospect of sleep seemed impossible and then the text came through. "Sleep well my beautiful boy. All my love, Mom."

It was the soothing he needed. He closed his eyes and with the scent of her cunt around him, fell deeply asleep.

* * * * *

He couldn't help himself. With a mere few strokes he came into his mother's white cotton panties. Pulling the purple pair from his nose and mouth he looked across at the time on his phone. Only 8am. Evelyn had said his father would leave the house at 10am. Easing out of bed he headed for the shower; he was determined to be there the minute he was gone.

Evelyn impatiently watched Harold as he dressed for his ride. Men over 55 should re-consider wearing lycra she thought. Post shower and wearing only a towel wrapped around body, her wet hair in a turban she sat on the end of the bed moisturizing her legs.

"We're going for a long one today. Up into the hills. Might be a bit later than usual." Harold stated. "What are your plans for the morning?"

The news was welcome to Evelyn whose mind was pondering what to wear for her son. "She blushed when he asked the question. "Oh I haven't any. I'll potter around I guess."

As he drove towards his parents house, Cain passed a group of middle aged and senior men in lycra and recognized his father

among them. Ridiculously he began to duck down in the car seat before realizing he had nothing to hide. So what if he was visiting home. Would his father immediately jump to the conclusion his son was fucking his wife when he wasn't there? Of course not. Cain drove on with confidence he hadn't been seen regardless.

Pulling into his parents driveway he wanted to sprint to the front door but slowed himself down. Don't look too desperate he thought. But he was. He was desperate to see her, to even just touch her. "Mom?" He called as he entered the hallway.

She emerged from her room still dressed only in a towel. She felt like running to him but settled on a quick walk. They came together in the tightest of embraces, so eager to kiss the other, to feel their body. "I didn't bother dressing, do you mind?"

In answer Cain unwound her towel and let it fall to the floor. His naked mother stood in his arms looking up into his eyes. "It would've only slowed us down!" Cain replied before kissing her again, this time on the neck. Evelyn threw her arms over his shoulders and raised a leg up alongside his. The action pushed her groin against his and Cain responded by cupping beneath her ass and lifting her up onto his front. The family room was the closest destination and marching towards the couch with her legs wrapped around him, their tongues entwined.

As she was placed back onto the couch, Evelyn pulled Cain's t-shirt off over his head. Cain fumbled with his belt and with his mother's help removed his pants. His erection bounced out and aimed at the

spread legs of his mother. Her pussy glistening in the morning light. "Just fuck me baby!" Evelyn begged and taking hold of her son's cock, guided him into her warm welcoming vagina. Evelyn's mouth formed a perfect circle as she sighed at the penetration. So deep he delved and stayed there, his groin to hers, fused. Cain leaned forward and met his lips with hers. As they gently kissed he withdrew and plunged back into her hard and deep. Evelyn held her breath as she came. She dug her fingernails into his back and whispered, "don't move!" as she wrapped her legs around him and drew his cock further into her orgasm.

She released her breath staggeringly. Her vaginal walls twitched around her son's penis as she came down from her high. Cain was admittedly surprised at her action. "Did you just cum?"

Finally releasing her entire breath she smiled up at him. "You, made me cum darling!"

Cain feeling more than proud stayed inside her and re-positioned. He lay with her on top and Evelyn was quick to begin grinding back and forth on his erection. Cain took hold of her breasts as he looked up into her eyes. Cupping their weight he used the sides of his thumbs to pinch on her erect nipples. "I love your boobs Mom."

"I know you do. I couldn't get you off them when you were a baby." Evelyn smiled as the memory returned. "Your father said you'd probably become a dairy farmer, such was your devotion."

Cain pulled her down onto him and their mouths met. His hands clutched the cheeks of her ass and he thrust up into her rapidly. Spreading her buttocks he inched his index fingers closer to her anus with each penetration. Evelyn guessed he was waiting for permission so threw a hand back and guided his finger over her hole, pressing his digit against her opening. Cain took advantage and eased the tip of his index finger inside his mother's asshole, wriggling it around as he slowed his rhythm.

They looked at each other, faces only inches apart. "What changed your mind that night Mom?" Cain whispered, his finger still inside her ass.

