

CHANGING ROOMS

sunburycd

Mom's new bikini does it for son.

Incest/Taboo

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The night after my 35th birthday, my wife of 10 years presented me with a post dinner glass of scotch and divorce papers. I'd anticipated one of them. The divorce on reflection shouldn't have been that much of a surprise either. We'd been living separate lives under the one roof for months, more housemates than lovers. Amanda had come from money and excelled in making it. She was a senior executive for a mining company and reveled in her (our) wealth. I had come from little money and excelled in keeping it. Keeping it from the government that is. You see I'm the bastard who ensures the tax, billion dollar companies like hers pays is minimal, if any and I'm good at what I do.

Amanda and I had met in our home city, fallen in lust, then love, then married. I'd followed her career interstate and admittedly used her status in the industry to ensure my own success but believe me I pulled my own weight and was paid accordingly. Her company for one saw my value, when after recording an annual profit of 4.5 billion dollars, I managed to organize the books to enable a tax refund of several hundred thousand. That's right, a refund. Like I said I'm good at what I do.

Amanda was a year older than me and the typical blonde bombshell. If she wasn't at work, she was at the gym, interspersed with social events and business functions. Her (and by association, my) acquaintances were the elite of the corporate and entertainment world. Vacuous snobs the lot of them, oblivious to the real world and of course entirely apathetic.

I'd become weary of the scene months before, which of course added to the breakdown in our marriage but was not the sole reason. I wanted to go home. Our home city. I wanted to see my mother (my father had passed away some years before) and my old friends, I longed to reconnect with who I was, not the toff I'd become.

So when the divorce was finalized and I came out with a more than reasonable settlement (remembering that Amanda made a lot more than I did, and I got half) I gave notice to my firm, called my mother and said, "Momma. Clean out my bedroom, 'cos I'm comin' home!"

I drove back from interstate, taking my time, seeing the country as I went. The first night I thought I'd get right back with the people and stay in the seediest roadhouse I came across. The next night, having learned my lesson I paid a few more dollars and booked a more classy establishment. As I lay on the bed sipping bourbon and watching the adult channel on the in-room cable I thought I'd call my mother and let her know when to expect me the next day.

I turned down the sound as she answered and informed her that depending on traffic I'd arrive late tomorrow afternoon. A mature woman was getting fucked from behind on the TV and I absently loosened my hardening cock from my pants as I spoke to her, feeling an undeniable shame and also some excitement. So there I was, watching porn, jerking off whilst chatting to my mom. When she said "I love you honey, see you tomorrow," and hung up, I shot my load along with the guy on the TV. Me, all over my chest, the guy in the movie, all over the mature woman's ass.

Now I have to get this straight. I wasn't fantasizing about my mother at the time. My feelings towards her were based on love but I did accept the taboo of masturbating whilst talking to her was quite a turn on, although I was pretty sure I wouldn't go to hell for it.

My relationship with my mother had been a topsy-turvy one over the years. As a boy she'd been the world to me and the love of my life, as a teen I grew aloof to her (possibly blaming her for the faults in my father, who I'll tell you now was a son of a bitch.) As an adult we'd just grown apart. I still saw her on most of the holidays but my life had become so removed from hers, we just had nothing but blood in common.

Turning into the drive of my old house I saw her tending to the front garden. She was on her knees, her back to me, a large straw sunhat atop her head. On hearing the car she stood and approached as I left the vehicle. "Hello stranger," I said. "Fancy seeing you here."

Pulling off her gloves and hat and throwing them to the grass she beamed at me and held out her arms. Apart from being dressed in a large unflattering khaki shirt and blue "mom jeans", she hadn't changed a bit to the last time I'd seen her.

"Give me a hug honey, my god I can't believe you're here!" She reached her arms up over my shoulders and I wrapped mine around her upper and lower back. It was the most intimate cuddle we'd had in years. Her breasts and stomach pressed against me. I kissed her on the cheek and smelt her hair which was tied back in a loose ponytail.

"Well if I knew this was the welcome, I should've come home more often," I mused.

