

A LONG WET SUMMER

sunburycd

Forecast is for showers.

Incest/Taboo

4.53

12.5k words

I don't usually write a preamble, but please review the tags to see if this is for you before devoting your time. Thank you.

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"Would you grab my drink Mark?" Mom tentatively asked as I helped her down off the trampoline, my hand only leaving hers when she was safely back on two feet.

"You're serious Natalia?" Richard interjected shaking his head. "You don't think you've embarrassed yourself enough for one day?"

I scowled at my stepfather before looking back at Mom, the 'accident' hard not to notice. The crotch of her white linen pants saturated, the inner leg of one whole side as transparent as her groin and buttocks.

"No offence Mom, but maybe you have had too much," I stated. "I mean..." looking down at her urine-soaked pants, I let my statement trail away.

"Oh, Sweetheart this has nothing to do with the alcohol," she explained though her speech was somewhat slurred. "No, I think I need a drink now more than ever," she reasoned, her cheeks rosy.

"Pfft," Richard scoffed, looking at one of his friends. "You see what I have to put up with?"

When the adults commandeered the trampoline, the few children at the party had looked for other adventures and the only other female of the small group gathered came forward to assist Mom as I went for her wine.

"Come on Natalia," the woman whose name I didn't know but I immediately took a liking to, offered. "Let's see if we can find you a towel."

"Better call a cab," one of the other partygoers commented as I took Mom's glass from the table and glaring at him, I followed the direction the two women had taken back toward the house.

Mom and I were out of our comfort zone at the party. Acquaintances of my stepfathers, it was attended by the social elites of the city and Mom had dragged me along as insurance if she couldn't find anyone to talk to. Looking at her wet bottom as I came up behind, I was admittedly starting to wish we hadn't come at all.

The woman assisting Mom (whom I found out was a close friend of the host) skirted the main gathering of the party and took us through a side entrance of the house to a bathroom, offering a towel.

"I'm sure we can find you something else to wear," the woman offered.

Mom, finding the towel did little to soak up her pants, politely declined the offer and looked at me as I was beginning to feel more than a little uncomfortable in her presence.

"Actually Honey, I think I'd like to head off," she understandably admitted. "Could you go and see if Richard's ready?"

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I looked across at Mom in the passenger seat as I drove back down the long driveway of the estate, careful not to sideswipe the array of luxury vehicles parked either side. Sitting on the towel we'd taken from the house, (the helpful woman having admitted, 'they won't miss it') I could see Mom was still embarrassed about the incident.

"I can't believe Richard didn't want to leave!" I changed the subject.

"Well there are a lot of contacts there," Mom defended him. "He's thinking about his business."

"And not about you," I quickly sniped and Mom didn't respond.

I dialled up the air-con, the day becoming progressively hotter and turned on the radio in the process, a news report warning of fires in the Hills.

"That's near here," I acknowledged before turning the volume down, again eyeing Mom who seemed to be taking no interest.

"You know you shouldn't be embarrassed," I offered after minutes of silence. "It's those idiots back at the party that should be."

"What?" Mom looked in my direction before smiling. "Oh no Honey, I'm not. I'm just disappointed I ruined the day."

"No, you didn't," I adamantly replied. "I was happy to get out of there."

She laughed and I was glad she was starting to cheer up.

"Wasn't really our scene, was it?" She smiled.

I finally hit the highway and looking back toward the Hills could see evidence of the fires the radio had discussed.

"I think Richard'll be leaving that party sooner than he expected if that fire flares up," I stated and Mom also looked back at the smoke without commenting. "Hey, you are alright, aren't you?" I asked, referring to her wetting.

"Oh, yes of course," she confirmed. "There's nothing for you to worry about," she added, her hand reaching across and touching my thigh in a sign of reassurance and I guess, affection. "It can happen. Women my age. The problem with childbirth I suppose," she laughed, though strangely it made me feel a little guilty.

"I've never noticed before," I casually commented, all of a sudden wondering if her toilet habits were an acceptable form of conversation between mother and son?

"Well it doesn't happen all the time," she giggled, slapping my thigh before removing her hand completely. The absence of her contact noted and weirdly missed. "When I sneeze, laugh

sometimes; when I cu..."

"What?" I asked when she didn't finish

"Oh. Nothing," she blushed. "And...obviously, jumping up and down on a trampoline!" she added, laughing.

"So, it wasn't the alcohol?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Well, it probably didn't help."

"So, Richard was just being a dick as usual," I declared.

"Honey!"

"Well he was," I doubled down and noticed her smile as she looked at the ocean to our right.

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I couldn't sleep. Richard had come home not long after us, having been forced to evacuate the area by the fire department. He complained about how much his taxi had cost him and that led to a fight between he and Mom. I'd holed myself up in my room to avoid the fireworks and now the evening had worn on and turned into night, the house had finally fallen silent. It didn't help me settle however, my mind struggling to remove vivid and kind of troubling memories from the day.

In the relative darkness of my room, every time I closed my eyes, I could see her. Weird, in that in my mind's eye she jumped in slow motion upon the trampoline. I tried not to picture it but I kept looking at her breasts, heaving behind the tight blue top she'd worn. And then when it happened. I think those gathered noticed before her, the dampness spreading at her groin before her hand went between her legs as she attempted to abandon her spring.

The damage done. The unmistakeable evidence of her pee running down her inner thigh. Her white pants made transparent, clinging to her skin. It was then I recalled helping her off the trampoline. The hand she'd clutched to her groin, the one I held. Not realizing at the time. Had it been damp? I immediately raised my fingers to my face. Stupidly as I'd washed my hands since then but the thrill remained as I pressed my fingertips to my lips. What the fuck was I doing?

It was then I realized I had an erection.

It caught me off guard and I sat up in bed, eyes open. What was wrong with me? My own mother. Really? But her presence lingered in my brain. I thought of her ass. The lower half of her buttocks damp, the seam of her underwear visible through the material. What color were they? I envisioned her from the front. A dark shadow at her groin that I'd taken to be her panties, yet the same not evident from the rear. No. I suddenly realized. Not her panties. That dark shadow had been her pubic hair!

I rose from my bed and turned on the light to look at myself in the mirror, wearing only my boxer shorts, my cock protruded through the fly, erect. About as hard as I got. She's your mother, I again told myself but it did nothing to lessen my hardness. No. In fact, I swelled.

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It was wrong. Out of character. I hadn't in eighteen years done anything remotely like it, but as I navigated the house in the quiet of the night, I'd never felt so filled with adrenaline. The door to the spare room was closed and it told me immediately Mom and Richard weren't sleeping together. A feeling of satisfaction coming over me as I passed and made my way through the kitchen to the laundry.

The light switched on, I opened the door to the closet that kept the hamper and lifted the lid. For the briefest moment I thought they wouldn't be there, that possibly they remained in her bathroom but I needn't have worried. As if left for me (that's how my mind was working at that moment) her white pants sat on the top of the pile and above them, what I'd come for.

My hand was actually shaking as I lifted the flesh colored panties up from the hamper. More than six hours after the event, they remained damp. Cold to the touch I opened them out and held them before me. Almost completely saturated, the only dry area on the rear and upper sides. My dick that I'd secreted away as I'd walked the house made its own way out of my shorts as if wanting to see for itself what was happening. I obliged by lowering a hand as I lifted the material to my face.

