

# NEPOTISM CH. 03

*sunburycd*

*Problems at work?*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

4.7k words

"I'm telling you bro, the little punk's banging her!"

Miles Bradley winced at the volume of Devon's voice as he listened to the story. "Drunken dancing does not an affair make!" He responded. "Who else have you been telling this to?"

"Everyone!" Devon looked surprised Miles wasn't buying the tale. "You saw her at the party, it wasn't just the booze man, she was all over him."

Miles shook his head. "Can I remind you she was actually pretty restrained this year or has your memory been deleted with that photo?"

Devon looked sour at the thought of the lost image. "You explain her flashing and pissing in the street with Cain looking on then."

Miles peered over Devon's shoulder and quickly turned his back heading for the staircase, abandoning his wait for the elevator. "Where the fuck are you going?" Devon yelled to him before he felt the presence of someone else behind him. Turning he was met with the appearance of the company C.E.O. Walter Fisk and he swallowed nervously at his sober visage.

"How about you come up to my office Mr. Tallis and you can explain to me what you think is going on in my company." Walter suggested, and as if on cue the elevator doors chimed open.

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Devon Tallis straightened his tie as he walked from Walter Fisk's office. Proud of the information he'd relayed to the boss he headed back to his own work space, winking at a female receptionist as he passed who (unseen by him) rolled her eyes in response.

Walter strode to the window sipping from his coffee cup as he looked out on the clear L.A. morning. Smarmy git, he thought. He'd be sure to inform Devon's manager of his staff's unprofessional conduct. Spreading rumors and innuendo wasn't in the Fisk & Tavish dna; he'd definitely be receiving a warning. As to the information however. "Evelyn, Evelyn, Evelyn." Walter mused. "What have you been up to?"

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Evelyn ran a hand along her thigh, admiring the feel of the satin chiffon blend of her new pleated skirt. Seated in her car at the traffic lights she calculated the amount of money she'd spent the day before. Thank goodness for separate bank accounts, she thought. Harold would not have approved.

Sunday afternoon retail therapy was what she'd called it when he saw her arrive home with the bags under her arms. New dresses and skirts, some items of lingerie and some cheap and trashy

underwear. She hadn't had a splurge like that in years, Harold's seeming disinterest in her had seen her dressing sexily, solely for herself; now however she had the joy of dressing to impress another.

Her hand reached the hem of the skirt and touched her stocking clad inner thigh. A tingle ran up her spine as she thought of Cain's hands on her. His eyes on her new clothing, her body beneath. She allowed her fingers to stroke back along her now parted legs and under the skirt, bunching it to her waist. Her tan stay up stocking tops exposed and the white triangle of her thong now visible to her and anyone who happened to look into her car. She cared not. Her mind was caught in a vision of her son between her legs. Her hand as if controlled by another, pressed against her now sodden panties. Her legs spread further, her fingers pushed at the entrance to her vagina and a car beeped her from behind. Evelyn cleared her head and smiling to herself drove through the intersection, her workplace only blocks away.

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Cain waited on the couch in his mother's office. It hadn't even been twenty four hours since he'd seen her but it felt an eternity. Crazy, he thought. He'd seen this woman nearly every day of his life, thought he knew everything about her and yet now he ached to lay his eyes upon her, yearned to learn every aspect of her being.

Evelyn left the elevator and headed towards her office. She could see the top of Cain's head seated on the couch through the glass partition and she sucked in a breath at his presence. Smiling at a secretary as she passed, the girl turned to her colleague and whispered something unheard and unseen by Evelyn.

She entered the office and ignoring her son walked straight to her desk, placing her handbag down on it's surface. Bending forward with her back to Cain, she took up a pen and feigned writing something on a notepad. Cain for a moment presumed she hadn't noticed he'd arrived before her but as she leaned forward he knew exactly what she was doing.

Evelyn had tested it at home of course. Bending before the mirror in her bedroom, she was satisfied with how high her skirt rose up the back of her legs. The stocking tops revealed. Perfect, she thought. It was the same word Cain now said in his head as he gazed upon the long legs of his mother. His vantage point was optimal to witness the show. The racing green pleated skirt revealing the lace top of his mother's stockings, he craved to know the color and design of her panties. That would come, he thought. "Ahem," Cain cleared his throat. "Good morning Evelyn."

Evelyn turned around and straightened. She looked out into the office to see if anyone had witnessed and smiled back at her son. "Oh Cain! I didn't know you were there." She lied. Leaning her bottom back onto the desk she parted her feet and allowed her skirt to press down on the contour of her legs and crotch. The black spaghetti strap tank top hugged her torso like he longed to, bra straps visible, supporting her wondrous breasts.

