

# Spy Games

# Chapter 1

**N**atasha and I thought alike and fell backwards together onto the mattress we'd dragged into the second bedroom. "Tell me that's the last of it Scotty!"

I wiped the sweat from my brow with the back of my hand. "That's the last of it."

"Thank Christ for that." She sat up on her elbows and looked at our surroundings. "You know it's been twenty five years since we were in this room!"

"I know! Does it feel smaller to you?"

My sister Natasha smiled. "Ah yeah! The whole house is smaller. It's still the same though, if you get my drift," she nodded towards the wall dividing the bedrooms. "That's new."

A large gold framed mirror mounted on the wall dominated the room.

"It's a bit over the top, I guess. There's artwork in some of the other rooms the previous owners left behind, I'll keep what I like, the rest can go."

I climbed up off the bed and offered a hand to my sister who was quick to accept. "So, it's all set for this weekend?" She asked as I pulled her off the bed.

"Yep. Mom thinks I'm taking her for a drive in the country. We should be here after lunchtime Saturday and you guys will be here that night, yeah?"

"Hope so. The kids have basketball in the morning but the afternoon is free. If Mom doesn't know she's staying the night, what about clothes and toiletries?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that." I admitted.

Natasha shook her head. "Men! I'll drop by her house on the way and pick up some of her stuff."

"That'd be great. Oh, I almost forgot. There's something else I have to show you."

Taking Natasha by the hand I led her back down to the kitchen and presented her with the bottle. "1958 Chateau Margaux. The year of her birth. You think she'll like it?"

Natasha turned the bottle of wine in her hands. "Do I think she'll like it? Are you crazy? She's going to leave you everything in the will! This must have cost a fortune."

A 'small' fortune, yes. But I could afford it. Six months before, I had sold a menu ordering app I'd designed for an 'actual' fortune and was now enjoying the fruits of my labor. The house we now stood in was where our mother had grown up and where Natasha and I had spent every summer holiday

with our grandparents, until our teens when they were forced to sell. It was by happenstance that I'd stumbled on its listing in a property guide while looking for an out-of-town retreat for myself. I made the agent an attractive offer and two weeks later, here we stood.

"I want you to give it to her." I confessed to my sister.

She shook her head, smiling. "She'll know you bought it. It must have cost a thousand dollars!"

"About that!" I laughed. "But you and her are the wine drinkers. It'd mean more coming from you."

Natasha wrapped her arms around me with unrestrained delight. "Thank you. I'd just bought her some dvds! This will be perfect."

"Cool. Consider it payment for helping me move in." I took the bottle back off her and replaced it in its wooden storage

box. "Come on, you've got to check out the river before we go."

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"You could've bought a house for the price of this!" Mom laughed over the growl of the engine as I entered the highway.

"And then some!" I admitted. She seemed to be enjoying the ride, mostly I think she enjoyed her next door neighbor seeing her enter the 2017 Aston Martin and be escorted away like a movie star. I was just happy to see her smiling. It was her first birthday since my father died and turning sixty, being a milestone year, I wanted it to be memorable in all the best ways.

"So where are we going?" She asked, holding the arm rest for dear life.

"Thought we'd head up by your old house, it was always a nice drive."

"Oh. It's a long way!"

"You got somewhere better to be?"

Mom smiled back cheekily as I accelerated. "No I guess not!"

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"We haven't been here in; oh it must be twenty years!" Mom figured as I slowed, entering the limits of the sleepy town. Midday Saturday and barely anyone on the main street.

"Twenty five! Natasha and I were talking about it the other day. Time flies."

"Doesn't it though! You kids loved coming up here in the summer. I'm glad you were able to see where I grew up. I was so happy here."

We drove slowly by the town hall, stopping at an intersection as a woman with red hair and a boy on a skateboard passed by. Seemingly the only people on the street.

"The town is dying; it was one of the reasons your grandparents sold up, even back then. It is so lovely though." Mom added as we left the town center and headed towards the house on the outskirts.

A couple of miles later I looked across and saw her sit up in the seat as we approached the house.

"Slow down as we go by Scott. I want to see it. Oh look, there's a 'for sale' sign. Why would they bother? No one drives by here. Oh no it's been sold."

"What, did you want to buy it?" I asked amused.

"Oh don't be silly, it's just if we'd known we could've had a nosy around." She added.

I pulled the car up to a crawl as we approached the gravel driveway. "You wanted me to slow down, I'll do you one better. Let's go and take a closer look!"

Mom protested as I drove down the long driveway between fruit trees and eucalypts. "Scott! The owners might be here!"

"Relax Mom; I'm sure the owners are here!"

Stopping the car outside the house I exited and ran around to her side. Mom was hesitant to get out. "Scott. This is weird. We can't just show up."

I couldn't help laughing. "Mom, just get out would you?"

The hot northerly wind had picked up as I helped Mom from the car. She looked at the house with an air of almost sadness and then I saw a tear form in her eye.

"Hey, what are you doing? I thought seeing it would make you happy."

She raised a hand to her face and dabbed away the tears. "It's just so strange standing here. I feel, what did you say it was, twenty five years? I feel twenty five years younger."

"Oh good well let's go in, maybe we can wipe a few more years off!"

"Do you think the owner will let us?" She asked as she began to follow me cautiously.

"Oh I'm positive the owner will let us!" I answered assuredly. It was then the penny dropped.

She stopped following me. "Scott. You didn't!"

I smiled. "I did!"

"No?"

"Yes!"

I couldn't recall seeing my mother move as quickly as she did that moment. An Olympic sprinter would've been proud of the time it took her to cover the distance between us. The embrace was equally as impressive. Her entire body seemed to press against me and I welcomed her touch. She kissed me on the cheeks, my forehead and my lips, a place she'd not kissed since I was a child. As she leaned back to look at me, her hands around my neck, mine around her waist, I was aware my groin was pressed to hers and for an instant I had to admit to myself, I was aroused.

She knocked sense into me instantly as she slapped me on the chest. For a moment I thought it was a reaction to the almost imperceptible stirring in my penis but then she scolded me for another reason. "You tricked me!" She smiled. "Let's go for a drive in my fancy new car, you said! It was a ruse."

"Hey I never said fancy! But yeah, it was a ruse. Tash will be here tonight with the kids. Happy Birthday Mom."

Finally I think she accepted the reality and broke our embrace to take in the house. "Are you going to live here?" She asked as the breeze picked up again.

"Here and the city," The wind pressed her light blue mid-thigh dress to her body, causing it to lay upon the curve of her legs and pubic mound above. I looked away. "We can use it as a holiday house. You, Tash and the kids. How good would it be to spend summers here like we used to?"

The sun was becoming oppressive and I felt sweat run down my back. "Come on let's get out of the heat."

I handed Mom the key and allowed her to do the honors. She opened the door to a sparsely furnished interior. "You haven't moved in yet?" She asked as she familiarized herself with her old home.

"I've brought some furniture up. Tash helped me with a van the other day, beds and stuff so we can all stay the weekend."

"Oh I haven't brought anything."

I smiled. "It's taken care of Mom. Tash is dropping by your place to get what you might need. All you have to do is pick a room!"

As if I'd awakened a memory, she rushed down the long hall towards the bedrooms. "Oh I have to see my old room."

She led me into the room with the large mirror. "Well that's new," she pointed at the gold framed mirror. "My gosh, in all the years they haven't even changed the wallpaper."

