

CREATING CONTENT

sunburycd

Mom does the ice-bucket challenge.

Incest/Taboo

4.66

9.3k words

"What do you mean, you've got subscribers?" I asked Mom as she placed the coffee cup before me at her kitchen bench.

She laughed and it was nice to see her happy this close to her divorce.

"Just what I said," she giggled. "On the internet thingy, the youtubes."

I shook my head dramatically.

"What are you even talking about? When do you get on the internet?"

I considered my mother a luddite when it came to technology. Attempts over the years to have her enter the twenty first century had succinctly failed in every respect. To hear she was online and had 'subscribers' of all things was a bolt from the blue.

"Marjorie from the book club helped me," she smiled, sipping her own coffee. I knew the woman vaguely. Older than my mother's fifty five years, the situation was becoming more absurd the more I learnt.

"So how did this all come about?" I asked, actually interested and somewhat bemused.

"Well it was after the ice bucket thing we all did," Mom began. "All the girls were putting their videos on their public media websites..."

"Social media," I corrected her.

"Uh huh, and because I didn't have one Marjorie offered to set it up for me."

"Wait, what ice bucket thing?" I quizzed, now more confused. Sure I hadn't visited Mom in over two weeks but all of a sudden it felt like I knew nothing about her.

Mom threw back her head and again laughed.

"Oh goodness, I haven't seen you lately have I!?" She remarked as if reading my mind. "We all did the ice bucket challenge, the girls in the book club. It's for charity. You have a bucket of icy water poured over y..."

"Yeah I know what it is," I again interrupted. "I want to know how it is you've all of a sudden embraced technology."

"Well again, it was Marjorie," she explained, placing down her mug and heading across the room to her handbag. What happened next was nothing short of astounding as Mom pulled out a new iPad and brought it across to me.

"What's the deal with the iPad?" I asked, bewildered.

"Well, again it was.."

"Marjorie?" I chuckled.

Mom slapped me playfully on the arm as she came to a stop beside me.

"Yes, Marjorie helped me buy it. She said it was the most user friendly..."

The blank look on her face told me that 'user friendliness' didn't extend to helping my mother turn the thing on and I casually slipped it from her grasp and started up the tablet.

"And you've got a YouTube channel!?" I mused as I handed it back to her to fumble with.

"Mmh huh," she affirmed as she placed the screen back down before me and played the video.

The volume was down so I was unable to hear the first few words to come out of my mother's mouth as she laughed and smiled at the camera. Standing on the lawn of a nondescript back yard, my mother was dressed in grey $\frac{3}{4}$ leggings and a printed white t-shirt, the lettering of which I had trouble reading.

"Where was this?" I asked as she crept behind me to look over my shoulder for a better view whilst I raised the volume.

My mother about to answer, I once again butted in.

"Marjorie's!"

Mom mimicked strangling me, suggesting my assumption had been correct and as the video progressed, dropped her hands from my neck to rest upon my shoulders.

Finished addressing the camera, a younger woman entered the frame holding a sizeable bucket and without ado, raised it above my mother's head and tipped.

Apart from the sound of the icy water splashing the ground and my mother's gasping, cheering and laughter could be heard from behind the camera, but it wasn't what caught my attention. The white t-shirt had raised my eyebrows when I first saw it and now the water had had its effect upon it, I was justified in my concern. Completely transparent, it had turned. What looked to be a flesh colored bra underneath did nothing to obscure my mother's sizeable breasts, leaving her in a state that seemed nothing short of topless.

Mom laughed from behind, clutching my shoulders harder.

"Oh goodness, you have no idea how cold it was!" She explained but as the camera zoomed slowly in on her, the erect state of her nipples went some way to conveying.

It was uncomfortable. I was looking at my mother's breasts. She hadn't so much as worn a bikini in my presence for twenty years that I could recall and now here she was revealing herself in what was nothing less than a wet t-shirt contest.

"Look at my face when the water hits me," Mom enthused as she leaned over my shoulder and scrolled the video back a minute.

Suddenly her presence behind me wasn't so unobtrusive as her cheek brushed against mine and I felt the softness of what could only have been her boobs pressing my back. Innocently of course, but the fact I was looking at her breasts whilst also feeling them made it seem all the more intimate.

Again I watched the water turn her shirt transparent and I felt I had to say something.

"So what made you go for a white t-shirt?" I asked, seeking an answer as to why my reserved mother would choose an item of clothing she must surely have known would become see-through.

"Oh that's just our book club t-shirt," she dismissed, again laughing at her response to the water being dumped on her.

I forced myself to look closer at her chest and could now make out the words, 'readers do it with the lights on' plastered across her tits.

Again the video came to a close, pausing on an image of Mom, her hair wet and plastered to her head, the front of her leggings saturated as if she'd peed herself and her breasts clearly visible. I'd never, ever, seen her in this light. It was almost as if I looked upon a different woman altogether.

I didn't quite know what to say and thankfully it was Mom who broke the sudden silence as she took away the iPad and moved to the other side of the bench with her coffee.

"Oh wow, I've got another five hundred subscribers!"

"What?"

To prove it she turned the screen to display the evidence and my jaw dropped. Two and a half thousand people had subscribed to her channel, the video displaying more than fifty thousand views.

"People must think I'm funny!" Mom deduced.

I didn't know how to put it to her. That it probably wasn't her humour that the video was becoming so popular.

"You don't think there's another reason they're subscribing Mom?" I hinted and her furrowed brow told me she had no idea.

