

HOME SHOPPING

sunburycd

Son discovers what his mother actually does at work.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

13.4k words

'Well, how will I get to and from work each day?' I overheard Mom ask my father from the kitchen. Dad had been given an overnight shift at the plant for the next few months and it was already throwing out my parents' schedule.

Ever since I could remember, Dad had driven Mom to work, gone on to his own workplace, and picked her up on the way home. It had been practical and convenient, meaning they had only ever needed one car.

Mom worked at the local television station. It sounds glamorous I know, and when I was a kid, it was pretty cool seeing her on the news desk each day. She was a local celebrity in the community and by association I was pretty popular in grade school. Unfortunately, our town had been slowly dying over a number of years and with cutbacks, the local news was no longer being broadcast from the station, leaving the Home Shopping channel (thankfully being syndicated) the only production coming out of it.

Mom went from newsreader to salesperson pretty much overnight and I and most of my friends (teleshopping not being required viewing at our age) rarely saw her face on screen. There were still perks, however. The house was filled with unused exercise equipment; rarely used kitchen appliances and utensils; and Mom had a never-ending supply of cheap jewelry; all compliments of the advertisers.

I turned the volume down on the television and sunk into the couch in an effort to hide my presence. I had a feeling I knew what Dad was about to say, that she could use my car, or I could drive her, and I didn't like either prospect. I was enjoying the same free time my older sister had taken between school and career, she had traveled; in my case, I was lazing around the house. I certainly didn't want my style cramped now by driving my mother around, or worse still, losing my car each day.

'What about Corey drives you?'

Fuck, I thought as Dad made the suggestion. Mom was quiet in response and Dad went on.

'We can't expect him to loan you his car, but he could at least give you a lift. Christ knows he does nothing else all day!'

I silently cursed him for the comment, obviously thinking I couldn't hear but I had to admit he was kind of right, and to be honest, I was admittedly even getting a little bored. There were worse things in the world than chauffeuring my mother around I supposed, right then I couldn't think of any, but I was sure they'd come to me eventually.

I waited for Mom to finally give him a response and when I heard a chair move and her approaching footsteps, I knew she'd gone along with him.

'Honey?' Mom asked over my shoulder.

'I'll do it!' I broke in before she had a chance to ask me the whole question.

She came around the couch and faced me. 'What, you overheard?'

'Yep.'

'And you don't mind? It'll only be for a couple of months or so. We'll... I'll, be ever so grateful!' She smiled in the light from the television.

'Oh yeah? Remember that when it's my birthday!' I grinned back at her.

*

A few days in and it wasn't so bad. Dad told me not to pay my weekly board to cover the extra gas I was using, and it was even pleasant spending twenty minutes or so each day in the car with Mom. The station was well out of town on the interstate, atop the highest hill in the region, and as per usual, I'd taken to getting there a few minutes early each day to enjoy the sun setting over our picturesque Californian township.

6pm came and went and Mom hadn't appeared. I did an impatient lap of the parking lot to stretch my legs and spent a few more minutes sitting on the hood of my car listening to music. Come 6:30 I headed inside the station to find out what was the hold-up.

The reception area hadn't changed in at least the ten years since I'd been there. More amazing, nor had the woman behind the desk.

'Well look who it is! Little Corey Douglas,' the woman exclaimed.

Her name was totally lost to me, but I smiled as though it wasn't. 'You remember me?'

'Well of course Honey. Little Corey Douglas. You and your sister used to pretend you were newsreaders in the studio when we were off-air! Used to love playing on the kitchen set as well if I remember correctly. You here to see your mom, Love?'

'Yeah, to pick her up actually,' I replied.

The woman looked at the time behind her. 'She still has half an hour. You go on through Hon; they're recording so just keep it down now,' she lifted a finger to her mouth as if to emphasize the point and gestured me towards the studio doors.

I had been there countless times as a child. I recall I did enjoy playing on the kitchen set, fake oven and all. If they were cooking something on-air it would be done in the staff kitchen prior and made to look as if it was done right there and then. The wonders of television I suppose.

I walked through the double doors and as the receptionist whose name was on the tip of my tongue had advised, I kept it quiet. The studio itself was dark but the set for the home shopping was brightly lit. Before the two cameras, only one of which was operated by a human, three women were waxing lyrical about the product they were plugging. I didn't need a degree in advertising to know what that product was.

Standing before the others, the tallest of the three was dressed only in pink underwear, a bra, and panties. Even from where I stood, well back in the darkness, I could see she was beautiful. Probably

about my age, maybe older. Long blonde hair and a body not out of place on the cover of magazines. The other two were older, one with her back to me wearing a ridiculously tight mid-thigh dress that accentuated every curve, and the other in a business dress. I couldn't see Mom anywhere and just as I was about to head back out, I was taken by the elbow.

'Hey stranger,' the woman whispered as I turned. My mother's friend Delores, whom I hadn't seen in years as well, smiled brightly at me. Wearing a headset with a microphone, she was obviously producing. 'Your mom told me to look out for you.'

'Hey, Delores. Yeah, I'm meant to be picking her up. Have you seen her?' I whispered back.

A slightly confused expression came upon her face. 'Open your eyes silly, she's on set!' She remarked, then looked down at her watch. 'One more change and she's done.' Someone must have spoken in her ear, and she raised a finger to me as if to wait before shaking her head and leaving in a hurry.

My eyes were open! Or more to say, they were opened. I looked again at the three women and now not so fixated on the younger of the group, I realized the woman in the skin-tight dress, was my mother. Now facing me, her blonde hair up in a bun and face heavily made up, she was hardly recognizable as the woman I'd dropped off that morning. To be honest, she looked stunning. I moved in and took up one of two chairs behind the camera. Now closer and able to hear, she only looked better, and my initial fascination with the underwear model was forgotten.

'...that's right Gayle, no panty line!' My mother remarked. 'And also, as you'd know, women of our age,' she let out an endearing giggle, 'everything tends to sag. Not with the Wonder Panties. They tone the booty. They cinch the tummy, and dare I say it, Gayle, with the added lace trim. Even provide a bit of sex appeal.'

Jesus, I thought. My mother was talking about "sex appeal."

'Well, now you mention it Angela, and we'll look here on our lovely model Sasha while you get changed. The lace trim...'

I tuned out as Mom turned and walked off the set, her legs long and high heels clicking. High heels! Mom never wore heels. The woman in the business suit, Gayle, was pawing at the underwear model, stretching her panties at the leg and running her hand almost seductively across her buttock. Ordinarily, I would be fascinated with the show, but my mind was elsewhere, backstage with my mother, wondering just what she was changing into. I didn't have to wait long.

She returned from stage left and for that one amazing instant, the flesh-colored underwear matching her skin tone perfectly, I thought she was naked. Walking forward to join the other women, Mom looked directly at me and squinted slightly, obviously finding it hard to make me out under the strong lighting. A look of recognition came across her face and smiling before turning her attention to the others, gave me the slightest wave of a hand.

She knew I was watching her. Watching her in her underwear. I wondered what went through her mind at that moment. Did she even consider it? Was I making too much of a deal over the fact this was the first time in my life, as far as I could remember, I'd ever seen her in bra and panties? In heels, bra, and panties no less. With another semi-naked woman!

Gayle turned her attention to my mother, molesting her in much the same fashion as the younger girl. I looked up to the monitor showing what was going to air and the cameraman had focused

down on my mother's crotch, her groin taking up all the screen. Some moments stay with you for life, this was mine! Mom moved her leg slightly and above the smooth pale skin of her inner thighs, the twin bumps of her cameltoe came into view.

