

MOMMY ISSUES

sunburycd

Mature prostitute and younger man.

Incest/Taboo

4.64

6.3k words

Travis turned onto Hollywood Blvd and slowed down as he passed the women lining the street. She caught his eye immediately, was attracted to her instantly. Chubbier than the others and definitely older, he pulled up alongside her and watched as she approached the open passenger side window.

Closer, her head disappeared from view and he took in her outfit. White stay-up stockings; a tight pink dress, so short that he could see the white panties over the bulge of her pussy peeking out beneath. She leaned onto the window frame. Great tits, he thought.

"Hey baby, how much for a hand-job?"

Ugh, Alice moaned to herself. She needed more money than a hand-job would provide, behind on rent and in need of groceries, she'd been hoping for a productive night. Still, beggars can't be choosers she thought. He looked respectable enough, the car was nice and felt warm inside. If only they weren't so crude. "\$25. For 50 I'll blow you!"

Travis pondered the offer. She did have a nice mouth and the money was no factor. "Sure get in." He watched the woman walk to the front of the car and use her phone before coming back and entering. "What was that about?" He asked as he closed the passenger side window.

"We text the license plates. Just to be on the safe side," she answered. Travis noticed her dress had ridden up completely over her panties, the white lace edging visible.

"You can relax, I'm not crazy!" He remarked and the woman smiled.

"You don't look crazy. But maybe I am!" She laughed. "It protects you too!"

Travis looked into her face. Up close she was even older than he'd thought. Well into her fifties. Her make-up concealed a lot of hard years he could tell but she was still attractive. Beautiful eyes, he thought.

"So where do we go?"

"Take the next right, there's a carpark half way down the block. You can pull in there," she suggested. "So what's your name sweetheart?"

"Trav...er...Thomas!" He corrected half way through, not understanding fully why he lied about his name.

The woman chuckled. "O.k. Trav er Thomas. Pleased to meet you, I'm Candy."

Embarrassed, Travis admitted his attempted deception. "It's just Travis."

"And my name's still Candy."

He found the carpark and took a ticket from the machine. Finding an area on the second level away from other cars he pulled into it a space and turned off the ignition.

"So as I said, its 50 bucks," the woman reminded Travis.

"Oh yeah, sure." Travis found his wallet and handed over the cash which Alice was quick to place in her small white leather clutch. He noticed her retrieve a condom and place it in her mouth before leaning into his crotch. His cock was pulled from his pants and quickly hardened when her mouth enclosed around him.

Nice looking cock, Alice thought as she deftly slid the condom around his growing length with her lips. He smelled clean, which was a bonus. Shaved, no pubes ending up in her mouth afterwards, worse still caught in her throat. He was attractive too. She remembered the faces. Years after she would see former clients, at their workplaces, walking with their families, did the wives ever know where their husband's cocks had been? Travis let out a moan and moved his hips up into her. This won't take long, she thought.

Her mouth felt wonderful. She would interchange between deep throating and sucking on the head whilst jerking off the base. His orgasm approached and he wondered if he had to tell her. The condom had gone on so nonchalantly he hadn't even felt its presence such was her skill. She was a great cock sucker, the best he'd had in his limited experience. It began. He ran his fingers through her hair, holding the back of her head in position as he came. Jet after jet filling the condom as she squeezed the base of his cock, milking the length with her lips.

"Oh Jesus. Fuck that was good," Travis said, panting as the woman lifted off his crotch. He reached down and slid the condom off his cock, careful to not spill the laden rubber. Tying the end, Travis opened his window and about to throw it out was stopped by his companion.

"What are you doing?" She questioned. "There's a bin downstairs!"

Travis looked at the condom and began to blush. "Oh yeah sorry."

"So you should be. If I was your mother I'd spank you for littering young man!"

He placed the condom on the floor of the car and wound the window back up. The silence in the car was relaxing, the perfume of the sex worker pleasant. The late hour, he could have closed his eyes and so easily fallen asleep.

An extended moment of silence passed between them. Alice looked at the interior of the car; tidy. She again examined her client. He looked young. No more than twenty five. She wondered why such an attractive guy had seen fit to choose her. Mommy issues, she thought and smiled. "So, my name is Alice," she broke the silence and confessed her own lie.