I gestured down at the screen.

"Maybe what you're wearing, I don't know, your um..." I made a sweeping gesture aimed at her torso and her eyes followed to her breasts, currently hidden behind a red wrap dress that was all of a sudden a little too figure hugging.

"Oh no! Don't be silly," she opposed but looked again at the screen, possibly paying a little more attention to her attire. "No," she repeated but I noticed her blush ever so slightly around the neck. "I mean it's not as if it's on one of those adult stations."

I figured she meant websites but finishing my coffee didn't hang around to correct her.

"Whatever you say Mom," I added, rinsing my cup in the sink and moving back beside her. "I've gotta get going." I gave her my usual peck on the cheek and her hand touched mine as she lifted her eyes from the paused shot at the end of the video. There was something behind them; deep in thought she smiled a goodbye to me and I departed, leaving her to dwell upon my revelation.

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I lay in bed looking at the crack of moonlight around the blinds. How long I'd been attempting to fall asleep was unknown but what was known was it wasn't working. I reached for my phone to look at the time and wasn't surprised by the late hour. The YouTube app drew my eye and absently I opened it up and without putting much thought into it searched under a few key words.

Mom's video wasn't hard to find.

It felt wrong from the moment it happened. With the anticipation of what was to come, I studied her clothing, noting aspects I hadn't caught earlier. A pronounced pubic mound. "Jesus," I whispered to my empty apartment as my eyes focused on the crevice at the top of her thighs, a cameltoe I'd probably ogle at if seen in the street on any other woman. As I said, when my cock began swelling, it felt wrong. When the water splashed down upon her and I took my erection in hand, guilt was my dominant emotion. And as I paused the video on her clearly visible breasts whilst I came upon my stomach, the pleasure of my orgasm was replaced with an almost disgust at my actions.

As was usual, sleep then came pretty easily and as I drifted off, my last thoughts were of kissing my mother's cheek, her hand upon my own.

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"They want more videos!" My mother ecstatically chimed down the phone line.

"Who does?" I asked, leaning back in the office chair of my cubicle.

"The subscribers," she elaborated. "They're having conversations in the comment section as to what I should do next."

"What do you mean do next?"

"Challenges and...other stuff!"

"Slow down, challenges? What are you talking about?"

It had been over a week since seeing Mom and apart from my middle of the night weakness, I hadn't put much thought into her. As she spoke however I opened YouTube on my work pc and found her channel. Two videos now. Ten thousand subscribers. In my ear she began describing how Marjorie (again) had convinced her to upload another video; suggested she just record herself doing something around the house, cooking or cleaning. I opened the video titled 'Ironing' as Mom detailed what she had recorded, in effect giving me a directors commentary of her movie.

The ironing board set up in the living room; the camera placed such that it showed more of her than her task, I watched as the normal act of Mom doing the ironing was turned into a voyeuristic exercise. Knowing well the layout, the camera was sitting on one of the couches and looking up at my mother from behind. Wearing a dress I was also familiar with, each time she would procure a new item from the basket the viewer was given an unobscured up-skirt peek of her underwear.

"...I mean what else do I know better than housework?" Mom continued as I tried to come to terms with what I was watching. Scrolling through the unedited video, Mom awkwardly picked up the camera revealing a close-up of her cleavage before placing it down on the ironing board itself and to my shock began folding a small stack of her panties.

"Maybe not suitable for work?" A voice from behind startled me and I spun to see my supervisor frowning with arms folded.

I cradled the phone in my neck and covered the mic with my hand.

"Oh no it's not like that Sondra," I explained. "It's my Mom!"

Her look told me it wasn't only the underwear folding she'd noticed and moved along with a skeptical expression.

"...what? Who are you talking to?" My mother asked as I raised the phone to my ear."

"No one, look I'm at work I can't really talk right now," I explained, closing down the video.

"Well will you come by tonight and help?"

"Help? With what?"

"My next video, weren't you listening?" Mom asked.

Her next video? This was all becoming too strange. I assured her I'd drop by on the way home and sounding more than ecstatic she promised to make me dinner as thanks.

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Mom hugged my arm as she led me down the hallway. The house was warm and smelled of a roast and as we reached the kitchen I saw the iPad open on the bench.

"I've got it set up for you to watch," she enthused as she approached a bottle of red wine opened beside the stovetop.

"Actually I've already seen it," I dampened her spirit somewhat. "Watched it at work."

"Oh," she turned as she poured the second glass, blushing slightly. "What did you think?"

I paused as I took the glass from her, nodding my thanks.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

It was then she really did blush.

"Oh I know it's a bit risqué," she began. "I didn't intend for it to be on that angle really," she explained and I was glad she at least acknowledged the suggestiveness this time. "I used the iPad camera and it was the only place I could set it up."

"And what about folding your..." I struggled to say her underwear and Mom came to my rescue.

"My panties!" She proudly stated and a mischievous smile came to her lips. "Well that I'll admit was for titillation."

It was now I who blushed. My mother talking about titillation, her panties. She noticed my discomfort and seemed to dine out on it.

"What, you didn't think I read the comments on the first video after you pointed it out to me?" She explained. "To be honest Honey, it was a bit of a turn on."

"Oh no!" I replied, placing down my glass.

"What?" She laughed. "It's fun doing something naughty and it's been a long time since someone has admired my body.."

I raised my hands to my ears as she spoke.

