

Onesie is the
Loneliest Number

I guess it was my fault. My parent's divorce after thirty years of a seemingly happy marriage; all stemming from what was an innocent birthday present and a series of events. But I'm jumping the gun; let me start from the start.

Only a week prior to my mother's 50th birthday I was wandering (as per usual, alone) a local shopping mall in a search for an appropriate present. Not my ideal Saturday morning activities, there was at least some excitement as I ventured into the womenswear section of the department store and witnessed what looked like the apprehension of a middle-aged shoplifter. A young security guard leading the offending woman away quickly.

"She was stealing," a female voice startled me from behind and I turned to see an attractive sales assistant shelving bra.

"Oh, they're never what you think they'll look like," I remarked, and the girl smiled.

"No, which is why I've got my eye on you," she flirted, and it was then I who grinned.

"I promise, I'm not stealing women's underwear," I far too quickly responded and felt myself blush at the possible creepiness of the comment.

She didn't seem to mind and even proffered a laugh which heartened me.

"But seriously, can I help you with anything?" She offered.

"Maybe. I need a present for my Mom," I admitted. We were standing essentially in the middle of the lingerie department and the girl looked around with an almost startled look on her face. "I mean NOT lingerie; pajamas or something?" I quickly added.

"Oh, of course," she acknowledged and gestured to follow her. "Maybe something like this?" She ran her hand down the white satin of a teddy and I grimaced looking at the short length, the lace around the bust.

"Yeah, for my mom though?" I questioned and the girl laughed.

"*Mmm*, maybe you're right. Well winter is approaching, what about something a little warmer?"

She led me to a section with more appropriate sleepwear for a son buying for his mother. Long nightdresses, flannel pajamas, dressing gowns and although thankfully less sexy, they were also pretty boring.

Obviously noting my lack of enthusiasm she gestured toward a rack of onesies. "We just got these in," she explained, holding out the arm of a pink one and prompting me to touch. "Don't they feel nice? And they're super cute. I'm sure your mom would love it!"

It was true, the material was alluring to the touch and as my finger accidentally brushed hers I felt a spark of attraction; letting go I had to admit I was getting pretty aroused.

"My boyfriend bought me a similar one last year, they're so warm!" She immediately deflated my aspirations of a romantic tryst. But I agreed that it would be a suitable fit for my mother and asked if one could be wrapped; choosing the pink. A supplemental gift of some perfume rounded my spend up to \$150 and although a little more than I usually spent on a present for Mom, I figured she was worth it! I unfortunately left the store alone.

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I made it home around midday and secreted my purchases away in my room before heading to the kitchen to make lunch. Dad was in the process of making a list in preparation of Mom's birthday get together, extra food and alcohol with my sister and her family making the trek down from the North of the state.

"I'm just doing the numbers for next Saturday Jake," Dad stated. "Are you bringing anyone?"

I thought of the girl at the department store as I slumped down at the kitchen table with my sandwich.

"Ugh, no I don't think so," I miserably responded and out of the blue received a kiss upon my cheek from behind.

"Don't worry Sweetheart," Mom cheered as she rounded the table and headed for the fridge. "You'll find someone soon. It'll happen when you least expect it!"

Now I wasn't one to openly perve on women. Let me just state that outright. And certainly not the women in my family. But I had to admit as I watched Mom walk from the dining table across our large kitchen, my eyes were openly glued to her ass. Was it what she wore? Possibly. Obviously returning from her regular post-lunch walk, she was in her exercise gear but not the clothing she usually donned.

Mom for the past year had been doing a lot to lose weight. Regular exercising; a gym membership and healthy eating, to a point where Dad and I had essentially by default been forced to become vegetarians. But I was used to seeing her in her baggy sweat pants and loose t-shirts. Whether she had just desired a change or felt her body had reached a state where she was comfortable showing it off, I didn't know, but the difference was stark.

A blue tank top sat above orange leggings so tight they seemed painted on. Claspings her still sizeable rear, the material vanished into the crack between her buttocks, a dark crevice a fingertip would

easily disappear into if ran along. Or a cock? I allowed my mind to envisage, immediately scolding myself for contemplating. Bending forward to retrieve a water bottle from a lower shelf, I watched as the lump of pussy appeared between her slightly spread thighs, unable to tear my eyes away from the sight though fully aware it was my mom I was ogling.

"You still drink bourbon?" Dad asked and startled I wrenched my gaze from her, looking at Dad as he in turn tracked where my own eyes had been fixed. I felt my face redden as he looked back at me from where Mom was turning from the fridge. I struggled to swallow my mouthful as I figured he'd discovered I'd been looking at Mom's ass.

"See something in there we need?" He followed up, seemingly oblivious of what in fact I'd been staring at.

"What? Ah, no. Bourbon? Yeah," I managed to change the focus and nodding he went back to his list.

"I don't know how you drink that smelly stuff," Mom contributed. "You know it's full of sugar."

Her speaking allowed me to look directly at her again, the front of her ensemble as tantalising as the rear. Lifting the water bottle to her mouth she took a long draught, spilling a dribble down her chin in the process. "Oh goodness," she complained as her hand rose to wipe the trickle from her breast.