"George C. Scott!" She replied without hesitation. Cain looked perplexed. "When I was about your age, maybe younger I was obsessed with George C. Scott movies. I was in love with him. I visited every video store to track the tapes down." At this Cain smiled. "Yes. I know I'm old! We had vhs tapes back then. There was one film, I can't remember the title. Something to do with savages but in it his family was trapped on a deserted island. His son grows up and falls in love with the mother and she spurns him. I hated her for it. And the father. They treated him abysmally, he only wanted love."

"And what happened?" Cain asked.

"For memory she eventually sleeps with him but to answer your question. When I was alone in your room I thought of that movie and realized how horrible I was being to you. I hoped it wasn't too late."

A tear had formed in her eye and Cain slid his hands up over her butt onto her back, hugging her body into his.

"Mom it would never have been too late!" He assured her and kissed her cheek.

Evelyn smiled. "What about you? What happened this week? How did we get here baby?"

Cain was silent a moment debating whether to tell her the whole story. He decided truth was the only option. "You know that guy Devon at work?"

Evelyn moved her head back slightly in surprise at his name being raised. "Ah yes. Bit sleazy."

"That's him, douchebag." Again Cain stalled. "Well he had a photo of you. A topless photo!"

Evelyn sat up on Cain's lap. "What? How?"

Cain's cock remained hard but he'd stopped moving inside her. "He said it was from the Christmas party. You looked like that chick from Grease."

Evelyn relaxed slightly. She remembered the night well, or more to the point didn't remember it well enough. "Oh."

"I deleted it!"

"What?"

"I got his phone and deleted it. It was the only copy." Cain confessed.

"You did that for me?" Evelyn asked, more tears forming in her eyes.

"I'd do anything for you Mom!"

She lay back down on Cain's chest. Her breasts pressed to his skin. "I don't know how it's possible baby but think I love you even more."

* * * * *

Harold looked at his rear wheel and the broken chain hanging limply from the derailleur. He had waved the friends he had in the group away and the peloton moved on without him. Removing his helmet he began the long walk home, his bike beside him, cursing the fact he'd forgotten to bring his phone.

* * * * *

"What about you?" Evelyn asked.

"What about me what?" Cain replied, allowing his mother to control the rhythm of their fucking.

"That night. Why were you so horny young man?"

Cain smiled. "Remember when we were walking home to my place and you had to go to the toilet? Watching you do it was probably the most beautiful thing I think I've ever seen!"

Evelyn halted the movement of her hips on his groin and for a moment Cain thought he'd offended her. Quite the contrary. She eased his cock out of her vagina and took his hand. "Come on, come with me."

In the bathroom Evelyn sat down on the toilet, leaning back against the cistern she spread her legs to allow her son to see her splayed sex. The stream of clear urine gushed from her immediately spraying the inside of the bowl.

"Oh Jesus, Mom!" Cain exclaimed as she reached out for his erection. Taking him in her hand she wrapped her fingers around his slick length and brought him closer. Leaning forward Evelyn took her son into her mouth. Her lips enclosing around him. Her tongue a mattress for his cock to lie on he pushed slowly into her. Her pee

flowed directly down into the water, louder now and adding to the eroticism of the moment. Taking half of his cock into her mouth Evelyn masturbated the base longing for the taste of her son's semen.

"Mom can I do something?" Cain asked as he felt his orgasm moments away.

Pulling his cock from her mouth yet still lavishing it with kisses she looked up into his eyes as her flow of urine abated "Anything my love."

"Can I put it between your tits?" He asked bashfully.

Without answering, Evelyn pressed her chest up to meet his cock and placed his erection between her breasts. Enclosing her hands over her boobs she formed a tight hole for her son to fuck and looked down as the head of his cock bobbed up and down inside her ample cleavage.

Cain balanced himself by leaning on his mother's shoulders as he awkwardly fucked between her breasts. She looked up into his eyes before forming a mouthful of saliva and dribbling down onto his cock. The sight and the added lubricant did the trick for Cain. "Oh shit Mom, I'm gonna cum."

Evelyn looked back down at her son's penis as his semen burst forth. Cum sprayed her neck, her jawline. A thread of jism lined her cheek

and she laughed and praised him. "Oh my gosh. Good boy. You love Mommy's boobies don't you?"

Cain gasped as the last of his cum spurted out to flow back between her breasts and onto his cock. "Oh God that was good! Mom thank you so much."

Evelyn stood up still holding his cock, "You don't have to thank me honey. Come on let's get cleaned up."

