

# HOME CARE

*sunburycd*

*Son takes care of mother after accident.*

Incest/Taboo

4.6

9.8k words

*Note to readers: Contains descriptive toilet scenes that some may find objectionable, for the others, enjoy.*

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Having just completed the greatest kill streak of my gaming career, I was sitting back on my bed in satisfaction when I heard the crash and then the screaming. It was a horrible sound, not the cry of someone reacting to a spider or mouse but a guttural scream of someone in agony. And I knew it was my mother.

With the bathroom adjacent to my room I'd heard her turn on the shower as I began the stage, and with the water still running I knew her screams were coming from there.

I threw down my controller and ran to the bathroom door only to find it locked. "Mom, what's happened?" I yelled, knocking on the door.

"Josh! God help me." She managed to cry out amid agonized tears.

Breaking down doors is not as easy as in the movies but after a couple of well placed kicks and a shoulder charge, the lock gave and I burst into the steamy bathroom.

I was met with the vision of my mom lying on the floor of the shower, the water cascading down upon her naked form. Her arms were caught beneath her at a strange angle and her legs, splayed.

Now I wasn't looking at her in the least sexual way, in fact there wasn't anything sexy about the situation. She'd slipped and was in immense pain and needed help and I quickly moved into action.

First turning off the water I gently slid my arms around her back beneath each of her armpits and moved her into a sitting position, leaning against the wall.

Now that her arms weren't pinned beneath her, the pain eased somewhat and she ceased her screaming. Her wrists were swelling up tremendously, she must have fallen and in an attempt to brace the landing, bent them both backwards.

Mom held her arms out in front of her and I could see in her face the pain must have been excruciating. I grabbed a towel and placed it over her body to give her some modesty then ran to call the paramedics.

I was on auto-pilot as I gave them the details, opened the front door then ran back to my mother. She'd settled somewhat and was able to talk rationally to me for the first time.

"Thank god you were here Josh. I don't know what I would've done," she gushed.

"It's fine Mom just relax, the paramedics are on their way, they'll be here any minute," I reassured her. "Do you want me to help you up, maybe put on your robe?"

For the first time, I think she realized the position she was in and looked down at herself. As she'd lifted her knees and spread her legs to rest her arms on, the towel I'd covered her with had ridden up around her waist. This had left her vagina completely exposed and though I tried not to stare I couldn't help noticing her pink labia and small brown asshole beneath, sitting amongst a thick forest of wet brown pubic hair.

She'd allowed it to fall below her breasts as well. With arms outstretched before her however, they were quite well covered with just the cleavage visible.

It was the first time I think I'd ever seen my mother blush from embarrassment. "Umm. Yes, could you help me up darling?" She asked quietly, tears streaking her cheeks.

I, as before, knelt beside her and with one arm around her back and the other trying to hold her towel in place, lifted her to a standing position. I kept the towel pressed to her body at her breast and reached for her white satin robe hanging from a hook on the back of the door.

Once again I saw her naked, as I dropped the towel in the action of placing the robe around her body. That thick patch of pubic hair, I ridiculously had the inclination to run my fingers through it but immediately cast the idea aside. Her breasts were large, probably a d-cup and although she'd recently turned 40 she was in pretty good shape.

The robe now hiding her nudity, I grabbed another towel and made an effort to dry her hair as she sat on the edge of the bath. The medics arrived shortly after and made the decision to take her to hospital for x-rays.

I followed the ambulance in my car and reflected on all that had happened. I felt proud of myself for the way I'd handled things. It could've been really awkward but I think I was pretty mature and I hoped Mom thought so too.

Mom. Shit I'd seen her nude. I'd seen her asshole for fucks sake. She did have nice tits. Stop it. What was I thinking? She was my mother. I hadn't seen her butt from behind yet. Stop it. I thought about something else, the pain in my shoulder from breaking down the door. That'd leave a bruise. God that hairy bush. It was doing no good!

Mom was taken into emergency and I paced in the waiting room for what seemed to be hours. Eventually a nurse called for me and led me to her in a recovery cubicle.

"Ah, so you're the hero!" A doctor grinned at me as I entered Mom's room. He was wearing a name badge that read Wesley Fuller M.D. I ignored his comment and concentrated on my mother. She was sitting up on a gurney, her wrists enclosed in plastic braces from her forearms to her hands. She looked a lot brighter and smiled as well when I approached to give her a kiss on the cheek.

"I was so worried, are you OK?" I asked.

Doctor Fuller answered for her, "She's very lucky. No breaks thank goodness but her wrists are badly sprained. You'll have to be taking it very easy for the next few days Mrs. Taylor."

"It's Ms. I'm not married." Mom replied. Was she flirting with this guy?

"Anyway, I think you're also lucky to have this young man, heard you were quite the superhero!" He patted me on the shoulder I'd used to break the door as he left the room and the pain didn't make me feel much like a superhero and gave me another reason to dislike the guy.

"You ARE my hero though Josh! And I promise I won't lock the bathroom door any more," she said. Then realizing how it sounded quickly added, "In case I fall again. Not that I will of course. Oh you know what I mean."

"You'd better not, my shoulder can't go through that again," I coolly responded. "I'm just glad you're alright Mom."