"Yeah I thought I recognized it. So I guess you're taking your old bedroom?" I asked.

"Oh can I?" She approached and passed me at the doorway running a hand over my chest. If she hadn't been my mother I would almost have said, seductively. "You're the man of the house now."

We checked out the rest of the house, my mother telling me stories of her childhood and events that had happened in each of the rooms. When we doubled back to her room she paused in the doorway. "You know Scott. I lost my virginity in this room!"

"Oh Mom!" I responded, placing my hands over my ears.

"Oh stop it," she laughed. "It's beautiful; it's where your sister was conceived!"

"Still not listening," I continued before she laughingly took hold of my hand.

"Come on. Let's go and see the river!"

Mom held my hand until we reached the sandy beach of the river bend. "Oh Scotty. It's just the same." She noted the frayed rope swaying from an overhanging tree. "The tire swing gave up the ghost, you kid's used to love that." I followed her across the small beach to the edge. "I wish I'd brought my swimsuit, the water looks beautiful."

"I'm sure Natasha will bring it, she said as much the other day when we were here." I replied.

Mom looked around, down each length of the river. "There's still no other houses around is there?"

"No. The real estate agent says it's too far from the city for commuters. The soil's not good enough for farming. No one's building out here."

Mom turned with a cheeky expression on her face. "Blow it. I'm going in!"

Before I could register her words she'd kicked off her slip on shoes and turned her back to me. I heard the popping of the press studs down the front of her dress and then it happened. Her shoulders revealed to me, flesh colored bra straps running down to the cross strap. Lower it fell, the top of her underwear, a light pink, lower, the full briefs hugging the rounded curve of her buttocks. She bent forward to step out of her dress, raising one leg at a time before dropping it over her shoes. For that one moment I thought she'd go further, take off her underwear and enter the water naked but without removing any more and without turning to me, she waded out into the stream.

I admit I was dumbstruck. My mother wasn't spontaneous. Natasha would never believe it if I told her what had just happened. I watched as her ass descended beneath the water, followed by her back. Only when she was up to her neck and paddling did she turn. "Are you coming in?"

Here I was, a thirty five year old man in pretty good shape and I was the one hesitant to disrobe before a sixty year old woman. My initial fear was I couldn't recall what underwear I was wearing but quickly reasoned my mother wouldn't care anyway. "Um. I guess." I removed my t-shirt and then my pants, I noticed, under the watchful eyes of my mother.

She hadn't warned me of how cold the water was as I waded out to join her. When it hit the gray boxers I wore and then my stomach, I sucked in air and committed to its embrace by diving fully under. I came up just short of my mother. "Jesus it's cold," I gasped.

"You get used to it. Come on I'll race you."

Mom was a competent swimmer and headed across stream, she made it to the rocks on the far shore before me.

"Boost me up?" She asked as I finally came up behind her, her hands holding the rock ledge above. As I took hold of her foot beneath the water and lifted, I allowed my eyes to look between her legs. Her pink panties had unsurprisingly become transparent. Sagging down between her legs and dripping. In the split second she was above my head I could see the darkness of her pubic hair. I was aware that when I climbed out of the water I was about to see more.

I didn't need her help to exit the river, climbing up onto the ledge moments behind her. She was still standing as I rose, water cascading down her back from her dripping hair. She turned as I joined her and seemed completely unfazed by her appearance. The flesh colored bra was completely see through at the cup, her small dark nipples protruding through the thin material. I gazed downwards as she looked back across the river and her underwear bore the same fruit. My mother might as well have been naked. She pulled up on the wet pink fabric of her panties as I watched. Her dark pubes

visible for the world, no just me, to see. It looked wonderful. She was my mother and yet I admired her beauty in that moment as I would've done any other woman.

She looked back towards me and I quickly raised my eyes, unsure if she'd noticed just where they'd been staring. If she had, she didn't seem to mind. I was amazed as to how she was being so nonchalant about her exposure. It was only then did I concentrate on my own facade. My boxers unlike my mother's had remained opaque, however like hers were sagging with the weight of the water. Her eyes seemed not as shy as mine and zoomed in on my crotch. My shaved pubic bone exposed and the base of my semi erect penis. It was then I acknowledged I indeed was turned on by my mother. I quickly raised my shorts as her eyes diverted and unspeaking she sat back down on the warm rock at our feet.

I joined her in lounging in the sun. She lay back fully on the smooth surface and placed a forearm over her eyes, shielding herself from its rays. Still sitting up, this gave me unimpeded access to feast my eyes upon her body. Her breasts though not large were still firm for her age. A day before I couldn't have

told you what size they were at all, and yet here I was staring at her exposed nipples. I trailed down her flat stomach, the white skin beaded with water, and the underwear beneath her belly button. Her pink panties had the smallest of lace trim, slightly darker than the rest, possibly made so by the water but it was her pubic hair where my eyes settled. Not out of control but definitely untrimmed, it sat wet beneath the transparent material, craving to be massaged, to be kissed.

The thought of it had my cock swelling. I allowed it to happen. With one leg raised, shielding my actions from my mother if she happened to look, I pressed my fingers into my hardness and the flow of pleasure spread through my body.

"You're very quiet over there!" She remarked as if psychically deducing I was up to no good.

I removed my hand from my cock but the damage was done. I stood erect, bulging from my wet boxer shorts. "Just enjoying the sun."

"Actually that's a good point. We're going to get burnt!" Mom lifted herself up on her elbows and with her ass to me, stood up. The sight of her rear didn't help my erection. The dark of her crack enticing and begging to be probed. She held out a hand to me. "Come on, we'd better get back."

It was one of those situations you never think will arise. Do I act like an idiot and stay seated; covering my erection in the hope she'll look elsewhere or go on without me? Or do I stand and proudly display my manhood? I chose a combination of the two. Accepting her hand, I rose and hoped she wouldn't notice as I turned slightly away from her. My plan was thwarted however as she kept hold of my hand and moved closer towards me. Before I knew it she wrapped her arms around my back and drew me in. "Thank you again for this. I know you can afford it but it was the thought, the sentimentality. I love you for it."

It was so sweet. I wasn't thinking about my cock or my sudden sexual interest in her as I accepted the embrace and took her in my arms. I didn't mind that my erection pressed into her stomach, so obvious there was no way she could deny its

presence. I kissed the side of her head. Her wet hair against my lips. "Anything for you Mom. I love you too."

She broke the hug first but not out of a reaction to my hard-on. If she hadn't taken a sly peek at my groin as we dove back into the water, I would have thought she hadn't noticed. The cold killed it and when we walked out on the other side, I was flaccid again. The visual stimulation remained however. I delighted in seeing her pull her panties up as they slumped half way down over her buttocks. Watching her bend down for her dress; squat as she slipped her shoes on. I wanted to hold her hand as we walked back to the house in our underwear but refrained, not wanting to make my affection too obvious.

Our bodies dried in the sun and wind but our underwear remained wet. I suggested Mom change back into her dress in her bedroom and I'd hang up our underwear to dry. I entered my own room. I'd taken the main. The room my grandparents had slept in when I, even my mother, were children. As in all the rooms the wallpaper remained. The only addition was a portrait of a bearded man adorning the

wall adjacent my mother's room. I had despised the picture from my initial visit to the house with the agent and wasn't surprised the previous owners had left it behind. I didn't like the eyes of the gentleman. He seemed to follow me around the room with menace. I chose that moment to do away with him, or at least turn the portrait around. Claspng the large frame I lifted it up and off the wall and placed it down facing away from me. "Try and watch me now buddy!" Standing up I was rendered speechless.