In the shower Cain took a cake of soap and began washing the cum from his mother's face and chest. He soaped up her breasts and with her legs spread moved down between them. Working from the front and back he soaped her ass crack and at the same time, the pubes of her vagina and the slit. All pretext that he was cleaning her was lost as he began to masturbate his mother. Evelyn held the tiled partition of the shower with one hand and reached down to hold Cain's growing erection with the other.

"Don't panic, it's just me." Harold began as the door of the bathroom opened. He entered as Evelyn pushed Cain down below the partition and out of eyesight of her husband.

"What are you doing back?" She asked trying to remain calm in her panic.

Harold walked over to the toilet and pulled down the front of his bike shorts. He looked down. "You forgot to flush!" He remarked as he unleashed a stream. "My bike broke. I had to walk home. I've got grease all over me."

Cain knelt at his mother's feet. His face was inches from her ass. With the running water he was unaware of his father's actions. If they were to be found out here and now he thought, why not make it worth it? He reached up and separated his mother's legs and pressed his face between. Happily she helped him by bending forward slightly, pushing her pussy back onto his mouth.

"You're not going to shower now?" Her voice broke a little as Cain sucked on her clitoris.

"No I'll go and fix the chain."

Evelyn spread her legs wider and almost sat down on her son's face. Gripping the partition with both hands she watched Harold finish at the toilet, flush and begin walking out. He stopped. "Cain's car is out the front. He gone to see a friend?"

Evelyn hadn't thought of it and was glad Harold had come up with an explanation. She then thought of his clothes left in the living room and hoped Harold wouldn't pass by that way. "I guess. He must have come by and I was in here!" Cain spread her ass wide. She felt his tongue move from her clit to her vagina and enter. "Aghhhh" She exclaimed.

Harold took a step closer. "You O.k.?"

"Yes! Just the hot water."

"Why are you having another shower anyway?" Harold asked now openly curious about her actions.

Evelyn lowered a hand to her pussy and began masturbating her clit, the movement of her hand unseen by Harold. "I did yoga and got sweaty."

The explanation satisfied her husband. "Oh fair enough. Well if you need me I'll be in the garage."

Harold closed the door behind him and Evelyn's legs collapsed. She turned as she descended and lowered herself onto Cain's awaiting cock. Their orgasm came as one as the water cascaded upon their bodies, their mouths locked.

Finally after minutes passed in each other's arms Evelyn spoke. "That was too close!"

"My place next time?" Cain was quick to offer.

Evelyn smiled and kissed his ear. "You're forgetting we have work tomorrow!"

"That records room does get awfully sweaty." Cain whispered, his cock staying hard inside his mother.

"There's no telling what might happen!" Evelyn sighed as she squeezed his cock with her vagina.

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Harold returned from the garage, his hands dark with grease. "Not staying for lunch?" He questioned as Cain innocently kissed his mother's cheek in the act of farewell.

"Oh I didn't know I was invited!" Cain replied.

Evelyn smiled. "Of course you can stay honey. We've hardly seen you today!"

"Well if it's alright with Dad, sure."

"As long as you're not sick of your mother that is!" Harold laughed, moving off towards the bathroom to clean up.

Cain and Evelyn looked at each other holding hands.

"No. I'll never get sick of you Mom." Cain confessed and mouthed "I love you" silently, to her alone.

Evelyn had never been happier.

Chapter 3

"I'm telling you bro, the little punk's banging her!"

Miles Bradley winced at the volume of Devon's voice as he listened to the story. "Drunken dancing does not an affair make!" He responded. "Who else have you been telling this to?"

"Everyone!" Devon looked surprised Miles wasn't buying the tale. "You saw her at the party, it wasn't just the booze man, she was all over him."

Miles shook his head. "Can I remind you she was actually pretty restrained this year or has your memory been deleted with that photo?"

Devon looked sour at the thought of the lost image. "You explain her flashing and pissing in the street with Cain looking on then."

Miles peered over Devon's shoulder and quickly turned his back heading for the staircase, abandoning his wait for the elevator. "Where the fuck are you going?" Devon yelled to him before he felt the presence of someone else behind him. Turning he was met with the appearance of the company C.E.O. Walter Fisk and he swallowed nervously at his sober visage.

"How about you come up to my office Mr. Tallis and you can explain to me what you think is going on in my company." Walter suggested, and as if on cue the elevator doors chimed open.