Gayle took her by the hips and turned my mother around as my eyes stayed glued to the screen. Her ass filled the monitor. A real woman's ass, not the skinny butt of the model beside her. Plump, meaty, and delectable. At the top of her crack, I could see the line of a thong beneath the so-called Wonder Panties, before finally, the camera panned out to release me from my spell. The damage was done, however. My dick left rock hard in my pants.

'...now we're getting low in the XXL in the pink. Is that right Delores?' Gayle spoke off-set and waited for a response in her earpiece. 'Uh huh, yes ladies and we've sold out in all sizes in the nude!' Gayle enthused.

Of course, they have! I thought. With my mom advertising them, even I was thinking of buying a pair! A tap again on my shoulder and Delores reappeared beside me. 'Sorry about that,' she whispered. 'My production assistant has gone AWOL; I'm having to do everything.'

'That's okay,' I was thinking of how obvious my erection may have been in the front of my track pants and needed to get out of there. 'I was just going to wait out the front, can you tell Mom I'll be in the car.'

'Oh sure, you can stay here though, you don't need to run off,' Delores suggested but I was already out of the chair, stooped forward a little so as not to reveal my secret.

'That's cool, good to see you again Delores,' I remarked as I made my way out of the studio without looking back. The receptionist had her attention on a phone call and casually waved as I hurriedly left.

*

In the safety of my car, I finally relaxed. What the fuck had just happened? I had seen my mother in her underwear, gazed, focused on her pussy and ass and I'd got an erection. Was I sick? A pervert? I gripped the wheel and willed my cock to soften. Five minutes passed and it did. Just in time for Mom to hop into the passenger's seat.

'I'm so sorry. I couldn't text you, my phone died. Wonder Panties booked another slot, and we went into a second hour. You're not angry with me, are you?' Mom asked.

She'd changed into the clothing I knew her in, jeans and a t-shirt but somehow, she still looked sexy. Still wearing makeup, her hair remaining in the bun. I looked into her heavily mascaraed eyes, and her full red lips, and felt the desire to kiss her.

'I... I didn't know you did that, back there,' I stammered.

She looked confused. 'You know what I do! I've done this for years,' she opened her bag and took out makeup remover and some tissues. She stopped as I think she realized what I meant. 'Oh!' She turned to me, and a smile spread across her beautiful face. 'Did I embarrass you?'

I felt myself go red and diverted my eyes, putting the car in reverse. 'No!'

'You left in a hurry. I turned around and you were gone. Thought you would've hung around to meet Sasha.'

'Who?' I asked.

'Ah, the underwear model! She's from L.A.'

'Oh, I didn't even notice her!' I answered, and it was mostly true.

'Yeah right!' Mom laughed as she began to remove her makeup.

I looked across and wanted to tell her it was her I'd been watching. I wanted to tell her how amazing she had looked and the effect it had had on me. 'The makeup's nice on you. You looked pretty.'

Stopping at the turnoff to the station, Mom momentarily paused removing her makeup. She looked over at me seemingly stunned. 'Wow!' her expression softening, she touched me on the thigh for an instant. 'A compliment? Thank you, that's nice of you to say.'

I shrugged. 'No big deal,' I said, my face afire. 'Just remember it on my birthday.'

My cock was already beginning to re-harden.

*

That night I watched the Home Shopping Network in my room in the hope of an encore screening. It didn't come. Instead, I saw Mom presenting the latest in food-slicing technology. The Slice-n-Dice. I knew the product; it sat unused in the cabinet under the sink. The appliance held no interest; my mother, however, captured my attention. She wore a black skirt and a red satin shirt. In one camera angle, I could see her black bra at her cleavage and even the bump of nipple poking out the satin. This woman on the screen, with her immaculate makeup, perfect fingernails, and styled hair, was two rooms away from me wearing a nightie and about to go to bed. I wondered if she was wearing her Wonder Panties and I dismissed it. Of course, she isn't, I told myself. You know she was wearing a thong underneath, the devil on my shoulder whispered. She has a thong on under her nightie. No, that would be uncomfortable, my thoughts rambled. She's wearing nothing! It wasn't long after I came into my hand and went to bed reliving the entire day's events, but one woman firmly in the front of my mind.

*

With my PVR set up to record the day's programming on the Home Shopping channel, I left with Mom to drop her off at work. In the car with her dressed in old gray leggings (which I now noticed her legs looked so shapely in) and a blue sweater that sadly covered her impressive breasts, I tried small talk. 'How's Dad liking the new shift?'

'Oh, you know. We'll get used to it. It's strange sleeping alone though!' She yawned before taking a sip from her coffee mug.

I wanted to say I would be willing to keep her company but decided against it.

'So... What's on for today?'

'Oh, I don't know honey. I'll have to check the rundown.'

I glanced across at her while at an intersection. She wasn't wearing makeup, yet she looked beautiful. The natural lines of a middle-aged woman, her hair tied back, yet to be styled. I risked

asking the question. 'No... what was it? Wonder Panties, today?'

She looked at me and smiled. 'Ah, I know what you're up to Mister!'

I looked ahead as I drove on, blushing. 'What?'

'You have to get up a little earlier to get one over your mother!'

'Mom, seriously I don't...' I began.

'You're hoping to see Sasha again!'

'What? No!' I admitted, relieved she hadn't seen through my facade.

'I don't blame you, she's beautiful. I wish I looked as good as her. It's a little intimidating standing next to that.'

I wanted to tell her how hot she looked, that I only had eyes for her. 'You looked good too!'

'Hah, yeah right. You didn't even notice me!' She laughed.

'No, I did. You looked really good actually!' I had said it, thrown in the "really" for added effect.

'Hmm. Okay. Two compliments in two days. You really are after a good birthday present this year, aren't you?'

'Ah... yeah. I guess,' I lied.

*

At the station, Mom leaned across and kissed me on the cheek to thank me for the ride. She never did that! I watched her walk toward the doors, her ass swaying and waited until she was out of sight before I headed off more than a little disappointed. I brightened however, as I thought of seeing her on TV when I returned home, and the potential advertising slots she'd host throughout the day.

Nearing our house my phone began ringing and I put it on speaker.

'Honey sorry to bother you, but could you come back to the station?' Mom asked. 'Delores wants to talk to you!'

'What about?' I inquired.

'Um, probably better to discuss it in person.'

She was being vague, and I immediately wondered if my erection the day before hadn't gone unnoticed. I had visions of myself on video skulking from the studio, my cock tenting out my pants like a common pervert. I pulled up the car and headed back the way I'd come. 'Yeah, I'll be there in ten.' To face the music, I thought.

The same woman was still behind reception, and I wondered if she ever left. She greeted me as warmly as ever and directed me to the office directly behind her. Mom and Delores were seated, and I was instructed to join them.

'Why do you look so nervous?' Delores quizzed and I hadn't realized I was giving off such a vibe. She looked at my mom. 'He must have been like this on parent/teacher night!' She laughed and it

gave me the impression this meeting thankfully wasn't about the "erection" incident.

Mom took a sip from her coffee, still wearing the clothes I'd last seen her in.

'No, he was always a good student,' she smiled at her friend.

'Well anyway Corey, I was talking to your mom, and she tells me you're currently unemployed,' Delores said.

I shifted in my seat as I realized what this may have been about. 'Yeah, I don't know what I want to do just yet.'

'Well as I may have mentioned to you yesterday before you ran off so quickly...' Did she know about my hard-on I wondered? 'The station's production assistant has quit and left us in the lurch so to speak. I, we...' she looked at Mom. '...were wondering if you might like to try out for the position?'