"Oh, not Candy?" Travis smiled. She really was good looking for an older woman; he wondered why she was still doing what she was doing at her age, especially on the street.

"You should be flattered," she smiled. "I don't tell my real name to just anyone."

"So why me?"

Alice reached out and placed a hand on his thigh. "You just seem nice I suppose."

Travis saw a tinge of sadness in her otherwise beautiful eyes. He wanted to hold her, to keep her safe. Of course he did, he reasoned. Wake up Travis, you fall in love with every girl you get with, he told himself. He tore his eyes from her and grabbed the wheel. "Anyway so can I drop you back where I found you?"

Alice turned away from the man, looking out her window so he didn't see the tear that had formed. "Um yeah, great." What are you doing Alice? She asked herself. Pull yourself together, he's just another John.

The drive back to their meeting place went too quickly for both of them. He pulled up and risked looking again into her face. Were her eyes glassier than before? He wondered. Maybe it was the light. "So here we are," Travis stated, far more bluntly than he'd meant.

With little desire to leave the warmth of the car, Alice repeated his statement. "Yeah, here we are!" A thought came to her. "So do you want my number, if you're around again we could hook up?"

Travis was elated, he couldn't figure out why but it was like getting a 'yes' from a girl in high school. She wants to see me again, he thought. Of course she does you idiot, she wants your money! He quickly told himself. "Yeah sure," he offered his phone to her and watched as she entered her number.

Alice felt happier to exit his vehicle with the possibility of seeing him again. She joined the other girls lining the street and watched his taillights disappear among the traffic. She had no other clients that night.

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Sweet child o' mine played in the background and was incorporated into Alice's dream before she realized it was her phone ringing. She lifted her face from the pillow and winced at the sunlight streaming through the curtains. The screen of her phone read private number but it was the 9:30am which caught her eye. Her friends knew not to call before midday. "Yes?" She answered abruptly.

"Ah is this Cand...er...Alice?"

Alice sat up in her bed immediately, her heart skipping a beat. It was him. "Yes, who's calling?" She acted coolly.

"Um hey, it's Travis. Ah we...met last night!"

"Oh hi. It's early!" Why did you say that Alice? Don't criticize him, she thought.

"Oh sorry. I waited an extra few hours."

An extra few hours, she thought. She'd watched his car pull away well after midnight, what time had he wanted to call her? "No that's alright. I didn't expect to hear from you again."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, guys cum and go if you get my drift."

"Um yeah. No. I mean I just wondered if I could see you again?" Travis asked, unsure why he felt so nervous.

Alice looked around her apartment. It was Sunday and traditionally a pretty slow day for her trade. She hadn't been expecting to go out and had promised herself a mental health day in front of the television. He looked reasonably well off, depending on what he was after she could end the day well ahead and take time off later in the week.

"O.k. You can come here if you like." It was unprecedented. She'd never invited a client to her home before. It was dangerous and fraught with disaster but he seemed different somehow. Innocent. She gave him her address and prepared herself for his visit.

Travis was excited. He drove to the neighborhood and nearing her address stopped at a bakery and bought some muffins. He had no idea what she would like so purchased a selection. There was a florist next door and he debated whether to buy her flowers. He decided against it, shaking his head at the idea. She's a prostitute Travis, she's not your girlfriend, he told himself.

Her apartment was in a large, affordable complex. His heart raced as he pressed the buzzer and was let in. She opened her door wearing tiny denim shorts and an equally small t-shirt. To Travis she no longer resembled a hooker, more a suburban mom, possibly divorced, enjoying the neighborhood boys ogling her as she watered the garden. The fantasy stayed in his head as she invited him in.

Her apartment was small and well-lit with natural light. He had forgotten the muffins he held until Alice commented on them and he clumsily presented them to her.

"You didn't have to do that," she exclaimed, genuinely surprised by his kindness. She'd had generous clients in the past. Lonely men that lavished her with gifts. Usually lingerie and jewellery. The baked goods were special, friendly, something a lover would do, not a John.

Travis debated whether to tell her he was planning on bringing flowers but thought better of it.

