

CHANGING ROOMS CH. 02

sunburycd

Mother confesses to son.

Incest/Taboo

4.64

6.8k words

Note to readers: Please read Chapter 1, it will hopefully allow much of this to make sense. Thanks for all the kind words and support and I hope you enjoy.

I awoke naked and alone in my mother's bed to a morning well advanced. The room was warm and sunlit and smelt of sex. My eyes were drawn to a pair of pink and black satin panties discarded on the mattress and upon reaching for them I was alerted to the aches in my muscles from the sex the previous day. Such a satisfying burn. One I hadn't felt in years.

I brought my mother's underwear to my face and inhaled. Barely a scent. She hadn't worn them for long. We'd spent much of the evening playing dress-ups. She had been so keen to try on all the new lingerie and clothing I'd purchased for her and I of course was more than eager to watch.

I'd sat on the bed and complimented her, directed her in poses and chose which items to model next. I had front row tickets to my own personal runway fashion show, with (in my opinion) the world's hottest model right there in my mother's bedroom. When I sheepishly asked if I could masturbate whilst she tried on the items she told me she'd be honored, saying "An erection is the sincerest form of flattery Daniel!"

When finally it came to her wearing a black fishnet body-stocking and I noticed how slick her upper thighs had become with her wetness, I knew she had to release as well. My mother climbed onto the bed and sat down one end facing me, legs akimbo. I took up the same position at the head of the bed and continued stroking my seriously hard cock. In turn, she began massaging her dripping crotch. Rubbing her clitoris in a circular motion with three fingers and clutching her left breast with the other hand, pinching on her nipple.

Her eyes would alternate between staring deep into mine, then fixating on my hand, pumping on my ever-stiff penis. So there we were, mother and son masturbating in front of each other. Deriving the greatest of pleasure from observing the others most intimate actions. My mother's stocking covered toes dug into the tops of my feet as she expertly, frantically, fingered herself. Her pace quickened and I matched it, almost as if we were racing to see who could cum first.

And then it happened. Something I'd only seen in porn and which I'd always harbored doubts to it's authenticity. My mother squirted. If I'd known it was going to occur I would've been closer to the action. To have her do it on my cock or even on my face, would have been the crowning glory of my life to that point. I'd seen her cum before, hell she'd even done it on my face but this was something else entirely. Jets of fluid splashed from between her fapping fingers and soaked the sheets between us. The moment sent me over the edge and holding my breath to intensify the orgasm I came as well, shooting copious hot cum across my stomach and chest.

This was mere hours ago, we'd showered and fucked and slept glued together all night. Now she was gone and I longed to see and touch her again. I could hear action in the kitchen and rising with aches and pains (was I getting old?) I made my way down the hall, stopping off at my room to collect a pair of satin boxers. When I reached the kitchen and laid eyes on my mother I shouldn't have bothered, I wouldn't be wearing them for long.

She was dressed (if that's what you'd call it) in a tight, red lace teddy and heels. Crotch-less, it was contoured much like a one-piece swimming costume, save for gaping holes revealing my mother's bottom and bald pussy. She spied me admiring her and smiled broadly. "Oh, you're up," then seeing the erection rapidly growing in my shorts. "In more ways than one! I see."

"Fuck. Mom."

"Daniel, language." She then looked down at herself and ran a hand across the material just under her breasts, where her nipples protruded through slits in the cups. "Does it look alright? I don't usually wear heels when I'm making breakfast. I don't look silly do I? I can change."

To silence her needless doubt I went to her and took her in my arms. My cock, now proudly erect, pressed against her stomach as I caressed her back. I kissed her on the cheek then whispered in her ear that I thought she looked amazing and I loved her. We kissed there in the kitchen the way a mother and son so rarely do, yet had become so natural to us.

"I wanted to give you breakfast in bed but I suppose we can do it here." She stated and the words "do it" came loaded with double meaning. I sat down at the table and my mother came over with a plate of toast, spread with a variety of toppings. Instead of taking another chair, she stepped over my lap facing me. I took hold of her waist and lowered her down onto my waiting cock and we were one.

