

Reacquainted

sunburycd

Chapter One

Lauren Brooks held the new born against her chest and felt its tiny heart beating against hers. It's skin so soft against her breast. The boy's eyes opened for a moment and she saw his soul in the hazel. He has my eyes, she thought and tears obscured her vision. The agency was quick with the papers and although they never pressured her, the adoption was complete. Her heart tore in two when she realized she may never see him again.

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Rain had moved into the city and looked to be taking up residence. It was a relief, the summer heat had baked in a grime and the streets were thankful for the cleansing. Through the restaurant window, Lauren watched the wake the cars left on the road. The stooped pedestrians heading home in the early evening, the fortunate with umbrellas, some embracing the deluge. A boy stood unmoving across the street, an island in the stream of citizens. His shoulder length hair, wet on his head. His clothes saturated. For a moment Lauren felt he was staring at her. The sound of dropping plates from the kitchen diverted her eyes, when she turned back, he was gone.

"Did you hear anything I said?" Natalie asked.

Lauren looked at her personal assistant across the table. "I'm sorry Nat, I was a world away." She picked up her glass and drowned the rest of the white wine. "What was it you were

saying?" Catching the eye of the waitress she gestured her over.

"I was just talking business but it can wait." Natalie placed her hand on Lauren's and caressed her skin. "What were you thinking about?"

Before Lauren had a chance to answer the waitress approached and she ordered another bottle of wine. She watched the girl's ass as she walked away. Large and rounded in her tight black pants. She'd leave a large tip for the girl who'd introduced herself as Amy, possibly leave her business card on the off chance she was interested in more than just waiting on her

Again Natalie broke her meandering. "Is it because of the date?"

Something turned inside Lauren's chest. She looked in Natalie's eyes and saw the genuine concern in the younger woman's face. "You remembered!?" She nodded and forced a smile. "He'll be 18 today." A tear formed in the corner of her eye.

"And I'm sure he's having a wonderful time. Probably at his party right now with all of his friends, his family." Natalie squeezed the hand of her employer and part time lover. "You did the right thing you know. Back then."

Lauren welcomed the words and the touch. "I know. It's just not a day goes by I don't think of him. It's the birthdays that hurt so much."

The waitress returned with the bottle and noticed the connection between the women. If it hadn't been today Lauren would have taken the girl home and fucked her, possibly with Natalie but her heart wasn't in it. Her heart, at least half of it was elsewhere, with a boy, now a man she had never known.

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The women stood beneath the awning as a cab pulled up to the curb. "You're sure you don't want me to come home with you?" Natalie asked, facing Lauren, their hands held and bodies close.

"Thank you sweetheart but I think I'll just have a bath and jump into bed."

Natalie smiled wickedly. "I could help you with both of those things!"

Lauren laughed. "I bet you could," she moved in to kiss the woman and Natalie accepted the approach, parting her lips as they met. "See you in the morning?"

"I'll be there." Natalie blew a kiss as she backed away towards the cab and she was gone.

Lauren glanced down to check the time on her phone and when she looked back her driver had pulled up in the car and was hurrying around in the rain to open her door. "Straight home Ms. Brooks?"

"Thank you Edward."

The driver admired her body, poured into the grey dress she wore and her black stocking clad legs. She was completely unobtainable to him he knew. Wealthy, a higher social class, oh and the lesbian thing, he jokingly reminded himself but it didn't stop a man dreaming. Closing the door on his employer he again ran around the car and began the drive to her home in the Hills.

Standing in a darkened doorway across the street, the boy watched the car drive away. He dug his hands down further into his pockets and shivered in the cooling night air.

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Lauren walked from her kitchen carrying a glass of wine down the long hallway to her bathroom. Behind her on the bench was a single cupcake with a blown out candle, the smoke still rising from it's wick. Entering the bathroom she allowed her long satin robe to fall to the floor and naked she dipped a toe

into the water to test. Finding it satisfactory she stepped in and lay back, her glass still in her hand.

"How does tonight find you my love?" She asked the empty steam filled bathroom. "I hope you're happy." Tears again welled in her eyes and she stopped herself before it went too far. "Enough Lauren! Happy birthday my son." She raised her glass to the air in a toast, then drank the contents before placing it on the edge of the bath. Reaching for a washcloth she soaked it and placed it over her eyes.

Amy, she said her name was. She looked young, no more than eighteen. Gorgeous body, a large ass, Botticellian. She'd accepted her business card and blushed. Lauren liked that, she had a thing for the shy ones. Natalie had been shy at first, now a wanton whore in the bedroom. Lauren absently moved a hand across her breasts. Her nipples hardened at the touch. Down between the two and across her stomach. Her fingers kneaded the bald mound of her pubic bone and finally the hot locus of her cunt. In her mind it was Amy's mouth between her legs. The fingers she now pressed to her clitoris, the young girl's tongue. She clutched at her breast and pinched at her nipple as her hand expertly masturbated below. The orgasm came quickly and yet when it subsided, her mind drifted back to her lost child.

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Lauren's modelling career had seemed to be stagnating on the eve of the millennium. She'd done minor campaigns for makeup companies and swimwear designers that had paid the

bills but not made her a household name. A photographer came along that promised the world and seemed to have all the right contacts. Naively she believed his spin and had entrusted him with her career and eventually her body. When after a whirlwind affair she fell pregnant, his promises of fame and fortune drifted away with his support. As the baby grew inside her she lost jobs, money and the man who'd lied his way to her womb.

Depressed, at the end of her tether and without the means or support structure to give her child the life she felt he deserved she agreed to give him up for adoption. The decision although heartbreaking turned around her life. The weight she'd put on through pregnancy was seen as a positive to a small independent modelling agency. They offered her a contract for plus size fashion shoots with a deal she'd receive shares in the company for a reduced wage.

One year later she was on a six figure salary and the company she was now a part owner of was turning over millions annually. Divesting into plus sized swimwear and lingerie and an online magazine, Lauren became the household name she'd dreamed of. She supped with millionaires and walked red carpets. She traveled the world and owned property in multiple cities. All grown on the back of a child she'd never known and she believed, could never repay.

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The day was full of meetings and reports. By 5pm Lauren was looking forward to going home and again politely declined the

company of Natalie. She called for her car and was exiting the front of her building by 5:30. As was usual, Edward was waiting beside the Mercedes with the rear door open as she approached.

The boy was leaning against a planter box when she passed through the glass doors. He looked down at the image he had on his phone and confirmed it was her. His heart beating at a rapid pace and adrenaline coursing through his veins, he walked quickly towards the woman.

Edward saw the boy approaching at speed in his peripheral vision. Many times over the years he had been in the employ of Lauren Brooks he'd dealt with overzealous fans. At 45 she'd retired from modelling but still attracted a legion of followers, some dangerous. The boy seemed harmless enough but looks could be deceiving. As he encroached within a couple of yards he called Lauren's name and reached inside a satchel over his shoulder. Edward had seen enough and negated the threat. He barrelled into the boy, catching him with a shoulder tackle which sent the boy sprawling backwards against the pavement. Edward yelled for Lauren to enter the car but she retained her position.

Her eyes drawn to the young man. Looking no older than his late teens, he was of a sim build. His hair was shoulder length and partly held back in a pony tail. His clothes looked worn and needed washing but he seemed so innocent, so gentle. She wondered why Edward had reacted so overtly. Edward stood over the boy as he attempted to right himself. "Stay down kid!"

He suggested but Lauren brushed past his arm and knelt down before the boy, belying the threat.

"Are you O.k.?" She asked, reaching out and touching the boy on the upper arm. She looked into his hazel eyes and immediately felt a recognition but couldn't place him.

The boy looked at his hands and dusted them off on his pants. "Ah yeah, I guess." He managed in a hushed New Jersey sounding accent. He looked around for his phone and Lauren picked it up from the ground beside her. As she passed it to him she noticed her image on the screen.

Lauren smiled when she saw his face redden. "Were you after a selfie? I'm surprised, my fans aren't usually as young as you." The boy attempted to rise and Lauren assisted by holding his arm as he did so. "Look I'm sorry about my driver," Lauren looked to Edward momentarily, "he can be a little overprotective at times. Can we offer you a lift somewhere? Where do you live?"

The boy seemed to choose his words carefully. "Ah I'm sort of between homes at the moment." He dusted his jeans and turned to look down at his rear. The seat of his pants had torn from sliding on the concrete. Not completely destroyed but would need repairing.

"Oh no!" Lauren sympathized when she saw the rip. Again she looked at Edward and scowled in a friendly manner. "Look I feel responsible for this. At least allow me to fix your pants,

you can come home with me and wash up, I'll make you something to eat. It's the least I can do." It was probably more than she should do she realized but the boy was obviously homeless and looked in need of a good feed. There was also something else, a familiarity or a connection she just couldn't quite place her finger on.

The boy accepted her hospitality and with Edward begrudgingly carrying his satchel and wondering what it was inside the boy had been reaching for, they bundled into the car and set off for Lauren's home.

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At her front door, Lauren assured Edward she would be safe and dismissed him for the day. Edward had sized the boy up and agreed he posed no threat but warned him under his breath as he passed not to try anything. Lauren welcomed the young man into her home and the boy was speechless as he surveyed his surroundings. He'd not seen wealth like this before. The Mercedes was the first he'd ridden in and now as he looked around at the artworks and finery of the house he felt he was somehow dreaming.

"Oh my god!" Lauren stated as she coaxed her guest into the kitchen. "How stupid of me, I don't even know your name."

The boy still clung to his bag and seemed so small to her as he nervously replied. "I, I'm Sebastian. Sebastian Murray."

The name didn't ring any bells with Lauren but still the familiarity remained. "I feel like we've met before somehow. Have we?"

Sebastian thought of all the times he'd watched her over the past week as she'd come and gone from her office. The last time he'd seen her was the night before as he stood in the rain outside the restaurant. For a moment she had stared at him and he thought maybe somehow she recognized him but she'd looked away and he disappeared back into the night. "No, not really." He replied.

Lauren furrowed her brow. "Hmm. Oh well, it might come to me." She placed her handbag on the kitchen bench and walked to the fridge and retrieved two bottles of water. Turning she noticed Sebastian still surveying his surrounds nervously. "Sebastian, you can relax. You're safe here." She handed him a bottle and he took it gratefully with a polite thank you.

"Hey. What about I show you the bathroom and you can freshen up a little. I can mend your jeans while you do. You can have a shower or a bath if you like. It won't take me long to fix them."

"You'd really do that for me?" He asked.