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Devon Tallis straightened his tie as he walked from Walter Fisk's office. Proud of the information he'd relayed to the boss he headed back to his own work space, winking at a female receptionist as he passed who (unseen by him) rolled her eyes in response.

Walter strode to the window sipping from his coffee cup as he looked out on the clear L.A. morning. Smarmy git, he thought. He'd be sure to inform Devon's manager of his staff's unprofessional conduct. Spreading rumors and innuendo wasn't in the Fisk & Tavish dna; he'd definitely be receiving a warning. As to the information however. "Evelyn, Evelyn, Evelyn." Walter mused. "What have you been up to?"

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Evelyn ran a hand along her thigh, admiring the feel of the satin chiffon blend of her new pleated skirt. Seated in her car at the traffic lights she calculated the amount of money she'd spent the day before. Thank goodness for separate bank accounts, she thought. Harold would not have approved.

Sunday afternoon retail therapy was what she'd called it when he saw her arrive home with the bags under her arms. New dresses and skirts, some items of lingerie and some cheap and trashy underwear. She hadn't had a splurge like that in years, Harold's seeming disinterest in her had seen her dressing sexily, solely for herself; now however she had the joy of dressing to impress another.

Her hand reached the hem of the skirt and touched her stocking clad inner thigh. A tingle ran up her spine as she thought of Cain's hands on her. His eyes on her new clothing, her body beneath. She allowed her fingers to stroke back along her now parted legs and under the skirt, bunching it to her waist. Her tan stay up stocking tops exposed and the white triangle of her thong now visible to her and anyone who happened to look into her car. She cared not. Her mind was caught in a vision of her son between her legs. Her hand as if controlled by another, pressed against her now sodden panties. Her legs spread further, her fingers pushed at the entrance to her vagina and a car beeped her from behind. Evelyn cleared her head and smiling to herself drove through the intersection, her workplace only blocks away.

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Cain waited on the couch in his mother's office. It hadn't even been twenty four hours since he'd seen her but it felt an eternity. Crazy, he thought. He'd seen this woman nearly every day of his life, thought he knew everything about her and yet now he ached to lay his eyes upon her, yearned to learn every aspect of her being.

Evelyn left the elevator and headed towards her office. She could see the top of Cain's head seated on the couch through the glass partition and she sucked in a breath at his presence. Smiling at a secretary as she passed, the girl turned to her colleague and whispered something unheard and unseen by Evelyn.

She entered the office and ignoring her son walked straight to her desk, placing her handbag down on it's surface. Bending forward with her back to Cain, she took up a pen and feigned writing something on a notepad. Cain for a moment presumed she hadn't noticed he'd arrived before her but as she leaned forward he knew exactly what she was doing.

Evelyn had tested it at home of course. Bending before the mirror in her bedroom, she was satisfied with how high her skirt rose up the back of her legs. The stocking tops revealed. Perfect, she thought. It was the same word Cain now said in his head as he gazed upon the long legs of his mother. His vantage point was optimal to witness the show. The racing green pleated skirt revealing the lace top of his mother's stockings, he craved to know the color and design of her panties. That would come, he thought. "Ahem," Cain cleared his throat. "Good morning Evelyn."

Evelyn turned around and straightened. She looked out into the office to see if anyone had witnessed and smiled back at her son. "Oh Cain! I didn't know you were there." She lied. Leaning her bottom back onto the desk she parted her feet and allowed her skirt to press down on the contour of her legs and crotch. The black spaghetti strap

tank top hugged her torso like he longed to, bra straps visible, supporting her wondrous breasts.

"How was your weekend?" She asked, keeping it professional. Outside the office a colleague approached the photocopier and seemed to be hovering.

Cain smiled, enjoying the charade. "Really good. Went to my parent's place. Spent some time with my mom." He watched as his mother walked around and sat at her desk turning on her computer in the process. Beneath the desk he noticed her raise her skirt high on her thigh. High enough that he could see the lace top of her stocking.

"Oh that's nice. I'm sure she loved that." She watched the person at the photocopier drift away, no longer eavesdropping and the question in her mind as to why they would've been, drifted away with them.

Opening her email she received a confirmation about the fan. "Oh good news. Our fan should be downstairs. Shall we go and check it out?" She asked.

Cain stood and did his best to camouflage his erection. "Ready when you are Evelyn."