I didn't thrust and she didn't grind. We just sat there as if it was the normal way to sit at a table. "Now, what would you like first baby? What about honey?" She picked up a slice of toast and made to lift it to my awaiting mouth then stopped. "Hmm, maybe you'd like a little sample first." I watched mesmerized as she took her index finger and ran it across the top of the slice, scooping up a large amount of the golden honey. She then leaned slightly back and coated each of her nipples with the sweet substance.

"Oh yes Mom. Honey's just fine by me." I replied. I held her buttocks with both hands and lowered my mouth down onto her nipple, first licking the majority of the stickiness from her then sucking each in turn to remove all trace. All the while she was squeezing her pelvic floor around my cock, slowly milking me inside her

"Now some strawberry jam? That's your favorite isn't it darling?" Again she coated her nipples and I again devoured all she served up. This time though she began to slowly move her hips back and forth on my lap. At this rate breakfast could have gone on all day (and I would've been happy with that) but Mom had to get to work and I needed to cum. We fucked as we ate and I eventually came inside her just as we finished the plate.

Mom showered as I cleaned up around the house. I was watering the garden when she emerged, dressed in her familiar uniform which I'd become quite attached to. We embraced on the lawn. "I wish I didn't have to go in today," she stated.

"Don't," I replied. "You don't have to work Mom, I've got enough money to support us."

"But I like working honey, it gives me something to do. Which reminds me, there's also something else I have to do." Her expression changed and a noticeably troubled look came upon her face.

"Daniel. When I get home, we need to talk."

When you're in a relationship with someone, the four words you least like to hear are surely, "we need to talk." My mind began racing with thoughts as to what she meant. Did she want to call it off between us? Surely not, the way she'd acted this morning. "What is it Mom, just tell me now," I quickly replied, concerned.

"No, I need to think about it, we'll talk later. OK?" She kissed me on the cheek and drove away leaving me in a turmoil of anxiety. I tried to take my mind off it by checking the job offers I'd received in previous days. One did catch my eye. It was an accountancy firm I'd had a lot of dealings with in the past and was quite well acquainted with the owners. I made a call and next thing I was being offered sweeteners just to be interviewed by them.

Walter Fisk was the Ceo and Amanda and I had met him at many gatherings, both formal and otherwise. He was more than enthusiastic to have me work for him and organized tickets to a basketball game that night as well as a suite and dinner with him in a hotel in town. Depending on what my mother had to "talk to me" about, I was pretty sure she would love to be my date and I accepted his offer to discuss the job over dinner.

When my mother returned home that afternoon I was relaxing on the couch watching television. She asked me to turn it off and she sat down on the coffee table before me. I made to touch her pantyhosed legs and lean in for a kiss but she stopped me. The horrible thought that she was in fact putting an end to us, made me momentarily nauseous. "Daniel don't, we need to talk about something." She looked more concerned than this morning.

"Mom, whatever it is I don't.." She interrupted me.

"Daniel I need to tell you some things about us. About what I've done. I just want to be totally honest with you and have no secrets. I need you to listen and please don't judge."

Now I was really interested and more than a little apprehensive. What could she have been talking about? Why would I judge her? "OK Mom. Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Well it's about when all this started." I knew what she meant by "this", meaning the incest.

"Yeah, it was the changing room!" I threw in quickly.

"No Daniel, before then. Long before then." She replied. Now I was intrigued.

"Do you remember your friend Tommy Piper? You and he had just turned 19 and decided to go camping for a weekend." She didn't wait for me to respond and went on. "I decided I'd clean up your room a little whilst you were away, just change the sheets, do your laundry, that kind of thing. When I lifted your pillow Daniel I found a pair of my panties."

Oh shit, there it was. I felt my face redden. Nearly twenty years later I was feeling the embarrassment like it was yesterday. She went on, "At first I was confused as to how they'd come to be there. Had they been mixed up with the laundry, caught inside your pillow case in the wash or something? But then I noticed they'd been worn. In fact they were the pair I'd been wearing the day previous."

"Mom, I can explain, I," but yet again she cut me off.

"Wait Daniel, let me finish." She paused then continued. "As I held them I realized what they were doing there, what you were doing with them and the thought excited me. Daniel you must think me terrible but I put them back on. I lay on your bed wearing only the panties you'd been using and masturbated. I came in them Daniel, thinking they may have been wrapped around your dick, or pressed to your nose and mouth made me cum like I hadn't in years. I wore them for the rest of the weekend and returned them to beneath your pillow before you got home." She stopped the story and seemed to wait for a response from me.