She placed the muffins in the kitchen and returned to him standing nervously in the middle of the living room. "The bedroom's this way."

She led him through, Travis admiring her ass bulging out of her shorts and when she reached the bed she turned to face him. "I hate to say this but it's \$200 for sex, \$300 for anything special."

"What's special?" Travis asked swallowing.

"Anything you can imagine!"

Travis tried to act cool. "I can imagine a lot of things!"

She matched his bravado. "And I can do a lot of things!"

Normally in a hotel room or at their house, Alice would have her clients shower before sex. With Travis she waived the restriction, in fact didn't even contemplate it. She wanted to touch him; she longed to have him inside her, to do what he wanted with her.

Travis fumbled taking his wallet from his back pocket and Alice moved in immediately. She pushed the wallet from his hands to the floor and began to remove his shirt. "Worry about that later baby," she told him. His shirt removed she admired the small amount of hair on his defined chest, his washboard abs. He worked out that much was sure. Her hands went to his belt, unbuckling and lowering his pants and underwear in one fell swoop. His shoes removed he stood before her naked, his hairless cock, flaccid.

"You weren't so shy last night," Alice commented and regretted highlighting his condition.

"Yeah um I'm just nervous I guess." Travis admitted and Alice wanted to hold him, press him to her breast and stroke his hair. Mother him. The moment she thought of it, she knew it was the answer. As she'd thought the night before, it was probably why he'd chosen her in the first place among all the other girls available. Mommy issues.

"Oh come now baby. There's no need to be nervous," she purred. "Come sit next to Mommy."

She pulled him with her back onto the bed and leaned against her pile of pillows. Travis lay down beside her and she allowed his head to press to her breast. He placed a leg over hers and an arm around her waist. To Travis it was closer than he'd been to his own mother and he suddenly wondered if he'd chosen Alice for this very reason. He'd never been attracted to older women before now, it had all happened on instinct.

"There there baby, Mommy's here." She stroked his hair and smelled the scent of soap. "Tell Mommy what you want to do baby."

The roleplay was working for Travis. Her breast was so soft beneath his cheek; His hand caressed the roll of skin around her waist above her denim shorts. His cock began to harden against her thigh. "It's naughty, I probably shouldn't tell you."

"Oh come now baby, you can tell Mommy anything," Alice whispered. "Here baby, place your hand on Mommy's pussy. That'll make baby feel better won't it?"

Alice took Travis' hand and put it between her legs, his fingers immediately kneading her mound and moistening her slit.

"I've been thinking about you since what we did in the car."

"Oh yeah baby? When Mommy sucked baby's big dick? Is that what you mean?" Alice asked, enjoying the role she was playing to perfection.

"Yeah," Travis panted, his cock now fully erect and grinding against her leg. "I want to do that to you. I want to eat your pussy."

At that moment Alice couldn't think of anything she'd rather do than have this guy eat her out. She could feel how hard his cock was against her thigh. She felt how wet she'd become between her legs. This was the strange part, she was never this turned on, never with a client. She'd fuck him for free if he asked her right then but the businesswoman in her saw reality and bills. If he came against my leg he'll still want to fuck me in the future, repeat visits she thought. "Oh yeah baby, you want to eat out Mommy's pussy?"

Travis' fingers had made their way inside Alice's shorts, He felt her sodden panties and pulled them aside to touch her dripping slit. When she didn't protest he slid two fingers inside her and heard her gasp above him.

Alice threw her head back in ecstasy. The connection between them she hadn't felt with a man in years. "Oh baby, that feels so good in Mommy's pussy. Finger fuck Mommy baby. Good boy." She lifted her t-shirt and pulled a breast free of her bra. Travis was quick to wrap his mouth around her nipple, sucking like a baby at it's mother's teat. His hips increased their grinding against her leg and he wondered if he should maybe have been fucking her instead.

"Oh fuck don't stop Travis," Alice moaned as his fingers stabbed into her vagina, the curl of his digits hitting just the right spot as if he knew her intimately. "Suck Mommy's tits baby. Make Mommy cum."

His hand increased its speed in and out of her. His mouth clamped around her nipple.