Walking behind her to the lift he noticed eyes on them and assumed they were admiring Evelyn's clothing. He certainly was.

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Walter looked through the employee files on his computer. Evelyn Parker's record appeared and he smiled at her photo. Ten years Evelyn, he thought. You and Harold always seemed happy together. He recalled not having seen Harold at the golf club in years and for a moment questioned whether he had possibly passed away. No, he thought. Evelyn spoke of him not three months back. Why would she be having an affair with a co-worker? The evidence Devon had provided had been quite damning. Photos of them on the dance floor. He acknowledged that everyone was drunk at the Christmas party but they did seem to be very close. The kicker was Devon witnessing her, how did he put it? "Flashing and pissing in the street, with Cain looking on!" Admittedly the image did sound arousing to even Walter but he tried to remain professional.

So why this lad? Walter asked himself. Devon described them walking from the scene arm in arm laughing like lovers toward Cain's apartment. He questioned Devon as to how he knew where Cain lived and he provided a feasible response in that he'd gone there with Miles Bradly to drop off a costume the day before. Again he asked himself, why this lad? Throw away thirty years of marriage for an office fling. He typed in the name of the boy. Cain Trainor. Trainor, he thought. Why did the name ring bells? It was as if a light bulb came on above his head. Trainor! That's Harold's surname. "He's her bloody son!"

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The fan was big and highly effective. They set it to rotate on its pedestal and although it didn't cool the room, it circulated the air and made the work space far more pleasant. Cain opened the next box of Morris accounts and withdrew a file for himself and his mother. "Do you want Darlene's Antiques and Collectables or Daryl's Plumbing?"

Evelyn smiled. "Give me the plumber, my pipes need seeing too!"

Cain snorted. "Oh Mom!"

"What? Too crude?" She laughed.

"Well not for me!" Cain grinned handing her the folder. Evelyn ran her hand over his as she took it and goosebumps formed on Cain's flesh. "I love you so much."

She smiled and her heart filled with pride as they set about the day's work.

Evelyn was first to finish her account and headed to the cabinets to file it away. Passing Cain she ran her hand over his shoulder and walked behind him. Cain immediately swiveled in his chair and followed her progress. As his mother opened the filing cabinet, the fan oscillated in her direction and the wind caught her skirt. The material rose up to reveal her stockings as before and then lowered, the fan returned and again it flew up. This time higher allowing Cain

to see the bare bottom of his mother. "Oooh." She cried as the fan did it's business and she feebly attempted to hold her skirt down.

She turned to make sure Cain was watching and her expression proved she was thrilled with the action of the fan and the audience. Again the fan blessed her with it's breeze and Cain's jaw dropped as her skirt rose, fluttering around her hips to flash the small triangle of white thong barely covering her vagina. It explained why he'd seen her entire butt a moment earlier, the material small enough to allow the curl of her pubic hair to protrude above. "Jesus Mom. That's beautiful." He praised her as she enjoyed the air flow.

"It feels wonderful too!" She added, pressing down the skirt as it rose around her.

"Marilyn Monroe eat your heart out!" Cain stated. His cock was straining against his pants, causing an uncomfortable feeling. He needed to re-adjust but really wanted to release it. With his mother seemingly not going anywhere in a hurry, he relented. "Oh fuck it!" He exclaimed, and unzipped, pulling his hardness from his fly.

"Oh goodness!" Evelyn feigned shock when she saw his cock. She raised a hand to her mouth with her lips open as if in horror and then resumed her exhibition.

"Can you turn around again?" Cain asked and quickly Evelyn responded. Spreading her legs shoulder width, Cain now could see the white string dissecting her ass cheeks, the bulge of her pussy

hanging between them from the other side. He slowly stroked his cock, admiring the beauty before him, squeezing harder when she took hold of the string and pulled it aside and over one cheek. His mother turned once again, the skirt still raising and lowering. She repeated her act with the front, pulling her thong to the side, revealing this time her thatch of brown pubic hair, her lips below.

It was too much for Cain. "Oh fuck! Come here Mom." He held out his hands for her to climb atop him but Evelyn was thinking rationally. If someone entered the basement it would be hard to explain her sitting on Cain's lap. Instead she spun Cain in his chair to again face his computer. Leaning down she took hold of his cock below the desk and began jerking her son off. Cain's hand ran up the back of his mother's leg beside him. He reached her stocking tops and went further, his fingers delving into her dripping pussy. Back and forth he slid along her labia from her asshole to her pubes. He ran his saturated fingers up into her pubic hair, dampening the entire region with her wet.

