

A BIT ON THE SIDE

sunburycd

Mother starts working with son.

Incest/Taboo

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We came into money.

Since I was sixteen, Mom and I had shared the expense of a weekly lotto ticket; and when we had the fortune of winning, it wasn't "the big one," but it was enough to ensure our comfort, (if well managed) for the remainder of our lives.

I wasn't idle however. Finishing school, I studied economics and computer science and with my financial backing, invested in a then little-known and emerging form of currency. Namely Bitcoin.

I admit, I did well.

My mom and stepfather... well, you'll see.

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I was still on the phone to a client as I pulled into the drive of my mom and stepdad's house. I should say, mansion. Whereas I'd invested in secure bonds and tech I understood, my stepfather had decided to buy an overpriced eyesore in the Hills. The very definition of a Beverly Hillbilly, he'd parked his Mercedes behind the partially opened gate and was battering at the sliding mechanism with a hammer.

"...okay, when I've arranged a new assistant, I'll have them schedule a meeting," I said as I left my car, attempting to get off the line as soon as possible. Gerry acknowledged my arrival with a nod and I grimaced at the voice in my ear before they finally ended the call.

"Work?" Gerry asked.

"Uh-huh, I'm flying solo. Misty and I broke up," I admitted, breaking the news of the end of my relationship with my partner and receptionist.

"Ooh," Gerry offered. "Yeah, working with her would've been difficult. Pity though, she was a looker."

I nodded whilst watching him attempt to solve his dispute with the gate, eager to move on with the conversation but he lingered.

"A real Georgia peach," he added, alluding to her heritage and I guessed, knowing Gerry, her ass. "That ass! But I suppose work and play don't mix."

"Oh-kay!" I shuddered, though I agreed with one part (well many) of his assertions, working with her would've been difficult under the circumstances; but it left me with a pressing need for her replacement. It was my stepfather I had to thank for his suggestion.

"What about your mother?" He posited, slamming the hammer against the steel.

"What?"

"You need a new receptionist, right?"

"Yes. Urgently."

"Well Lydia does nothing all day. And she's your mother so there won't be any temptation if you know what I mean?" He stopped his hammering to give me a wink.

It actually wasn't the stupidest idea he'd had. That would have been the house, and I focused on that as I finally questioned what indeed he was doing, letting the line about my mother slide.

"Ah, the fucking gate's jammed again," he bemoaned as he gave a concerted, clearly frustrated swing which seemed to do the trick, the large steel gate beginning, unhappily, to open before us. I looked at the cracked concrete of the driveway, fissures in the retaining wall, all that had appeared not long after settlement. If he'd taken my suggestion and had the house inspected before committing, I'm sure he wouldn't have purchased. "There. Good as new," he delighted in his handiwork, before looking back at me. "Is that why you're here? Your mother. To offer her the job?"

It wasn't, and I told him. I'd merely been in the area and stopped for a social visit, but now that the idea of Mom working for me had been implanted, I was surprisingly coming onboard.

"Well, she's inside," he informed me. "Was taking a shower when I left, but she'd be done by now. Go on up."

"What are you doing?" I asked, Gerry depositing his tool in the trunk and getting back in his car.

"There's a fairway with my name on it," he gestured to the golf clubs in the rear seat and I found myself waving him goodbye.

The path now clear, I drove up the curved driveway to their palatial residence, (it would never be 'just a house.') The large front doors unlocked, I made my way into the entranceway proper and immediately heard my mother's voice. Her call was muffled and from some distance, figuring it to be from upstairs, I made my way to the grand staircase when she called again.

"Gerry!" She yelled and I headed up the stairs to the first floor, noticing the railing on the staircase was wobbly in the process.

"He's gone out Mom," I shouted back. "It's only me here."

Her response was muted.

"Oh."

I paused at the top of the stairs waiting for further or her eventual appearance and began to head up the hallway when neither came, stopping outside her open bedroom door when I found it empty. "Where are you?" I called.

"Um," came her still muffled response. "Where's Gerry?"

This time I narrowed down her location to the en suite and recalled Gerry having told me she was having a shower.

"Out. He said golf," I explained to the empty room.

"Oh," she repeated.

The whole thing was confusing, and frustrated, I walked closer to her bathroom door. "What's going on?"

Once more there was a pause before she finally spoke.

"It's...it's embarrassing," she delayed explaining and my mind began to imagine scenarios. "I've been calling out for ages. I'm stuck in here," she added.

"What?"

"The door. It jams," she detailed, and I assumed she meant the en suite door.

"Oh, is that it? I can open this," I took hold of the handle in preparation of shouldering the door open.

"No, the door in here," she elaborated and I paused.

"What?"

"Oh," once more the delay I was becoming used to. "Oh, just come in."

I turned the knob not knowing what I was expecting to find once I entered, and as the large marble tiled room opened up before me, it was admittedly one of the scenarios I'd imagined seconds before. Well sort of. There was still steam hovering at the ceiling and condensation on the walls, the room remaining warm. The moment I saw her, I directed my eyes away but the damage had been done. Mom had indeed been having a shower. She remained in there. And yes. She was naked.

As I shielded my eyes with my hand, the image of her through the glass remained. Wet hair, one hand tucked between her upper thighs to cover her pussy, the other arm and hand used to protect her breasts from view. I could feel the blush creeping to my face and tried to remain composed, aware the vision of her nude would be with me now forever.

"What's happened?" I laughed.

"It's this freaking glass door," she began. "It's broken again. Like everything else in this house."

I risked a look at the large plate of glass she alluded to and could see it was slightly askew, moving closer to the problem. The wall-to-wall shower screen was ceiling height, the ability to pass a towel removed, and as I dropped to my haunches to examine the lower hinge, Mom backed slightly away on the other side.

"I'm gonna have to..." I referred to my hand covering my eyes and protecting her modesty and she quickly permitted.

"Oh, of course Darling. Go ahead," she condoned and I lowered my shield. Once more I was witness to her nudity. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd seen Mom in a swimsuit, so the impact of her exposure wasn't lost on me but I remained mature, attempting to take it in my stride. Looking at the door, I couldn't see anywhere I could gain leverage, my fingers unable to fit under the pane and I risked a look up at Mom for guidance.

"You say this has happened before," I remarked. "How'd you fix it?"

"Well, Gerry did it," she began. "You have to put your hands on the glass and push and lift or something."

I tried as she described and nothing seemed to be happening, before she once more spoke up, moving forward.