A female nurse entered with the pain medication the doctor had prescribed and informed us that we were free to go. "Now you understand Mrs. Taylor you can't use your hands for a few days, the tendons need time to repair." I noticed my mother didn't correct her about getting her title wrong. She went on. "These meds will help manage the pain until it goes away naturally and when it does you'll be free to remove the wrist restraints, OK? Now as I said you won't be able to do things for yourself for a while so will your insurance cover a home care nurse?"

Mom looked to me for advice then with nothing forthcoming back to the nurse. "I don't think I'd be covered for that, no."

"Oh, OK." The nurse looked at me then back to Mom. "Do you have a daughter Mrs. Taylor?"

Mom looked a little puzzled and answered, "No, why?"

The nurse again looked at me then back to Mom. "Oh it's just as I said you won't be able to do things for yourself," she hesitated, "but I'm sure you'll make do."

I think it was then Mom and I both realized what she was getting at. I'd be her primary carer. I was the one who had to do everything for her. She couldn't use her hands. We didn't mention it to each other in the car on the way home even though it had already begun. I'd had to open the car door for her and help her in. She was still only wearing the satin robe, no underwear and when she wriggled across in the seat the tie came undone, exposing her bare front, her breasts and that thick forest of pubic hair. I had to re-tie it and put the seat-belt around her. It started to dawn on me just how helpless she was and I think she must have felt it too.

When we arrived home and I helped Mom inside I asked her what she'd like to do first and she said she wanted to get dressed. Jump in at the deep end I thought, this would be a test to see how this situation was going to play out.

We walked together into her bedroom and I asked her what she needed.

"I think we should start with some underwear, don't you honey?" She replied.

I went to her panty drawer and opened it up. "Which ones do you want Mom?" I was trying to sound confident and nonchalant but I was freaking out, I was about to help my mother put her panties on. Imagine taking them off. Stop it, I told my brain.

"I don't mind Josh, you pick a pair." Jeez now I was choosing panties for my mother to wear! I chose a red satin pair with black lace trim, pulled them out and held them up proudly to my mother.

"Are these alright Mom?" I asked.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed waiting and smiled, "Yes darling, they'll be fine."

I walked over and crouched down separating the leg holes and with shaking hands placed them at my mother's feet. Mom must have noticed my obvious nervousness.

"Josh, honey stop a moment, let's talk," she said. "Come on, sit up here next to me." I did as she instructed, holding the panties in my lap and she continued.

"Look I know this is going to be a bit weird for the next few days but I think we can get through the awkward stuff, don't you? Why don't we make it a bit of a game or something."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well I don't know, pretend I'm just a regular patient and you're my nurse or something," she proposed. It didn't help, now she was turning it into a role-play situation, it would only feed my fantasies!

"I mean," she went on. "You're my son and I trust you. It's not like you're going to molest me or anything are you?"

"No of course not Mom. I guess I'm nervous because I don't want to stuff anything up."

"Oh sweetie, you won't stuff up! You've been wonderful. Come on, give me a hug." She held out her arms and I carefully wrapped mine around her, avoiding her bound wrists.

This time I confidently placed her knickers at her feet and she slid each in. As I slowly lifted them up her legs I noticed for the first time they probably needed shaving. She stood up when I reached her thighs and I pulled them up completely over her bottom whilst still underneath the robe.

First mission accomplished, I knew she'd need a bra so I quickly made my way back to the drawer to pick up the matching piece I'd spied moments before. I was starting to enjoy the process. Choosing items for her to wear, putting them on. Holding the bra I stood before her, "I have to take your robe off," I stated.

"I know honey," she smiled back. "It's OK."

I reached forward and undid the belt of her satin robe which fell open immediately. I cautiously dropped it down over her shoulders and wrists and threw it behind her onto the bed. My mother now stood before me dressed only in a pair of red satin panties, her breasts moved up and down slightly with each breath and her nipples were erect which surprised me as the room definitely wasn't cold. It was only then that I realized I had an erection.

Who could blame me? I was 18, only kissed a few girls in my life and until a couple of hours ago, never seen a woman naked. Here I was standing in front of a near naked female helping to put a bra on. Yes, she was my mother and if you'd mentioned this prospect to me even a day earlier I would've been disgusted but now, in reality, it was extremely hot.

I cautiously placed her bound wrists through the arm straps and fitted the cups over her breasts, making sure not to touch them. I then circled around and attached the clasps. Mom complimented me on how well I did it, "Wow you did that well, I wonder if you'll be as good taking it off?" She'd meant well but the comment came out a little awkward and we both realized.

"OK, what do you want to wear?" I asked as she stood there in the middle of the room in her matching bra and panties.

"Oh just some leggings and a t-shirt will do, they'll be comfy," she replied.

Leggings, I thought. Tight pants where I'll have to essentially rub my hands up her legs to get them on. Shit, did my dick just swell further at the thought? I found a pair of grey leggings in her drawer and again with the panties I placed them at her feet, the length rolled up to easier pull them up her leg.

As I presumed, when I got to mid thigh they began to get tight on her legs and I had to touch her skin to pull them up fully around her hips. I may have been too enthused and pulled them up high, causing them to tightly snug around her crotch creating an amazing looking cameltoe.

"Ooh, bit too high baby," Mom chuckled.

"Oh sorry," I apologized. "I can pull them down a little."

"No that's fine honey. You're doing great." The comment helped me relax and when I'd found a t-shirt and then a pair of ankle socks and some slippers, everything seemed back to normal.

I stood back and admired my creation. "There, all done," I exclaimed.