"Yes you should've young man," she chided. Fixing me with a sarcastic scowl. She knew if it was up to me I would've. It was Amanda that called the shots in our marriage and her priority wasn't visiting my mother, a woman she had never got along well with in the first place. "Are you really staying Daniel, you're back for good?"

"Well, as long as you'll have me. I suppose, yeah." I replied, still in her embrace.

"Then I'll just have to keep you here. Just like this, forever"

"Well I hope there's a bucket handy Mom, 'cos I'm busting for a piss," I laughed.

"Oh you.." She giggled, kissed me on the cheek and seemingly not wanting to let me go, took me by the hand and led me into the house.

Mom hadn't done much to the house in the time since I'd been there. As I said, we saw each other on holidays but Amanda and I would send her the airfare and she would come to us. Walking around I actually couldn't remember how many years it had been since I'd come home. My room had been cleared of all my childhood. Mom informed me everything she thought of value was all stored away in the garage for safekeeping but much she'd given to charity. My immediate thought was had she found any porn I'd accidentally misplaced.

While she'd maintained the front yard exceptionally the back yard was a different story. The trees and shrubs were all overgrown and the lawn unmowed, it did make it peaceful out there though and provided a great deal of privacy. Almost like a secret garden, hidden away from all the surrounding neighbors. The pool was in a pretty sorry state. It was full of leaves, badly needed cleaning and the water needed chlorine and balancing. "First thing tomorrow Mom, I'm fixing this pool. What do you think, ready for a swim?" I asked her as she joined me with a drink of iced tea.

"Oh honey, I don't even think I have a costume anymore it's been so long!" She replied.

"Oh well, second thing I'll do is take you shopping for some bathers then. What do you say?" I think she was just so happy to have me home she would've agreed to anything I proposed and told me she thought it a great idea.

Over dinner and a bottle of wine I told her about the break-up with Amanda and the reasons for me returning home. She told me she was sorry about the divorce and despite her testy relationship with my wife, I knew she meant it. When we got on to what my plans were, I was unsure. She told me that no matter what, I'd have a bed here and if the time came for me to move back out she'd be happy to help me find a place.

Later that evening I found a movie for us to watch and mom and I sat together on the couch. After some time she threw a cushion on my lap and lay her head upon it in an effort to get comfortable. We joked about how bad the film was as I innocently stroked her hair, running my fingers through the silky strands and massaged her scalp. My mother, Madeline, I have neglected to inform you, was 54 years old. She grew up in Australia and met my father whilst working as a flight attendant. Falling for him and moving here she soon had me and settled down. It wasn't long until my father showed his true colors and from what I remember treated her pretty badly. He died when I was 14 and she raised me alone from then. She didn't look her age, or what I thought a woman in her fifties should look like. She kept herself in shape, her strawberry blonde hair showed no signs of gray and her lack of wrinkles proved she obviously cared for her skin.

She had let herself go in the clothing department from what I'd seen so far. As I described, her gardening attire wasn't attractive and she hadn't improved, going from that ensemble to a dowdy nightdress and full length dressing gown. Now I wasn't expecting Armani but having lived with a woman for ten years that was always dressed impeccably it was somewhat of a comedown.

As I sat there, a glass of wine in one hand, caressing my mothers hair with the other I began to feel the weight of where her head was positioned. The cushion covered my upper thighs and groin and my penis was responding to the downward pressure by gradually hardening. It was becoming uncomfortable. Not only the sensation but the fact I had a hard-on only an inch away from my mother's face. Her right hand was under the back of my knee and the other wedged between her upper thighs, almost making it look like she was masturbating.

"Ooh, cramp," I exclaimed and Mom sat up.

"Oh no honey, would you like me to rub it?" She asked, concerned.

"No!" I blurted out. "It's OK, I'll just stretch it."

Mom took the cushion and placed it on the other end of the couch and lay down in the opposite direction.

Her feet, in white ankle socks now rested up against my thigh where her head had been and I began rubbing one as we continued watching the movie.

"Mmm, that feels nice Daniel." She sighed.