"La la la la la la la..not listening, I can't hear anything you're saying so you can stop talking," I immaturely sang as she detailed her feelings and laughing she conceded and approached.

Taking my hands from my ears she smiled pityingly at me.

"Alright I'll stop," she offered. "As long as you promise to help me with my next video."

"If I do will you let me eat whatever it is I'm smelling right now?" I asked and laughing she held my cheeks and leaned in to kiss me innocently on the tip of my nose.

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Over dinner we discussed among other things Dad's video camera he'd left behind after the divorce. Mom had attempted to use it but couldn't figure out how to get the footage from the camera 'into her iPad,' to use her words. I knew the basics and assured her I could edit anything she wanted to upload as well. Quality control I called it, but a part of me just wanted to be first to see anything she filmed herself.

As always, Marjorie was the catalyst for Mom's new found obsession. It turned out she herself was uploading videos and Mom made a note to show me her channel when we got around to it. Tonight however she was more interested in her latest plan.

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"Are you sure that's enough?" I sarcastically asked as Mom dumped another bag of ice into the bathtub.

"Oh do you think we should get more?" She turned as I stopped filming momentarily.

"No! I was joking," I explained as I looked at the surface of the water, completely covered with ice cubes. "Do you really want to go through with this?"

"Well it was one of the other challenges I could do easily on my own," Mom elaborated. "Now, are you filming?"

I shook my head but raised the camera to show I was to start, pointing my finger at her that the camera was rolling. She went through a short (obviously rehearsed) explanation as to what she was doing and before I knew it, undid and dropped her heavy dressing gown.

I wasn't privy as to what she would be wearing, assuming a swimsuit of some description. What I encountered however, took me by surprise. A bone, almost flesh colored bodysuit clung to her torso. I say clung as it was obviously a size too small, her breasts bulging out from around the bust, stray pubes poking out the sides where it cupped her vagina and cutting tight across her buttocks when she stepped into the bathtub, accompanied by her startled squeal.

Her body lowered into the water, disappearing under the layer of ice as I began the count of thirty seconds in my head. Mom visibly shocked by the cold, unable to speak, dropped her head below

the surface to complete the challenge before I called time for her to exit.

I didn't want to take my eyes from her. As if naked, my mother rose up out of the water. Evidence she was actually clothed being only the thin seams of the bodysuit, the material doing nothing to obscure her body. The breasts I'd already observed in the wet t-shirt video, her nipples now more pronounced and erect in person, her areola a dark pink, almost brown. My eyes drifted down. Her pubic hair a thick dark thatch, panty-line waxed or shaved, it formed a perfect triangle at the top of her thighs and being my mother or not, I thought the sight beautiful.

Shaking as much as her, I reached for the towel and reluctantly handed it to her as she once again addressed the camera declaring her completion of the ice bath challenge and quite professionally I thought, asking for likes and subscribers. As planned I knelt down and zoomed in on her legs to show the goosebumps that had been raised, rising up her thigh to pan up and over her groin, a closeup of her pubic hair which I assumed I'd need to edit out, and up to her chest. The idea was to show her shivering and the goosebumps on her arm but I made sure to include as much nipple in the shot as possible.

With a final goodbye, Mom blew a kiss to the camera and I turned off the recording. Immediately, with only the towel wrapped around her shoulders, Mom hurried to my side.

"Let me see," she enthused. "How did it turn out?"

Angling the screen in her direction I played the video as Mom clutched my forearm, her body so close to mine.

"Well thankfully you don't need to do another take," I jokingly responded.

"Never again," she laughed rubbing my arm. "Mmm you're so warm," she added through chattering teeth.

I took it as an opportunity. My conscious mind said I was doing it out of goodwill, my subconscious however knew exactly why I swapped hands with the camera and wrapped an arm around my mother.

She took advantage of my compassion and pressed her body gently into my side.

"Ooh, I don't want to get you wet," she acknowledged as I softly pulled her further into me, her breast pressing my ribcage and surely it was the bulge of her pubic bone against my hip.

"Don't worry about it," I assured her as on the screen she stepped into the bath and disappeared below the surface.

Still shivering, Mom raised a hand to her mouth as she watched herself exiting the bath.

"Oh my God, you can see everything!"

I couldn't help but chuckle.

"What you didn't notice?"

"No!" She replied seemingly genuinely shocked. "I mean I didn't think it would come up in the camera."

After her wet t-shirt experience I had my doubts as to her sincerity.

"Why didn't you wear a swimsuit anyway?" I asked.

"I haven't bought a new one in more than ten years, when would I go swimming?"

I felt uncomfortable as I watched the pan across her pubic hair and Mom had gone silent. Did her pelvis push slightly harder against my side? I wasn't sure. What I was sure of however was the erection developing in my pants. Her breathing was pushing her breasts against my torso such that I could actually feel her cold hard nipple, synchronised with the nipple appearing on the screen.

The video ended and she was silent a moment.

"Obviously I'll have to edit some of it out," I explained, defending myself against her possible negative reaction to the pubic zoom.

"What? No," she exclaimed. "It's perfect as is. I love it." She unexpectedly lifted her arm up, turning her body to face me and took me in an embrace. "Can we upload it right now?"

Her action caused the towel that was wrapped around her shoulders to drop from her body and in the mirror I was treated with my first view of her see-through bodysuit from behind. Unprepared for the hug I was unable to prevent her body pressing against my groin, my unmistakable erection grinding hard into her belly.