"I told you I would. I'm in fashion, I'd be pretty sorry if I couldn't fix a tear in some jeans!" Lauren laughed and took a

drink from her own bottle. "Come on, I'll show you the guest room."

Sebastian followed Lauren along a hallway and couldn't quite believe where he was. For two years he'd obsessed over the woman. Cutting her photo from old magazines. Downloading her image from every website he could find. He knew her life story backwards and now he was in her house. Being led to her guestroom. It seemed surreal. He allowed his eyes to stray over her from behind. Her black heels clicked along the passageway. Her pantyhose clad legs leading up to her firm ass. The red dress contoured her body perfectly, accentuating her curves. Plus size they called her and he silently scoffed. She wasn't fat, it's just that she wasn't one of those stick figured waifs that graced the catwalk. In his eyes, she was perfect.

The room she led him to seemed bigger than the house he'd grown up in. Opening a door on the left she entered a bathroom of equal enormity. "As I said, you're welcome to have a bath or a shower. There are fresh towels and a robe you can throw on. What do you think?"

Sebastian looked around the lavish bathroom. The bath did look inviting. He'd not been in one for years, his house only having a shower. He did need a wash too, he had tried to keep clean as best he could over the last few weeks on the road, making use of roadhouse washrooms in his trek across the country. "Um would it be O.k if I had a bath?"

Lauren smiled. "Of course sweetheart, I'll run it for you."

Sebastian blushed. She called me "sweetheart," he thought.

"There's a robe in the guestroom closet. Why don't you leave your pants on the bed and I can fix them while your in the bath?" Lauren offered.

Sebastian found the robe where she'd directed and alone in the bedroom he quickly removed his clothes. He stuffed his underpants and t-shirt in his bag and placed his jeans on the bed alongside. With the robe to cover his nudity he ventured back into the bathroom where Lauren sat on the edge of the bath turning off the faucets. She smiled again at his return. "There, just the right temperature. Well I'll leave you to it. Take as long as you like and sing out if you need anything." She touched his arm as she walked out past him and in the other room found his jeans on the bed. He had left his bag open and she noticed his dirty clothes were screwed up inside. Maybe I should wash them for him, she thought. I'd better ask.

She'd not closed the bathroom door fully behind her and having been gone only seconds she expected him to still be in his robe. When she tapped on the ajar door and allowed it to slowly swing open she was greeted with the naked boy from behind, the robe at his feet. "Oh I'm so sorry." Lauren gasped as Sebastian slowly turned to face her. He seemed unashamed at his nudity and Lauren took in his body as he did so. His legs seemed hair-free, his chest certainly so but it was his cock where her eyes were drawn. The slightest strip of pubic hair ran vertically from his penis, his balls were either clean shaven or naturally hairless. His cock was circumcised. She'd not

seen a penis in the flesh for years and the sight caused her to blush. "I wondered if you wanted me to wash your clothes, it'd be no problem." She asked, tearing her eyes from his manhood.

Sebastian thought he would feel embarrassed. There he was standing completely naked before the woman he'd fantasized about for years. The woman he went to bed thinking of, dreamed about, woke on his mind and yet it seemed so natural, so normal. She'd looked at his cock, he'd wanted her to. He wanted more. "Um yeah, if it's not too much trouble!"

Lauren felt rooted to the floor. She knew she should leave, turn around, give the boy his privacy. But something in her kept her fixed. She wanted to stay, to linger, to watch. And why not? He didn't seem to mind. "Is the water O.k?"

Sebastian turned and lowered a hand into the bath, withdrawing it immediately. "Ooh, maybe a little hot!"

It was the invitation Lauren needed. "Oh I'll fix that for you." She hurriedly approached and again sat on the edge of the bath. "The taps can be a little temperamental!" Closer now to his cock she allowed her eyes to drift across it's length, it's width. It's beauty. What was she doing, she thought? She'd had no desire for a man in nearly twenty years and here she was, fixated by a male, naked teenager in her own house. After running the cold she gestured for him to try again and Sebastian this time found it to his liking and climbed in.

With his cock now underwater, Lauren thought she'd relax but if anything she became more excited. She wanted to touch him, to wash his hair, his body. This boy she'd met only a hour before. She could feel the wetness soaking her panties, she wanted to remove her clothes and get in with him. To hold him in her arms. To kiss him, to suck him, to fuck him. "I suppose I should give you some privacy." Lauren stated, running her hand through the water.

"I don't mind."

Lauren's hand brushed against his bent leg under the water and he didn't draw away. Why would he, she thought? He was a fan that was probably having his fantasy fulfilled, he'd want more. She locked eyes with Sebastian and ran her hand along his thigh to his knee and back. "Would you like me to wash your hair?" She asked, hoping he'd say yes.

"Um, O.k." Sebastian agreed.

Lauren moved to the end of the bath and Sebastian lowered his head underwater. As he did so, his body slid down further in the bath causing his penis to momentarily rise above the water line. Lauren noticed it had undoubtedly swelled. Taking up a small bottle of shampoo she began to lather it into the boys long hair, brown, now darker with the water. A similar color to her own, she noted. Massaging his scalp, she heard him offer satisfied sighs at the pleasure and looking down she could see his cock was now fully erect. "O.k, rinse." She directed and he lowered his head back into the bath, washing off the lather. Lauren reached for a sponge and moving again

to the side of the bath she emptied a large amount of liquid soap onto it's surface.

Without waiting for an invitation she began to soap up Sebastian's shoulders and arms, moving onto his chest. Sebastian watched her hand move around his body, he leaned forward to give her access to his back, he allowed her to lift each arm and soap his hairless armpits. And then it happened. Her hand crossed his navel and she released the sponge, letting it float away in the water. Lauren swept her hand up and over his erection and down between his legs. She cupped his testicles, weighing them in her palm, so smooth and full in the warm water. The pairs eyes met and they both felt an almost physic bond between them. Lauren moved her hand again, now to grip his cock and so casually began the process of milking her new toy.

Sebastian could feel his cum building. The pleasure was indescribable, he desired above all for her to complete the job but knew there were things he had to say before it happened. With her action increasing beneath the water, the ripples becoming waves and Sebastian on the verge of cumming, he reluctantly moved a hand onto hers and prevented further masturbation.

"It's O.k," she was quick to offer. "You can cum if you want."

"No it's just I want to talk to you first."

Lauren again tried to pull at his cock. "We can talk later!"

Sebastian allowed her to jack him off for a moment longer, the feeling so wonderful but again showed great restraint in stopping her. "No really, it's important." This time he succeeded in detaching her hand from his cock and hoped he hadn't offended her.

Lauren was amazed at the boys actions and intrigued by his reasoning. She smiled and accepted his wishes. "O.k young man, it can wait. I'll go and wash and mend your clothes. But I want you out of this tub and dried quick smart or you'll end up a wrinkled prune." The moment she'd spoken the words she wondered why she had. They weren't the talk of a woman to a potential lover, on the contrary, more like a mother to a disobedient child. Before getting up she scooped up soap suds and dabbed them on the bridge of the boys nose. Laughing, she dried her arm and left the bathroom, swinging the door closed behind her.

In the bedroom Lauren walked to the boy's bag and the jeans he'd left on the bed. She reached inside and pulled out his t-shirt, socks and underpants. It seemed he only had one other change of clothes and they too looked dirty, so she extracted them as well. A loosely rolled piece of paper came out with the items and tucking the clothes under her arm, Lauren made to place it back in his bag. As she did so it opened further and she caught part of the title in bold lettering. "...cate of adoption." It was an invasion of privacy she realized but a strange feeling crept over her and she needed to read more. Placing the clothes down on the bed she opened the document and the world seemed to tilt on it's axis.

She recognized the form immediately. She herself had signed it eighteen years before. The certificate of adoption, releasing all parental rights to a male child born in 1999. Her name and signature were still there at the bottom. Other names had been added and countersigned. A Laurie and Sandra Murray, she assumed were the adopted parents of one, Sebastian Murray. Her son. Her lost son. The boy she had just bathed in an adjoining room. She couldn't decide what emotion she was experiencing. Later she would look back and realize it was nothing short of complete and utter joy.

Sebastian climbed out of the warmth of the bath and toweled himself dry. He took up the white fluffy robe and wrapped himself in it's softness. Looking in the mirror he partly dried his hair with the towel and secured it in a pony tail with a hair-tie. She'd touched his cock, he thought. My mother was masturbating me! Suddenly it dawned on him, telling her he was her son was now more complicated. He once again examined himself in the mirror and took a deep breath. "Well Sebastian. Time to fess up!" He told himself.

Opening the door to the bedroom he stopped in his tracks when he saw his mother holding the document. She turned when she felt his presence and lowered the note. Her face belied her emotion. He couldn't fathom how she was going to react. "I was going to tell you at the car but I didn't get the chance."

Lauren said nothing.

"I didn't know when to bring it up, with your driver being there and then when we got here I was just in awe of your house and then I had the bath and that thing that happened, I..." He was rambling and didn't know how to stop. Thankfully Lauren put an end to it and dropped the certificate on the bed and ran to him. Sebastian's past initially led him to believe the woman would strike him and he flinched as she rapidly approached. To his surprise he was taken in an embrace. A hug so tight he felt his breath expel. She still hadn't said a word and Sebastian broke the silence. "You're not mad at me?"

Lauren pulled back, still holding him against her body, his chest against her large breasts. "'Mad at you?' Why would I be mad at you? You're my son. You've come back to me." Tears streamed down her face and Sebastian himself began to cry.

"I didn't know how you'd respond. I was so nervous. I thought you wouldn't want to see me."

"Oh Sebastian, you couldn't be so wrong. I've thought of you every day of your life." She moved her face in to kiss him on the cheek, tasting his tears. His forehead and his lips. She held him tighter, pulling his head down onto her chest to kiss his hair.

"This is how it was the last time I saw you!" Lauren stated through her tears.

Sebastian looked up. "What do you mean?"

"I held you on my chest when you were born. Your naked body against mine." The thought entered her head immediately. "I wonder, would you let me do it again?"

"I'll do anything...Mom."

"You called me Mom! Oh my god Sebastian, you don't know how happy that makes me." Without letting go of him, Lauren walked them quickly to the edge of the bed. Before he knew it she had reached down and lifted her dress up and over her head, casting it aside. He could see she wore white panties beneath the black pantyhose and the black lace bra she sported was quickly removed. Pulling him with her she climbed onto the bed and lay on her back. Sebastian motioned to lay his body beside her and she undid the robe as he did so. Bringing his head down upon her breast, his bare chest pressed to her stomach.

"My god. My beautiful boy. I never thought I would have this." She stroked his head and ran a hand over his back. The robe was loose but got in the way of her touching his skin. "Would you take the robe off Sebastian? I need to touch you."