The scent was evident. No doubt what had saturated the panties. Unmistakeable smell of urine mixed with the limited knowledge I had of the aroma of a woman's pussy. I felt shame as I breathed in my mother. Her most intimate fragrance filling my nose, my lips pressing the gusset where her sex had sat. My hand beat rapidly along my engorged column as I pictured her pissing. Standing before me, pissing through her pants, into the panties I now had in my mouth, sucking the remnants of her golden gift....

"I thought I turned this off...Oh!" My mother's voice came from behind me, startling. "Oh!" she repeated as I awkwardly stuffed my cock back into my shorts, the fact I was hard impossible to hide however. Her panties I bunched in my hand dropping to my side in a bid to keep them out of sight but failing miserably as I spun to face her, her eyes debating whether they follow the course of my hand as it went behind my back or the bulge tenting the front of my shorts. She chose a third option and looked up into my face. "I...I didn't know you were in here," she stammered, her face burning.

'Her face was burning!' If only I could see my own. I felt the blush spread from my neck to my cheeks, even my ears as I willed my cock down.

"I was just..." I tried to explain my presence in the laundry in the middle of the night. "I was just dropping off my clothes," I lied, knowing full well she saw right through it. But what was I meant to say? Just admit I was in there jacking off to her pissed in panties?

"Of course," she went along with the deception. "I was just getting a drink and thought I'd left the light on in here," she needlessly explained her own appearance.

Her panties felt heavy in my hand behind me and I couldn't think of anything else to say and so we just stood there for what seemed an eternity. What must she think of me I wondered? Had she seen her panties on my face? How could she not?

"So..." her face cracked and she raised a hand to cover it as she quickly turned, clearly stifling a laugh. "Good night then," she managed as she briskly backtracked her way through the kitchen, abandoning her quest for a beverage in the process.

I slumped back against the benchtop, my cock now deciding to slowly lose some of its rigidity. "Bit late," I looked down at my groin, bringing the panties up once again before me, blaming them for

the predicament I'd found myself in. "It's all your fault," I told the inanimate object of my desire before placing them back in the hamper and closing the lid. I can never look her in the eye again, I told myself as I headed back to my bedroom.

What the fuck had I done? I asked myself as I lay upon my sheets. She'll hate me. I hate me! She'll be disgusted. Oh shit, she'll tell Richard. What will he do? Kill me? It was then I came to my senses. She won't hate me; she's my mother. She won't tell Richard. What would be the point? She had smiled! There was no doubt she knew what I was doing, and yet she'd smiled. Was that just out of embarrassment or was there something more? I figuratively slapped my face. There's 'nothing more' you idiot. She was just embarrassed for me because she discovered her son sniffing her panties. I felt myself again go red at the reality of what had happened. What our next interaction would be like. I tried to dismiss it, to think of something else, but my libidinous mind drifted back to her.

I pictured the laundry. The bright light overhead illuminating everything. Me, masturbating with my mother's pee-soaked panties against my mouth and nose. And then her. It was only then did I think of what she'd been wearing. Her nightie. White. Satin. A small amount of lace at the bust. Could I see her nipples through the thin material? Was there any evidence she wore panties? My cock responded to my line of questioning and I once more took it in hand. It was her I was thinking of when I came upon my chest. A great surge of cum that I hadn't expected and would require quite the clean-up. I should've just kept them, I thought. Brought her sweet pissy panties to bed with me to cum into, to wipe the semen from my body. Better still, to have her do it. My own mother, using her panties to wipe up my cum. The cum I'd produced for her.

What the fuck was wrong with me!?

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I lay in bed an hour later than was usual for a Sunday. Delaying the inevitable of course. I listened for Richard to leave for golf and heard the tell-tale sounds of my mother in the bathroom; in the laundry; the kitchen. Finally, when the unignorable allure of the smell of bacon crept under my door I worked up enough courage to leave my fortress of solitude.

Did she have to wear 'those' pants today?

I entered the kitchen to see her ass at the stovetop. High waisted Gymshark leggings hugging her cheeks like paint on a wall. Pale blue, they crept into the crack of her bum and I immediately wondered how they'd look on her groin? She turned when she felt my presence and provided me the answer. Was this new? I'd seen her wear the tights countless times but I'd never noticed the bulge at her pussy. No. I corrected myself. I'd just never looked. Never looked at my own mother as a woman. Not until now.

"Thought the bacon would get you up," she smiled as I did manage to drag my eyes from her pussy. "Scrambled eggs sound good?" She added as she focussed once more on her cooking, allowing me to take in the rest of her. The matching top. Long sleeved, the lines of her bra beneath. She looked amazing. At 45 she'd never pass for a fitness model but her curves were in all the right places and she had my sperm multiplying.

"Definitely," I remained relatively cool though my heart raced. I looked to the table to see she'd set it for two, obviously expecting me. "I'll grab the juice," I casually offered.

Toast. Bacon and eggs. It was just the nourishment I needed after my night-time exertions and I shook the pepper onto my eggs just as Mom sat down across from me.

"Oh God, white pepper," Mom laughed, drawing a finger up to her nose. "I can feel the sneezes coming on. You don't want me wetting my pants two days in a row!" She added. She didn't follow through with 'or do you?' But it felt as if she was thinking it as much as me.

I chuckled at her joke but concentrated more on my plate. I actually didn't want to look at her. Not out of my shame at being discovered last night or my embarrassment that morning but to remove the temptation. Her hair tied back in a pony tail, yet to put on makeup, she looked beautiful. What was the point in fuelling my desire by staring at her any longer than need be when there could be nothing between us? She was my mother. Why torture myself?

"That reminds me," she continued, her desire to sneeze obviously diminishing. "I did the laundry this morning but didn't see anything of yours!"

Seriously? I thought as I struggled to swallow a mouthful, nearly choking. Directly referring to our altercation in the middle of the night. Did she have to bring it up so soon? What had I said? My lie to explain my presence. 'Just dropping off my clothes,' had been my response. Why didn't I go back to actually leave something there? Idiot. I felt the blush rise from my neck to my cheeks as I raised my eyes.

"Yeah look Mom, I kinda," I struggled. "I mean, what you think you saw, last night. It wasn't that," I began my defence. Lies the lot of it.

"Oh, right," she took a sip of her juice, expectantly waiting for more from me.

"I mean you're right I wasn't there with my dirty clothes," I freestyled, ad-libbing. Why the fuck I hadn't rehearsed an explanation for my actions was beyond me? "I was...I was checking the size!" I lied in a work of genius.

"Of my panties?" she casually asked, her brow furrowing.

"Yes!" I maintained my story. "For when I buy you something for your birthday."

To her credit she didn't laugh at my excuse and to my credit, even under the circumstances I began to get an erection.

"For my birthday?" She smiled. "My birthday that's what, six months away? You're planning on buying me new panties?"

"NO!" I emphatically denied. "Not panties, just I don't know, shorts or something. If I see them."

"You were holding them pretty close to your face!" She challenged.

"The tag was really small," I countered.

I'd completely lost all appetite and lifted my glass to at least hide some part of my face as I drank, knowing the worst was yet to come.