The action was innocent. Mere seconds before I'd not have paid any attention, but dressed in her obviously newly purchased attire, I was mesmerised. Her hand almost seductively (to my eyes) swept across one breast, her fingers pressing hard against her fitted top and the bra beneath. Were her boobs bigger? Was it just the overall loss of weight that accentuated them? I managed to answer her queries with something like, 'I enjoy the taste' and her attention went back upon my father.

It was a blessing, allowing me to surreptitiously examine the remainder of her body. Yes, my mother's body. A gap of skin between her leggings and sports top. Pale flesh, previously unexposed to the ending summer sun. Next year would she be so hesitant to reveal her body now that she'd come so far? Further down I scanned and there it was. The mound of Venus. Twenty two years living under the same roof and never had I surveyed that particular landscape. The pronounced bulge of a pussy. My mother's pussy. The triangle formed at her groin having a Bermuda-like ability to draw my eyes, lose myself in its beauty.

"You'll be having gin I suppose Jude," Dad muttered to my mother.

"Ooh yes please," Mom agreed, placing down her bottle and using an elastic spun around her wrist to tie her hair back in a pony tail. She was beautiful! A small damp patch of sweat on her top below her shaved armpit only making her more endearing. I wondered how she smelled; how she tasted?

"Jake!" My father banged the surface of the table and I snapped out of my delusion. "For the second time, do you want Coke?"

They were both looking at me and I again felt myself blush. "Um yeah, that'd be good," I managed to mumble and Mom smiled before I buried my face in my sandwich.

"So do we invite the neighbors?" Dad grumbled, clearly not in favour. "I say no, but this house is a democracy, so?"

"And I vote yes," Mom contradicted. "So It's up to you Jake."

I rose my eyes again up my mother's body, then her lips, her rosy cheeks and searching eyes.

"Ah, yes. I guess," siding with my mother. "Um, I'm just gonna go to my room to finish this," I excused myself, lifting my plate and trying to extract myself from their (her) presence as quickly as possible.

"What's gotten into him?" I heard Dad ask my mother and risking one look back I unfortunately found her eyes following my retreat, a bemused expression on her face.

Did she know? Was she aware I'd been admiring her body? My life would be over!

It wasn't until I reached my room that I became aware of my erection. My sweat pants did nothing to hide it; a tower of (dare I say it?) considerable size, jutting from the grey cotton/polyester blend at my groin.

"Your mother! Seriously?" I challenged myself in the reflection of my mirror before setting my plate down on my desk and slumping into the chair. "God, I need a girlfriend!" I mocked myself before relenting and lowering the front of my pants.

I'd barely managed a number of strokes before the gentlest knock on the door as it swung open.

A blur of blue and orange in the corner of my eye as I spun in my seat, frantically attempting to cover my erection with my t-shirt as Mom took half a step inside my room.

"Ooh, what are you doing?" She had the nerve to ask.

"What? Nothing! Mom, you can't knock?" I stalled and diverted.

"I did," she defended as I ridiculously lifted my sandwich to my mouth in a casual attempt to make it seem I hadn't indeed been masturbating. Even from my peripheral vision I could feel her eyes lift from the still exposed area of skin on my hip, my tightly held t-shirt providing only limited coverage.

"Your father wants to know if you want hamburgers or hotdogs?"
She continued.

I managed to finish my mouthful and with my cock too slowly losing its rigidity, I swung around in the chair to face her. Front on, it at least wasn't as obvious my pants were half off, my burning face though surely giving the game away. We both knew what I'd been doing but to her credit, apart from her initial question, she was handling it rather well. I however wasn't so professional.

She'd taken her half step back. Leaning against the doorframe for support or was it to frame her beauty? For that's how she looked. Beautiful. Just gazing on my mother in her tighter than tight active wear had my cock again rising, the arm holding my shirt in place surreptitiously creeping across to shield the swelling.

"I don't mind, it's your party," I answered. "You decide."

There was a moment of silence between us, Mom shifting her weight onto the other leg which accentuated her hip. She focussed on the doorframe for a second where her hand lay, caressing the wood before turning back to me.

"Maybe I'll be naughty for once and have a big hot dog," she mischievously smiled. "It is my birthday, what do you think?"

Was she toying with me? Was it flirting, innocent or otherwise? My interaction with the girl in the department store had proven to me I was useless at interpreting signals, and this was my mother! There was no way. But was that a hint of a blush that colored her cheeks?

"I think you should get whatever you want on your birthday," I reasoned, risking a scan of her body from her Skechers up her tights and over the mound of pussy, the twin mounds of breast, to rest on her gorgeous face.

"Then a hot dog it is!" She laughed as she reached out for the door, turning to leave the room.

I relaxed and checked out her ass a second time right as she looked over her shoulder at me. "Don't get it on your sandwich!" She blatantly stated as the door closed behind her and she was gone.

My mouth dried up instantly. I thought I'd been blushing before, it was nothing like I did then. I looked down at my t-shirt and my erection was clearly pressing through the material and to my horror, a wet patch of pre-cum had soaked through. I was aghast. She knew. She knew everything. That I'd been masturbating. That I was still hard whilst we talked. Did she know the reason I was in such a state? That it had been her. Was she playing on it with the hot dog references? Had Dad even prompted her to come and ask me to begin with?

