

NEPOTISM

sunburycd

Son begins working with his mother.

Incest/Taboo

4.63

9.2k words

Cain sat at his kitchen table and looked over the mounting bills. A month behind in rent, overdue loan repayments on his car and no food in the fridge; moving out of home and into his own place now didn't seem to be the great idea it had been a year earlier. The last six months had been the killer. The construction company he worked for had lost a number of contracts leaving him working only two days a week turning a 'STOP/SLOW,' sign on a road project. His father's advice not to quit school was now becoming more and more telling. Looking at the time on his phone he was thankful it was a Thursday and his weekly dinner at his parents house. His stomach grumbled as he picked up his keys and left more than an hour earlier than usual.

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"What do you mean you're only working two days a week?" Harold asked as he handed his son an open cola bottle across the table.

Evelyn approached and placed down a bowl of cut bread stick and Cain was quick to reach for a piece. "I thought you had a contract, aren't they required to give you a certain amount of hours?" His mother asked, sitting down at the table with her husband and son.

Cain shook his head and finished a mouthful. "Not under the new agreement we all signed. There was a pay rise but no minimum hours."

"Well that's not good enough," Evelyn protested. She reached out and touched the back of Cain's hand. "Are you O.k for money honey? Your father and I are happy to help out."

Before Cain had a chance to answer, Harold broke in. "Well, I did tell you not to leave school. I knew something like this would happen."

Evelyn rolled her eyes. "Yes darling we're all aware of your opinion. I'm serious Cain, if you need some help, just ask."

Cain's father again interjected. "I have an idea!"

"Oh my god Harold, give it a rest. He's not going back to school!" Evelyn remarked, still holding her son's hand.

"I was going to say, why doesn't he go and work with you!"

Cain raised his eyebrows at the out of the blue proposal. He noticed his mother was also taken by surprise at the idea.

"What do you mean? I don't have any experience at accounting." Cain remarked.

Harold ignored his son's comment and kept his gaze on his wife. "You were just telling me you have to employ someone. Why not our boy?"

Evelyn sat back in her chair, taking her hand from Cain's in the process. He was slightly disappointed as her touch had felt quite nice. "Well I suppose..." Evelyn looked into space running the idea through her head. "The only thing is the anti nepotism code at Fisk & Tavish. I can't directly hire a relation."

"Who's to know?" Harold retorted. "He's a Trainor not a Parker. He has my surname not yours. Old Fisk will never find out! And it's just down the road from him. He can walk to work."

Cain's head was spinning. "Wait what are you both talking about? Mom, what job?"

Evelyn straightened in her chair. "Well I'd just finished telling your father when you got here that our company had acquired another accounting firm. Morris Accounting. They weren't much of a rival but dealt with hundreds of small businesses all over the place, regional towns, that kind of thing." She stopped and took a hair tie off her wrist and began to tie back her blonde hair. The action pushed her chest out and even Cain noticed his mother's ample breasts as she did so. "Thing is," she went on. "Their records were all kept on a computer system that won't communicate with ours. It's old. Really old. Pre-Windows. Our tech guys have managed to write a code that could copy the files but in the process it's created loads of discrepancies. Their only suggestion is to manually review both the physical and digital files in the system."

"That could take ages." Cain stated.

"Uh huh. And I've been tasked with it. I can employ someone though."

It was the opportunity Cain needed. "I could do it. Mom you know I'm good with computers. I'm a fast typer and everything. Accurate as well. What's this nepotism thing though?"

"Well that's the rub. As I'm doing the interviewing and directly hiring, I'm not supposed to hire family, due to favoritism."

"Poppycock!" Harold exclaimed.

"But your father's right. You have his surname. You're not at this address. They needn't know your my son." A cheeky smile came across her face. "We'd have to pretend we're not related. It would be fun working together though wouldn't it?"

Cain wasn't thinking about how much fun it would or wouldn't be. He needed the work. He'd pretend to be the King of England if it meant he could get back on top of his finances. "When do you do the interviews?"

"Monday. Do you think you can make it?" Evelyn answered, still beaming.

"Oh I'll make it and don't worry Ms. Parker. Cain Trainor is going to be the best employee you've ever had!"

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The job couldn't have come at a better time. With only a few weeks before Christmas, the money was what Cain needed to get back on his feet. And the salary was impressive. More than he was being paid full time with the construction company. He gave notice of resignation to his current

employer straight after the interview on Monday and spent Tuesday buying new business shirts and pants to look the part. The interview had been humorous. A colleague of his mother's had unexpectedly sat in and it was a perfect prelude to how they'd need to conduct themselves over the duration. Cain addressing her as Evelyn had made them both smile but they figured it had gone unnoticed.

Come Wednesday Cain was eager to get started. After a morning with HR filling out employment details, being shown around the office building and given emergency procedure training, it was after lunchtime before he even got to see his mother. It was strange, as in the interview, she seemed different somehow. It was like she was another person at work to how he knew her at home. She looked the same of course although he was seeing her dressed in her business clothes for longer than the half hour in the afternoon when he was growing up. Watching her interaction with workmates was fascinating. Her confidence, her demeanor, it was like he was seeing another side of his mother she'd kept secret or he just hadn't noticed his entire life.

"So do I get my own office or do I just work in here with you Mo...er, Evelyn?" Cain asked as he waited beside his mother's desk.

"Hah, no such luck. Records are kept in the basement. We, my friend are about to be banished to the dungeon!"