"And I was scratching!" I added when I'd drunk half the glass.

"You were what?"

"I wasn't, um, what you may think," I stated. "I was scratching down there." To be honest, although ludicrous, it surely wasn't the worst explanation I could come up with on short notice.

"You were scratching?" Mom managed to keep a straight face, in fact looked concerned. "Are you ok? It must have been pretty serious. Do you need me to take a look?"

"NO!" I once more set her straight. "It's fine, I'm good."

Who was I kidding? She saw straight through my story. She knew exactly what I'd been doing in there. I was surprised to avoid embarrassment for the both of us she hadn't just ignored the subject altogether. For the next few moments there was no more talk of the 'incident,' in fact we both ate the rest of our breakfast in silence, Mom finishing and leaving the table before me in a first.

Placing her plate and cutlery in the dishwasher, and returning for her glass to do the same, she finally went to make her way out of the kitchen before she stopped at the last moment and I raised my guilty eyes to once again look at her gorgeous appearance.

"So, let me get this straight," she looked confused. "The reason you were in the laundry in the middle of the night was to check the size of my dirty panties by holding them up to your face whilst dramatically scratching an itch on your penis?" She proposed. "Is that about right?"

A house down the road had been swallowed by a sinkhole only a week before. It was then I hoped the same would appear below me right then and there.

"That's right," I was barely able to voice, my throat constricting.

"And you're sticking to that?" Mom smirked. The first indication she was fine with everything, a subtle but telling sign that 'she knew that I knew that she knew,' so to speak and she was enjoying my agony.

"Yes," I nodded, a guilty smile coming to my own face.

"Ok," she grinned as she turned and left me. My eyes dropped to her bottom to watch it sway as she walked away. Beautiful.

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Richard came home from golf.

A large part of me was hoping he'd be struck by lightning and be out of my life forever, or the argument he was having with Mom got worse and he decided to leave. No such luck on both counts and as the afternoon progressed, I heard them chatting as per normal from the sanctity of my bedroom. From my window I could see her pants and underwear drying on the clothesline, mocking me and my immature fantasies.

I chose to have dinner alone saying I was working on a paper for school, which contrary to my recent history of lying, wasn't entirely untrue. Really, I just couldn't look at Mom in the eye. What was worse, she'd changed from her exercise gear into a light summery dress, clearly not wearing a bra beneath. The last thing I needed was to see her making up with Richard whilst looking so hot. The thought of 'makeup sex' between them came to mind and I had to fight back vomit.

I went to bed about as depressed as I could get.

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The regular Monday morning rush in our house wasn't. Regular that is.

"Where's Richard?" I asked Mom passing me in the hallway as I entered the bathroom. Usually having to wait for him to finish but finding it empty.

"Well if you hadn't hidden in your cave all day Grumpy, you'd know he's gone to Frisco for the week!"

"What!?" I exclaimed, backtracking.

"Mmhuh," she affirmed, taking a sip from her mug of coffee before clutching it to her breast. The breast that was clearly covered only by a thin white gown. Her hair still wet from her shower, it had dampened the collar of the satin, the last saturated item of her clothing coming to mind. In my boxer shorts, I could feel the swelling begin.

"San Francisco?" I questioned. "What for? When was this organized?"

"Business," she answered one of my questions and her eyes immediately dropped to her coffee and I could see she was leaving something out.

"Ok," I let it drop, moving further into the bathroom to hide my now twitching cock.

"Oh, by the way," Mom added and I clutched the doorframe as I leaned back to look at her. "I'll be in your neighborhood this afternoon. Want a lift home from school? I have to do some shopping but if you don't mind coming with me?"

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Did I want a lift home from school? My stepfather was 400 miles away, I was sexually infatuated with my own mother and she wanted to know if I wanted to spend some quality time with her, one on one?

I was at the pickup point early.

"Good day?" she asked as I got into the passenger seat, a 7-Eleven Big Gulp in the console between us. She wore her tight grey work pants, a pink sleeveless blouse. Her grey jacket was thrown over the headrest of my seat and I could smell her perfume on it when I turned my head.

"Usual," I offered, more interested in discussing far more important things. "So, he's really gone for the week?"

She laughed as we headed to the mall.

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"So what size am I?" Mom casually asked as she browsed the underwear rack.

I didn't quite believe what I heard her say as I stood beside her surrounded by women's panties and bras and asked her to repeat it.

"My size?" She giggled as she took a thong from the hanger. "I thought you'd be the expert."

"Um, I. I'm not...." I stammered.

"Oh, it's alright," she laughed, touching my forearm. "I'm only teasing you. Now I have to go and try on these pants," she added, the black work pants the reason we had entered the ladies wear section in the first place. "Maybe you can look around for that birthday present!" She again laughed as she mockingly left me to my own devices.

A security guard passed by the aisle, no older than I, he nodded toward me smiling and I felt some strange connection with him, dismissing the feeling as I indeed examined the delights around me.

She was taking her time and I took up a seat outside the women only changerooms after feeling a little conspicuous loitering in the underwear section. I pictured her in the cubicle. In my mind's eye she was down to her panties. They were the wet ones I'd fawned over and she opened her top as I walked through the door, showing me her breasts.

"You ready to go?" Mom asked from beside me as I stared into space, aware I was developing an erection.

"Yup," I agreed, looking forward to getting home, where we could be alone.

"I just have to find a bathroom first," she stated. "I shouldn't have had all that Big Gulp, I'm bursting," she elaborated and it had me silently groaning.

At the register she was clearly fidgeting. The sales assistant struggling to get Mom's credit card to read on her machine, delaying the trip to the bathroom. Was it wrong to enjoy her suffering? Clearly. But I wasn't thinking rationally. My dick was in charge for the time being and I encouraged his leadership by surreptitiously stroking it in my pocket.

What had she said? Sneezing, laughing? Laughing. I struggled to find something humorous as we walked briskly back in the direction of the car, a sign for the restroom ahead, me as desperate to make a joke as she was to reach the ladies.

A children's clothing store, a scarecrow display in the window.

"So why did the scarecrow get an award?" I asked Mom as we turned down the corridor to the toilets.

"What?" Mom asked. "What are you talking about?" She added as we reached the door to the women's and read the sign. 'Closed for maintenance.'

"Because he was outstanding in his field!" I answered as Mom's shoulders slumped, whilst below she rubbed her thighs together, beginning the 'I really need to go dance.'

A map showed the nearest alternative and I pointed it out.

"Oh, let's just go," she posited. "I can hold it until we get home."

"You could go in the gents," I suggested and she grimaced in response.

We headed back to the car, few people left in the centre so close to closing and in the underground parking lot, even fewer cars. To her credit, Mom was doing a good job at holding on, possibly the walking helping out somewhat. Only steps from the car, she reached out and grabbed my forearm.

"Outstanding in his field," she began to laugh. "I just got it."

"You've seriously never heard that?" I chuckled as her hand left my arm and delved into her handbag searching for the keys. Still giggling to herself she withdrew the keys and passed them to me.

"No. No I haven't. Can you drive?"

"Of course," I agreed and pressed the unlock button as Mom circled the front.

"Outstanding in his, oh no!" she stopped beside the hood, looking down, her laughter ceasing.