When Alice came it was as if she'd forgotten the sensation. She felt almost embarrassed as she allowed herself to squirt through her shorts onto this man's hand whom she had only just met. She wanted to thank him for reminding her how beautiful sex could be but all she could do was bring his mouth up to hers. If he had known what the simple act of kissing had meant to her, it would have worked as thank you enough but for Travis, the intimacy was the catalyst for him to release his own orgasm. Gasping into her mouth as her tongue encircled his he began shooting cum, coating their legs and spraying the sheets to join her own ejaculate.

"Oh fuck Alice," Travis managed after composing himself, his body still pressed to hers. "That was awesome."

Alice didn't know what to say, to do. An orgasm with a client wasn't normal. In fact it was completely abnormal. As Travis slowly eased his fingers out of her saturated shorts she took it as an opportunity to extract herself from his hold, to lift herself off the bed entirely.

She looked down at the naked man, his still erect penis slick with cum, the evidence all over her sheets and her own legs. Her eyes traced up to her own blue denim shorts, the crotch drenched with her own emission to the point it looked as if she'd wet herself.

"I'm sorry. You don't have to pay for that," Alice exclaimed. "That wasn't what we agreed to."

Travis was taken aback, thinking he'd done something wrong.

"Like hell! I thought that might have been the \$300 option!" The use of humor had been an attempt to settle the situation, the woman was obviously freaking out about something.

"That wasn't sex! I don't know what that was but you have to go." Alice hurried to the bathroom and closed the door behind her leaving Travis alone and confused.

In the mirror she looked at her reflection. What the fuck Alice? What the fuck? She asked herself. You don't fall for clients, especially those that are half your age.

Taking a towel she wiped his cum from her leg and removed her shorts, t-shirt and panties. Wrapping a robe around herself she walked back out into her bedroom.

Travis had put his clothes back on and on her nightstand she could see three crisp hundred dollar bills.

"Look I'm sorry if I upset you. I just wanted to see you again, that's all." He slipped his shoes on while Alice watched and when she didn't respond he made his way out of her room shaking his head. A quick check that he'd not left anything behind and Travis opened the front door, pausing briefly before exiting the way he'd come in.

Alice bit on her nail as she looked at the money, her heart began to race as she heard the front door close. He's going Alice, she told herself. The way you acted, he'll never come back! You don't even have his phone number; you'll never see him again. You've blown it. The thought of it spurred her into action. She ran from her room and towards the front door. In the hall she looked to the

elevator and saw no one. The click of the door at the other end of the hall caught her ear and she thought, the stairway!

By the time she reached the door and opened, he was two flights down, his hand holding the rail as he descended. "Why did you pick me?" She yelled down to him, her voice echoing in the chamber. His progress stopped and he leaned over the rail looking up at her.

"Because I thought you looked beautiful."

Tears welled in her eyes.

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He stood again in her living room as nervous as he was the first time. She came out of the bedroom and held the money out before him. "I told you I can't take this."

Travis shook his head. "That's yours, you earned it."

"I didn't do anything. Travis, you made me cum. Do you understand? No one makes me cum!" She said the words defiantly as if it was done against her will.

Travis obstinately turned his cheek to the outstretched hand and reluctantly Alice placed the folded bills in the pocket of her robe. "Well at least let me make you a coffee to have with those muffins." She proposed and he agreed to that.

Travis took up a stool beside the kitchen and Alice looked down at his pants leg. The wetness of his semen had flowed through. He didn't even wipe himself off on her sheets like most men would've, she thought. Who was this guy?

"So what's your story Travis?" She asked. "Why were you on Hollywood Blvd in the middle of the night?"

Travis smiled. "Actually I was just sightseeing, driving around. I'm not from L.A. Stopping for you was on the spur of the moment."

"Because you thought I was beautiful!?" She smiled skeptically at him.

"Yes. Really." Travis eyed her ass behind the long apricot satin robe. Clearly she wasn't wearing panties, the material cinching between her cheeks.

"So why are you in L.A.?" Alice asked, looking over her shoulder and catching him peeking at her rear. He does like me, she thought.

"I'm a carpenter but I specialize on staircases. I was asked to help out on an attic access." The woman seemed genuinely interested and Travis was eager to share his life with her. "It's interesting actually, you know that earthquake you had a week or so ago? Well the house we're working in had a secret attic, it was only revealed when the ceiling cracked..."