The area where the picture had hung was noticeably lighter than the surrounding wall. Not unexpected. What was unexpected was the glass window looking through to the adjacent room. For a moment I was perplexed, how had I not seen the window from the other room? And then it hit me. The gold framed mirror. The reflection was one way. The mirror was double sided. This was a peephole. As if confirmation was needed to be given, my mother walked into frame. I stood transfixed as she looked directly at me. No, not at me, her reflection. I raised my hand to wave and she didn't respond. "Oh my God!" I whispered.

It was a violation of privacy. It's only existence being for the perverted mind of its creator. To spy on whomever occupied the next room. I couldn't stay and watch, I shouldn't, I daren't. I did! Standing face on she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, withdrawing her arms from its straps. Released, her breasts remained firm, her nipples pointed. My mouth opened as I imagined wrapping my lips around them as I'd done as a child. My cock again began to swell, this time I hastened its growth by pulling it from my shorts and squeezing it's girth. My mother as if looking into my eyes, kept her own on her reflection as she took the waist of her panties in her hands and lowered. Her gaze seemed to be directed at my cock, in reality she was looking at her own sex as she threw her wet underwear on top of her bra.

I was now openly masturbating, my shorts mid-thigh and falling. My mother remained in position, her head tilted slightly. For a second I wondered if she me saw through the glass but her actions told me otherwise. She raised a hand, then another to her breasts and cupped them, lifting them towards me as if presenting them for me to suckle. I was about as hard as I think I'd ever been, my cock, thick in my grip. The

show continued. She moved her fingers forward and trapped her nipples between, pinching and pulling at each. Obviously pleasurable, her eyes closed momentarily and then a hand dropped. Her right, trailing down her torso to comb through her pubes, her fingers lost in the darkness between her legs.

The reason she was behaving so didn't register in my brain. I was just focused on the fact my mother and I were now masturbating in front of each other. Admittedly, she was unaware of my presence but my cock cared not. As her hand began to move in a circular motion at her crotch and it was undoubtable as to what she was doing, I began to cum. I grabbed at the wall to balance myself as I shot jet after jet of semen against the wallpaper and onto the floor. I tried to remain quiet but as I released my breath I emitted an audible grunt. Watching my mother, she tilted her head and looked to the door. Her hands came away from her body.

I squeezed the last of my cum to add to the mess I'd created and grabbed a new pair of boxers from my bag. Putting on my pants and shirt I went back to the spy hole and watched my mother as she buttoned up the front of her dress, wearing

no underwear beneath. I lifted the painting and carefully placed it back over the opening. Apart from the pool of cum beneath, the perfect crime. A paper towel would deal with that later, I thought and quickly made my way into the hall and met my mother as she was exiting her room. "What shall we do with these?" She held out her wet underwear for me and I was eager to take them off her hands.

"I'll hang them out back." I proposed and felt a stirring even this close to cumming, as my mother handed me her panties and bra. Her hand remained with them for a second, for that moment we were connected by her intimates, her wet panties the only thing separating our skin from touching.

Ode to Joy began playing in the other room and Mom jumped at the sound. "Ooh. That's my phone!"

"O.K. I'll go hang these out back." I gestured to her underwear and we separated.

The wind had picked up and first hanging her bra I reckoned they'd dry in no time. Unfortunate, I thought. The idea of my mother not wearing anything under her dress was terribly exciting. Those press studs holding her dress looked like they'd pop with the slightest of movement, anything could happen! I smiled at the thought and felt my cock harden. Turing to the back door to be sure I wasn't observed I raised her panties quickly to my face and inhaled. Barely a scent but the forbidden nature of the act had me fully erect. Why was I so horny? For my mother no less? Yes, it had been a few months since I'd been with a woman but this was extraordinary, to be so turned on. I felt like a teenager again.

I hung her panties with the bra and made my way back inside, my shirt thankfully covering my crotch. "Who was on the phone?" I asked Mom when I met her in the hallway outside her room.

A disappointed look on her face told me it hadn't been good news. "Natasha. She says she can't make it. Something to do with the children."

"Oh what!?" I exclaimed. "That sucks."

"She did wish me a happy birthday and said she'd catch up with me during the week for lunch."

"Oh well, that'd be nice," I offered. I was in two minds. For one I was disappointed as it would've been nice for Tash and the kids to be here but on the other hand, now Mom and I had more time together. Nothing was going to happen between us of course but I'd have more opportunity to engage the spy hole without interruption. My cock for one was happy with this development.

"Oh, Natasha mentioned something about a bottle of wine. Said it's a present from both of you?" Mom added.

The Chateau Margaux. I'd forgotten all about it. "Yes! I forgot. Come this way madam." I took Mom by the arm and led her back down to the kitchen. From under the sink I retrieved the wooden box and presented it to her. "Happy Birthday Mom. From Tash and I."

As she opened the lid her eyes lit up. "Oh my goodness. 1958! Scott, this must have cost a fortune!"

"You're worth it Mom." I smiled as she placed the box down and took me in her arms. I allowed my hand to rest a little lower than I would usually, feeling the curve of her bottom at her lower back. The beginning of her crack under my palm. Sadly I'd lost my erection as it would have been the perfect opportunity to press my affection to her again.

"I'll have to text Natasha and say thanks," she said, breaking our embrace and taking up her phone. "Can you open it Scott? It'll need to be decanted and rest in time for dinner."

"Sure." I agreed and went in search of a cork screw.

"Oh I cleaned up that spill in your bedroom." Mom casually stated as she texted my sister.

I stopped still. "I'm sorry, what?"

"That stuff on the floor and the wall. What was it? It looked like wallpaper glue." Her face buried in her phone, she didn't seem too impatient for an answer, so I didn't offer one.

"Oh yeah thanks." I was mortified. My mother had wiped up my cum from the floor of my bedroom. What had she been doing in there in the first place? How could she not realise it was semen? My face burned and I was thankful of her distraction.

Finishing with her text, Mom looked up. "So, what's for dinner?"

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The wine was corked!

It could have been the most romantic moment of my life. I prepared a beautiful meal of steak that would've complimented the wine perfectly. Pachelbel's canon in d was playing through the speakers; the room was lit by a city of candles. We clinked our glasses together and then we tasted. It wasn't unsurprising for a sixty year old bottle of wine but it was disappointing. Reacting in disgust at the same moment, we couldn't help but laugh after the anticipation. The rest of the meal however, Mom thought was lovely.

After dinner I set up some deck chairs and we drank scotch under the stars until the mosquitoes became a nuisance and we took it inside. "So how was your 60th Mom?" I asked.

"Hmm. Well...Oh what do you think? It's been wonderful of course. It's a shame Natasha isn't here and I would love the grandchildren to see the house." She reached out and placed a hand on my arm. "But they will soon enough thanks to you!"

"It was nothing. I just wanted to see you happy."

"My goodness I can't believe I'm sixty though. I certainly don't feel it."

"Or look it!" I quickly added. "Anyway, they say sixty is the new forty. That makes you only five years older than me. If we weren't related...well."

She laughed although I noticed she hadn't removed her hand from my arm, gently stroking the fine hairs with her fingers. "And you look more like your father every day. So handsome." She added.