Mom twirled and I quickly checked out her butt as she did so. The leggings clung tight, giving her a visible panty line and entered the crack of her ass slightly. It looked good enough to kiss and I was shocked at myself for thinking it. Her white t-shirt was tight and the red bra beneath was clearly visible through it. Overall she looked hot.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Beautiful," I responded and hoped I hadn't given anything away.

Mom asked me to brush her hair and tie it up for her and I did so gladly. It was now late in the afternoon and I asked her what she'd like for dinner. We decided that calling for a pizza would be the easiest option and it arrived as we were watching the nightly news on TV.

I'd found some straws in the kitchen, so Mom could at least drink for herself but I had to feed her the pizza. Holding the slice up to her open mouth and waiting for her to chew and swallow, then repeating. The medication she was given could only be taken with food, so I organized that and soon our first post-accident meal was complete.

Mom and I were sitting together on the couch watching TV when she sheepishly confessed. "Um Josh. I have to use the bathroom."

It was something else I hadn't thought of until now, just how this detail had slipped my mind I didn't know but here I was being presented with a new test.

"Ah OK, let's do this!"

I led her down the hall to the bathroom. When I reached the door I noticed I'd done a great deal more damage to the lock than I'd appreciated. The entire wood section of the handle was shattered and missing and the door would therefore not stay closed. I walked over to the toilet and lifted the lid and Mom approached behind me. Standing back, I allowed her to move to the bowl. I casually

took hold of her leggings at the waist and slid them down mid thigh and she seated herself on the toilet.

"I'll be just outside Mom, I have to hold the door closed. Just call when you're done."

She smiled nervously back at me, "Thank you baby."

Standing outside the bathroom I waited a little while then finally heard the stream of her pee hitting the water. It was a strong flow and continued on and on. The poor thing must have been holding on for ages and I felt sad for her at how helpless she must have felt. Finally her pee trailed off and she called out to me.

"I'm finished honey."

I opened the door and approached her still sitting on the throne. She had tears running down her face and the sight broke my heart.

"Mom, what's wrong? Why are you crying?" I asked, kneeling down in front of her.

"I'm so sorry Josh. You shouldn't have to do this. It's too much," she continued to cry and I reached for a tissue from the vanity.

"Mom stop it," I pressed the tissue to her cheek and dried a tear. "I don't mind. I want to help you. I'm your nurse remember, it's my job!"

This seemed to brighten her a little and she smiled, I held the tissue to her nose which was dripping and she blew it and I threw the tissue in the bin. "Now come on, let's get you up."

"Ah, baby. You have to wipe me!" She stated.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Oh, of course," how could I have been so stupid. That was probably what she was crying about. I tore off a few sheets of paper and then stopped, joking. "Are you a folder or a scruncher Mom?"

She laughed and it made me feel so much better, "Ah folding will be OK baby."

I did as instructed and with Mom leaning back on the cistern and spreading her legs I placed the paper beneath her vulva and pressed. Even through the toilet paper the heat of her pussy was evident, I wiped from the front where I assumed her clitoris would be, to the back where I felt the folds of her labia end, and repeated. The way I held the paper in my hand allowed the top of my thumb to brush against her pubic hair and it wasn't lost on me that earlier I'd fantasized the exact thing.

I tossed the paper into the toilet and proudly declared, "All done. See that wasn't so bad!" I then further tried to lighten the mood. "Oh it was just number ones?" It was a good joke, but we both realized it would be "number two's" sooner than later.

The drugs were a great pain relief but also caused drowsiness. Come 9pm Mom was finding it hard to keep her eyes open on the couch and I suggested I help her get ready for bed. I took her to the bathroom and cleaned her teeth which we accomplished with much laughter and a great deal of mess. In the bedroom I pulled her t-shirt off over her head and undid her bra.

"You're just as good at undoing them I see. The ladies had better watch out hadn't they honey?" She mused and it was good to see her becoming more relaxed. I took off her leggings and again she was left in only her panties. I found a nightdress in the drawer and carefully slid her arms and head into it.

"Now do you need anything else? Don't need the potty again?" I asked, whimsically.

She smiled and tucked her legs up under the outstretched sheets, "No Josh, I'll be fine thank you."

"Alright, well just call out if you need help OK. I'm just down the hall."

"I will baby," then. "Thank you. For everything." I kissed her on the forehead and turned off the light, leaving her to fall asleep with the door open so I could hear her if need be.

In my room I was torn. I wanted to pull my cock out and masturbate to all that had happened. There was no doubt I was attracted to her but she was so vulnerable which didn't make it sexy. Or maybe it did. Maybe her helplessness was the turn on. She was my mother, I shouldn't have even been having this internal debate. Whatever, my cock won. I jacked off to the memory of her nude and pissing and removing her clothes and seeing her anus, touching her pubic hair, her pussy. And as I came I wondered if maybe that would put an end to it. Maybe I just needed to get it out of my system and then I'd begin thinking rationally.

Oh how wrong I was.

I woke quite late the next morning and checked on my mother. Her measured breathing told me she was still sleeping but as I tried to quietly leave her room she awakened and fixed me with the most beautiful smile. "Hello sleepyhead," I said. "Have a good night?"

Mom yawned and stretched her bound arms out before her. "Mmm I did honey, my wrists hurt this morning though. When can I take my medication doctor?" She was calling me 'doctor' now, that wouldn't help keeping my fantasies at bay, a doctor/patient scenario playing out in my head!

"With breakfast. Do you want to get up? Or breakfast in bed?" I asked.

