

# NEPOTISM CH. 02

*sunburycd*

*Mother and son make a time to meet.*

Incest/Taboo

4.68

6.1k words

One year earlier.

Evelyn looked at her reflection in the bedroom mirror. Can I really wear this? She asked herself as she turned and examined her ass in the skin tight leggings. A visible panty line cut across her buttocks and to her eyes looked unflattering. Commando? She thought and smiled at herself. Why not?

Without her underwear the leggings dove between the folds of her sex. She loved the feel as the cheeks of her ass cinched the material. She ran her hands over her large breasts pushing out the black tank top. "Sandy eat your heart out." She exclaimed.

Harold was waiting in the kitchen jiggling his car keys as Evelyn entered. She turned to allow her husband to admire her look. "You're really wearing that?" He questioned.

It wasn't the response she had expected. "I don't look like Sandy from Grease?"

"You like like you belong on a street corner."

Evelyn let the comment pass, picking up her handbag and following her husband to the car. She really needed a drink.

She danced like she was in her teens. Harold's insensitive words were forgotten with the flattery from her colleagues. The men especially. It felt good to be admired, to have their eyes on her, mentally undressing her. The alcohol flowed. Someone touched her ass on the dance floor. She drank vodka. She was kissed by a girl. The music blared, the lights strobed. Harold who? She drank beer, she hated beer. She flashed her breasts. She vomited out of the window of a cab. She hugged the bowl of her toilet and thanked god porcelain was cold. She didn't get up the next day.

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Today

"Probably a good idea to wear a bra in front of the boy next time Eve." Harold stated as Cain closed the door behind them.

Evelyn had been on a high, her self esteem soaring and then her husband said that. "What are you saying?"

He looked across at her as they walked to the car. "Well I mean look at them. They're swinging around all over the place. You're not in your twenties any more darl'."

They entered the car and Harold began reversing out of the complex. "Same with the skirt. The lad doesn't want to see his mother dressed like a slut."

"It was a costume party Harold! Everyone was dressed up." She let the slut comment go, not wanting to get into an argument.

"I'm just saying you're too old to be dressed like that."

"Oh Jesus Harold, I'm only forty nine!" Evelyn pleaded her case, being drawn into the argument anyway.

Her husband laughed. "Closer to fifty every day!"

She had no idea why he was doing this. Why he seemed to be going out of his way to antagonize her. The alert tone of a message on her phone came from her handbag and she reached down to retrieve it.

"Probably the fashion police. They want you to return what you stole." Harold laughed to himself.

Evelyn rolled her eyes, the joke not really making any sense. She looked at the phone and the sender. It was the police in some form. A text from Cain and the message was exactly what she needed after her husbands comments. "You looked beautiful last night and better this morning. I cant wait to see you again. I love you."

"Who was that?" Harold asked.

Evelyn placed the phone back in her handbag without responding to the message. "Cain."

"What did he say? You leave something behind?"

Evelyn smiled as she looked out of the window and thought of her panties left on his pillow. Only my heart, she thought.

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Cain left the shower and naked went straight to his phone to see if she'd texted back. Nothing. It had been hours and doubts were beginning to form. She had been reluctant at first. Maybe she was having regrets? Did I do something wrong? He ran everything through his mind. My God, he thought. I came inside her, what was I thinking? I didn't think! He picked up his phone again and was about to call her when a text came through. "Dinner tonight?" His heart stopped racing. His cock began to swell.

Evelyn took another sip from her mug and looked at her phone on the kitchen counter. Harold turned a page of his newspaper and looked across to his wife. "Watched pot never boils!"

"Huh?" Evelyn replied.

"Cain. He'll reply when he's ready. He's probably off with this girl of his." He chuckled to himself. "Lucky him."

Evelyn shook her head. Lucky him? She thought. You haven't wanted to have sex for years, why would you be jealous of him? She picked up the phone and headed to her bedroom.

There was a book on her bedside table and she lay on the bed and began reading but found herself having to re-read entire paragraphs due to her lack of concentration. Her eyes kept diverting to the phone, her mind kept focusing on her son.