This continued until her breathing changed and I realized she'd fallen asleep. I now noticed her dressing gown had come open and revealed the backs of her bent legs to me, only covered by her white cotton nightie. I, without thinking casually took my hand from her foot and gently lifted up

my mother's nightdress to reveal her bottom. In the light from the television screen her panties appeared to be beige or flesh colored, claspings her firm buttocks nicely. Rubbing my cock through my jeans I fought the desire to slide a finger along her ass crack and between her thighs to her pussy.

An explosion in the movie caused me to startle and my mother to stir. She sat up slowly, rubbing her eyes and stated that as she was working in the morning, (at the real estate agency she'd been part-time for a number of years) she had better go to bed. She pecked me on the cheek and wished me a goodnight, leaving me there to ponder what had just happened. I'd just been turned on by my own mother and god did it feel good.

I stayed up for a while on the net and checking my emails. It seemed I had already been the subject of headhunters. Knowing I'd left my previous position and moved to this city, I had a number of job offers from firms looking for my expertise. I filed them for later perusal. I wasn't ready to get back into it just yet. That night in my old room, with my mom only a few feet away, I slept soundly and without stress for the first night in what seemed to be years. I was home.

I arose before my mother and had breakfast made when she entered the kitchen. She had makeup on and had fixed her hair up in a bun. Her uniform consisted of a light brown knee length pleated skirt and white shirt, medium heeled tan shoes and a red cravat around her neck. I had to admit, she did look better than yesterday.

"Breakfast's prepared madam, if you'd care to sit," I joked. "Eggs, bacon, toast and coffee or would madam prefer tea?"

She laughed as she took her place at the table. "Coffee would be lovely honey, have you already eaten?"

Sipping my coffee I replied in the affirmative, "Uh-huh, got lots to do today. First of all, get that pool sorted, then check out those boxes in the garage to see what stuff of mine you've thrown out," I jested, laughing. "Then I'm taking you shopping for some swimwear, remember?"

"Oh honey, only if you have time."

"Actually Mom, why don't I drive you to work? I can pick up the pool stuff now then come get you when you knock off."

"That sounds wonderful Daniel," she replied, and then. "Thank you."

"For what?" I inquired.

"For just being here." She smiled.

I spent the morning cleaning the pool which wasn't in as bad a shape as I assumed. One o'clock I was waiting outside my mother's office. "Well you're the talk of the town!" She gasped as she jumped into my Range Rover. She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and I inhaled her perfume.

"What are you talking about Mom?" I replied pulling out into the traffic, somewhat surprised at her unexpected intimacy.

"Well, a couple of my co-workers were watching you from inside the office. Females, I might add. I overheard them speaking curiously about the 'hot' guy in the s.u.v out front." She laughed at this

and I realized how beautiful she looked when she smiled. "So," she continued, "when I made to leave I just casually stated 'oh, he's waiting for me' without mentioning you were my son or anything. Oh Daniel, the look on their faces, it was priceless." As she told the story she had turned towards me, her left leg up on the seat tucked under the other. This had caused her skirt to ride up a little, exposing her thigh and I was shocked at myself for feeling a desire to see more.

We found a local swimwear store and began browsing. I headed straight for the bikini section and suggested a few items, all of which Mom politely declined. She had her sights on the retro and vintage suits that covered more of the body. The salesgirl was helpful, obviously working on commission and I couldn't take my eyes off her. She wore white leggings and an off the shoulder top that showed her bra straps. The leggings were so tight her cameltoe was clearly visible and no matter how hard I looked I saw no trace of a panty line.

In a highly aroused state I stood outside the change rooms whilst Mom tried on the suits she'd chosen. I heard her voice from behind the red curtain, "OK Daniel, what about this one?"

Oh Jesus I thought, she wants me to look at her. I opened the curtain with great anticipation and was slightly let down. The policy of the store was you had to wear underwear whilst trying on the items, so my mother didn't look as sexy as I hoped. The suit wasn't flattering, a dark brown two piece, the bottoms in the boy short variety and the top, with mums bra visible beneath, not revealing much breast at all. I didn't have to say a word, Mom read my mind. "Yeah, I hate it too!" She grimaced, "OK, next one."