It was all innocent flirting of course. Just a mother and son playing around. Nothing would come of it so in the interest of comedy I decided to take it a little further. "Yeah, a beautiful young lady alone in the country with a single man. Who's knows what might happen?" I thought I may have pushed it too far and then.

"And me with nothing to wear to bed!" She looked into my eyes with intensity. There was a moment of silence and then

she laughed and slapped at my arm, purposefully breaking the mood. "Oh stop it; you're making fun of me."

"Hey, you said it." I laughed, grinding my forearm down onto my raging boner. "But you're right about one thing. Natasha was meant to bring all of your things."

"Well I only really need a toothbrush. I could borrow yours if you don't mind." She proposed.

I definitely had no problem with it.

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I found a t-shirt in my room and offered it to her as she sat on her bed. "Do you want me to go and get your knickers off the line? They'd be dry." I offered.

"I don't need them," she bluntly stated. "Thanks for the shirt. Now you don't have to see me running around naked if I get up in the night."

I smiled, groaning inside. "Yeah, no." Before my erection returned I bade her a good night.

In my room I looked at the portrait. I could take it down and watch her undress. Possibly see a repeat performance of the afternoon tease. I chose not to. Though the temptation was great, I loved her too much to show such disrespect. No, if the opportunity arose to see her naked again it would be with her complete participation or not at all.

As I lay in bed nursing my throbbing hard-on, I admitted some regret I hadn't spied again. Who was I kidding? Why would I get another opportunity to see her naked? We'd been joking around with the flirty talk; she was just swimming, not flaunting her body at the river. There was no chance of incest! Incest, I thought. Such a beautiful word, it rolled off the

tongue. I repeated the word over and over again in my head and sleep eventually came for me.

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Rain pattering on the tin roof pleasantly woke me in the early morning light. I lay there for minutes enjoying the sound when I heard footsteps running along the hall. The sound of the back door opening and swinging shut explained what she was doing. Her underwear. I climbed out of bed and dressed only in my shorts, followed her passage down the hall.

Opening the back door, there she was at the line. The rain was serious now, wetting her hair and t-shirt. The t-shirt. With her arms above her head it rose half way up over her bare buttocks, her ass crack dark in the grey morning light. She turned to me and headed back, the panties and bra looked again to be saturated and I admit I was satisfied with the fact. "Oh Scotty, I didn't even hear the rain until just now." She made it onto the porch and looked at her wet underwear. "Well that was a waste of time."

"It's alright, you can wear something of mine if you want." Her t-shirt wasn't as wet as I'd hoped but we both looked down to her bare feet, muddy and splashed to the shins.

"I can't walk inside like this," she remarked. "I'll get mud everywhere. I really didn't think, did I?"

I was quick to offer a solution. "Come on madam," I enthused, lifting her arm holding the underwear up over my shoulder and scooping her by the back and legs into my arms. "Right this way."

As I carried her into the house with her screaming with laughter I noticed her t-shirt fall to her groin. With her legs so tight together, I saw nothing but could only imagine what she'd look like from beneath. Entering the bathroom I lowered her down onto the end of the bath, her feet inside. "My hero!" She giggled. "I didn't know you were so strong."

"All part of the service madam. Now let's get you cleaned up."  
I took her panties and bra from her and hung them over the shower curtain rail. Kneeling down I reached for the hand held shower hose and turned on the faucet, splashing her with the cold water. Mom's legs reflexively retreated, parting and allowing me to see under the t-shirt momentarily, her dark patch of pubic hair.

"Ooh that's cold," she laughed.

"Sorry." I adjusted the warm and satisfied, sprayed her feet with the flow.

"Mmm, that's better." She purred.

With one hand I began to wash the mud from her feet and lower legs but it became a little awkward. I handed the hose to my mother and continued with both. It wasn't clear as to why I was washing my mother's feet. It was something she obviously could have done herself but it had happened fluidly, without much thought between us and it felt so right.

As I massaged her calves, already clean and worked my way down to her feet I was thankful my lower half was obscured by the tub. The sight of her beautiful little toes, running my fingers between each, her giggles as I tickled her, all had my cock standing tall through my shorts. How the hell I was going to extricate myself from the room without her noticing? I had no idea. Mom turned her feet to see her soles as the last of the muddy water ran away down the drain. Doing so parted her thighs and enabled me to look directly at her pussy. She must have known I could see, surely. I was barely a foot from my mother's vagina, her pubic hair obscuring the vulva but a delightful vision all the same.

"I think we're done," she remarked and I turned off the flow, replacing the hose. "A towel?"

Now was my moment. I had to rise and retrieve the towel from the far wall. I lifted the leg closest to her first and stood, turning away immediately. I looked down at my shorts and was impressed with the size of my erection protruding through. To hell with it, I thought. My mother knew about

morning erections. She'd just assume that was the cause. I clutched the towel and returned to her, handing it over and revealing my problem. She seemed not to bat an eyelid. Her eyes washing over my erection as she began to dry her legs. "Will we have breakfast soon?" She asked as if to dismiss what was being presented to her.

"Um yeah. I'll go get started." I felt like an idiot. What was I thinking? Parading around like a prized cock. She was my mother; she had no interest in me sexually. I felt ashamed at my actions as I left her to towel off and made my way to my room. It was all one way. Yes she'd played around with flirting last night but that was it. The river was innocent. I felt nauseous as I began to realize how I'd acted.

When I'd dressed and had begun preparing breakfast my mother entered fully clothed. She said nothing as she sat at the table. I didn't know what to say. And that was how it remained for minutes as I toasted the bread.

Finally the silence was broken as I placed her plate before her, the condiments on the table. "What time will we head back?" She asked.

Oh Jesus, I thought. She can't wait to get away from me. Her pervert of a son that cums on the floor of his bedroom, looks up her clothing, openly displays his cock any chance he can get. Could I blame her?

"Whenever you want," I offered, thinking about taking my own plate into the other room or outside. To give her some peace.

Another awkward silence and then she slammed down her knife on the table. "Dammit Scott. I can't deal with the mixed signals. Why didn't you come to me last night?"

I had no idea what she was talking about. "What?"

"When I went to bed, in my room, I did all that for you!"

Confused. "Did all what?" I asked.

"Surely you were watching?" Her face and neck began to redden.

"Watching what?" I questioned, still with no clue as to what she was referring to.

"Oh my god." Her hand went to her mouth and she stood, rushing from the room towards the front door. I was quick to follow.

She exited the house and when I caught up she held the porch rail with both hands looking out towards the river. "Mom. What's going on?" I asked.

Still she didn't face me. "I thought you were watching through the spy hole."

"You know about that?" I was now the one to blush.

"I found it when I cleaned up your...well, you know."

I was mortified. Not only was she aware I had cum on the floor but presumably that I'd been spying on her when it happened.

She continued but now turned to me as she spoke. "I was looking around the house when I was on the phone with Tash, you were outside, I saw the picture wasn't straight and when I moved it, it came off the wall. It was only then I noticed your...on the ground." Again she couldn't bring herself to say 'my cum.'

"Oh Mom, I'm so sorry." I offered.

"No don't be Scott. At first I was shocked but then, well I was flattered. It was my fault. I shouldn't have done that down at

the river. Acted like that. I just wouldn't have thought you would look at me that way, being so old."