"Oh I think I'll get up, stretch my legs a little," she answered.

I helped by pulling the sheets back off her and in doing so noticed her nightie had ridden up around her waist. I had certainly chosen the most alluring panties for her to wear but probably not the most comfortable. As she swung her legs around and off the bed the side of her bottom was presented to me, clearly displaying the fact her panties had wedged up into her ass crack. Mom must have noticed me looking and after I'd retrieved her slippers she asked. "Can you fix it for me honey?"

I didn't play coy or pretend I didn't know what she was talking about, I simply had her stand and reached around and slid a finger inside her panties on each bum cheek and pulled them out.

"There, perfect." I proclaimed. "Now what do you want for breakfast?"

Mom chose cornflakes and I sat beside her at the table and slowly fed her by spoon. Nearing the bottom of the bowl there was more milk than flake and as I lifted a full spoon into her open waiting mouth it spilled and ran down her chin. Without thinking I quickly leaned in and kissed the dripping milk from below her lips and Mom jolted back startled. "Ooh honey?"

"Um. Sorry, I don't know why I did that." I apologized.

"No it's OK. I just didn't expect it is all." She smiled again and I knew everything was OK. "You know what I'd really like Josh?" My mind ran through plenty of options in the few seconds it took her to continue. "Coffee! I haven't had one since yesterday morning."

"Sure but medication first."

"Yes doctor," Mom conceded.

After making her a coffee and setting her up with a straw so she could drink it herself I left her in the living room watching TV and decided to put a load of washing on. I gathered up the bra and clothes Mom had worn last night and knowing I'd have to do her panties as well, walked back into the living room. "I'm doing the washing Mom, do you have anything else?" Knowing full well what her response would be.

"Um just my underwear I guess baby, I'll have to have a shower soon, so you can take them now if you want."

I did want!

"Sure, you want to just jump up there?" I helped her to stand and reaching up under her nightie took hold of her panties on each side and slid them down her legs and off over her feet. "Thank you madam." I threw her panties into the basket I'd compiled and walked to the laundry.

Once there I dropped the basket and lifted out my Mom's warm knickers. They'd been pressed to her pussy and wedged in her ass all night and my cock was demanding I smell them. I released my hard dick from my pants and lifted the red satin to my mouth and nose. It was a violation of her privacy, she would probably be disgusted by my actions but right then and there I didn't care. I was too horny to deny myself. I inhaled the scent of my mother's cunt on the fabric, I pressed my lips and tongue to where I presumed her asshole would've been and gripping my cock, began cumming onto the floor of the laundry.

I felt a little ashamed of myself and couldn't look her in the eye for the next half hour until finally she spoke.

"How are we going to do the shower thing?" She asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I cant wash myself and you'll have to, you know. How will we do it?" She was struggling for words.

"I don't know, we'll figure something out. Did you want to do it now?"

"Oh, when you're ready darling. Um, I'll have to go to the toilet first!" She added.

"Yeah cool, let's go now." I hoped I didn't sound too enthusiastic.

As before I stood outside the door and listened to my mother use the toilet. The familiar sound of her stream of urine and then the unmistakable sound of her pooping. Two small splashes followed by a larger plop in the water. I felt my face redden at what was about to happen, which was surprising as most of my blood was rushing to my penis, swelling at a rapid rate.



Mom quietly called my name to say she was finished and I entered. She was looking up at me as I approached, her nose scrunched up with lips open, teeth clenched. "I'm sorry honey, I had to do number two's. It's a smelly one!" And then the smell did hit me as I walked into it. Not disgusting, just a sickly sweet aroma. Unmistakably shit but not unpleasant, I was surprised.

"Don't worry about it," I said as I knelt before her spread legs, reaching for the paper. "Now let's get you clean." I as before, folded the paper and wiped her vagina of urine first then casually as if I'd done it many times reached further between her legs and found her anus and wiped. As I did so, my upper thumb brushed not only her pubic hair but her labia. My cock pulsed at the touch. I threw the paper in the toilet and folded another few pieces. Wiping her anus again I looked at the paper to see if it was clean, which it was and threw it also into the bowl.

"I'm so sorry you have to do this Josh." Mom whispered down to me.

"Don't worry Mom, I like it!" I replied.

"You like it?" She responded with a questioning look on her face.

"No I mean I like looking after you." I countered and thought I got away with it. "It makes me not feel like such a loser." I stood her up and in the act of flushing looked down at my mother's turds in the water, the sight sending a strange thrill through my body.

"You're not a loser honey. Remember, you're my hero."

I ran the shower and tested it's warmth. We both realized that I would have to see Mom naked again and not only that, wash her body but I tried to treat the situation clinically. I removed her nightie and helped her into the shower. It was the first time I could actually stand back and admire her naked as I allowed her to wet her body and hair beneath the relaxing, flowing water.

Her body wet, the light glistened off her skin as she slowly turned, giving me a full 360deg perspective of her nude form. I loved what I saw. My cock was straining behind my jeans but I hoped she couldn't tell. The idea was for me to remain outside the shower fully clothed while reaching in to wash her body but quickly we both realized it wouldn't work. More water was falling outside the base than in.

"Hang on, I've got an idea." I ran to my room and stripped off my clothes. I found a pair of board shorts and pulled them on, carefully tucking my cock inside and made my way back to Mom.

"Good thinking," she smiled, as I returned and entered the shower with her. It was the best possible solution apart from me being naked as well and I didn't think she'd go along with that. Yet!