"No, it was higher," she explained and took her hand from between her legs to press up on the glass. With one thigh crossed over the other, her pubis itself was obscured but the shadow of dark hair came to eye through my indirect gaze. I rose to stand before her and as I did, her inhibitions seemed to dissolve, her other hand rising to the glass to show me exactly where to press.

I admit it caught my breath. Her unfettered breasts presented to me the other side of the glass. I could feel my face burning as I raised my hands to match hers, looking directly at her naked body, boobs that I only now comprehended the impressive size and then, as she seemingly relaxed and uncrossed her feet, a clearly manicured thatch of brown pubic hair.

"Sorry Honey," she managed to chuckle. "I'm embarrassing you."

"No!" I refuted but my face gave it away. "So, what, I just push and lift?"

"Uh-huh," you can't do it from this side you see," she once more backed away as I followed her instruction and with an effort, the heavy glass panel seemed to slip back into its hinge, aligning once more with the screen. "That's it," Mom applauded and reached out to open the door, now seemingly more than comfortable to be naked in my presence.

I stood aside as she slipped from the shower and headed toward the towel rail and a hanging robe, catching more than a glimpse of her exposed rear and cursing myself for not immediately offering them to begin with. As her ass was taken from my view, I looked back inside the stall. A collection of soap and shampoo bottles gathered upon the wall-long bench seat attempted to obscure another item that stood out from the pack. Immediately recognizable, the flesh-colored dildo was long enough to have its attached balls showing behind the conditioner and the bulbous head stuck out behind a shower puff. My mother had been masturbating!

Lightheaded with the revelation and with face aglow, I turned immediately from the discovery and gazed once more upon Mom. She hadn't dried completely in her time trapped and as the thin white satin robe covered her body, her wet flesh showed through. Nipples hard and pink protruded through the silky material. The shadow of her pussy for an instant before she wrapped and tied the belt. Her face devoid of makeup, hair still dripping wet, she was beautiful. The sudden appreciation of her as a woman was shocking and even more so was the stirring in my pants.

Confused, mortified, I tried to focus on something else. "You really need to get that fixed," I stated the bleeding obvious and Mom scoffed.

"I'll add it to the list," she chuckled as she headed out into her bedroom and I followed. I didn't know what was wrong with me but I looked at her ass once more as she walked, buttocks swaying with each step. That I was aware she was naked beneath just adding to the wonder. It was then my erection really came on.

Black jeans, I was comfortable I'd get away with it as we headed through the house, as long as she didn't look down there directly. To be honest, I was happy to get away from her bedroom, the bed far too suggestive. It was then I metaphorically slapped my face. The bed suggestive? Look down at my fly? Why would she? She was my mother. Nothing would ever, could ever happen. She had no

interest in the contents of my pants, be they hard or soft! I was being an immature idiot and I felt like a creep for even getting a hard-on in the first place. Two days without a girlfriend and I was thirsting for my mother! What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Careful of the banister," Mom warned as we descended the staircase. "It's loose."

"This place is a deathtrap," I managed to dismiss my incestuous thought process, coming back to the real world. "I told you not to buy it."

"Oh, and you've tried talking Gerry out of something when he has his mind set?" Mom laughed as we entered the kitchen. "Coffee?" She offered. "I have to do something for my hero."

"Hero?" I laughed. "Yeah right. Actually, there might be something you can do for me," I suggested and strangely her neck reddened almost instantly, the hue spreading to her cheeks. Was she herself having similar thought patterns to me? Nonsense, I told myself. Her eyebrows raised, I continued. "Come work for me."

"What?" She nervously giggled.

"I'm serious. Gerry thought of it. Come be my receptionist."

"But what about Misty?"

"We broke up," I rebutted and didn't need to explain to Mom that working with my ex wouldn't have been smooth sailing.

"Oh. When?"

"About two days ago."

"No, I mean when do you want me to start?" She surprised me with how quickly she agreed, not that she wasn't asking about Misty. I always had the distinct impression Mom hated her!

"You'll do it?"

"Of course," she beamed. "I'll do anything for my hero."

As I drove home, I thought of the words Gerry had spoken. 'She's your mother so there won't be a temptation.' I thought of her naked in the bathroom. The vision came to me of her masturbating, my imagination picturing her fucking the dildo suction-cupped against the glass screen.

The hard-on returned.

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The office space I leased being below my apartment building, Mom was already waiting outside when I came down twenty minutes early. Much of the night I'd thought of her. Not intentionally. It was just every time I closed my eyes, I could see her standing in the shower, naked. Protecting her pussy and boobs with her hands, before the reveal. Her eyes on me, studying my reaction as I took in her nudity. Her rounded pale breasts, waxed and shaped pubic hair. And when I allowed my imagination to take over, I pictured more. Legs spread as she sat on the tiled bench, a hand on her breast teasing a nipple, dildo between her legs.

I'd chased the visions away countless times. Thought of other women, attempted a novel. But laying wide awake and nearing one a.m. I relented and masturbated. Using my own mother as inspiration, (unhealthy as it was) to clear my head and my balls and finally get some sleep.

The morning, and I'd assumed I'd be over it, but, as I readied for work, I found myself contemplating what she'd wear? Would we lunch together? Even in the elevator downstairs I pictured an after-work drink in my apartment, alcohol, alone together, what could happen? Yes, I was delusional and when I laid eyes upon her outside my office, most thoughts of incest slipped from my mind.

"You're keen," I joked as I approached, noting her appearance. "Why so early?" The idiot in me had imagined her wearing something revealing, a slutty secretary outfit perhaps. What she presented in however was far from slutty; diametrically polar. Brown, I supposed it was a woman's suit. Ill-fitting and formless it did nothing to highlight her natural beauty and she looked every one if not more than her fifty-four years. Was I being picky? Overcritical? Yes. I mean she was my mother. As any woman she could wear what she chose. But right then, knowing how attractive she could look even without clothing, I wanted her to project her beauty. Was that so wrong?

"The bus timetable gets me here half an hour early," she explained.

"You got the bus?"

"It's the same route that goes past our house. Seems silly not to use it," Mom reasoned.

"Hmm, suppose," I frowned. "You could still drive."

"We sold my car," Mom countered and it took me by surprise, clearly showing in my face and Mom explained. "Well, I hardly ever drove it and... well we needed the money."

I was learning so many things about her, about my parents' life, and this particular news was troubling. Had she so quickly taken the job offer for that reason? Was it why Gerry had suggested her to begin with?

"Serious?" I was distracted by the phone ringing in the office as we entered. "Well, we'll talk about that later, and I'll give you a fob so you can unlock the office," I scooted the front desk to answer the phone, looking back at Mom. "I'm really not cool with you taking the bus," I admitted as I raised the receiver to my ear.