"I remember that weekend Mom. I'd forgotten to put them back in the wash, I was worried about it the whole time I was away, thinking you may have discovered them. Fuck if I'd known what you were doing." I was beginning to get another erection, "I remember them being damp when I got home but I put them straight in the laundry thinking I'd dodged a bullet." My mother smiled at this, obviously relieved at getting something off her chest.

"Did you notice what I did for the rest of the week Daniel?" She asked.

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"I left my panties on the top of the laundry pile each day just so you could find them if you wanted. And I know you did Daniel, I noticed they'd go missing and then show up later, further down the pile. But I needed to know if you were lusting after me or just my knickers, so I contrived to find out."

It was like a light went on in my head, illuminating a room full of memories. "Oh shit. The shaving thing!" I blurted out.

It was the weekend after my camping trip. As Mom reminded me, I'd been going through a stage of getting off whilst smelling her panties. I knew it was weird but it just felt so good. Then one day Mom commented on how badly a job I was doing of shaving my face, saying that it was probably something my father would've taught me if he'd been alive and maybe she should show me how. She told me to shower to warm up the skin on my face and then call me into the bathroom when I was ready.

Mom had entered wearing a white cotton, mid thigh peasant dress. I remember she made a point of saying we were dressed alike, as all I had on was a white towel wrapped around my waist. She filled the sink with water and sprayed the shaving foam into the palm of her hand. To make it easier for her, she climbed up on the vanity and had me stand between her parted thighs. If her plan was to turn me on, it worked in spades. As she "taught" me to shave she rested a hand on my chest for balance and would wipe her hands off on the towel at my hips. The way she sat I could see down her dress to her cleavage, when she leaned to the sink to wash off the razor after each stroke, her legs would further part, causing the dress to ride up higher on her thighs. By the time she'd shaved what little stubble I had on my face, her white panties and the mound beneath were clearly visible. I had a raging hard-on but as I was pressed up against the vanity I could keep it facing downwards and she never knew. When she wiped my face and climbed back down, I managed to hide my cock behind another towel. There was no way I was going to let my own mother notice she had given me an erection. She'd kissed me for some reason and left the bathroom looking sad, which at the time I did question to myself.

"So that was all a test to see if I was attracted to you?" I asked.

"You were so beautiful honey. In a year you'd grown from being my skinny baby boy into a man. You were working out daily and it showed. My god Daniel, when I saw you in that towel in the

bathroom, your arms, your chest. Your stomach muscles, you looked chiseled. I couldn't help touching you, I wanted you to see me as a woman and not just your mother. I did everything I could, you must have seen my panties? Surely you looked down my top? But it didn't work. Did it?" As it had then, a sullen expression came over her face.

"Are you kidding Mom? You have no idea. I hid my hard-on from you! How could I let you see I was turned on? I would've died of embarrassment."

"Really Daniel?" Her face seemed to brighten instantly. "You wanted me?"

"So let me get this straight, if I had just revealed my hard-on to you, we would've fucked? We could've been together back then?" The reality of that sliding doors moment hit me like a bolt of lightning. What if we had? I wouldn't have married Amanda and had many happy years. I wouldn't have made the contacts I had through her and been in the financial situation I enjoyed. Would I have even gone to college. I was young, maybe too naive and inexperienced to decide if the taboo of a sexual relationship with my own mother was the right thing to do. I didn't allow her to answer the question, I knew what her response would have been.

"So that was what you wanted to talk to me about? Why were you so worried?"

"No Daniel," she replied. "That wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about."

How could there be more? I quickly racked my brains to think of another incident but nothing came.

"You must have noticed this Daniel, after the "shaving thing" I stopped the flirting. I realized it was wrong. You even stopped taking my panties. I think other girls helped you get over that. And then along came Amanda." She said her name, not with venom but not with affection either.

"Now this is what I need to tell you Daniel and I hope it doesn't effect us, how you feel about me. It was about a year after you were married. You invited me to stay a week and it was wonderful, the flights, your apartment. You treated me like a queen Daniel and you seemed so happy. I was happy. And then came the night with the hot tub on your balcony.

I thought back and recalled the first time Mom had come to stay with us but nothing seemed strange. I had no idea what she was alluding to and listened with bated breath.