The wrist supports, being made of plastic were fine to get wet and I set about washing my mother's body. She instructed me to start with shampooing her hair and I was greeted with the most sensual of vocalizations from her in response to the massaging of her scalp. She made the same sighs and moans as I used a sponge on her shoulders and back. When I reached her bottom I paused and she read my mind.

"I just soap up my fingers honey," she offered and I responded by massaging my soapy digits over and around her tight little puckered hole.

I returned to the sponge to do the backs of her legs, kneeling with my face level with her ample white buttocks. The desire to spread those cheeks was overwhelming. It would've been so simple to

bury my face between them and tongue her holes but I instead made do with watching the water run from the pubic hair between her parted thighs.

I next cleaned her feet which I lingered on, running my fingers between each toe. My cock was almost bursting from my shorts. With each movement, friction caused a masturbatory effect. If I didn't control myself I would soon be cumming in them.

Standing up I had my Mom turn to face me. I lifted each arm gingerly and washed her armpits which needed shaving. I didn't know whether it was right for me to wash her breasts but she didn't say anything or stop me as I caressed each in turn with the sponge, lifting and soaping under each respectively. I moved on to her stomach and was then faced with her thick wet bush of pubic hair. I didn't wait for her guidance as I did with her bottom, I soaped my hand and placed it right over her pubic mound and shampooed her thatch, running my fingers through the hair and massaging the skin beneath. My mother's legs parted slightly and I slid my hand down to her pussy, soaping up her labial lips and sliding the length of my index finger along her slit to her anus and back.

It was wet down there. Yes, I know I was in a shower but this was wetter than that. It was lubricated. And then it happened, with my hand on my mom's pussy, I came in my board shorts. I tried as best I could to not make any visual sign in my face and I didn't make a sound or alter my breathing. I knew the water would hide the sin so I believed I would actually get away with it and with the release, my cock thankfully began shrinking in size.

I conditioned Mom's hair and rinsed it off and our first shower together was over, I think I'd managed to get away scot-free. I toweled off my mother and wrapped her in a new robe I found in her wardrobe. I managed to blow-dry her hair and style it somewhat, (well put it in a ponytail) and then asked what else she needed me to do. Moisturizing was her priority and I relished the act of rubbing the cream on her legs. They needed shaving and I was summoning up the courage to ask her about it but couldn't do it yet. She asked for a facial moisturizer as well and if I wouldn't mind having a go at putting some makeup on her. I think I did pretty well with the mascara but enjoyed applying the lipstick the most.

When it came to dressing her, it was my choice again. I wanted to dress her up to be as sexy as possible without going overboard. I found a pair of black nylon/elastane panties, they felt like satin and looked small enough to hug her ass tightly. She didn't object to the black lace bra and when I knelt, awaiting her to place a foot inside black pantyhose, she kissed me on the top of the head and laughed.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"It's just fun having you dress me honey, you choose combinations I don't usually think of. It's sweet."

"I just want you to look pretty Mom!" I stated.

"Who for? You?"

"Well no, for yourself, to make you feel better." I know she saw straight through me but it was worth a shot.

She had a denim mini skirt that I'd admired in the past and I fetched it and helped her into it, followed by a tight white tank top. It was enjoyable dressing her in the items but I knew it would be double the fun taking them off and my cock again pulsed at the thought.

Mid afternoon we were sitting together in the living room and Mom was looking at her hands. The plastic covers left only the lower half of her fingers uncovered. "Josh would you do something for me?" She asked.

"Anything Mom, what is it?" I replied, eager to please.

"These things make my hands look so ugly, would you be a sweetie and put some nail polish on for me?"

"Of course, what color would you like?"

"Um the red will be fine if you can find it, it should be in my dresser," she suggested and I went off to fetch it.

For the next 20 minutes I sat beside her on the couch and painted her nails. It was such a bonding experience and being so close to her was so warm and comforting, it gave me goosebumps.

"There, finished Mom. How did I do?" I asked proudly.

"Expertly done honey. I should get you to do it all the time," she remarked. "Do you want to do my toes?"

Is the Pope catholic? I thought to myself. "Sure, um I'll have to take off your pantyhose!"

"Well obviously, silly," she laughed and stood up.

I raised her denim skirt up around her waist and took hold of the top of her black pantyhose. Making sure not to pull her panties down with them, I tugged them down her legs and off over her feet and placed them on the coffee table.

Mom sat down lengthways on the couch and I took up position at her feet. I took hold of her foot and placed it in my lap. "No tickling honey," Mom laughed as I set about painting her beautiful little toes. Where I sat and how Mom's leg was bent gave me a perfect view up her skirt and between moving onto each toe I would quickly sneak a peek at her black panties. I was close enough to see pubic hair poking out each side and my cock hardened at the vision. Mom's foot was pressed down right over it and she must have felt, let alone seen the swelling but she said nothing. She caught me a couple of times looking up her skirt but again, she said nothing. I blew on her toes when I was finished to dry them off and couldn't resist kissing her foot to conclude.

"Wow," she stated. "If that's the service you get around here, I'm definitely coming back!" She joked. "Thank you though Josh. I do feel better about myself," she pointed at her pantyhose. "You can just put those in the wash if you like, I want to be able to see my toes."

"Sure." I picked up her pantyhose and took the nail polish back to her room. On the way back I stopped off at my room and placed her pantyhose under my pillow for later use. I was only human.