Sebastian was eager to do anything to please her. He sat up and removed the bath robe and revealed his naked body to her again. His cock had hardened and for a moment he felt guilt but she didn't mention it, in fact when she again pulled him onto her she seemed to purposefully push her hip against his growing erection. Again his face was pressed to her breasts.

She squeezed his back, pulling him against her. Sebastian gathered the nerve and raised a hand to her chest, cupping her large breast in his palm. She sighed and he ran his fingers across her areola and nipple which hardened to the touch.

"Oh my baby, that feels so nice." Lauren moaned. "I wonder, there's something I missed out on. Would you be willing to.."

Sebastian didn't need her to finish. He knew exactly what she wanted. Without hesitation he moved his mouth over her breast and enveloped her nipple. His hand squeezed her breast and his tongue circled the small bud of flesh. He suckled on her tit the way a child would. Finally the ultimate in bonding with his mother after 18 years apart. Sebastian's cock was now fully erect and Lauren could feel her son's hardness. Her own sex was afire, she could feel her wetness seeping through her panties and probably her pantyhose as well. She needed to be naked with him. To be as one.

Sebastian lifted his mouth from her nipple and moved towards the other. Lauren took the break as an opportunity. She reached down and lifting her bottom from the bed pulled her pantyhose and panties down over her thighs. Sebastian was quick to assist and completed the removal, pulling them off her feet and discarding the with the rest of their clothing. Now fully naked the two resumed their cuddle. Sebastian held one breast in his hand and the other he suckled. Lauren ran a hand over his and then along his arm and down his back. When she reached his hip she circled to the front and found his penis, leaking pre-cum against her stomach. Sebastian

raised his body slightly to give his mother access to his cock and her hand wrapped around his throbbing member.

To mother and son, the action seemed to open the floodgates on their love. No more were they playing around with maternal bonding, they were now engaged in lovemaking, pure and simple. Sebastian ran a hand down to his mother's bare pussy. Unsurprised by her lack of pubic hair from reading every interview, from studying every photo in her history, he ran his hand over her smooth mound and clitoral hood. He soaked his fingers in her wetness and found her clit, doing his best to please his queen.

Removing his mouth from her tit he looked into her face to find her mouth open and eyes closed. Quickly she looked at him and with her other hand pulled his face to hers. Their mouths came together, tongues entwined. Saliva flowed between the two. Their kiss was more intimate than Lauren had ever experienced. 45 years and countless partners, mostly women and yet none had kissed her like this. With such fervor, such love. "Will you fuck me Sebastian?" She asked and the moment he climbed between her legs and pressed his cock to her opening, she came.

The first time in her life she'd had an orgasm with a man. The penetration that followed was an awakening. With each orgasm she received from this seemingly inexperienced boy she realized she would need no other man, no other woman. Here between her legs she'd discovered the answer to her life's search for pleasure, for love. Her son. Her beautiful son. The boy she'd thought forever lost, had returned. How it had

happened and what had led him to this was for the moment irrelevant. Nothing but their mutual pleasure was a factor now.

His cock wasn't large but it seemed perfectly proportioned for her vagina. As if molded to appease her cunt alone. His body lay completely atop hers, his chest to her breasts. Sweat formed in her cleavage. Their faces sideways, tongues in each others mouth. Her hands held his ass and pulled him into her, his buttocks clenching with each thrust and her pelvis rising to greet every penetration. Sebastian moved a hand to her large breast and squeezed, the other found her ass and took hold of her warm fleshy buttock. He wanted to fuck her for as long as possible, to keep up a tireless rhythm but he could feel his orgasm approaching and he needed to confess. "Mom I think I'm going to cum."

The words couldn't have made Lauren happier. "I want to see it baby," she whispered into his mouth. "Mommy wants to see her boy cum."

The sound of her voice was enough to push Sebastian over the edge. With another two thrusts he wrenched free his cock with a splash of her fluid and climbed over her body. Lauren cupped her breasts as Sebastian grasped his slick cock and masturbated towards his mother. "I'm gonna cum Mom!"

"I want you to baby. Cum on Mommy's tits like a good boy." She panted.

The pace on his cock quickened and he grabbed beneath his balls. "I'm cumming Mom. I'm cumming!"

"Yes my baby, cum for me. Give me that hot cum my love."

The eruption surprised them both. A stream of semen shot forth and cleared her breasts completely. Instinctively Lauren closed her eyes as the thread hit the side of her face from her hairline to her jaw. Opening them she watched him shoot stream after stream of cum across her breasts and hands, up to her neck. He slowed his rhythm and she took over, taking possession of his cock and squeezing out the last dregs of his love for her.

Collapsing alongside her, his cock still hard against his mother's torso, she wrapped her arm around his body, keeping him close. Lauren took a finger and scooped the cum from her face and added it to the pool across her breasts. With her son's face nestled into the crook of her neck she began to rub his cream into her skin like a lotion. They had so much to tell each other, they had so much to look forward to. She would not lose him again. Of that she was sure.

Chapter Two

Edward pulled the Mercedes into his drive and turned off the ignition. It was a fringe benefit of chauffeuring Lauren Brooks about, he got to use the luxury car as his own when off the clock. Turning for a cursory inspection of the back seat he noticed a phone had been left behind. A cheap model of smart phone, no doubt the kid's, he thought. Reaching behind, he took possession and pressed the home button. To his surprise it opened without a lock screen and he was greeted with a wallpaper background of Lauren's smiling face.

Kid's definitely a fan, he thought. About to close the screen he hesitated a moment. Wouldn't hurt to learn something about the person he'd just left with his employer, he opined. Opening the contacts he found only a few numbers, all with New Jersey addresses attached. Boy's come a long way, he thought. Opening the images gallery he was met with countless downloaded photographs of his employer. Scrolling through, Edward found shots of her from her early days up to the present. Red carpet appearances, catwalk fashion shoots, paparazzi, many of which Edward had never seen before. What caught his eye particularly were the nude photos.

He had himself early on, sought out the nude modelling Lauren had done but had steered clear of the temptation of late. No point lusting after something you can never have he'd concluded. Lauren looked young in the photos, obviously more

than twenty years before. Most done in a studio and all tasteful. Edward felt his cock harden and he allowed his hand to stroke it through his pants. Shit, he thought. Kid's gonna be pretty disappointed when he finds out she ain't interested in men!

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Sebastian's cum had dried on Lauren's breasts. They'd both fallen asleep in the afterglow and Lauren was first to wake. She stroked the head of her sleeping son and he awakened with a start, taking a moment to regain his bearings. He looked into the face of his mother and all seemed to come back to him.

"I had a terrible dream," he remarked. "I saw you on the street and tried to talk to you but you walked away. I kept trying to catch up but all these people kept walking into me and slowing me down. Eventually I lost sight of you. It was horrible."

Lauren ran a hand down to his cheek. "It was just a dream my prince. You'll never lose me again." She pulled his face towards hers and their lips met. Her tongue was quick to enter her son's mouth. The kiss was loving and just what he needed. "Are you hungry?" She asked. "You must be!"

Sebastian was quick to affirm he was. "I haven't eaten since this morning!"

Lauren pulled him from the bed by the hand and picked up his robe. Sebastian allowed her to wrap it around him and not wanting to be apart she led him to her own room where she took up a robe of her own.

"What's your favorite food?" She asked, as they made their way to the kitchen, her hand still in his. "No don't answer, I want to guess. There's so much I don't know about you Sebastian. I want you to tell me everything. Is it pizza? No, spaghetti!"

Sebastian laughed. "Keep guessing."

They entered the kitchen and Lauren stopped and turned to face her son. Even without her heels she was still taller than the boy. He was a late bloomer she could tell. Not yet growing facial hair, his body still slight. She'd build him up though, she thought. He was her responsibility now. "It's macaroni and cheese!"

An unrestrained smile, the first truly joyous she'd seen, spread across her son's face. "Wrong again Mom. It's ice-cream!"

Lauren gripped him by the arms and pulled him into her. Her nose touched his and she returned the smile. "Then ice-cream is what you'll have my darling."

She was reluctant to pull away. Their groins were pressing and she could feel his penis hardening through the robe. Her own sex was becoming slippery as Sebastian raised his hands to

her hips and caressed the satin. "What flavor do you want?" She whispered into his mouth.

Sebastian pushed his crotch against his mother's and between kisses on her lips, whispered back. "Vanilla."

Lauren lowered a hand and loosened the front of her cream colored satin robe, her bald pussy now pressed to her son's growing hardness. "Chocolate topping or sprinkles?"

Sebastian pulled aside his robe and his cock sprang forth towards his mother, where Lauren sandwiched it's length between her upper thighs. Lauren was shocked at how wet she'd become so quickly. She'd always had a strong libido but it seemed her son had taken it to another level. Sebastian slipped his mother's robe down off her shoulders exposing her large breasts, her nipples hard. "Both!" He panted before devouring her right nipple in his mouth and squeezing her left, his other hand cupping the curve of her buttock.

It was too much for Lauren, she needed his cock inside her again. Ice-cream would have to wait. She grabbed Sebastian by the shoulders and pushed him off her breasts. So quickly she stripped him of his robe and turned to present her ass to her son. Sebastian pushed her forward onto the bench and lifted the satin robe up onto her back. His cock found her opening magnetically and plunged inside. "Oh yes Sebastian. Fuck me baby." Lauren bent her knees slightly to allow his length complete penetration and what was becoming common, she felt an orgasm descend upon her.

It was her mind providing the intense reactions to the sex, she knew. His mouth, his fingers, his cock, although providing pleasure were not the stimulus for the orgasm. It was the taboo. It was the incestuous lust, the raw unbridled passion of a mother for her son. Sebastian took hold of Lauren's ample rear and increased the force of his thrusts. He kneaded the flesh of her ass and spread her cheeks to see his cock plunging in and out of her. "Fuck mom, your pussy feels so good." He gasped.

"It's your pussy now baby. I'm all yours!"

Lauren balanced herself on the bench with one arm. Her other hand clutched at her breast, squeezing the nipple then ventured down to flick her fingers across her swollen, dripping clit. Sebastian eyes were mesmerized by his mother's pink asshole, twitching and almost blowing him kisses with each thrust. The sight of which hastened his impending orgasm. "Mom I have to cum!"

"Oh please do baby. Cum inside me. Cum inside your mommy."