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Not a novice on the computer, and having been only out of the workforce about ten years, Mom found the work familiar and seemed to be enjoying the day. I had back-to-back meetings with clients all morning and much of the afternoon and through the glass walls of my office I occasionally glanced in her direction. The brown suit didn't grow on me. It was also not lost on my clients.

'I thought I'd walked into a retirement home,' one mentioned. 'Is she your grandmother?' A female investor surprisingly asked me and angrily I'd dismissed their opinions. She was my mother. She could wear whatever she wanted. The next day however, when she arrived wearing a dress that was somehow dowdier than the suit, I felt I needed to say something. She, like it or not, was the face of my business. The first thing clients saw when they arrived. Misty, though an airhead was amazingly good looking and sad as it may be, society is attracted to the attractive and her presence had

encouraged repeat business. The stupid thing was, Mom wasn't ugly! I'd seen her wear perfectly suitable clothing. I'd seen her naked body. She could've looked good in a hessian sack. Why then this?

"What's with the dress?" I causally inquired over a coffee at her desk mid-morning. She looked down at the frumpy loose garment. High collared and formless, it was more muumuu than office attire.

"It is a bit dated, isn't it?" She freely admitted and it came as a relief she hadn't taken offense. "I thought it was, well... the most concealing."

"What?" I frowned, confused.

"I mean after the other day," she began to blush. "How much you saw of me. I thought I'd wear something a bit more... mom-like."

"Oh," it was now I that began to blush. "I don't care about that," quick to change the subject. "You don't have anything... I don't know, more businessy?"

"Not really," she played with the fringe on her opposite sleeve. "I would buy something new but money's a bit tight of late."

"Is that all?" I rose from my position, retrieving my wallet from my back pocket. "Here's the company credit card. Buy whatever you want. We'll claim it as a tax expense."

She looked surprised. "You can do that?"

"Why not? We'll say it's uniform."

She took the card apprehensively. "I won't spend too much," she assured and I scoffed.

"Buy whatever you like. I can afford it," I stated, and she looked coy.

"I'll go after work."

"Go now," I quickly rebutted. "It's a quiet morning," I followed, hoping I wasn't coming across too forceful.

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It WAS a quiet morning. Drifting into a slow lunch period. I was hard at work on a Sudoku when she arrived back at the office, and casually looking up from the paper when she entered the front door, I was more than shocked at the transformation. Gone was the frumpy dress. A short, very tight black skirt sat over black stockings. A dark blue, what looked to be satin shirt stretched taut over her breasts. I managed to lift my jaw as I rose to greet her beside her desk, though my eyes couldn't disguise their admiration. "You look great," I admitted and I noticed her blush.

"I changed in the store," she stated the obvious.

"I can see," taking in her appearance from her strawberry blond hair to her black high heels. "You look like Brandi Love," I spontaneously admitted, immediately questioning the sanity of comparing my mother to a porn star.

"Who's that?" Mom looked curious and I could feel myself blush.

"Oh, no one. Just an actress." The phone rang on her desk and saved me further explanation; Mom proactive in getting back to work and hurrying around behind me. "You look great is all," I once more complimented her as she placed a hand on the receiver, pausing. "Did I mention that?" I asked.

"Yeah, you said something like that," she smiled, blushing, and I left her to it.

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She wasn't far from my mind however. A post-lunch appointment with a client, my eyes wandered over their shoulder to where Mom sat. It was innocent. A woman just adjusting her stockings. With legs to the side, her skirt rode up revealing black lace stay-ups. Her fingers grabbing the hem and pulling them up higher on her thigh. Satisfied with one, she repeated the process on the other leg before she once more swung her chair around, removing the temptation to stare.

Later. Again, alone in my office and toiling over the Sudoku, I glanced up at probably the most opportune moment. She had stood to lean across her desk, reaching for something on the far side. The action caused her butt to stretch the short skirt, its length riding up on her thighs. Once more the lace tops of her stay-ups became visible, the white skin of her upper thighs. Was she aware? It was so overtly sexual...I had to stop my thought process. It wasn't 'overtly sexual.' It was simply a woman going about her business. I was the one injecting a sexual overtone, playing the part of a leering employer. She'd done nothing to imply consensual flirting. Oh, there was also one glaring factor I was missing. SHE WAS MY MOTHER! I dragged my eyes away from the admittedly arousing sight, ashamed of my behavior, my basically incestuous delusions, determined to do better. It lasted a good five minutes.

"I forgot to give you back the credit card," Mom entered my office carrying the card and obviously the receipt for the clothing. She could've approached the desk from the opposite side, instead choosing to come around beside me and lean her bottom back on the surface, crossing her legs.

"Keep the receipts," I informed her, quickly closing the game of solitaire I'd begun on my computer. "That's your job now, expense reports, tax. There's a file on the desktop."

"Oh. Of course. Give me something to do. Is it always this quiet?"

I blushed at her observation

"It's gets busier!" I laughed. As I'd come to expect, the top of her stocking was showing and it brought me back to her appearance. "So, did you get everything you needed? Are they delivering your other clothes?"

"What? Oh, no," she responded looking down at her outfit. "This skirt and blouse were all I bought."

"What? Seriously?" I was a little surprised. "You planning on wearing that every day?" Again, I felt uncomfortable about critiquing her appearance but she seemed to take it in her stride.

"Well, I didn't know how much I could spend and," again she cast her eyes down onto her own body. "If what I bought was appropriate."

"You don't need my approval," I stated, feeling how hypocritical it sounded in that it was me that told her to change in the first place. "You're right, it's a slow afternoon. So, head off early," I handed the credit card back to her. "And this time. Buy everything you need."

She hesitated taking the card.

"Everything? What about accessories, shoes and things?" She cautiously asked.

I didn't know what 'things,' were, but I hoped she meant underwear!

"If you wear it in the office, it counts," I insisted. "I mean, steer clear of Tiffany," I laughed. "But there are heaps of stores out there on Rodeo. That Lauren Brooks boutique just opened up."

Mom frowned. "Lauren Brooks. Doesn't she just do lingerie and swimsuits?"

I felt myself redden once more. "Um, I'm sure she does clothing as well."

She looked at me skeptically but rose from the desk. "Well, if you think you won't need me..."

"Go," I insisted, though immediately thought of the day. Friday. I wouldn't see her all weekend and a pang of regret washed over me. Never mind. Something to look forward to, I reasoned.