Cain was struggling to compose the text. He lay on his bed and was trying to write something poetic. A love letter to her. Something to show how he felt. Each time he read back the message he thought how stupid it all sounded. Trying to rhyme, what rhymes with Evelyn for fuck's sake? He asked himself. Finally he realized it wasn't needed. He was acting like a lovelorn schoolboy. She wouldn't want that. No, the text this morning said it all. It told her all she needed to know. Time to be a man. "Of course I'll come for dinner." He typed before sending.

Evelyn snatched up the phone and opened the text. She smiled as she read his confirmation. It was silly how excited she felt. Her own son, someone she'd seen basically every day for eighteen years and yet she couldn't wait to be in his presence. It was different now though she admitted. He was different. She jumped when the phone vibrated in her hand as she daydreamed. She again opened the follow up text. "By the way, what are you wearing right now?"

Evelyn blushed. She wriggled down on the bed slightly and her jeans pulled between her legs, the seam pressing her sex. She thought of lying. Telling him she was in lingerie or naked. Instead she looked down at herself and told the truth. "Tight blue jeans and white t-shirt. You?"

Cain stroked his cock as he brought his mother's underwear to his face. He thought of her in the hallway, bending over for him. He recalled his hand cupped over her vagina, her pissing in the street. His message tone rang beside him and hurriedly picked up the phone. He read the text and now wanted more, responding straight away. "Naked! What color are your panties?"

Evelyn read the message and genuinely didn't know. A little hung over when she and Harold returned home she'd showered and changed without thought. She undid the button of her jeans and lowered the zip. The purple satin underwear were a favorite, so low cut she could see her pubic hair poking out the top. She ran a hand down the silky material and cupped her vagina, feeling her wetness seeping through. What if Harold comes in? She thought.

Zippering back up, Evelyn rose from the bed and walked into her ensuite. She locked the door behind her and lifted the toilet seat. Dropping her jeans to her ankles she sat on the toilet and dialed Cain's number.

"Mom. Hello."

"They're purple baby!"

Cain sat up on his bed not expecting to be talking to her so soon. "Where are you? Where's Dad?"

"I'm in the bathroom. You're father's in the other room. I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Me too. I can't stop thinking about you." Cain thought of his doubts that morning. "Mom I came inside you. Is that alright? Did I fuck up?"

Evelyn's heart soared. That he was thinking of her, that he cared about her well-being. It possibly made her love him more. "Baby don't worry about that. I'm safe."

Cain wasn't sure what she meant by "I'm safe" but the reassurance calmed him. "Purple you say?"

Evelyn smiled. She could see herself in the full length mirror. Her bare legs akimbo. The t-shirt rode down over her hips and she lifted the front up and over her breasts to reveal her flesh colored bra. "Yep. They're satin with a black lace trim. I think you'd like them."

Cain held his cock as he imagined the underwear. "I bet I would."

"Do you want to know what I'm doing?" Evelyn asked.

"Tell me."

"I'm sitting on the toilet. I have my jeans down at my ankles, my t-shirt is up over my boobs and I'm touching myself."

Cain closed his eyes and put himself in his parents bathroom. He could see her. "Where are you touching Mom?"

Evelyn ran her fingers back and forth along her vulva through her panties. The satin getting wetter as she masturbated. Her breathing labored. "My...my pussy baby. Mommy's touching her pussy."

The words were ones he thought he'd never hear in a sentence. Never from her mouth. That beautiful mouth. He beat his cock as he imagined her. "I wish I was there Mom. Is your pussy wet?"

"It's so wet baby. I'm rubbing it through my panties. They're getting so wet."

Cain put his phone on speaker and again picked up the underwear his mother had left him, pressing them to his nose while jacking off. "Can you cum in them Mom? I want you to cum in your panties."

Evelyn concentrated her fingers on her clit, furiously massaging in a circle the now sodden region. "I'm gonna cum baby. Mommy's gonna cum for you."

Cain himself was on the verge of cumming. Listening to her heavy breathing through the speaker he again closed his eyes and it was as if she was next to him. They were masturbating together. "I have to cum Mom!"

"Yes baby cum for me. Cum for Mommy."