Dragging my eyes from her buttocks, I looked into hers as we surely both felt my cock twitch. To her credit, faced with such an uncomfortable moment she allowed only the slightest flicker of acknowledgement to come across her face. I however wasn't so reserved, feeling the blood rushing to my cheeks.

"I don't think we can," I stammered. "Upload it I mean."

"Why?" She asked, a furrow appearing on her brow, her body remaining hard against my...hardness.

"I think they have certain conformity standards, they won't allow..." I let my eyes drop from hers down between us. "...Nudity."

At this Mom seemed astounded. Stepping back from me.

"But I'm not nude," she looked down at herself, pinching at the wet bodysuit and snapping it back against her skin.

"Some people might take offence I guess," I offered, thankful attention was being drawn away from my hard-on.

She reached down for her dressing gown and threw it around her shoulder.

"Well then they're idiots," she stated and holding open the front, giving me one last look at her body she added. "Are you offended?"

All I could really do was shake my head. And as we headed out of the bathroom I noticed her eyes for an instant look down at my groin and the obvious erection tenting out the front of my pants. Her only acknowledgement of my situation and I'm sure I saw a look of satisfaction come across her face.

Mom's ageing computer was fine for video editing and gladly she didn't choose to stay and learn the process, opting for a warming shower whilst I cut the two most suggestive scenes. The close-up of her pussy and the nipple shot excised, I transferred the file to her iPad to do with as she wished. I say gladly as it would surely mean she would call on me to deal with any future videos and also it gave me a chance to jerk off.

Yes. I masturbated in my mother's house whilst looking at her essentially naked ice bath video.

Twice now I thought. As I came into a tissue, imagining her in the shower only two rooms away, I realized I had jerked off twice in two weeks to a fantasy of my mother. This wasn't normal. Thirty years had passed without even the slightest sexual interest in her and now here I was beating off like a teenager with the most bizarre of incestuous fantasies. Was it bizarre though? I wondered. Was she not doing everything in her arsenal to encourage my thought pattern? She'd definitely peeked at my groin. Her eyes before leaving for the shower had almost been seductive, as if inviting me in with her. "Cut it out you idiot!" I scolded myself at my proposal. She's your mother you fool. She's not trying to seduce you, she's just having fun with a new found hobby.

And then she entered the office.

Her presence made me jump and I was thankful I'd tucked myself back in my pants moments before her arrival.

"Have you got a cold?" She asked, concerned as she noticed the loaded tissue in my hand.

My eyes were slow to move from her stunning appearance as I looked down at the evidence in my grip.

"OH, no, it's nothing," I stammered as blood rose to my cheeks. "What's with this?" I deflected the attention back onto her, gesturing at her clothing.

She looked down at herself, running a hand down the front of her red and white spotted dress from breast to groin before taking the hem in her fingers, splaying out the skirt. The action caused the mid thigh length to raise up her leg revealing the top of her stockings.

"Oh I thought we could do another video tonight if it's not too late?" She explained before turning and bending slightly. "I just wanted you to tell me if the seams are straight?"

The A-line dress was short enough to rise above her flesh colored stocking tops from the rear and with legs together, she held the doorframe as I inspected her from behind. The seams on the stockings ran up perfectly from her high heels to the small patch of exposed skin on her upper thighs, the straps of her matching garter disappearing beneath the skirt. The dress she wore I did remember from my youth but my recollection didn't include the short length and its backless nature, obviously preventing a bra being worn. Jesus, I thought, was she even wearing panties?

"Well?" Mom asked over her shoulder.

"What?" I managed to reply, my post orgasm swelled cock returning to its erect state.

"Are the seams straight?" Mom repeated, attempting herself to look down upon the backs of her legs.

"Oh, ah yeah they're fine," I stammered. "Look what type of video did you have in mind?" I asked, my heart racing.

"Ta da!" She exclaimed as she held up a previously obscured feather duster and my pulse relaxed somewhat. "Marjorie did one where she cleaned the bathroom. Said she had more than one hundred thousand views. Can you believe that?"

A mental image of my mother's friend came to mind. I would've always described her as reserved, more so than Mom even, nothing like the picture Mom was painting of her.

"And I'm guessing she wore something like that?" I gestured towards my mother's body.

"Oh no!" Mom laughed. "I'm not even going to say what she was wearing!"

I didn't press for more. To be honest I wasn't interested in Marjorie. There was one woman dressed sexily in front of me and that was where I focused my attention. Throwing the heavy tissue in the waste basket I picked up the camera.

"Ok, so what do you want to do?"

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She began in the living room, dusting the mantel as I filmed her progress. Running her finger along the top of picture frames and mocking disgust at imaginary dust. Leaning forward to clean the top of cabinets, it was obvious without her expressly telling me she wanted me to film up her skirt. When she went to all fours to dust the entertainment unit, intentionally raising the dress onto her buttocks to reveal her white satin panties I no longer harboured any doubt as to the type of video I was recording.

All up, it took about an hour and although the night was well advanced, Mom opened another bottle of wine. She sat so close to me on the couch. Understandably, in order to watch the footage I played back. With crossed legs, her thigh pressed to mine, her foot tapping my shin lightly. My hand held the camera above my groin, trying in vain to obscure the erection I'd sported for the last sixty minutes as her breast pressed hard into my upper arm.

On the screen she knelt before the television as I circled behind her, filming her legs from her heels to her stocking tops. A wider shot saw her look back at the camera, her red painted lips full and smiling with acknowledgment as she lifted her skirt slightly to reveal her panties. What we were all longing to see. An upskirt of this fifty something sex bomb. For that is how I now saw her. Yes she was my mother but she was also an object of desire.