"How was your weekend?" She asked, keeping it professional. Outside the office a colleague approached the photocopier and seemed to be hovering.

Cain smiled, enjoying the charade. "Really good. Went to my parent's place. Spent some time with my mom." He watched as his mother walked around and sat at her desk turning on her computer in the process. Beneath the desk he noticed her raise her skirt high on her thigh. High enough that he could see the lace top of her stocking.

"Oh that's nice. I'm sure she loved that." She watched the person at the photocopier drift away, no longer eavesdropping and the question in her mind as to why they would've been, drifted away with them.

Opening her email she received a confirmation about the fan. "Oh good news. Our fan should be downstairs. Shall we go and check it out?" She asked.

Cain stood and did his best to camouflage his erection. "Ready when you are Evelyn."

Walking behind her to the lift he noticed eyes on them and assumed they were admiring Evelyn's clothing. He certainly was.

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Walter looked through the employee files on his computer. Evelyn Parker's record appeared and he smiled at her photo. Ten years Evelyn, he thought. You and Harold always seemed happy together. He recalled not having seen Harold at the golf club in years and for a moment questioned whether he had possibly passed away. No, he thought. Evelyn spoke of him not three months back. Why would she be having an affair with a co-worker? The evidence Devon had provided had been quite damning. Photos of them on the dance floor. He acknowledged that everyone was drunk at the Christmas party but they did seem to be very close. The kicker was Devon witnessing her, how did he put it? "Flashing and pissing in the street, with Cain looking on!" Admittedly the image did sound arousing to even Walter but he tried to remain professional.

So why this lad? Walter asked himself. Devon described them walking from the scene arm in arm laughing like lovers toward Cain's apartment. He questioned Devon as to how he knew where Cain lived and he provided a feasible response in that he'd gone there with Miles Bradley to drop off a costume the day before. Again he asked himself, why this lad? Throw away thirty years of marriage for an office fling. He typed in the name of the boy. Cain Trainor. Trainor, he thought. Why did the name ring bells? It was as if a light bulb came on above his head. Trainor! That's Harold's surname. "He's her bloody son!"

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The fan was big and highly effective. They set it to rotate on its pedestal and although it didn't cool the room, it circulated the air and made the work space far more pleasant. Cain opened the next box of Morris accounts and withdrew a file for himself and his mother. "Do you want Darlene's Antiques and Collectables or Daryl's Plumbing?"

Evelyn smiled. "Give me the plumber, my pipes need seeing too!"

Cain snorted. "Oh Mom!"

"What? Too crude?" She laughed.

"Well not for me!" Cain grinned handing her the folder. Evelyn ran her hand over his as she took it and goosebumps formed on Cain's flesh. "I love you so much."

She smiled and her heart filled with pride as they set about the day's work.

Evelyn was first to finish her account and headed to the cabinets to file it away. Passing Cain she ran her hand over his shoulder and walked behind him. Cain immediately swiveled in his chair and followed her progress. As his mother opened the filing cabinet, the fan oscillated in her direction

and the wind caught her skirt. The material rose up to reveal her stockings as before and then lowered, the fan returned and again it flew up. This time higher allowing Cain to see the bare bottom of his mother. "Oooh." She cried as the fan did it's business and she feebly attempted to hold her skirt down.

She turned to make sure Cain was watching and her expression proved she was thrilled with the action of the fan and the audience. Again the fan blessed her with it's breeze and Cain's jaw dropped as her skirt rose, fluttering around her hips to flash the small triangle of white thong barely covering her vagina. It explained why he'd seen her entire butt a moment earlier, the material small enough to allow the curl of her pubic hair to protrude above. "Jesus Mom. That's beautiful." He praised her as she enjoyed the air flow.

"It feels wonderful too!" She added, pressing down the skirt as it rose around her.

"Marilyn Monroe eat your heart out!" Cain stated. His cock was straining against his pants, causing an uncomfortable feeling. He needed to re-adjust but really wanted to release it. With his mother seemingly not going anywhere in a hurry, he relented. "Oh fuck it!" He exclaimed, and unzipped, pulling his hardness from his fly.

"Oh goodness!" Evelyn feigned shock when she saw his cock. She raised a hand to her mouth with her lips open as if in horror and then resumed her exhibition.

