

A MILLION TO ONE

sunburycd

Son visits accident prone mother. (A "renovation" story.)

Incest/Taboo

4.68

10.8k words

The computer screen froze on what was I thought at first, a comical image of my mother; her slow internet connection buffering, causing her face to be locked in position as her words in the video call carried on. As the seconds drew on however, her mouth open, lips painted red, tongue visible, the suggestive nature of her expression became more pervasive.

That I allowed my mind to imagine her sucking cock, my own mother; or dare I say it, wantonly awaiting a mouthful of cum, was both troubling and exciting at once. Before I'd thought through my feelings (or my actions for that matter), I took a screen-grab of her visage seconds before the video updated and matched her cadence.

"...there's so much you can help me with Will; are you staying one night or two?"

I drew myself back into the conversation, allowing my deviant fantasies to subside for the time being.

"Well I can't get any more hours at work until Monday afternoon, so I guess I'll stay the whole weekend. Come back Monday morning if you'll have me?" I added.

She smiled and it was good to see her happy. Nearly a whole year had gone by since Dad's passing; Mom having taken the insurance left to her and with the sale of the family home in the city, moved to the North of the state, closer to where she'd grown up. I was with her when she'd bought the property. A too big, too old house, full of far too many problems for a single woman, or so I had thought. She however saw it as a way to keep busy. To devote her life to a grand project much as she'd devoted the last few years caring for Dad.

"Wonderful Honey. We can start on the staircase. There's the garden. Those blackberry bushes down at the creek are getting out of hand. The laundry door needs fixing and..."

"Mom stop," I laughed. "You can show me when I arrive."

She grinned once more and again I focused on her mouth. The lipstick. Her makeup in general. She looked good. Really good, and I had to remind myself it was my mother I was thirsting after all of a sudden. I'd been single too long it would seem.

"Alright, I'm sorry," she beamed and lifted a finger to pull a fallen strap of her top back onto her shoulder. Her top. What actually was she wearing? So thin a strip of material, a vast amount of the flesh of her arms and chest exposed, a hint of cleavage. I found myself once more disappearing down the rabbit hole of fantasy. "What time can I expect you?" she asked and I informed her of my estimated arrival factoring in traffic and with that we said our goodbyes. At least we attempted to.

Her hand waved at me as it drew towards the camera on the laptop I knew she was using to video call and I in turn motioned to disconnect our communication, pausing as I saw her tilt the screen downwards slightly, her hand moving away from the computer as she rose.

"Mom, you haven't hung up," I stated and there was no response. Again stating the fact, louder this time as I watched her move back from the desk where the laptop was situated. Immediately I realized the problem. She'd muted me; not ended the call. Accidentally I presumed, but her actions did allow me to answer a question I'd posed moments before.

It was a slip, or more appropriately, a baby doll. White, and made of what I assumed was a translucent nylon. I could've disconnected. Should've, in that I was essentially snooping. A son voyeuristically surveilling his mother's movements, however benign they began. It didn't last. With most of the room displayed now that the camera no longer aimed upwards diagonally, I watched her move to a bookcase, her back to me as she browsed the shelves. Barely covering her buttocks, the babydoll revealed her underwear, the lower cheeks of her ass protruding around the hem of what I could clearly see (despite the relatively low-res camera) were lace panties.

The instinct to disconnect lest she see my face still on her laptop as she turned from the bookcase was overridden by the fascination of watching; of illicitly spying, and leaning forward I allowed the events to play out. Seemingly oblivious to any light from the laptop, she headed to the couch and climbing upon, stretched out across two cushions, her bare legs slightly bent as she opened the novel to a seemingly saved page. Was the show over? I once more called out, a final acknowledgement to my presence now she'd settled and was more likely to hear. Nothing. I sat back in my chair and smiled at her indiscretion, a funny story I'd relay when I arrived the next day. That is, I would've until she moved.

Her free hand, initially upon her belly, slowly moved up her torso until it was upon her breast and there it remained for a moment, still. It could've been innocent I supposed as I once more debated hanging up, the weight of guilt growing on my conscience. What came next clearly wasn't. Lifting her hand to turn a page, she abandoned her breast and set down upon her upper thigh, caressing the thin material that covered her groin for a moment before casually lifting it up her belly to expose her panties.

"Oh Jesus!" I exclaimed and leaned forward, my hand clutching the mouse in preparation of closing the app, my eyes fixed on her now revealed pelvis.

I knew what was happening, what was occurring before me, a foot from my eyes yet a hundred miles to the north, but none of it seemed real. How could it? Whatever way I looked at it though, I was watching my own mother put her hand down the front of her panties. No motion at first, just a bulge in the lace crotch as her fingers I assumed pressed her labia, her hand holding the novel deftly turning the pages. And then action. The movement of her arm, her wrist raising slightly, hand delving further then back.

"Oh fuck!" I exhaled as I acknowledged my swelling, my own hand dropping to my thigh to encourage my growth. "Oh fuck it," I whispered to my empty room as I quickly unbuttoned my pants, unzipping and allowing my now fully erect cock to spring forth.

Pages turned, her hand settling into a steady but measured pace as I in turn stroked my engorged cock. It felt so wrong, spying on my mother masturbating, yet despite the familial connection, the screen somehow made it impersonal. She could've been any woman on any random porn site I supposed. A hidden camera almost or a cam girl performing for her audience, I told myself. But no. Because it WAS my mother, it made it all the more hot, all the more forbidden. My dick about as hard as I got, pre-cum leaking from the eye coating my underside, my eyes fixed on her constantly moving hand.

"I'm muted," I whispered to myself. "Not her!" Taking my hand from my cock, I raised the volume on my computer to its maximum and heard her microphone picking up the faintest sound of her breathing, a sigh as she allowed the book to fall to her breast, her head arching back into the sofa as she quickened her masturbatory pace. I was close, as I furiously jerked my cock. It seemed she was closer. The paperback slipped from her torso to the floor as she slid a hand inside the bust of her babydoll to clutch a boob. Her hips lifted, thrusting into the stimulation her fingers provided, humping whatever imaginary invocation she had chosen or the book had inspired.

"...oh fuck...oh fuck," I heard my mother swear no louder than a whisper, and as I pondered if I'd ever heard Mom say 'fuck' before, I came all over the front of my t-shirt.