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Well into a bottle of Napa Shiraz, I was watching cable news whilst comfortably slumped in my couch when the buzzer for the intercom in my apartment distracted me. She awkwardly waved up at the camera when I responded, Mom, with multiple shopping bags hanging over each forearm. It was nearly five thirty and I'd assumed she'd be well home by now, not seeking entrance to my own.

I buzzed her up and unlocked the front door, waiting for her at the entrance. It was then I caught sight of myself in the reflective glass. Relaxing and not expecting visitors, I'd changed into track pants and a simple white t-shirt. But now that Mom was on her way up, still immaculately dressed I noted, I wondered if I should in fact change before her arrival? The notion wrenched from me when the bell for the elevator signaled her arrival and there she was, three hours from when I'd last seen her and just as desirable.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, puzzled at her appearance.

She looked frazzled. Even slightly unsure of herself as I welcomed her into my home, the eight or so bags she held deposited beside the coffee table.

"I may've gone a little overboard," she grimaced as she looked down at the shopping. "I thought I'd come by and get your, well, the boss's approval. I've still got time to take back anything that's not appropriate."

I gave a chuckle and moved closer to peer down inside the bags. "I can trust your judgement Mom."

She looked down at my near empty wine glass and I was quick to offer a glass of her own.

"Ooh, yes please. If you're having another," she added and I felt her eyes on me as I entered my kitchen. "I just thought you'd want to see where the money went. Inspect the merchandise," she giggled.

"I mean sure, if you want to show me," I returned, handing her a full glass which she gratefully took and immediately sipped.

"Should I change in your room?"

The question startled me. I'd only expected her to show me the purchases, not parade them. "You want to put them on? Now!?" I revealed my surprise and she looked bashful.

"It's just I'd rather take anything back sooner rather than later," she admitted. "Hmm. Now I feel silly."

I was quick to reassure her and hated myself for reacting as I'd done.

"No," I declared, the realization Mom was about to give me my very own fashion parade making me giddy. "As you said. It's probably best I rubber-stamp the outgoings, so to speak."

She once more giggled and took another large swallow of wine before making for the bags.

"So," she paused. "In your room?"

My mind went blank for a moment before I remembered why she was asking about my room.

"Oh, yes. Of course," I blushed. "Need any help?" I offered as she reached for the multiple bags.

Her smile gave away that she understood the awkwardness of the situation and she politely declined my assistance. The minute she was gone I opened another bottle of wine.

It didn't take her long to change; exiting wearing a tight grey dress that hugged her figure perfectly, dropping to just above the knee. She wore the same black heels and stockings and I complimented her on her taste as she did a twirl for me before taking another drink from her refilled glass.

"Get comfortable," she laughed as I sat back upon the couch. "There's plenty more to come."

She didn't lie. Two more outfits of similar design before a drastic change. Gone were the black heels and stockings. Replaced by brown leather sling back heels and tan stockings or pantyhose. So, these were the 'accessories,' she'd discussed back in the office. The dress she wore was sleeveless and white at the torso, transitioning to a pink flared skirt that sat high above the knees. As she twirled (as she was becoming accustomed to do) it rose up to reveal once more stay-up stockings, that mystery solved.

She must have known it would happen but looked satisfied nonetheless as she once more reached for her glass. In the thirty or so minutes she'd been in my apartment, the alcohol had clearly taken effect, her cheeks as well as the skin on her chest blushing.

"I like that one," I once more complimented her and she ran a hand down her torso to (I suspect) feel the fabric. To me it looked more like she in fact felt her own body underneath, but maybe I was just projecting. Her glass drained, she placed it upon the table and I offered another.

"I shouldn't," she laughed, taking a hair tie from around her wrist before beginning to pull back her hair to secure. Her smooth armpits raised to me, I had the overwhelming desire to go to her and kiss them. Quickly chasing away the delusion as she turned before accidentally dropping her hair tie. The delusion returned.

With her back to me, Mom bent forward to find the lost item. The action caused the already short skirt to lift and reveal her stocking tops once again, and more. White satin came into view. Tight around her buttocks, and below, the glint of metal buttons upon the gusset as it bulged over her vulva. My eyes riveted to the scene; it was then she chose to look back over her shoulder.

"Sorry," I dragged my gaze away. "I was looking..."

"At the bodysuit?" She laughed.

"...I was going to say, for the hair tie," my face burned as I rose from the couch, Mom standing before me.

"It's okay Honey," she stated. "I was going to tell you I bought this underwear as well."

"Oh," my head swam before she turned her back.

"Would you?" She presented the rear of the dress to me, clearly requesting I undo the zip.

"What?" I stalled.

"I'll show you the bodysuit," she casually informed me. "This zipper's tricky to reach."

With shaking hands, I took hold of the small white pull and slid it down her back. The top of the white bodysuit revealed itself and when the dress became loose on her torso, Mom took over.

"Thank you Darling," she almost whispered as she allowed the dress to fall from her body, to her hips and then to the floor. I stood by speechless, granted license to look upon her ass, and then as she once more faced me, her breasts and mound of pussy, snug in the satin. When I didn't (couldn't) respond, she continued. "So, I bought these stockings as well," she divulged. "And this bodysuit, I can wear under almost everything, so it'll get used." She did another turn and finally asked my opinion. "So, what do you think?"

I nodded, unable to tell her how hot I thought she looked. Totally inappropriate for a son, surely? "Looks good," I managed to offer and eager to change the subject. "More wine?"

"Okay, just a small one. I still have two more outfits," she dropped to her haunches and picked up the dress, for a moment level with my cock. Did I see her eyes drift across my groin? No. I surely imagined it. But as I headed back into the kitchen, my cock beginning to stretch out the front of my pants, I wondered if I had?

Tan pants, she wore next. Flesh colored, she could have in fact been standing there naked, such was their tightness and tone. A turn and I greedily devoured the shape of her buttocks bulging out the material, more than a hint of camel-toe as she once more faced me. A white, what looked to be satin tank top completed the outfit but she wasn't done modeling this ensemble. "I have boots at home that'll go with these," she explained her bare feet. "I had such a hard time finding a bra that worked under this," she (for some reason) informed me, before casually lifting the top up and over her head.

And there they were, my old friends from the shower incident. Mom's boobs presented to me as clear as they were then. Well, almost. The bra she'd found was white but made from an entirely see-through nylon. Her nipples standing out as plain as day. Pink and hard and... beautiful.

"There's matching panties," she bluntly stated, reaching for her glass and sipping before a shy smile came to her face. "But I probably shouldn't show you them," she giggled.