"Can you turn around again?" Cain asked and quickly Evelyn responded. Spreading her legs shoulder width, Cain now could see the white string dissecting her ass cheeks, the bulge of her pussy hanging between them from the other side. He slowly stroked his cock, admiring the beauty before him, squeezing harder when she took hold of the string and pulled it aside and over one cheek. His mother turned once again, the skirt still raising and lowering. She repeated her act with the front, pulling her thong to the side, revealing this time her thatch of brown pubic hair, her lips below.

It was too much for Cain. "Oh fuck! Come here Mom." He held out his hands for her to climb atop him but Evelyn was thinking rationally. If someone entered the basement it would be hard to explain her sitting on Cain's lap. Instead she spun Cain in his chair to again face his computer. Leaning down she took hold of his cock below the desk and began jerking her son off. Cain's hand ran up the back of his mother's leg beside him. He reached her stocking tops and went further, his fingers delving into her dripping pussy. Back and forth he slid along her labia from her asshole to her pubes. He ran his saturated fingers up into her pubic hair, dampening the entire region with her wet.

Evelyn furiously beat on her son's cock as Cain slid two fingers inside her. His thumb pressed on her anus and tentatively entered. The mental stimulation of the act hastened Cain's orgasm. "Oh Mom, I'm about to.." Before he could finish the sentence Evelyn turned the chair slightly and lowered her mouth onto his cock. Half way down she plunged and squeezed at he base. Cain refused to let go of his hold on her pussy as he began to cum into his mother's mouth. For Evelyn it was a first. Never for Harold, nor before him had she allowed a man to cum in her mouth. As each spurt from her son shot down her throat, collected in her mouth, she felt she was only now feeling true love. Only now devoting herself entirely to another human being, becoming as one with her own flesh and blood, her son.

As she swallowed the last of her son's semen the bell of the elevator rang and the doors slowly opened outside the records room. Cain was quick to take his hand from under his mother's skirt

and re-do his pants as he saw the C.E.O. walk out and toward their room. Evelyn made her way to the door and unlocked it for Walter to enter.

"Jesus. I can see why you needed the fan." Walter acknowledged. "Sorry about that Evelyn, we should've got it sooner."

"It's not a problem Walter." She kissed him on the cheek, fully realizing it was the mouth that seconds ago had been full of cum and welcomed him further into the room but he stayed put. Cain approached and introduced himself, shaking the man's hand in greeting before returning to his chair.

"So what brings you down to the dungeon?" Evelyn asked.

Now that he'd stood before the boy he could see the resemblance between he and his father although he'd not seen him in years. Even the similarities between mother and son were glaring to someone that knew they were related, possibly missed by a casual observer. "Actually I need to have a word with you privately Evelyn if you have a moment." Walter asked.

"Oh, um we could organize a date and time.." Evelyn began but was interrupted by Walter.

"Well this is kind of important so I was hoping to do it now." He proposed.

"Ah yes. Sure. We can go in here." She gestured to the server room and followed the boss through to the next room.

"Ooh bloody hell, it's like the Arctic!" He quipped referring to the change in temperature.

Evelyn smiled and held one arm with the other beneath her breasts. Walter allowed his eyes to quickly stray across her top as he noticed the woman's nipples harden in the cold clime. Dolly Parker 'they' called her, he thought. Crude but my god, she did have great tits!

Walter forced himself to concentrate on the issue at hand and avoided the woman's mammaries.

"Evelyn you've been here what? More than ten years?"

Evelyn nodded in response. "Uh huh. Coming up to eleven in February."

"Eleven. Hell that makes me feel old." He realized the comment may have come out wrong and implied she too was old and tried to correct it. "Oh I'm not saying you are old as well, I'm just saying you were one of the first here when Tavish and I started. You've always stayed loyal. You're one of the good ones."

"Thank you Walter. It's been a pleasure working here. Um, you didn't come down here to tell me that though. What's this about?" She asked, slightly concerned.

"Well no I didn't that's right. I'll get to it. A complaint was made by a fellow staff member that you were seen fraternizing with a subordinate in direct line of report, in a manner that may be deemed inappropriate to your position."

For a moment Evelyn was taken aback by the jargon before she realized what he was saying. "Who made this complaint?"

"Obviously I can't say, and obviously what with your well, 'relationship' to the other accused party I'm not taking the complaint seriously..." Walter began but Evelyn had already begun confessing.

"It's true! We've been sleeping together but it's not affecting the work. It happened after I employed him...wait, what?" She had begun speaking before she fully heard all Walter had stated, not registering his 'relationship' remark.

Walter looked shocked. "I'm sorry Evelyn, did you say it's true?"