"The dungeon?" Cain repeated as he watched his mother rise from her chair and take her jacket from the seat back. Sliding one arm into the sleeve he again noticed her sizable breasts pushing against her light blue shirt. She struggled with the other arm and he quickly helped her out.

"Thank you Cain." She touched his arm lightly in a gesture of thanks. "Come on, you ready? I'll show you."

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The 'dungeon' was the basement between the first floor and the car-park and where the server and the records vault was kept. In adjacent rooms, both fire proof, their environments couldn't have been more dissimilar. The room holding the server was air-conditioned and remained cool while beside it the physical records room was airless and uncomfortably warm. Evelyn used a pin code to unlock the glass door to the records room and as she entered fluorescent lights automatically illuminated the room's length. "Sorry about the heat down here, the air conditioner is favored to the server room. I'll get a fan if it gets too hot." Evelyn remarked.

Cain looked at the number of large document boxes sitting atop the long table. Mentally evaluating the amount of work ahead of them, he envisaged at least two weeks wages, possibly longer. With the handsome remuneration for his labor he'd easily manage to clear his debts and come out with money to spare. Things were looking up.

"So, where do we start?" Cain asked, loosening his tie as the heat of the room began to be noticed.

Evelyn moved to the closest box and opened it, pulling out a manila folder she approached one of the many filing cabinets lining the left wall of the room. Cain followed and paid attention as his mother detailed the differences between their companies filing system to the new accounts and how the records should be arranged to conform. Turning on the two lap tops sitting on the table and logging into the database, Evelyn showed her eager to learn son the discrepancies the I.T. guys had noticed and the process of updating each account. It was all pretty straightforward and Cain felt more than comfortable with the system.

"So what do you think? All good?" Evelyn asked her son as she removed her jacket and placed it over the back of a chair. Nodding confirmation, Cain noticed small sweat patches at her armpits and wondered if he'd actually ever seen his mother sweat before then. The notion left his mind when she followed up with another question. "How about I go and get us a coffee before we get started?"

"Oh I can go." Cain quickly responded.

"You sure?"

"Yeah. H.R showed me all the lunchrooms and how to work the coffee machines." He was already headed towards the door before Evelyn could even think of objecting. "I'll be two minutes!"

Cain found the closest lunchroom and set about making the coffees. A couple of men in suits entered and nodded at his presence whilst continuing on with their conversation. As Cain finished making his mother's espresso one of the men addressed him. "So you're the new guy, huh?"

Cain looked up and smiled. "Yeah I guess!" Holding out his hand to accept the other mans shake.

"Miles. Miles Bradley. This is Devon."

"Cain Trainor. Nice to meet you."

"So you're working with Dolly? Lucky you." The man named Devon laughed.

Cain was a little perplexed. "No, Evelyn Parker in accounts."

"Yeah that's who I mean." Devon replied still chuckling to himself.

Miles was quick to explain the comment. "It's her tits man. Dolly Parker. Like Dolly Parton. She's got big tits! Surely you must have noticed?"

Cain felt like punching them in the face. "You call her that?"

"Well not to her face. It's just her nickname." Devon added. "Actually you started here at a good time. Christmas party is this Friday, you should have seen her last year. Fuck me!"

Miles looked to Devon. "You've still got the photo! Show him."

Cain watched as Devon placed a hand into his suit jacket and pulled out his smart phone. He felt the conversation was ugly and entirely disrespectful. They were talking about his mother for God's sake. He held his breath as the man began to navigate his phone in search of whatever he had to reveal.

Devon passed the phone opened on a photo to Cain. Initially the image wouldn't compute in his head. It was his mother alright but the surroundings were unfamiliar, her appearance was unfamiliar. Her demeanor was entirely unfamiliar. Slowly the content of the photo clarified. His mother was wearing tight shiny black leggings and a black top. Her blond hair had been curled and with the fancy dress of the few other people that appeared in the photo, it was obvious even to Cain she was dressed as Olivia Newton John from the closing scenes of Grease. The background of the photo also became recognizable as the foyer of the very building he was standing in. These details were all eclipsed however by the action of his mother in the photo. Holding what looked to

be a beer bottle in one hand she was using it and the other to lower the front of her top, exposing both of her bra-less, large white breasts.

Cain was having a hard time rationalizing the woman in the photo with the mother he knew and loved. So out of character, so outrageous and he had to admit, so sexy. The image seared into his brain. Years from then he could describe every detail. Her flushed cheeks and neck from the alcohol. The tightness of her pants, clinging to her groin like a second skin that the line of her vulva created a visible cameltoe. The wicked, drunken smile on her face and those breasts. Those wondrous, magnificent breasts. Whiter than snow under the flash and her pink nipples, erect and proud.

"Earth to new guy!" The voice filtered slowly through to Cain's mind. "Hey man, you done with that? I know she's hot but you look like you've just seen the Virgin Mary floating in a cloud or something!"

"What? Oh yeah, sure." As Cain began to hand back the phone he tapped his finger on the screen and brought up the bin icon. As quick as he could he pressed the logo and confirmed the delete. "Oh shit, I think I've just deleted it." Finally handing over the phone.

"What!?" Devon snatched the phone from his grasp and looked quickly at the screen. "What the fuck man? You deleted it! That was the only copy I had, why'd you do that?"