"Jesus!" I exclaimed, both at the pleasure and the mess I made as great ropes of semen soaked my clothing. On screen Mom was clearly having her own orgasm, her legs twitching, coming together to trap her hand between her thighs, still deep inside her panties. She'd exposed both breasts, impressive in their size though on her back and separated, and casually she ran her fingertips across a nipple, then the other.

I didn't want to look away. My cock remaining hard, ready to go another round should she choose to continue. I was disappointed when she released the vicelike lock on the wrist in her underwear, and startled into action when she, without warning, rolled off the couch, her face looking in the general direction of the camera. Was I fast enough? I'd certainly never moved as quick to close a screen since a teenager and looking at something I shouldn't on the family computer. Standing up it came back to me in a flash. This wasn't the first time I'd been aroused by my mother, was it!?

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Turning onto the long gravel drive of Mom's property, I looked down at the time and was surprised at my accuracy. 10:30 a.m on the dot. The exact time I'd predicted and it gave me somewhat a sense of satisfaction. Pulling up in front of her house, nothing dramatic had been done to the premises in the two months or so since I'd last visited and I immediately felt the sting of guilt for having not done so more often. Breathing in the smog free air of the country, the scent of the trees and the heat of the morning sun on my face, I could understand my mother's desire for her change of residence, the city quickly becoming a mere memory in my mind.

The front door unlocked, I entered the hallway and the relative cool of the interior of the house calling out my arrival to silence, the ticking of a clock the only response. My hand brushed across the back of the couch as I passed through the living room on into the kitchen, my dick twitching in acknowledgement of the role it had played, Mom laying upon its cushions only a day before. The door to the laundry opened as I skirted the dining table and she entered the room, her appearance and the accompanying look on her face, evidence my arrival wasn't expected.

She was topless, wearing only what I first assumed to be black opaque pantyhose but on closer inspection were nothing of the sort. Footless tights in fact. And definitely not opaque. A perfect triangle of pubic hair was visible through the nylon and although it seemed an eternity I stared directly at her groin, I quickly drew my eyes up her body. Her hands held a black bra and what looked to be a shirt, burgundy of color, and it was these she used to attempt to cover her bare breasts. Not before I'd taken in their size; their shape; the pinky brown shade of her nipples.

Her face lit up red even before she'd released her exclamation of surprise at my presence. "What are you doing here?" she questioned, not letting her undressed state prevent her from approaching

and offering a kiss, letting out a nervous giggle as my stubby beard scraped her cheek. "Ooh scratchy," she smiled.

"It's 10:30. We agreed 10:30," I unnecessarily offered in my defense. "Remember, you said you wanted to go to the farmers market or something before lunch."

"Oh. Of course I did. It's that time already? The day's slipped away from me."

"Clearly," I laughed, looking back down at her state.

"Oh!" She slapped my arm. "Just give me a second."

Passing me her blouse, the bra and a strategically placed hand now the only covering of her breasts, she turned her back to me and set about putting it on. It afforded me the opportunity of eyeing her ass, and I took full advantage. The thin material cinching between her buttocks, the small gusset at the crotch discernible. I'd surely seen a better ass in my life, but right then and there, I couldn't think when.

Clasping the bra behind her, she turned back to face me, seemingly comfortable that her nipples were still clearly visible through the lace cups and I prayed she didn't notice the growing hardness at my groin as I passed her the shirt. Too soon they were covered, left with merely the swell of her tits against the shirt as it was buttoned.

"I'll just grab my shoes and we can get going," she said after enquiring about the drive up and I pottered about the kitchen, looking out the window as I awaited her return. When she did, it wasn't what I expected and I struggled with the correct words to explain the situation.

"You don't think you've forgotten something?" I asked as I waved my hand in the direction of her legs, still only covered by the hose.

"What?" she asked, looking down at herself.

"Ah, a skirt or something?" I offered, feeling my face begin to burn as I stared once more at her pussy and large thatch of pubic hair.

"They're pants!" she declared.

"Ok," I smiled. "You don't think they're a bit, I don't know, see-through?"

"They're footless tights," she insisted. "They're pants," she repeated before raising a knee to inspect their opacity, both of us seeing her skin clearly through the nylon. "I mean they're a little sheer. That's why I didn't wear panties!" she admitted almost proudly, pulling her tights up at the waist to emphasize the point. "I don't want people seeing my underwear."

I could hardly believe what she was telling me, let alone showing me; the already thin material made thinner as it was pulled against her body, sliding between the folds of her vagina. I was aware her eyes were on me and it was probably my dumbfounded expression that caused her to rethink her appearance.

"You think I should change?" she asked.

I didn't want her to. I would've been happy for her to wear them all the time around me. But in public? I wanted her for myself, not for other men to leer at.

"I don't know," I managed. "Maybe check it out in the mirror, see what you think."

"Ugh, alright Dad!" she exhaled sarcastically as she turned on her heel and headed back the way she'd come. "You're not leaving the house in that!" she stated in a gruff voice, possibly quoting my grandfather. Her now swaying ass once more presented to me, I admittedly took my fill of the delight. "Check out the laundry door to outside while I change," she called over her shoulder as she mounted the stairs. "It gets jammed."

I didn't move until she was out of sight, wanting to savor every second of her body. Fifty-one years old and she looked as good as my friends and I observed when I was in high school. I walked into the laundry and headed toward the back door my eyes caught the clothing in piles upon the bench-top. Obviously sorted for washing, it was the smallest pile that piqued my interest. I recognized them immediately. Now seen live for the first time, the white lace panties from our video chat. I swallowed as I stopped and stared. Three or four other pairs below, varied colors. All skimpy.

I'd been in this position before. Memories of past transgressions flooded back. A certain time in my life, more than a decade before. The same woman. The same items. With a dry mouth I relented and noting how they sat upon the pile, deftly lifted her underwear from where they sat. I was aware of the indiscretion. The invasion of her privacy. But it was my cock that was doing all the thinking then and there, and it directed me to lift them to my face.

That distinct feminine scent. Alluring, overpowering. I pressed my nose and mouth into the gusset and inhaled as though they were my last breaths. And what a way to go! The aromatic flavor of my mother's arousal, of her orgasm. Trapped in the fibers of the delicate silky material. My dick ached to be free from its confines and dropping a hand I encouraged its swelling, grinding my fingers along my length.