She didn't respond to the question. Her mind was reeling with what she'd just freely admitted. Her defense was to admit the inappropriate relationship, she or Cain would be reassigned and the fact he was her son wouldn't be discovered. Stupidly she'd assumed no one would associate Cain's surname with her husbands and yet, here was Walter. One time golf partner of Harold's. The house of cards was falling around her.

"Evelyn. I came down here to alert you to the complaint. When I realized Cain was your son I dismissed it but just needed to discuss the nepotism factor. Now you're telling me you actually are sleeping with him?"

She didn't know what to do. She hadn't felt so frightened, so unsure of the future since childhood. Cain noticed her demeanor from the other room and stood in anticipation of something happening.

"Walter I don't know what to say...I." She couldn't complete the sentence, she couldn't think of another word.

Walter had overcome his initial shock at her admission of incest. He looked at the women almost completely defeated before him and felt nothing but sympathy. "Evelyn," he reached out and touched the cold skin on her arm. "Hey. It's O.k. You're not in any trouble with me."

Evelyn looked up into the older man's eyes. So full of caring and empathy.

"I told you, you're one of the good ones." He ran his hand up and down quickly, attempting to warm the area and re-assure her. "I don't care who you're sleeping with. Frankly it's none of my or anyone else's business." He thought of his own household structure, that of his wife and granddaughter. "To be honest, I'm the last person that'll cast stones."

Evelyn couldn't believe her ears. One moment she saw only doom and gloom, the next she was rapturous. "So you won't say anything to Harold?"

Walter smiled. "Why would I? Between you and me I think he used to cheat on the course. Serves him right!"

Evelyn laughed as Walter pulled on her arm to lead her out of the server room. Cain exited the records room alongside them, fully aware something dramatic had just occurred.

"Oh. Now the nepotism thing." Walter began. "You should've just come to me if your boy needed the job, I would've allowed it! And the other thing." He smiled at Evelyn and looked towards Cain. "Try and be a little more discreet you two!" Walter patted Cain on the shoulder as he headed towards the elevator.

"Mom! What was that about?" Cain asked as the doors closed on the C.E.O.

Evelyn wrapped her arms around her son and kissed him on the mouth. "I'll tell you later. But there's nothing for us to worry about." She looked down at her watch. "It's nearly time. What's say we go to your place for lunch?"

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Cain and Evelyn lay back on the mattress puffing as if they'd just run a marathon. "Oh my God that was good." Evelyn panted. She ran a finger through the cum trail from between her breasts, down to her pubic bone. Cain rolled onto his side and looked at his mother across the pillow. He reached out and stroked her hair behind her ear and left his hand on her head.

"Have I told you I love you?" He smiled.

Evelyn remained staring up at the ceiling. "Ah only about three times today but a fourth wouldn't hurt!"

"Then, I love you."

She smiled and turned to face him. "I love you too."

"Now are you going to tell me about back at the office?" He asked.

"Ugh. I bet it was your friend Devon!" Evelyn deduced.

"What? He's not my friend, I hate that douchebag! What about him?"

"Someone told Walter you and I were having an affair." Evelyn confessed.

Cain sat up on his elbow. "What? You think it was Devon?" He thought of the constant baiting, the snide comments about his mother, the deleted photo. "Fuck you're probably right. I didn't want to say it at the time but I swore it was him on the street after the Christmas party."

"Well it doesn't matter anyway," Evelyn continued. "Walter is fine with it as long as it doesn't affect the job. Oh, and he knows you're my son!"

The last part she threw in quickly and turned away grinning. The cum ran from her body down onto the sheets as Cain sat up in horror.

"What? He knows we're related?" He reached out and grabbed Evelyn's shoulder, turning her back towards him.

Laughing, Evelyn took hold of Cain's arms to fend him off. "Yep. He doesn't care about that either. Say's it serves your father right for cheating on the golf course!"

Play wrestling, Cain mounted his mother, his ass coming down on her pubic hair, his hardening cock on her stomach. "So we're good?" He pinned her arms above her head.

"Oh we're good baby!" She looked down at her son's penis, now fully erect and again up into his eyes. "And we've still got twenty minutes!"

Cain was thinking the same thing but he wouldn't need that long. Still pinning her arms he moved his legs off her and positioned himself between her thighs. The head of his cock found her slick opening and entered her body for the third time that day. Evelyn arched her back and neck at the penetration as Cain lowered his mouth to her breasts. Struggling to trap a nipple between his lips as her breasts jiggled with his thrusting, he released his hold on her arms and used his free hands to hold his mother's tits. Her nipples erect, he sucked on the left while pinching the right. "Oh yes baby, suck on Mommy's tits."