I wrenched my t-shirt over my head and walked in front of the mirror, my pants dropping below my erection. And was I erect! So hard, the term 'rock' came to mind. I took myself in hand and stroked my length. 'Don't get it on your sandwich!' She'd said. My mother was talking about my cum! Was this normal in families and I was just misreading? It didn't seem that way. Something entirely weird and extremely exciting had just happened, and as I came into my other hand I closed my eyes and pictured her standing before me. And it was glorious.

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Sheepish. Is how I'd describe our relationship over the next few days. Nothing out of the ordinary occurring but a general feeling of uncertainty between us. A palpable awkwardness. I don't deny I took every opportunity to admire her beauty, I could describe every item of clothing she wore for a five day stretch, and that extended to her underwear.

I felt a great shame the first time I did it. Seeing her panties on the top of the laundry hamper and lifting them in my hands. In the past I'd mocked those that engaged in such behaviour, raising the delicate material to my face and inhaling the gusset. But in my own circumstance it seemed totally justified. I was honouring her. Praying to an idol as I breathed in her scent, the dampness against my lips and on two occasions, still warm. I felt them a gift; from mother to son. That she'd left them there for me alone. And was it possible she had? Always on top. Separated from the rest of her

clothing. I'd never noticed them prior to that week, or was it because I'd never looked? For them; at her?

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It had been a couple of months since my older sister Hannah and her family had visited and it was nice to see them again. Especially my niece and nephew who were growing exponentially.

"No girlfriend yet? Aren't you lonely?" Hannah ribbed me over the loud music as she offered me one of her beers.

"Oh leave him alone Hannah," Mom quickly defended me. "Your baby brother could get any girl he wanted, he just chooses to stay at home with his mother. Isn't that right Darling?" She stated as her hand squeezed my thigh above the knee.

It was such a strange moment. Any other time in my life Mom's joke would've brushed by me without thought. With the altercation in my bedroom a week previous however, the physical contact combined with the suggestive comment had me blushing like a schoolgirl. I'd already had a fair bit to drink and feeling emboldened, played along with the two women in my life.

"Actually Hannah, I'm kinda seeing someone," I lied catching them both off guard and seeing surprise in especially my mother's face.

"Yeah it's not really official just yet and she's a little older than me but things are looking good."

Dad interrupted our conversation, coming out of the house with an armful of collected presents and Mom unfortunately removed her hand from my leg, I, immediately wondering if the two were related.

"Presents before we eat, what do you say Judith?" Dad asked my mother and the few other family members and a couple of invited neighbors also present gathered around.

"We'll talk about this mystery woman later," Mom took the time to whisper to me before she answered my father with an emphatic 'yes!'

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"Oh that's another one from me," I admitted, having forgotten to label my gifts as Mom squeezed the wrapping of her pajamas. The presence of the kiss she'd given me on receiving her perfume still lingered on my cheek as I watched her unwrap the parcel.

"Oh it's, it's," she struggled to work out what she was pulling out of the wrapping before she had the onesie out entirely. "Oh it's a...what is it?" She asked, her brow furrowing.

It wasn't the reaction I'd been hoping for and I immediately realized I wouldn't win the 'best present' award. ('Worst' was sewn up by Dad who actually seemed despondent when Mom wasn't enthused by the iron and matching board. Yes, seriously.)

"Oh God Mom," my sister intervened. "It's a onesie, you sleep in it. They're actually really comfy."

I smiled at Hannah in thanks who rolled her eyes at our Mother's ignorance as Mom turned the item of clothing over in her hands.

"Oh it's got one of those flappy things on the bottom!" Mom pushed her hand through the buttoned flap on the seat of the onesie. "Someone will have to assist me when I go to the toilet!" She laughed and those assembled joined her.

Not me, I was now picturing her wearing it. All week I'd regretted buying the onesie, thinking I should've bought her something sexy, on occasion contemplating returning it. I was glad I hadn't. My focus at the time more on the sales assistant than the onesie, little did I know how alluring the purchase would turn out to be.

"I'm just joking Honey," Mom leaned in and again kissed my cheek, her lips cool, her breath warm with a hint of gin. "I love it. I'll wear it to bed tonight!"

My cock swelled.

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The party went late, my sister and the kids staying with her husband's family, leaving around midnight with the other guests. Dad attempted a drunken clean-up but seemed to be doing more harm than good and after a few minutes, Mom dragged him to bed along with her. I sat outside for a long while nursing my bourbon and coke, looking at the stars and contemplating life which just left me feeling depressed. What had I been thinking was going to happen? Mom and I would fuck? I actually laughed out loud at how preposterous was the proposition. You need a girlfriend Jake, I told myself as I thought of my sister's family, Mom and Dad probably already asleep beside each other. I raised my glass to the moon and downed the last of the alcohol before picking myself up and heading inside for bed.

Tossing, turning. It was no good, sleep wouldn't come. Giving it another twenty minutes, I conceded and headed back to the scene of the party in only boxer shorts and a t-shirt to at least do something productive and tidy up a little outside. On my second return to the kitchen with a handful of paper plates, Mom entered from the hallway.

I'd never seen a woman look as cute. She was wearing the onesie, the attached hood up over her head and a broad smile on her face.

"I was wondering where you were, I went to your room to show you," Mom held out her arms to signify the onesie. "I love it Jake, it's so warm!"