Cain fell backwards onto his mattress. The spurts of semen spraying his chest, his stomach. His hand slid up over his cut head and coated his palm in cum. Down back along his length, now slick with sperm. Evelyn's breathing stopped as she held it, no noise came from the phone but a slight rustle. And then her sigh. A muffled gasp as if she held her hand over her mouth to silence herself and then again the quiet. Moments passed as neither said a word, just happy to dwell in the afterglow.

"Did you hear me cum baby?" Evelyn whispered as she came down from her high.

Cain still held his cock. He remained hard. He would as long as he was speaking to her. "I heard it Mom. I wish I was there. I want to see those panties."

Evelyn smiled. "I'll see you tonight. It's only a few hours honey."

"I know. I'll see you then. I love you."

"You nearly done in there?" Harold called from the other side of the door.

Evelyn nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard his voice. How much had he heard she wondered? How long had he been there? "Oh just a minute." She replied, hiding her phone in the back pocket of her jeans as she pulled them up. Evelyn flushed the toilet and washed her hands, finally opening the door to her husband, "You could have gone in the other bathroom!"

He grumbled something about her being hungover and closed the door behind him. Evelyn floated towards the kitchen to prepare a meal for her secret lover, giggling to herself to be more careful in the future.

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"Twice in a week." Harold commented as Cain entered the house.

"No Dad only once. I didn't come this Thursday." Cain replied as he pinched a carrot from the salad bowl on the kitchen bench. "Where's Mom?"

"I don't know, around. I thought you'd be sick of her by now, working with her all day!"

Cain faked a laugh. "Yeah you're right." He thought of her naked body on top of him that morning. "I probably see more of her than you do!" The double entendre was lost on his father and Cain felt good about getting one over him.

Evelyn walked into the kitchen and immediately met eyes with Cain. They played it cool. She approached him and her kiss was motherly. Cain inhaled her hair as their faces brushed and he wished he could hold her. Kiss her like she wanted to be kissed. Maybe it would happen, he told himself, there might be chances.

"So who is this girl you were telling us about?" Harold inquired. He was watching the television in the other room whilst at the dining table and didn't look at Cain as he waited for a response. Cain wasn't interested in looking at him either. His attention was directed towards the goddess in his vicinity. Evelyn had changed for dinner. Harold had commented when she re-appeared mid afternoon in another outfit as to whom she was trying to impress? Him or Cain? She'd fobbed him off saying she wasn't dressing for any man, it was for herself but it was a lie. It was for Cain.

Cain couldn't recall if he'd ever seen her wearing it but if he had he surely would've remembered. Fuchsia colored, the dress was above knee length and a-line. The top revealed a great deal of cleavage and being sleeveless, even some side boob. The fact she was bra-less was obvious. Standing in such close proximity in the kitchen, Cain could feel his penis harden just from the sight of her. Evelyn walked from cupboard to drawer preparing the dinner. She stopped in the middle of the floor and gazed across to Harold to be sure he wasn't looking. Cain wondered what she had in mind and could only look on in wonder as she slowly raised the front of her dress to reveal her purple panties.

"Well?" Harold looked back from his seat at the table towards mother and son.

Evelyn quickly lowered her dress and joined Cain behind the island bench, their lower halves obscured from Harold's view.

"Well what?" Cain asked, having completely forgotten his father's question.

"The girl that sunk her fangs into your neck. I haven't seen a hickey like that in years!" He began laughing to himself. "You used to give a hell of a hickey Eve!"

Cain looked towards his mother and she began to blush.

"Oh that." Cain rubbed his neck. "Yeah it's a girl I've been seeing. Can't say much about it yet."

"Well good for you buddy. You've been single for a while. You should bring her around to meet your mother." He turned back to give his attention to the television and Cain looked at Evelyn.

"Actually she's a lot like you Mom." Cain stated.

Evelyn smiled and began separating the plates she'd retrieved from the cupboard. "Oh yeah?"

Cain moved in closer and looked over to his father. "Yeah, she's beautiful just like you." He hadn't seemed to hear the comment although it wasn't overt enough for him to question it.