I closed the curtain to give her some privacy. The next was somewhat better. A retro red and white polka dot one piece. This one actually did something for me. If it wasn't for her clearly visible grey underwear and bra, I would've been aroused. I mean here I was, my mother parading before me half nude in the confines of a swimwear store!

"I like that one better Mom," I stated.

She looked at herself in the mirror, "Hmm.. Me to," she replied.

I again closed the curtain to give her privacy and walked over to the salesgirl. She smiled when I approached and again I surreptitiously spied on the pussy bulge at her crotch. Nope, no panty line. "Hey I was wondering if you could do me a favor. It's just she needs a little encouragement to wear a bikini, could you maybe take a couple in and suggest them to her?" I asked, deliberately not mentioning the 'she' in question was my mother.

The girl smiled and lightly touched my arm, obviously flirting. "I'll see what I can do." She cooed and made off to choose some items. I looked around a little and made my way back to the change rooms.

The leggings girl was outside another curtain and as she turned to walk past me stated, "Oh it's OK for you to go in." And with that, pulled my mothers curtain aside and lightly pushed me into her cubicle closing it behind me.

My mom stood facing away from me and my first thought was that she was naked. I then realized she was wearing a micro bikini, more string than material. The pink thong strip disappeared between the smooth white cheeks of her behind and an equally thin thread crossed her back, tied in a bow. The mirrors were on two walls which allowed me to see her front as well. My eyes focused straight on her ample breasts, the small triangle of the cup just covering her pink areola, the nipples clearly protruding. Mom turned to me and I couldn't help but look down to her pussy. My god, here

I was standing in a change room staring at my mothers pussy. The front of the thong gave maybe an inch of coverage and was essentially see through. She had quite a deal of pubic hair, not out of control but more than I'd expected. That didn't lessen the vision though.

Masturbatory fantasies I'd had of her in the past came rushing back and all led their way to my cock. I was wearing jeans thank god, so I was pretty sure she didn't notice the erection she had given me and still I hadn't said a word. Mom made no effort to cover herself. On the contrary, she placed both hands on her waist and bent her leg slightly in a pose, "So what about this one honey?" She asked. My jaw may have slackened, I don't know. I couldn't even find words to answer, I was so heady with lust for her. The curtain opened and the leggings girl entered.

"Ooh sexy. A lot of women your age are buying these. More for their partners I think!" She giggled. Turning to me, "So what does hubby think?"

Mom was quick to answer, she came up to me and wrapped her arms around my neck, pressing her near naked form against my side and kissed my cheek. In the mirror I could see she lifted a leg behind her in the process, "Oh, he's not my husband. He's my son!"

I was mortified and felt like I was about to cum in my pants. I had to get out of there before something even more embarrassing happened. "I'll go get the car," I managed to stumble out and extracted myself from the situation. Outside in the air I tried to come to my senses. What the fuck had just happened? Was that what I thought and secretly hoped it was? Did my mother just come on to me? Did she have sexual feelings towards me, her own son?

Was it all just innocent fun? This one I discounted straight away. There was no way that kind of interaction was innocent. Something had happened I knew it. Something big. Life changing. And I was excited.

Neither of us spoke of the change room incident on the drive home. Mom had purchased something from the store but hadn't told me what. I was pretty sure I knew and I think she was playing on that. That night I cooked and mom changed for bed, not the long nightie and dressing gown she'd worn the previous night but a shorter cotton number. Not overly sexy and a far cry from the swimwear store but a pleasant change. There were other subtle changes as well. She thanked me for cooking by kissing me. We sat closer together as we watched a movie, she took every opportunity to touch me, she called for a second bottle of wine.

When the movie finished we chatted on the couch, sipping on the red wine. "So do you enjoy your work Mom or what?" I inquired, hoping it would lead on to the days swimwear incident.

"Oh, it's a job honey. It gets me out of the house. If it wasn't for that uniform though. Ugh, it's ugly!"

"Really," I responded. "I didn't think it that bad."

"I guess it just reminds me of my god awful flight attendant days. I keep expecting to hear a pilot say, 'uniform inspection' at any moment."

"What do you mean?" I asked quizzically.

"I've never told you this?"