At first, I thought it was the wheel where her eyes had settled but then I realized. She was looking at her groin. I had a pretty fair idea as to what was happening but out of concern, I took my hand from the door handle and skirted the front of the car.

Her eyes trailed up from her rapidly dampening crotch to look toward me, an embarrassed grimace upon her face. "I told you I had to go!" She needlessly defended herself as I gazed back down at her pants. The wet spreading around the bulge of her vagina to extend along her inner thighs and then, as she spread her feet as if to allow me unfettered vision of the act, the flow seemed to increase.

Her grey pants tight against her skin, the river of pee ran simultaneously down each leg, saturating the material and turning it almost black. Transfixed, I stared at the spectacle of my mother once more wetting her pants before me, this time more intimate, almost as if it was done for me alone. Ridiculous, I know. She was a middle-aged mother with an apparently weak bladder, but my dick didn't discriminate, seeing only an attractive woman pissing in public and reacting in kind, hardening for her.

"Oh God it's going in my boots!" Mom acknowledged as the pee made its way to the bottom of her pants and began to pool around one foot.

"Well can't you stop?" I proposed foolishly. The last thing I wanted was for her to end the show but I didn't want to openly admit I was getting off on it.

"Not when I have to go so badly," she shamefully admitted, her cheeks red. I wanted to kiss her. To wrap my arms around her body, pressing my groin to hers and receive her tongue in my mouth and her piss upon my cock.

"Well, when you gotta go, you gotta go!" I stated and tried to prevent the smile from coming to my lips, failing as her eyes once more alighted on me.

"Oh my god, you're enjoying this aren't you!?" She challenged as she too allowed herself to smile back. "It's not funny!" She declared.

It didn't prevent her from laughing though. And as she began, I joined in, taking her outstretched hand and guiding her as she stepped bow-legged back against the car to lean upon the door.

"Oh God, what must you think of me?" She sighed, her pelvis pushed out, accentuating her wet groin as I joined her.

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I've just peed myself twice in front of you now, you must be embarrassed to be even seen with me," she ventured, her eyes on mine.

"No," I affirmed. "Not at all. I don't care. I don't mind one bit," I added hoping she could see how I really felt about it. That I loved it.

"Thank you," she almost whispered, raising my still held hand to her lips and kissing my knuckle.

It gave me goosebumps. Knowing she was probably still peeing while our hands touched, her lips upon my skin. Of course, my cock swelled further.

It was a strange moment. Neither of us spoke, our eyes locked. Seconds passed before she once more allowed a smile to come to her lips. "Well I think I'm finished," she grinned.

"Oh, ok," I acknowledged, purposefully stepping in the puddle she'd made as I opened the car door for her. "What do you want to do?" I asked, hoping she'd suggest getting out of her wet pants.

"Well I have to get this shoe off for starters," she explained before turning her back to me. "Is my bottom really wet?"

Given license to look at my mother's bum, I took in her plump cheeks, a circular wet patch spreading out from the crack.

"It doesn't look good," I offered before correcting myself. "I mean it does look good. Your bum," I added providing way too much honesty. "For a mom, I mean. You have a good bottom. Not that I'm looking or anything. I mean I wouldn't....." I let my words trail off as I was amazed there was still enough blood in my body not already in my cock to make my cheeks blush.

Mom smiled as she turned back to face me. "Well thank you I guess," she grinned. "And all I asked was if my bottom was wet!?" She giggled.

"It is," I stated. "But not that bad."

"Good," she said as she backed onto the seat, leaving her legs outside the car, thighs spread wide.

She made to lean forward and I immediately dropped to my haunches.

"Here let me," I offered as I moved in on the boot she was heading for.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course," I stated. "I feel partly responsible. I can at least help out."

She leaned back as I raised the bottom of her sodden pants leg and unzipped the side of her ankle boot, rising from the concrete as I slipped it off her foot.

"Oh my god," Mom exclaimed as I tipped it up and allowed the accumulated urine to flow from the boot to the floor. Such a waste I thought. I hardened even further as I imagined drinking the pee directly from her shoe. Should I have just done it? Declared my feelings overtly then and there before her. Surely she would've been disgusted. How could she not be?

She sadly took off her sock before I had the chance. Saturated, she placed it inside the boot as I handed it back to her before rising to my feet. I knew it was obvious and I did nothing to hide it. My cock standing proud behind my fly as it hovered before her eyes, level with her face. Holding the door, I watched her stare directly at it as she lifted her legs into the car. There could be no doubt. She knew the state I was in and though her eyes lazily drifted away, I could see in her expression she was delighted. Or was I projecting?

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There was an awkward silence as I drove. Only a short journey from the mall to our house, for half the distance we didn't speak.

"This doesn't happen all the time," Mom finally said something.

"What? No, I know," I stated.

"I'm not incontinent or anything, I don't need to wear a diaper," she defended herself.

"Yeah, it's cool," I offered. "It's just an accident. It could happen to anyone."

Another minute of silence.

"You've been so grown up about this," she complimented me. "Thank you. For helping. For not judging me."

"Hey it's what sons do for their moms," I dismissed. "I'm sure Richard would have reacted the same way," I lied, knowing full well his behaviour would've been vastly different.

"No," Mom almost whispered. "No, I don't think so," she sighed.

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I carried her jacket and bags into the house for her, walking behind her as she limped on one boot. The seat of her pants just as damp, in fact the area of wetness having spread most of the way across her butt.

"So, I guess I'll have a shower," she stated as we stood in the kitchen. "Get out of these wet pants," she added as if reminding me of what she'd done in them.

"Yeah, I guess," I offered, reluctant to let her out of my sight.

"So, thank you again," she leaned forward and kissed me. Her lips met the side of my mouth. What to read from it? On the lips, but not fully. Closed mouth, yet the touch lingered. What was she saying? She pulled back and her eyes were just as unreadable as her kiss as they dreamily fell down my torso, averting before they reached my groin.

She turned and made her way down the hall, entering the main bathroom, not her own en-suite. Was that a sign? Did she want me to follow? I did but not to enter the bathroom, to take her bags to her room. Passing the bathroom, the door still open, I let my eyes enter and saw her turning as she unbuttoned her pink blouse. Why hadn't she closed the door? I asked myself as I passed.

"Thanks for that," she called as I stopped and backtracked.

"What?"

"Taking my bags," she smiled as the last of the buttons separated and she let her shirt fall open. I possibly should've looked away when I saw her bra. Wouldn't that have been the appropriate action to take? But I let my eyes feast on the white lace, the swelling of her cleavage, and as she parted the shirt to let it fall from her shoulders, the pink shadow of nipples behind the cups.

"Oh, it's no problem," I lingered, my dick once more showing its appreciation before I made to leave the doorway.

"Actually," she hastened as she saw me move away and I paused. "Wet clothes are so hard to get off," she insisted and I held my breath. "Would you possibly be able to help me a little more?"

She was blushing. I was blushing. An outsider would be able to see what was happening between us, our hesitance to admit, the apprehension of finally breaking through that almost impenetrable wall of taboo, crumbling.

I dropped the bags in the hallway and entered the bathroom as she threw the blouse aside and looked down at her pants. Her hands went to the button and released before she looked back up into my eyes. "Now the difficult bit," she whispered.