It was all he needed to finish the job at hand. Falling forward onto her back he began ejaculating his seed inside her. "Ahh fuck yess. Mmm, Mommy I love you." His hands curved around her body and found her hanging breasts and squeezed as each pulse of cum entered her cunt with lessening thrusts. Finally spent he allowed his cock to slip out of her pussy and

he turned her around. Their mouths again came together and kissed. His cock pressed to her leaking vulva, his semen dripping back onto the source.

"I love you too my angel," Lauren sighed as she felt the warmth of his cum running down between her thighs. "Let me fix you that ice-cream."

* * * * *

Natalie had watched the scene unfold from above. The boy she recognized as the one who'd been hanging around outside the office for the last few days. She thought she may have seen him outside the restaurant the evening before but with the overcast conditions she couldn't be sure. Coincidences be damned she thought. If you run into the same person that many times, they're either stalking you or you're stalking them. When she saw Lauren lead the boy into her car however, the sight was more like a mother at school pickup rather than a potential threat inveigling himself into her life.

She'd meant to call her employer when she got home to inquire about the boy but had been sidetracked. Picking up the phone she looked at the time. 9:30pm, not too late she thought.

* * * * *

Lauren made two bowls of ice cream and as promised provided chocolate topping and sprinkles for Sebastian. She watched

him devour the contents and a sudden wave of guilt swept over her. Some mother I am, she thought, he was obviously starving and all I could think about was my own sexual gratification. "Tell me about your parents Sebastian." She asked, breaking the silence and taking a mouthful from her own bowl.

The boy's brow furrowed . "There isn't really much to tell." He finished his bowl and sat back against the couch beside Lauren. "I never knew them!"

"What do you mean, you never knew them?" Lauren asked.

"They died when I was about...two, I think."

Lauren dropped her spoon into her bowl. "What are you talking about? Who raised you?"

Sebastian's eyes went to her bowl and she willingly handed it to him to finish off. She noticed he used her spoon.

"I lived with my uncle, he was my dad's, I mean my adopted dad's brother, and his family." The boy took mouthfuls of ice cream between sentences. "I knew I didn't belong with them. I mean they treated me different to the other kids but I didn't know why until I was about fifteen and found the papers in some of my parents stuff."

Lauren's heart was breaking all over again. "You didn't know you were adopted? They didn't tell you?"

"Nah. My uncle's other kids used to make jokes about me being found in the trash. And my uncle and his wife," Sebastian paused and seemed to choose his words carefully. "Well, let's just say they didn't treat me so good."

The tears that had formed in Lauren's eyes now ran down her face. It would explain why he had flinched when she had first made to hug him. "I didn't throw you away Sebastian, you have to know that."

Sebastian placed his second empty bowl down on the table and reached for Lauren's hand. "I don't feel that way, it was just what they said. When I found out who you were and saw an interview with you I knew you only did what you had to at the time. I don't blame you for it."

"How did you work out I was your mother?" Lauren asked, clutching his hand.

Sebastian smiled and it made the pain Lauren was feeling lessen. "I only had your name so I started searching online. Of course you were the first Lauren Brooks that came up and as soon as I saw your face, well I just knew." Lauren herself could see the resemblance between the two of them starkly now. He shared her nose, facial structure, even his fingers were long like hers. "I found out all about you. I saw that interview you did where you admitted you'd had a baby. The year and my

age matched up perfectly." Lauren noted how excited he was becoming, telling the story. Any pain he had shown at the recollection of his childhood seemed to have floated away. "I started to collect your photos. I would go to doctor's surgeries and steal the old magazines. You were always in them. I've got a scrapbook!"

"You what?" Lauren asked.

"It's here, in my bag. I treated it as a family album. It's silly I guess."

"No it's not silly. It's beautiful. I just wish I had photos of you."

"Do you want to see it?" Sebastian asked, an expectant smile across his face.

"Of course I do!" Before she could even finish Sebastian had left the couch and was trotting towards the guest room. He looked like a child on Christmas morning, wrapped in his dressing gown running to receive his presents. She thought of all the time she had missed with him, all the birthdays, all the Christmases. It made her more determined to right the wrongs. He may not have had the childhood he deserved, now that he was a man, she'd make sure he had the adulthood he deserved.

Lauren took his absence as an opportunity to visit the bathroom and freshen herself. She opened her closet and

looked at her options. "Right, if I was a teenage boy how would I want my mother to dress?" She asked herself. Her eyes strayed upon a sheer pink babydoll. Retrieving the lingerie she dropped her robe and stepped into it, pulling the soft material up over her breasts. Putting on the matching thong she admired her half nude reflection in the mirror and finding it more than satisfactory, unselfconsciously made her way back to the living room.

Sebastian had placed his scrapbook down on the coffee table and was washing the bowls when Lauren entered the kitchen. He turned around and couldn't hide his approval of her appearance. "Mom! You look beautiful."

"Thank you honey." She did her best turn and Sebastian was dazzled by her grace.

"Wow, you could be a model! Oh wait." They both laughed and the depressing nature of their previous conversation was gone from memory.

"Come on, show me this scrapbook."

Taking his mother by the hand, Sebastian led her towards the living room. The phone ringing halted their progress. Lauren promised she'd only be a moment and answered in the kitchen. "Natalie, hello. Is anything wrong?"

"I was going to ask you the same question?"

Lauren furrowed her brow. "What do you mean?"

"Well what happened this afternoon with Edward and that boy? I saw you leave with him."

Part of her wanted to share the news of the return of her son with Natalie. She was after all more than her employee, more than a friend. She looked down at herself, she thought of the special relationship she now had with Sebastian. If she was to tell the world he was indeed her son, all future actions in public would be scrutinized by the press, by her peers. It would be unbearable not to touch him, to express her desire for him whenever and wherever and in the manner she chose. No, for the time being she would keep their relationship a secret. Sebastian would understand. She hoped Natalie would as well.

"Yes that's right. Edward was a little overzealous with a fan. I made sure the boy was taken care of that's all."

"Oh O.k." Natalie could hear something different in Lauren's voice but didn't want to press the issue. "So what are you up to?"

Lauren faked a yawn. "Actually I was just about to go to bed."

"Oh, care for a little phone sex before lights out?"

Lauren cared deeply for Natalie and wanted to let her down gently. "Mmm that sounds nice but I might take a rain check. I am really tired. Couple of stressful days you know."

Natalie thought of the emotion Lauren had shown at the restaurant and didn't harbour a grudge at yet another rejection of her advances. "Yeah I understand. Hey at least tell me what you're wearing. Give a girl something to think about."

Lauren chuckled and again looked at her body. "Would you believe me if I said I was wearing that little pink babydoll you love?"

Natalie laughed. "Oh you're such a tease. I know you're not but thanks for the visual. I'll let you go, you sleep well my sweet and I'll see you bright and early." Natalie paused momentarily, "I love you."

Lauren turned her face away from Sebastian. "I love you too."

Lauren looked at Sebastian waiting expectantly in the living room, his scrapbook on his lap. She hated deceiving Natalie but hadn't lied really. She was 'taking care of' the boy, she was wearing the babydoll, it was the 'going to bed' part of her conversation that was the only real lie. Time to do something about that, she thought. Sidling up behind her son, Lauren placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned over to whisper in his ear. "Why don't we look at it in my room?"

* * * * *

Edward sat in front of his television, a beer in one hand, Sebastian's phone in the other. He again scrolled through the photos. This occasion it wasn't the content of each image that caught his attention, it was the title of the photo. Something he hadn't noticed on his first perusal. The boy had labeled every photo with an approximate date of when the image was taken thereby enabling him to put an age to Lauren in each. Obsessive, he thought but not damning. What had him slightly troubled was the fact he had also added 'Mom' beside each and every date.

* * * * *

Sebastian stood beside his mother's bed, his scrapbook cradled in his arms. A maternal instinct swept over Lauren at the sight. "Let's get you tucked in shall we?" She approached the boy and took the scrapbook from his hands, placing it on the bedside table. Undoing the belt of his robe she pulled it off his shoulders and lay it over the end of the bed. Sebastian remained still, fully naked, his penis semi erect and pointing at his mother. Lauren resisted the temptation to enclose it in her mouth as she leaned down to pull back the covers. "Come on young man, in you get."

Sebastian was quick to comply, settling in with his back to the pillows. Lauren covered his nudity with the sheet and circled around the other side of the bed to climb in beside him. She

reached across in front of Sebastian to retrieve the scrapbook, purposefully pressing her breasts against her sons face. "Ooh I'm sorry sweetie. Mommy is clumsy isn't she?" Sebastian smiled in response, his erection tenting the sheet at his waist. "Now let's look at this book shall we?"

Sebastian was eager to show off his work. Opening to the first page they were greeted with a photo of Lauren cut from a magazine. Sebastian had drawn a love heart around the image. Lauren recognized the portrait and the campaign. Modelling for a major jeans label, the photo had her sitting atop a hay bale in a tight white tank top, her legs suggestively parted but not overtly sexual enough to fall afoul of advertising standards. "This was the first photo I found of you. My uncle's partner was pretty pissed because I ripped it out of a magazine she was reading. They didn't know it was me though." Sebastian continued his commentary as he worked his way through the book. Lauren placed her arm around his shoulder and snuggled in closer as her life in pictures was laid out before her.

Sebastian reached a page without any photos but he'd written 'sealed section' in bold lettering across the paper. Turning the page he revealed an entire article from a gossip magazine with accompanying photos. It was from a few years back, paparazzi had caught her on a trip to Mexico with Natalie. The photos showed them both topless on a beach enjoying the sun, the waves and most of all, each other. Her sexuality had been an open secret in the industry until then. Now the public was made aware. At the time she hated the intrusion but now she was seeing the photos through her son's eyes. A teenage boy's eyes. She had to admit it was a turn on. Two half naked women

kissing on a public beach. Hers and Natalie's breasts were blurred in the photos but they left little to the imagination.

Lauren had been playing with Sebastian's hair with one hand, she now turned her body slightly to move her other hand onto her son's penis. She found him erect and as hard as rock. Another page was turned in her own personal 'This is Your Life.' Somehow Sebastian had found a copy of a nude shoot she'd done with a popular men's magazine. 'Busty queen of fashion reveals all!' The headline of the article read. Each softcore photo was accompanied by a quote the magazine had attributed to her but she'd never said. 'My vibrator is my best friend. I always sleep naked. Two cocks are better than one.' Was it any wonder her son had formed a sexual attraction to her, she thought.

Lauren ran her hand up and down Sebastian's cock. Each time she reached the base she'd release her hold and cradle his smooth ball sack, each testicle the size of her own thumbs first segment. The scrapbook had only a few pages left and she wondered how many times he'd masturbated himself to the images? The final photo was another paparazzi, upskirting her as she exited a vehicle. Sebastian closed the book and looked ashamedly at his mother.