I scanned her body from top to toe and back, the pajamas seemingly a perfect fit for her shape. She'd left the few buttons on the front undone which revealed a large amount of her chest and it was obvious she wore nothing underneath. Did that extend to her panties, I wondered?

"I'm glad you like it," I smiled, remaining cool. "I thought you'd be asleep."

"Your father is. But I remembered I need to hear about this mystery woman!" Mom remarked, alluding to my lie earlier in the night I'd forgotten about telling.

"Oh," I fidgeted and turned my face from her enquiring eyes. "Yeah I kinda lied. Just to get Hannah off my back," I explained.

"Hmm, okay," Mom acknowledged but fixed me with a sceptical look when I again caught her gaze.

I went to the sink and poured myself a glass of water, offering Mom one in the process to which she declined.

"Oh no thank you Darling, I'll be up all night," she detailed. "Actually that's something you can help me with."

I choked on the last mouthful of water.

"What?"

In explanation she turned her bottom towards me, presenting the buttoned up flap on her rear.

"Remember I said I'd need help going to the toilet?" She coyly stated. "Would you?"

My heart began beating rapidly and I did my best to remain calm on the exterior, like it was just a normal thing.

"Sure, I..I guess," I stammered and Mom took over, taking my hand and leading me back down the hallway, stopping outside the second bathroom. "So Dad couldn't help you?" I stupidly remarked. Why would I put in her head there was another person to help out?

"I told you, he's asleep," Mom whispered as she flicked on the light in the small guest ensuite, her eyes searching mine before she dropped them and casually turned her body from me.

I looked down at her ass. The curve of her back and her cheeks bulging out the pink stripy material, the two buttons holding the flap in place.

"I, what do I do?" I asked, my hands trembling in anticipation.

"Just unbutton me silly," she quietly giggled.

Oh God! Had I fallen asleep outside and was living out a fantasy in my dreams?

"Come on Baby," Mom whispered. "I'm busting!"

This was no dream! I raised my shaking hands and pressed my fingers to the soft material at her lower back, clasping the button and fumbling as I unfastened.

Mom's hand reached around and took hold of the flap as it began to fall, retaining some modesty as I moved across to the next, repeating the service. She wasn't so principled on that side, allowing the material to drop down revealing her bare left buttock. I was speechless; breathless as she slowly turned and smiled.

"Won't be a minute Darling," she sighed.

"What, you want me to wait?"

"Well of course, it'd be too fiddly to do myself!" She explained. "You don't mind?"

All I could do was shake my head as she took hold of the door and slowly closed it upon me.

The sound came directly and I leaned back against the wall beside the door revelling in the symphony. Her pee hitting the surface of the water, a strong flow as soothing to the ear as a mountain stream that had my cock straining against my shorts. Far too soon the sound of my mother urinating ended followed by the tear of paper and the accompanying flush. If I'm too descriptive, I don't apologise. I need to convey how obsessed I was becoming with this woman. If nothing came of it (which to be honest I still doubted) then I wanted to be sure to remember everything. I heard her wash her hands, and then the door opened.

For a brief moment I thought she would be nude. That she'd draw me in and we'd fuck. No. The only difference being she'd dropped the hood. Her eyes alighted on me and I swore she looked at my groin, my erection relatively discrete under my t-shirt. Taking a step out she hesitated as I nervously smiled back, before without speaking she once again turned her back on me.

I could've fainted. The flap sat open, exposing the entirety of both buttocks and the tops of her thighs. With the light before her, the area

was in relative darkness but it didn't affect the beauty of my mother's bare bottom.

"Would you do the honours Darling?" Mom sighed over her shoulder and if that meant lavishing her rear with kisses I would certainly volunteer. Retaining control in the advent I was still misreading her signals, I took hold of the flap of material and lifted it back into position, buttoning one and then without her stopping me, the other.

Disappointed but proud of myself I watched her turn and face me. Was there a similar look to her visage? Disappointment?

"Thank you Jake," she whispered and I could hear it in her voice. Regret.

"Um, any time," I ventured. "I mean, I bought it for you. So I guess it's only fitting for me to, well, like," I was rambling. Words were coming out of me without thought under her gaze. "So I guess I'll go to bed. So...um, goodnight."

I leaned in to kiss her goodnight. Something we never did but it was her birthday so I figured things were a little different. Oh, they were different.

Her cheek met mine. One of those kisses were the lips never touch skin, an air kiss and we both lingered. Her breast was almost making

contact with my chest. I wanted to lift a hand and touch her, take her arm in my grip and feel her flesh through her pajamas. Her breath was on my neck, in my hair and I could feel her beginning to draw away. I needed to do something, anything.

"I love you," I whispered in her ear before we parted.

And then the world changed.

"Oh Jake," Mom sighed as she faced me, her hands rising to my t-shirt and tugging me with her back into the bathroom.

"Mom?" I managed as she pushed me against the open door and a hand dropped down to the front of my shorts. "Jesus!"

Her free hand went to my mouth, muffling my cry as her other entered the unbuttoned fly, loosing my cock from my underwear. Her fingers were upon me, her small fist wrapped around my shaft and frantically began masturbating. I could do not much more than look on as pinning me to the door she tugged on my cock, her eyes looking from mine, down to the action to oversee her progress.