Not for me. I was made for this job I reasoned as I took over, with albeit shaking hands I unzipped the front of her pants to reveal the same white lace as her bra. I could feel her eyes on me but mine were focussed on her groin as I took hold of the waist of her pants and lowered. My fingers touched the warmth of the skin on her hips as I pulled them down revealing her panty to be a thong. As she'd envisaged, the saturated pants clung to her thighs, turning inside out as I tugged them down her legs.

Dropping to my knees, my face became level with her sex, dark pubic hair showing through the wet lace of her thong. I could smell pee. I could smell pussy. My dick ached to be free.

A hand touched the top of my head and I looked up as she ran her fingers through my hair.

"You always know the right thing to do," she cryptically sighed and I wondered what she meant? Every fibre of my being was directing me toward incest. Was that the 'right thing?'

Her eyes took on a fire I'd never seen as her fingers continued to caress my locks, her nails massaging my scalp. I averted her gaze and trailed my own down between her breasts, across her belly button and the swell of her stomach to once more settle on her pussy, cruelly trapped behind her panties. Without a second more of delay, I leaned the few remaining inches and pressed my lips to her pubic mound, the dampness of her pee evident, the scent of an aroused woman, all pervading.

A sigh was released from above, the rush of a held breath as I kissed her pussy through her piss-soaked panties. I wanted more. The taboo broken, there was nothing preventing it. Her pants around her knees I pulled them lower while my lips remained fixed to her bulge, breathing in her pissy aroma.

"Let me help," Mom gasped from above and reluctantly my mouth came away from her vagina as she backed away. Only as far as the toilet where she sat upon the closed lid, her legs spread as her pants dropped to her ankles. I lifted her feet and pulled the heavy pants from her, followed by the remaining sock. Was my task over I wondered? To hell with that, I crawled forward positioning myself between her spread thighs, finally looking back into her face.

"I lied to you," I admitted and she cocked her head in response before I elaborated. "What I was doing in the laundry. I wasn't checking the size Mom."

"What were you doing Baby?" She breathed, knowing full well what I was confessing.

"I was smelling them," I stated and a wicked smile came to her lips.

"Why Baby?" She feigned being shocked. "Why would you be smelling my panties?"

I raised my hands to her spread inner thighs, caressing the damp skin, my face once more homing in on her groin.

"Because I love the smell of your pussy Mom," I admitted. "The smell of your piss. The taste."

"The taste?" She questioned. "How would you know?"

"I put them in my mouth," I could taste it.

"Do you want to taste me again Baby?" She panted. "Want to taste Mommy's pee again?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I sighed, my mouth connecting with her dampness. She was wetter and it wasn't just urine. I poked my tongue out and pressed it hard into the warmth behind the gusset, licking my way from her damp asshole behind the strip of thong to the firmness of her pubic bone.

"Next you'll tell me you weren't scratching," she laughed.

"I wasn't," I answered. "I was jerking off and thinking about you Mom. Is that wrong?"

"Oh no Sweetie," she grinned. "It's not wrong at all. Would you like to do it again? Why don't you show Mommy how you do it Baby?"

I needed no further prompting. Like a flash I was out of my clothing, no qualms about undressing before my mother. No. In fact, I wanted her to see me. To see me naked again after so many years. To see how I'd developed.

"Good boy," Mom praised me as I stood naked, proud and erect before her. Her eyes took their time examining my body, feasting on my thighs and the main course of my cock. Hard. Hard for her alone.

"Now what do you want Darling?" Mom asked. "What can I give you my sweet boy?"

"I want your piss Mom!" I wholeheartedly confided. "I want you to piss on me. On my cock. In my face. I want you to piss in my mouth. I want to drink your piss Mom," I released all my fantasies at once and hoped she wouldn't despise me. Think me a freak.

"I was hoping you'd say that Baby," she smiled. "Why don't you show me how you pull that beautiful cock while I piss on you Marky?"

Was I dreaming? I dropped to the floor, a hand on my dick as I debated it. If I was, let me never wake.

"Do you want it Honey?" Mom asked, her fingers upon her panties, running up and down her gusset.

"Yes," I hissed as I pumped my fist along my shaft.

"You want my pee Darling? You want Mommy's piss in your mouth?" She panted, clearly becoming as aroused by the scene as I.

"Yes. Fuck yes Mom," I reiterated. "Give me your hot piss Mom. Piss in my mouth."

My words her command, I saw a trickle of liquid bubble at the already sodden crotch. I leaned in immediately and pressed my mouth beside her fingers, desperate for my thirst to be quenched. She pushed and the trickle increased, my mouth wrapped around her pussy, sucking in her golden nectar.

A mouthful and I pulled back to allow her to see me swallow. In response she pulled her panties aside and revealed her pink slit to me before letting loose a torrent of pee, squirting out and splashing my chest. It ran down my torso, onto my quickly masturbating hand. Her warm urine showering me, bathing me in piss. I leaned forward and caught her flow in my open mouth her stream strong, filling me, overflowing before I could swallow her offering.

"Kiss me Mark," she almost begged and with her pee continuing to flow I moved into her body as she pulled me toward her. Our mouths met and her tongue was inside me, tasting her own piss, sucking my tongue.

I wrapped my arms around her and found the hook of her bra, undoing it and pulling it from her body. Next her panties and she assisted by lifting her ass from the toilet seat as I stripped her naked. Now it was perfect. Naked together. Mother and son. She moved forward, and on my knees, my cock was perfectly level with her pussy. As if a bonus as it touched her sex, she released a fountain of pee directly upon it, only to have me swell even further with passion for her, for her piss.

And then we were one. Only two days after I first looked upon my mother as an object of desire, I was fucking her. Life wasn't meant to be this easy. I felt almost guilty that a fantasy of smelling her pussy. Of drinking her pee. Of fucking, had come to fruition so easily.

"Oh God yes," she sighed as my cock filled her completely, her breasts pressed to my chest.

"Do you like it?" I asked her, our mouths connected.

"I love it Mark. I love your dick Baby," she breathed. "I love you."

"I love you so much Mom," I admitted as I slowly thrust myself inside her. I was fighting back orgasm, knowing I wouldn't last long.

"Do you love my pee Honey?" Mom sighed, her hands running across my back, nails scratching.

"I love it Mom," I confessed. "I want you to piss on me every day. Every morning, every night." Just saying the words encouraged my orgasm and I felt I had to admit. "Mom."

"Yes my angel?" She whispered between kisses, sighs, as I thrust ever more dramatically into her vagina. "Is it your cum Baby? Are you going to cum for Mommy?" She predicted.

It came as a relief she expected me to cum so quickly. "Yes," I gasped. "I'm gonna cum," I managed but still thought about whether it was appropriate to do it inside her? "Where do I....?"

"On me," she quickly responded, knowing time was of the essence.

Just in time too!

Mom leaned back against the cistern, her hands on her breasts as if presenting them to me as I pulled out and rose before her. My slick pussy and pee coated cock in hand I masturbated the final stokes needed before with an overwhelming surge of relief I began to cum.

"OH FUUCK!!" I exhaled as a stream of cum leapt from me approaching lightspeed. Against her upturned breasts I sprayed my product, her hands releasing and fingers spreading as if to catch my gift.