"What do you think, is it fixable?" Mom asked from outside the laundry, giving me just enough time to throw her panties back upon the pile and rush to the back door. In the process of swinging it open, she entered behind me and I turned to see her run her eyes across the unwashed clothing. Did she notice her underwear in a different position? It didn't seem evident, though it was clear they'd moved. Thankfully the problem with the door was obvious, the gradual movement of the entire house causing the frame to jam and I informed her it was an easy fix.

"Oh good," she smiled before looking down at her current attire. "Is this better?"

Given permission to inspect her appearance, I devoured the short floral sun dress she'd changed into. Buttons running from her cleavage to the cinched waist, the length made it half way down her thighs and I couldn't disguise the fact I thought she looked beautiful, even telling her so.

"Beautiful?" she quoted me and felt myself blush.

"I mean the dress is beautiful...and you too I guess," I stumbled. "You look nice is all."

She laughed at my awkwardness, furrowing. "Well I'll take the compliment either way," she said, smiling as she ran a hand over the material. "My friend in town makes them. She's so talented. She does everything; lingerie." Mom added as her only other example and left it at that, leaving me wondering if it was some general hint.

"It's maybe a bit young for me, the style. What do you think? Especially now I'm not a milf anymore!"

The comment made me choke and I had to ask her to repeat it.

"What?"

"The style. It's a skater dress I think," she elaborated the wrong part of my question.

"No, the other thing," I stated.

"Oh. A milf. Well I'm not," she explained as we headed back through the house.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, collecting my keys.

"A Mother In her Late Forties!" she declared. "A milf. I'm in my fifties now remember Honey. Haven't you heard the term?"

My laugh was nervous but genuine.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"What?"

I shook my head as she stopped on the porch. "That's, er...not what it stands for."

"Yes. Milf. Mother In Late Forties," she insisted, incredulous.

"Mom," I paused. "It stands for mother I'd like to...f.." I concluded, assuming she could fill in the gaps and it was like a lightbulb came on in her head.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed after it had truly sunk in. "Are you sure?"

"Pretty much," I replied as we left the porch and made it to my car.

"That's why I get those looks. I've been using it with everyone!"

I laughed at her naivety, her embarrassment. She was becoming more attractive to me by the minute and I began to realize something. I didn't just love her. I was falling in love with her.

And there was a vast difference.

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The farmers market was just as Mom had described. Fresh quality produce the like we couldn't imagine finding in the city. I carried her basket and was soon loaded up with everything she'd desired and more as we visited several stores. Introduced to the vendors she knew well, a humorous altercation when Mom chose a particularly large and phallic shaped carrot as opposed to the rest in the bunch. The highlight of our trip however when the breeze picked up and swept my mother's dress up around her waist. I was standing behind her at the time and was given a heavenly view of her bare buttocks before her hands returned her modesty amid her squeal. Yes, bare buttocks. I assumed she wore a thong of course, the limited time she was exposed not allowing me to detect its color, but it was thrilling nonetheless and had me aching for her all the more.

After a lunch I suggested I'd get to work on the laundry door but Mom was determined for us to start on a major project. "It's been annoying me the longest," she divulged concerning the staircase. "I get splinters from the handrail all the time and the balustrade needs re-staining."

Agreeing it was probably the most time consuming of all the chores she'd set out, we found the necessary sandpaper amongst Dad's tools that came along on the move and after laying down a drop sheet along the staircase, debated who'd start where?

To my disappointment, Mom wanted to begin at the bottom and have me at the top. I'd been hoping for the opposite, potentially affording me an extended upskirt while we worked; but as we began, with music playing in the background, I found there were some benefits to the process.

She began on the newel-post, the bottom baluster, and kneeling as she sanded, I was able to clearly see down her dress. She'd apparently unbuttoned more than previous, possibly due to the heat, so without making it overly obvious I was occasionally perving, I delighted in the braless sway of her breasts as she moved.

I was clearly working faster than her and standing up to stretch my back between balusters, I glanced down to once more catch a glimpse of boob just as she released a concerned gasp.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed and I studied her more closely.

"What is it?"

"I've.." she paused and I watched her awkwardly lean down into the tread of the second step. "I've got my arm caught!"

"Seriously?" I laughed as I casually made my way down the stairs towards her.

"Yes," she managed a giggle as she again twisted her body, her bottom wiggling suggestively even from above. I reached her step and looked down at the problem, surprised that she'd even managed to get in the position. Her arm inserted between two balusters, her elbow was clearly wedged in the curve of the wood but I failed to see why she couldn't pull it out.

"You can't just twist your arm?" I helpfully inquired.

"Well I've tried that," she rebuffed as I leaned into the railing for a better look.

"You sure?" I questioned. "It doesn't look too badly wedged."

"Well don't you think I'd pull it out if I could?" she snapped back, losing some of her humor.

"Alright!" I chastised her. "Don't shoot the messenger."

"I'm sorry Honey," she relaxed and looked up at me, allowing me to see, as before, most of the way down between her breasts. "Maybe you could get some oil?"

I chuckled before realizing she was serious.

"What, baby oil?"

"Or just some olive oil from the kitchen," she offered as I rose and headed around behind her to take a look from the other side of the railing. "You could smear it on my arm. Lube it up."

She said that just as I stepped behind her and happened to look down upon her ass. The dress she wore had ridden up upon her buttocks revealing the backs of her thighs, the curve of her ass. With her face turned away from me, I had the pleasure of staring without the fear of being caught. A question from earlier in the day now answered. There was no thong. I paused, mesmerized by what

lay before me. My mother on her knees, arm trapped, locking her in such a vulnerable position with her dress riding up to reveal her nudity. My head swam as I recalled countless porn scenes depicting similar, to be honest, none as plausible, or as hot for that matter.

"Are you getting the oil?" Mom broke me from my spell as I managed to drag my eyes from the darker skin around her little puckered asshole, the twin bulge of plump labia and the tuft of soft looking pubic hair below.

"Ah, no," I stammered as I finally made it the other side of the balustrade and kneeled down, looking at her through the rails. "Are you sure about that?" I asked, thinking it right out of a porn playbook. Son spills the oil on his mother, ends up fucking her. Is that what she wanted?