"It was pretty immature wasn't it?"

Lauren again gripped his shaft and held her hand still. "Not at all, it was beautiful. You kept a photo album devoted entirely to me. How many son's do that for their mother?" Once again

she began to jack him off, faster this time. "But now you don't have just the photos honey. You have me."

Lauren maintained her hold on Sebastian's dick as she sat up and climbed over him. The sheets came off their bodies as she straddled his thighs. Sebastian dropped the book to the floor, not taking his eyes from his mother as he awaited her next move. "You can look at me any time you want darling. Did you like those rude photos of mommy?" She asked, jerking on his cock.

Sebastian nodded, his mouth slightly open.

"Do you like looking at mommy's tits baby?" She asked, as she lowered her babydoll beneath each large breast, her nipples standing erect.

Again Sebastian nodded.

"And what about my pussy baby?" Lauren lifted the front of her babydoll to reveal her bald pubic mound beneath the see through pink thong. "Do you like mommy's pussy darling?"

"I love your pussy Mom!" Sebastian managed.

Lauren pulled aside her panties and pressed her hand against herself. Her fingers immediately slick with her wetness. She took her right hand off Sebastian's cock and exchanged it with

the left, using her juice as a lubricant to continue the masturbation. Pre-cum leaked from his cock and mixed with her own fluid. Again she swapped hands after coating the right against her cunt. His penis now slippery with her moisture.

"Do you want to fuck my pussy baby?"

"Yes please."

Even faster her hand worked on his cock. Sebastian himself was amazed at how hard he was.

"Do you want to fuck mommy's pussy baby? Say it."

"Yes please. I want to fuck your pussy Mommy. I want to put my cock inside you and cum Mommy." Sebastian reached out to her breasts as Lauren moved her body upwards towards his crotch. She guided the head of her son's penis to her opening and allowed her body weight to ease his cock slowly inside her. Her clitoris ground down against her son's pubic bone. She thought of the last time she'd had sex in this bed. Tribbing with Natalie in much the same position. It had been so pleasurable, their cunts grinding together but nothing compared to what she now felt.

Sebastian's hands squeezed her breasts with just the right pressure as she gyrated her hips back and forth on his cock. It seemed impossible but an orgasm crept up on her, a wave of pleasure spread across her body. She collapsed down onto

Sebastian's chest and found his mouth with hers. Her tongue pushed between his lips and connected with his as she came again and again on her boy's cock. Sebastian moved his hands to her hips and gripped her buttocks using the leverage to hammer his cock into her with added force. The slapping of her ass against his thighs echoed around the room and for the second time in as many hours he came inside his mother. Lauren could feel the spurting from his penis, the filling of her vagina with her son's cum. She wrapped her arms around his body and held him tighter than she ever held another person. He in turn clung to her back and rear, not wanting her to ever leave this position.

"I feel like we've always been together." Lauren whispered after minutes had passed. "Is that strange?"

"No. I feel it too. All those years growing up I felt like you were watching over me, directing me in which turn to take."

"I wish I could have been there Sebastian." She kissed his neck below his ear and goosebumps ran down his body. "I'll always be here for you now. Whenever you want me, I'll be here."

Sebastian returned her kiss. "I know Mom. I love you so much."

They slept where they'd collapsed.

* * * * *

Edward pulled the car up outside Lauren's residence. He was half an hour earlier than he was scheduled and he used the time to roll and smoke a cigarette whilst leaning against the car.

Inside the house Lauren had showed Sebastian the laundry and filled him in on how to operate the machines, again promising she'd mend his pants. Fully dressed she led her naked son by the cock into the kitchen. "I'm sorry I have to go to work today but I promise I'll come home early, O.k." She was reluctant to release her hold on his penis and pushed him against the bench. "Now I want you to relax today, enjoy yourself. Look around the house. It's your home now. There's a pool out the back!" To which Sebastian's eye's widened.

"I'll be O.k, I'll just watch TV or something if I get bored. I can even make us dinner, it's one thing I am good at."

Lauren's grip on his cock tightened. "There's other things you're good at my prince!"

Sebastian groaned as she began to tug on his erection.

"Oh god I wish I could take this with me." She breathed, coaxing another orgasm from her son. A thought entered her mind. "Actually there's something we could do." Without a second thought Lauren hitched her grey, knee length pencil skirt up over her thighs and revealed her white satin panties.

Sebastian had watched her put them on, having helped in choosing her outfit for the day.

"Will you cum in my panties baby?" She pleaded.

"What?"

"I want to feel you down there all day. I want to be able to touch your cum whenever I need to."

Sebastian took hold of the waist band of his mother's underwear and lowered the front to reveal her bare pussy. The sight of it hastened his orgasm. His mother's soft hand directed the head of his cock towards her mound and his ejaculation followed. His cum sprayed against her vulva and pubic bone. She aimed his cock lower and he shot into her panties, a pool of cum forming in the gusset. As his orgasm eased she wiped the excess dripping from the head against the front of her panties. Releasing his cock she took hold of her underwear and pulled them back up against her groin, his cum smeared across her pussy. "Mmm that's better. Thank you son."

Lauren looked at the time. "O.k, Edward is probably waiting. I'd better go. I love you." She kissed Sebastian and he returned the love.

"Oh Mom, have you seen my phone?"

Lauren took up her handbag and began walking to the door.
"No sweetie, it'll turn up I'm sure. Try ringing it."

"Okay, I will. See you later. I love you."

* * * * *

Edward walked quickly from the front door back to the car. The camera app on his phone was still open and recording and he switched it off, stashing it away in his suit jacket pocket. He still couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed and recorded through the window beside the door. He thought of the monetary value of the footage. He was aware paparazzi were making thousands for candid photos of Lauren on the street. What would video of her engaged in a sex act be worth? Not just a sex act. If he was correct, a sex act with someone who might just turn out to be her own son!

Chapter Three

Mexico

Lauren Brooks lay on her back on the beach towel. The sun baking her skin, she turned her head and looked at the other woman. Sitting cross-legged beside her, Natalie was using her sunhat to shade the tablet on her lap. "I know I pay you well," Lauren laughed. "But do you ever stop working?"

"I'm updating your social media. It'll only take a second."

Lauren closed her eyes and thought of the date. "Hey. Can you write 'Happy Birthday' on my Twitter."

"Sure, to who?" Natalie asked.

"Just write Happy Birthday, no name!" Her voice softened and Natalie realized to whom she was referring. Without probing further she added the post. He'd be fifteen today, she thought. I should've realized.

Placing the tablet on her towel Natalie reached behind her back and undid her bikini, removing the tiny item and discarding it on the sand.

Lauren sat up and admired her Personal Assistant's breasts. "Natalie! There are people around!"

"We're in Mexico. I doubt there's press hiding in the palm trees." She was trying to take Lauren's mind off her son and it seemed to be working. "Come on. I showed you mine..."

Lauren looked around and found the beach relatively deserted. "Oh what the hell." She followed Natalie's lead and removed her top. Natalie reached out in the act of standing and took her hand, helping her employer to her feet. The women ran hand in hand to the water, Lauren holding her large breasts as they jiggled, laughing uncontrollably.

Waist deep, Natalie turned to Lauren and holding both hands drew her into her body. Their breasts touched, pressed together. The mound of Lauren's pubic bone pushed hard against Natalie's, their lips met. "I love you." Lauren breathed into Natalie's mouth and followed with her tongue, gingerly licking the other woman's lips. Natalie responded by biting down softly and drawing her further into her mouth. Her hand ran down Lauren's back and found the top of her bikini bottoms. Taking the string backing in her fist she slowly yanked it north, pulling the front down and tight against her pussy. "Oooh you naughty girl!" Lauren sighed, digging her nails into Natalie's back.

"I need to fuck you!" Natalie whispered into Lauren's ear before kissing the delicate skin beneath.

"Mmmm." Lauren purred at the pleasure from below and at her neck. "Back to the hotel?" She proposed and before even responding, Natalie was dragging her back to the beach to retrieve their belongings.

They made out in the elevator. Lauren pulled aside Natalie's bikini and finger fucked her against the mirrored wall. Inside their room they dropped everything at the door and almost wrestling each other to remove their swimsuits, made their way to the bed. Lauren threw Natalie backwards and spreading her legs wide smashed her face against the younger woman's pussy. Her nose buried in the generous amount of pubic hair as her tongue, first digging deep inside her, then sought out her clitoris. With two fingers, Lauren stabbed into her lover while sucking her clit. Natalie came on her mouth in what seemed to her, record time and wrapped her thighs around Lauren's head, sealing her to her pulsating vagina.

Lauren's tongue slurped Natalie's juices, she sucked at the entrance of her pussy unable to breathe and uncaring before Natalie finally released her hold with the decreasing orgasm. Letting her loose but not finished with her, Natalie managed to turn Lauren onto her stomach and pulled her legs up to a kneeling position. Lauren's asshole and bald pussy obscenely on display for her alone. Licking from her clit all the way to her asshole, Natalie savored the taste and dribbled a stream of saliva down onto the woman's anus followed by the tip on her thumb.

Lauren's face buried into the sheets as she threw both hands back to spread herself further for Natalie. "Fuck me baby!" she

begged and Natalie raised two fingers to her pussy and entered ass and vagina as one. "Ughh, yes," Lauren moaned. "More, give me more!"

Natalie was quick to respond. She pulled out and flipped the other women onto her back, her legs splayed. Her hand returned to Lauren's glistening pussy and re-entered with three fingers, closely followed by a fourth. Kneeling between her legs and stabbing into her lover she flicked her other hand's fingers across the engorged clitoris above.

"Oh fuck yes," Lauren screamed. "Fuck, fuck." As her orgasm approached. Excess wet from her pussy splattered her thighs and Natalie's hand, furiously pumping into her. "Fucking marry me!" She yelled as she finally came, wrapping her legs around Natalie's wrist, holding her hand in place. Natalie lay down atop her, giggling at her delirious suggestion.

The next day the topless beachside photos were in the Mexican tabloids, the internet and television followed. They hadn't even seen the photographer. Apparently using a telephoto lens.

"It's all my fault." Natalie apologized. "I'm so, so sorry."

Lauren took her in her arms. "It's no ones fault darling. It doesn't matter. We'll just look at it as publicity!" She attempted to reassure her with humor, lifting the younger woman's face to hers. "I love you, we'll get through this."

"I swear," Natalie stated. "If anyone does this to you, to us again...We'll ruin them!"