"I don't think so. What, in Australia?"

"Uh huh! We would have random uniform inspections. You know, polished shoes, the correct length skirts. They had to be exactly two inches above the knee, they would measure it!"

"Fuck," I exclaimed. "Who did this, the pilots?"

"Daniel, language! Yep, some pilots and management. The worst was the panty inspection though!"

Oh my god, my mother was about to talk about her panties. Was it the wine? The change room incident? I didn't care, I watched as she brought both legs up on the couch and crossed them beneath her. I caught the slightest glimpse of her underwear as she did so and with that and the way the conversation was heading I began to harden.

"What are you talking about," I asked, "they inspected your panties?"

"It wasn't every time. Just particular pilots, we knew the ones. You see it was part of the uniform, white cotton panties."

"Fuck." This time Mom didn't admonish me for swearing. "It was male pilots doing this?" I was so turned on, the thought of my own mother ordered to lift her skirt and show her panties. My wrist was pressed against my hard cock and I ever so slightly moved it back and forth.

"It was the early '80's Daniel, it was a different era back then." She didn't seem to be overly embarrassed talking about the subject, in fact she seemed quite enthusiastic and was she becoming flushed around the neck?

"So what happened if you didn't have the correct panties?" I asked, excruciatingly.

Mom smiled. Did she know what affect the story was having on her son? "Well, it only ever happened once that I saw. It was a hostess I didn't really know, she was wearing a pair of red satin knickers. The pilot made her take them off right there in the cabin and give them to him. He put them in his pocket and the flight went on as normal."

My god I had to cum. I quickly thought of a reason to get out of there. "Ah," I lifted my empty glass, "more wine?"

"Oh why not." Mom replied passing her glass to me. I stood up, which left the bulge in my pants exposed for mere seconds but I'm positive she looked at it. As I entered the kitchen I looked back to her watching me with a cheeky expression on her face.

I had to jerk off. I went to the bathroom and was cumming in seconds, a vision of my mom wearing that micro bikini in the change room firmly entrenched in my mind. Relieved, I buried the evidence all over some tissues deep in the bin and went back to Mom with a fresh bottle of red.

"You know, talking about your work clothes got me thinking mom. I want to buy you a new wardrobe."

"Really, why?" She inquired.

"Well don't think me weird but today at the store I noticed how great shape you're in and the clothes you've been wearing lately, I'm sorry Mom. They just don't do it for you."

"Oh honey, I'm old and there's nothing wrong with my clothes is there?"

"Ah Mom, you're not old and there is something wrong with your clothes! Come on." I grabbed her by the hand and dragged her down the hall to her bedroom. I planted her on the edge of the bed, her nightie rose up her thighs and I think she caught me looking. "Right," I stated. "Let's start with your dresses. I opened up her cupboard and began a stock take. Leafing through her clothes I made comments and critiques, all accompanied by her laughs and feeble protests. She seemed to be enjoying herself. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was just the fact her son was showing such interest in her after all these years.

"Now, onto the underwear!" I opened her top dresser.

"Oh no Daniel, not that." She protested, yet made no move to stop me.

"Oh my goodness Mother, this won't do!" I pulled out piles of her bras and panties, all either brown or grey, nothing colorful or in the least way sexy. I turned to her holding a pair of old cotton granny panties and frowned. "Mom, we're going shopping!"

She stood up and came close to me, she made a sudden move to rip her panties from my hand but I evaded her and backed away near the bed. Again she tried and again I foiled her plan by holding them high above her head. She smiled smugly and saw an opportunity. Her hands flew to my side and began tickling my ribs, "You're forgetting I'm your mother and know your weak spots!" And it worked. I was forced to drop my arms but I countered by grabbing her and wrestling her down onto the bed with me on top. She struggled against me, at one moment tickling, the next going for her panties which I still held beyond her reach. She writhed beneath me and the feeling had my cock quickly hardening again.

In the struggle her nightie had risen up around her waist, exposing her flesh colored panties and I moved to a position where my now erect cock was pressing against her pubic bone. Amid our hysterical laughing and exertion I feigned exhaustion and allowed her to gain top position, yet she maintained the connection between our groins. My mother was essentially riding me cowgirl, without of course, the penetration. I relinquished the panties and she collapsed onto my chest, breathing heavily.