"I don't know," she seemed genuinely at a loss as to what to do. "I just know we're not calling the fire department!" she managed a laugh. "Maybe you could just pull me out from behind?"

I didn't know what to say. If this was a movie scene, I'd obviously be happy to get behind and fuck her, the erection in my pants agreeing with that sentiment. But this was real life. Mom was actually stuck. Her dress hadn't ridden up on purpose, it was a condition of her predicament. That she wasn't wearing panties to begin with was only a coincidence. I rose and once more walked behind her to see her ass even more uncovered. Her dress around her waist, her lower back now bare. The saliva in my mouth dried up and I felt light headed as I looked into her pussy. Surely she was aware she was so exposed. But what if she wasn't? What if this wasn't a ploy to have me see her sex, to have me 'accidentally' fuck her? In her panic, maybe she wasn't cognizant of her suggestive behavior?

Without an actual invitation to sex, I wasn't going to embarrass myself by suggesting something that wasn't there. The ramifications to our lives if I was misreading the scenario were astronomical. With the few moments of impunity still afforded to me with her head turned, I risked a rub of the erection in my pants as I took in her ass and pussy. Recording the vision for prosperity lest I never see it again.

"I'm ready," she sighed and I took a deep breath as I lowered myself down behind her.

There was a sliding doors moment that presented itself to me. Press my cock into her ass, perhaps clasp her hanging breasts for leverage? My cock could somehow slip from my pants and end up deep inside her. She'd be reluctant at first but as pleasure enveloped her body, she'd embrace the accidental incest.

"Baby, my arm's starting to hurt," she informed me, a growing alarm in her voice and her ass wiggled almost lasciviously.

I took the other option and instead of lechery, I chose comfort and compassion. Placing a hand flat on her back, I moved in beside her.

"Mom," I soothed her. "Just relax." I stroked my hand downwards and took hold of the raised dress upon her lower back and brought it down over her buttocks, removing the temptation. It was a strategy on my behalf. The way I saw it, I was a winner either way. At least 70% sure this was all a ruse, the video call, presenting to me half naked upon my arrival, now this, I was convinced she had feelings for me that weren't just motherly. And I her. If it was going to happen between us, it would happen. But let her be honest when it did.

"Ok," I stroked her back, the action encouraging my erection just as much as anything overtly sexual. "Breathe deeply," I suggested. "We'll get you out."

Instead of following her instructions and pulling her from behind, I again circled around the balustrade and took hold of her arm, her forearm exhibiting some sign of swelling and it suddenly dawned on me she may've actually been stuck!

"Alright I'm just going to twist it a little," I calmly stated and gently rubbed her skin, seeing goosebumps raise on her upper arm. "Do you trust me?"

Her eyes found mine and I saw a vulnerability behind them as she nodded and I wanted to kiss her. Screw the nice guy act, I thought to myself. I should've fucked her when I had the chance, I mused. Taking her arm in both hands I lifted and twisted, she got it in this position, surely we could get it out? Pushing forward as I bent her elbow, her arm slipped back through the gap like a hot knife through butter and once more I found myself believing it to be an act.

"Oh God thank you," she praised as she sat back against the wall upon the third step, rubbing her arm.

"All part of the service," I grinned as I came around to stand before her. Her legs parted, the dress fell between, resting upon her pubic bone and I assumed I'd averted my eyes before she noticed my glance.

"Sorry about that," she peered down at her dress before frowning up at me. "If I embarrassed you."

I felt my face go red and dismissed her with a chuckle.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I lied and looked back at the balustrade. "Just be more careful in the future."

"Yes Daddy," she said sarcastically, the second time she'd used the similar nomenclature, her tone that of a petulant teenager.

I laughed, my cock unwittingly twitching in my pants. "Come on, let's get back to it."

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A bottle of wine with dinner had turned to two and late evening Mom returned from upstairs having changed for bed. I was admiring the finished staircase from the hallway and she sidled up beside me, bumping my side with her hip. "The floors will be next," she proclaimed. "Oh. Do you remember those floors in our first house? When you were little."

I did. Hardwood timber, polished to the point of being dangerous and I smiled at the recollection.

"Remember you used to skate around the house in your socks? We never heard you coming," she laughed.

This I recalled as well and it brought back another memory, one that I wondered if my mother was subversively forcing me to imagine.

A middle of the night excursion from my room to get a glass of water. Noises from my parents' bedroom and a peek around the partially closed door. I thought they were wrestling. Mom clearly winning in that she was on top. Dad's head was buried in the pillow and it was only Mom that saw

me standing in the darkness of the hallway. I watched as she rose up from my father's chest, her bare torso and thighs, the curve of her buttocks as she ground her groin upon Dad's. Continuing even as I stared in fascinated silence, a knowing smile on her face.

She looked like the ladies I'd seen in the magazines stolen from friends' fathers and shared amongst us. Actually, she looked better. She was real. We never spoke of it. In the morning she may've kissed me more affectionately but maybe I imagined that. As far as I was aware, Dad never knew I'd seen and I liked to think it was the case, a secret between mother and son.

Walking back into the living room she followed and when I rounded the couch, (the same couch I'd watched her masturbating upon) she was rubbing her shoulder.

"I must have strained it when I was stuck," she grumbled and I was quick to offer support.

"Oh yeah?" I sympathized as she sat beside me on the cushions. "This help?" I asked as I pressed my fingers into the muscles of her trapezius.

It was innocent. A son giving a friendly massage to his ailing mother. I'd have offered the same to a man. Her sigh at the touch and the effect it had on my cock weren't so however.

"Mmm, that's nice," she cooed, getting into a better position by lifting her legs and laying upon the couch. "Can I?" She needlessly asked to lay her head upon my thigh and I coaxed her down in response. One hand continuing the massage, I used my other to gently stroke her hair and she responded to this even more so, rolling onto her back, my groin as her pillow.

My left hand rendered useless, I continued stroking my fingers through her hair, her eyes closing with the apparent pleasure. It allowed me to look at her attire. Pink satin pajamas. Short sleeves and shorts. She'd neglected to button the middle of three on the shirt and her breasts, bulging out the material, caused a diamond of flesh exposed above her navel. One leg bent, the other straight, the shorts clung to her pubic bone hermetically, the contours of her outer labia, even the impression of her lush pubic hair evident through the material.