"You and I had been drinking that afternoon but Amanda wasn't, as she had a teleconference at her office later that night. You suggested I borrow one of Amanda's suits as I didn't bring my own and we should all relax in the hot tub. I remember you joking how I looked better in her suit than Amanda, it was the alcohol talking but she didn't take kindly to it. From then on she was all over you in the tub. She would kiss you passionately then look at me for a reaction. She was constantly rubbing your shoulders and arms and I know what she was doing under the water! It was all done to spite me Daniel. She was showing me that you were hers now, not mine."

Now that I did recall. I remember Amanda was masturbating me in the hot tub with my mother only feet away, it was so erotic and so dangerous. At the time it went through my head that maybe a threesome was on the cards but I dismissed the idea immediately.

"I remember the hot tub Mom but I don't know about the 'spite' part." I interjected.

"You wouldn't notice Daniel. No offense but you are a man! These things men don't seem to read in situations. But it was true. I wanted to show her, to teach her a lesson. Now Daniel please don't hate

me, I wasn't thinking rationally. I was drinking too much and maybe that played some part in what I did." Mother stalled here and seemed genuinely concerned about going on.

"Hey, Mom. Whatever it is, It's OK. Just tell me."

"I offered to get us another couple of beers," she went on. "I climbed out of the hot tub and went to the kitchen. As I said Daniel, I knew Amanda was jerking you off right in front of me and I admit I was turned on myself. I wanted you so badly Daniel, I wanted to be the one jerking you off! I wanted your lips on mine, my breasts, my pussy. I grabbed one of the bottles knocked the cap off and pulling aside the bottom of the swimsuit, slid the neck into my vagina."

I sat there speechless, mouth agape, but there was more to come. So much more.

"I was fucking myself in your kitchen Daniel, I would've cum too, had you not called out asking if I'd gotten lost. I came back to the tub and gave you that bottle Daniel and watched as you lifted it to your lips and drank from it. Drank from the same bottle that had been moments before, deep inside my cunt."

I swallowed and struggled to come up with a response to what I felt to be one of the most perversely hot stories I'd ever been told. To think my mother was capable of being so deviant was mind numbing.

"That's not the end of it Daniel." She added. What more could there be? If only I had known back then, if I'd been a little more observant. If I hadn't been so 'male' maybe some of this wouldn't have come as such a surprise.

"I was feeling so smug Daniel. I sat across from you two and sipped my own beer and watched as you tasted my pussy on the bottle and then kiss Amanda with the same lips. I even touched myself in there as well, just to show Amanda, two could play her game. You went to bed quite drunk and later Amanda left for the office. She sprayed herself with perfume before leaving and as I sat there in the lounge room, still highly aroused and quite tipsy myself I wanted to take it further."

"I sprayed myself with her perfume and went to your room. I didn't know what would happen Daniel, I had no real game plan. I just wanted to be with you. To maybe share an innocent cuddle between mother and son. I couldn't fool myself though Daniel. I'd sprayed the perfume for one reason alone, to make you think it was Amanda in bed with you! Your room was so dark, remember, you'd shown me how well the blackout blinds worked. I lay down next to you and snuggled up against your warmth. At the time I thought it was innocent but I put my arm over your prone body and to my surprise I felt your cock. Hard. You were half asleep and mumbled something about it feeling nice, so I stroked it. It got harder Daniel and I couldn't stop myself. It was like I was outside my own body and someone else directed my actions, but who was I kidding? I wanted you Daniel, I wanted your cock. I began by licking it along the entire length while I massaged your balls. I was delighted at how they felt, discovering you shaved down there. Your cock was so big and hard Daniel and then you touched the back of my head and I allowed your length to slide into my mouth. My lips wrapped tight around the head of your dick and I sucked as hard as I could as I jerked you off into my mouth. And you came Daniel. You came in my mouth and I swallowed it. My sons sperm on my lips, my tongue, in my mouth, in my stomach. It was beautiful, you tasted like heaven. And then I felt the shame."

"I was disgusted with myself. You were sleeping and I'd violated you like a predator. My own son. If you'd woken fully and discovered it was me and not Amanda I was sure you'd have disowned me. I wanted to take it back but knew there was no way so I left. I allowed you to sleep and hoped your

subconscious mind would convince you it was Amanda or merely a dream. And so Daniel, since then, more than 9 years I've held the secret and not once did I try anything sexual again...until you came home to me."