I zoomed in on her ass. Her twin globes encased in satin, the straps of her garter belt digging into her flesh, the bulge of labia between her thighs. My mother's labia. Her soft pussy bulge right there before me. I let my eyes drift from the screen to her chest, cleavage below me, her breasts moving with each breath. The smell of her perfume. Jesus, the smell of her pussy. Her foot rubbing my leg, her stocking top visible, her hand on my thigh...

It was something that hadn't happened since I was a teenager and I felt as embarrassed now as I had back then. Without stimulation but the pressure of the material against my cock; I came in my pants.

Mom noticed the change in my breathing and as the video ended I used the opportunity to rise from the couch.

"Are you okay?" She asked, placing her glass down on the coffee table and standing with me.

"Yeah, it's just hot in here I guess," I lied, being sure to hold the camera over the problem area. "I should probably get going anyway."

"Oh really?" Mom frowned. "You don't want to stay for another drink?"

"No, I really shouldn't. Some of us have to go to work in the morning," I joked, reaching for my jacket and holding it across my groin in place of the camera.

"Well I have a job now too I guess," Mom added and seeing my response, elaborated. "I can monetise my videos you know. Marjorie does it. It's just like an acting job Darling," she added.

She followed me towards the front door and I stopped when I reached it. I could feel the cum seeping through my pants and just wanted to get the hell out of there but she took my hand as I turned the knob.

"Do you understand Honey?" She earnestly looked me in the eye. "I'm the actress and you're the filmmaker, there's no reason for you to be uncomfortable." Her eyes subtly dropped down between us and I knew she knew! "Do you understand Baby?"

"Understand?" I asked myself in the car. I didn't understand a thing. Was she just playing a role for the camera and it had nothing to do with me? My rational brain answered me. Of course it's nothing to do with you, you idiot. She's your mother. She doesn't want to fuck you. It's just that you're the only one she trusts to film her doing those things. You know, a family member! But why WAS she doing 'those' things? For her own titillation, she'd said as much, or mine? Why had she looked at my cock on two occasions? Why wasn't she shocked I'd cum in my pants, hell that I was having erections in her presence at all? Because she wants to see it, came an answer. She wants to see the effect she's having on her son's cock, the voice told me. I entered my apartment an uncomfortable, confused, wet and sticky mess, but in the shower as I washed away the cum, so too did I wash away my doubts. She wants you Dude, I stated and my dick hardened in my hand. Your mother wants to fuck you!

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"It was flagged by YouTube and they removed it!" Mom was aghast.

It wasn't unexpected, I told her over the phone, spinning in my office chair to make sure my conversation wasn't being heard by my colleagues.

"Mom, you looked naked when you got out of the bath," you should've labeled it for mature audiences."

"But then I won't get paid for it!" She protested. "Oh it doesn't matter anyway, there are other websites!"

"What other websites?" I asked, concerned.

"I was speaking to Marjorie and she showed me the other options," Mom elaborated.

"What like Instagram or something?" I proposed.

"Ah, yeah like that I suppose," she mysteriously replied. "Um, look you wouldn't be able to drop around after.."

"...work tonight?" I enthusiastically finished her sentence. "Yeah I can do that." I agreed and kicked myself for sounding too eager.

"Oh lovely, I want to show you something. Dinner?" She offered.

"It's a date," I replied and shook my head at sounding so corny.

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I looked at my reflection in the bathroom of the coffee shop. It wasn't a scheduled stop on the way to Mom's but whilst driving I became anxious; more and more nervous as questions, possibilities arose in my mind. What did she want to show me? A new recording she'd done herself? I'd checked her channel before leaving the office, no new uploads. An answer had come directly. She wants to have sex with you! I straight out told myself and it left me worried. She's your mother, there's no way, the rational part of my brain countered but the events of the last week hinted, no, screamed otherwise. What the hell was I heading into? I asked myself as I ran my sweaty palms beneath the water and splashed my face. I hadn't been this nervous about going back to my family home since a particularly bad report card in junior high. Will you even be able to get it up? The voice in my head mocked me.

"Shut up!" I hissed at the mirror as another patron entered the bathroom, eyeing me strangely.

I averted my eyes and they alighted on a condom vending machine as the guy entered a stall. Should I? I asked. I felt coins in my pocket and was tempted to buy one as I heard my name called outside the bathroom signifying my order was ready.

"Nah," I scoffed, abandoning the notion. "It ain't gonna happen."

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She was just 'Mom' again. No short panty-revealing skirt and stockings. No wet t-shirt or see-through bodysuit. Admittedly, the long sleeve black dress she wore was figure hugging, and sitting on the stool in the kitchen she did display a lot of leg from mid thigh to her matching heels. High heels in the house I mused, no, she wasn't 'just Mom' again!

I placed the camera down on the kitchen bench and presented her with a usb containing her dusting video which she accepted thankfully although not excitedly.

"What's wrong?" I asked, noting her lack of enthusiasm. "I thought you'd be anxious to get another video online."

She rolled her eyes at the suggestion. "YouTube, I'm done with them!" She countered.

Her confession took me by surprise.

"I thought you were enjoying uploading videos."

"Oh I am, I mean I will. It's just, I think I did mention...there are other sites."

"Yeah you said, like what?"

Instead of answering she bit her bottom lip as if in debate as to tell me something.