Alice leaned on her elbows as she listened intently. She loved watching his mouth move as he talked, the enthusiasm in his eyes.

"...so the woman and her son that live there climb up and find all this old furniture and photos from the 1920's. It really is amazing."

Travis took a quick glance at her cleavage as she leaned before him on the bench. God she does have great tits, he thought.

The jug boiled and Alice joined Travis on a stool. "So you'll be leaving L.A. when you finish?" She asked as she tasted her muffin.

Travis watched her mouth open, move as she chewed. His cock responded at the sight, imagining her lips again around it as they had in the car. "Yeah, back home."

When he mentioned the name of the town, Alice's stomach turned. She remembered a naive young woman fleeing west hoping for a new life in Los Angeles. Stopping in a small town and falling for the wrong man. A series of mistakes that had led her to her current life.

Travis saw the marked change in her demeanor, thought it was a reaction to his admitting he'd be leaving. He reached out and risked touching her, gently resting his hand on hers. "I might stay longer though!"

Alice looked into his eyes, so full of concern. She pulled him to her and her lips pressed to his. "I want you inside me."

They stood together and Alice's robe came open. Travis had only a moment to take in her body, the white lace bra supporting her large breasts, her nipples visible. The white skin of her belly, her hairless pubic mound. Their bodies connected as did their mouths, his hands reaching inside her robe to caress her sides, her back, her buttocks. Her naked pussy pressed against his leg, she felt for sure she'd leave a wet patch so excited was her sex.

Travis pulled her closer into him as their tongues entwined. His cock ached to be released from his pants and making a bold move he cupped her upper thighs and lifted her up into his arms. The couch over her shoulder, he carried her across the small room and they fell down together, Travis now securely between her spread legs. Alice reached for his pants and undid the button and fly with ease. With help he lowered them and his naked erection was within inches of its prize. "Condom?" Travis panted into her ear between kisses and Alice's reaction was to grasp his hardness and pull him into her.

The feeling of being inside her was of utter joy. So warm. So wet. Claspings his cock with the most loving of embraces. For Alice she felt complete. Whole for the first time in her life as if her vagina was a jigsaw missing a final piece and this man's cock completed the puzzle. Protection was non-debatable in her profession yet with him it had to be this way, she felt. She needed his contact unfiltered; she craved his seed inside her.

Pulling her breasts from her bra, Travis' mouth sought out her nipples, kissing, sucking. His cock thrust in and out, her thighs wrapped around his waist. Her orgasm came as he kissed her neck, her words caught in her mouth until her climax subsided. "Come inside me!" She demanded as their mouths reconnected and Travis was ready to comply. Fully inside her, his pubic bone to hers he stopped his movement and released. Alice squeezed her cunt around him as she felt his sperm spray her cervix like a fire hose. Pulse after pulse of his cum emptying inside her, evidence of his desire for her.

"What if I said I think I love you?" Travis gasped into her neck as he kissed beneath her ear, his post-orgasm cock still hard inside her.

"I would say the exact same thing Travis!" Alice breathed, her arms embracing her lover.

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He drove back to her apartment early evening. His clothes had smelled like sex and not that he'd cared, they weren't fit for the restaurant he'd promised to take her to with the money she'd refused to accept.

When she greeted him at her door he was floored by her beauty. Wearing more a black slip than a dress, her body looked perfection in his eyes. She wore no bra as far as he could tell, her nipples poking out the front and only as he ran his hand over her ass did he feel the line of her underwear. It was all he could do to not fuck her there and then and Alice would have been more than a willing participant.

Seated at the restaurant sipping her drink Alice looked at Travis with wide open eyes. "Don't look now, but over my shoulder, the woman sitting at the window is Lauren Brooks!" Alice gushed.

Travis had no idea who the woman was meant to be but Alice was taken with her apparent brush with celebrity. "I thought you'd be used to seeing famous people living in L.A.!"

"You never get used to it!"

"Who is she anyway?" Travis asked.

Alice scrunched her nose with a look of incredulity which made Travis fall more in love with her.