* * * * *

Edward held the rear door of the Mercedes open as Lauren approached the car. He couldn't deny her beauty. Her hair was completely up in a bun, a white satin shirt barely disguised her black bra. The grey pencil skirt hugged her hips like a second skin. Edward had no need to imagine the underwear she wore beneath, he'd seen them with his own eyes, recorded them on camera. White panties, pulled down just low enough to allow a boy who was potentially her own son, to cum inside them.

"Good morning Edward. Looks like it'll be a lovely day." Lauren remarked, easing herself into the backseat and settling gingerly onto the leather. She felt the cum spread immediately. The cooling fluid squelching between the cheeks of her ass, against her anus. Her own wetness added to the pool and she had a horrified vision of it seeping through the skirt. Screw it, she thought, she had spare clothes at work, what will be will be.

Edward thought of the footage on his phone. "Yep, looks like it'll be a great day!" He pressed closed the door and smiling to himself, made his way to the driver's side.

Minutes into the trip, Edward looked up into the rear view mirror, adjusting it downwards to see more of his employer.

"So what happened to the boy?" He asked, startling Lauren in the silence.

In the act of checking emails she looked up from her tablet, catching Edward's eyes in the mirror. "Oh, I just made sure he was looked after."

Edward nodded and was silent a moment longer, allowing Lauren to focus again on her tablet. "Looked after you say?"

She again raised her eyes, this time noticing a leering grin on the man's face. Edward had been in her employ for almost five years, the mannerism was out of character. "Is there a problem Edward?"

"No, no Ms. Brooks." He concentrated on the road and Lauren assumed the conversation over. He drove on for a block. "It's just that in all the years I've driven you, all the girls I've brought back to your house. Never a man. Never a boy."

Lauren didn't like where he was headed. "Edward in all the years I've employed you, I've never sought your opinion on my private life." It was a smack down to be sure but she needed to nip it in the bud. Edward knew her proclivities. The manner in which he'd left Sebastian in her care had been much the same as the countless girls of similar age. He knew what she had him there for.

"Oh did I step out of line Ms Brooks? I'm sorry, I guess you only share your private life with your female staff."

Lauren was shocked. He was obviously referring to Natalie. "Where is this coming from Edward? This isn't like you."

"Not like me huh? Maybe I'm just curious why you've never invited me into your house like you did that kid?"

"Ah can I remind you, you did attack him!" Lauren remarked.

"Yeah now why did I do that? Oh that's right. He was rushing up to tell you something wasn't he!"

Lauren's heart rate began to increase.

Edward continued. "Now it wouldn't have been anything to do with what I found on his phone, would it?" He held up the smart phone Lauren had handed back to Sebastian on the sidewalk, the phone he'd misplaced.

"I don't know what you could mean." Lauren replied, admittedly unsure of what was on the phone.

Edward stopped the car in the traffic. "No? Well it's just there's a lot of photos on here of you. Funny thing is they're all labeled 'Mom'."

Lauren's stomach turned. Edward had seen the boy up close, he would've recognized the resemblance. The cat was out of the bag so to speak but it wasn't the end of the world. No, that was coming! Lauren reached for the phone. "Oh you found it, he mentioned he'd misplaced his phone."

"Uh uh. Not so fast." Edward pulled it out of her reach and placed it on the dashboard before him. "There's something else I want to show you."

Lauren watched as Edward withdrew his own phone from his jacket and opened an app. The traffic was going nowhere and both of their attention was focused on the screen.

Lauren recognized the location immediately as the view through the window beside her front door. She watched as she pushed her naked son against the kitchen bench and beat her hand at his crotch. Unblinking, her throat dry, she watched herself lift her skirt and have her son ejaculate into her panties. Edward stopped the video and returned his phone. She now knew why he was behaving so out of the ordinary. Still, it didn't prove anything. Right now it was just an illegally filmed sex tape, nothing more. As if fate was playing a trick on her, Sebastian's phone began to ring.

"Oh now who could this be? Wouldn't be the kid trying to call his own number?"

The traffic began moving at a crawl. "How could you? I trusted you Edward." Lauren stated.

"Trust's a two way street." Edward was sure of his suspicions but the phone call would, he felt, confirm it. "Now I'm going to put his phone on speaker and you're going to answer it natural, O.k?"

Lauren's head was spinning. She'd just been confronted with footage that could destroy her business, her life. She nodded in affirmation at Edwards' suggestion.

"Hello?"

Sebastian's voice responded back to her. "Oh Mom, great you found it!"

Edward disconnected the call and tossed her son's phone back to her. "Well, it doesn't get much more definitive than that does it?" He gloated.

"What do you want?" Lauren asked after a moment of contemplation. She cursed herself she hadn't answered with a simple "you're on speaker" but in the moment it hadn't come to her. It was irrelevant, Edward had figured it out. The call was just the confirmation.

"What do I want? Well I haven't decided just yet but I can guarantee you and your bastard will be first to know." The car pulled up outside Lauren's building and she watched as Edward exited the vehicle and circled around to open her door as normal, as if nothing had changed. The ramifications of Edwards knowledge and evidence could be monumental. The public backlash would be severe. How dare he? She thought. There was no way she would allow this ingrate to jeopardise her life's work, her newfound relationship with her son. She wouldn't be blackmailed, she wouldn't be cow-towed

Lauren climbed out, Sebastian's phone in her grasp. If Edward had expected his employer to look meek and defeated when she exited the car he was disappointed. Lauren stood proud before him, in her heels, of equal height.

"So I'll be in touch," Edward stated but his confidence was already failing at her demeanor.

"You really want to go down this path Edward?" Lauren asked but continued on before he could answer. "Have you ever been hiking?"

The question came out of the blue and Edward was puzzled, the smarmy grin he was trying to maintain slowly fading. "What, why?" He answered.

"Because any knowledgeable hiker understands, you don't get between a mother bear and her cub! So, "I" will be in touch Edward." Lauren stared her driver down and watched with

pleasure as she saw his adam's apple bob up and down as he swallowed. He still held the cards, they both knew it but somehow, ever so slightly, Edward felt the tide had begun to turn.

* * * * *

As Lauren strode the floor towards her office, Natalie met her with a coffee in each hand and a tablet under her arm. "Morning. Macchiato." She nodded towards the closest coffee. Lauren took possession of one of the mugs but held onto the younger woman's hand. Standing in the middle of the office space she lifted Natalie's hand and kissed the tip of her knuckles. Natalie looked around to see if anyone had noticed the overt display and returned her gaze to Lauren. "O.k. What's that about?"

Lauren smiled. "I just wanted to express my gratitude."

"For the coffee? I get it every day!" She chuckled.

"For your loyalty, your friendship and I hope for your forgiveness."

Natalie looked puzzled. "What for?"

Lauren paused and it was her turn to look around the floor. "Let's talk in my office."

Lauren placed her handbag down on the desk and waited for Natalie to close the door behind them. "Alright what's going on? Because if it's about me calling you last night, I wasn't being pushy I was just worried about you. You've been distant, there was the restaurant thing and you didn't want me around and I...I'm rambling aren't I?" Natalie stopped herself and waited for Lauren's response.

"It's nothing you've done. It's me. You were right at the restaurant, I've been feeling pretty fragile lately about you know what and I should've been more up front with you." Lauren explained.

"It's alright you don't have to.."

"No I do." Lauren paused as if thinking. "Do we have much on today?"

Natalie looked down at her tablet. "Weekly sales report. Conference call with the suppliers. Nothing overly important. Why?"

"I was wondering, did you drive in today?"

Natalie looked puzzled. "Yes, why?"

"Good. Clear our schedule. There's someone I want you to meet."

* * * * *

After calling his misplaced phone and thankfully hearing his mother's voice, Sebastian ate a bowl of ice cream for breakfast. The fact it hung up straight away didn't bother him. Battery's probably dead, he reasoned. He walked around the house naked while his clothes washed in the laundry. He entered his mother's walk in wardrobe and marveled at her hundreds of dresses. He recalled many from photos he'd seen of her. Opening one of many drawers he found his mother's underwear and it caused a swelling in his cock as he thought of her wearing them for him. He found a room devoted to shoes, bigger than his own bedroom in New Jersey. How far he had come he thought. Did his uncle even notice he'd gone?

In the early morning sun Sebastian curled his toes on the soft grass of the back lawn. Grass so green it looked fake and was amazed when it turned out to be real. In a building beside the pool he found a beach towel and placed it on an outdoor lounge chair in preparation of sunning himself. Diving into the kidney shaped pool he swam it's length before climbing up the stairs and dripping, walked back into the house to pour himself a drink of milk.

Half way across the polished concrete floor between the outdoors and the kitchen he stopped dead. The two women approached, their heels clicking and echoing around the large

living room. "Sebastian." Lauren casually spoke his name. "I'd like you to meet..."

"I know who you are." Sebastian cut her off. "You're Natalie Glass." He quickly approached the woman and put his arms around her in an embrace. Natalie was taken aback and looked towards Lauren who smiled at her. "You're my Mom's girlfriend!"

Sebastian realized he may have crossed the line by hugging the woman. The fact he was naked was his secondary concern. After taking a step back he noticed he'd wet the front of her powder blue peplum dress and offered to run and get a towel. Lauren was quick to step in. "Sebastian no, that won't be necessary." She held out her hand to him and he accepted it, standing alongside his mother.

The two of them looked at Natalie who was still coming to terms with a naked man, more a boy, in Lauren's house, let alone the fact he had called her his mother. She shook her head. "Wait. What?" She looked at Lauren. "Mom!?"

Lauren couldn't control the smile that appeared on her face. "Yes. He's my son!"

Natalie looked at the two and the resemblance was now uncanny. They had the same eyes, the same hair, even with him being so slight, the same facial bone structure but still she had doubts. "Lauren, may I speak with you for a moment?"

Lauren understood she meant alone and asked Sebastian to fetch them some drinks.

"Um. Mom should I put something on? It's just my clothes are in the wash." Sebastian asked, suddenly conscious of his nudity now he was obviously being banished.

"Sweetheart it's not necessary." She patted him on the bottom as she turned him. "Now come on just give Mommy a moment with Natalie, O.k."

The two women walked out poolside and once alone Natalie expressed her concern. "Lauren are you sure? It's a little suspicious don't you think? What, two days after his birthday!"

"It's him Nat. I've seen the birth certificate. From the moment I saw him I knew there was something."

"Oh my god." Natalie exclaimed as she pieced together the facts. "He's the boy on the street!"

"Yes! I can see it in his eyes, in his heart. He's my baby Natalie. He's come back to me."

Natalie looked towards the house. "He's naked." She paused and turned back to Lauren. "And neither of you seemed even a little fazed."