I couldn't hide my enthusiasm. I would be working with Mom. I wasn't thinking about the money or the experience right then and there. All I could think about was, I'd have the opportunity to see her in her bra and panties again. 'Yeah!' I blurted out.

'There'll be no favoritism though. Just because you're Angela's son doesn't mean you can slack off,' Delores stated.

'No, I won't!' I jumped up from the chair as if readying myself to get started.

'Whoa relax Corey. I was only joking,' Delores laughed.

'No, I'm just grateful,' I looked across at Mom who smiled back at me. 'How good is this, Mom? We'll be working together.'

She nodded and looked back at Delores. 'See, I told you he'd be enthusiastic.'

Delores glanced at her watch. 'Right, we're on air in twenty minutes. You have to get to makeup,' she looked at Mom, before focusing her attention on me. 'And you need to be shown the ropes.'

*

Production assistant meant gopher. Go for this, go for that. I felt slightly important with my headset and microphone, but I was under no illusion I was on the bottom rung. I didn't care; I was now a part of television. Showbiz was in my blood. A semi-famous chef came in mid-morning to plug an air fryer and my job was to see to it his coffee was continually topped up for the whole two hours. Mom looked stunning in a white satin tank top and gray pencil skirt, and I couldn't believe I hadn't been watching her every day for the last ten years. She was funny and intelligent, her smile and her eyes brightened the room and lit up the screen. I loved her. No, more than that, I was falling in love with her.

No Wonder Panties! Funeral cover; pet insurance; throw rugs; and overpriced stuffed plush bears, filled the day. I was kept constantly busy; relaying stock levels to the hosts; preparing products for display and even cleaning and swapping sets between shoots. Never bored, the day flew by, and come 6pm, Mom came to find me to tell me it was time to go. 'You'll have to help me load some exercise equipment into the car,' she said as we walked from the studio to the back of the station.

'Oh yeah? More freebies!'

'Yep. I'm demonstrating tomorrow. I want to figure out how to use it, so I don't look a complete fool on air.'

'You never look like a fool!' I was quick to say.

'Hah, you've never seen me on exercise equipment!' She laughed.

No. But I was about to, I thought.

*

It was probably the stupidest contraption I'd ever seen. All-In-One Exercise Machine it called itself but everything you did with it could be done without it, using your own body's resistance. Looking like a thick Pogo Stick with pads on either end, it could be separated to form two smaller versions of itself, thereby doubling its ineffectiveness. Mom and I laughed as we attempted to make each of its suggested exercises look presentable for television.

She had changed into workout wear I'd never seen her wearing before, light purple yoga pants with a matching tank, her feet remained bare. 'Okay, you place it under your butt and just do squats,' I fathomed from the manual.

Cautiously Mom did as I said. Balancing the contraption beneath her ass and attempting the squat. I knew what it was designed to do, take pressure off the knees and other joints for older people, but it was so awkward it would more than likely lead to imbalance, potential hip surgery, and eventual legal action.

'Oh!' I stated from my vantage point before her as she reached the bottom of her squat and repeated.

'What?' She asked, attempting not to laugh.

I didn't know how to say it, but it looked as if she were fucking the thing as it retracted and expanded beneath her, seemingly penetrating her ass. 'Um, it looks like you're... ahh.'

Mom re-positioned the device to be able to see in her bedroom mirror. It only took one squat before her mouth opened in horror and she climbed off. 'Corey!' She laughed, hitting me playfully as I defended myself.

'Hey, don't shoot the messenger.'

Mom looked back at the piece of exercise equipment. 'How am I going to do that on air?'

I flicked through the manual and stumbled upon another feature. 'Oh, hang on. Mom... it gets worse!'

'What?'

'It says here there's a vibration function!'

'It does not!'

I reached over to the contraption and found the switch, and sure enough the sound of the vibration filled the room, the padded end shaking on the carpet.

'It says it stimulates blood flow,' I read. With it placed directly beneath the user, there was no doubt as to what it would be stimulating, and Mom knew it too. With a hand over her mouth, I knew she wasn't going to get back on it with me in the room. 'Okay, well, I guess I'll leave you to it,' I added.

'Oh no wait, you have to check my pants!' Mom stated as I began to leave.

'What?'

'This active wear. It's a new line. We have to do the squat test,' Mom explained.

'The what test?' I asked.

'Remember a few years ago they were selling see-through yoga pants?' She continued. 'Well since then when we advertise new gym clothes we do a squat test, just to make sure. You know! Your father usually does it for me!'

If that was the case, I was happy to help out. 'Um, okay. What do I do?' I asked naively.

Mom stood up and turned her back to me. 'Just tell me if you can see my panties while I do a squat?'

On my knees, in my mother's bedroom, with her ass pointed at my face, she was telling me to look at her bottom to see if I could see her panties through her clothes. Yes, this was happening! She performed the squat, followed by another, and kept going. I forgot what my job was as I dined on the beautiful image before me. Her rounded cheeks lowering, pushing out towards my face as they reached the base of the squat, then rising, the material disappearing into the crack, the lump of her pussy between her legs.

'Well?'

'Well, what?' I responded, mesmerized by her ass.

'Can you see them?'

'Oh,' I focused on my task. 'Um, no I don't think so.'

'Oh good,' she immediately stopped to my disappointment. 'Um, now's the weird bit.'

I had no idea what she was talking about or what was coming next.

'Just tell me if you think the front looks... okay?' She shyly stated.

'"Okay" how?' I asked, guessing what she was hinting at.

'Ugh. Your dad would normally do this, um... that you can't see my, well... bits!' Her face went red as she said it. She was asking me to look directly at her pussy. Her son, to stare at her crotch and inform her if he saw a cameltoe. I gazed at her groin, at the rounded triangle of her pussy bulge, my mother's pussy bulge, and saw no tell-tale bumps of labia.

Swallowing hard I looked up into her face. 'Um no, it looks nice, I mean good. I mean, I can't see your... um.'

She smiled as I stumbled over my words. 'Thanks. Just two more to go!'

I watched as she took other pairs of pants from a bag and walked into her bathroom, leaving me on the floor trying to hide my hard-on with the exercise machine manual. Quickly returning, she came out still pulling her leggings up high on her waist. This time in black, we repeated the previous process and again achieved a satisfactory outcome. 'One more and I'll let you go,' she told me and disappeared again.

I chanced a rub of my cock with her out of the room and for a moment thought I'd made myself cum in my pants, willing myself back from the precipice of orgasm as she left the bathroom. For the first time changing her top as well, she returned wearing a light pink ensemble. 'I love this color,' she remarked as she first admired herself in the mirror before taking up the aforementioned squat position in front of me. As her ass descended, the pink material stretched against her skin. My eyes focused on her ass crack and expected to see the line of underwear in the sheer fabric. Nothing. It was impossible; I could see her skin showing through on her buttocks. Surely, I would see her panties! Nothing. It was then I realized it. She wasn't wearing any!

The darkness I saw between her cheeks with each squat was her asshole, her pussy beneath. And yes. Even as I watched it, the appearance of dampness. Could it have been sweat? Of course. But what if it wasn't? She turned for me to perform the cameltoe test, pulling up her pants tightly around her pussy. She needn't have worn them, so clearly was her vulva visible to me. The bumps of her labia, the clitoral hood. There was no sign of pubic hair and with all the underwear modeling she must have done; it didn't surprise me. Continuing to pull the pants against herself I was struggling to fathom what I was seeing was real, let alone answer the question.

I was about to cum. The pressure of my pants against my cock was all the stimulation needed. I had to get out of there. 'Um, maybe not these ones,' I managed to say, climbing to my feet. Turning, trying to conceal my erection, I headed to the door.