My fingers stroking her scalp, combing through her hair, the wine, brought sleep upon her almost immediately yet I didn't let up my action. I looked at her closed eyelids, the makeup washed away, now her natural beauty, her slightly upturned nose, her lips, slightly parted. I could kiss her. Awaken my sleeping beauty and confess my love. Earlier I'd been 70% sure she felt the same. Was I any more so?

I looked again at her chest, the light pink satin taut across her ample breasts. Nipples, not hard but visible all the same. The top button was barely attached. Less than half of it pushed through the hole. The slightest of movement and it'd slip out, surely. My redundant left hand now became indispensable as I raised it across her chest and gently pushed on the placket, allowing the button to come loose. It worked better than I'd expected. Too well actually as the front of her shirt opened up completely exposing her right breast in its entirety.

My cock responded accordingly, from semi erect to full blown in seconds, thankfully in the direction away from her head. The last thing I needed was her to wake to find herself undressed with my dick against her head. I was trying to be a gentleman here. Staring at her uncovered nipple, I watched as it slowly hardened. Was it from exposure to the air or was something else at play here? Regardless, I needed to touch it!

My dick for the moment thinking for me, I cautiously lowered my hand over her chest and with just my index finger, pressed it into the hard underside of her nipple amid the large areola. My cock stirred. She purred. The volume of the television changed when the ads came on and Mom awoke, my hand pulled away with lightning speed. She arched her neck to look up into my eyes and smiled, apparently unaware of her undressed state.

"I must've fallen asleep!" She whispered and I wished I had kissed her awake. I wished I'd kept my hand on her breast. I wished I'd fucked her on the stairs like I knew she'd wanted.

Her eyes cast downwards and she let out a little gasp at her exposed breast.

"Oops, sorry," she giggled, sadly bringing her shirt together and affixing the buttons. "Goodness, I'm sure you've seen about enough of me today. You'll have nightmares," she added.

"Nah, it's alright," I admitted but did think about one aspect of her comment. "We should get some sleep though. Another big day tomorrow."

"You're right," she agreed, sitting up, yawning and accentuating her breasts even more so with a stretch. "You'll be ok in that single bed?"

Was she offering to share her own? I wondered.

"Well it's either that or the couch," I countered, leaving out the third option.

"Hmm, I suppose," she sadly agreed and we said our goodnights. Did her eyes scan my crotch when I left her outside her room though? Again, maybe it was wishful thinking.

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A restless night. I jerked off in the morning. Almost guiltily evacuating into a sock for ease of cleanup whilst eyes affixed to my phone. The image of her transferred from my pc, frozen in time with mouth agape awaiting my cock, my cum.

In my post orgasm reflection, I began to see clarity. We weren't going to fuck! All of it was projection on my part. She'd no idea I'd witnessed her masturbating. Her half naked appearance on my arrival was coincidental. The staircase incident was no ruse. She'd genuinely been stuck; the fact she was panty-less at the time, irrelevant. And her exposure upon the couch? Another harmless wardrobe malfunction.

I pressed upon the image and the delete icon appeared, responding quickly before I changed my mind. Remove the temptation I decided, and just like that, she was gone. So were my delusions of Incest. Between my mother and I; as if?

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A day spent outdoors. A tree stump removed; the wild blackberry bushes tamed, Mom at one period lifting her dress to show me superficial scratches she received from collecting its fruit. Did she need to raise it so far? The soft mound of her pussy pressing through her white panties. I'd been kneeling. Maybe she wasn't aware of how much she displayed. I chastised her for not being more careful. I should've put her over my knee for a spanking for being so seductive.

Come early evening I found myself examining the bookshelf for the novel she'd been reading in our cam session. Red writing on a white spine, I noticed it right away and marveled at what I held. An

inexpensive erotic novel, the title giving I supposed a pretty fair impression as to its content. 'Anna's Anal Awakening,' I read the cover and flicked open the book to be startled further more by a hand written dedication. 'For Ella on those lonely nights,' signed someone named Melody. An erotic novel given to my own mother by another woman.

"Looking for something to read?" Mom remarked from behind and startled, I thrust the book back upon the shelf.

"What? Yeah, no, just browsing!" I blabbered, looking on every shelf but the one I'd been.

She came up beside me and I felt I'd fallen into our video call. She wore her babydoll, its transparent nature more pervasive in person.

"You should read this," Mom took down a hardcover from beside Anna's exploits and passed me the book. "We have a connection to it!"

The woman pictured on the cover was clearly from the previous century and before I could peruse further, Mom was opening up to show me another personalized dedication.

"My friend Melody gave it to me," she proudly stated as I read the inscription. 'Dearest Ella. To enjoy and inspire, Melody.'

"Melody?"

"The one from town that makes the dresses. I think I told you," she elaborated. "She's the one that told me about the house. Its history."

I shook my head in ignorance of what she spoke.

"I hadn't told you?" Mom frowned. "I thought I had. Oh well. It was owned by her," she pointed to the book. "Delia Caster. Back in the 1920's. She was a famous socialite, a bon vivant. We're standing in her winter escape."

I again looked at the cover and the woman. Definitely beautiful, a string of pearls at her neck, black bob of a haircut. The book had also answered the question as to who in fact was Melody.

Does a casual friend give one an erotic novel? Especially dedicated with such an intimate message. What wasn't Mom telling me about her relationship with this woman?

"Why wasn't that told to us when we bought the place?" I diverted my line of questioning back to something more wholesome. "You'd think that'd be a selling point."

"She's not widely known now I guess," Mom clarified. "I've had a couple of tourists stop by to look though. Oh, and the owners of her home in L.A. They were a lovely couple."

"You could market this," I suggested. "Turn the house into a B&B or something. There are enough rooms."

I could see the cogs turning in Mom's head.

"That's actually quite a good idea," she admitted and I smiled.

"What, shocked I came up with it?" I laughed and she slapped me playfully on the arm.

"I didn't mean it like that," she smiled and seemed loathe to remove her hand from my bicep. A number of seconds passing without either of us speaking. It was I that finally broke what was becoming an awkward silence with as equally an awkward topic.

Her attire.