There was no way he was going to allow these guys to retain such a compromising photo of his mother. Cain felt exhilarated at the words. 'The only copy.' His action had proved more effective than he'd imagined. "Sorry, it was an accident."

Miles calmed the situation. "Relax Dev. You said yourself, it's the Christmas party this week. We'll just ply her with booze again, who knows what she'll do?"

Again the desire to punch these guys was overwhelming for Cain. "Anyway, I better get back to it." He proclaimed, trying to extricate himself from the confrontation.

"Yeah, we'll see you around." Miles offered but Devon retained his focus on his phone, bitter at the loss of the photograph and ignored his departure.

Evelyn was at the filing cabinet when Cain returned. He looked at his mother from behind, her shirt tucked into her tight grey business slacks. He could see the faint line of her underwear cutting across her buttocks and as she turned to him he couldn't help but to recall the photo of her flashing her breasts. He looked up from the swell of her bust to her smiling face. "Hey, you're back. I thought you got lost."

Cain was momentarily lost for words as he looked upon her and was struck by her beauty as if seeing her for the first time in his life.

"What is it?" She asked as she became aware of his lingering in the doorway.

Cain shook his head and approached the table, planting his and his mother's coffees before them. "Oh it's nothing. You just look pretty is all."

Evelyn sat down in her chair and looked up shocked, smiling. "Was that a compliment? Well I'll be!" She took a sip from the cup and moaned. "Mmm lovely. Espresso. You remembered." Placing the cup back down she looked back at her son. "Oh. You weren't trying to hit on me were you? Fisk & Tavish don't look kindly on office romances!" She laughed at her joke and continued on with the next file, smiling to herself.

Cain swallowed hard and sat down quickly. More out of necessity to hide his growing erection than to get started with work.

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Lying in bed, Cain stroked his morning erection. The night before he'd done all he could to put the photo out of his mind but every time he closed his eyes his mother came to him. Her hair curled, the black leggings and those breasts. Finally he'd relented and masturbated to the image of her. His own mother. The guilt he felt fantasizing over her was eclipsed by the pleasure. His orgasm had opened the floodgates to his imagination. Throughout the night he'd envisaged the things he'd like to do with her, to her. To touch her, to kiss her, to fuck her. The incestuous fantasy had snuck up on him out of the blue. A week, a day before, he'd been oblivious to his mother as a woman, as an object of desire. Now, as he neared orgasm with the thought of her ass in grey pants, the tight blue shirt with sweaty armpits, her mouth, her tongue, he came and screamed "Mom" to his empty room.

Evelyn was alone in her bedroom. Harold had already left for work and she stood naked and showered before her dresser contemplating her days wardrobe. "You just look pretty is all." The words came to her as though he'd just said them over her shoulder. Goosebumps broke out over her body at the thought of the unexpected compliment. Had her son ever said anything like that? As nice, as honest? She doubted it. Well I have to look just as nice for him today she thought. She opened the top drawer and removed a white lace bra and matching panties. I wonder if he'll think these are petty? She asked herself and quickly shook her head at the absurdity of the question. "He's your son Evelyn! He doesn't care about your underwear, you idiot!" She told herself and set about finishing getting dressed.

The progress was slower than expected. By the beginning of the second day, mother and son were still only on the businesses beginning with A. Cain for one wasn't unhappy. At this rate he'd added at least a week to the potential employment period which left him way ahead financially and would set him up for a good start to the new year.

Cain reached into the document box and retrieved two new files. "O.k Mom, I've got Alan's Barbers or Angel Adult Toy's and Video. Which do you want?"

Evelyn took a sip from her coffee and snorted. "Well I just had a haircut last week, so I'll take the adult toys!" The attempted joke came out before she'd really thought it through and she began to blush at the real world implication. Cain laughed and noticed her redden as she took the file. Weird, he thought. It was just a joke. Evelyn placed the file beside her laptop and looked down. The room was suddenly a lot hotter and she undid another button on her shirt. She could see the white lace material of her bra and she thought of her morning pondering. I wonder if he'll notice she thought and quickly admonished herself for even contemplating it.

Cain had noticed! He'd noticed everything about her from the moment he'd entered her office that morning. Waiting on a couch for her to finish a phone call he'd been able to admire her whilst pretending to be on his own phone. Her pantyhosed legs crossed beneath the desk, her tan colored skirt riding up higher than mid thigh. The thought of climbing beneath the desk and kissing his way between her legs had his cock hardening and it was all he could do to will it away when she ended her call and asked if he was, (in her words) "ready to go down?" With the current thoughts running through his mind, the irony of her question wasn't lost on him and he answered with a simple "whenever you are Evelyn."

They lunched separately. As luck had it Cain ran into the 'two stooges' as he was referring to them in his head at a local cafe. Devon approached singing. "Working nine to five. What a way to make a living." He clutched Cain on the shoulder, digging his fingers into the joint. "How's it going with Dolly Parker? You fuck her yet? I hear she likes 'em young."

Cain shrugged off the physical intrusion. "That's funny 'cause I hear she has a husband and kids!"

Devon looked to Miles as if to back up his theory and seeing no support headed off to purchase his lunch at the counter muttering "dick" under his breath.

"Ignore him Cain, I think he's just pissed that you deleted that photo." Miles offered. "Hey you're coming Friday night aren't you, have you got a costume?"

Cain thought of the Christmas party. His mother hadn't said anything about it so he wasn't sure if he'd go or not. "I'm not sure yet. I haven't organized anything."