"Yes Baby, Yes," she screamed with excitement. "Give me your cum Baby. Mommy loves your cum."

Again and again I spurted, her belly slick. I aimed at her pussy and the white of my cream was stark against her backdrop of dark brown locks.

"Oh Jesus," I huffed as I emptied, stroking the last of my seed, my cock just as hard as before I'd cum. "Mom. That was awesome."

"Wasn't it though!" She beamed, looking down at the evidence of my love upon her torso. Amazingly she raised a hand to her face and licked up a trickle of cum running down her wrist.

"You're awesome," I repeated myself, sure in my assertion.

"You are!" She grinned, a hand running down to smear the cum into her pubic hair.

"Shower?" I looked at the cum all over her body.

"But you have to wash me off first," her eyebrows raised.

"Yeah that's what I thought," I frowned.

"Oh Honey, don't you know the best way to wash off cum is with urine?"

"What? You want me to..?"

Almost as if she'd thought of it prior, she rose and lifted the seat of the toilet, sitting back down, her legs spread, back against the cistern.

"Come on Darling, what's good for the goose...." she grinned.

"Are you sure?" I asked, wondering with my erection if I'd even be able to go?

In response Mom reached out and took possession of my dick, tilting it toward her belly. "Quite," she smiled.

Her hand upon me was just making me harder but with force of will and the actual need to pee, I could feel it coming.

"Oh Jesus," I again praised as she directed my flow as it released. Like a hose she sprayed it over her skin, her breasts, the streaks of cum sliding down her body. Up onto her chest and neck, my piss splashing the area and then. In a moment I'll remember till I die, my mother aimed my piss between her lips. Her mouth overflowing before she swallowed. Gargling and swallowing again. My cock got harder in her grasp and she felt it, her hand working along my length, jerking me off as I peed.

"Fuck Mom," I gasped at how lascivious she could be as her other hand went between her legs. Her fingers finding her clit, she masturbated below me as my flow of piss decreased, training my final trickle down onto her rapidly moving hand.

"Yes?" She sighed, her eyes upon me, mouth open.

"Nothing, I just. I love you," I once more confessed as like her other, the hand on my cock increased its rhythm. Could it be? I wondered as she beat me probably better than I could myself. Oh yes it could, I answered my question as I felt my orgasm approach.

She could see it in my eyes as I placed a hand on her shoulder for balance, my legs all of a sudden becoming wobbly.

"Are you going to...?" Her question trailed off as her mouth dropped open and she lifted a foot up onto the toilet, her ass falling somewhat into the bowl. It exposed her pussy, her glistening pink labia, the fingers a blur upon it as she stimulated her clit. "Oh God..." she sighed, her eyes closing as she lowered her hand and slid fingers inside herself. Piss burst forth around her hand, splashing the bowl, the water, even my own legs as she came. Piss? Was it her squirt? I didn't know, nor did I care. All I saw was the most beautiful vision of my lifetime before it was lost to me as she pulled my cock into her mouth.

Almost climbing upon the toilet, my dick entered her. The heat of her tongue, the hardness of the back of her mouth, there was nothing I could do to prevent myself cumming almost instantly, my second orgasm in a matter of minutes. I could feel her swallowing around the head of my cock, a sensation unlike any other and on the verge of choking, she released my penis from her throat in a burst of cum and saliva.

Immediately I dropped to embrace her. I'd never felt as much love for, or as close to someone as I did in that moment, telling her as much. If I wondered if she felt the same, she dismissed any doubts by declaring herself mine forever.

"I lied too," she sighed as we kissed in the shower and for a moment, I felt trepidation. "Richard hasn't gone to San Francisco for business," she paused. "We're trialling a separation."

She saw my eyes light up.

"Are you serious?" My cock grew harder against her belly.

Her smile was answer enough as her mouth connected with mine.

Could my life possibly get any better?

*

I recall, fondly of course, wrestling with my mother on her bed as a child; climbing in next to her for cuddles. Never had I lay in it and slept overnight. Certainly not on my stepfather's 'side,' my father's ten years before. The room seemed different from this perspective, my mother's sleeping face beside me a sight I would never have envisaged. I lifted the sheet slightly to reveal her naked body. No, none of it had been a dream. My rising cock testifying as such.

"Hey beautiful," I smiled when she stirred, rubbing her bleary eyes in the early morning light.

For a moment she looked stunned to see me and I wondered if she as well had thought it all a dream?

"Markus Fraser," she smiled rolling atop me, finding me ready for her, my dick hard between her thighs. "I thought I'd dreamt it!" She answered my question as she slid my cock inside her lubricating vagina. "Ooh," she sighed as she tentatively lifted and settled back along my column. "I'm sore. In a good way!" She quickly added when she saw the look of concern on my face.

How many times we'd fucked I had no idea? More one continuous sex session, I remember seeing the clock read 3:30 a.m. and both of us thinking it wise to at least get some sleep. Still we didn't want to break our connection now that we'd formed it and drifted off wrapped in the other's arms.

I was tired. But it was worth it.

*

"So, Richard's gone for good?" I expectantly asked as I handed Mom her coffee post breakfast.

"Thank you, Baby," she smiled, touching my hand as I sat down beside her. "Not quite. As I said, it's a trial."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we'll spend some time apart, see how we feel about each other," she explained.

"But he's gone for the week?" To this she grimaced and I knew she had some bad news to tell me.

"Well I did lie about that as well. He HAS gone to Frisco, but not for the week."

"So, he's coming back here?" I immediately thought of him sleeping beside her again, the image not at all appealing.

"Yes," and as if she'd read my mind however. "But he'll be staying in the spare room."

"Like he did the night of the party?" I stated. "But he stayed in your room the next night."

"He did but we were talking," she elaborated. "I'd already made the decision at the party Honey."

"Really?"

"Uh huh," she smiled. "I felt it. And someone else showed me what loving someone is really like."

"Me?" I blushed.

"Yes you," she affirmed. "It was in the car actually," she began and continued when I furrowed my brows. "When we were talking about me wetting my pants."

My cock twitched at her discussing the subject. "Really? Why?"

"You don't remember me telling you about when it happens?"

I did but I let her retell the story anyway, shaking my head.

"I told you it happens when I sneeze, laugh. I almost came right out and said 'when I cum' Honey," she smiled. "That I could be so honest with you about that. Yes, I know I'd been drinking but I wanted to tell you. Of course, I doubted you'd want to hear. A mother can't just tell her son she wants to be with him!"

"Oh yes she can!" I beamed and she laughed, even more so when she read my mind wondering if she currently needed to pee?

"Yes, I do need to go now, if that's what you're thinking," she smiled. "But I'm not busting at the moment," she laughed.

"Why didn't you say something that night? In the laundry? You knew what I was doing."

"I also know boys do weird things sometimes," she winked. "Just because you were 'using' my panties, doesn't necessarily mean you want to have sex with me."

"I did!" I admitted. "It was you peeing that did it. I don't know why but it turned me on. I saw you as more than just my mom I guess," I blushed, amazed I could be so honest with her all of a sudden. I wanted to tell her everything, felt that I could.

She took a long last mouthful of her coffee and stood up from the table, holding out her hand for me to take. "Come on," she whispered.