I didn't know what to say. My recollection of the night was hazy. I did remember the blowjob, it was particularly amazing and when I thanked Amanda the next day she looked at me like I was crazy. I now know why. My god. My mother had given me the best head of my life and I didn't even know it was her.

"Please Daniel say something. I can't go on thinking you're disgusted by me. I know my actions have to have consequences but I can't bear it affecting our relationship, what we have now." She pleaded and still I remained quiet. I wanted to soothe her and tell her it would all be OK but her tale had fired so much lust in me I just wanted to do away with niceties and get down to fucking.

"It's true Mother, there will be consequences. You've been extremely bad haven't you?" I didn't wait for a response but did notice a slight glimmer in her eye. "You know what happens to bad girls don't you?" This time I did want a response and she gave me exactly what I sought.

"They get punished?"

"They get punished. Stand up Mother and lift your skirt." She did exactly as I said and with relish, raised her pleated brown skirt up around her waist. She wore pantyhose without any panties underneath, they were pulled up tight and the gusset of the crotch was damp from her pussy. "Well at least I can't accuse you of wearing the incorrect panties today young lady but those pantyhose will have to come down." Again she did as I ordered, pulling them down mid thigh. "Now, over my knee Mother."

If she had been unsure where I was heading with this she wasn't now. She knew she was about to be spanked. To be spanked by her own son. A bare bottom spanking no less. As she climbed upon the couch and lay over my legs I released my rock hard cock from my pants and as she lowered her body onto me fully I slid it between her upper thighs and alongside her dripping pussy. The first spank was hard and on the right buttock. She let out a yelp and I quickly followed it up with another, this time on the left. Her warm buttocks were so smooth under my blows as I slapped each of them over and again. Turning them from a pale white to a rich burgundy she began gyrating her hips slowly, rubbing her pussy up and down on my nestled cock.

My mother reached back and took hold of my left hand, bringing it up to her mouth where she began sucking on my index finger as though it were a cock. I ceased the spanking and bypassing my dick, found her entrance and slid two fingers into her now sopping vagina. She writhed at the intrusion and her tongue slithered around my finger like a python around its prey. Jamming my fingers inside her, my whole hand became slick with her wetness. I pulled my index finger out of her vagina and placed it at her anus, smearing her lubricant over the puckered hole. The penetration came without prevention, her anus opening and greedily eating my finger up to the third knuckle. With the three other fingers I renewed the assault on her pussy, wondering if I'd achieve the result of the water works she had delivered in the bedroom. The answer came directly, as accompanied by my mother's sighs of pleasure and biting down on my finger she flooded my hand with fluid or pee or whatever was squirting on me. I couldn't let her have all the fun, (I was meant to be punishing her) so as she continued to spray me I managed to slide my cock sideways into her and began cumming at once.

My pants, my hand, her pantyhose were drenched. I pulled her up onto my lap and with her head resting on my shoulder I wrapped my arms around her in the most loving of embraces. "My god Mom that was fantastic."

"You're not mad at me for what I did back then? She asked.

"Are you kidding, I love you all the more. I just wish we could've been honest from the beginning. We could've been doing this for like 16 years now!"

"I know baby but maybe it's better like this. You wouldn't have had the life you've known. Maybe it wouldn't have worked back then. I don't care either way, I'm so happy now darling," she looked me in the eye. "You've made me so happy."

When I told her about the job offer and the plans I had for us that evening she was ecstatic. Her first thought was what to wear and I was excited to see what, from her new wardrobe she would choose. When she entered the kitchen where I waited I was gobsmacked. Black high heels and stockings led their way up to a little black skater dress with spaghetti straps over her shoulders. She wore a deep red lipstick and her eyes were smokey with eye-shadow. Her blonde hair was tied back in a higher than usual pony tail.

"Fuck. You could be on a red carpet Mom, you look stunning."

"Language Daniel but thank you baby, you bought it," she replied.

"But you do it justice."