"O.k well let me know by the end of the day, I've got a spare cop uniform if you want it." Miles opened his wallet and handed Cain a business card. "Just give me a call. Oh and try and convince Doll...Evelyn to go. I heard from the receptionist on her floor she's pulled out. It'd be a shame, they were all going as schoolgirls!"

Devon walked back past the table with his and Miles' lunch singing 'Islands in the stream.' Miles waved goodbye and left Cain to contemplate this new information. Why hadn't his mother mentioned the Christmas party or at least the fact she wasn't going? The thought of seeing her in a school uniform was tantalizing, it would give him endless nights of masturbatory inspiration. He made the decision to confront her about it as soon as he returned to work.

Evelyn sat at her own desk eating her lunch. A leaf of lettuce fell from her fork between her breasts and she immediately looked up to see if anyone had noticed her through the glass partition. She'd forgotten to re-button her blouse upon returning from the basement and she quickly ran through her head the workmates she'd spoken to in the meantime. Had they noticed her bra, so clearly visible? For sure she knew of only one person who had. Cain. She'd felt his eyes on her from the morning. He'd been looking under the desk more than he had his phone. Boys lacked subtlety, that much was obvious. It was all innocent she thought as she retrieved the lettuce from her bra and buttoned up. He wasn't looking at her sexually surely. Why would he? I'm his mother, she reasoned. The flirting on her behalf was harmless fun, it wouldn't amount to anything. It couldn't

They rode down in the elevator together. Cain waited behind her as she unlocked the door and as they entered it seemed the room had become even hotter since the morning.

"Can't we leave the door open?" Cain asked, thinking of solutions.

"No it's alarmed, it's a security thing. I'll call and get us a fan as soon as possible though." Evelyn again undid her top buttons and Cain followed suit by removing his tie and rolling up his sleeves. Retrieving a file for them both, Cain sat at his laptop and tried logging in while Evelyn called upstairs. He entered the password his mother had given him and an 'incorrect' message appeared. He tried again and received the same outcome. With Evelyn in conversation on her phone he gestured to her to look at his screen and she approached and leaned over his shoulder, her phone in the crook of her neck.

It was the closest they'd been so far and they both knew it. As she entered her own password into his laptop her rib-cage pressed against Cain's upper arm. He could smell her perfume, even the

scent of her clothes. His eyes rested on the milky whiteness of her neck and as she straightened up, the impressive mounds of her breast. Standing next to him, watching the screen as it logged on she rested a hand on his shoulder in the same location Devon had earlier. This time the sensation was gentle and more than pleasant.

Evelyn didn't want to take her hand away. She could feel the muscle of his shoulder beneath her palm, the warmth of his skin through the shirt. Oh to touch his skin, she thought. The computer logged on and without a reason to stay she walked around the table towards her own workstation. Watch me. Look at my ass you beautiful boy, she thought as she continued the request for a fan on the phone with administration. Upon reaching her side of the desk she looked across to Cain and he was indeed watching her. He made no secret of the fact. His eyes slowly swept up her body from her groin to her breasts and finally to her face. She returned his stare with equal intensity. This was no longer simple flirting.

Hanging up the phone Evelyn smiled at Cain. "Success. We'll get it tomorrow."

"Oh cool! Literally!" Cain laughed and began working, his mind however focused more on his mother than the task at hand. He noticed himself making mistakes with his data entry and needed to clear his head. "Hey Mom. I mean, Evelyn." He corrected. "What's the deal with this Christmas party? Why didn't you tell me?"

Evelyn stopped her own typing and looked up. "Oh. I didn't think of it. I wasn't planning on going."

"It's just that I was talking to someone and they offered me a costume. It's fancy dress right?"

"Uh huh. Oh god I remember last year or more to the point I don't remember last year. I drank way too much."

"Oh yeah?" Cain smiled. "Didn't Dad try and stop you?"

"Oh he never comes. You know he hates those kind of things."

It was interesting information to Cain. His father wouldn't be there. If she went he'd be alone with his mother, his potentially drunk mother that was willing to flash her breasts like a spring breaker to a crowd of her peers. He had to convince her. "If I go will you come?" Cain asked.

Evelyn thought of the year before. The eyes of the men on her as she flashed the crowd, the exhilaration of the public nudity. She'd put on this years outfit a week ago and asked her husbands opinion and his response had hurt. "Aren't you a bit too old for that Eve?" He'd said. Approaching fifty, with the other girls in the office all younger and with her confidence shattered she'd declined the invite but now under the watchful eyes of her son she all of a sudden felt sexy again. "You'll look after me if I drink too much?"

Cain's eyes lit up. "Of course. So you'll come?"

Evelyn smiled at her son. "Alright but you have to promise not to laugh when you see me."

"I promise." Cain grinned, mentally high-fiving himself.

The afternoon dragged. Cain felt sweat dripping down his back and they took breaks every hour with visits to the server. Five minutes in the chilled room was enough for Evelyn's nipples to stand erect through her shirt and Cain's eyes on her afterwards caused a familiar yet long absent feeling in her sex. And she liked it.

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Miles had dropped off the police uniform to Cain's apartment that evening. Standing in front of the mirror he realized he looked more like a stripper than an actual policeman but rationalized that was probably the point. Again it was hard to sleep, only coming after again masturbating to the image of her in his head.