"I've had fun doing those videos Honey," she began.

"Yeah me too," I agreed quickly.

"Oh good," she placed a hand on my knee to further enhance the connection between us. "I was hoping you'd say that. It's why I thought it would be great if we could do one together."

I swallowed noticeably and hoped she hadn't picked up on my nervousness.

"I did a search online for one we could both participate in," she elaborated. "There was this couples yoga challenge.."

"I don't know a thing about yoga," I chuckled.

"Nor do I," she conceded. "It looked too hard as well. There were others I found but they were all so silly. I just wanted something a mother and son could do together and film to put online and then I found it..."

She went silent and I wondered if she was having doubts about revealing whatever it was she was talking about.

"Remember when I said what I was doing was just like acting?" She asked me.

I nodded and noticed she'd begun to blush around the neck.

"Well I found something..." she tentatively began.

"Oh yeah?" I enthused, cocking my neck to look at the screen of the iPad in front of her.

"No not on this," she divulged. "I figured out how to work the smart tv."

I broke the tension that was developing by laughing. "I showed you and Dad how to use it years ago!"

Mom smiled coyly at this and admitted she hadn't been paying attention, before rising and taking my hand to lead me from the kitchen. I allowed myself to be pulled by her, grabbing the camera to bring with us as I slid off the stool. Just in case!

A small lamp and the screen of the tv illuminated the living room as we entered and the website currently static on the display was immediately recognisable to me. Placing the camera down on the coffee table, I looked from the porn site back to my noticeably nervous mother in the act of picking up the remote control.

"Mom?" My voice nearly cracked as I questioned her. "That is porn!"

Her eyes left mine to focus on the screen as she came to stand beside me, her presence now more pronounced, noting her makeup, her hair tied up, the skin around her ear.

"Well they're actors," Mom countered, aiming the remote to scroll down onto one of the thumbnail video images. "Most are just regular people like you and me. They make up little stories and act them out, see."

I concentrated fully on the screen, the picture flicking between images from the video titled 'Mother gets ring caught in sink.'

"I mean this is a silly one of course," she nervously laughed as we watched the thumbnail images of the woman's 'son' spill baby oil all over her and end up fucking her from behind. "As if that would really happen. But there are more realistic ones." Her finger quickly hammered the button, scrolling down through countless videos all labeled with the one moniker, 'mother and son.' "People come up with such creative ideas," she added.

"Yeah, they're porn stars," I suggested. "They're making porn films."

"No not all," she quickly replied. "Most are just amateurs."

"But they're not really mother and son!" I argued and immediately wondered why I was debating her? Her disappointment was obvious, her shoulders slumping as she assumed I was rejecting her proposal and I kicked myself for even casting some doubt on my intentions. "Of course that's what would make ours stand out from the crowd!" I quickly added.

Her demeanour changed immediately, her face lighting up. "You'll do it!?"

I looked at the tv, the cursor over 'mother accidentally gives viagra to son' and then back at her. "I mean as you said, they're just actors right?"

Mom dramatically nodded her head. "They're just acting. We'd, just be acting. Creating content for the website."

Would I even be able to get it up? I'd asked earlier and scoffed at my past self as I felt my cock hardening at the realisation of what was happening.

"This could be fun!" I enthused, sitting down on the couch as Mom quickly joined me, her hip pressing my own as she sat as close as possible.

"I know right!?" She gushed as again she scrolled the cursor down the webpage. "But what would we do? Come up with something original, or copy someone else's?"

The seemingly endless choice of incestuous porn rolled before our eyes, Mom happy to trawl through the titles, reading out those she found interesting or funny.

"Yoga challenge turns sexual," Mom chuckled. "We were just talking about yoga! Or what about this? 'Mother catches son with her underwear.'"

Mom turned toward me and cocked her head.

"Why would he even have them in the first place?" She asked.

"You're serious?" I looked back at her skeptical.

"So what, the mother just gets home one day and her son has her panties? Is that it?" She questioned.

"Well, I'm only speculating here as I'm yet to watch the video but I guess he might've seen them up her skirt or something, maybe spied on her removing them in the bathroom," I proposed.

"Maybe something like this?" Mom added and standing up, I watched her work her dress up her thighs and before even registering what was happening, she had taken hold of her panties and began lowering them down her legs. The swelling that had begun earlier in my pants was now a full blown erection as she sat back beside me and unlike the previous night, I did nothing to hide it.

I swallowed hard, wanting to pinch myself that I wasn't dreaming. "Um, yeah," I managed as her upturned hand presented the scrunched panties, reaching out and casually taking my mother's warm satin offering in my own. "Just like that," I continued, trying to stay composed. "Of course he probably took them from the laundry or the floor of her bedroom."

"She might've left them there especially for him!" She almost whispered as she looked me in the eyes, angling her body towards me, an arm resting on the back of the sofa. Her dress had risen up her thighs to barely cover her groin, the slightest parting of her legs would be revealing everything.

Holding the small black lace and satin material up before me, I smiled and had a burst of confidence.

I stroked the material between my fingers feeling the dampness around the crotch. Mom shifted in her seat, her knee pressing hard into my thigh.

"Oh for sure, she knows he wants her," I let my eyes slowly rise from her legs up her body, my cock aching to be loosed from my pants.

"And what's he doing when she catches him?" She asked, breathless. "Show me."