Evelyn turned slightly to face her son and with one hand holding a plate on the bench top she again raised her dress. It was more than a subtle invitation and Cain reached out to press his hand against his mother's pussy. Evelyn opened her mouth in response to his touch, her eyes closing as he cupped her, sliding a fingers length along her slit. Cain felt they were wet. Possibly still from earlier that day.

"Bloody government. You pay your taxes and this is what you end up with!" Harold stated.

Cain pulled his hand quickly away from between his mother's legs as his father once again looked in their direction.

"Don't ever vote Republican Cain. They do nothing for the worker," he complained.

"O.k, O.k. No politics at the dinner table please men." Evelyn declared and headed to the walk-in pantry. Out of the view of her husband she turned to make sure Cain was watching and lifted up her dress. Taking hold of her panties she slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. Returning to Cain with them balled in her hand she passed her panties to her son. "Be a dear and set the table for me would you Cain?" She asked casually and as Cain slid the damp underwear into his front pocket he hoped his father wouldn't notice the erection tenting out the front of his pants.

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Cain thought of the cliché as he sat across from his mother in his usual position. Dropping a napkin to look up her skirt beneath the table, playing footsies. All options were out of the question with the glass see through table top. They ate dinner much as they always did, as they always had for his nineteen years. So many years wasted, he thought. Why did it take a topless photo of her to awaken this lust? It suddenly occurred to him he had a reason for his awakening. What was hers? What did it take for a mother to become sexually attracted to her son? He reminded himself to brooch the subject the first chance he got.

"Well since your mother made dinner Cain, you can do the dishes." Harold declared as he leaned back in his chair.

"I always do!" Cain defended himself as he began to rise, taking his father's plate and receiving his mother's.

"I'll help honey." Evelyn stated and collected the remaining cutlery. Harold made his way to the living room and switched the television on again. The sound of a game show filtered through as mother and son began the tidy up.

"You know what I was thinking all through dinner?" Evelyn asked as she stood beside Cain at the sink.

"That you wished we didn't have a glass topped table!" Cain immediately threw back at her.

She looked amazed at his mind reading skills. "How did you?"

"Mom, I was thinking the same thing." He laughed.

Evelyn moved closer to him by the sink and their bodies touched. Their hands came together in the water and soap suds and their fingers entwined. Evelyn wrapped her fist around Cain's index finger and masturbated it as if it were a small cock.

"Mom I want you so bad!"

Evelyn looked back into the living room and still holding Cain's hand led him towards the pantry. With her back to the shelves she immediately lifted the front of her dress and Cain was quick to move in. His fingers combed down through her pubic hair and reached her vulva. Her labia slick with moisture, he slid his middle finger along its length and then entered. Evelyn arched her neck back and Cain lavished her skin with kisses from her collarbone to her jaw. Kissing along her chin he came to her mouth and she greeted him with tongue.

Evelyn pulled her son closer to her. His body pressed to her naked lower half. She lifted a leg and he caught it with his free hand only removing his other hand from her pussy when she began to lift her other leg. Cupping her beneath the ass, her vagina now pressing against his own groin he attempted to balance her on a lower shelf but the action sent bottles toppling. A can of peaches fell to the floor and landed with a crash. They began to laugh and Cain lifted a hand to cover his mother's mouth.

"You making a cup of tea out there? It's about that time." Harold called from the family room and they knew they had to stop. Evelyn took hold of Cain's hand and kissed his fingers. As he slowly backed out of the pantry and Evelyn's dress fell back into place, she took his index finger into her mouth and sucked it like a counterfeit cock. His arm held out, she followed him out attached to his finger and only relinquished her hold half way across the kitchen.

Evelyn looked down at the erection, so noticeable in her son's pants. The wet patch where she'd climbed upon him. The aching lust in his eyes. "He goes for a bike ride every Sunday morning."

"I'll be here!" Cain quickly replied.

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There had been no further interaction between them. His father had been constantly present and only when he said goodbye later than usual did he again touch his mother. It wasn't enough. He wanted to be with her constantly. Even with his first girlfriends he'd never been so smitten. To be forever on his mind, to be aroused at the thought of her body, her smile, her laugh. He needed her, he couldn't live without his mother.