The pink pajamas of the night before were cute, possibly described as sexy, but they weren't lingerie. This was. And the fact she was wearing it, casually walking around the house and standing before me, was definitely worthy of note.

"You going to bed?" I openly glanced down at her body and she followed my eyes almost surprised at seeing what she wore.

"Oh, yes," she blushed smoothing down the front. "It's all just caught up with me I'm afraid."

To say I was disappointed was an understatement. My final night there, leaving early the next day, the slither of hope I harbored of something sexual happening between us was seemingly evaporating before my eyes.

Her eyes settled on mine and searched.

"Unless there's something you wanted to do together?" she threw a proverbial incestuous lifeline. Yes, there was something we could do together. We could fuck! I wanted to say. I could see her nipples through the white nylon. I could see her pubic hair behind what from the front looked to be an extremely tiny thong for God's sake. Everything about her said she wanted it as well but neither of us it seemed could say the words. To finally break that taboo and declare our feelings.

"I can't think of anything," I stammered. "Watch tv, I guess," I proposed and wanted to slap myself upside the head.

"Mmm, I figured," Mom rolled her eyes, but not derogatorily. "Oh well. I suppose I'll see you in the morning," she offered, pausing before she turned from me allowing me to see her ass, the string of her white thong disappearing between her buttocks, almost a groan escaping my throat.

"Yeah, goodnight," I watched her go. Hating myself. Annoyed with her. She was the adult here. I mean, yes, I was nearly 30 years old but she was the parent. The one in charge. She ultimately called the shots.

I watched her for as long as was able before abandoning the Delia Caster biography and taking up Anna's Anal Awakening and skimming through. With Mom's photo gone from my phone I needed something else to inspire me, thinking a date with my other sock was in my near future.

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I couldn't sleep. I doubted it would come altogether, eventually turning on the bedside lamp to find my phone and check the time. Not even midnight. I'd heard her, not half an hour before I supposed. A creak upon the stairs, a sound downstairs, the return. Now nothing. Or was there?

Again I heard the sound; merely a whisper but definitely a voice.

"Will?" I heard from the hallway and was up and at the door in no time opening it to the dark and Mom's doorway across from me, dimly lit.

She stood in it. Her medium length brown hair down, a thumb at her mouth, seemingly nervously chewing the nail.

"I thought I heard you call," I told her. "What's wrong?"

She looked out of character as if apprehensive to tell me something.

"I've done something silly," she managed. "I've...I've had a little accident."

I left my own doorway and went to her, not for a second thinking about the little I as well was wearing.

"What's wrong?" I asked, genuinely concerned.

"It's embarrassing," she managed to half smile.

"You can tell me," I placed a comforting hand upon her bare upper arm much as she'd done me hours before. "Hey, it's not like you're stuck somewhere again!" I joked.

"Hmm," she blushed. "It's a bit like that actually."

My hand was taken and she led me into her room, the covers in disarray on her bed where we stopped beside, my mind racing.

"I couldn't sleep and realized it was because I was hungry," she began to explain and I thought we shared a similar problem, my hunger being for her however.

"I went down to the kitchen and all that really caught my eye was, well, a carrot."

"Ok," I shook my head wondering what the hell this had to do with her accident. On her bed beside us I noticed her thong and made a point of not looking further down her body. Keep control, I told myself.

"I put a little olive oil on one, you know I like that, then came back here and that's when it happened!" She elaborated and still I had no clue what she was getting at.

"Mom, I don't understand," I admitted.

"I fell on it!" She declared.

"I'm sorry?"

"I landed on the carrot. I was climbing up onto the bed and I fell on it," she repeated.

Still I was at a loss.

"It's inside me Will!" She plainly stated.

It was a joke surely and I couldn't keep a straight face.

"What?"

"I fell on it and it went up my, well...my bottom!" She explained.

"Mom, come on?" I challenged.

"I know Will. How do you think I feel? It was a million to one."

She WAS serious. It didn't wipe the smile from my face however.

"Let me get this straight. You were hungry so you go get a carrot," she nodded as I repeated her story. "You put oil on it and then go back to bed with it. Then fall on it and it goes up your ass. Is that about it?" I smirked.

"Well yes but it's not funny," she rebuked me.

"Well it kind of is," I disagreed.

"It was the big one!" She stated and it took my breath away.

"You're serious?" I questioned, recalling just how large that carrot in particular had been, Mom seeing the change in my face.

"Oh, so now you understand?"

"Jesus Mom," I gasped, wondering how it was even able for her to walk if what she said was true.

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "This has never happened to me before."

"You can't just, I don't know," I was struggling to say it. "Go in the bathroom and..."

She scrunched her nose and shook her head, giving the impression she'd tried and failed.

"Then what? Should we go to emergency or something!?"

"Oh heavens no," she adamantly replied. "We could, I don't know...try to get it out ourselves." She sheepishly suggested.

Just the thought of it had me hardening and wearing only tight gray elastane shorts, my dick had nowhere to hide.

"You want ME to...?"

"Well, yes. If you wouldn't mind Honey."

"I mean, no of course I'll help. What do we...how should we?" I stammered.

In response she climbed upon the bed, the babydoll immediately riding up over her buttocks much as her dress had done on the staircase. Her ass presented to me now even closer than then, she reached around and with one hand spread her left cheek.

"If you could just maybe feel inside Honey, we'll get an idea then..." she sighed.

My cock was reaching its fullest potential as I looked right into her pink asshole. Her ass crack smeared in oil, the outer labia of her pussy below just as damp but clearly for another reason.

"This is crazy Mom," I stated, considering her admittedly accident-prone history. "Even for you," I added as I raised my hand to her bottom and pressed my index finger against the heat that emanated from her anus.

"Well I didn't plan it," she defended herself as her asshole winked against my fingertip. And then I entered. So easily my finger slid inside her body, her sphincter gripping me like lips around a straw. The second knuckle inside, my finger encountering the void of her rectum until finally I was up to the webbing between my fingers and could go no further.

"How does it feel Mom? Are you okay?" I questioned as I wiggled my finger around, feeling the silky walls inside her ass.

"It feels good Baby, keep going. Maybe try another?"

If there was a monstrous cock sized carrot inside there, I wasn't sure how two fingers would do a better job finding it than one? But who was I to disagree, sliding back out and pressing another finger into her opening. This time she let out a soft moan as I penetrated her ass, my free fingers below encountering the cool wetness of pubic hair upon her pussy.