We developed a pretty steady routine over the next couple of days of dressing, feeding, ablutions. Mom was becoming more comfortable with me taking care of her more private business and she'd even stopped apologizing every time I had to wipe her after using the toilet. I was sticking with the board shorts in the shower and if I lingered a little more each day washing her private parts, she didn't seem to object.

On the third night Mom had asked me if it was OK for her to have some wine with the medication and after a little research I jokingly conceded it was acceptable as long as she didn't get carried away. Mom and I began watching a movie but soon became bored with it. "You haven't played your video games much lately honey," Mom commented.

"That's because I've got something more important to do," I replied.

"You mean looking after me?" She asked. I raised her glass of wine I'd been holding to her lips and she took a sip, looking into my eyes.

"Of course!" I replied, smiling.

"Why don't you play now? I can come and watch."

"You want to watch me play on the ps4? The alcohol must be effecting the medication!" I laughed.

"I'll just sit on your bed and be quiet, you wont even know I'm there."

"Oh, I'll know but OK, come on." I agreed.

I set her up on my bed and placed her wine with a straw beside her on the bedside table. She kept half her promise and was quiet but I certainly knew she was there.

Soon I looked back and noticed she'd fallen asleep. I turned off my game, woke her and took her off to her bedroom. I'd dressed her that morning in jeans and a bodysuit with a snap crotch. Three times I had placed my hand between her legs and unsnapped the suit during the day for bathroom breaks. After removing her jeans I again pressed my fingers to her pussy and undid the press studs. Mom lifted her arms and I removed the bodysuit over her head leaving her completely naked.

"Right, knickers," I said and Mom quickly stopped me.

"Actually honey just get me my nightie, I've had a lot of liquids and if I need to get up during the night I can go to the bathroom without waking you."

I felt kind of put out, I was enjoying her bathroom visits, though the thought of her in bed without panties, was just as alluring.

"Will you stay with me until I fall asleep honey?" she asked as I placed the sheet over her and I couldn't say no.

The hall light was the only illumination in the room, it was warm and Mom had asked me to pull down the sheet to her hips. I lay beside her and was caressing her tummy as she'd asked. Knowing she was quite tipsy I decided to ask her about her leg hair.

"Oh sweetie I know it's ugly, I was actually going to shave my legs and armpits the day I fell and since then I didn't want to trouble you with it," she confessed.

"Mom, that's what I'm here for. Do you want me to do it tomorrow?"

"Would you honey? I'd love it if you could," she said sleepily

"Right after breakfast Mom," I told her.

"Can you rub my tummy on the skin Joshy, it gives me goosebumps," she whispered and I could tell she was about to fall asleep. I quickly, yet softly pulled her nightie up over her legs, her pussy, to just below her breasts. As soon as I resumed touching her stomach, goosebumps appeared all over her skin and her breathing moderated to show she was asleep.

I continued gently stroking her stomach around her belly button then slowly, incrementally made my way to her pubic mound. My fingers stroked through her long pubes, combing her thicket and massaging the mound beneath. Mom moaned in her sleep as I caressed her pubes then back up to her stomach. Soon I just left my hand over her crotch, my fingers buried in her pubic hair and with a hard-on pressed into the mattress, I lay beside her thinking life couldn't get any better than this.

I must have fallen asleep as the next thing I knew the room was cold and I was no longer clutching my Mother's pubes. I pulled the blanket over my Mom and made my way to my room and bed.

I awoke with a start and looked at the time. 3am. I heard a noise and realized it must have been what woke me. Immediately I thought of my Mom needing the toilet but listening, the noise came from the kitchen. I made my way to the door and peering out, listened again. I heard the fridge open, the sound of a drawer, cutlery. Considering it couldn't be my mother, I silently made my way down the hall and stood in the darkness to observe in secret. It was my mother! She was moving around the kitchen like nothing was wrong, I could see her wrist protection sitting on the table, beside the sandwich she'd made herself. She again opened the fridge and took out a large jug of water and poured herself a drink. How was any of this possible? Just hours before she'd needed me to undress her. I quietly went back to my room.

I sat on the bed in the dark and listened as Mom finished making a meal then clean up after herself. I heard her tiptoe past my room and enter the bathroom. She used the toilet and flushed. I even heard her washing her hands. The strangest thing then happened, she tiptoed back to my door and stopped as if listening to me. I remained totally silent and she must have assumed I was asleep. She then made her way back to her room.

So that was the end of that I thought. She was better, she'd no longer need me to feed her, bathe her. I was disappointed to say the least. I wouldn't get to shave her legs. There would be no more showering together. No more dressing. I'm not too proud to admit I she'd a light tear out of pity for myself. It took me a long time to fall back asleep.

I awoke at 9am and put on some track pants and a t-shirt. I was glum. I walked to the kitchen and began to make myself a coffee. I made my way down to my mother's room and peered past the half open door. She was awake but still lying in bed and immediately I noticed she was wearing her wrist restraints again.

"Hey Mom, how you feeling?" I asked, purposefully not mentioning last night's incident.

"Oh a little better I think honey. Maybe I'll try not taking the drugs."

"Yeah? You think your hands are OK now? You want to take off the restraints?" I challenged.

"Oh no, I don't want to do that. They're definitely not mended yet. It'll be a little while yet I think." She lied to my face and I couldn't have been happier.

"Ready for breakfast?" I asked.