'Oh, you're going? Well, thank you for helping me out,' she seemed to giggle but I was already outside her room so I couldn't see her face to confirm the smile. I pulled the door closed behind me and leaned back onto it as I ejaculated, pressing my hand along my length to encourage and extend the orgasm. With my head against the door, I heard the sound of the vibration function being turned on on the exercise machine.

No! I thought to myself. She's not. Is she!?

*

Sasha took the limelight. Whether it was the cameraman's doing or possibly my mother had expressed her concerns about the exercise machine and had a word to him. The focus of the hour was on the younger model. Mom was dressed in her gym gear along with the guest presenter, but only twice did she perform any of the exercises on air and they weren't the vibrating squats. I recorded the show at home of course and over the next few days made use of it, if you get what I mean.

Come Thursday of the following week I was sitting in Delores' office with my mother and Gayle. Gayle had another ten years on my mom and (as she constantly reminded us) her time in front of the camera was coming to an end. I also resented her for rubbing her hands all over Mom's body the first day I'd dropped by. Something I had yet to do.

'Good news girls,' Delores smiled, hanging up the phone. 'Wonder Panties have booked another slot for tomorrow and Monday.' It was definitely "good news" as far as I was concerned, and Delores turned her attention to me. 'They're sending new designs by courier, so Corey if you could

keep an eye out for them that would be great. Um. I think that's just about it for now ladies, oh... and gentleman. We're on in ten, so have a great day.'

'Ooh you've got a ladder in your stockings, Angela,' Gayle noticed as we began to leave. Mom and I both looked down at her tan pantyhose and sure enough a long rip had appeared. It would definitely be noticeable on air.

'Oh Honey,' Mom asked. 'Would you be a dear and run to wardrobe for another pair of hose? I'll be in makeup.'

Wanting her to look her best for the diamantes and zircon showcase, I hurried off with a nod to find a pair of new pantyhose.

When I returned backstage, the girl from the local beauty school was putting the finishing touches to my already beautiful mother, blotting her lipstick on a tissue. 'You have such good skin for a woman your age Angela,' the girl stated, obviously not thinking it could have been a backhanded slap. 'What's your secret?'

Mom looked at me and smiled as I entered, carrying her new pantyhose. 'Plenty of facials!' She bluntly stated and I wondered if she had in fact wanted me to think of the double entendre?

'I've got the stockings; I think they're the same color.'

Mom stood as the makeup girl packed away her brushes and left the room. 'Thank you, Darling. Oh, I probably shouldn't call you that at work, should I? Not very professional.'

Something else that may or may not have been professional proceeded to happen. Mom began raising her skirt. I immediately made to turn my back and leave but she stopped me. 'No wait, there's not enough time. I need you to open the pack.'

I didn't dally; turning back to my mother I lifted the pack of pantyhose off the desk as in the corner of my eye she raised her cream mid-thigh skirt up over her hips. I felt the heat rising on my face and I fumbled with the plastic wrapping on the cardboard box of the pantyhose.

For a moment she stood there as if posing for me and I allowed my eyes to stray across and take her in completely. She was looking at her makeup in the mirror, but it wasn't her face I was staring at. She wore black panties beneath her tan pantyhose. Even through the nylon, I could see they were lacy. As I watched she placed her fingers in the waistband of her hosiery and began to lower them over her hips. Once mid-thigh she sat back on her seat and kicked off her heels. I finally tore through the plastic and opened the box just as she was pulling them off her feet.

Mom looked up and instead of discarding her handful of delicate nylon, handed them to me in exchange for the new pair. 'You know what to do with them.' She remarked and I noticed she didn't say throw them away. I did know what to do with the special gift. As soon as I was out of her sight, ladder or not, they went straight into my pocket for safekeeping, sitting snugly beside my hardening cock.

*

'Before you go, Angela,' Delores shouted out to us as we crossed the lobby. Catching up she handed Mom a folder. 'Can you run through these show notes for the advertisers before tomorrow if possible?'

'Tonight? Late notice Delores!' Mom remarked.

'I know Sweetie, sorry. They only just emailed them through.' Delores fixed her eyes on me. 'Corey, did the Wonder Panties get delivered?'

I shook my head and Delores looked concerned. 'But don't worry Delores. I called and they promised to have them expressed in the morning.'

It was true, I'd grown concerned myself when they hadn't arrived and with less than altruistic thoughts in mind, had contacted the suppliers unprompted.

'Oh, you are wonderful,' Delores exclaimed and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me to her ample breast in the process. I looked at Mom mid-embrace and she seemed less than impressed her friend was all over her son. Was it possible she was jealous?

*

Mom headed off to bed early with her folder and a glass of wine. More than a little annoyed we weren't spending the night together, I turned off the television in the family room and pottered around the house. As Mom noticed me passing her bedroom for the third time, she called me in. 'Come and help me study about Australian opals if you don't have anything else to do. We may as well be bored together!'

I jumped at the chance of being invited again into her room. The scene of our first real incestuous encounter. Yes, I may have been reading too much into it, she may not have even been aware of what her workout gear had done to me, but I thought better.

'Ah, before you get in,' she began. "Get in", I wondered, as I was climbing onto her bed. 'Would you be a dear and top up my glass?'

I took her empty glass to the kitchen. "Get in", she had said. I was planning on sitting above the sheets. Did she want me to get in with her? I took a chance and dropped by my room. Rarely did I wear pajamas, usually sleeping in just my boxer shorts, but I changed into a pair of long pajama bottoms and a fresh t-shirt just in case and made my way back to her room.

'Oh, in your pj's! Good idea, much more comfy,' Mom remarked as I placed her glass of white wine down on her bedside table. Again, sitting down on Dad's side of the bed I rested back against the pillows. 'Jump under the sheets Honey, it'll be much cozier!'

Yes!

Two hours later, Mom was an expert in precious mineraloids; knew all there was to know about Persian rugs; and was second to none when it came to alpaca wool blankets. I yawned and Mom looked at the time. 'Oh goodness, it's after eleven; we've got to get up soon!' She was being overly dramatic. We got up at seven and Dad usually arrived home about then as well. I began to get out of her bed, and she stopped me. 'Just sleep here, your bed will be freezing.'

'What? I can't sleep in your bed.'

'Why not?' Mom exclaimed, more than a little tipsy. 'Come on, do it for me. I find it so hard to get to sleep without your father beside me.'

'Well,' I tried to sound as if I was reluctant or under duress. 'Alright, I guess I could.'

Mom was quick to turn off the light and darkness filled the room. I lay there for a moment in the quiet before letting out a chuckle. I felt her roll over towards me. 'What is it?'

'Oh, I was just thinking. What if Dad came home early?'

'And what?' She asked.

'Ah, found us in bed together!' I nervously laughed again.

'Oh, don't be silly. You're our son. It's perfectly harmless.'

We lay together in silence for a moment longer and I began to feel ashamed at the suggestion. Of course, it was harmless. We were mother and son. She had no sexual thoughts for me at all. Mom rolled over again in bed, her face turned away from me and once more she spoke. 'Actually, maybe we should just keep this between us. Your father doesn't need to know.' I took her comment as final and in the quiet of the room I didn't feel the need to respond. I wondered what she'd been thinking in those few minutes of silence to come up with her conclusion, and all pointed towards sex. We were now sharing a secret, who knew what would come next?

I would like to say we began fucking then and there, but so warm and comfortable was her bed I felt myself lulling into sleep. During the night I woke and remembered where I was. Her breathing was heavy beside me, and I could feel the heat of her body across the sheet. I didn't dare try anything sexual for fear of ruining what we'd developed thus far but laying on my stomach I casually bent my leg so that my knee made contact with her body. She didn't stir and I satisfied myself with this limited access as my cock hardened against the mattress.