"Mom, I can't feel it," I admitted with some genuine concern.

"Try another Honey," she almost begged, dropping from her elbow to be face down upon the mattress, her other hand to join in the spreading of her ass. "Go deep," she added, almost a command.

There was no carrot! I decided. Her arm had never been stuck. Was this simply the lengths she had to go to initiate some kind of sexual relationship between us? I'd give her one thing, she was original. My cock making my shorts resemble a circus tent, I used some initiative and slid my remaining two fingers along the lips of her vagina, coating them in lube before joining the others at her asshole.

"Good idea Baby," she condoned my actions. "Lube me up good."

My fingers forming a point, I slid inside her welcoming ass to my palm, pulling out and repeating the process to her accompanying groans. My dick pulsing, I stroked the underside, almost wanking as pre-cum leaked through my shorts.

"Yes Will, stick it in deep," she moaned. "Move it around Baby," she ordered and I responded by dropping my thumb down to meet her pussy, sliding between her velvet folds.

"Oh God yess," she hissed and fell forward on the bed, her hands dislodging from her buttocks. I found what I assumed to be her clit and stroked, climbing onto the bed between her outstretched legs as she moved her ass obscenely on my hand. "Oh God, oh God," she repeated. "Oh...!" She paused and even her movement came to a stop. "Oh," she once more stated and I questioned her attitude.

"What is it?"

Her response was to turn her head as she propped up on an arm and revealed what she'd discovered.

The orange color was stark on the background of the white sheets and ridiculously for a fleeting instant I thought it must have come out of her mouth, as she held out the carrot I'd supposedly been searching for inside her body.

"Mom, what the fuck?" I exhaled, drawing my hand from her ass.

"Oops," she giggled.

"You knew all along?" I questioned.

"Well I had my suspicions," she defended herself. "I did slip when I got on the bed, honestly. It must have just rolled under the sheets here."

"Enough Mom, seriously," I declared, sitting back upon the mattress. "Tell me the truth. For once this weekend."

She seemed taken aback as she mimicked the position I sat in, her babydoll once again covering her nudity. I did nothing to hide my erection however and her eyes were divided between it and my face.

"What do you mean, 'this weekend?'"

"I mean from the start. You knew I was arriving at 10:30. And what? You're half naked. Then you wear those tights. You knew they were see-through. On the stairs," I unburdened. "Was your arm even stuck? It was right out of a Brazzers shoot!"

"What's a Brazzers?" she frowned before realizing I was no longer playing her games. "Alright. What do you want me to say? That I want to have sex with my son? That I've wanted to for years but only now had the courage to act on it?"

She seemed shocked that she'd said the words, her face losing its rosy complexion.

"I just wanted you to be honest," I sighed, worried that I'd made her upset.

She paused before speaking.

"Like you were honest about watching me on that video call?"

"What?" I almost whispered. "You knew?"

"I could hear you Will," she admitted.

"I thought I was on mute," I defended myself.

"But you could've hung up at any stage," she challenged but I could see she harboured no malice.

"I..I couldn't. It was beautiful," I admitted.

"I did it for you Darling," she confessed. "It's always been about you."

I was taken aback. Not only learning about the video call but about her feelings.

"So what do we do now?" I meekly asked and her eyes once more looked down at my dick.

"Mom, it's incest," I felt it somehow necessary to inform her. "It's actually illegal."

"So?" She bluntly countered.

"So, we haven't even really kissed," I proposed, now strangely nervous what I'd been seeking for two days and if I was honest, nigh on twenty years was on the horizon.

"Do you want to kiss me?" She stupidly asked and all I could summon was a nod.

Leaning forward, she inched toward my face and I moved in the final distance until our lips connected. As far as I could recall, the first time I'd ever kissed my mother on the mouth. It was better than any girl I'd made out with. Her lips moved with mine, her tongue at first tentative as it flicked my own, then delving inside my mouth with abandon. She pulled back and a tiny trail of her saliva followed for a moment before breaking the bond between us.

"Was that ok?" She asked and I blushed.

"I could do that for days," I admitted and she smiled, her eyes dropping to my cock.

"Will," she looked back up at me. "Can I see it?"

I was out of my underwear in seconds, standing before her proudly erect, about as hard as was physically able.

"I've imagined it for so long," she confided, excitement in her eyes. "It's just like I dreamed."

My mother had been dreaming about my dick. Was this what all mother's thought about? I wondered, or was I just the lucky one? Without seeking permission, she took me in her hand and milked the pre-cum from my length, dropping her lips to the head and kissing up my flow. The clear fluid like gloss upon her lips before she took it into her mouth, her hand squeezing hard around my shaft.

The vision, the sensation, the entire scene so hot I felt unbelievably on the verge of orgasm and dramatically wrenched my cock from her grasp lest I cum into her face.

"What's wrong?" She looked up troubled.

"Nothing," I soothed, fighting back the impulse. "I just think I was about to cum," I admitted.

She beamed, that beautiful smile I'd loved my entire life and she took the opportunity to lift her babydoll up over her head to discard.

We were both naked.

Mother and son, alone together. Both aroused. No more need for secrets or discretion.

"It's what I want," she stated.

"What?" I asked as I climbed upon the bed, Mom sitting back, her legs spread to obscenely display her sex.

"You to cum. On me. In me," she slyly grinned.

"Can we really do this?"

"Why not? We've kissed, I've touched your penis. You've had your fingers inside my body Darling. What taboos are there left for us to break?"

"I can think of one," I claimed as I reached down to lift her legs, drawing them up toward her chest as she rolled onto her back, laughing, gripping behind her knees.

Her ass now in the air, vagina and asshole barely inches below my mouth, I looked in her eyes as I wrapped my mouth around her vulva.

Nose buried in pubic hair, my tongue slid between her slick folds, delving as deep as possible. Slurping, sucking her plentiful juice, I withdrew and focused on her clit, kissing, licking, before abandoning all reserve and simply smearing my face all over her vagina. Now this was heaven. On Earth, between my mother's legs with a face full of cunt. Her asshole beckoned and I filled it with my tongue, tasting olive oil before my hair was pulled and I was dragged up over her body toward her face.