Did she have body dysmorphia? How could she not realize she looked fantastic for her age? "Mom. You look beautiful. Surely you saw the effect you had on me at the river, in the bathroom."

"Yes. Yes I did, that's why I did what I did! That's why I undressed for you. I motioned for you to come but you didn't."

"Mom I.." I began but she cut me off.

"I waited for you on the bed. When you didn't come I thought you'd been disgusted by me or you hadn't watched. Either way, I just thought you didn't care."

I moved to her immediately, clutching her arms. "Mom, I didn't watch a second time because I was ashamed for spying. I wanted to give you privacy. If I'd known I..."

Our eyes were fixed on one another's.

"What would you have done?" She asked, licking her dry lips.

There was no need for any more words as far as I was concerned. I had no idea why after thirty five years of our relationship were we now all of a sudden attracted to each other, I didn't care. I wouldn't waste another moment.

I released her arms and reached for the front of her dress. With one motion I pulled it apart and her naked body was before me. Mom sucked in a breath as she must have understood what was about to happen. I pulled her to me and my arms wrapped around her torso beneath the dress. Her breasts, her stomach and mons pubis pressed hard to my body. My cock was swelling at a tremendous rate. Mom raised her arms up over my shoulders and tilted her head up to me.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted this Scott." She whispered before my mouth descended on hers.

We had kissed on the mouth a day before. Nothing like this. Her tongue was around mine before I knew it. Her lips, with sixty years of experience, kissing me like no woman ever had. I ran a hand down to her bottom and squeezed a cheek then repeated the act with the other to share the joy. My head spun as I fully realized just what was beginning here between us. Did we need to discuss it before it happened? What were the implications? To hell with it, I thought. If she wasn't going to stop, nor was I.

I clasped firmly on her rear and lifted. Her legs wrapped around my body and I carried her back to the porch rail, placing her down. Mom's hands went to my waist and unbuckled my belt, the button and fly followed and my jeans and underwear were lowered. Now unfettered before her, Mom could take in the majesty of my penis. Do I use hyperbole? Not if you'd seen the lust shown on my mother's face as she reached for my cock. "I love that you shave," she commented in the seconds our mouths weren't connected.

Her hand wrapped around my shaft and directed it towards the tunnel of fur that was her pussy.

I felt the heat of her sex against the head. The tickle of pubes and then the wetness. So slick I slid inside. So deep I buried. My legs were shaking as I pushed my buttocks up to reach as far as I could inside her. Mom tilted her head back exposing her neck. "Oh Scott, yes!" She exclaimed as my pelvis met hers. We were one. Mother and son united sexually, physically, emotionally. I pulled out almost all the way and re-entered to the same depth.

"This is beautiful Mom." I proclaimed.

"Isn't it baby!" She breathed as I repeated the act, her legs wrapped around my waist. "Thirty five years and finally you're back inside me."

"I never want to leave." I confessed.

"Then don't my sweet. Leave something inside me. Cum inside me baby."

"Mother knows best." I sighed as I resumed my thrusting. Mom held my neck and my hands held her hips as I fucked her with increasing force. Her head fell back and rain hit her face, running down her neck and chest. Her breasts began to glisten in the grey morning light and I leaned in to entrap a nipple in my mouth, sucking her teat like a baby searching for milk.

"Oh fuck yes!" She screamed as she again sought out my mouth. Her face to mine, my dick sliding in and out of her, I ridiculously wondered if I'd ever heard my mother say "fuck" before? These thoughts escaped me as her mouth sucked on my ear lobe then her tongue licked my neck.

"Mom I have to cum." I freely admitted.

"Yes. Yes, cum in me Scotty. Please cum in me." She begged and her words seemed to fire even herself up, pushing her pussy onto my cock with each wet thrust.

"Oh Mom I'm. I'm cumming." I began to shoot inside her, feeling her pussy squeeze around me as I did so. "Oh shit Mom, it feels.." Spurt after spurt of jism coursing from my cock. "Oh, Mom. God, I love you."

"I love you too Scotty. I love your cum my darling." She panted.

I slowed my penetration as my orgasm subsided, the delightful feeling of being inside her remaining however. She pulled my chest to hers and wrapped her arms tightly around me.

"Thank you so much Scott. That was a better birthday present than house!" She whispered in my ear.

I was regaining my breath and still fully inside her, my cock twitching, I looked in her eyes. "Do we need to talk about this?"

"Yes we do," she sighed. "But right now I want you to carry me back inside and fuck me in my bed."

And who was I to say no?

## Chapter 2

I looked over my shoulder at the kids in the backseat of the SUV. "What do you mean you don't want to come? I thought you wanted to see Uncle Scott and Nanny."

Tyler was first to respond, shrugging his shoulders. "We don't even know where this place is, it sounds boring and Dad just got the new Xbox."

"Yeah," Jessie added, feeling emboldened that her big brother had spoken first. "Daddy said we could stay with him if we wanted this weekend."

It was a typical asshole play by my ex-husband. Buy the latest games console the weekend I had something planned with them. I gripped the wheel harder than was necessary. "It's your grandmother's birthday, I wanted you guys to see where she grew up. Me and Scott loved going there!" It was my final

attempt but I knew it was futile. The Xbot-whatever was always going to defeat me.

"But Mom, Dad said he really wants us to stay with him."

"Yeah, he said he never gets to see us!" Jessie concluded.

I rolled my eyes. "That's because he spends all his time with his new wife. You know he only bought it to get back..." I cut myself off. What was the point? I'd keep playing the role of bad parent while he gave them sugar and games consoles. "Fine. Is he at least going to come and pick you up?"

"Dad said you could drop us off after basketball!" Tyler replied as he looked up momentarily from his phone. Jessie leaned across the seat and seemed equally as enthralled in the game her brother was playing.

I thought of Scott and I at their age. We would have been swinging from a tire into a river; playing hide and seek in the

woods; fascinated by books and boardgames. We've lost a generation to technology, I thought. Turning right instead of left I headed to their father's house across town.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hated lying to Mom. I could still have gone up there on my own. I could have dealt with Mom's disappointment at not seeing the kids, made up some other lie why I hadn't brought them. I really had wanted to taste that Chateau Margaux. Spend time with Mom, Scott.

I poured another glass of a cheap riesling and lay back on the couch. My phone beeped to indicate a text message and as I read the content I laughed ironically. "Thank you for the wine darling. Scott and I will open immediately. Kiss kiss mom." Great timing Mom. I mused. What an amazing present though. That and the house. I looked over at the unwrapped Barbra Streisand and the latest season of Outlander dvds and shook my head. He always was thoughtful though wasn't he? Even before the money. My little brother. Used to follow me

around like a bad smell when we were little. Even more so when we were teens. Why couldn't I have married someone like Scotty, I thought. Scotty. I closed my eyes. My little brother...

\* \* \* \* \*

I woke up and the house was in darkness, my empty wine glass lucky not to have fallen from the couch. My neck ached from the position I'd been lying in and sometime during the night I'd decided to put a hand down my jeans, my fingers coming away wrinkly from between my legs. Why was I so wet? Oh yeah that's right. I put the thought out of my mind, denying myself the memory and looked at the time. 4:45am Sunday morning. I wouldn't get back to sleep. If I showered now and got on the road I could be there just after breakfast. Excited, I ran to the bathroom to get ready.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having driven up with Scott a few days previous, the roads were familiar once off the highway. Even so, apart from a whole lot less trees, the country side hadn't changed much in twenty five years. God twenty five years. I was only fifteen. So full of ideas and ideals, hope and hormones. That final summer would've been my last anyway. I couldn't have imagined whiling away the long hot days in the country with my little brother when my friends were partying and dating boys. We did have fun though, Scott and I. Scotty. My little brother...