"She's a plus size model, she's mega famous. I can relate to her life I guess, before she was famous of course. How can you not know her? Oh that's right; I remember where you're from. Do you even have television out there yet?" Alice laughed at her own joke and Travis wanted to kiss her.

Alice could feel her panties becoming wet, the more time she spent with him the deeper her feelings were becoming. She wanted to fuck him. To climb across the table and sit on his lap. Have him inside her again. She reached down and beneath the table cloth slid a hand under her dress. Across the stay up stockings she caressed her fingers up to her panties and took hold of the waist band. Lifting one cheek and then the other, they came off so easily and without anyone in the restaurant being aware she held them in her hand.

"Hold out you hand." Alice whispered.

"What, why?" Travis quizzed but doing as she'd instructed, resting his hand palm up on the table.

Alice reached across and placed her warm black lace thong into his awaiting hand and Travis closed his fist around the material, his cock hardening with his awareness.

"Can you hold on to them for me?" Alice smiled wickedly and Travis' heart was completely captured.

"Tell me about your life," Travis asked. "I want to know everything about you."

Alice met his eyes and she felt she could bare her soul to him, a man she'd only known for less than twenty four hours. He knew her profession and it didn't sway his feelings towards her, not even their obvious age difference seemed to affect his desire. She told him everything. Her early life back east, her struggles before ending up in his very home town. Meeting a man who got her pregnant and in her fragile state forced her to give up the child. The alcoholism that followed, the years of sadness and misfortune. By the end of her tale she reconciled he would either leave her in disgust or more likely, politely extract himself from her presence, her world. He did neither.

With a tear in his eye Travis told her he loved her. Even more so for her tale.

"I'm not the whore with the heart of gold Travis. This isn't Pretty Woman!"

The reference like the celebrity spotting was lost on Travis but he knew what she was trying to convey. "Don't think for an instant I'm naive. I'm twenty five, I've had girlfriends. I've been in love before. You're different Alice. I want to be with you, I love you."

Their hands met over the table. "Twenty five? Well I'm only exactly twice your age I guess!" She remembered where she was at his age, pregnant and lost. "I've told you about me. It's your turn."

Travis smiled, eager to tell her more. "Well you now know my age. My job, where I live. My surname's Westin, you know what car I..."

"What?" Alice broke in before he could continue. His name had hit her like a bolt of lightning. "Your surname is Westin?"

Travis smiled before seeing the expression on her face and his brow furrowed. "Yeah. I'm Travis Westin."

For Alice the room began to spin. His name, his age, the town of his birth. "Travis, what is your father's name?" She asked cautiously.

Her hand was trying to pull away from his but he wouldn't release her. Not until he knew why her mood had changed so suddenly? Why the question about his father? "Russell Westin. Why?"

It couldn't be, she thought. He couldn't be. It was impossible. Russell had told her the child would be adopted out. They had both signed the paperwork. Yes, it was his church that it was done through but he said he didn't want the child. That she wasn't a fit mother, that the child would be better off without them both. The food in her stomach turned. She swallowed hard. "Travis. Is your mother your natural mother?"

What kind of question was that? Travis thought. Of course she was my natural mother. He thought of her then. The lack of intimacy in his childhood, the little interest she'd shown in his life growing up, their difference in appearance. "What are you asking me?" But even as he said the words he understood. Their ages. Her story. Her reaction to his father's name. It wasn't possible. He hadn't answered Alice's question. Such a simple question, it should have been so easy. But he couldn't.

"Russell Westin worked at the gas station on the edge of town. It was owned by his father. He lived in a big white two storey house on Main St. He volunteered with the church and drank too many Coors. He said it was the only beer he'd ever drink!" Tears were running from Alice's eyes as she testified. Even as she spoke the words she could see it in the man opposite her. He looked like her. He looked like his father!

A lump formed in Travis' throat as she mentioned the beer. No one but family would know that about his father, all her information rang true, the gas station (long closed), his grandparents' house they'd sold years before. He reached for his phone under the watchful gaze of this woman he had fallen in love with over the mere course of a day.

Alice heard only one side of the phone call Travis made to his father. The blood draining from his face when he received the answer to the pertinent question. "Is Mom my biological mother?"