A car service had been organized to take us to the basketball. Mom had never been before and would probably not likely ever go again but once we were in our seats (which were exceptional) and had a beer each, she seemed to enjoy herself, if only for the spectacle. The home team was well in control and midway through the second quarter during an extended time-out a "kiss cam" began trawling the crowd. What were the chances, I thought. An entire stadium of potential couples and it fell on my mother and I. We were faced with a dilemma, we both knew it. To be outed as a couple to any party that knew of our relationship. The crowd was chanting. Time was running, I looked at her and wanted to kiss her immediately but mouthed the words. "Should we?" The crowd wanted us to, I wanted to and in the end my mom wanted to as well. I leaned in and with a hand on the back of her neck, drew her closer to me. Our lips met and the crowd roared, 10,000 people in unison chanting, hollering and wolf whistling. Our mouths opened and our tongues entwined. I drank in her saliva, I tasted her lipstick, I felt the skin on her neck and back covered with goose bumps. We kissed like horny teens, this was no mother and son, this was pure animalistic desire and the crowd unknowingly condoned the incest. The camera off us, I asked if she was OK. She just kissed me again.

End of the first half I called the car and we made our way to the hotel. Our room was an executive suite, open plan, the bathroom was separated from the bed and lounge area by a low wall. A separate powder room and toilet was adjacent the front door and a balcony opened up with exceptional views of the city skyline. I opened champagne and we stood out on the balcony in the warm night air.

"This must be costing them a fortune Daniel." She said as I put an arm around her waist.

"It's not costing them anything Mom, if I take the job I'll just write this off as recruitment and deduct it all as a work expense. This is costing the taxpayer a fortune Mother, so drink up and

enjoy."

As we made our way up to the restaurant I stopped my mother in the elevator and held the door. "There's a couple of things before we go up Mom. First, is this restaurant has a very strict dress code. Now I didn't make the rules here but I know they have a no panties policy when it comes to women. So unfortunately you're going to have to take off your panties Mom." I was getting an erection as I said it but thankfully the black pants I wore would conceal the crime. Mom opened her mouth in feigned shock and smiling, whilst also keeping a lookout for anyone approaching down the hall, complied with my request. She lifted her dress, revealing her lace top thigh high stockings and pulled down the black satin thong she was wearing and presented it to me. I quickly stuffed it into my pocket saying, "You can have them back later if you desire."

"Now the second thing is the gentleman we're having dinner with bears an uncanny resemblance to an American President but don't mention it to him no matter how hard it might be to contain yourself, OK Mother?"

"OK sir, I'll be on my best behavior." She replied and I kissed her again and rubbed my hand across her bottom as we ascended in the elevator.

Walter Fisk was at the bar and seemed to have been for some time when we arrived.

"Daniel Blake," he called as we approached, "It's been far too long." We shook hands and he turned his attention to my mother. "And who is this lovely lady?"

"This lovely lady is my mother. Madeline Green, Walter Fisk."

"Your mother? No Daniel she's much too young." He took her hand and lifted it to his mouth, kissing the back of it. "Lovely to meet you my dear." Then turning to me, "Daniel if I'd known you were bringing your mother as a date I would've booked two rooms, let me see what I can do."

I told him it wouldn't be necessary, that we'd made arrangements and he thankfully left it at that. When he gestured for us to head to the table and he took care of drinks at the bar, my mother leaned into me and whispered. "You didn't mention we were having dinner with Richard fucking Nixon!"

"Language Mother." I returned and caressed her bottom again, quite sure I got away with it unseen.

The dinner went well. Walter was his usual charming self. He flirted with my mother from the moment he discovered she was a widow and seemed more interested in the details of her life (growing up in Australia, becoming a flight attendant, not taking my father's name) than in mine, the actual candidate for the job. When I jibed that his wife may be just as fascinated in my mother, he took it with the good nature it was intended.

"Do you know what a talent your son has with money Madeline?" Walter inquired of my mother.

She looked at me and smiled. "I'm beginning to learn a lot of the talents my son has, since he returned home Walter," she replied. She leaned forward, placing an elbow on the table and rested her head in her hand. With the other she was able to reach out and touch my leg at my hip.

"Yes, Daniel I was sorry to hear about you and Amanda," he offered. "You two seemed such a lovely couple."

"Thank you Walt. It was a joint decision, there's no animosity between us."

"Good, good. Now as I was saying Madeline, has Daniel told you about the Bradley Renoir?"