The next thing I knew was an alarm was going off and Mom, climbing out of bed. 'Time to get up,' she remarked as I watched her through squinted eyes walk across the room. Her nightie had risen over her right buttock and revealed half her ass. The black satin and lace panties I'd seen the day before, themselves caught in her crack to display the pale skin of her butt. My morning erection already in full flight, I ground my hand down on my length beneath the blanket as she opened her dresser and removed a pair of white panties and a bra. She looked back at me as she made her way towards her bathroom. 'Come on lazy bones. Up. We'll be late.'

I contemplated jumping out of bed to reveal my hardon but thought better of it. 'Yeah yeah. I'm coming.' I replied and waited for her to close her door before getting up myself. I slept with my mother! I joked with myself as I made my way to my bedroom. The day couldn't have started any better.

*

'It's a disaster,' Delores raved as we sat in her office. 'Sasha has gone back to L.A. which means you have to do all the modeling Ang; we've lost our makeup girl, and two crew have called in sick.'

'Relax Delores,' Gayle calmly stated. 'We've been in this situation before.'

'Exactly Hon,' Mom added. 'We just have to run more graphics and still shots during Wonder Panties, and Corey can help out backstage.'

Delores looked at me. 'Oh God. Tell me we got the Wonder Panties delivery?'

I assured her we had. It had been my priority when I arrived that morning. Come hell or high water, I would make sure I'd be seeing my mother in underwear. I was curious what Mom had meant by

me helping out backstage and as we left the meeting I asked her.

'Well, with only one model we'll have to do quick transitions. I'll need support with garment order, and panty fitting,' she smiled at me. 'You might even have to do my makeup!'

She must have felt my horror.

'Oh, don't worry. I'm joking. I can do my own makeup!' She laughed. 'So, what are the new designs for Wonder Panties?'

My mother constantly repeating the word "panties" was becoming just another fringe benefit of my job. I told her I hadn't opened the package yet, and excitedly she led us backstage to where I'd left them.

'It's like Christmas,' Mom remarked as she opened the box. Among sheets of tissue paper were multiple sizes of several underwear items. I recognized the original Wonder Panties from last week, along with its matching bra. The other items we removed from the box were new to me and it seemed by her reaction, Mom as well.

'Oh,' Mom held up a flimsy white bodysuit before herself. Although shapewear, the predominant material on the item was lace. There would be no doubt it was see-through. 'This is nice. Make sure we have pasties, Corey,' Mom added before exploring the box further.

'What?' I asked.

'Pasties. Oh um, nipple covers.'

'Oh,' I felt myself go red and Mom noticed.

'You're just disappointed you won't get to see Sasha wearing this stuff, aren't you?' She smiled, seemingly enjoying my embarrassment. I didn't get to answer in the negative before she pulled out another item, holding the thong up between us. 'Hmm. Don't know how these can be defined as shapewear!'

I ached as I looked at the tiny panties and ached more when I remembered I hadn't set my PVR to record the upcoming show. Fuck, I thought. I'd been too busy jerking off in the shower that morning and rushed my preparation for work, completely forgetting about it. In my despair, I debated calling Dad and asking him to record it but thought he may not have welcomed the strange request from his son.

Our time together was cut short when I heard Delores speaking into my headpiece that the overnight encores were about to end, and Mom had to get on set. The morning was taken up with the Australian Opals followed by the alpaca blankets. I had to admit the throw rugs were nice and made a mental note if we didn't get one gratis, I'd buy one for Mom on Mother's Day.

Come early afternoon, Delores was more frantic than ever. The air conditioning in the building had failed and the heat was making everyone's job more difficult. I had to feel for the onscreen talent under the set lights. Menopausal Gayle was finding it especially difficult with her hot flushes, but Mom soldiered on like a trooper, taking over Gayle's Magic Vegetable Spiralizer slot to give the woman some respite. It meant that Mom would be going back-to-back presenting and modeling, and as the hour drew to a close, she was noticeably heat-affected onscreen.

Delores screamed in my ear to have the Wonder Panties attire ready to go backstage, but I was well ahead of her, having studied the show's rundown. Each item sat beside the other on the desk in running order. Mom had told me her size but had left it up to me to decide on which colors she'd wear. I had her pasties ready to go and a bottle of water for her when she came off set.

The Spiralizer hour ended and Delores, as frantic as ever, began counting down the time before the next segment. I was a little annoyed that I had to deal with a delivery at the very time Mom finished hosting, so I missed her first outfit change. I caught up with the show as the now familiar on-screen molestation of my mother by Gayle began. I could see the method in the madness of course. Gayle's sixty-plus-year-old fingers caressed the curve of my mother's breast to show the lift of the bra. Her digits slid into the leg band of Mom's panties just northeast of her pussy to highlight the lace edging. I admit, when Gayle knelt down beside her and clasped both of Mom's ass cheeks, I struggled to find a reason, but it was hot all the same.

'Corey, what are you doing out here?' Delores whispered in my ear and having become used to her yelling through the headset, it came as more of a shock. 'You should be backstage!'

I turned to face her, and she seemed a little calmer now the day was almost over. 'Yeah, I'm on my way. Any word about the air conditioning?'

She shook her head and pulled her shirt at her breast, fanning herself. Whether I was just super turned on by my mother or I'd developed an attraction for older women, I had to admit something else. Delores was hot! And not just in temperature.

'Thank goodness for your mother Corey,' Delores began as I was just about to head backstage.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Doing the whole show; covering for Sasha. If she hadn't, I would've had to go out there!' She looked at me and I picked up a definite flirty vibe. 'And no one would want to see me parading around in my underwear,' she added, and I knew she was fishing for a compliment.

'I don't know Delores; I think you could pull it off!' I offered and she slapped me playfully on the arm.

'Don't be silly Corey. I'll leave that to your mom. Ooh speaking of whom, she's about done. You'd better get going.'

I didn't know what my role was going to be backstage but as Gayle began to describe the other items coming up on the show and Mom did a final runway walk, I ducked behind the cameras and left the studio.

Backstage, Mom's clothes from the previous segment were sitting on the back of a chair. The panties I'd witnessed her take from her dresser that very morning lay with her bra on the seat, and it took all my willpower not to scoop them up and devour them. Luckily, I hadn't succumbed, as the hurried click of Mom's heels preceded her appearing behind me. She rushed into the room, and I now had the fortune of seeing her up close. She looked better than from a distance.

'Oh, thank god you're here Corey,' she said, dashing to the mirror to check her makeup. 'The heat's gone to Gayle's head, she's started introducing the leggings, not the bodysuit!' She sat down on the swivel chair whilst reapplying foundation to her face. 'Quick Sweetie, undo Mommy's shoes.'

She pointed her feet out towards me, and I knelt before her. At the time I did feel her use of the word "Mommy" was out of character, but I put it down to the stress of the moment. Deftly unbuckling the sling of her heels, I removed them from her feet. As with her panties, it took all my strength not to kiss her sweet little toes or for that matter, suck on each individually.

'Ugh I'm sweating like a whore in church,' Mom remarkably complained as she stood up and before my eyes grabbed at the high waist of her black Wonder Panties and began to lower them. I did the chivalrous thing and turned my face away as it happened but fortunately, the mirror allowed me to see the entire reveal. Of course, she wasn't completely disrobing in front of me, I'd forgotten about the modesty thong she wore beneath. Flesh in color however, she might as well have been pants-less anyway.

I reached for the leggings and handed them to her as she in turn threw me her panties. The leggings rose up to her navel and clung fast around her pussy. So tight they might have been stockings. Helping her back into her heels she took one look in the mirror and rushed back to the stage entrance before casually striding onto set. So professional, I thought.