"Why?" I swallowed noticeably.

"Ah, because they're just as see-through Honey," she smiled. "I know you saw a little too much of me the other day. I don't want to give you nightmares."

Nightmares? I thought. More like dreams. "No, I mean why are you showing me this Mom?"

"Oh," she blushed. "Well, it's your money. I just wanted to show you where it was all going. Is that okay?"

"Okay," I remembered to breath, relaxing somewhat that her explanation made some sense. She wasn't flirting. Moms didn't do that to their sons.

"Okay then," she bent down to replace her wine and the sound of ripping was noticed by us both.

"Oh no," Mom lamented, clutching at her rear to feel the extent of damage done. "Is it bad?" she turned her bottom towards me and removed her hand. It wasn't. Unfortunately. The tear must have been further between her thighs and I told her so. "You nearly got to see my panties after all," she laughed it off as she left the room. "And don't say a word about what this means about the size of my bum!"

I sat back on the couch, my cock now a noticeable bulge in the front of my track pants and I moved it sideways to be less obtrusive. What did it all mean? She said she was just flaunting herself before me innocently, a means to show what the company had purchased. There was nothing sexual going on between us. She was just more comfortable to be around me partially clothed now it seemed. There was nothing wrong with that. I had the problem here. Misconstruing everything as an incestuous come on. I needed therapy.

"This is the last," Mom left my bedroom and still barefoot padded across the carpet. It was a dress, I supposed; more a slip. Like the previous tank top, white satin. But surely it couldn't be worn in the office? She must have seen the wonder in my eyes and explained the item. "I thought maybe if we had a business lunch, or dinner even?" She stood not four feet from me, her eyes on me expectantly. "It's bad isn't it? I'll take it back."

"No!" I too forcefully denied before reigning it in. "You don't have to take it back. If you like it."

"But, do you like it?" She questioned. "You're the boss."

"I..." I paused, my cock moving back into its upright position in direct defiance of me. "I think you look beautiful."

As we were both becoming used to doing, she blushed and coyly reached for her almost empty wine. Straight down her blouse I was given an unobscured view of her unfettered breasts and it caught my breath. The material stretched tight across my cock was restricting and without any stimulation, I could feel myself ridiculously approaching an orgasm, rising from the couch to reduce the tension.

"So that's it," she cast her eyes back upon me. Surely, she could see the development in my pants but she played it cool. "I don't have any more underwear to show you," she grinned. "I couldn't find any that didn't show through," she winked, admitting to me she wasn't wearing panties. Even as she said it, one of the straps fell from her shoulder exposing much of a breast and she did nothing to remedy it.

I abandoned all that I'd thought moments before. This was more than flirting. It was open seduction. With our eyes locked on each other's, I moved forward another step and she raised her

chin to accept the kiss I intended to deliver. Our first kiss as the lovers we'd surely become. No more games. No more innuendo. We'd finally break the ultimate taboo...

And then her phone rang. We were both pretty sure of the caller and it instantly brought us back to reality with a crash. A moment remaining with our eyes locked before Mom rushed to her handbag and answered her husband's communication, lifting the strap of her dress in the process. "Uh huh," she listened to the voice on the other end. "I was held up at work," she lied to Gerry. "I'm leaving now."

It killed the moment. It killed my erection. What was I thinking? I'd wanted her to see it. To touch it. My mother. And she'd clearly encouraged it. There were no innocent parties here. I finished my glass as she hung up the phone and by the look in her eyes, I could see she felt the same. Thank God for Gerry's call. What could have happened?

"I'd better get going," Mom looked at me one more time before heading back toward the bedroom. I looked past her and was surprised to see darkness outside, the time passing quicker than perceived. "My God it's nearly seven," Mom seemed to be just as startled. "If I hurry, I'll catch the 7:05 bus."

"You're not getting the bus at this hour," I was quick to contradict and being in no state to drive her myself, I sought my phone for an Uber.

She'd entered my room looking about as sexy as any woman I knew. She exited wearing the drab garb she'd appeared in that morning. It was to be expected I supposed. She'd begun by lying to my stepfather about where she was. If she returned wearing different clothing, questions would surely be asked. But, so what if they were? She'd been with her son. Why would Gerry read anything into that? And nothing had happened between us anyway. It was crazy I was even having this mental debate. I wasn't going to have sex with my mother. End of story.

"I've organized my regular Uber guy," I informed, as I noticed her stuff the black stockings she'd arrived at work wearing into one of the bags. She also consolidated all of the purchases into two bags, limiting the amount she'd have to carry.

"Thank you," she stated, clearly flustered. "Can I leave these here?" She motioned toward the empty bags. "I think it's only the pants I'll have to return," before once more a cheeky grin came to her lips. "That is if you're happy with everything I bought."

I was more than happy. She'd made me hard. What mother does that for her son?

"No, it's all good," I accompanied her to the door and out into the foyer. Waiting for the elevator and after an extended silence, she turned to me.

"Thank you, Dylan," she looked intensely in my eyes. "For the clothes. For the job. Though I think I'm out of my league somewhat."

"What!? What do you mean?"

"All the jargon. The techy speak. I mean one of your clients was talking to me about his blocked drains and how you were helping out. I thought you just dealt with Bitcoin."

"Blocked drains?" I repeated her comment, struggling to understand what she meant. "Oh, you mean block-chain?"

"Oh yeah, that was it," she laughed as the elevator arrived. "It's all Greek to me."

I rode down to street level with her and came up with a solution. "What about I give you a crash course in crypto currency?" I proposed and then entertained our meeting sooner than after the weekend. "I could drop by tomorrow morning, give you a lesson?"

The Uber was waiting and I saw her to the curb.

"I'd like that Honey," allowing her long dress to ride up her legs as she entered the back seat of the car, her eyes lifting to mine. "I need all the help I can get."

"'til then," I smiled as I closed the door on her and waved to the driver before the window wound down.

"Oh, by the way," Mom stuck her head out of the open space. "Out of curiosity, I Googled that Brandi Love woman," a smirk coming to her face. "You naughty boy," she laughed as the car drove away.

*

It felt like I'd made a date. It was stupid. She was my mother and yet I had the nervous feeling in my stomach of a new relationship. I longed to see her again. When I returned to my apartment, it felt empty without her. Thankful the scent of her perfume remained to remind me of her presence. What was wrong with me? With us? Because surely, she wasn't an innocent party in whatever was happening. And what was happening? Were we about to embark on an incestuous relationship? Did that kind of thing even happen? Outside of a Jerry Springer episode? I laughed as I headed for my bathroom. God, I hoped it did!