Cain swapped breasts, devouring the right before kissing his way up her neck to her mouth. Their tongues met and entwined. She bit down on him, sucking it into her mouth as his cock plunged away at her pussy. Cain's balls slapped his mother's ass as he hammered into her, faster and faster. "Fuck baby yes. Harder, yes." Evelyn screamed.

He'd already cum twice but this would be the best, the fastest. He kissed her neck, her ear. He wrapped a hand down behind her ass for leverage, pulling her pelvis onto each thrust as his orgasm approached.

Evelyn closed her eyes with the pleasure of her son fucking her. She pulled his weight fully down on top of her and bit into his shoulder as she herself began to cum. It was explosive, intense. Cain cried out above her in his own ecstasy as he flooded her with his love and she in turn released a flow. The pleasure of her orgasm overcame her and whether it was Cain's weight on her bladder or her complete abandon, she realized she was peeing. Cain was quick to notice, feeling the excess wet at his groin. "Mom! Are you squirting?"

For a moment she couldn't answer, the feeling of releasing her bladder prolonging her orgasm. Oh my god I'm pissing, she thought. I'm in bed pissing. On my son!

Cain lifted his body off her, his cock still inside and erect and looked down at their groins. As soon as he saw it he knew, the stream flowing around his cock and down between them to the bed.

"Oh baby I'm so sorry." Evelyn offered, stemming the tide.

For what? Cain wondered. His cock remained hard for a reason. His mother had just pissed on him and he couldn't have been more turned on.

"I'm so embarrassed." She confessed, raising her hands to cover her face.

"Mom," Cain finally answered. "Don't be. That was fucking hot!"

Evelyn peeked between her fingers. "Really?" She asked tentatively. "You liked it?"

Cain pushed his hard-on deep inside her again and she sighed as he removed her hands from her face. Kissing her on the lips he whispered into her mouth. "I loved it!"

His cock hard, no harder, he pulled out and re-entered. His mother's mouth opened in an 'O', her head thrown back.

Wrapping his arms beneath her, their bodies had never been closer. Evelyn held his back and drew him in, raising her knees up to deepen his penetration. Cain started slow and increased quickly, his ass furiously bucking at her groin. Evelyn again let go as Cain slammed into her, climaxing around her son's cock, piss and cum squelching from her pussy to form a pool beneath them. Cain came, amazed his balls had anything left to give, only slowing his thrusting with the last pulse of semen, finally releasing his breath. "Oh my God Mom. You're right, that was good."

Evelyn took her mouth from his neck where she'd been sucking, leaving another love bite for him to attempt to hide.

"Mmm I wish we didn't have to go back to work." She puffed.

"We could play hooky!" Cain proposed.



Evelyn laughed at the suggestion. "Oh yeah, Walter would really appreciate that."

Cain slowly pulled out of his mother, dripping with cum and urine. He held a hand to her and pulled her off the sodden mattress. "Come on, quick shower and we'll get going."

As they touched and kissed on the way to the bathroom, Cain's cock was already re-hardening.

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They left the carpark via the street exit and walked into the foyer of the building together. "You go on ahead Evelyn, I'll be down in a minute." Cain stated when he noticed Devon and Miles standing in the cafe awaiting an order. He waited until his mother had entered the lift before he approached the two men.

Standing directly behind Devon, Cain reached out and pinched his fingers into the other man's shoulder in the same fashion as had once been done to him. Digging deep into his joint Cain was pleased to see Devon's shoulder collapse and his knees begin to buckle under the pain. Once he was knelt, Cain leaned into the man's ear and whispered. "You ever speak about Evelyn and I to the boss again. You ever call her that name. You ever even look at her again. I'll kick your fucking head in. You hear me?" He waited for a response and when Devon nodded in defeat, Cain released the grip on his shoulder.

Standing tall again Cain looked first to Miles who smiled and nodded and then around at the twenty or so staff who'd witnessed the altercation. To his surprise, none seemed to be shocked at the scene, in fact he was even offered admiring looks by a couple of the women nearby and a thumbs up by another junior member of staff. Straightening his tie, Cain headed towards the elevator imagining a slow clap as if he were in an 80's movie, and back down to join his mother in the dungeon.

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"So I have Debbie's Bridal and Lingerie or Del Aire Pumping Services. Which do you want?" Cain asked, holding up the two files.

"You're making these up!" Evelyn laughed.

"Nope." Cain replied, showing her the labels.

"Oh my goodness. Well, I guess I'll take the lingerie and you can go the pumping, it's what you're good at." She giggled.

"Have I told you I love you today?" Cain asked.

Evelyn just smiled.

The End?

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Thank you for reading.