Delores was ranting again, her momentary calm broken by Gayle going off script. 'Make sure the bodysuit is next!' She yelled in my ear. 'It's the launch, we're meant to be showcasing it.'

I told her I'd make sure of it, and she complimented me by saying. 'Thank God someone around here knows what they're doing.'

I wanted to mention I was looking forward to seeing Mom wearing it as much as the advertisers but thought I'd keep that to myself.

Even from where I stood off-stage, the heat of the lights was oppressive. Mom finished the leggings run-through and casually strode towards me. When off camera she quickened her pace and as before fell back into the chair. 'Shoes Baby,' she ordered, and I was quick to respond. Barefoot and without a thought of her son being in the same room as her, she lifted the hook-less bra up over her head. Covering her breasts with her hands, she looked down at me. 'Where are the pasties, Honey? Oh, never mind,' she added as she located them on the desk. 'Leggings!' She stated, and reading between the lines I guessed she wanted me to remove her leggings as she applied the pasties to her nipples.

It was all happening so fast that I had little chance to admire my mother's partly exposed boobs as I took hold of her pants and lowered them. Down over her ass, I pulled them, making sure to not remove her thong in the process. My face was inches from her butt. I could have leaned in and kissed, inhaled her asshole if I'd seen fit. Would she have allowed it, I wondered?

'Shit I'm too sweaty,' Mom exclaimed as I pulled her pants to her ankles. She lifted each foot in turn as I removed the leggings and stood beside her. She turned to me and now completely unabashed presented her naked breasts as she demonstrated her problem. 'Look, they won't stick!' Her skin was sweaty from being under the lights and the adhesive on the rear of the nipple covers wouldn't stick to her.

I remained remarkably composed in the face of such a momentous reveal. My mother's bare breasts rounded and firm, her nipples pink and pointed, all within arms, kissing distance from me! Thinking quickly, I grabbed a towel and took it upon myself to wipe her chest. In effect drying my mom's body. She tried again but the damage was done, they wouldn't adhere. 'Stuff it, I'll go without,' she decided and cast the pasties aside as I gave her the white lace bodysuit.

Delores was agitated in my headset. 'Corey, what's the delay? She should be out there!'

'Yeah, we're going as fast as we can,' I abruptly replied, her interference not helping matters.

Mom stepped into the bodysuit and lifted it up her body. I couldn't help but take in her beauty. It looked like bridal lingerie and could only have been made better by white stay-up stockings. Placing the straps over her shoulders, she slumped back in the chair, and we combined putting her shoes back on.

Finished, she stood and looked in the mirror and we both saw the problem immediately. Not the fact her nipples were clearly visible through the sheer lace but that the legs of the bodysuit came up so high on her hips that the band of her modesty thong was showing. She tried to tug on and pull up the underwear, but it wouldn't stretch to the height of the bodysuit.

'Where is she? Gayle's having a conniption out here!' Delores shouted.

'I can't go out there like this!' Mom shrieked about as frantic as Delores. 'It looks ridiculous!' There wasn't time for her to remove the bodysuit and thong and re-dress. I saw a pair of scissors on the desk and realized it was the only option.

'Good thinking,' Mom complimented me as I cut the string of her thong on one and then the other leg. Mom took over and pulled the panty out from her crotch and handed it to me. She kissed me quickly on the cheek. 'What would I do without you?' She remarked and hastened to the set, leaving me alone with her ruined underwear.

This time I relented to my desire. I raised the flesh-colored panty to my face and inhaled my mother's scent left upon the fabric, the sweet odor of a woman's sex. Not any woman, my mom's! I watched on the monitor as she joined Gayle who seemed as taken by her as I was. The cameraman did a fine job of zooming in on my mother's breasts and I couldn't blame him, her nipples obvious behind the lace. Gayle was enjoying stroking my mother and it dawned on me that she may in fact have been a lesbian. No one had said anything to hint at it but the way she enthusiastically groped my mother's curves, it would explain a lot.

'She looks great Corey, well done,' Delores encouraged through the headset and I had to agree. More than that, she looked stunning. My cock was about as hard as it got as I realized I was still smelling her panties, quickly putting them in my pocket for safekeeping. Onscreen Mom paraded the bodysuit, walking the small catwalk and again allowing Gayle a good feel. The screen went to graphics and sizing options, and I opened a bottle of water and readied the next underwear. Thinking ahead I grabbed the towel in case she needed wiping down again. Mom joined me presently, this time not so hurried.

'How did it look out there?' She asked as she saw the water and took a sip. Seeing me holding the towel she held up her arms and I moved in immediately to wipe the sweat from her body.

'It looked beautiful. You look beautiful!' I freely admitted. I was wearing jeans, and I knew they did nothing to hide my erection; I was hoping she'd look down and see it but was more than content for her to remain looking into my eyes.

'Next! Quickly,' Delores yammered, having moved on from her temporary praise and the moment between us was broken. I reached for the Wonder Thong and matching bralette and handed them to Mom.

'Delores is yelling at us!' I explained, and Mom smiled.

'Okay. I'll do the top; you do the bottom!' She offered the thong back to me and it dawned on me what she was expecting me to do.

Trying to remain professional I went to my knees as she pulled the straps off her shoulders and lowered the bodysuit. I looked up as she revealed her breasts, slowly followed by her stomach, and then released her hold on the lingerie. I took it as my cue to take over. Noticeably shaking I grabbed the garment and pulled it down over her hips. Her hairless pussy came into view, and I did nothing to disguise the fact I was looking directly at it. I was now in no doubt something was happening between us. This wasn't how a mother would act in front of her son, none of it was. There was no way this interplay would've even happened between her and the usual backstage staff, I was sure of it.

An admitted devout student of the pussy, her lack of pubic hair was a welcome thrill. I'd had the suspicion she'd be in this state, (what with all the modeling) but seeing her bald mound in the flesh was a wet dream come true. I allowed her bodysuit to drop down her legs to her ankles and as she stepped out of it, with each leg rising, noticed the glistening of moisture on her inner thighs.

I looked up and noted she'd made no move to put on the bralette, seemingly enjoying standing completely naked before me. I felt each of us was waiting for the other to make a move. To finally act on the obvious attraction between us. Mom reached out and as if soothing me, ran her fingers through my hair, her hand ending up holding the back of my head. Our eyes still locked; she so softly began to pull my head into her crotch.

'What's the hold-up?' Delores once again questioned our progress and with my face inches away from my mother's pussy I was about to lie to her in the headset when I realized she wasn't in my ear, she was behind me. 'Oh!' Came her next observation.

I stood up immediately and try as I might, I couldn't not act like a naughty schoolboy caught "up to no good" by his teacher. Mom seemed less concerned as her friend took in the scene. A mother now standing naked beside her son. It wasn't too outlandish I supposed. I was working backstage at an underwear show where my mother was starring. Nudity was obviously a possibility.

'We're almost done, Delores. Gayle's covering!' Mom was quick to respond to her question. She handed me the bralette. 'I have to step into this one as well Honey,' she explained, and I casually dropped to my knees again as she did so. When I raised it to her hips she took over and positioned the pink bra over her breasts. Lifting each foot delicately into the thong I slid it too up her legs until I had it sitting snugly over her pussy.

The job complete, I looked back up at Mom who was staring at Delores with a smug smile on her face. Was this a game she was playing with her, I wondered? Getting back at her friend for hugging me the day before? Staking her claim, so to speak. I didn't care. I was loving it.