He lay in bed, the purple satin panties beside his head on the pillow. Their scent was strong and every once in a while he'd turn and press his nose into the gusset, the rear. His cock wouldn't go down, with only the slightest of touches sending thoughts of her hand, her pussy, her mouth wrapped around him. The prospect of sleep seemed impossible and then the text came through. "Sleep well my beautiful boy. All my love, Mom."

It was the soothing he needed. He closed his eyes and with the scent of her cunt around him, fell deeply asleep.

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He couldn't help himself. With a mere few strokes he came into his mother's white cotton panties. Pulling the purple pair from his nose and mouth he looked across at the time on his phone. Only 8am. Evelyn had said his father would leave the house at 10am. Easing out of bed he headed for the shower; he was determined to be there the minute he was gone.

Evelyn impatiently watched Harold as he dressed for his ride. Men over 55 should re-consider wearing lycra she thought. Post shower and wearing only a towel wrapped around body, her wet hair in a turban she sat on the end of the bed moisturizing her legs.

"We're going for a long one today. Up into the hills. Might be a bit later than usual." Harold stated. "What are your plans for the morning?"

The news was welcome to Evelyn whose mind was pondering what to wear for her son. "She blushed when he asked the question. "Oh I haven't any. I'll potter around I guess."

As he drove towards his parents house, Cain passed a group of middle aged and senior men in lycra and recognized his father among them. Ridiculously he began to duck down in the car seat before realizing he had nothing to hide. So what if he was visiting home. Would his father immediately jump to the conclusion his son was fucking his wife when he wasn't there? Of course not. Cain drove on with confidence he hadn't been seen regardless.

Pulling into his parents driveway he wanted to sprint to the front door but slowed himself down. Don't look too desperate he thought. But he was. He was desperate to see her, to even just touch her. "Mom?" He called as he entered the hallway.

She emerged from her room still dressed only in a towel. She felt like running to him but settled on a quick walk. They came together in the tightest of embraces, so eager to kiss the other, to feel their body. "I didn't bother dressing, do you mind?"

In answer Cain unwound her towel and let it fall to the floor. His naked mother stood in his arms looking up into his eyes. "It would've only slowed us down!" Cain replied before kissing her again, this time on the neck. Evelyn threw her arms over his shoulders and raised a leg up alongside his. The action pushed her groin against his and Cain responded by cupping beneath her ass and lifting her up onto his front. The family room was the closest destination and marching towards the couch with her legs wrapped around him, their tongues entwined.

As she was placed back onto the couch, Evelyn pulled Cain's t-shirt off over his head. Cain fumbled with his belt and with his mother's help removed his pants. His erection bounced out and aimed at the spread legs of his mother. Her pussy glistening in the morning light. "Just fuck me baby!" Evelyn begged and taking hold of her son's cock, guided him into her warm welcoming vagina. Evelyn's mouth formed a perfect circle as she sighed at the penetration. So deep he delved and stayed there, his groin to hers, fused. Cain leaned forward and met his lips with hers. As they gently kissed he withdrew and plunged back into her hard and deep. Evelyn held her breath as she came. She dug her fingernails into his back and whispered, "don't move!" as she wrapped her legs around him and drew his cock further into her orgasm.

She released her breath staggeringly. Her vaginal walls twitched around her son's penis as she came down from her high. Cain was admittedly surprised at her action. "Did you just cum?"

Finally releasing her entire breath she smiled up at him. "You, made me cum darling!"



Cain feeling more than proud stayed inside her and re-positioned. He lay with her on top and Evelyn was quick to begin grinding back and forth on his erection. Cain took hold of her breasts as he looked up into her eyes. Cupping their weight he used the sides of his thumbs to pinch on her erect nipples. "I love your boobs Mom."

"I know you do. I couldn't get you off them when you were a baby." Evelyn smiled as the memory returned. "Your father said you'd probably become a dairy farmer, such was your devotion."