I fell upon her, my cock finding her wet and willing and sliding inside the vagina I'd just devoured.

"Fuck me Baby," she breathed as our lips once more met and she hugged me to her breast. "Fuck me like you do in my dreams."

I had no idea what I did in her dreams, but corporeal Will did his best to please. Her over lubricated vagina was a blessing as I fucked her, friction reduced, preventing my premature release. It didn't seem to affect her however, gasping with every thrust until she grew quiet, holding her breath as she bit down upon my tongue.

That she was cumming was obvious. Her vaginal walls contracting, clenching my cock as the flow of her lubrication increased dramatically. I hugged her body as she shivered, her legs wrapping around my ever-thrusting hips as she finally released my tongue.

"Don't stop," she hissed as she sucked at my neck vampire like, and actually increasing my pace, I felt her climax once more, or the same orgasm extended? It wasn't important. I'd found my calling. Making my mother cum. And I'd do everything in my power to devote the rest of my life to same.

"C...cum in me," she managed to voice before we were kissing once more, tongues entwined, lips smearing. With arms beneath her body, I slid a hand to her butt, fingers delving her sweat or pussy lubed crack before finding her asshole. A finger inserted to which she released a contented sigh. My dick piston-like as I increased the rate of my penetration, amazed I'd lasted so long as I felt the cum begin its surge.

"Oh fuck yes Baby," she exhaled as I released inside her. "I can feel it Will," she admitted. "I can feel your cum Baby."

Again and again I came within her body. Pulse after pulse of pent up incest inspired semen shooting as deep as was possible. So warm she felt inside. So wet, I'd contributed to making her vagina. Finally lifting my hands and body from hers, I pulled out to spray the last of my offering upon her deliciously hirsute pubic mound.

Puffing, I squeezed the remaining cum from myself, holding my cock tight to prolong the duration of my orgasm. Mom reached a hand down to comb her nails through her pubes, the cum going with her to decorate her fingers like pearl rings, finally cupping her vagina as if to seal my seed inside for safe keeping.

"Still think we're doing something wrong?" she grinned up at me and returning the smile I once more settled down upon her body.

"I didn't say it was wrong," I defended myself. "Just illegal."

"Rules were made to be broken Will," she breathed into my mouth before her words were replaced by her tongue.

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Her denim shorts and panties were down around her knees. The tank top and bra she wore, I'd lifted up her torso exposing her breasts. Over the dining table I fucked her from behind, leaning back and pulling apart her buttocks to expose her asshole, stretching it as my cock filled her saturated pussy.

"I love your ass Mom," I declared as the slapping of my groin against her filled the room.

"I love your cock Son," she returned the honor, using the 'son' term for (I think) dramatic effect. She never called me that.

I fell forward on her back and gripped her breasts, the table inching its way across the floor as my rhythm increased, the thrusts more determined.

"Fuck me Will," she almost growled, her cheek against the tabletop, our breakfast dishes either side of her. "Make me remember it Baby."

I was pretty sure I'd remember every detail of the sex we'd had from last night until now, questioning how indeed to make it especially memorable for her? I once more stood up and again went to her ass, spreading those wondrous cheeks. Pulling my cock all the way out I pressed the swollen head against her most intimate holes and pressed down with my thumb.

She welcomed me with almost a pop, as I slid the entire head of my dick inside her, the shaft following to fill her ass completely. No imaginary carrot this. No four fingers tentatively exploring her ass. I now had my whole cock inside my mother's butt and the moans of pleasure, almost guttural from her were evidence enough of memory making.

"Oh fucking God yes Baby," she encouraged. "Fuck my ass lover."

With as much fervor as before, I rammed my groin against her, clutching her hips as my cock plumbed her anal depths. Her sphincter tight around me, the primal activity, her wondrously potty mouth, I felt my orgasm approach, warning her I was on the verge.

"Mom I'm gonna..."

"Yes Honey," she voiced, anticipating my admission. "Cum in Mommy's ass Baby. Fill my ass with cum."

She'd barely said the second 'cum,' when I released. Collapsing on top of her, my legs growing wobbly with each surge of jism in her ass.

"I love you so much," I declared as I continued to thrust with each spurt, slowing the rate. She laughed as I quickly defended the timing of my sentiment. "I mean I always do, not just because of this."

"It's ok Baby. I know what you mean," she smiled as I kissed her ear and then her cheek. She responded by tightening her grip around my cock and I moaned at the feeling.

"Oh God," I sighed. "I could stay in there forever."

"I'd love you too," she whispered as the clock struck 11a.m. Already an hour later than I'd intended to be leaving, I carefully eased out of her ass, my cock coming out amazingly clean and dry of cum. I dropped down and took hold of her shorts, kissing her buttocks one at a time as I pulled them up her legs as she stood.

She turned and buttoned, pulling her bra and top back over her breasts before we kissed.

"I'm gonna miss you," she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and I could see tears appearing in her already glassy eyes.

"I'll be back as soon as possible," I promised. "It won't be anywhere near as long as last time. And we can video chat of course."

This brought a smile to her face and again our lips locked, my hands running her torso from breast to hip.

"I love you Will," she stated and I told her the same before I grabbed my bag from beside the door and we headed out onto the porch where we kissed again, my own emotions getting the better of me and almost on the verge of tears myself.

"Don't come down," I told her, looking to her bare feet and I left her at the top of the stairs, our hands touching until the very last second.

In my car I turned the ignition and the radio immediately came on, the end of a news report. A mystery virus in China, smog warning for Los Angeles, traffic jam on the interstate, word of a shooting close to my own apartment. I gripped the wheel and looked back toward Mom still waiting upon the porch, long legs leading up to her ridiculously tight daisy dukes. The little tank top that barely housed her breasts. And her face. Those beautiful eyes, lips made for kissing, her button nose. "Fuck this," I spoke to the interior of my car and turned off the engine, getting out to see her straighten and place a hand up to shield her eyes from the sun as if it would clarify my actions.

I removed my bag from the back seat and climbed the stairs to stand one below her, her brow furrowed.

"What are you doing?" she shook her head in confusion. "I thought you had to go home."

I dropped my bag beside her on the porch and took her in my arms.

"I am home Mom," I declared as I kissed her on the lips, my growing erection between her thighs. "I am home."

Thank you for reading.