Evelyn furiously beat on her son's cock as Cain slid two fingers inside her. His thumb pressed on her anus and tentatively entered. The mental stimulation of the act hastened Cain's orgasm. "Oh Mom, I'm about to.." Before he could finish the sentence Evelyn turned the chair slightly and lowered her mouth onto his cock. Half way down she plunged and squeezed at he base. Cain refused to let go of his hold on her pussy as he began to cum into his mother's mouth. For Evelyn it was a first. Never for Harold, nor before him had she allowed a man to cum in her mouth. As each spurt from her son shot down her throat, collected in her mouth, she felt she was only now feeling true love. Only now devoting herself entirely to another

human being, becoming as one with her own flesh and blood, her son.

As she swallowed the last of her son's semen the bell of the elevator rang and the doors slowly opened outside the records room. Cain was quick to take his hand from under his mother's skirt and re-do his pants as he saw the C.E.O. walk out and toward their room. Evelyn made her way to the door and unlocked it for Walter to enter.

"Jesus. I can see why you needed the fan." Walter acknowledged. "Sorry about that Evelyn, we should've got it sooner."

"It's not a problem Walter." She kissed him on the cheek, fully realizing it was the mouth that seconds ago had been full of cum and welcomed him further into the room but he stayed put. Cain approached and introduced himself, shaking the man's hand in greeting before returning to his chair.

"So what brings you down to the dungeon?" Evelyn asked.

Now that he'd stood before the boy he could see the resemblance between he and his father although he'd not seen him in years. Even the similarities between mother and son were glaring to someone that knew they were related, possibly missed by a casual observer. "Actually I need to have a word with you privately Evelyn if you have a moment." Walter asked.

"Oh, um we could organize a date and time.." Evelyn began but was interrupted by Walter.

"Well this is kind of important so I was hoping to do it now." He proposed.

"Ah yes. Sure. We can go in here." She gestured to the server room and followed the boss through to the next room.

"Ooh bloody hell, it's like the Arctic!" He quipped referring to the change in temperature.

Evelyn smiled and held one arm with the other beneath her breasts. Walter allowed his eyes to quickly stray across her top as he noticed the woman's nipples harden in the cold clime. Dolly Parker 'they' called her, he thought. Crude but my god, she did have great tits!

Walter forced himself to concentrate on the issue at hand and avoided the woman's mammaries. "Evelyn you've been here what? More than ten years?"

Evelyn nodded in response. "Uh huh. Coming up to eleven in February."

"Eleven. Hell that makes me feel old." He realized the comment may have come out wrong and implied she too was old and tried to

correct it. "Oh I'm not saying you are old as well, I'm just saying you were one of the first here when Tavish and I started. You've always stayed loyal. You're one of the good ones."

"Thank you Walter. It's been a pleasure working here. Um, you didn't come down here to tell me that though. What's this about?" She asked, slightly concerned.

"Well no I didn't that's right. I'll get to it. A complaint was made by a fellow staff member that you were seen fraternizing with a subordinate in direct line of report, in a manner that may be deemed inappropriate to your position."

For a moment Evelyn was taken aback by the jargon before she realized what he was saying. "Who made this complaint?"

"Obviously I can't say, and obviously what with your well, 'relationship' to the other accused party I'm not taking the complaint seriously..." Walter began but Evelyn had already begun confessing.

"It's true! We've been sleeping together but it's not affecting the work. It happened after I employed him...wait, what?" She had begun speaking before she fully heard all Walter had stated, not registering his 'relationship' remark.

Walter looked shocked. "I'm sorry Evelyn, did you say it's true?"

She didn't respond to the question. Her mind was reeling with what she'd just freely admitted. Her defense was to admit the inappropriate relationship, she or Cain would be reassigned and the fact he was her son wouldn't be discovered. Stupidly she'd assumed no one would associate Cain's surname with her husbands and yet, here was Walter. One time golf partner of Harold's. The house of cards was falling around her.

"Evelyn. I came down here to alert you to the complaint. When I realized Cain was your son I dismissed it but just needed to discuss the nepotism factor. Now you're telling me you actually are sleeping with him?"