"OK, you win," I said. "But I'm still buying you new clothes."

"Alright," she sat up, her legs astride my hips, her pussy still pressed against my hard cock. Did she realise? How couldn't she? "We'll call it a draw and I'll let you."

We sat up well into the night side by side on her bed as I ordered item after item from various clothing stores online. I noticed her body pressed closer into me when we browsed for new panties and lingerie. It wasn't my imagination, something was happening between us. We both knew it.

I masturbated twice more that night before I could sleep. I felt like a horny inexperienced teen, getting off on the only woman he had access too, his mother. But it wasn't that sordid. We were both adults. Both had a lifetime of sexual experience behind us. We were going at this with clear heads, or were we? Doubts began to raise in my mind as I drifted off to sleep. Maybe it was all innocent. Maybe I'd misconstrued the entire situation. I had to know, one way or another.

The morning came and again I had my mother's breakfast prepared for her. She gave me the now standard greeting of a kiss on the cheek and took her place at the table. How would I do this? Just the sight of her again was causing my cock to swell. I hadn't been so horny for a woman in years and yet here it was, my mom.

She was wearing an identical work uniform from the previous day. We shared small talk during which I discovered she'd booked a hair appointment later that day and would be home mid afternoon. She tried to find out how much I'd spent on her clothes but I wouldn't tell her and it didn't matter. She was worth every cent and I could afford it. After she'd eaten and had her coffee she came over and kissed me to leave. Now was my chance. I let her get to the kitchen door then stopped her, "Ahem. Where do you think you're going young lady?" My heart began racing, this was the moment, everything rested on the next few minutes.

She cocked her head and replied, "You know. I'm going to work!"

"Well not without the scheduled uniform inspection you're not!" She suddenly realized what was happening but I'm sure she had no idea how far I'd take it. "OK, let's see now." I said as I stood a few feet from her. "It seems your shoes are well maintained and I notice your shirt is nicely pressed." I squatted down and touching the hem of her skirt I pressed it to the back of her knee. "Hmm, a little too long but I suppose everything else is in order here, you're free to go."

She played along, "Why thank you Sir." And made to leave, laughing.

"Ah just a moment." I called as she reached the door. "I think today a panty inspection is in order young lady!" And there it was, I'd crossed the line. "Come on now, lift your skirt and show me your panties," then followed it up with "Mother."

My mom looked me straight in the eyes and it felt like a psychic bond had opened between us. She knew perfectly how I felt, what I wanted, and I knew she desired exactly the same. Without saying a word she placed down her handbag and bent forward slightly, grabbing the base of her brown pleated skirt with both hands. Slowly she raised her skirt up her thighs and then over her waist, revealing her panties to her son. My cock strained to be unleashed at the sight. My mother, standing in her kitchen, her panty covered pussy being presented to me.

"Is this OK Sir?" She asked and I had to take it further.

"Actually no. We've discussed the panties you're wearing before. That style is no longer allowed in this house. Now remove them at once." Her face and I know mine, had reddened. Still looking me in the eye she tucked her fingers into the waistband of her flesh colored panties, slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. She let her skirt fall back in the process but I didn't mind. I'd seen her pube covered pussy for barely a second but the whole scene had proven to me, I'd be seeing it a lot more.

I approached her and held out my hand. She placed her warm knickers into it and then seemed to wait for further instructions as I slid them into my pocket. I moved in closer and pressed my body against her. My fully erect cock against her stomach, she looked up into my face and let out a stifled breath. I leaned in as if to kiss her mouth and at the last moment adjusted so our faces were side by side and I whispered, "You can go now Mother."

The thought of my mom leaving the house without panties had kept me hard all morning. The fact I had those same panties in my pocket was surreal and a constant reminder of the change afoot.