I walked beside her not knowing where she led or for what means. But as she turned at the bathroom and entered before me, I had a fair understanding of what she was up to.

Wearing a tight fitting knee length dress, she walked in her heels toward the toilet and bent suggestively to lift the lid, her ass pronounced. I had a pretty good idea I was to just watch for the time being as she put on a show, letting me into a private (albeit stylised) part of her life. Turning, she dropped her hands to her thighs and took hold of the dress, shimmying it up her stockinged legs. Revealing the lace band of her flesh toned stay-ups, she went higher until her panties were on full display, purple and lacy. Not satisfied until the skirt was around her waist did she part her legs and sit down on the toilet.

"You can come a little closer Honey," she purred and like a puppy I was before her, on bended knee at her own.

Leaning back somewhat, she looked down and after a moment there came the delightful sight of pee darkening the front of her panties, flowing through and hitting the water.

"Oh Jesus Mom, that's beautiful," I praised her and after a moment, the panties saturated, she stemmed the flow. Lifting her bottom from the seat she took hold of her underwear and pulled them off her bottom, over her stockings and let them fall down her calves to her heels.

"You can have them Darling," she smiled. "Take them to school in your pocket if you like. Don't show your friends!"

I lifted her feet one by one as I removed her pissed in panties, placing them in the pocket of my school jacket for safekeeping. The moment I turned my attention back on her, she once more began to piss. This time her flow streaming directly into the water below, a steady torrent until she trickled away to a dribble. My cock strained against my pants but now was not the time for sex, I knew that.

"Would you wipe me Honey?" She innocently asked and I nearly fainted with my cock commandeering most of my body's blood supply.

"Of course," I agreed, taking a few sheets and folding them, pressing my covered palm against the heat of her vagina. The paper became wet and I dropped it into the bowl, reaching for more before I paused. "Actually, there's probably a better way," I proposed and knowing my thought process she grinned as she stood up from the toilet.

Her pussy pushed out before herself, I bent my neck and moved in, my mouth wrapping her entire vulva, nose buried in her pubic hair. My tongue acted as the toilet paper, licking any traces of urine

that still coated her labia, my lips sucking her vagina, tasting her pee and the lubricant she was rapidly producing.

"Oh God," she sighed, her mouth open before she stopped herself and realized we didn't have the time to carry it any further.

Her hand lifted me to my feet and she was quick to kiss me, her tongue searching my mouth.

"I lied," she admitted when our kiss finally broke. "You CAN show your friends if you like!"

I wouldn't.

*

I'd been looking forward to getting home more than ever, much of the day clutching Mom's slowly drying panties in my pocket; but as I rounded the corner of our block and saw my stepfather's car parked in the driveway behind my Mom's, my excitement ebbed somewhat.

"You said he was in San Francisco for a few days," I challenged Mom, whispering in the kitchen, Richard watching cable news in the adjoining living room as if nothing in our lives had changed.

"Apparently his deal fell through," she answered in equally as hushed tones.

"So, what does this mean?" I agonized. "For us?"

She raised a hand to my cheek, looking me in the eyes.

"We're still talking, Richard and I," she admitted, her voice low. "He wants to patch things up."

"Mom!?" I heard myself whine and knew I was being immature but I couldn't help it, seeing my budding relationship with her being potentially jeopardized.

"Shh," she sighed. "Go to your room."

"What?" I was shocked. "You're sending me to my room!?"

"Mark," she bluntly stated. "Go to your room."

Like the bratty child I felt myself, I grumpily marched through the house to my bedroom without acknowledging Richard. I could've slammed my door to accentuate my feelings but I didn't. Thankfully, when I saw what was waiting for me on my pillow.

She must have put them on that morning and worn them all day. Light blue cotton panties, wet to the point of saturation, a damp spot on my pillow where they had sat as I lifted them to my face. Warm. She'd just done it! Most likely whilst my stepfather was in the house. It was a sign that nothing would change and I felt almost a sense of shame for even doubting her.

*

"We were lucky to get out of there alive," Richard exaggerated. "The fire was right in that neighborhood!"

"We must have sensed the fire coming Mom," I laughed. "That's why we left the party early."

"No," Richard interjected. "You left because your mother pissed her pants and was too drunk to drive herself!"

If this was him attempting reconciliation with my mother, I wished him luck.

"Isn't that right Natalia?" He smacked her on the ass as she came back into the dining room carrying dessert.

I wanted to leap across the table and punch him. Force him to apologise then kick him out of our house. It was strange, he hadn't always been like this, most of my teenage years he'd been quite nice, a good replacement after my real father had died. It was maybe why Mom was still giving him a chance to recover their marriage.

Mom didn't respond to his goading, placing the apple pie upon the table. "Drinks anyone?" She asked. I already had a glass of water so I didn't think she was addressing me. I couldn't have been more wrong.

"Another bourbon Love," Richard held out his glass and I winced at his referring to her as that. She was my 'love' now. I was the only one that truly loved her.

Mom took his glass and re-entered the kitchen as Richard carried on reliving his dramatic escape from peril in the California fires. A taxi across town, not really the heroic adventure he made it out to be. My focus was on my mother in the next room whom I watched over Richard's shoulder. The white sun dress she wore fanning out at her hips, ending mid-thigh. Reaching for the bottle of bourbon, it rose up the rear of her legs and I wondered if she'd put a new pair of panties back on? She returned with Richard's drink and surprisingly headed back to the kitchen, this time turning to be sure I was watching.

She needn't have worried about that. There wasn't anything in the world I'd rather look at than her. I watched as she took down two wine glasses and was a little disappointed thinking Richard had already had enough to drink. The absence of a bottle in the kitchen though, interesting. With my stepfather beginning to discuss his failed venture in San Francisco, I watched entranced as my mother placed one glass on the benchtop and with eyes on me, raised the front of her dress.

Well there was the answer to one question. Her crotch bare, the rich mat of bush stark against her skin under the fluorescent globes of the kitchen. Not three metres from the back of Richard's head, my mother lowered the empty wine glass and positioned it beneath her pussy. Awestruck, I felt my jaw drop before quickly closing it lest Richard suspect something. Mom released and a steady stream of gold quickly filled the glass, her eyes on me the entire time before she paused and reached for the other glass, repeating the feat.

My mouth dry, my cock hard behind my fly. Without delay, holding both glasses, Mom re-entered the dining room and headed down my end of the table. Richard watched as she placed one wine glass before me, sitting in the chair beside, Mom held on to her own.

"Wine?" Richard remarked. "Where's mine?"

"Oh, you wouldn't like this one Dick," Mom replied, using the name we both knew he hated.

I could see in his face he was annoyed by the title but to his credit let it pass.

"Well why does he get one? He's not 21 yet," Richard noted.

Mom looked at me and smiled, raising her glass before us. "Because we're celebrating," she posited and I was quick to take my own wine glass in hand. Full almost to the brim, the glass was warm, bubbles upon the surface.

"Celebrating what?" Richard asked, alone down the other end of the table, probably feeling left out.

"You leaving!" Mom bluntly replied and we clinked our glasses together. With eyes upon the other, Mom and I raised our glasses to our lips and sipped. The warm saltiness filled my mouth and I savoured the flavour before swallowing, Mom seemingly doing the same.