And then I saw them.

Obviously, they'd fallen off the bed, misplaced and left behind. Black, delicate and clearly my mother's panties. For a moment I was cautious, almost looking around to see I wasn't observed before I realized the absurdity of it. I was alone in my room. Who was watching me? I reached down and took them in my hands, the satin arousing as I rubbed my fingertips against the material, more so when I opened them up to reveal the gusset. My cock sprang back into life and I didn't deny myself, wrenching down my pants and rewarding myself with a tug.

Yes, it was wrong. Yes, I felt like an oversexed and immature teen. But faced with such a fetishistic item of my current incestuous fixation, I abandoned myself to a moment of depravity. With the still damp crotch to my face, I managed to make it to my sink before I came, an overdue and copious release as I breathed in the intimate scent of my mother's pussy.

And then came the guilt. And then came the uncertainty. And then came the doubt.

*

When I arrived at Mom and Gerry's the next morning, my stepfather was in the process of washing his car and I struggled to look him in the eye as we exchanged small talk. Could he sense that I carried his wife's underwear in the pocket of my jacket? Did he suspect I was harboring an illicit desire for his partner, my very own mother? Of course not. But uncomfortable in his presence, when he informed me he was headed off to the auto accessories shop for polish, the news couldn't have been more welcome. "Let your mother know, would you?" He asked before leaving but it slipped from my mind when I saw her from behind.

I'd seen her wear the jeans many a time. White, they hugged her ass perfectly and I was disappointed in myself for not appreciating it before then. More so the rest of her body as she turned to greet me. Not the welcome of separated lovers but the kiss of a mother to her son. The light press of breast to my chest. The inhalation of her perfume as her cheek brushed mine. I had no doubt. I was in love with my mother.

"I'm ready for you," Mom grinned, and for a moment my mind wandered with possibilities before she held up a notepad and pen.

"Oh, yeah," I came back to reality and found the USB I'd prepared with my presentation. "I thought I'd use your TV."

Mom pulled a dining chair to the middle of the living room and took up position before me as I navigated to the USB on the 75inch screen and began the lesson. "So," pointing to the Bitcoin symbol as it appeared on the display. "Bitcoin is a form of cryptocurrency. Hence why I used Bit in the name of my business; A Bit on the Side..."

"Oh," Mom interjected. "You know when you told us, I thought you were opening a dating service."

"I told you what I did," I laughed. "I advise clients on investing in crypto currency." I turned back to the display and pressed forward on the remote to the next screen just as a scrunched-up piece of paper hit me in the back. "What are you doing?" I again chuckled.

"I didn't do it Sir," Mom cheekily replied, butter not melting in her mouth. "Well, it feels like I'm back at school again," she justified her behavior.

I couldn't help smiling at her, turning back to the television. "Let's just get through this before Gerry gets back."

"What?" Mom inquired.

"Gerry. He went out for car polish or something," I explained, realizing I hadn't informed her earlier.

"Why didn't you say something?" Mom rose from her chair, leaving her notepad and pen behind as she headed to the stairs.

"What are you doing?" I asked as she made her way upstairs.

"I'll be right back," was all her response.

She wasn't right back. Frustrated, I switched the input to live TV as I waited, annoyed our time alone was being wasted. But when I heard the click of heels coming back down the staircase about five minutes later, I was ashamed at myself for not showing faith.

This was not my mother. The goddess that slowly, cautiously descended the stairs was something out of a movie. An adult one at that. She'd changed. Gone were the admittedly sexy white jeans, replaced with the shortest of pleated red tartan skirts imaginable. Her black heels sat over opaque white thigh high stockings, the triangle of matching panties hugging her pronounced pussy bulge. The top she wore was see-through, her unsupported breasts bobbing with each step downwards.

If I'd had any shred of doubt there wasn't something incestuous developing between us, it was cast away by her schoolgirl costume. As she once more took up position at her chair, she turned and bent to pick up her notepad, her bare buttocks presented to me, the string of her thong dividing

the voluptuous cheeks. And upon turning, so short was the skirt and her pussy now within range, I saw the tuft of pubic hair rising above her miniscule panties. My dick responded.

"Wh... what are you doing?" I managed to question as she sat back in her seat.

"What?" She feigned ignorance before looking down at her body. "Oh, you mean this," she nonchalantly responded, the blush on her cheeks and breast giving away her nervousness. "I just thought it'd be funny. It being like I'm at school and everything."

"So... it's just a joke?" I asked, my eyes trailing down to look at where she'd parted her thighs.

"Um, yeah," she cautiously replied. "What more would there be?"

There was still that barrier. Ridiculous as it was, considering how she was dressed and the obvious erection tenting the front of my pants. We both couldn't bring ourselves to admit we wanted each other and I turned back to the television to somehow continue my presentation. "...So, there are one million bits to a bitcoin," I began before I heard a giggle over my shoulder, turning to see her raise the notepad to her chest, hiding something. "What now?"

"Nothing Sir," she said as I moved towards her.

"Show me," I demanded, playing the role of the teacher she seemed to need me to be.

The picture she had drawn was crude but impressive for the short time it had taken. Not much more than stick figures, one was standing, a huge erection pointing to the sky, whilst the other character in the drawing was knelt before him, awaiting the cum that shot from the cock.

"What is this?" I whispered.

"Nothing," she meekly replied, her chest rising with each breath, the quiet of the house all pervading.

"Stand up Mom," I ordered and she complied.

"Am I in trouble Sir?" With chin down she looked up at me and I moved in a step closer and threw caution to the wind, dropping the notepad and reaching out between her legs to cup her pussy.

Her mouth fell open and a relieved breath released as I pushed against her vulva. The dampness flowed through the satin of her panties and was evidence enough I'd done the right thing but when she leaned up to kiss my lips, her tongue entering my mouth, there was surely now no more doubt. "We both are," I answered her question as we kissed, my tongue dancing with hers, her saliva flowing into my mouth. And then her hands at my fly.

Just like the drawing, she went to her knees as she pulled my cock from my pants. It looked impressive in her small hands, more so when she brought her mouth to its head and kissed. I was already dripping pre-cum and when her lips came away, a trail followed which she greedily licked into her mouth. I wanted to kiss her again. I wanted to taste her, to fuck her, to marry her. But one more moment of doubt remained and I voiced my fear. "Mom," her eyes looked up to mine. "...are you sure?"