My mind wandered and I nearly missed the change of speed as I entered the town. Slowing to match the limit I looked around the deserted Sunday morning streets. "Jesus we'd thought it was quiet the other day. This is death!" The rain began and reminded me I needed to use the bathroom. Passing the Town Hall and a newly constructed toilet block I thought of stopping but with only minutes to go I decided to hold on, driving through towards the turnoff to the house. It was only then that I remembered to drop by Mom's to pick up her stuff. "Fuck!" I yelled. "You're an idiot Natasha."

\* \* \* \* \*

I loved the sound of the tires on the gravel driveway, one of my fondest memories of the house from my childhood. I parked my SUV beside Scott's new Aston Martin and retrieved my bag from the rear, wine bottles clinking together inside as I did so. The rain had slowed to an annoying drizzle as I dashed to the front porch of the house.

For an awkward moment I debated as to whether I should knock or just walk in through the open screen door but my growing need to pee and the smell of freshly cooked toast told me someone was up so I marched on in with a loud, "hello!"

The kitchen was empty. Two plates remained on the table with uneaten toast. Strange, I thought. Hearing the shower I headed down the long hallway. I stopped at a bedroom and peeked inside, "hello, Mom?" Her dress was on the floor and I picked it up and placed it back down on the bed, dropping my bag in the process and startling myself at my reflection in the large gold framed mirror as I turned to leave.

I thought of the last time in the room. Lying beside my brother for only a moment or two. His strong hand lifting me from the bed. Stop it Natasha, I told myself. Why are you even having these thoughts? With the room empty I reasoned it was Mom in the shower but was proven incorrect as I headed back out and walked into her in the hallway.

"Natasha!" She screamed as we both jumped. "My god you almost scared me half to death."

"You and me both!" I concurred.

"What are you doing here?" Mom asked, more out of shock than welcome surprise. She had her hair in a towel and another wrapped around her body. It wasn't a large towel by any means and as she moved in to accept my kiss, her breasts strained to be released. "Where are the kids?" She added, looking over my shoulder as if they would appear.

"Actually Mom, I came alone. They're with Brett." I confessed.

"Oh. Let me guess, he's offered to take them to Disneyland because he knew you wanted them to come up here?"

I smiled, she knew my ex-husband too well. "Close. He bought a new Playbox or whatever it's called. I can't compete with that!" Mom held my hand as she led me back into her room. "It's alright though, before I drove up I emailed him that he can take them to school tomorrow morning as I plan to stay up here. You're staying another day aren't you?"

As I spoke, casual as you like, my mother undid the towel around her body and dropped it on the bed beside her dress. I'd seen her fully naked in the past, just that last year we'd shared a dressing room and shower at the local pool but her willingness to disrobe with the door open and Scott in the house seemed a little cavalier. She picked up her dress and I noticed, put it on without underwear and a bra. I again remembered about her things.

"Shit Mom I'm sorry. I forgot to get your stuff. You can borrow some of my knickers if you like?"

"Oh it's not important." She smiled. "I've made it this far without them, a little longer won't hurt."

All of a sudden I began to query a few things. Where was her underwear? How was it she was coming out of the shower wet while Scott was obviously still in there? The uneaten breakfast. They were all questions that would have to wait as I really was desperate to pee. Thankfully Mom sensed my imminent need and pulled me along the hall.

The bathroom door was left ajar and Mom knocked on it as she opened it further. "Honey, Natasha's here!" Mom spoke loudly into the steamy room. "She needs to use the toilet, is it O.k if she comes in?"

Scott, still in the shower yelled back he was fine with it and Mom herded me inside. The shower was in the bath tub and I could see my brother's flesh colored silhouette through the

shower curtain. "Hey Tash, you change your mind?" He asked through the noise of the water and fan.

"Yeah. I came alone." I replied, making my way to the toilet. Lowering my jeans and thong I sat down. "Brett has the kids." I tried to pee but nothing happened. My nervous bladder calling the shots. Was it any wonder? I was half naked sitting on a toilet only a few feet from my fully naked brother. Standing in the tub where he and I bathed as children. The fond memory helped me relax and I was thankful of the sound of the shower as my stream of urine poured down into the bowl. It did factor in my brain that I was peeing in front of my little brother. All he had to do was pull back the curtain and he'd see me, watch me pee. And I'd see him. Naked and dripping. I finished and wiped. I left my jeans at my knees as I stood and turned to lower the lid and flush. Bending at the waist, my bare ass directed towards my brother, almost posing. Pressing the button and turning, almost reluctant to cover myself.

"Oh shit!" Scott screamed as the water changed temperature.

"Hot. Hot. Hot!"

"Oh sorry," I apologized and quickly pulled up my jeans, wondering why I was being so reckless with my nudity.

"It's alright, not your fault." He said before returning beneath the flow.

At the sink I looked in the reflection and could see the toilet as well as the shower behind me. As I turned on the faucet the water changed temperature in the shower and Scott once again moved back out of it's flow. His body came into view, the curve of his buttocks, his muscular back and shoulders. "Natasha! Are you doing this on purpose?" He laughed.

"I'm sorry," I giggled. "I'm going." Reluctantly I left the bathroom, leaving the door as I'd found it.

Mom was in the kitchen when I entered, tipping the cold toast into the bin. "Yeah, what happened there?" I asked, more

curious than suspicious. Mom looked a little frazzled by the question and took a moment to answer which seemed weird.

"Oh. It started raining and I remembered my underwear was on the back line. Then my feet were muddy and I guess we just got waylaid." She seemed satisfied with her response and I didn't probe further. Waylaid. By what though?

My tummy was rumbling and I forgot my earlier queries as Mom presented me with a plate of freshly cooked toast. "How was the drive? You must have started early."

I began spreading honey as I started to answer but my attention was drawn away by Scott walking along the hall. Wearing only a towel around his waist he looked like an Olympic swimmer just risen from a pool, water still beading his skin. He waved as he entered his room and I felt like an idiot as I just stared back slack-jawed. He's your brother Natasha! Get a grip. Mmm, there's something I'd like to grip, I thought and couldn't help smiling to myself.

"Hello. Earth to Natasha." Mom's voice finally registered.  
"What time did you leave?"

I focused again on spreading the honey. "Oh, um about five I guess."

"Goodness, you were up early!" Mom remarked. Scott came out of his room wearing shorts and a t-shirt. He kissed me on the top of the head as he passed by and goosebumps ran down my back.

"So what happened yesterday?" Scott asked, squeezing past Mom by the sink. It didn't look like he needed to get so close to her, holding her hips, his groin almost pressing, no it did press to her bottom as he passed.

"Ugh don't ask. Brett being an asshole again," I stated between mouthfuls. "He bought the new Xstation whatsit. He knew they'd ditch me for it."

"Ooh the Xbox One X!? I'd ditch you for it as well!" He laughed as Mom gave him his toast.

"So anyway, Mom. Happy Birthday for yesterday. How was it? Ooh how was the wine?" I asked.

Mom and Scott looked at each other and laughed. She placed a hand on his shoulder affectionately. "Oh honey, it was off!"