Evelyn lay next to her snoring husband. Staring up at the darkened ceiling her hand ran over her breast and down her stomach. Her fingers pressed through the thin material of the babydoll she wore and she felt the heat of her vagina. Her panties saturated, she pushed hard against her clitoris and pressed her legs together. Uncontrollably moaning she quickly rolled over and buried her face into the pillow to stifle the noise. With her hand clamped to her pussy she came and it was Cain's face she saw in the ecstasy.

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"Well what time does this thing end?" Harold asked over the newspaper at the breakfast table.

"I don't know. It ends when it ends." Evelyn replied, covering her mouth as she finished off her toast with honey.

"So you expect me to pick you up I suppose?" Harold complained.

"If you could. I won't be able to drive."

"You'll be drunk as last year I guess."

Evelyn didn't respond.

"Hang about. Why don't you stay at Cain's?" Harold proposed out of the blue. "He's only a few blocks from the building, you could just walk there and I could pick you up in the morning. Save me driving at night. You know my eyes are no good."

Evelyn was taken aback by the proposal. She was sure Cain wouldn't mind but her heart began racing at the prospect of them alone together. "Ah I could mention it I suppose."

"It's settled then." Harold leaned back smiling and flicked the paper to straighten it, satisfied with his solution.

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"What? I mean sure you can but what did Dad say?" Cain asked amazed at the idea of his mother spending the night at his apartment.

"It was his idea actually. You know he can't drive at night."

"Yeah of course, no it's all good, I can drive you home in the morning if you like."

"Harold said he'd come get me." Evelyn took off her grey jacket and placed it over the back of her chair. She watched out of the corner of her eye at Cain's reaction to her outfit and it pleased her. Again she'd chosen her wardrobe for him. The black shape wear bodysuit cinched around her waist like a corset and accentuated her bust like no other garment she owned. Her only regret were the black opaque pantyhose under her grey skirt in the heat of the room.

"God it's so hot in here. I hope that fan comes soon." She remarked before taking her seat. Cain's eyes lowered to his own screen and she was disappointed she was no longer the focus of his attention.

I'm going to sleep at his house tonight, she thought. In his bed. No. She corrected herself. Surely not. On his couch. No. In his bed, with him. Stop it Evelyn she told herself. She felt dampness between her legs and couldn't decide if it was her wet or her sweat. "Oh I cant stand it. Don't look Cain. I have to take off these pantyhose!"

"What?" Cain looked up, incredulous.

"It's the heat." She stood up and didn't wait for him to divert his eyes before she kicked off her heels and began hiking up her skirt.

"Oh O.k." Cain replied and made the effort to lower his head but she could see he was still peeking under his brow.

It was what she wanted. She raised her skirt to just below her crotch and reached behind to grab hold of her pantyhose. Lowering them down her legs she allowed her skirt to stay at miniskirt level before sitting down and completing the removal. Lifting them up she placed them in her handbag on the edge of the table, the toe of one leg poking out the top as a reminder of the action that had just taken place.

Mother and son finished a file consecutively and both approached the filing cabinets. It was inopportune timing for Cain. He'd been slowly stroking his erection under the table and now with his mother standing beside him at the cabinet there was really nowhere to hide. As she moved back to obtain another file she casually glanced down at his groin and there it was. There was no doubting what she saw, his hardness pressing out the front of his pants and off to the right. It was what she'd wanted to see for days but now confronted with the reality of her son's erection, she lost her composure. The file in her hand slipped out of her grasp and fell to the floor, the pages inside scattering. Immediately dropping to her haunches she was joined by Cain to help retrieve the documents.

There was a pop quickly followed by another and Evelyn felt the snaps of her bodysuit at her crotch come undone. She knew what had happened immediately but Cain, perplexed by the sound looked to it's source and hence forth, between his mother's legs and up her skirt. Evelyn instinctively lowered her hand to her groin, momentarily spreading her legs to allow access. This afforded her son with an unobstructed view of her pussy. It lasted for less than a second but it cemented in Cain's mind, it was where he wanted to be.

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Cain locked the door of his apartment and began walking back to work. The sun was already setting so he didn't feel too conspicuous walking the streets dressed as a cop. "Don't worry, I'll change my sheets!" He felt like slapping himself for saying it. The last words as he farewelled his mother that afternoon. Of all the stupid, brainless things to say. He felt he'd acted so maturely all day. Casually reacting to her removing her pantyhose in front of him, his nonchalance at her accidental upskirt and accompanying wardrobe malfunction. Jesus, I saw my mother's pussy, he exclaimed. And then I go and say that. "Don't worry, I'll change my sheets!" Idiot. He wouldn't be surprised if she changed her mind about staying over.

The noise of the party could be heard from even outside the building as Cain approached the front doors. Upon entering the foyer he was surprised at the number of people gathered, nearly all complete strangers with only a handful of familiar faces. He looked around for his mother but came up empty, eventually grabbing a drink and gravitating towards the 'two stooges' in Devon and Miles dressed as a cowboy and doctor respectively.

Miles took him under his wing and introduced him to countless members of staff and Cain began to be swamped by names and faces. It was all too much and after his fourth drink there was only one face he wanted to see and it looked like she was a no show.

The C.E.O, Walter Fisk himself, made an appearance to much mirth. Dressed as Donald Trump it caused great humor among the crowd. Miles tried to explain the irony in that it was widely regarded Walter was the spitting image of Richard Nixon but Cain struggled to recall what Nixon looked like or the scandal itself, so the joke was lost on him.