My mother shook her head in response and looked curious, as she did this she moved her hand around on my thigh and I realized she was trying to enter the pocket of my pants where her panties were secreted. She managed the task as Walter continued on with the story.

"Young fellow in our firm, Miles Bradley. Had his heart set on obtaining a Renoir that was coming up for auction. Now the price was going to be too great for his savings to cover so he decides to use his 401k, his retirement, to pay for it. Auction goes well, he wins. Problem is when he goes to claim the thing he finds out you can use your retirement funds for investments but you can't keep it for personal use." My mother had extracted her panties and managed to unzip my fly and was now using the satin material to stroke my hardening cock beneath the table cloth. All the while maintaining interest and eye contact with Walter.

"He could loan it to a museum or art gallery, he could keep it locked in a bank but he couldn't have it at home. The boy was devastated. What was the point of owning the artwork if he couldn't enjoy it?" My mother had a steady pace going on my cock, the satin wrapped around my shaft worked like a substitute vagina and I was on the verge of cumming. Walter, oblivious to what was happening beneath the table went on with the tale. "So that's when your boy comes into the frame (so to speak). Daniel hears about the case and finds an accommodating optometrist and sends Bradley along to get his eyes tested. Turns out the lad has poor vision, "almost legally blind" the doctor says. Daniel takes this information to the I.R.S and states as Bradley can't see the artwork, he can't be seen to be enjoying the artwork, therefore he should be allowed to keep the piece in his home as desired."

"Oh my, Daniel. The audacity!" She looked at me and continued masturbating. The table cloth disguised the action but if I came I'd have a hard time disguising the evidence. "So did he get to keep the painting?" Mother asked.

"Invited us to the unveiling a week later. Ugly painting, don't know what he sees in it!" Walter responded.

"And what about his eyesight?" Mom asked.

"Played tennis with him last week, he drove me home!" Water laughed and excused himself to go to the bar for another round of drinks.

As soon as his back was turned and with me about to cum, I stopped my mother's manipulation. "Mom, behave. Jeez I can't take you anywhere." She pulled her hand from beneath the cloth and placed her panties on the table before me. I just managed to hide them back in my pocket as Walter returned. Sitting down he slid a piece of paper across the table towards me with my potential salary written on it. It was more than I'd been making previous and I'd already decided to take the job. "It's a more than generous offer Walter but there's one thing that's stopping me from accepting." I stated.

"Well Daniel just name it, I'm sure we can come to some arrangement," Walter replied

"It's an issue with staff, I'll need to choose my own personal assistant."

"Of course, we have a range of suitable candidates. We only have the best at Fisk and Tavish Daniel, you know that."

"I only have one person in mind Walter and it's Madeline here." I turned to her and she looked completely surprised by the statement.

"Sounds like a wonderful idea Daniel. What do you say Madeline? Willing to come and join the team, you'd be taking orders from your son of course. You wouldn't have a problem with that would you?"

With both of our eyes on her, my mother looked excited and flushed and radiated beauty. She was staggered by the offer and accepted with glee. "Oh I don't mind at all Walter, I'm sure he'll keep me in line!" She laughed.

"Then I think we have a deal Walter." I exclaimed and we shook on it. My mother hugged and kissed us both and I wasn't sure who was happier about it, him or I.

Back in the suite my mother and I finished off the evening with more champagne in the warm air, out on the balcony. She had removed her dress and more than a little tipsy, was wearing nothing but her heels and stay-up stockings and wouldn't have looked out of place in Playboy. "All this Daniel," she made a sweeping motion with her hand. "The hotel, my new job. Dinner with an ex-president of the United States. My God Daniel, who are you?"

"I'm your son Mother!" My phone rang from inside the apartment and I went to investigate. It was Amanda, there were three missed calls from her. I answered, walking out to rejoin my mother and put an arm around her to caress her bare bottom.

"Amanda, hello." I slid a finger along the crack of my mother's ass.

"Where have you been? I've been calling all night!" Her voice sounded bitter.

"Sorry I've been in a meeting, what's up?" I asked.

"Well. I had friends around tonight Daniel. We got together to watch the basketball!" I felt my stomach sink. "We saw you Daniel! I saw you and your mother, I saw what you did! I'm coming there tomorrow. We need to talk."

End of chapter 2