"Oh no!" I looked at Scott, giving up any allusion I had paid for it. "What happens? Can you get a refund?"

"Yeah, it's guaranteed by the dealer. It was a shame though wasn't it Mom?" He looked into her eyes and they seemed to share something. I immediately wished I'd come up last night instead. They were being so affectionate with each other, I felt like I'd missed out on something. We had always been a close family, Mom and I especially. We told each other everything. I suddenly recalled a conversation we'd had a while back, watching them brought the memory front of mind. No, I thought. Not that, surely not that!

\* \* \* \* \*

To celebrate the rain stopping after lunch, though the sky remained miserable, I opened a bottle of cabernet sauvignon. Offering Mom a glass she was quick to accept. "It's six o'clock somewhere!" She laughed.

"To the weather improving," I toasted, raising my glass.

Scott entered from the kitchen and I pointed to the bottle for him to help himself.

"I am annoyed though. I have a new swimsuit I bought online. I wanted to try it out this weekend." I confessed.

"Or you could just wear your bra and panties like Mom!" Scott added.

Quizzically, I looked across to Mom. "What's he talking about?"

"Go on tell her," Scott continued.

She was sipping from her wine glass with a mischievous expression and didn't seem too quick to elaborate.

"Alright I'll tell her," Scott began. "You wouldn't have believed it Tash. She went swimming in her underwear."

"She did not!" I replied, shocked at her spontaneity. I looked again at Mom, her knees up on the couch. The split in the front of her dress approaching her crotch. She was showing a lot of leg, no not just leg, I could see pubic hair! If I could see it, Scott surely could.

"Oh there was no one around!" Mom smiled. "I don't know what the big deal is?"

"Ah the big deal is, who are you and what have you done with our mother?" I laughed.

"Oh nonsense. They'll be dry soon anyway, then all this will be forgotten." Mom declared as if reminding me and possibly Scott she wasn't wearing anything beneath her dress. Like we needed a reminder, it was all on display.

"Oh yeah, on that!" Scott piped up, Mom and I both looking in his direction. "Well they sort of fell in the tub when I was rehanging them. They're wet again."

"Oh Scott you always were a butterfingers," I stood up and took Mom by the hand. "Come on, I'll show you my new bathers and we'll get you decent."

Mom allowed me to pull her from the couch. "We'll just be a minute Scott. We're going to my bedroom!"

She strangely emphasized the point but I put out of my mind as glass in hand, I led her to the room.

To my surprise almost as soon as we were in the bedroom and the door closed, Mom was undressing, throwing her dress down on the bed, standing naked before me. "Ah, O.k! Um, I only brought one other pair of knickers," I stated as I lifted my bag up onto the bed. Mom didn't seem too interested as she walked to the large mirror and examined herself in its reflection.

"How do I look for my age Honey?" She asked, forcing me to examine her body. I had to admit she looked good. Thinner than I, she had little to no cellulite on her upper thighs, her buttocks still firm. She turned to me and my eyes stayed low, taking in her dark, thick patch of pubic hair then running up to her perky breasts.

"What can I say Mom? You look great." I held out a black thong for her, trying to get her mind back on the task at hand.

"Oh that can wait, show me this swimsuit," she suggested.

"Ah O.k." I placed the thong down and took out my white one piece, holding it up for her to inspect.

"Oh lovely, try it on."

"What now?" I asked.

"Yes go on, you could put your jeans back on over it. Then you'll be ready for a swim if it gets warmer out."

Her plan did make sense I supposed. It would look good too, just like a bodysuit. I casually wondered if Scott would think I'd look good?

My naked mother took a step back from the bed as I rose and lifted my t-shirt and removed my bra. Ever helpful she took the items from me and placed them down on the bed behind

us. I undid my jeans and pulled them off, standing before the mirror in only my pink thong.

"Oh I like the pink one more than the black!" Mom proclaimed, referring to my panties. "I'll just wear those ones honey, you keep the clean ones."

To say I was taken aback was an understatement. "These? Mom, they're dirty!"

"Oh no they're not, you only put them on this morning didn't you?"

"Well yeah but...wouldn't you prefer the other ones? The pair I haven't been wearing?" I asked, incredulous.

"No those will be fine."

She seemed intent on having the pair I had on and although strange, I relented, sliding them down my legs and off over

my feet. I turned from the mirror and handed my mother my panties. Her eyes strayed down my body to my groin and settled on my pussy. "Oh you're shaved down there too!" Her face flushed as she said it obviously without thinking.

"Too?" I repeated. "Who else are you referring to?"

"Oh no one, just it seems everyone does it now I guess," she explained but I felt she was hiding something.

Mom stepped into my panties and pulled them up high on her crotch. "Ooh I don't often wear thongs. It's a nice feeling isn't it?"

She was definitely acting weird as she again admired herself in the mirror. I took up my swimsuit and climbed into it. Placing the straps over my shoulders I now inspected my reflection. I had to admit I loved how I looked. It was tight, possibly too tight. My breasts straining against the elastane, nipples poking through. Mom was quick to join me. Wearing only the thong, she placed a hand around my waist as we

looked in the mirror. "Lovely darling. Come on turn around." She twirled me and I looked over my shoulder at my rear, the material hugging the cheeks of my ass like a second skin. Mom ran a hand down the bare skin of my back and onto my butt, commenting on the feel of the fabric.

When she took her hand away I was kind of disappointed, enjoying her touch. She turned me to face her and in full view of the mirror kissed me lightly on the lips. It was totally unexpected. Almost intimate. No, it was intimate. We kissed all the time but not like that and definitely not when we were both half naked. She smiled as if nothing had happened and I didn't comment on it. Mom handed me my jeans and she picked up her dress. "We'd better get back out there. Scott will be wondering what we're up to?"

I was still buttoning my jeans as Mom opened the door with Scott walking past from the direction of the other rooms. Mom stopped his progress and held him around his waist much the same as she'd done me. Holding out her hand she beckoned me to join them. "This is beautiful. The three of us," she kissed me on the cheek, followed by Scott's.

"Mom, how much of that corked wine did you drink last night?" I joked, which Scott found more humorous than her. We always did share the same sense of humour. As she released us out of her strange embrace I innocently ran my eyes over Scott's shirt front and shorts, stopping at his crotch. Pushing out the front, angled to the right was the unmistakable bulge of cock. I looked away instantly and felt my cheeks flush. My little brother had an erection!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mom was in hysterics as Scott and I regaled her with stories from our summers in the house with our grandparents. Some were new to her like my confession to drinking Nana's cooking sherry when I was fourteen, waking up with my first ever hangover and blaming period pain to get out of going to church. Scott repeatedly stealing Grandpa's dentures to secret under his pillow in the hopes of catching the tooth fairy. It was what I needed, probably what we all needed, quality family time.

As the afternoon turned to night we banded together in the kitchen to make dinner. It was probably the alcohol but Mom seemed even more touchy feely. At one point trying to make Scotty dance with her. My brother didn't dance! So of course it caused great amusement to Mom and myself as she pressed her body to him. The pasta threatened to boil over as Maria Callas, singing Habanera from Carmen rang through the house. We were on our third bottle of red and I couldn't remember being so full of joy. And then came the phone call from my ex-husband.