Her face was flushed, the undone buttons at her chest exposing equally as red blushing between her boobs. The feeling was indescribable. More pleasurable than beating myself off. As satisfying as actual sex. Mom's hand moved so quickly, so expertly, we both knew I wouldn't last long. My orgasm seconds away I

mumbled beneath her tightly clasped hand and she turned her body slightly in front of me in preparation.

Just in time. The explosion of cum was about as dramatic as I'd seen myself produce. Jet after jet of sperm surging from my swollen head across the tiled floor of the bathroom. Mom's eyes gleamed with delight as she followed the shower she'd created, not slowing her rhythm until the last pulses of cum were exhausted. Only then retaining her hold and milking the remnants to drip down upon her fingers.

"Mom," I repeated as her hand allowed me to speak, to breathe freely.
"Are you sure?"

"Do I look sure?" She confidently spoke and moved into me.

Our lips came together for the first time ever. Mother and son locked at the mouth, no tongue, just an intimate display of affection, of love. Her kiss ended with her lips gripping my bottom lip for a mere second leaving a dab of saliva, a signature of her presence.

Together we looked down at the cum covered floor and her smiling face trekked back to mine.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it," I assured her, beaming.

"I'd better go," Mom whispered, her grip around me lessening, squeezing my length one last time to extract the very last of my cum to finally break from my body. Caressing my arm as a gesture of farewell she turned and tiptoed back down the hallway towards her bedroom, I noted without washing her cum covered hand.

I closed the door behind me and looked in the mirror. My cock still standing proud through the fly of my shorts, drained of incestuous sperm.

"Oh my God!" Was all I could muster.

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Again I couldn't sleep. Well not much. How could I after that? Twice more I got up in the night and roamed the house in the hope she'd find me but no such luck. I didn't dare go to her room. In the early morning and the cold light of day encroaching on my room I even began to wonder if I had in fact imagined it. That my first impression was correct and I'd indeed fallen asleep outside under the stars; it took only an hour after sunrise to know I hadn't.

I sat at the breakfast table and watched her. With Dad coming and going, cleaning up from the party as I ate a bowl of cereal, Mom delicately lifted a piece of toast to her mouth. Even the way she ate was beautiful, licking honey from her finger as it ran off the bread.

"I've been so naughty of late haven't I?" She openly stated toward me, smiling wickedly as Dad placed plates in the dishwasher behind her.

I couldn't believe she'd be so frank with Dad in the room.

"Ah, what do you mean?" I questioned.

"Well hotdogs last night, alcohol. And now honey on toast," she explained, fidgeting in her seat. "I'm going to need a thorough workout later."

"Oh, yeah. Well it WAS your birthday Mom," I played along. "You're allowed to break a few rules."

"That's right Darling," Mom agreed, looking over her shoulder to watch Dad heading back outside. "Rules are made to be broken aren't they?" She conceded as she finished her last mouthful and rose from her seat.

As I watched her pad her way across the kitchen, I quickly understood why she'd been fidgeting. As I'd assumed, she needed no help doing and more to the point, undoing her onesie, the previously closed flap hanging loose at her rear, completely exposing her bottom. My jaw dropped, my breath taken away at her audacity with Dad so near. Her bare buttocks wiggled with each step until she paused before the dishwasher and bent forward as it opened. If I'd seen something as hot in porn, I couldn't recall it. A hint of dark

pubic hair, her vulva clearly visible between her slightly parted thighs and the pièce de résistance, my mother's anus; a small dark pink pucker that demanded attention.

"For Christ's sake Judith!" Dad exclaimed, startling us both as he re-entered the kitchen holding bbq utensils. "The boy's right there. Cover yourself up!" His gaze went directly to me as I reluctantly took my eyes from her beauty, from the private show she'd offered me. "What, you couldn't tell her? She's your bloody mother Jake!"

"I, I didn't know," I lamely defended myself as Mom proved she was capable of buttoning up her own onesie as she turned to face us.

"You were staring right at it!" Dad accused and I had nothing else to say.

"Oh don't yell at him Gavin," Mom defended me. "It was my mistake, there's no harm done."

"Helloo..." The sound of my sister's voice came from the back yard just at the right time to deflect from the situation. "We're here."

A vaguely recalled discussion from the previous night where Dad was planning on golfing with my brother-in-law came to mind, Mom making her own plans with Hannah. Had any of us remembered? I wondered as now fully clothed, my mother brushed past Dad and welcomed her daughter and grandkids.

Dad and I remained in a staring contest for what seemed an eternity but in reality lasted mere seconds, ending to my strange delight in him heading off into the house. What had happened here? I asked myself before my attention too was caught by our visitors, my niece and nephew running in to play with their uncle. One thing was for sure, I wouldn't have much chance to talk with Mom with the family around. And we really did need to talk.

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Hannah and the kids stayed until mid afternoon and when we gathered outside to see them off she unexpectedly took me aside.

"Keep your eye on Mom," my sister sternly whispered as Mom and Dad hugged the grandchildren.

I almost smiled, thinking I was doing nothing but keeping an eye on her, but I asked what she meant all the same?

"Something Dad said to Dale when they were golfing," Hannah elaborated. My father and brother-in-law had been close from the start and it didn't surprise me he would talk to him over us.