Express postage saw the packages of clothing and lingerie arriving from mid morning and I spent my time removing and replacing my mothers wardrobe. Dresses, leggings, active wear, all filled me with anticipation of seeing my mom wearing them. I filled her dresser with underwear of all description, lacy boy shorts, thongs, satin full briefs and incredibly hot crotch-less panties. She now had a choice of body-stockings in four different colors and a myriad of pantyhose and stay-up

stockings. I did keep the pair of panties she had given me that morning, they'd always be a reminder to me of the beginning.

I mowed the back lawn, set up the outdoor furniture and placed beach towels on the grass. When I heard Mom arrive home I called to her from the pool.

I was naked on the far side of the pool when my mother exited the backdoor of the house. As had happened in the change rooms, I initially thought her to be naked, yet quickly realized she was wearing the micro bikini from the store. My cock immediately stood to attention in the cool water. She looked like a goddess as she casually walked towards the edge of the pool. She placed a towel on the concrete and sat down on it, her legs in the water.

We hadn't spoken a word, it seemed we didn't need to. I slowly swam to her and she stretched out her left leg. I took hold of her ankle and still treading water began kissing her toes, the sole of her foot, her calf and further up to her thigh, all the while caressing the other with my hand. When only inches from my mothers now bald sex I stopped and looked up into her eyes. "What happened here?" Referring to her hairless pussy.

She smiled and stroked the back of my dripping head, "I had my legs waxed at the salon as well, the beautician asked if I'd care to have more done and I thought, why not!? Do you like it baby? Do you like Mommy's smooth pussy?"

That did it, to show her just how much I liked it, I pulled aside the string of the bikini running between her labia and buried my nose and mouth into her cunt, lapping at her slick slit with my tongue like a dog. It was as if years of pent up sexual passion released, as she pulled my head firmly between her thighs and ground her vagina into my face. "Oh fuck Daniel, I'm going to cu..." She struggled to say the word, "cu..." Again she stammered until finally with more sucking on her clit I felt her shuddering and she screamed, "cummmm...!"

My mother had just cum on my face which was now drenched with her juices. She slid into the pool and wrapped her legs around my waist. My rock hard cock rested across her hot anus and wetter than water pussy. We kissed as man and woman for the first time. Our tongues entwined in the most incestuous embrace. "I knew you'd buy that swimsuit Mom," I finally managed to say. "You look amazing."

We swam and played in the pool like teens until finally we exited and my mother, holding my ever hard cock like a leash, led me across the lawn to the beach towels. She lay down on her front, removing her bikini in the process and spread her legs. I grabbed the sunscreen and began on her calves, working my way up her thighs and finally to her ass. Spreading the cheeks I encountered my mothers puckered anus for the first time and had to kiss it. She moaned as I licked her most intimate hole and loosened it allowing my tongue to penetrate and french kiss her asshole. Her sopping wet cunt pressed on my chin and was beckoning for me to enter. I continued with the sunscreen on her back and then lay atop her. My cock found it's way to the entrance of her vagina and I pushed.

"Oh Daniel, yes." She exclaimed as my cut 7 inches reached as far into her as anyone had gone. I began thrusting slowly but soon reached a steady pace as her ass pushed back into me with each assault. "Harder baby. Fuck Mommy harder." She demanded and I cocked her left leg to allow an almost scissor position. Like this I could kneel whilst holding her hips and jack hammered into her tight wet cunt.

My efforts paid off as Mom yet again began to cum. "Fuck Danny I'm cumming. Oh Jesus you're gonna make me cum. Oh my baby boy." I could feel her pussy contacting and squeezing my thrusting cock as she climaxed again and again. I couldn't hold out any longer as well and mom knew it. She rolled over with me still deep inside her and told me to cum. "I want you to do it inside me honey. Fill Mommy with that beautiful cum."

I needed no further prompting and with a few more thrusts and us looking in each others eyes I began exploding inside my mother's pussy. If have no idea as to the quantity of cum I produced that moment but at least 15 times my cock pulsed with the release of sperm deep inside her. Each time she clasped the walls of her vagina around it, milking me of all my seed.

As we lay together pool-side in our incestuous post-coital embrace, I told her I would never leave her alone again and devoted myself to her happiness. We slept in the sun, cooled off in the pool and fucked the day away.

The future looked bright.

End of chapter 1