"Well let me demonstrate, if I may?" I asked to Mom's nodding as I reached down to my fly. It was now or never I decided. Under the guise of 'acting,' I unzipped and without conscience pulled out my rock hard erection. It was a moment. We both knew it. Mom released a held breath as she stared down upon my hard-on. Hard for her. A son's most honest form of affection towards his mother. The greatest compliment or gift he could ever give.

I let the seconds pass, allowing her time to take me in, for her eyes to get their fill of my flattery.

"So I'm guessing the son is smelling his mother's panties when she catches him," I continued as her eyes lazily crept back up to mine. As she watched, I raised her knickers to my face and revealing the sodden gusset, pressed them to my nose and mouth. The strong scent of woman filled my senses. I could taste her aroma, the smell of my mother's arousal. With my other hand I confidently took hold of my cock and stroked as Mom's breath escaped in gasps.

"Oh God," she sighed. "...is what the mother would probably say when she sees him!" She quickly followed up.

"Oh definitely," I agreed, reluctantly taking the panties from my face. "But she's turned on herself, she probably masturbates a little in secret before she walks in on him."

The comment was a suggestion and Mom took it up instantly, delving a hand between her thighs, cupping her pussy.

"A bit like this?" She asked, stroking her hand between her legs.

"Exactly like that," I agreed, wrapping her panties around my cock and openly masturbating, my eyes on her crotch.

"So I'm thinking she can tell her son is about to cum so she enters," I interrupted our mutual masturbation session, my own orgasm increasingly imminent and needing a reprieve. Mom took her hand from between her legs but the damage had been done, her dress remaining around her upper thighs and her pussy exposed. She noticed where my eyes had zeroed, my pause in telling the story and revelled in it. Lifting her bottom momentarily from the seat, she raised her dress all

the way up to her waist before settling back down, this time with a leg folded beneath the other, her pussy now on full and open display. The thick thatch of pubic hair and the wet, glistening lips below.

"Go on," Mom enthused, smiling.

"Well she probably feigns being angry at him at first," I deduced. "But then she takes over."

Mom leapt at the opportunity.

"Like this?" She whispered as she reached forward and took possession of my panty wrapped erection.

"Oh shit!" It was now I who sighed as I dropped my hands to my sides and watched. With the perfect amount of pressure Mom jerked her underwear along my shaft, wanking me better than I could myself.

"She'd probably do this to punish him," Mom improvised, taking her panties from my cock and pressing them again into my face while her hand manipulated me below.

"Oh fuck yes," my voice muffled from behind the wet satin. I raised my hand onto her knee, slowly caressing my way along her thigh as she jacked me off. My eyes looked from her determined face to my own cock as I unbuckled my pants, my other hand reaching its goal as I made contact with the warmth and moisture of her sex.

With the back of my fingers I slid my way up and down her slit, her fluid literally flowing around my digits, coating them in her lube until turning my hand I pressed two fingers against her opening and gently entered. Mom threw back her head, closing her eyes and dropping her hand from my face, clutched my shoulder. Bending my fingers inside her I pressed my thumb against her clit which caused her mouth to fall open in an obvious display of pleasure.

Her hand ceased its masturbating of my cock; which on the edge of climax was for the best, content to just squeeze my thickness for support. With her hips slowly pushing into each gentle thrust of my fingers she tilted her head back down to face me.

"Taste me," she whispered, and I wasted no time.

Sliding my fingers from her I was turning on the couch before she knew it. Her hand fell free of my hard-on as I carefully pushed her body back onto the cushions, her legs spreading as I dove headfirst between them.

My first taste of raw mommy cunt. The most divine flavour on Earth. I smacked my lips against the lips of her pussy, my tongue lapping her labia, her clit. Her hands pressed to the back of my head as I pushed my tongue inside her, forcing me to go deeper, my mouth wrapped around her vagina until my jaw ached. My tongue again on her clit, both hands holding apart my mother's labia, my nose buried in wet pubes. Her pelvis rocked against my chin as she moaned above me. "Yes Baby," she sighed between breaths. "Suck Mommy's pussy my love," she added and the words must have set off something inside her.

With my cock rubbing against the cushion of the couch, she wrapped her thighs around my head, locking me into her vaginal cage. Begging never to be released, my tongue inserted as deep as possible, I felt her cum. I heard her cum. I tasted her cum. My mother's explosive shuddering orgasm swept her body, her fingers tangled in my hair, her groin grinding into my face, her gushing

squirt filling my mouth. In the act of swallowing, she unlocked me from the vault and brought me up to her face, her mouth wantonly seeking out my own, her tongue between my lips to taste her own orgasm which I shared freely as we kissed. Our first real kiss. No motherly peck on the cheek this. Her mouth flowed with saliva as mine did her orgasm as our lips slid upon the other's, our tongues writhing.

"I want you inside me," she admitted, breathing into my mouth and granting her wish I nudged the patiently waiting head of my cock against her vagina. Her hands tugged my pants below my ass, her feet, kicked out of her heels expertly completing the job of lowering them further down my legs as I entered her, slowly, inching my way inside my mother. My pelvic bone met hers; the tickle of her pubic hair against my smooth groin, my laden balls resting over her asshole.

On my knuckles either side of her, I looked down upon her face. Her cheeks flushed, lipstick smeared. Her hair had partly come out of her bun, mussed, and yet I thought she had never looked so beautiful. Why had I not seen this my entire life? Thirty years since I was last inside her. My cock now buried deep inside its birthplace. I vowed then and there to dedicate the rest of my life to her and her alone. My mother; my lover; my queen.