"Ooh yes, I'm starving. Can you help me up honey?"

I walked over to her bed and pulled back the covers, yet again her nightie was up around her waist but as she wasn't wearing panties the sight was even more wonderful. I regretted having thrown on loose fitting track pants as my cock began to harden at the sight, creating an obvious tent in the front of my pants. Mom didn't help things by spreading her legs as she swung them around, then falling backwards in her effort to get out of bed, flashing her pussy to me in all its glory. "Whoops. Maybe I should've worn undies to bed. Sorry," she laughed.

"That's OK," I stood between her legs then leaned in and clutched her beneath each armpit, my cock barely inches from her hairy pussy and lifted her up to vertical.

"And because you've been so good lately I'm going to make you pancakes for breakfast, how's that sound?"

"Ooh yummy," she replied and we walked together to the kitchen.

I sat next to her at the table cutting up and feeding her the pancakes, some drizzled in maple syrup, others lemon juice and sugar. We both sat sideways on our chairs, facing each other so as best to eat the meal. Mom's legs were spread and her nightie barely covered her sex. Anyone looking at my pants would clearly see my erection and I did nothing to hide it. Something was going on here. Mom had lied to me about using her hands and the only reason I could come up with was she was enjoying having me do everything for her. The fact she no longer wanted to take the medication as much as proved it but I for one wasn't going to challenge her about it. No, in fact I'd decided right then and there to take it as far as it could possibly go.

With each mouthful my mother would almost seductively open her mouth and hold out her tongue awaiting the fork. I say almost, as I couldn't be sure whether she was doing it on purpose or it was incidental. No matter which, it was hot and if I had to feed her like this for the rest of her life I would oblige.

"Do you remember what we talked about last night honey? About shaving my legs," she reminded me, as if I would've forgotten. "Do you still not mind doing it?"

"Of course not, I have to do your underarms too remember," I added. "How's is the best way we should do it, in the shower?"

"Oh no! That's what got me in this position in the first place!" She held up her injured arms and confessed to me that attempting to shave her legs in the shower had been the reason for her fall. She usually did it in the bath but on the day tried it standing up in the shower. It hadn't ended well and that's where I came into the picture.

"I think the best way is for me to have a bath, that'll soften the hairs, then you can shave me. Sound good?" She asked.

"Sounds very good," I returned, not even hiding my enthusiasm.

I ran the bath and even lit a candle in there (she always did when she had a bath) as Mom drank her coffee. When ready I called her in and began to take off her nightie. "Um Josh, I have to use the toilet," she stated and I complied by sitting her down then began taking up my usual position outside the bathroom when she stopped me. "You don't have to wait outside baby, I won't be long!" And as she spoke I heard the sound of her pee flowing from her into the bowl. I sat on the bath next to her and waited for her to finish. The urine stopped but she didn't mention she was done and I knew why. I heard the crackle of her turd emerging from her anus and then the large

splash down in the bowl followed by another, smaller. My mom was shitting openly in front of me and I couldn't have been more turned on.

After wiping and flushing, I removed her nightie and helped her into the warm bath. I asked if she'd like to just relax in there a while and she agreed.

"I'll put some music on for you," I proposed and on leaving saw my reflection in the mirror. How Mom could not have noticed my erection was unbelievable, was she being willfully ignorant? Maybe saving me from embarrassment? I couldn't fathom but things were definitely heating up.

I found some soothing classical piano that she admired I tuned it up loud enough to hear in the bathroom and made my way back to her.

"A bath, candle, music. Someone's being very romantic!" She stated when I walked into the steamy bathroom. I felt myself blushing and thankfully my erection had subsided in the time spent in the other room.

"What? No it's not like that, I was just," but she interrupted me.

"It's OK honey, I'm just playing with you. You're being sweet." She then lifted one of her legs out of the bath. "Now someone's got some work to do!"

I was able to shave her left leg and the top of the right, quite easily sitting on the edge of the bath but I couldn't reach the back of her right. I was thinking I could get in the bath with her but didn't mention it. It was actually Mom who came up with a far better option.

"If you help me out honey I can just sit on the edge of the bath here, it'll be easier to do my underarms that way as well."

I agreed and soon I was kneeling between my naked mother's spread legs. I lathered up the back of her right leg and completed the job, then sprayed foam into my hand and transferred it to her exposed armpit. They weren't overly hairy and the task was completed quicker than I'd hoped.

"I think you're done Madam," I stated proudly.

"Why thank you Sir, how much do I owe?" She played along.

"Well because you're my favorite customer, it's on the house." We laughed and I rinsed off the razor in the bath.

"Actually honey there is just one more thing you could do," she paused. "Oh actually, don't worry about it you wouldn't want to."

"Wouldn't want to what?" I asked

"Well it's just my bikini line, I don't know if you've noticed but it's a little overgrown, so to speak!" She remarked. Didn't know if I'd noticed? Her pussy was all I was thinking about!

I wanted to remain cool and not be overly enthusiastic.

"Yeah I can do it, if you want me to."

"You wouldn't be uncomfortable Josh?" She asked and to answer I sprayed shaving foam into my palm and placed my hand directly onto her pubic mound.

"Ooh. That's cold," she giggled as I smeared the foam all over her crotch from beneath her belly button to her upper thighs and between her ass cheeks. My erection had returned with a vengeance as I ran my fingers over her anus along her crack and massaged the lather into her pussy hair. She spread her legs further apart and seemed to be enjoying the experience. I took up the razor and without waiting for her to direct me, ran it through the thickest part above her vagina shaving her pussy down to skin.