She didn't know what to do. She hadn't felt so frightened, so unsure of the future since childhood. Cain noticed her demeanor from the other room and stood in anticipation of something happening.

"Walter I don't know what to say...I." She couldn't complete the sentence, she couldn't think of another word.

Walter had overcome his initial shock at her admission of incest. He looked at the woman almost completely defeated before him and felt nothing but sympathy. "Evelyn," he reached out and touched the cold skin on her arm. "Hey. It's O.k. You're not in any trouble with me."

Evelyn looked up into the older man's eyes. So full of caring and empathy.

"I told you, you're one of the good ones." He ran his hand up and down quickly, attempting to warm the area and re-assure her. "I don't care who you're sleeping with. Frankly it's none of my or anyone else's business." He thought of his own household structure, that of his wife and granddaughter. "To be honest, I'm the last person that'll cast stones."

Evelyn couldn't believe her ears. One moment she saw only doom and gloom, the next she was rapturous. "So you won't say anything to Harold?"

Walter smiled. "Why would I? Between you and me I think he used to cheat on the course. Serves him right!"

Evelyn laughed as Walter pulled on her arm to lead her out of the server room. Cain exited the records room alongside them, fully aware something dramatic had just occurred.

"Oh. Now the nepotism thing." Walter began. "You should've just come to me if your boy needed the job, I would've allowed it! And the other thing." He smiled at Evelyn and looked towards Cain. "Try and be a little more discreet you two!" Walter patted Cain on the shoulder as he headed towards the elevator.

"Mom! What was that about?" Cain asked as the doors closed on the C.E.O.

Evelyn wrapped her arms around her son and kissed him on the mouth. "I'll tell you later. But there's nothing for us to worry about." She looked down at her watch. "It's nearly time. What's say we go to your place for lunch?"

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Cain and Evelyn lay back on the mattress puffing as if they'd just run a marathon. "Oh my God that was good." Evelyn panted. She ran a finger through the cum trail from between her breasts, down to her pubic bone. Cain rolled onto his side and looked at his mother across the pillow. He reached out and stroked her hair behind her ear and left his hand on her head.

"Have I told you I love you?" He smiled.

Evelyn remained staring up at the ceiling. "Ah only about three times today but a fourth wouldn't hurt!"

"Then, I love you."

She smiled and turned to face him. "I love you too."

"Now are you going to tell me about back at the office?" He asked.

"Ugh. I bet it was your friend Devon!" Evelyn deduced.

"What? He's not my friend, I hate that douchebag! What about him?"

"Someone told Walter you and I were having an affair." Evelyn confessed.

Cain sat up on his elbow. "What? You think it was Devon?" He thought of the constant baiting, the snide comments about his mother, the deleted photo. "Fuck you're probably right. I didn't want to say it at the time but I swore it was him on the street after the Christmas party."

"Well it doesn't matter anyway," Evelyn continued. "Walter is fine with it as long as it doesn't affect the job. Oh, and he knows you're my son!"

The last part she threw in quickly and turned away grinning. The cum ran from her body down onto the sheets as Cain sat up in horror.

"What? He knows we're related?" He reached out and grabbed Evelyn's shoulder, turning her back towards him.

Laughing, Evelyn took hold of Cain's arms to fend him off. "Yep. He doesn't care about that either. Say's it serves your father right for cheating on the golf course!"

Play wrestling, Cain mounted his mother, his ass coming down on her pubic hair, his hardening cock on her stomach. "So we're good?" He pinned her arms above her head.

"Oh we're good baby!" She looked down at her son's penis, now fully erect and again up into his eyes. "And we've still got twenty minutes!"

Cain was thinking the same thing but he wouldn't need that long. Still pinning her arms he moved his legs off her and positioned himself between her thighs. The head of his cock found her slick opening and entered her body for the third time that day. Evelyn arched her back and neck at the penetration as Cain lowered his mouth to her breasts. Struggling to trap a nipple between his lips as her breasts jiggled with his thrusting, he released his hold on her arms and used his free hands to hold his mother's tits. Her nipples erect, he sucked on the left while pinching the right. "Oh yes baby, suck on Mommy's tits."

Cain swapped breasts, devouring the right before kissing his way up her neck to her mouth. Their tongues met and entwined. She bit down on him, sucking it into her mouth as his cock plunged away at her pussy. Cain's balls slapped his mother's ass as he hammered into her, faster and faster. "Fuck baby yes. Harder, yes." Evelyn screamed.