Unbuttoning my shirt, she pressed her hands against my chest as she squeezed her vagina around me. I took the moment to remove it completely and her hands were immediately on my biceps.

"I always loved your arms Darling," she complimented me as I descended upon her. My cock still buried to the hilt, I wrapped an arm beneath her neck, her lips immediately pressing to the flexed muscle.

"And I always loved you," I added as again my lips met hers.

Her breath expelled into my mouth as I withdrew and thrust my cock back inside her. Again and again I fucked her, her pussy perfectly moulded around my cock. Claspings me like a glove. With a hand I took hold of her dress, now just below her breasts and lifted, forcing it up to her neck, her arms straightening as it slid up over her head and was abandoned.

My mother's bare breasts below me. Her nipples erect, waiting to be kissed, to be sucked. I would have her wait no longer. The most intimate of bonding between mother and son, I returned to the nipple. Suckling, feeding from her as I once did. As I should never have stopped. Holding a tit in each hand, greedily sucking between nipples as her back arched, lifting them into my face. Her arm bumped the remote sending it to the floor but not before the video began playing, the light of the image flickering the room.

It caught Mom's attention and she absently turned her face to watch, doing the same as I rested my head on her breast. The sound low, I could hear her heartbeat against my ear and I kissed my way back up to her mouth. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt to watch," I offered. "See how accurate we were."

On the screen the son took his mother's panties from her dresser, masturbating as he sniffed them. "They weren't even worn!" Mom acknowledged. "Our idea makes more sense," she added.

"Mmm I agree," I concurred, wriggling above her as I kicked off my pants fully. Unencumbered I wrapped my arms beneath her and lifted her up whilst still impaled and sat back on the couch with her upon my lap. Mom was quick to wrap her arms around my neck, her boobs pressing hard against my chest.

"Can you stay inside me forever?" She moaned as she lifted up and used her own body weight to settle back onto my dick.

"I'd love to," I admitted, neither of us keeping up the charade we were just 'acting.'

We glanced at the tv as the mother gave her son head, Mom looking back into my eyes with a mischievous glint in hers. "We haven't done THAT yet!" She giggled and I moved both hands down to grab her ass, squeezing and lifting her cheeks to participate in the fucking.

"Next time," I sighed, my slick cock easing in and out of her.

"There'll be a next time?" She eyed me thoughtfully.

I leaned in and kissed her. "There'll be many next times," I assured her and she squeezed her pelvic floor around me in response. "Oh God, Mom. I think I'm going to..." I tried to convey. "I mean I don't have a condom!" I clumsily admitted I was about to cum.

She did a good job of not laughing at me and for a second I was confused as to what she was doing as she leaned back and sideways off the couch only to come back up with the remote control.

"It's alright Darling," she stated. "There's a video about that."

With her groin still writhing on my cock she scrolled back through the 'mother/son incest' videos until she found what she was looking for. 'Son accidentally cums inside his mother.'

Tossing away the remote she wrapped her arms around me. "Cum inside me Baby!"

I didn't even bother looking at the screen as the video played. I had all the stimulation I needed before me. My mother wrapped in my arms, her pussy around my cock, milking. Running a hand up her back I gripped the nape of her neck, my other hand cupping her buttock as I thrust inside her. Her juices flowing freely around my balls, the wet smacking of sex mimicking the incest on the screen.

With her boobs grinding my chest, her mouth fixed to mine, I began to cum. Without a word from me, she knew.

"I can feel it," she gasped. "I can feel it inside me Honey."

Spurt after spurt erupted from me. I couldn't recall a better orgasm as I came inside my mother, my palm directly over the heat of her asshole, fingers either side of my dick. I could feel fluid leaking around them as she continued to buck on my ejaculating cock. My cum, her cum, her juice running from her body.

"Oh Mom," I managed to emote as pulsing, I pumped my entire load inside her. Filling her womb with my love.

Hugging tight we looked to the screen to see the 'mother' upset, angry at her 'son' for his release inside her, the opposite of our experience. We'd never been closer. I wanted to tell her I loved her but thought it corny right after orgasm. She however wasn't so reserved.

"I love you Baby," Mom declared, her mouth on mine. "You don't know how long I've wanted this."

The confession was surprising and had me wanting to know more. Another time perhaps?

"We still haven't worked out what we should film," Mom added, again surprising me that she still wanted to record our lovemaking.

"Well we've actually already shot a few!" I declared and seeing her curious response, reached out for the camera on the coffee table.

With her remaining in my arms, my still erect cock deep inside her cum filled pussy, I turned the camera screen to face us, stopping the recording.

"You were filming!?" She marvelled, her mouth open, face lit up in a smile.

"Just in case," I admitted as I pressed play and watched us sit down beside each other on the couch before my mother rose to remove her panties and pass them to me. "See, we've done 'mother catches son with her panties,' 'mother and son watch incest porn together,' and now, 'son accidentally cums inside his mother.'"

"You naughty boy," Mom feigned anger, laughing as she slapped my chest.

"Maybe that could be our next video?" I suggested. "Mom punishes son for secretly filming them fucking," I laughed.

"I like it," Mom grinned, grinding her groin again on my erection. "I think I'm going to like a lot of your ideas Baby."

I abandoned the camera behind me as I lowered her back down onto the couch, again fully penetrating her sopping pussy. "And I've got so many ideas Mom," I confessed. "So many naughty ideas."

The End.

Thank you for reading.