"Ah, I didn't expect you to shave it all off, I just meant the sides honey!" She exclaimed, genuinely shocked.

"Oh sorry, I thought. Oh, I'm an idiot aren't I?" I stated.

"No it's alright, I've just never.. Oh just shave it all off Josh, it'll be a change!" She mused.

I was delighted. I was shaving my mother's pussy. I was meticulous and careful around the hood of her clitoris and labored over her outer labia. I occasionally looked up to her face for validation and I noticed her becoming more flushed. My fingers would often slide between her labia due to her pussy beginning to lube and I knew she was loving the sensation of her own son shaving her. I would've thought the length of her pubes would be a struggle but the razor was sharp and I soon had her smooth and bald. The crack of her bottom was almost impossible from the front and when I asked if she would mind getting on all fours to give me better access so as not to nick her, she assented.

I was in heaven. My mom was in doggy position on the bathroom floor and I was spreading her ass cheeks to shave around her anus. If you can come up with a hotter scenario, I beg you to tell me. I finished shaving her ass and helped her to her feet.

"Thank you honey, that feels so much better, I'll just jump in the shower and rinse off." She declared and I adjusted the temperature for her. When she was in and letting the water rush over her body she looked at me. "Why don't you come in Josh, we're just wasting water having separate showers!"

It was a valid argument and who was I to disagree? I stripped off my shirt and pants and without even attempting to hide my hard-on climbed into the shower with my mother. She turned her back to me after glancing down at my cock for an instant.

"Will you wash my hair honey?" She asked and we proceeded to have our regular shower together, yet this time with us both naked. I soaped up the sponge and began massaging her shoulders. Her ass pushed back into me and my cock, pointing directly at her, slid between her upper thighs beneath her pussy and asshole. Neither of us said a word as I pushed my groin up against her bottom, my dick now protruding out below her shaved pussy. She clasped her thighs together sealing my cocks fate as I soaped up her breasts from behind.

We still both remained silent, the flow of water and our breathing the only sound in the shower. My cheek, then my lips brushed against her ear. I kissed her lobe and then the area behind it. My cock ground against the slippery surrounds. I clasped her breasts, no longer keeping up the charade of washing them. Mom turned her head to look in my eyes and under her gaze, I began to cum. She knew what was happening as my cock twitched and pulsed between her thighs, shooting jets of sperm from between her legs against the shower wall.

We still didn't speak. We finished off our shower together and I towed her off as normal. Mom was the first to break. "Don't forget, you'll need to moisturize me honey." She said, matter-of-factly. I hadn't forgotten. I grabbed the bottle out of the cupboard and kneeling naked before her began



at her feet and worked my way up her legs. When I reached her now hairless cunt I squirted out more lotion and began smearing it over her smooth mound, between her thighs and around her anus, where moments before I'd applied shaving creme. Her pussy was dripping onto my hand to the point where I was no longer sure whether it was lotion or her juice I was smearing. I managed to extract myself from her vagina to apply lotion to her underarms and we were done.

"I'll wait for you in the bedroom." She stated and I watched her ass as it left the bathroom, my cock, hard again pointing in the direction it was headed. I toweled myself dry and naked, followed her to the bedroom.

Mom was sitting on the edge of the bed where daily I clothed her but today there would be no dressing. She'd removed her wrist restraints and placed them on the bedside table. I walked to her and stopped between her spread legs, my swollen cock inches from her face. "Your hands feeling better Mom?" I asked.

"Do you know, they are honey!" She smiled. "Thankfully too, I'm going to need them."

Mom took hold of my erection with her right hand and cradled my balls with her left. With her eyes fixed on my cock she slowly at first ran her hand up and down my shaft, then looked up at me and increased the pace. "Do you like this honey?" She asked. "Do you like your Mommy jacking you off?"

"Oh yes Mom, I love it," I replied.

"I bet you've still got a lot of cum in there for Mommy, haven't you baby?"

"I think I do Mommy, yes," I answered, amazed at the words coming out of her sweet mouth. She continued to masturbate me furiously, the feeling better than when I did it myself.

"Where do you want to cum on Mommy, honey?" She questioned. "Do you want to cum on my face baby? Do you want to cum on my tits? Or maybe you want to cum in Mommy's mouth?" She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue lewdly and the desire to cum in there was overpowering.

I was on the verge of orgasm and new it would happen any moment. "Actually Mom," I gasped. "I want to cum inside you!"

"Correct answer Joshy!" She let go of my cock and lay back on the bed spreading her legs, presenting her glistening freshly shaved pussy to me in all it's wonder. I wasted no time and lay upon her, with barely seconds to spare my dick found it's way inside her slick folds and was encompassed in her wet warmth. My lips just managed to make contact with her mouth and begin kissing as I released my second load of cum for the day, this time deep inside my mother's vagina.

"Oh fuck Mom, that was awesome," I said, as I kissed her and slowly moved my hips against her pelvis, eking out the last of my sperm. "I guess with your hands healed you don't need me to take care of you any more though."

Mom looked me in the eye and smiled. "On the contrary honey, you're going to have to take care of my needs daily, maybe more. Do you think you can do that Josh, can you take care of Mommy?"

I kissed her and my softening cock began to harden again inside her. "I'm pretty sure I can Mom. I promise, I'll always take care of your needs."

The End.