"What?" I whispered to Hannah, looking toward Mom. As usual of late, she looked amazing. The tightest of dark blue denim jeans, a

tucked in black top that hugged her torso, her bra straps visible through the material.

"He thinks Mom's having an affair!"

Immediately I looked back at my sister, feeling blood draining from my face.

"What? No," I managed.

"I know right?" Hannah concurred. "But then you think about it," she added. "The weight loss, the new clothes. Jesus Jake did you see what she was wearing last night!?"

Did I see? I mocked the question. All night I'd drooled over her. 'A new dress,' she'd admitted to those that had dared to ask about the skin tight bodycon she'd worn. Countless times I'd spied her panties throughout the evening, flesh colored, I'd originally believed she wasn't wearing any at all and as I recalled it I involuntarily began to swell.

"Hey, wake up," Hannah snapped her fingers before my face to break my daydream. "And you aren't gonna want to hear this little brother but Mom told me today she hasn't slept with Dad in years."

'Years,' I repeated to myself. Was that true?

"I don't know what I'm meant to do with that Hannah."

"Well I'm not around Jakey," Hannah stated. "You're on the 'front line,' so to speak. Just be there for them, okay!"

I gave her and the kids our customary goodbye hugs and with Mom and Dad, waved them off.

Oh I'd be there for them, I thought as I turned my attention to Mom's ass; the denim so tight on her buttocks the paler thread showed through. For one of them in particular

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Post dinner they sat in the living room watching television as I read a newspaper in the kitchen. Mom got up to leave the room and I was right behind her, silently leaving my post without Dad's knowledge. In the hallway and barely out of the living room I was upon her and as she'd done to me, placed a hand over her mouth as I pinned her to the wall.

Her eyes revealed an excitement I'd never seen in my mother, more so as I pressed a hand between her legs and cupped her pussy through the tight denim. Working my way up I skilfully undid the button of her jeans and unzipped, slipping my hand down the front of her pants. Her tight black top turned out to be a bodysuit, my

fingers finding press studs beneath the curve of her damp vaginal mound. She sighed behind my hand as I deftly released her pussy from its cage, my fingers pressing into an already slick locus of sex.

Six feet away Dad grunted at something on the television and I leaned sideways, looking into the living room to be sure he was still seated. Back to Mom, my palm saturated as I slid my fingers all the way between her legs to caress the crack of her ass. Returning to her labia, easing along to find her clit as I moved in to kiss her neck. She tilted her head and I allowed my hand to slip from her lips, her mouth immediately searching out my own.

Cupping her drenched pubic hair, two fingers doing their best to flick across her clitoris, my mother and I finally kissed open mouthed. Her tongue drooled saliva freely onto mine, swallowing, begging for more. I could taste her lipstick, knew it would be all over me, saw it smeared around her own lips. The scent of her pussy rose to my nose and it had my cock aching, straining against my jeans. Her hands went down to my own and pushed me from her clit, lower as she moved her mouth from my lips to my ear. "Finger fuck me Jake," she whispered upon my neck and it gave me goosebumps.

Following her lead I used two fingers to enter her vagina, her head thrown back to thump against the wall as I penetrated. I paused to be sure of Dad's ignorance but Mom demanded satisfaction, grabbing my wrist and pulling me further up into herself. Completely without discretion Mom let out a moan as I took over and curled my fingers inside her before simulating a cock and thrusting over and over again. I once more covered her mouth for safety

but she wouldn't have it, compromising by sucking two fingers between her lips and felating my digits. A counterfeit cock in her pussy and now her mouth. When would it be the real thing? I wondered.

Squelching. My entire hand drenched in pussy juice as I fingered her, she roughly pulled her top below her breasts and revealed what I'd pictured in my mind for a week. They were perfect. Small pink nipples, erect amid an expanse of the softest, purest white skin I'd ever laid eyes upon. My mouth around one, the other. Kissing her cleavage, her neck and back again all the while my wrist/fingers aching and my dick on the verge of cumming from excitement alone.

Almost as if she channeled my own thoughts, Mom pulled my fingers from her mouth and drew my attention. Her eyes locked on mine as her legs wobbled around my hand. "Don't stop Baby," she whispered, her mouth opening in a silent scream. Again she pressed her head back onto the wall and resigned to the pleasure, her eyes closing as she came.

As ordered I didn't stop but altered my action, again curling my fingers inside her with each thrust, her vaginal walls shuddering around me, clinging to my intrusion, whilst showering me with their delights. She couldn't restrain herself and another moan leaped from her lungs, almost turning to a scream before I muffled her amid her orgasm.

"That you Judith?" Dad called from behind the wall. "You going to bed?"

Mom's body was going slack where I pressed her to the hallway wall, my fingers could still feel her pussy twitching as we allowed them to slide literally dripping from her grip. She was slow to lift her top back over her boobs and in her post ejaculation haze I helped her with her pants, leaving her bodysuit undone.

"Ah yes, I'm pretty tired," Mom projected her trembling voice down the other end of the hallway.

"Alright, I'll join you," Dad declared and my look of disappointment must have mimicked Mom's.

"Soon Jake," she clasped my face in her hands. "We'll be together soon, I promise."

The background noise of the television ended and we tiptoed together along the hallway until reaching my room, her hand momentarily holding onto me before we parted, a smile on her face. "I guess we're even," she mischievously whispered as she blew me a kiss goodnight.