"So Evelyn didn't come?" Cain shouted to Miles over the music. "I guess I couldn't convince her."

"No she's here. I saw her with...oh look out!" Miles exclaimed as two hands were placed over Cain's eyes from behind.

He knew it was her in an instant. The feeling he would later in life equate to holding hands with a grade school crush. As he turned, the music, the lights, the volume of people around them, all seemed too perfect, as if written for a screenplay of his life. For a split second as he laid eyes on her he thought he had mistaken her identity, such was her appearance. Her hair in pigtails, held with red ribbon. Smokey eyeshadow and ruby lips. The breasts were hers alright, a black bra framing her cleavage under a tight white shirt. He could see the grey pleated mini, the expanse of leg, the white socks and black shoes from his perspective but he longed to stand back, take in her beauty from a distance. To see her majesty in it's entirety.

"Cain. I'd like you to meet Daniel Blake." She leaned in close as if to whisper but spoke at the same level. "He's a big shot here!" She laughed. It was obvious to Cain his mother had started early but he would be happy to see her drinking before breakfast if it meant she would always look this happy. "And this is his personal assistant, Madeline Green. Maddie, Daniel, this is my so.." Evelyn corrected herself. "...savior. He's the one helping me with the Morris acquisition."

Daniel held out his hand and shook Cain's. "Cain. Good to have you on board." He looked at Miles standing beside Cain. "I hope Miles here hasn't been boring you with stories about his art collection?"

"I haven't said a word Daniel. Although now you mention it there is a Rubens I have my eye on."

Cain had no idea what they were talking about and allowed the men to continue their conversation alone as he turned back to his mother and the other woman. Wearing a flight attendant uniform she was older than Evelyn and looked over Cain with a seeming wizened interest.

"Savior. You say Evelyn. You know I thought you were going to say something else." Madeline stated. She slowly raised a hand and pressed it against Cain's chest over his heart. "Always follow this young man." She again turned to Evelyn. "You two look so alike." She paused and let the words hang in the air. "Savior. I could've sworn you were going to say something else." She touched Evelyn's hand before smiling and walking away to follow Daniel and Miles.

Mother and son looked at each other with the same amazed expression. "What the fuck was that about?" Cain finally exclaimed.

Evelyn smiled. "I think I know but it's not important. Come on let's dance." She tried to take hold of Cain's hand and pull him to the makeshift dance floor but he resisted.

"I don't know Evelyn. I'm not much of a dancer!"

Evelyn leaned into Cain and giggling, whispered in his ear. "You'll do what your mother tells you young man!"

And who was Cain to resist?

That he had two left feet didn't seem to bother Evelyn. Nor anyone else for that matter. They drank and laughed and Cain was surprised that the first real adult party he'd been to turned out to be exactly the same as parties of his youth. People got drunk, a minor scuffle broke out and to hell with the 'no office romance' policy, there were people making out all over the place. The C.E.O made a speech at the end of the night and thanked everyone for such a successful year. He noted the acquisition of Morris Accounting and the work being done by Evelyn and her staff. Come 11:30pm Evelyn went upstairs to get her bag and soon met Cain outside the building.

Noticeably drunk she didn't seem to mind who heard when she asked if it was still alright for her to stay at Cain's house.

"I didn't think you'd want to after that stupid thing I said this afternoon."

Evelyn looked puzzled as they began to walk home together.

"You know, the thing about my sheets." Cain reminded her.

Her laugh reassured him she didn't think twice. "Oh honey I won't take your bed anyway. The couch will be fine."

"No way. I want you in my bed." It came out wrong and Cain was quick to try and fix it. "I mean not with me. We won't sleep together..I mean I'll take the couch!"

Evelyn reached out to wrap her hands around Cain's arm as they walked, a show of affection and to help with her balance. "Oh honey wherever you want me is fine." Her choice of words to Cain seemed loaded but happily she did nothing to correct them.

After only a block Evelyn was putting on a whiny voice and asking how far to go?

"We've only just started!" Cain laughed.

"I know but my feet are sore, I don't often wear these if you hadn't noticed."

Cain looked down at the black school shoes. Her white socks pulled up to just below the knee. "I think they look cute."

"That may be but I'll have blisters tomorrow. You might have to carry me!"

Cain stopped short. "I will if you want. Come on I'll piggy back you."

Evelyn thought of climbing onto her sons back. Her vagina would be pressed against him, her breasts. His hands would be on her legs, their faces so close." The idea seemed appealing but even in her drunken mind the image of them looked ridiculous. "Oh we'd better not, I'd end up weeing on you!"

"What?" Cain exclaimed.

"I'm absolutely busting!" Evelyn admitted and pressed her legs together bending a little at the waist to emphasize the fact.

"Really! Why didn't you go at work?"

"I didn't have to go then."

"Well do you think you can make it?"

Evelyn balled up her hands and pushed them into her crotch. She looked into Cain's eyes. "Nup!"

The block they were on was pretty much deserted. Cars continually crossed at the next intersection but the traffic flow on their street was intermittent. A vacant shop front with a darkened doorway caught Evelyn's eye and she gestured to Cain. "I've got to go honey." She confirmed and passed her handbag to Cain. "Keep watch for me officer?" She added as she ducked into the recess. Cain turned his back and looked either way on the street.