Cain pulled her down onto him and their mouths met. His hands clutched the cheeks of her ass and he thrust up into her rapidly. Spreading her buttocks he inched his index fingers closer to her anus with each penetration. Evelyn guessed he was waiting for permission so threw a hand back and guided his finger over her hole, pressing his digit against her opening. Cain took advantage and eased the tip of his index finger inside his mother's asshole, wriggling it around as he slowed his rhythm.

They looked at each other, faces only inches apart. "What changed your mind that night Mom?" Cain whispered, his finger still inside her ass.

"George C. Scott!" She replied without hesitation. Cain looked perplexed. "When I was about your age, maybe younger I was obsessed with George C. Scott movies. I was in love with him. I visited every video store to track the tapes down." At this Cain smiled. "Yes. I know I'm old! We had vhs tapes back then. There was one film, I can't remember the title. Something to do with savages but in it his family was trapped on a deserted island. His son grows up and falls in love with the mother and she spurns him. I hated her for it. And the father. They treated him abysmally, he only wanted love."

"And what happened?" Cain asked.

"For memory she eventually sleeps with him but to answer your question. When I was alone in your room I thought of that movie and realized how horrible I was being to you. I hoped it wasn't too late." A tear had formed in her eye and Cain slid his hands up over her butt onto her back, hugging her body into his.

"Mom it would never have been too late!" He assured her and kissed her cheek.

Evelyn smiled. "What about you? What happened this week? How did we get here baby?"

Cain was silent a moment debating whether to tell her the whole story. He decided truth was the only option. "You know that guy Devon at work?"

Evelyn moved her head back slightly in surprise at his name being raised. "Ah yes. Bit sleazy."

"That's him, douchebag." Again Cain stalled. "Well he had a photo of you. A topless photo!"

Evelyn sat up on Cain's lap. "What? How?"

Cain's cock remained hard but he'd stopped moving inside her. "He said it was from the Christmas party. You looked like that chick from Grease."

Evelyn relaxed slightly. She remembered the night well, or more to the point didn't remember it well enough. "Oh."

"I deleted it!"

"What?"

"I got his phone and deleted it. It was the only copy." Cain confessed.

"You did that for me?" Evelyn asked, more tears forming in her eyes.

"I'd do anything for you Mom!"

She lay back down on Cain's chest. Her breasts pressed to his skin. "I don't know how it's possible baby but think I love you even more."

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Harold looked at his rear wheel and the broken chain hanging limply from the derailleur. He had waved the friends he had in the group away and the peloton moved on without him. Removing his helmet he began the long walk home, his bike beside him, cursing the fact he'd forgotten to bring his phone.

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"What about you?" Evelyn asked.

"What about me what?" Cain replied, allowing his mother to control the rhythm of their fucking.

"That night. Why were you so horny young man?"

Cain smiled. "Remember when we were walking home to my place and you had to go to the toilet? Watching you do it was probably the most beautiful thing I think I've ever seen!"

Evelyn halted the movement of her hips on his groin and for a moment Cain thought he'd offended her. Quite the contrary. She eased his cock out of her vagina and took his hand. "Come on, come with me."

In the bathroom Evelyn sat down on the toilet, leaning back against the cistern she spread her legs to allow her son to see her splayed sex. The stream of clear urine gushed from her immediately spraying the inside of the bowl.

"Oh Jesus, Mom!" Cain exclaimed as she reached out for his erection. Taking him in her hand she wrapped her fingers around his slick length and brought him closer. Leaning forward Evelyn took her son into her mouth. Her lips enclosing around him. Her tongue a mattress for his cock to lie on he pushed slowly into her. Her pee flowed directly down into the water, louder now and adding to the eroticism of the moment. Taking half of his cock into her mouth Evelyn masturbated the base longing for the taste of her son's semen.

"Mom can I do something?" Cain asked as he felt his orgasm moments away.

Pulling his cock from her mouth yet still lavishing it with kisses she looked up into his eyes as her flow of urine abated "Anything my love."

"Can I put it between your tits?" He asked bashfully.

Without answering, Evelyn pressed her chest up to meet his cock and placed his erection between her breasts. Enclosing her hands over her boobs she formed a tight hole for her son to fuck and looked down as the head of his cock bobbed up and down inside her ample cleavage.