Lauren reached out and took Natalie's hands. "Well that's what I need to talk to you about."

Natalie didn't need to be told. She could see it in her employers, in her lovers eyes. "You made love."

"We made love." Lauren confessed. She allowed Natalie the time to process the information before going on. "You need to spend some time with him Nat. I guarantee in five minutes you'll see in him what I do. He's a part of me!"

"Um, I'm sorry," Sebastian nervously stated as he walked towards the women, his semi erect penis shaded by the tray in his hands. "But I hope this is O.k." He placed the tray of iced teas on the outdoor setting and waited expectantly.

Lauren held out a hand for him to join them. "It's perfect darling. This is perfect." She looked again at Natalie. "Don't you see? You two are the most precious people in my life. I realized it when you called me last night and it broke my heart not to tell you about him." She locked her eyes on her son. "Sebastian. Here come sit next to Mommy." Pulling him down beside her on the lounge Lauren placed a hand on his thigh. "Sweetheart I'm going to leave you with Natalie for a few moments. Talk to her, I want you two to get to know each other."

Lauren left them to freshen herself and Natalie apprehensively took up Lauren's seat beside the boy. An awkward moment of silence followed before each began to speak at once. "I'm sorry Sebastian. You go ahead." Natalie offered.

"I was just going to say I was glad you were in Mom's life." He admitted.

"Why do you say that? You don't even know me." Natalie asked. She allowed her eyes to quickly stray down to the boy's penis, still semi erect between his thin white thighs.

"I read all of Mom's interviews and she mentioned you heaps. That thing in Mexico. I saw the news story you were on, you tried to help her. I loved you for it!" He blushed when he said it and Natalie felt the compulsion to place an arm around him but refrained.

"When did you know she was your mother?" Natalie asked and immediately his eyes lit up and his face brightened.

"I was about fifteen when I found my adoption record but..." He paused and turned his body further towards her. "Do you believe in fate?"

"I suppose, why?"

"Well when I'd just started junior high I was taking the bus to and from school. On the way home I had to change buses and one day I noticed across from the bus stop they'd put in a new billboard above some shops. It was a bad day at school. Some kids had been picking on me but I didn't want to go home either. It was just as bad there at the time. Anyway I sat at the bus stop looking up at the billboard and let bus after bus pass me by. It was cold. Have you ever been to New Jersey in winter?" He asked but didn't wait for her answer. "I just sat there looking up at the face on the billboard. It was a perfume ad. I wasn't interested in perfume, I was just a kid back then. It was her face. Just staring at her made me feel safe. While I looked at her the kids at school couldn't hurt me. My cousins couldn't pick on me. My uncle couldn't..."

He didn't finish the sentence and Natalie didn't need him to. She could hear the pain of recollecting his childhood in his voice, she knew the billboard he was referring to having been with Lauren at the photo shoot. It was simply a facial photo of Lauren and a bottle of the perfume it advertised. Nothing to catch the eye of a pubescent boy and yet he'd been drawn to it.

"It wasn't until 10pm that night that my uncle drove by and found me," he continued. "I was nearly half frozen but even then I didn't want to leave her face. I didn't even know who she was and yet I knew she meant something to me. It was Lauren Brooks up there Natalie." He explained to her just in case she hadn't realized. "I was looking at my Mom and I didn't even know it!"

Natalie couldn't control herself, she wrapped an arm around Sebastian's shoulder and drew him into her breast. "You are him aren't you!?" She cried. "Oh you beautiful boy, I'm so happy to finally meet you." Natalie released her vice like grip and held him at arms length. "And look at you. All grown up. Eighteen years old I hear. Just had your birthday! Tell me, has Lauren given you a present yet?"

Sebastian again looked bashful. "No. I don't need anything."

Natalie was suddenly aware of his nudity once more. Her eyes once again settled on his penis, now sightly harder than before. Had it been the memory of his mother or possibly the embrace she'd just shared with him, she wondered? Either way, the desire to touch it was something she hadn't felt in years. "I wonder Sebastian. Would you let me hold it?" As she asked the question Lauren walked back out to join them, overhearing the words.

Sebastian looked up at Natalie excitedly and then to his mother. "I guess, if Mom says it's O.k."

Lauren nodded enthusiastically, sitting across from them.

Natalie smiled at her and tentatively wrapped her hand around the cock. The first penis she'd touched since her late teens. It swelled instantly beneath her fingers and both Natalie and Sebastian expelled a held breath.

"You were wrong Lauren." Natalie declared. "You said I'd see what you do in five minutes. It only took four!"

Her hand casually stroked Sebastian's growing cock as Lauren watched on. The sight of Natalie and her son engaged in such an act, exciting her more than she'd imagined. Parting her legs she hiked her skirt up around her waist and placed a hand on her panties, feeling her son's long dried cum. She delved inside and ran her fingers down between her moistening labia. Back up to her clit she watched as Natalie lowered her head towards her son's groin.

Dropping from the lounge to her knees and leaning forward, Natalie took Sebastian's erection into her mouth. His sigh told her she was doing something correctly and as she sucked on the head of his cock she twisted and jerked her hand on the base. She lowered a hand to her inner thigh and touched the lace seam of her stay-up tan stockings then further between her legs across the bare skin to her panties. She found herself wet. As aroused as she ever had with Lauren. And why was that strange? She asked herself. This boy was a part of Lauren, her in male form. Lauren with a cock, she mused. Why wouldn't she be attracted to him?

His cock plunged deep but not far enough for Natalie. The angle was all wrong and taking him by the hand she guided Sebastian to his feet with her mouth still connected to his engorged manhood. Sebastian was torn between watching his mother masturbate and Natalie suck his cock. Thankfully he didn't have to choose as he saw Lauren rise whilst removing her clothes. She approached naked and beautiful and knelt

down beside Natalie. With Lauren taking over from her, Natalie took the opportunity to remove her own dress. Her panties and bra came off and again she joined Lauren worshipping at Sebastian's altar.

The women shared and combined. One moment Sebastian's penis was deep inside his mother's mouth only to be wrenched free and swallowed by Natalie. Their tongues entwined around the swollen head. Saliva ran from his balls, their chin's glistened. So lubricated was his dick with drool that Natalie's hand repeatedly slipped off when she tried to masturbate him as they each took a testicle in their mouths. Sebastian was on the cusp of orgasm. He didn't know what to do in that they seemed to be enjoying his penis so much but he felt he had to warn them. "Mom I have to cum!" He finally confessed when the pressure had become too great.

Natalie quickly whispered in Lauren's ear and the women pressed their faces tightly together side by side. "Happy Birthday Sebastian!" They shouted in unison before opening their mouths and presenting their tongues. Delirious, Sebastian grasped his cock and finished off their hard work with his experienced hand. He aimed at their mouths but in his exuberance the first stream hit Natalie's forehead and trailed down over her eye to her jaw. Squeezing tight he aimed to the left and repeated the feat, this time over his mother's face. The cum coating the bridge of her nose and upper lip. Shot after shot of semen spat from his cock. He managed to finally aim into their awaiting mouths, coating lips, tongue and teeth, and as his ejaculation subsided they turned to one another and shared the spoils of victory. Lauren scooped up

the thread of semen carefully from over Natalie's eye and kept it for herself, savoring the taste of her special man.

With their faces clean, Sebastian held his hands out for the ladies to rise and Natalie accepted with grace, kissing Sebastian on the lips as she did so but Lauren remained knelt. They looked down at her concerned for a moment before Lauren spoke. "While I'm down here. There's something I wanted to ask each of you." Squeezing her son's hand a little tighter. "Sebastian, how would you feel about having two Mommies?"

He didn't answer, instead quickly looking to Natalie, a huge smile spreading on his face. Natalie raised a hand to her mouth as Lauren, holding her other then focused her attention on her. "Oh my god. Oh my God." She repeated.

"Natalie," Lauren began. "I don't have a ring or a speech prepared but you know how much I love you."

Tears ran from Natalie's eyes as she fully accepted what was happening.

"What I want to ask you is, will you marry me?"

"Yes. Yes, my God yes." She cried, finally pulling Lauren to her feet. "Of course I will." Natalie wrapped her arms around her lover, kissing her and drew Sebastian into the embrace, his cock sandwiched between the two women.

Right then and there, Lauren felt happier than she thought she ever had. The embrace could have lasted an eternity but a darkness entered her mind. Edward. With everything else perfect in her life, time to put an end to it she thought. "Sebastian there's a special job I want you to do. Do you think you'd like to help me?" She asked.

"I'll do anything for you Mom. You know I will." He avidly replied.

"Splendid." She took hold of Natalie and her son's hand and they noticed her face grow cold. "But first there's something I need to tell you both."

* * * * *

Sebastian stood in the bushes outside his mother's bedroom. The window was high but he was still afforded with an obstacle free view of the bed, his mother sitting on the edge, her body facing him but her face turned away, seemingly oblivious to his presence. With her totally naked, legs spread, Sebastian watched through the recording camera on his phone as Natalie entered the room and knelt down at her feet. His mother's vagina suddenly hidden from view he was treated with Natalie's ass and pussy from behind. Her head bobbed around between his mother's legs and there was little doubt she was eating her out. His mother had said nothing about not enjoying himself so as he zoomed in on Natalie's puckered anus he allowed his hand to gently stroke his cock.

Lauren pulled Natalie up onto the bed and embraced her, kissing. Their legs scissored together, pussy's grinding against the other's. Sebastian knew the moment was approaching, he'd been told what to do. As Natalie fell back with the force of her orgasm her face turned towards him and reacted. Immediately she leaped back onto the bed covering her nudity with her hands. Sebastian, as directed, turned the camera away and stopped recording.

Inside the house he was to meet the women in the kitchen but found it deserted. He made his way to his mother's room and cautiously looked around the doorway. The women were still on the bed. Still naked.

"How did you go sweetheart?" Lauren asked her son. "Come on, jump up here with Mommy."

Naked, Sebastian climbed between the two women and presented his mother the phone.

All three watched the video together. "Hmm, that's actually kind of hot." Natalie remarked, casually placing her hand down on Sebastian's growing erection. "Maybe we should think about doing this more often."

Lauren looked across to her with concern in her eyes. "Darling we can't joke around with this. Both of you. This is about as serious as it gets, I don't want you to forget that."

Sebastian took the dressing down harder than Natalie. "I'm sorry Mom. It's all my fault. If I hadn't come here none of this would've happened." He was genuinely upset by the story she'd told them and was again close to tears.

"Don't you dare say it's your fault Sebastian." Lauren consoled him, drawing him into her breast. "You've done nothing wrong my prince. There's only one person to blame here and it's certainly not you or I."