"Really Mom? Peeing in the street." His embarrassment at her behavior quickly turned to fascination as he heard her flow begin behind him. "You know I could arrest you for this young lady!"

Evelyn laughed behind him as she peed. "Oh no look out!"

It was the opening Cain needed to allow him to look at her. Turning he looked first at the ground to see her trail of urine heading quickly towards his shoes. Moving a foot to allow her flow to pass between his legs he looked up at his mother. Facing him squatting, her ass inches off the ground she'd lifted her skirt and pulled aside her white underwear. The cascading waterfall of pee shot out at least a foot from his mother's shadowed pussy. Should he have looked away? He wasn't sure, all he knew was it was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen.

Evelyn had stopped laughing and now looked up into her son's eyes, biting her bottom lip. He's watching me pee, she thought. My son is watching me pee! She'd never been more aroused. If he'd pulled out his cock she'd have taken him in her mouth right then and there. She thought of touching herself. Slapping a hand against her still pissing pussy and masturbating in front of him. Would he like that? She wondered.

"Shit, Mom there's someone coming!" Cain quickly uttered.

Her flow already decreasing she finished and stood up, covering herself in the process. Stumbling towards Cain she again latched onto his arm and they casually continued their way along the street before both bursting out in laughter at the intersection.

Inside the front door of Cain's apartment Evelyn dropped her bag in the hallway. Leaning against the wall she watched as Cain dead bolted the door and turned to her. "You know I forgot to say how good you look in that uniform." She grabbed at his shirt as he approached and ran a hand over his chest. "Maybe you missed your calling."

"Oh yeah. You think I should be a cop?" Cain asked looking down into his mother's eyes, enjoying the feeling of her hand on his chest.

"Didn't you say you could've arrested me back there? Maybe you should practice!" Evelyn's hand ran down across his stomach to his belt and across to the plastic handcuffs.

It was all the invitation Cain needed. She was willing, it was obvious. He grabbed at her wrist and gently bent up her arm. "Right. You're under arrest madam." He turned her body away from him and released her wrist. "Hands against the wall. You have the right to remain silent." He pressed his shoe against hers and forced her legs open shoulder width.

Evelyn pushed out her ass towards him, arching her back. "Oh yeah! And what if I don't remain silent?"

Cain grabbed hold of his mother's hips and moved in closer, his growing erection inches from her butt. "Then anything you say can and will be used against you!"

Evelyn giggled as Cain ran his hands up from her hips along her rib cage to beneath her armpits. He hesitated, needing another sign before he attempted to touch her breasts and it was forthcoming. Evelyn pushed her ass back onto him and his hardon pressed into the crack of her buttocks through her skirt. It was now fair game. They were doing this, they both knew it. Cain wasted no time. He moved his hands around beneath her arms and took hold of her breasts. Evelyn stood straight up, removing her hands from the wall she placed one over Cain's and the other back onto his hip, pulling him into her.

"Oh baby yes." She purred as Cain's mouth brushed against her ear, kissing first the lobe and then behind.

Evelyn took hold of his hand and directed it down her body. Lifting the front of her skirt she pressed his hand against the mound of her pussy.

Cain could feel his mother's wetness through the cotton panties. He pressed three fingers hard against her pussy and began kneading her like dough. His cock was straining against his pants and Evelyn was quick to respond. Turning to face her son whilst making sure his hand remained on her pussy she reached for the fly of his pants. Her hands delved inside and connected with her son's cock through his underpants. The muffled sound of a mobile phone caught their ears and Evelyn tried to ignore it as she finally released Cain's erection from his pants. Both hands wrapped around his length as then she realized the phone was hers. The ring tone that of her husband calling.

Evelyn immediately let go of his cock and pulled back to the wall with a shocked look on her face, Cain's hand losing it's grip on her vagina. "My god. What are we doing!?" She gasped before bending down to open her bag and pull out the still ringing phone. "Harold. How are you?"

Cain despairingly pushed his penis back into his pants and watched as Evelyn picked up her bag and walked into the other room. "Mhmm. About 11:30 I think...Yeah we've just got back...No a cab will cost too much...Yes...No, I'm fine. Just tired I guess...Yes. O.k I'll see you then...I love you too."

Cain and Evelyn looked at each other for a moment before either spoke. "I'm sorry Cain. That shouldn't have happened. It was my fault."

"Mom it's no ones fault. I wanted it." He began to approach her but she pulled back holding up a hand.

"No. I was drunk. We have to try and forget this ever happened."

"The hell with that. I..."

"No I'm serious Cain, don't...I think I need to go to bed now." She stood there waiting for Cain's direction and he realized her mind was made up.

Despondent he led her to his room. "I want you to take my bed. I'll take the couch." About to leave the room he walked to his dresser and took out a t-shirt. Handing it to her as he left.

"Thank you Cain. I'm sorry." She added as he closed the door behind him with slumped shoulders.

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Evelyn lay in her son's bed and looked at the ceiling. Wide awake she had no idea how long she had been there. Sleep would not come. The alcohol had worn off and she played over and again the events of the evening in her mind. The events of the week. One phone call had brought her to her senses. She'd been on the verge of sleeping with her son and Harold had saved her. Prevented a tragedy. Or had he? What if he hadn't called? She thought. She imagined the scenario again in her head. His cock in her hand. She would've sucked him. Hell, she had desired it in the street. He would've fucked her in the hallway. From behind? No, she thought, from the front. She'd want to see his face.