Cain balanced himself by leaning on his mother's shoulders as he awkwardly fucked between her breasts. She looked up into his eyes before forming a mouthful of saliva and dribbling down onto his cock. The sight and the added lubricant did the trick for Cain. "Oh shit Mom, I'm gonna cum."

Evelyn looked back down at her son's penis as his semen burst forth. Cum sprayed her neck, her jawline. A thread of jism lined her cheek and she laughed and praised him. "Oh my gosh. Good boy. You love Mommy's boobies don't you?"

Cain gasped as the last of his cum spurted out to flow back between her breasts and onto his cock. "Oh God that was good! Mom thank you so much."

Evelyn stood up still holding his cock, "You don't have to thank me honey. Come on let's get cleaned up."

In the shower Cain took a cake of soap and began washing the cum from his mother's face and chest. He soaped up her breasts and with her legs spread moved down between them. Working from the front and back he soaped her ass crack and at the same time, the pubes of her vagina and the slit. All pretext that he was cleaning her was lost as he began to masturbate his mother. Evelyn held the tiled partition of the shower with one hand and reached down to hold Cain's growing erection with the other.

"Don't panic, it's just me." Harold began as the door of the bathroom opened. He entered as Evelyn pushed Cain down below the partition and out of eyesight of her husband.

"What are you doing back?" She asked trying to remain calm in her panic.

Harold walked over to the toilet and pulled down the front of his bike shorts. He looked down. "You forgot to flush!" He remarked as he unleashed a stream. "My bike broke. I had to walk home. I've got grease all over me."

Cain knelt at his mother's feet. His face was inches from her ass. With the running water he was unaware of his father's actions. If they were to be found out here and now he thought, why not make it worth it? He reached up and separated his mother's legs and pressed his face between. Happily she helped him by bending forward slightly, pushing her pussy back onto his mouth.

"You're not going to shower now?" Her voice broke a little as Cain sucked on her clitoris.

"No I'll go and fix the chain."

Evelyn spread her legs wider and almost sat down on her son's face. Gripping the partition with both hands she watched Harold finish at the toilet, flush and begin walking out. He stopped. "Cain's car is out the front. He gone to see a friend?"

Evelyn hadn't thought of it and was glad Harold had come up with an explanation. She then thought of his clothes left in the living room and hoped Harold wouldn't pass by that way. "I guess. He must have come by and I was in here!" Cain spread her ass wide. She felt his tongue move from her clit to her vagina and enter. "Aghhhh" She exclaimed.

Harold took a step closer. "You O.k?"

"Yes! Just the hot water."

"Why are you having another shower anyway?" Harold asked now openly curious about her actions.

Evelyn lowered a hand to her pussy and began masturbating her clit, the movement of her hand unseen by Harold. "I did yoga and got sweaty."

The explanation satisfied her husband. "Oh fair enough. Well if you need me I'll be in the garage."

Harold closed the door behind him and Evelyn's legs collapsed. She turned as she descended and lowered herself onto Cain's awaiting cock. Their orgasm came as one as the water cascaded upon their bodies, their mouths locked.

Finally after minutes passed in each other's arms Evelyn spoke. "That was too close!"

"My place next time?" Cain was quick to offer.

Evelyn smiled and kissed his ear. "You're forgetting we have work tomorrow!"

"That records room does get awfully sweaty." Cain whispered, his cock staying hard inside his mother.

"There's no telling what might happen!" Evelyn sighed as she squeezed his cock with her vagina.

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Harold returned from the garage, his hands dark with grease. "Not staying for lunch?" He questioned as Cain innocently kissed his mother's cheek in the act of farewell.

"Oh I didn't know I was invited!" Cain replied.

Evelyn smiled. "Of course you can stay honey. We've hardly seen you today!"

"Well if it's alright with Dad, sure."

"As long as you're not sick of your mother that is!" Harold laughed, moving off towards the bathroom to clean up.

Cain and Evelyn looked at each other holding hands.

"No. I'll never get sick of you Mom." Cain confessed and mouthed "I love you" silently, to her alone.

Evelyn had never been happier.

Thanks for reading.