Her response was to take the head of my dick in her mouth and I let out a held breath in relief, finally relaxing as my mother began to show her love. And what a performance. She pulled me over her tongue, my cock delving into her throat to feel her involuntarily swallowing, choking herself

willingly on my length. And then to release me with a gag. Saliva pouring from her mouth to fall upon her breasts making the already transparent top seemingly nonexistent. Back on my cock as she tugged my shaft. Her hand milking me expertly as she sucked the head. Encouraged, I thrust my hips slowly into the action, fucking her mouth as I cradled her head, her hair like silk between my fingers.

Had I ever received a better blowjob? Never. If I hadn't decided to devote the rest of my life to her before then, I definitely had now. Quicker, her hand moved along my slippery column. Again, pulled me into her throat to once more choke and spit out a mouthful of saliva. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen. Drool flowing from her mouth, coating and glistening her chin. She moved down to lavish my shaved balls with kisses, taking one in her mouth to suck as she furiously jerked my rock-hard adoration. It was all too much. My goal had been to fuck her. To take her to her bed and fill her with my love. But that love was premature and to be honest, I'd didn't want to prolong its release and longer.

"Oh God," I moaned and she looked up at me knowingly.

"Are you gonna cum?"

"Yess," I sighed and she began to feverishly tug my length, pressing the head to her lips, her chin.

"Are you going to cum on me Darling?" She asked, her mouth opening to reveal her poked out tongue. "Are you gonna cum on Mommy's tongue? In my mouth?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I groaned, the slapping of her hand along my shaft echoing around the marbled room.

"Cum on me," Mom demanded. "Cum on my face son. Show me you love me."

It was the word 'son' that got me. The realization my mother was sucking my cock. She who breastfed me milk. Was it not only right I repaid her with cream?

And then I exploded.

If I was shocked, I could only imagine how she felt. Such was the force, a stream of cum shot up over her face to sail clear over her head. Where it landed, I knew not, nor did I care as I watched jet after jet deluge her face. Her mouth opened to take a load, her tongue dripping with saliva and cum, drooling down onto her boobs. Her chin was plastered. Strands of semen forming a beard, sticky evidence of a particularly messy and satisfying meal as my body shuddered with the delight. The flow of cum easing, she smiled ecstatically, kissing the eye and sucking all remnant from me.

"Oh God," I once more praised and we both laughed, my hand dropping to help her to her feet. She had never looked so beautiful. Chin, nose, even forehead plastered with my love. And in her hair. I raised a hand and found the missing deposit, embedded in her silvery blond locks, once more raising a chuckle from us both. "You're beautiful," I praised her and she even now blushed. "I love you."

The moment should have lasted longer. Forever. But the sound of the front door unlocking brought us both back to Earth. Mom's eyes widened and she was turning and rushing to the staircase just as Gerry announced his return. His eyes fell on me, my cock taken from view milliseconds before. "You're still here," he noted my presence before looking around the open plan room for my mother.

"Where's Lydia? Getting ready, I hope. Lydia," he yelled. Her shadow was still at the top of the staircase and I diverted Gerry's eyes with a question just as he turned in her direction.

"Get the polish?"

"Nah, I'll have to take 'her' to the car wash. LYDIA?" Gerry called out and this time Mom answered from upstairs.

"Coming. Just changing," she responded and even I could hear the tension in her voice.

"You have five minutes," Gerry called back, his eyes straying down to the floor and I followed to see a pool of saliva at my feet. "Spill something?"

"Oh! Yeah, water. I'll just get a paper towel. Five minutes for what?" I changed the subject.

"We're lunching at the Fisk's," Gerry divulged his plans with the neighbors. "Lydia didn't mention it?"

"It slipped my mind," Mom's voice came from the top of the staircase and both Gerry and I turned to see her return. As if from heaven, an angel descended the stairs. She wore the pink and white dress from the night before, no stockings and the highest of heels. She was stunning. She was sexy. And she was my mother.

Amazingly, somehow, Gerry turned away, not even commenting on how beautiful she looked as she approached. "I'll get that paper towel," he declared, marching past me toward the kitchen. It gave us a moment alone together once more and I was quick to declare my feelings on her appearance.

"You look beautiful," I whispered. As beautiful as when she was showered with my cum? There was a debate to be had, but stunning nonetheless.

Gerry returned and dropped to the floor to clean up the drooled saliva and Mom's eyes widened with horror, easing somewhat when I shook my head to signal no reason for concern.

"You finish your training?" Gerry stood, scrunching the soaked paper towel.

"I think I'm starting to get the grip of it," Mom answered, smiling.

I didn't want to leave. A large part of me was hoping I'd be invited to their lunch. Mom the one to destroy my aspiration, telling me she'd see me Monday morning at work. A day and a half away. I wanted to spend every moment with her. I was feeling like a teenager again. Discovering love and all the emotion that came with it, the good and the bad. With pouted lip I accepted our separation and as we all headed out the front door together, with Gerry a step ahead, she gave me something to remember her by.

Her hand brushed mine and lingered and thinking she wished to hold my own I opened my grip only for it to be filled by something soft and delicate. "Now you've got two pairs," she whispered as she leaned into my cheek before we headed to our respective cars. Only when I was alone did I open my palm and inspect the white satin thong she'd worn under her school dress. I added it to my collection in my jacket pocket.

Sunday was excruciating. There was no reason I couldn't head around to her house but she'd definitely stated we'd next see each other at work, and another visit would surely raise the suspicions of Gerry. Why it should I didn't know? We were mother and son. No one would imagine we were in the beginnings of an incestuous relationship, least of all Gerry. But what if he did? Had he not looked at me suspiciously when we entered our cars? Had he possibly seen Mom hand me her panties? Come to the realization what he'd cleaned up almost cuck-like was the remnants of a head-job, not a spilled drink? And so what if he had? Surely, I had as much right to be with Mom as he, if not more. I'd loved her longer.

I put it out of mind. Though not her. She was foremost. And Monday I vowed to prove it.

*

I was there when she arrived; early as per usual. Rising from my desk I greeted her at the front door of the office and our kiss was... not what I'd expected. I imagined unrestrained passion on our meeting. The possibility of an impromptu fuck upon my desk. Not the turned cheek and seeming reticence to admit her feelings. Her eyes brightened however when they alighted on the robin egg blue of the small Tiffany box upon her desk.

"What's that?" She turned back to me and it was then I noticed she wore the tight tan pants from nights before. The supposedly ripped tan pants.

"Just something to wear around the office," I smirked. "We'll claim them."

She had the box open and her reaction to the diamond earrings was as I'd hoped.