Natalie hadn't released her hold on Sebastian's cock and as his head pressed to his mother's breast she felt him harden further. She watched as Lauren raised her son's face to her own, kissing him motherly on the lips and then not so. Her tongue entering his mouth, connecting with his. Sebastian didn't want to lose Natalie's hold on his cock but he so desperately wanted to be inside his mother. Natalie was thinking the same thing, eager to see mother and son as one. The moment she let go of his cock, Sebastian was upon her. Lauren, spreading her legs for her boy in anticipation. Natalie lowered a hand to her own pussy but Sebastian came down on it before her, his fingers sliding along her dripping labia.

Lauren turned her face to kiss Natalie as Sebastian pressed the head of his penis against her begging vulva. He entered both women at once. His cock buried deep inside his mother, two fingers penetrating Natalie, his thumb on her clit. Sebastian took a nipple into his mouth and sucked with all his might, looking up as the women passionately kissed above him. Thrusting into his mother, she squeezed her pussy

around him, pulling him into her with each intrusion. He joined the kiss and Natalie moved her body closer, grabbing his wrist with both hands she took control and used his arm as her personal sex toy, fucking herself with his fingers.

Lauren wrapped her legs around her son's waist as she began to cum. Her mouth open in a silent scream as Natalie and Sebastian lavished her with kisses. Natalie responded to Lauren's orgasm with her own. Burying Sebastian's hand up to the palm inside her and flooding his fingers with fluid. Sebastian was last and definitely not least. His balls tightened and the semen began its course. He exploded inside his mother with almost nuclear energy. A fire hose of cum forced against her cervix, she felt each and every spurt of her son's love.

Cradling her son's and lover's heads on her breast, Lauren ran her fingers through their hair. "You know something you two?" She asked. "I've never felt this happy! Whatever happens here today, I just want you to know that I love you both more than anything in the world."

Sebastian looked at Natalie and up at his mother. "We know Mom." He took hold of Natalie's and then his mother's hand before kneeling between them. "Right," He stated, showing he could be a man. "Let's get this show on the road!"

* * * * *

Edward sat behind the wheel of the Mercedes. In the failing early evening light he watched the policeman walk towards the car. Muttering to himself and awkward looking in his uniform, Edward laughed as he realized the cop was no cop. More a boy, dressed in a police costume, plastic cuffs at his belt. "Relax Edward. You're in charge now! You've got nothing to worry about." He told himself and looked back down at his phone as the boy passed, mumbling something about bed sheets and his mother.

Scrolling the video back and forth, Lauren Brooks lifting her skirt, lowering, lifting, lowering. His left hand returned, furiously pumping his sizeable penis. He allowed the footage to play and watched as her son shot his load between her legs. His own orgasm approached and the screen changed to display a private number calling. "Fuck!" He exclaimed. Removing his hand from his cock he answered. "This better be good!" To his mind, it was.

"Edward I'm at home. I'm ready to make a deal, would you come by please." Lauren asked, her tone conciliatory.

"Ah, finally inviting me in. Yeah I'll be there." He grinned and disconnected the call, looking down at his throbbing cock, pre-cum daubing the head. "Don't worry buddy. You're about to get the real thing and a shit load of money!"

* * * * *

He pulled the car to a halt and finding the front door unlocked, entered the house without knocking. It didn't take him long to find them. Lauren and Sebastian waited seated in the living room. Now fully clothed the pair looked nothing more than the average respectable mother and son, if a little apprehensive in their demeanor.

Edward looked Lauren up and down. Tan heels and her legs crossed. The navy blue wrap dress had a split that teased the stocking top on her upper thigh, her hair pulled tightly back. He recognized the kid's clothes as those when he first met him, now cleaner.

"So how do we do this?" Lauren asked.

Edward grinned. "\$100 thousand into my account by tomorrow and right now you can start by spreading those pretty legs of yours."

"Mom..." Sebastian began and Lauren stopped him by placing a hand on his leg.

"Maybe the kid might want to wait in the other room." Edward stated.

"My son stays!" Lauren defied.

"Oh that's right you like to keep your family close don't you?" He laughed. "But just in case you get any ideas kid." Edward held open his suit jacket to reveal a handgun secreted away in a shoulder holster.

It was entirely unexpected to Lauren, she'd no idea Edward had been armed, it raised the stakes and the situation had just become far more dangerous.

Lauren agreed to the payment, uncrossed her legs and leaning back on the couch, slowly parted her thighs. Sebastian shuffled across from her as directed by a wave of Edward's hand. Her legs spread and panty-less, she revealed her smooth bald pussy to her driver.

"Now show me those titties." His voice breaking somewhat as he realized he was about to fuck the plus sized supermodel before him.

Lauren placed her hands at her breast. "The video. Do you have it on you?"

Edward reached into his jacket pocket and removed his phone, shaking it before her.

"Show me."

Edward unlocked his phone and played the recording.

"And you'll delete it afterwards?" She asked. "How do I know it's the only copy?"

"Ms. Brooks. I may be a son-of-a-bitch but I ain't a liar. It's the only copy."

"O.k then," she stated. "Get your cock out!"

It was the sign Natalie had been waiting for. The moment she heard the words she left the adjoining room and approached Edward from behind. He heard nothing as her bare feet padded across the shiny concrete floor. The statue was heavy in her sweaty hands but the contour of the Venus de Milo prevented it slipping from her grasp as she raised it and swung with all her might at the side of Edward's head.

She had to admit the feeling of skull against marble was extremely satisfying as she watched the man fall to the floor in a heap, completely unconscious. Lauren and Sebastian stood up and all three gathered in an embrace above the prone body.

Natalie's hands were shaking and Sebastian took the statue from her and placed it on the table. "Did I do good? Was that O.k?" She asked, the adrenaline still coursing through her veins.

Lauren kissed her on the lips. "You did good honey. Just as we planned."

Sebastian picked up the phone from where it had skidded and raised a thumb to his mother when he looked at the still playing video.

Lauren smiled. "O.k baby, do your thing." She looked down at Edward, out cold but thankfully bleeding little. "Right. Let's get his clothes off!"

* * * * *

Two police cars and an ambulance surrounded the Mercedes in Lauren's driveway. Edward's neck was in a brace as he was being assessed by the paramedics. In his delirium he hadn't noticed the tight, hot pink dress he wore, the stay up stockings or the high heels and poorly applied make-up. Lauren and Sebastian were being questioned by an officer as was Natalie, separately.

"So you say you invited him around?" The policeman asked.

"That's right. He had a compromising video of me and my partner. We were to negotiate a payment that would prevent him from releasing it to the press."

The cop took notes, nodding his head. "Ah-huh. So he was blackmailing you?"

"Well yes. I didn't expect him to show up brandishing a gun though. Or wearing my clothes. I don't know how he even got them."

"They're your clothes?"

Lauren nodded.

"He probably broke in at an earlier date." The cop proposed. "This video you say he has?"

"He says it's on his phone. We, Natalie and I caught someone filming us the other day. My god I had no idea it was him!"

"That's alright ma'am, we'll investigate that." He looked down at Sebastian. "Son do you have anything to add?"

Sebastian shook his head. "I'm just happy Mom wasn't hurt. If my other Mom wasn't here I don't know what may have happened."

Natalie finished her statement as Edward was loaded onto the gurney and began to regain his faculties. "What is this?" He looked down at his cuffed wrists. "Why am I under arrest?"

A police woman approached holding his phone, another officer beside her with Edward's gun in an evidence bag.

"Sir you need to relax. We need to ask you some questions." She held the phone out to him. "Would you consent to unlocking this phone sir?"

"Yes, yes. You'll see the video. She's fucking her son!" Edward yelled still unaware he was wearing women's clothing.

"So you admit to filming Ms. Brooks?" She questioned, ignoring the "son" reference.

"Yeah I did it." He raised his bound wrist and entered the code into his phone. The officer opened the media folder and was greeted with hundreds of photos of Lauren Brooks. She tilted the screen towards her partner and found the solitary video file. Lauren and Natalie engaged in sexual activity in her bedroom. She scrolled through until the end where the photographer had been discovered and closed the file. The officers moved away to confer as Edward was wheeled out to the ambulance screaming about incest.

Lauren and Natalie stood embracing as the police approached. "So what happens now?" Lauren asked.

"Well he'll be checked out at the local hospital and then taken downtown for processing. It doesn't look good for him. We have blackmail, extortion, threatening with a deadly weapon. Trespass in that he was on your property when he made the video. Theft and possession of stolen goods in that he was wearing your clothes. The gun's not registered. It just keeps mounting up. He has prior convictions, this is his third strike, were you aware of that Ms. Brooks?"

"No I wasn't." Lauren replied. "My god he was always such a good employee until he met my son. He attacked him the other day."

"I'm sorry what's that?" The officer asked.

"Oh I forgot to mention it. Outside our building. He attacked my son for no reason. Knocked him to the ground. There'll be security footage of it if it's necessary."

"It might be." The officer stalled and began to blush. "Ah Ms. Brooks. My partner and I are sort of fans of yours." She smiled and couldn't hide her nervousness. "I wonder if it's not too much trouble could we get a photo?"

Lauren smiled and looked down to Sebastian. "Honey would you take it for the officers?"

The policewoman gladly handed Sebastian her phone.

"He's great with photography!" Lauren admitted proudly as the police got their memento of the evening.

* * * * *

Lauren parked the Mercedes in the garage beside Natalie's car and joined Sebastian and Natalie in the house. Natalie had opened a bottle of champagne and poured three glasses. "To us and our future." She toasted as they clinked their glasses together.

Lauren looked at Sebastian. "Hmmm don't know if I approve of you drinking young man." She said smiling.

Sebastian laughed and rolled his eyes looking to Natalie. "I guess you're going to be the fun parent!"

Natalie moved in closer pressing her groin into Sebastian's hip. She looked across to Lauren. "I guess I am!"

* * * * *

Edward was searched again and led into the holding cell before being un-cuffed. "I'm telling you these aren't my clothes!" He screamed.

"Whatever buddy. Enjoy 'em while you've got the chance. You ain't seeing nothing but orange for a long time." The guard replied.

"Well hello princess." A voice came from behind.

Edward turned to see twenty to thirty hardened cons, many in gang colors all looking in his direction. Groins began to be rubbed through pants and erections pulled from flies as the desperate men ogled the newcomer dressed seductively in women's clothing.

A large muscular tattooed man in a white wife beater approached stroking his cock, veiny and proud.

"What the fuck do you want?" Edward nervously asked.

"Well, you can start by spreading those pretty legs of yours!" The man demanded.

THE END