Like her the night before, I didn't wash my hand either.

*

With all three of us starting work around the same time, we always ran into each other Monday mornings. Today no different. Had Mom always walked the house in only a towel post shower prior to a week before? If she had I cursed myself for not paying attention. Over my father's shoulder she risked re-adjusting, flashing her naked body to me in the hallway; her skin pink, pubic hair fluffy. Even with her hair in a towel, no make-up, she was a goddess and I blushed in her presence. Dad asked why I had gone red, looking behind himself to the vacated hallway and I lied saying the cold pizza I ate for breakfast was loaded with chilli. I almost felt pity for the man.

"Another new dress," my father noted when Mom joined us in the kitchen. Heels, black opaque pantyhose and the sexiest business attire I'd ever seen. The dress must have been new as surely I'd have at least looked twice at her previously.

"Um, relatively," Mom dismissed his statement.

"Nothing special happening at the office today?" Dad enquired and Mom furrowed her brow.

"Why would there?"

"No reason," Dad concluded and sensing the tension between the two I headed back to my room to finish getting ready.

Mom left without saying goodbye and it pained me all morning. I wanted to spend every moment with her and when a job was cancelled last minute, freeing up time around midday I got in my car and drove to her office.

There was much ado when the handsome young tradesman came to Mom's workplace to invite her to lunch. Mom seemed thrilled, taking my arm as we left to the smirks of her co-workers. Seated outside the restaurant I placed a hand upon her hosed leg. We kissed openly, no one ever believing we were mother and son. We walked the street hand in hand. At a crosswalk we stopped and I looked in her eyes confessing my love, the embrace, the kiss that followed the most passionate of my life. And it was in public. It was with my mother. And I didn't give a damn who saw.

On the top level of a parking garage she reached over and turned the ignition off. Without a word, my mother kissed me, open mouthed as her hands undid my belt and fly. The world seemed to stop around me as her lips descended on my erection, and as I came in her mouth I swore I would never love any other woman than her.

*

Dad was quiet all evening. Mom rolled her eyes at him when she appeared in her onesie offering to make us both a hot chocolate before bed and he scoffed without explanation. I of course accepted her hospitality, supping with her in the kitchen. Laughing when milk foam on the side of her mouth reminded us of earlier events. Revelling in her sexiness as she bent again at the dishwasher. This

time covered but no less attractive. It broke my heart to go to bed alone, wishing for a world in which we could be together.

The clock read 11:35pm when the door to my room opened and she entered, closing it behind herself silently. My small reading lamp made her look even more immaculate, hair in a messy ponytail, strands loose beside her face. I met her half way across my room and we kissed as though we'd been apart for years.

"How long do we have?" I asked her, brushing hair behind her ear.

"He's asleep. We can do whatever we want, for as long as we want," she noticed the glint in my eyes and she mischievously smiled. "And what do you want?"

Even after all we'd shared I could feel myself blushing as I ran fantasies through my head.

"Actually, there is something I've wanted to do since I gave you this," I admitted as I ran my hand down the arm of her onesie.

"Darling you can do anything," she assured me.

"You might think it immature," I questioned.

"Never," she affirmed.

I subtly nudged her toward the edge of the bed and coaxed her to bend forward, her hands down on the mattress.

"I like this already," she giggled and I reminded her to be quiet as I moved behind her.

No more shaking hands and fumbling fingers; with confidence I took hold of the flap and unbuttoned. Her ass was perfect in my eyes and I told her so, Mom wiggling it in response as my cock made its way out of my boxer shorts.

I knelt down behind her and for a few seconds just took the sight in, her rounded buttocks, the dark crevice between. And then I was upon her. My face pressed between those peachy globes. Already wet, my nose and mouth made contact with her pussy, sliding up and down her silky folds. I breathed in her perfume, smearing my nose from the tip of her crack all the way over asshole and labia to her pubic bone. My tongue followed the lead. Licking along the same path as she pushed her rear back onto me, forcing my tongue into her ass, into her vagina.

I took my cock in hand and with mere strokes I was on the edge of orgasm and realizing I needed to break. Mom seemed disappointed when I stood behind her but got over it as I raised her up and lowered her onesie down her body. Naked she stood before me. 28 years my senior and as beautiful a woman as I could ever hope to love. And she was my mother.

Her hands reached out for my shorts and lowered them, a laugh escaping her as my cock bounced back with pride, pointed squarely at her, its inspiration. Finally together, naked, we lay upon my bed and I was inside her. So natural it felt. My hard-on filling her vagina like a hand in glove. Perfectly fitted. She stroked her nails down my back to my buttocks as I thrust inside her, clenching me, pulling me deeper and encouraging harder, longer penetration.

And then she was upon me, taking control. I lay back and looked up at her. Her perfect breasts, the face of an angel, a year of exercise sculpting her body to a thing of beauty. And that mat of pubic hair. I stroked my fingers down through her locks, finding her clit as she lifted and descended around my erection. Pleasing her as she clutched her breasts, pinching her nipples until I felt her pussy quivering. Her mouth open and head thrown back as she came, a flood of fluid upon my groin.

I rose up and held her in my lap as her orgasm continued. My arms around her body, a patch of my mother's wetness around my buttocks.