Evelyn moved a hand up from the mattress beside her and onto her thigh. She slowly inched across to her pubic mound and ever so slightly spread her legs. Her fingers delved through her pubes and between her labia. She was literally dripping. A finger slid easily inside herself. "What have I done?" She whispered. God don't let it be too late. She thought as she leaped out of bed and hurried to the door. The apartment was dark and silent. She padded her way across the hall and entered the living room. She could see the couch and the darker shadow of her son's body beneath a throw rug.

Standing above him he seemed to be sleeping. "Cain." She leaned down and touched his arm. "Honey are you awake?"

Cain stirred and opened his eyes. "Mom?"

"Baby I'm so sorry." She was almost in tears. Taking hold of his blanket she lifted it off him and climbed atop her son. Her groin came down on his, her wet pussy pressing against the soft penis beneath his underpants. "I was cruel. Can you forgive me?"

Cain was now wide awake. He lifted his hands to her back and pulled her down onto him. Her breasts met his chest before her mouth neared his. "There's nothing to forgive." Stroking down he reached the hem of the t-shirt and felt her buttocks. She wore no underwear and her ass was warm against his palms.

Evelyn's lips met her son's. His mouth opened and she slid her tongue inside as she began to grind her sex against his swelling. Their saliva mixing, her tits pressed down against his bare chest, his cock was hard in seconds. Back and forth she slid herself along his length, coating his undies with her love.

Evelyn reached down and pulled his erection from the leg band and he was inside her. So smooth, so deep was the penetration. Her cunt enveloped her son's penis, embracing his flesh inside. His hands dug underneath the t-shirt and found their way to her breasts. Her wondrous tits he'd

fantasized of for days. Now his to caress, to squeeze. His pelvis thrust forward and they formed a rhythm, her clit grinding against his pubic bone. Evelyn lifted the front of her t-shirt to feel his skin against hers and again she pressed herself atop him, their tongues once again entwined.

Cain relinquished a breast to take possession of a buttock, using his leverage to drive harder and deeper into his mother with each thrust. "Oh fuck baby yes." Evelyn cried and Cain realized it did the trick. His thrusting increased and he knew he wouldn't last long. "Don't stop baby, don't stop." Evelyn begged and Cain would be damned if he would cum before her. Evelyn dropped her face into the crook of her son's shoulder and bit lightly into his neck. Cain squeezed both her buttocks hard as he lost control and began to cum, shooting jet after jet of seed into his mother's hot cunt. He thought he'd failed her before he felt her vagina convulsing around him and the shuddering of her body above as she in turn came. She bit down harder on his skin as she stifled her own moans and Cain reckoned it would leave a mark.

With the blanket pulled down over them he remained inside her as sleep came for them. The last words Cain recalled was her whispered confession of love as the weariness overtook.

* * * * *

In his dream Cain was banging on the photocopier in his mother's office in an attempt to get it to work. He opened his eyes to his light filled living room and the weight of his sleeping mother above him. The banging continued and he realized it was from the front door. "Shit Mom. Dad's here!"

Evelyn opened her eyes drowsy and took a second to locate herself. She lifted her chest off Cain's and came away sweaty. "What?" Then she heard the knocking on the front door. "Your father!?"

Cain's cock came away wet from between her legs as she climbed off him. How long he'd stayed inside her he didn't know but his flaccid cock was wrinkled more than usual and still coated in a whitish film so it was possible he'd been in her all night.

Evelyn ran to her son's room as Cain found his pants. He walked to the door of his bedroom as the knocking came again. "You good? I cant leave him out there any longer, the neighbors will start complaining." He saw she'd managed to climb back into her skirt and left his t-shirt on.

"Yep I'm good. Go on." She answered while tying her hair back in a pony tail. "Wait." She added as Cain began to head to the front door. Running to him she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed her son on the mouth. "Thank you...for everything."

The knocking began again and they broke the embrace.

"Jesus take your time." Harold complained as he stepped into the hallway.

"Hey Dad." Cain replied closing the door behind him.

"I've aged a year in the time I waited out there." Walking into the living room Harold noticed the blanket on the couch. "Guess you got the couch! Your mother even awake yet?"

Cain rubbed a hand through his hair and yawned looking around for Evelyn. She exited the bedroom with her handbag over her shoulder and shoes on. She still wore his t-shirt, now tucked into her skirt. To Cain she looked beautiful.

"God you look a sight. Hard night?" Harold joked. "Come on love, you ready to get going?"

"Uh-huh." She approached Cain and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks for putting up with me honey."

"Any time Mom." He responded.

As Cain escorted his parents to the door his father noticed the mark on his neck. "Jesus, what's that? Looks like a bite."

Cain ran his hand over the area. "Oh yeah. Sheesh, just this girl I'm seeing."

"Well lucky you son." Harold laughed as they left.

With the door closed behind him Cain heard their muffled conversation continue until they entered the car. He walked back down the hall and entered his bedroom. His mother had pulled the cover back over his bed but left something on his pillow, He walked forward and picked up the obviously placed item. The white cotton was cool but the gusset hadn't dried completely. He lifted his mother's panties to his face and inhaled her scent, his cock rising at the action.

What the future held he didn't know, but for now he was happy.

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Thank you for reading. Let me know if you want another chapter.

And for those playing along at home, yes there was a massive nod to the first story I wrote on Literotica.