He'd already cum twice but this would be the best, the fastest. He kissed her neck, her ear. He wrapped a hand down behind her ass

for leverage, pulling her pelvis onto each thrust as his orgasm approached.

Evelyn closed her eyes with the pleasure of her son fucking her. She pulled his weight fully down on top of her and bit into his shoulder as she herself began to cum. It was explosive, intense. Cain cried out above her in his own ecstasy as he flooded her with his love and she in turn released a flow. The pleasure of her orgasm overcame her and whether it was Cain's weight on her bladder or her complete abandon, she realized she was peeing. Cain was quick to notice, feeling the excess wet at his groin. "Mom! Are you squirting?"

For a moment she couldn't answer, the feeling of releasing her bladder prolonging her orgasm. Oh my god I'm pissing, she thought. I'm in bed pissing. On my son!

Cain lifted his body off her, his cock still inside and erect and looked down at their groins. As soon as he saw it he knew, the stream flowing around his cock and down between them to the bed.

"Oh baby I'm so sorry." Evelyn offered, stemming the tide.

For what? Cain wondered. His cock remained hard for a reason. His mother had just pissed on him and he couldn't have been more turned on.

"I'm so embarrassed." She confessed, raising her hands to cover her face.

"Mom," Cain finally answered. "Don't be. That was fucking hot!"

Evelyn peeked between her fingers. "Really?" She asked tentatively. "You liked it?"

Cain pushed his hard-on deep inside her again and she sighed as he removed her hands from her face. Kissing her on the lips he whispered into her mouth. "I loved it!"

His cock hard, no harder, he pulled out and re-entered. His mother's mouth opened in an 'O', her head thrown back.

Wrapping his arms beneath her, their bodies had never been closer. Evelyn held his back and drew him in, raising her knees up to deepen his penetration. Cain started slow and increased quickly, his ass furiously bucking at her groin. Evelyn again let go as Cain slammed into her, climaxing around her son's cock, piss and cum squelching from her pussy to form a pool beneath them. Cain came, amazed his balls had anything left to give, only slowing his thrusting with the last pulse of semen, finally releasing his breath. "Oh my God Mom. You're right, that was good."

Evelyn took her mouth from his neck where she'd been sucking, leaving another love bite for him to attempt to hide.

"Mmm I wish we didn't have to go back to work." She puffed.

"We could play hooky!" Cain proposed.

Evelyn laughed at the suggestion. "Oh yeah, Walter would really appreciate that."

Cain slowly pulled out of his mother, dripping with cum and urine. He held a hand to her and pulled her off the sodden mattress. "Come on, quick shower and we'll get going."

As they touched and kissed on the way to the bathroom, Cain's cock was already re-hardening.

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They left the carpark via the street exit and walked into the foyer of the building together. "You go on ahead Evelyn, I'll be down in a minute." Cain stated when he noticed Devon and Miles standing in the cafe awaiting an order. He waited until his mother had entered the lift before he approached the two men.

Standing directly behind Devon, Cain reached out and pinched his fingers into the other man's shoulder in the same fashion as had once been done to him. Digging deep into his joint Cain was pleased to

see Devon's shoulder collapse and his knees begin to buckle under the pain. Once he was knelt, Cain leaned into the man's ear and whispered. "You ever speak about Evelyn and I to the boss again. You ever call her that name. You ever even look at her again. I'll kick your fucking head in. You hear me?" He waited for a response and when Devon nodded in defeat, Cain released the grip on his shoulder.

Standing tall again Cain looked first to Miles who smiled and nodded and then around at the twenty or so staff who'd witnessed the altercation. To his surprise, none seemed to be shocked at the scene, in fact he was even offered admiring looks by a couple of the women nearby and a thumbs up by another junior member of staff. Straightening his tie, Cain headed towards the elevator imagining a slow clap as if he were in an 80's movie, and back down to join his mother in the dungeon.

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"So I have Debbie's Bridal and Lingerie or Del Aire Pumping Services. Which do you want?" Cain asked, holding up the two files.

"You're making these up!" Evelyn laughed.

"Nope." Cain replied, showing her the labels.

"Oh my goodness. Well, I guess I'll take the lingerie and you can go the pumping, it's what you're good at." She giggled.

"Have I told you I love you today?" Cain asked.

Evelyn just smiled.