Now that it was on her I could see the thong's shapewear credentials, the waist rising high and holding in any excess around the middle. It was still sexy though, and when she turned to show me her rear, if Delores hadn't been there, I felt for sure I would've gone ahead and buried my face between her glorious cheeks.

Mom strode toward Delores and ran a hand down her arm as she passed. Delores joined me in admiring her rear and then my boss' eyes turned back to me. If I hadn't thought my mother and I were on the verge of incest I would've acted on the vibe I picked up from Delores right then and

there. Her eyes strayed from my obvious hard-on up to my face. She was flushed and I knew it wasn't just from the heat. Her purple satin shirt clung to her body, her nipples protruding seductively. I'd known her most of my life, had fantasized about her as a teenager and here she was, obviously about as horny as I.

'I think we pulled it off!' I stated, referring to the hour of television.

Her eyes strayed again down to my erection. 'Hmm. There's something I'd like to pull off!' She declared before regaining her faculties. 'Oh my God Corey, I apologize. That was completely unprofessional.'

I smiled as she entered further into the room, seeing the honest regret in her face and probably going through sexual harassment laws in her head.

'That's alright Delores. I won't hold it against you. Not unless you want me to!'

She dropped her jaw in mock outrage and slapped my arm. 'You're just as bad as I am!'

'Worse,' I grinned.

Delores left me to watch the rest of the show on my own and sitting back in my mother's chair, her underwear scattered around me, I wondered if I may have just found the dream job. Without sound on the screen to explain Gayle's fondling I might have been watching softcore lesbian porn, more so when she raised her own dress up her leg to reveal she was wearing her Wonder Panties as well. How I hadn't been watching the Home Shopping Network for years, was beyond me!

The hour ended and I was joined backstage by the onscreen talent. 'I wouldn't have lasted another minute out there. Look I've sweated through!' Gayle pointed to a hardly visible damp patch under her arm, and it prompted me to admire the mature woman's breasts, so large, so attractive. Mom passed her co-host a water bottle and Gayle carried her on-screen persona off-screen, by embracing Mom in a gesture of thanks. To me it was more fodder for my fantasies, my semi-naked Mom pressing her body against an older woman.

Mom sadly didn't perform another costume change, preferring to wear home her now-new underwear under her own clothing. My final task of the day was packing Mom's belongings away as she met with Delores for their Friday debrief. 'Don't forget my panties,' she'd said to me as she left the room.

'As if I would?' I ventured and she winked back at me, dare I say, seductively.

*

The next time I saw her she walked towards my car carrying a bottle of champagne. How had I not seen her beauty before this week? Her blonde hair, up in a ponytail and swinging behind her as she moved. The curve of her breasts beneath the white blouse; her hourglass hips swaying inside the gray knee-length pleated skirt. Her black high heels clicked across the parking lot. She was drop-dead gorgeous. As she neared the car, she shook the bottle and wiggled her hips with her mouth wide open in a smile.

'What's that about?' I asked, nodding towards the bottle as she sat across from me in the passenger seat.

'It's from Delores. A thank you to us both for today and a hugely successful week,' Mom unexpectedly leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

'And what was THAT about?'

'That, my son, was congratulations. Delores said I can tell you the trial is over, and you've got the job!' Mom beamed.

'Serious? That's awesome!' I gushed.

'Uh Huh! Your father is going to be so happy,' Mom added and it tempered my celebration. Dad. I hadn't been thinking about him. He'd be home when we got there. His presence would be enough to dampen any potential for a continuation of our backstage antics. He'd be around all weekend and apart from the kiss, her current demeanor didn't hint at any romance between us, and I reflected my mood by slumping in my seat.

Like the perfect mother, she must have sensed my frustration and without coming out and saying it (something we were both struggling with) she threw me an incestuous bone. 'Come on let's get home. I want to open this bubbly! I feel like getting drunk and you know what I'm like when I'm drunk!'

I did know! It was a family joke that Mom got flirty when she drank. She would prey on my sister's and my embarrassment when we were young, being overly affectionate with us and especially my father. I drove home in a slightly better frame of mind.

*

Dad had made dinner, which was usually his breakfast. He greeted Mom with warmth and was ecstatic about my job. It was hard for me to feel bad towards him and I realized it was just as hard for my mother. It was then it dawned on me. We were such a happy unit. There was no way my mother was going to cheat on my father, not even if it was kept within the family. If she was going to sleep with me, it wouldn't be some dirty secret between us. It would be with my father's knowledge. My hope in my mother and I fucking was ebbing away as I ate dinner with them. Mom attempted to set a record for finishing a bottle and seemingly showing my father more attention than usual.

They joked about the news; local gossip; and the new toilets outside the Town Hall, which seemed to be the talk of the town for some reason. I missed the crux of the discussion, only paying attention when I thought I must have misheard my father mention something about a glory hole. Their conversation had moved on by the time I was involved, and I wasn't going to ask them to repeat it.

Mom got up and began clearing the table and Dad joined her in the kitchen. They were laughing and Dad even spun my mother in a dance move. The act lifted her skirt up and teased me with a glimpse of the panties I'd seen only hours before. I was miserable. I picked up my own half-finished meal and entered their love-in, emptying my plate into the rubbish. 'Well, fun's over. I'd better get going!' My father stated.

Had I misheard? I was under the impression he was home for the weekend. 'What?' I asked, suddenly interested in what they had to say. 'You're going to work?'

Dad had an arm around my mother's waist and smiled at me. 'Well, yeah, you're not the only one that works around here you know!'

It was fantastic news. Not only was Mom in one of her more amorous moods (thank you alcohol), but Dad also wouldn't be here.

'Oh, by the way, Buddy. I saw the show this afternoon. Your Mom says you were a great help backstage,' Dad added.

I felt myself go red. How much had she told him?

'Ah... yeah, I did my best,' I coyly replied.

Mom was smiling brightly, her face flushed from the wine.

'Oh, look at you guys. My two favorite men. Come on. Family hug!'

Dad groaned and I would've too if I hadn't been willing to do anything my mother said. Family hugs had disappeared with my sister's and my childhood but now, with Mom overtly gesturing to me to come to her, I was glad they were back. She held out her arm as I approached and wrapped it around me as I nestled into her side. Her breast against my chest, I did nothing to prevent my groin pressing into her hip. Mom looked first at me then at my father standing in roughly the same posture as I. 'This is nice, isn't it?' She cooed, and Dad in response leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. Mom turned to me, and I felt it was as if I should do the same, but how could I in front of Dad?

There was a brief pause before Dad broke the silence. 'Well, I can't stay here all night, much as I'd like to,' he admitted. He looked at me along with Mom and his face hardened. 'Corey, I just want you to know I'm proud of you.' his gaze broke from me, and he again kissed my mother. His words were so out of character, even his mannerisms were off, different somehow, I noted, before he took his keys and left for work.

Mom had retained her hold on me and although I could've stayed there forever, I still held my plate. I broke her embrace and placed my dishes in the dishwasher. Upon turning, my miserable mood from earlier was but a distant memory. Mom sat up on the bench. Leaning back on her hands, her legs were spread, the skirt falling between them. Her feet swung beneath her and the look on her face behind the smile was one of wickedness.

'So, Mister. What are your plans for the rest of the night?' She asked, and I swallowed nervously.

'Um just go to bed I guess,' I admitted.

'Oh. Why don't you come over here?'

'What for?'

'Find out!'

This was it! I was sure of it. My mother had never behaved like this before. Everything that had happened during the week had led to this moment. I knew some of our interaction was incidental to the job but surely neither of us could deny there had been something sexual going on, far more so than normal mother/son byplay. I advanced and only stopped when my groin touched the bench between her spread knees. I lifted my hands as her inner thighs pressed to my hips and then I didn't

know where to put them. Mom solved my problem when she leaned forward and took hold of my arms, placing my hands down on her skirt-covered thighs.