"I love them," she declared, rushing to the mirrored far wall of the office to admire herself as she threaded them through her ears. The jacket she wore covered her rear and I approached from behind to wrap my arms around her body.

"I love you," I kissed the side of her head and she turned in my arms.

"Can we do this?" She looked up into my eyes and there was worry in them, trouble. Not the carefree sex machine I'd been with Saturday morning. My answer came with my erection pushed into her belly and she released a held breath, almost trembling. "But what about Gerry?"

"Gerry who?" I whispered as I found her accepting mouth and her tongue eagerly met mine, my hands delving into her jacket to caress the satin top, down onto her ass.

"Wait," she pulled back and again I expected reticence, her face however conveyed mischief and my fears were allayed. "I've done something silly and I don't know how you'll react."

The words weren't expected and I was now genuinely curious, smiling. "What?"

"I don't want you to think me stupid," she blushed and I assured her I could never. "It's about my pants," she went on. Now I was fascinated.

"Yeah, you fixed them, right?"

"Well," she began to lower her long jacket off her shoulders. "Kind of."

Breaking from my arms, she turned as the jacket dropped below her back to reveal her bottom, the tight pants hermetically cupping her buttocks. Just how she'd 'fixed' them was immediately

recognizable. An opening had been created along the seam, stitched to prevent further tearing. It left the lower part of her ass crack completely exposed, Mom further emphasizing the fact as she leaned forward to display her wares, balancing upon the edge of the office couch.

"Jesus!" I exclaimed as her asshole and clearly slick vulva came into view. "You came on the bus like that?"

"See, I knew you'd think me silly," she said.

"No!" I refuted. "No way. It's the hottest thing I've ever seen." Confirming the fact by dropping to my knees behind her and taking her hips in hand, directing her ass back onto my face to plant a kiss.

"Oh, yes," she hummed from above as my lips met her dripping labia, coming away wet from the kiss.

"You like that Mom?" I asked, fully knowing the answer.

"Yes Darling," she sighed as again I pressed my lips to her slit, nibbling down along her labia to her clit. And then the moaning as I encircled her button, my nose buried in her sex. "I knew..." she cryptically began, pausing as she enjoyed my tongue delving into her vagina. "I could see it in your eyes when I was in the shower," she chose now to reveal the catalyst of our incestuous coming together.

"You looked beautiful," I took a moment to declare, quickly pushing my face back into her sex, my nose in her asshole.

"So long..." she struggled to communicate as I focused again on her clit, my out of form jaw beginning to ache with the endeavor. "So many years I've waited for this Baby," she amazingly admitted, her legs buckling, her body dropping down onto the couch proper. I went with her, my mouth not leaving my mother's cunt for a second, focused on her pleasure yet captivated by her story. "Touching myself as I thought of you. Wanting you..." her ass began grinding against my face, smearing her vulva all over my nose and mouth. "...inside me," she just managed to voice as an unrestrained moan leapt from her.

The realization I was giving my mother an orgasm was eclipsed by the revelation she had fantasized about me for years. Why had she never said anything? Never even hinted at her feelings as far as I could tell. Those matters would have to wait as I greedily lapped up the excess juice that flowed from her pussy, her body shuddering as she came in my face.

"Oh Baby," she eventually pulled her ass from my clutch, quick to find my mouth with hers and kiss the traces of her ejaculate from my lips, my chin. "Can you fuck me now?" she groaned, falling back onto the couch and raising her legs, the hole in her pants perfectly framing her vagina. I had my cock through my fly immediately, falling upon her, sliding myself into her warm wet embrace. Perfectly suited was her vagina for my penis. Of course, it was. She was my mother. We were made for each other. The perfect union. With my pelvis meeting hers, I lingered as our mouths locked. Then the full withdrawal and repeat of our coupling. Her velvety grasp so comforting, so loving. And then came a knock on the office door.

Mom's eyes opened wide. "Your nine 'o clock!"

I wanted to keep going, to fuck her to conclusion, but the knock came again and reluctantly I pulled out, my ridiculously hard cock slick and glistening, a struggle to fit back inside my pants. Mom rose and regained her composure as I walked the few short paces to the door and greeted my client.

For twenty minutes I remained hard. The occasional and completely unprofessional rub of my cock beneath my desk as I watched my mother over Miles Bradley's shoulder. She played up to it. Bent forward over her desk to reveal her ass. A flash of her breasts before she came in to hand me a folder, standing beside my chair as she small talked with Miles, allowing my hand to creep up her thigh from behind and my fingers to enter her body. All unaware to the third party.

The minute he was gone, I was on her. Pushed over her desk and in full view of anyone who happened by. The bizarre feeling of our fully clothed bodies against each other yet still able to be connected at the sex. All women's pants should be designed this way I decided as I fucked my mother from behind. The convenience. It just made sense. The desk moved as I thrust, inching its way slowly across the floor with our lovemaking before I needed to look her in the eyes once more for when the inevitable happened.

I fell upon her chair and she climbed aboard. Her sex effortlessly sliding down my length as the seat swiveled below. "I need you every day," I declared as our mouths met. "At work. At home."

"But what about Gerry?" She again raised the specter.

"We'll find a way," I gasped as I raised my hips up into her with every descent, the head of my cock meeting her cervix with a kiss. "We won't spend another day apart."

"Oh yes Baby, I want that," she gasped. "I want that so..." her train of thought was stolen as her body shuddered with an orgasm. "Oh... fuck," she collapsed down onto my chest and I held her tight, my thrusts up into her continuing, my own orgasm approaching.

"We're gonna fuck every day Mom," I declared, my hands caressing her back, up into her hair, down onto her ass. "In the shower," I harked back to our instigation. "In your bed. In my bed," I insisted as I let my cum surge forth, her tongue plunging between my lips as she felt my cock pulse inside her, air rushing from my lungs in gasps. Burst after burst of cum injected deep inside her body, her vaginal walls embracing me and my gift of love. "You're my wife now," I sighed, spent and thoroughly devoted to this woman that was my mother, now my lover and destined partner for life.

*

We sat there in each other's arms for minutes, though I could've stayed there all day. The phone rang and reality beckoned, work intruding into our love. It didn't matter. We had the rest of our lives. So much time, so many possibilities. I told her again I loved her as we separated bodily though never now spiritually. We were tied to each other. Metaphorically umbilical-like was our connection. So apt. An incestuous bond that could now never be broken.

"You know I still haven't told you about my dildo," Mom covered the mouthpiece of the phone as I tucked my erection back into my pants, a wicked smile on her face.

I looked forward to hearing her stories.

*

The End?

Thank you for reading.