"Now you," she managed to sigh, and with her pussy squeezing my cock, the slightest of thrusts on my behalf, I was cumming inside her. Joined at the crotch, connected by an orgasm and an unbreakable familial bond. Spurt after spurt of semen shot from me. My real birthday present, the most intimate of gifts a son can offer his mother. We kissed, Mom biting down on my tongue as my cock twitched its last flow, my balls emptied inside her.

Under my sheets we lay together. My cock had decided not to soften; happy to stay inside her as we cuddled; not fucking, just connected.

"Was it the active wear?" Mom whispered, following her question with a kiss on my neck.

My cock answered for me, pulsing inside her as I pictured her in the kitchen that day, her orange leggings, the tight blue top.

"It was like I saw you as a woman for the first time," I confessed. "Not just my mom."

"It was almost my final attempt to get you to notice me!" She confessed.

"What?"

She sat up on my groin, her hands on my chest.

"Jake, I've been flirting with you for years," she shook her head almost pityingly. "Ever since..." She paused.

"Ever since what?"

"Since your father cheated on me."

The admission was news to me.

"What!? When, with who?" I asked, concerned.

"It's not important," she half smiled, leaning forward and stroking the side of my face. " But it made me think about the men in my life, who I wanted to be with. Who I loved most."

I ran my hands up from her hips to beneath her arms.

"And you chose me?"

"I chose you."

She fell forward and again we kissed.

"You know Dad thinks you're having an affair," I confided. "He mentioned it to Dale, who told Hannah, who told me!"

Mom quietly laughed. "Well I kind of am!"

"This isn't an affair Mom," I stated. "As far as I'm concerned we're together now. Ours is the relationship."

Her pussy squeezed around me in response and I lifted my groin into her as a gentle knock came from the door.

"Judith," my father's voice came from the other side. "I know you're in there. Will you come out please?"

Days before I would have been worried by his presence. With the information I now had, I welcomed his intrusion in our lovemaking. Let it be out in the open I thought. I rose from the bed full of fire but Mom settled the beast, pressing a hand on my chest as she reached for her onesie.

"Just relax Darling," she whispered. "We'll deal with this."

She opened the door on him fully dressed in jeans and a jacket. In the middle of the night, the sight was strange.

"We were just talking," Mom attempted to quell any unrest and although leaving out a great deal, she wasn't lying.

"Please just come with me," Dad blankly stated and looked at me over Mom's shoulder. "The both of you."

Even I could smell the sex in the room, there was no doubt he knew what had been going on between Mom and I yet he seemed so calm.

I put on a t-shirt and followed Mom down the hallway toward the brightly lit kitchen and immediately saw the glossy photos on the table.

Even from the other way around I knew what they were of. Mom and I at her office. At the restaurant. On the street. Kissing, caressing each other. Generally acting in a manner unlike mother and son. And the final nail in the coffin; in the car, Mom reaching for the ignition before her head disappeared below the window-line, no doubt to what she performed.

"You followed us?" Mom looked at my father who shook his head.

"I used a private investigator," he admitted. "Have been for the last six months. Funny; today was his last day."

I didn't know what reaction he was hoping for by showing the photos but it certainly wasn't mine as I laughed in his face.

"This is great Mom," I turned to her. "It's out in the open. Now we only have to tell Hannah."

Dad's face dropped.

"You're proud of this? It's incest," Dad exclaimed.

"And it's beautiful," I added.

Mom seemed to share my optimism.

"Actually Jake, some of these photos are pretty good."

"Yeah, I like this one at the crossing," I agreed, holding up the image.

"What? You like...what is this? You aren't ashamed?" Dad challenged.

I wrapped an arm around Mom's waist and drew her into me.

"No Dad," I spoke for both of us. "We're not ashamed. It's you that should be ashamed. You hired someone to follow her! Seriously? When I hear you're the one that was actually unfaithful."

He looked taken aback by my accusation.

"You don't speak Jake," he pointed a finger. "In fact, you're leaving this house. Tonight!" He accentuated.

"Ah actually I didn't vote for that Gavin," Mom disagreed. "This house is a democracy right? I think it's best YOU go."

"I second that," I enthusiastically concurred.

"What? I...well, ridiculous. Where do you expect me to go?" Dad asked, bewildered at our now open incestuous relationship.

"Frankly I don't care," Mom levelled. "But if you need a new iron and matching board to get set up somewhere, well I think I can help you out with that."

Dad was flabbergasted. He made an effort to pick up the photos from the table but I stopped him.

"Actually leave them Dad," I stated. "There's some I'd like to get framed."

Mom giggled and hugged my arm as Dad despondently turned and headed for the door.

*

And there you have it; now you're up to speed. That was more than two months ago and the final confirmation of divorce came in the mail today. I walked from the post box into what was now our house and called out for Mom to inform her of the expected letter.

"In the bedroom Jake," she called from my room and I ventured down the hallway and stopped short as I entered.

She had assumed the position. Hands on the mattress, her bare ass presented to me framed in the open flap of the onesie.

"Thought you might be hungry Baby," Mom smiled over her shoulder at me and wiggled her bottom in conjunction.

As I began lowering my pants I thought of the sales assistant that had recommended the pajamas in the first place and reasoned, I probably did win the 'best present' award after all.

*

THE END