"Mmm this is lovely," I praised her, swallowing more of her golden liquid.

"Drink up Sweetie," she smiled. "There's plenty more where that came from."

With her free hand I felt her place it upon my groin and I quickly assisted by covertly unzipping my fly.

"Me leaving?" Richard protested. "What are you talking about?"

"I made a decision tonight Richard," Mom stated as her hand found my cock and pulled it from my pants, her grip around my shaft. "Just then in fact. I realized I want to be with someone that truly loves me. Every part of me. That accepts me for who I am."

"Be with?" Richard repeated. "What do you mean by that? He's your son, you can't mean.....what does he do that I won't?"

Mom looked at me again and we both drank simultaneously, her hand increasing its manipulation of my cock.

"Oh, you'll never know Richard," Mom sighed as I finished my glass. "You'll never know."

*

He made plans to be back in the morning to collect his things. Strange, in that the ten years he'd been living with us he really hadn't collected many possessions, most of his items packed into a few boxes that Mom and I stacked beside the front door.

She'd changed into her workout gear to pack Richard's belongings and as I watched her load the last of the boxes, I thought of her only two days before, standing in the kitchen making fun of me for sniffing her underwear, dressed in the same outfit.

"What are you smiling about Mister?" She came up to me and placed her hands on my shoulders.

"Nothing. Just how quickly lives can change," I offered.

"How so?"

"I don't know. I mean just two days ago I was too ashamed to admit what I was doing in the laundry, now I'm drinking your pee at the dinner table."

She laughed. "You know I wore this that morning to get a rise out of you," she looked down at herself, the skin tight compression leggings.

"It worked," I admitted. "It's still working," I smiled as her hand ran down my front to settle on the erection tenting the front of my pants.

"I wanted to do it then you know?" She hinted. "In these leggings."

I played naïve, pretty sure as to what she referred. "Do what?"

"Pee in these leggings silly," she giggled, her hand stroking the length of my cock. "Right there in the kitchen, in front of you. Of course, there really wasn't an excuse so I had to plan my next wetting."

"The parking lot! You did that on purpose?" I exclaimed.

"Well of course," she laughed. "You don't think I'm that accident prone do you?"

"What about on the trampoline?"

"Oh, well that WAS an accident," she admitted. "It did turn me on though. It always does. Having a full bladder. Holding. Desperate to go. Especially if someone's watching me. And then going in my clothes."

Her hand was continuing to stroke my length, the added pressure my pants were putting on my cock and the way she was speaking had me on the verge of cumming in them and I quickly stopped her stimulation.

"Give me a minute," I pleaded as I pulled my groin away from her touch to which she smiled.

"We have to get you to last longer don't we Buddy," she grinned without any condescension.

"I'd like that," I smiled, blushing.

"Is it just me?" She raised her eyebrows as she pulled one of my hands down to cup her pussy. "Or is it like that with other girls?"

"Mom!" I almost whispered. "You're my first."

"What?" She seemed genuinely shocked, raising a hand to her mouth. Tears filled her eyes before she pulled my mouth to hers. "I love you so much Baby," she sighed between my lips as we kissed.

*

Naked, I lay on a towel in Mom's en-suite as she stood above me. My cock standing erect, almost vertical it pointed directly up between her spread legs as she rubbed her belly.

"I'm really busting Baby," she grimaced, her hand sliding down to the mound of her pussy. "Mommy has to pee bad!"

I took hold of my cock and stroked, pre-cum leaking from the eye, coating my underside.

"Just do it Mom," I offered. "If you have to go, go!"

"But that's dirty Baby," she played. "I can't just do it in my pants."

"Yes, you can," I determined. "Piss in your pants Mom. Be a dirty girl. Be my dirty girl."

"You want me to be your dirty girl Baby?" She moaned, her fingers digging into her pussy leaving a wet patch on the material. "You want Mommy to pee in her pants? It'll get on you!"

"I want it on me Mom," I gasped, touching her leg, running my hand up her calf as I continued to pull my cock. "I want you to piss on me."

"Oh Baby you're so naughty," she giggled. "Here it comes Baby. Here comes Mommy's pee."

Like magic, the light blue region around her fingers went dark, the dampness spreading to her inner thighs. I'd hoped (just for the visual) it would flow down her legs but with the tightness of her leggings, her fountain of pee flowed directly through the material to cascade down onto my belly. She adjusted her position to aim toward my chest and I leaned my head forward to catch her piss directly in my mouth.

"I'm pissing Mark," she commented as if I wasn't aware. "I'm pissing right on you."

My mouth filled and I swallowed, watching as she took hold of her leggings and pulled them down off her hips.

Still urinating, she had them down to her knees, piss going everywhere before she descended on my pelvis, taking my cock in her hand as she guided it into herself. Safely seated on my lap, my dick deep inside her, I took hold of her ankle and pulled the tights the rest of the way off her leg, repeating on her other foot before discarding the saturated material. Her flow ceased as she concentrated on grinding herself on my dick, my hands reaching up for her breasts still confined in the tight long-sleeved crop top.

Descending on me her lips met my own, her tongue in my mouth as we kissed. I grabbed her ass and clutching her buttocks pulled her down onto my cock hard every time I thrust up into her. It seemed to please her.

"Oh fuck yes Mark, like that," she panted into my mouth. "Fuck me like that Baby. Fuck Mommy hard."

I really needed her to stop talking if I was to 'last longer,' her comments encouraging my own orgasm, but I'd be damned if I was going to cum before her this time. Gritting my teeth as she buried her face beside mine, her breath in my ear, I redoubled my efforts, thrusting my cock even harder up into her slick vagina.

"Yes Baby, don't stop. Don't stop," she gasped into my ear. "Oh God, don't stop. I'm...." she paused as she held her breath, the clapping of my dick into her pussy, my groin into hers echoing around the bathroom. "I'm....I'm cumming!" She finally cried before sitting back up taking charge of her own stimulation as she squeezed her pussy around my engorged dick. "I'm cumming," she repeated as I looked at her vagina sliding staggered up, then back down my glistening cock.

"I'm cumming," she once more confirmed before I felt the walls of her vagina clench me and a sudden burst of piss surged from her. Spraying my chest, my face, I opened my mouth to take her surprise gift as she came. Without any further stimulation I felt myself release. More than twelve hours of built up cum spray inside my mother, my cock pulsing as she realized I was cumming inside her, her eyes lighting up from her own post orgasm haze.

"Mmm," she sighed as her piss flowed to a trickle and she once more descended on my chest. "That's my good boy, fill my pussy with that yummy cum Baby."

"It was ok to do it inside you?" I asked, just to be sure in that we'd not spoken about it yet it wasn't the first time.

"It's fine Darling," she kissed me and I returned her love, our tongues entwined as she tasted her own piss in my mouth. "There's just one thing Baby," she whispered as she allowed my slick cock to slide from her dripping vagina. "Mommy's really thirsty after all that exercise. Any ideas on what we can do about that?" She asked, her eyes wide.

"I think I can come up with something to quench your thirst Mom," I exhaled as she slowly kissed her way down my chest, her lips seeking out my cock.

The summer looking to be far wetter than the usual.

*

The End.

Thank you for reading.