I should have ignored it. Turned the Aria up and danced with my brother. I thought of my children and took the call. It was as expected. Brett needing to rant, (probably after many bourbons and the goading of his new wife) voicing his displeasure at having to actually carry out fatherly duties. I allowed him to vent as I walked along the passage, escaping the music. The moonlight in my brother's room beckoned me and I sat on the bed as I was informed how bad a mother I was. I walked to the window only half listening and saw the treetops of the river bank, black against the starry sky as Brett

feigned threats of full custody. I was transfixed by the eyes of the portrait adorning the wall, an evil looking bearded man who seemed delighted in watching me berated by the father of my children. I touched the intricate frame and the painting moved on it's hook. The faintest of light seemed to come from behind and I moved it further. Then the world changed forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mom and Scott had served up the pasta and my bowl sat beside a freshly poured glass of Merlot. Mom offered me parmesan and I nodded as I looked her up and down. Two press studs undone at the base of her dress, the split reaching almost to her crotch, certainly revealing a lot of thigh. Unclasped at her chest, her natural cleavage displayed for just who exactly, to admire? And Scott; his shirt attempting to cover the front of his shorts. Did he think he was doing a good job of obscuring his erection?

"All good with Brett?" He asked as we headed to the living room. I thought of my mother and I changing together. Undressing; posing before the mirror. She had kissed me. Ran her hands over my ass. He'd been hard when we left the room.

"Tash?" Scott followed up as I sat beside my mother. "Did you work it out with Brett?"

"Um. Yes." I replied. "Actually I think I just worked it all out!"

I watched them interact closer. My mother, ever willing to part her legs with every movement. My brother, eager to observe. His eyes on her, devouring her. Her, not me. And why not me? I was the girl who skinny dipped with him as a child. I was the girl who gave him his first kiss. Mine were the panties she found alongside hers under his pillow, the day after his drunken 18th birthday party.

I thought of the night she told me. Herself drunkenly confessing to it and the dream she'd had not long after, making love to Scott, her own son. Did she even remember

her admission? I looked at her, facing Scott, her legs spread. My tiny pink thong clearly visible between them. Scott was talking to me and I hadn't heard a word, catching only the last of it. "Remember behind most single mother's, there's usually a deadbeat dad!"

His eyes were now on me. I smiled at his words and raised my glass. As I brought it towards me I tilted it and allowed the red wine to spill down onto my jeans.

"Oh clumsy me," I chided myself.

Scott was quick to act, placing down his own glass. "Who's the butterfingers now? Come on, get them off before the stain sets in."

I was eager to comply. I was wearing a swimsuit, it wasn't as if I'd be in my underwear. Unbuttoning I stood and pulled down my jeans in front of my mother and brother.

"Use bi-carb Scott." Mom advised as I handed him my pants. He was playing coy, not openly staring at me, probably figuring he'd take sly glances later on. I followed him towards the laundry and watched as he took care of my jeans, following Mom's instructions.

"You'd be a great father Scott. You've really matured." I complimented him, standing in the bright light of the laundry. The air was cool this end of the house, my nipples poking erect through the stark white swimsuit. "Why couldn't I have met a guy like you?"

Scott turned from the machine and leaned back against it, finally looking at me.

"You're just after me for my money," he laughed.

"No," I smiled. "No I don't think so."

The humming chorus from Madame Butterfly filtered down the hallway and I closed my eyes as I leaned against the door frame. Scott went quiet as I felt his eyes on me "Mmm I love this," I sighed as I moved my hand in time with the music before casually caressing the material of my swimsuit across my stomach. Slowly raising my eyelids, Scott's eyes lifted from my breasts to my face and realising he'd been caught, pushed himself off the washing machine.

"Come on, let's get back," he proposed and as he switched off the laundry light, placed his arm around my waist and walked me out. The living room down the end of the darkened hallway seemed further off than before. The music gradually increased in volume. As we reached my brother's room I changed our course and led him inside. The beautiful, haunting, almost ethereal music coaxed my progress as I headed towards the portrait, stopping before it.

With only the moon to light his face I could see his unease at my actions. His mouth opening as I lifted the painting from the wall. As if I'd planned it, our faces were lit up by the lamp through the spy hole. My mother entered the bedroom and

momentarily looked at her reflection, her gaze as if aware of her audience. She slowly undid the remaining studs on her dress and allowed it to fall to her feet as my left hand touched the front of my brother's shorts.

There was a sharp intake of breath as he felt my fingers against his growing erection. He in turn placed a hand on my bottom, cupping each of my cheeks in his palm. Our mother took the waist band of the pink thong and lowered it down her legs, stepping out of it and climbing upon the bed. I fumbled with the zipper on Scott's shorts and he was quick to help out, allowing my hand to slide inside and clasp his now fully erect cock. My brother's cock.

His hand squeezed my ass and slid onto the bare skin of my thigh. His fingers then edging under the leg band and back onto my bottom, finally delving between my cheeks and finding the wetness of my pussy. His sister's pussy.

Our eyes fixed on our mother as she pressed her back to the bedhead and stretched her legs out before her. Her hands

went to her breasts. One remained, as the other sought greater glory, combing through her luscious pubic hair and onto her vulva. Her legs spread and her back arched as she encountered her wet labia, glistening even from our vantage point.

Scott's cock was rigid in my grip, the swollen head preventing my beating hand from slipping off, the dripping of pre-cum coating his underside. His fingers found my entrance and with a thumb dabbing my asshole he slid inside. One, no two fingers deep into my leaking cunt.

Our mother looked like a goddess as she masturbated in the lamplight. A hand clutching a breast, squeezing the nipple. The other furiously circling on her clit, her mouth agape. She relinquished her breast and lowered her hand to join the other. As we looked on she cupped her pussy before two fingers disappeared inside her, her stimulation of her clitoris continuing.

Scott turned to face me, pulling me around with him. The song had changed. The soaring Aria, Un Bel Di from the same opera pervading the atmosphere. His hand momentarily taken from my body only to be replaced on my pussy from the front. His fingers inside my swimsuit and inside my body. I took hold of his cock with my right, my dominant hand and renewed jerking his beautiful dick with vigour. Our bodies closed in on each other, our faces met and our mouths connected. My brother's tongue between my lips, entwined with my own. My saliva in his mouth.

Masturbating each other our faces turned in time to see our mother cum in the adjoining room. Her head thrown back, her thighs clasped tightly around her hands. Scott curled his fingers inside me, grinding against my most sensitive spot and I flooded his hand with my orgasm, my legs wobbling like jelly. He released a grunt with his expulsion of breath and lowered his mouth to my neck, kissing my skin as I felt him ejaculate against my stomach. spurts of cum reaching my breasts, running down my swimsuit to drip onto his hand at my pussy.

Moving his head back from me I looked up into his eyes. If I'd written the scene it couldn't have been more romantic, the Aria reaching its pinnacle. Before he kissed me, he whispered "I love you" into my mouth and I think I had never felt such honesty and reciprocation. I looked again at our mother who waited in the next room. Scott took my hand and led me out into the hall and together we walked into our Mom's room.

She looked at the semen coating the front of my white one piece, her son's cock poking from his fly, my own wetness at my crotch. Holding out her hands to us, a tear forming in her eye, she smiled. "This is how it should always have been. How it should always remain."

I looked at my little brother and smiled. "Yes Mom, I definitely agree. What do you think Scotty?"

He didn't reply. His cock swelling, was answer enough.

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Thank you for reading, commenting and encouragement.