Leaning back into her initial position I noticed she'd undone the two top buttons on her white shirt, the pink bralette I'd helped her put on, visible at her cleavage. She saw where my eyes had settled and didn't let it go unnoticed. 'They're pretty, aren't they?'

'What?' I asked snapping out of my momentary hypnosis.

'The new designs.' She used a hand to grab the hem of her skirt from beneath mine and pulled it up to her waist, revealing the pink thong. I didn't know what to do. I thought of waking up beside her that morning. The bravado I'd felt in bed, ready to reveal my erection. The opposite now. I felt like a boy before this woman I was only just meeting. The mother I'd had all my life, yet never really known.

'You don't like them?' She posed the question, possibly surprised by my inaction at what was being offered to me. 'You picked the color!'

My hands were on her bare thighs. From my position, I could see her pussy mound pressed hard into the pink nylon, elastane, or whatever material her panties were made from. Lower, and the damp that had seeped through, turning them a darker pink.

'No,' I managed. 'I love them,' my response seemed to make her happy, the wicked smile returning to her face. Although shaking and still nervous I knew it was real. My mother and I shared the same desire. My erection pressing hard into the bench emboldened me. 'In fact, I love them so much, I have to kiss them!'

Looking into her eyes as I leaned down, I pressed my lips to the mound of pussy right where I presumed her clitoris would be hiding. Her smile vanished, replaced with an intense look of concentration. Her mouth dropped open and a held breath left her with a sigh. I kissed her panties again, this time lower, pressing my lips into the wetness seeping through. Casually she unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and allowed it to fall open and off her shoulders. I was loathe to remove my mouth from between her legs but the chance to kiss her breasts, her mouth, was too much to refuse.

She must have been thinking the same thing as she sat up and our faces became level. For just that single moment we looked in each other's eyes and saw only love. The unequaled love of a mother and son. Our lips came together, and I tasted champagne and lipstick. Her tongue entered my mouth as I wrapped my arms around her now exposed back, pulling her into me. 'I love you so much, Mom,' I panted into her open mouth before kissing my way over her jaw and down her neck. She pushed my head into her cleavage and my lips decorated her breasts with kisses.

'Take them off me, Baby,' she demanded. 'You put them on me, you can take them off!'

I needed no further prompting, taking hold of her bralette on either side of her breasts and with her shirt now off behind her, lifted it up over her head. I'd seen her topless at work but now she looked even more beautiful, more real. Here was my mother in the family home, in the kitchen where I'd seen her every day of my life. Where she'd made my lunch and sent me off to school, where she'd cooked Sunday roasts and helped me with my homework. Now bare-breasted and begging me to remove the rest of her clothing. 'Now my panties Honey. Take off Mommy's panties!'

The words didn't seem real and yet I made them flesh as I took hold of the high waistband of her thong and slid them down her legs. Off over her heels, I didn't let go as if dropping them would dissolve the wonderful dream I was having. I feasted my eyes again on her bald pussy. Now spread before me, glistening, dew dripping from her exposed labia. I didn't wait for instructions, wrapping my arms under her thighs and pulling her groin into my face as my tongue penetrated her slit. 'Oh yes Baby, lick Mommy's pussy. Fuck me with your tongue, Corey.'

So deep I plunged my tongue. Digging inside her, drinking in her delicious flavor. And drink I did, her pussy dripping like a tap onto my cheeks, my jaw slick. I licked my way up her lips to her clit and sucked on her as I aimed two fingers at her entrance, looking into her eyes as I penetrated my mother. Finger fucking her as she pinched her own nipple, her mouth wide open as if mouthing a silent scream. Faster and faster, I stabbed at her pussy as I licked and kissed her clitoris and finally, she began to cum. Her groin grinding obscenely into my face, now vocalizing her pleasure. 'Oh, fucking fuck, Corey. I'm cumming. I'm cumming Baby. You're making me cum!' Again, she went quiet, holding her breath as she released her tit, using both hands to pull my head into her pussy, her legs wrapping around me.

She held me like this for at least a minute, but it could've lasted forever. I needed to be nowhere else but between her legs, my face in her vagina, cumming into my mouth.

She let me up for air only to press her mouth to mine. To taste her own cum, the flavor of her own pussy. 'I want to see you cum,' she whispered, and it was only then I thought of my own pleasure, my erection yearning to be out of my pants.

I still held her panties and I used this hand to lift my t-shirt as my mother worked on my pants. My cock sprang out and it took her by surprise. 'Oh my god! You're bigger than your father!' She declared (something every boy wants to hear one day from his mother's lips), and I took it as a compliment, but it also raised concerns in my mind,

'Mom, what about Dad?' I tentatively asked.

She slid off the bench and undoing her skirt allowed it to fall to the floor. We stood in front of each other fully naked, her shoes her only attire. My cock pointed out towards her as if signaling the direction it wanted to go. She took hold of it and kissed me on the lips. 'Don't worry about it, Baby. He knows!'

My head swirled and so many questions came to mind. My mouth opened to ask her to explain when she dropped to a crouching position and her mouth was around me. All else seemed irrelevant as my mother's lips slid along the length of my cock. Her tongue formed a bed for the base of my dick as it found the back of her throat and would go no further. She pulled out with a choking sound and saliva ran from her lips. Her hand was quick to scoop up the spit and coat it along my hard-on, jerking me off with the lubricant.

With her mouth around the head and sucking she looked up into my eyes as her hand expertly pulled me. Her cheeks puckered with the force of her sucking, her tongue licking around the head. She looked so beautiful, and I thought of the week. My mind flicked through the images of her parading in her underwear on live television; lifting her dress to show me her pantyhose; exercising in front of me and demanding I stare at her ass and cameltoe. Dressing and undressing her backstage and seeing my mother topless, naked. My face between her legs; my tongue inside her body; my lips against hers and now... my cock in her mouth. She had wanted to see me cum and now, it was about to happen.

She held me beneath my balls as she continued to jack me off into her mouth. I ran my fingers across her hair and reached the ponytail on the back of her head. Taking it in my hand I gently pulled her head from my cock in a signal I was about to cum. She leaned back against the cabinet, her legs spread and breasts ready for coating. It began. I couldn't speak, didn't breathe as I began to cum. She continued to pull me as I began spraying her with semen, directing my flow as much as she could onto her tits. I spurted into her face, hitting her jaw, her tongue immediately poking out to catch the gift. Cum drenched her neck and ran down between her breasts. My flow waned and she squeezed hard around my length to draw every ounce of sperm from my cock, finally wrapping her mouth again around the head to catch the last drops.

I finally breathed out. 'Mom,' I whispered as I raised her to her feet. 'That was beautiful.'

'Was it worth the wait?' She asked as she scooped semen from her neck and breasts and brought it up to her mouth. The act of a mother eating her son's cum was seemingly made normal by her before me.

'It's the best thing that's ever happened to me!' I admitted. 'What do we do now?'

Her hands wet with cum and saliva she reached back down and took hold of my still-hard cock. 'I think we can use our imaginations.'

Amazingly I grew harder in her grip. 'I mean about us, Dad?'

'Oh. Well, we have a lot to talk about,' her hand began stroking me up and down. 'Should we do it in your bed, or mine?'

I didn't care either way as she led me out of the kitchen by the penis. Whichever room she took me to, wherever we were headed, I would follow. She was my leader, my goddess, my mother. I would do whatever she asked. Twenty years after she'd given birth to me, my life had only just begun.

*

To be continued.