The world changed in an instant, tilted on its axis. She now looked across the table at her son. The son she'd had sex with, no, more than that, made love to. He'd cum inside her. She'd had her son's penis in her mouth. The room again began spinning. It was all too much too fast. She rose quickly from the table and marched towards the bathrooms, her hand over her mouth.

Travis stared blankly ahead. He should have stopped her but his father's words still rang in his ear. "We should have told you, how did you find out?" He hadn't answered, how could he? How do you tell your father you've just slept with your mother? Not just slept with her. His cock had been in her mouth. He'd cum inside her, on her. He'd sucked on her breasts. A waitress approached the table and placed the bill before him asking if he wanted anything else and Travis waved her away courteously. He looked down at his phone as it began to ring, his father's number appearing on the screen. Not yet, he thought to himself and switched it off. Placing it back in his pocket his hand touched the soft material therein. His mother's panties, still warm, still wet. He needed to see her.

Alice splashed the water against her face and looked in the mirror. Her makeup was ruined and she looked gaunt. Much as Travis had when he'd learnt the truth, what must he think of me, she thought? His mother the whore. He'll leave L.A. Go back home and regret ever coming here, meeting me. The door to the women's toilets opened beside her and she straightened expecting another patron. Travis entered and stood before her.

She shouldn't have doubted the capacity of her son's love. He held her underwear in his hand; she held his heart in hers. "I'm sorry," she whispered and he came to her. His lips finding hers, tasting the tears on her face. His body pressed so tight she felt his cock harden against her as his hands caressed her back, her ass.

"You never have to apologize...Mom," he answered as he kissed her neck. Alice's hands went to his pants and unbuttoned. His cock released, free and proud. Travis lifted her onto the sink and she guided him inside her. Deep he plunged with urgency. Eager to prove with cum, his love for her hadn't lessened, in fact doubled. Now the love of a man for a woman combined with that of a son for his mother. There could be no greater love.

The door of the bathroom opened and a female patron half entered taking in the scene. She watched transfixed as the man's buttocks thrust back and forth between the woman's stocking clad legs. Her dress had been lowered beneath her breasts, her back to the mirror. "Fuck me baby, fuck Mommy hard!" the woman moaned before sensing the presence of another. Her eyes took in the woman watching them before dismissing her and turning again to her lover. "I want to see you cum baby. Show Mommy your cum."

Was it possible, the woman thought? Could they be mother and son? The idea was fascinating, she didn't dare look away as the man pulled out of her, his cock slick with her lubricant. The woman dropped to the floor holding her breasts up towards the man as he masturbated above her, still totally oblivious to the third party's presence.

"I'm gonna cum Mom!" He panted, the woman noting he used a pair of black panties to jerk his thick cock.

"Yes baby cum on my tits. Cum on Mommy's face baby."

Travis looked down on his mother, her mouth open begging for his semen. In the time he'd known her she'd never looked so beautiful. His orgasm approaching he thought of the coincidence of meeting her. The likelihood of finding her in the city. It was fate that had brought them together, lust that had led them to this moment and love that would bind them forever. His cum surged forth

with the added aid of his mother's panties. His first spray caught her upturned neck, a trail of pearls on her porcelain skin. Her breasts were lavished with semen and up to her face he aimed. Her tongue bore the remaining fruits, her mouth savoring then swallowing her son's gift.

The unnamed woman's panties were saturated. Her nipples poked through her dress. The scene of potential incest had awakened a passion inside her. She felt she needed to thank the couple but avoided the intrusion in their love, instead quietly sidling back out of the room, returning to her family dinner and her own son to now look upon in an entirely different manner.

Travis lifted Alice from the floor of the bathroom. The cum had run between her breasts, down the front of her dress. She scraped the semen from her neck and licked her finger as Travis wiped her chest with her panties. Cum or no cum he kissed her mouth and whispered again his love for her.

"What happens now?" Alice asked.

Travis smiled and lifted the straps of her dress back over her shoulders. "I take you back to my hotel and we fuck!"

Alice laughed. "I mean with us?"

"Oh," Travis grinned. "We find a place here in L.A. We live together for the rest of our lives and we fuck!"

"That's more like it." Alice beamed.

The End