

OF BEAUTY RICH AND RARE (A MEMOIR)

sunburycd

1995. *The Outback. A mother, a son and a camper-van.*

Incest/Taboo

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19.1k words

The Offer

"You got a job yet?" My father's cynical voice echoed through the receiver.

"Well fuck you too!" I replied, ready to hang up before he continued on.

"Wait, Cody. I apologise," he offered, unlike him, and I brought the phone back to my ear. "It's habit, I'm sorry. I...we need a favour."

I rose from the couch and trailing the long phone cord turned down the stereo, Nirvana lowering their playing.

"I'm listening."

"I'm back in Adelaide, I just got in. I have to fly to the Czech Republic soon as possible. Shit's hit the fan in the Prague office and they need me there asap."

"Wait, I thought you were on long service. Shouldn't you be in Queensland right now!" I tried to remain cordial with the man.

"Well I am, I mean I was," he sounded flustered. "Your mother's still up there."

"What? You came home without her?" I asked confused. "Why isn't she going to Europe with you?"

To this Dad sounded genuinely amused at something I'd said.

"Your mother, in Europe, in winter!" And he needed not explain any more. Mum hated the cold. There wouldn't be any way she'd be on that plane, free trip or not. "Look I don't have long. I wasn't just being an arsehole when I asked if you were working. Your mum's up in FNQ with the caravan and that's where you come in. And \$400 to cover your time."

"Um, what?" I asked, even more confused.

"Your mother can't drive manual. We want you to drive the Land Cruiser and the van back to Adelaide."

"That'll take days!"

"Nine days in fact."

"Nine!?"

"Your mother wants to see some of the country; I've plotted the route. There's a plane ticket here at the house with your money along with instructions once you get to Cairns."

"So you just assumed I'd say yes?" I agitated. "That I'd obviously have nothing else on!"

Dad was silent for a moment and I could see him choosing his words, holding his tongue.

"Look mate, I'd love to stay and fight with you but I've got literally half an hour to get to the airport," he replied, noticeably controlling his temper. "Say you'll do it. If not for me, for your mother."

He knew that would sway his argument and I quietly agreed to go along.

I thought he'd hang up but again there was a pregnant pause

"Cody, are you two...good?" He asked and I could hear his trepidation posing the question.

"Yeah, we're good." I hung up and slumped back in the couch.

You see, there had been an incident. It was primarily the reason at just nineteen I'd left home in the first place. A weekend away with friends and on my return to my bedroom which my parents had seen fit to refurbish whilst I was out, a pair of my mother's panties lay sitting on my mattress.

I can write about this honestly now. So much time having passed and knowledge my actions then weren't so unique amongst boys my age. They were a pair I'd seen in the laundry hamper a week previous and even with the full understanding they were my mother's, was attracted to their delicacy and picking them up, their warmth. Taking them to the bathroom and in privacy, examining them further. Made of blue satin, just their texture had me aroused but when I found the gusset still damp, it was when the real fascination kicked in.

The feeling of pressing them to my face; the smell they captured and dare I say it, the taste. Nothing; no magazine or video; no girlfriend had ever made me so hard. Maybe it was the taboo. Imagining it was my mother's pussy that I was inhaling, her arse pressing against my face. Whatever, I was enraptured and not wishing to part, I secreted them away in my room for my personal gratification. Until that is, they were discovered.

I didn't need to discuss it with Mum, Dad did all the shouting for her. The words he used, the shame he brought down on me, I used to fuel an anger towards him, and her for allowing it. It only took a few weeks and it became obvious, my staying under the same roof was untenable. In the end Dad offered me a small sum of money to leave and seemed glad to close the front door behind me.

A year after and we'd rarely spoken. I avoided family gatherings and communication was limited to brief phone calls when relevant information needed conveying. Just like that day's conversation. I thought of the four hundred dollars Dad was offering as I packed a bong. I thought of the flight to the North of Australia as I gazed around my cramped flea bitten flat, the road trip ahead as I breathed in the smoke; and as I went to my room to organise a backpack, I thought of my mother. And it was a pleasant thought.

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The Arrival

Sixteen hours, two trains, one flight and a bus ride later and I was stepping off into the tropical humidity of Far North Queensland. After a long walk where I should have taken Dad's instructions and got a taxi, I entered the air conditioned reception of the caravan park and enquired after Mum's site.

Walking through the park I noticed that it had probably seen better days. I spied a pool at least and was thankful I'd remembered to pack my bathers before spotting Mum and Dad's Land Cruiser and ageing camper-van at the end of a cul-de-sac. Looking forward to getting the backpack off my shoulders I made one last effort in the heat and approached her site.

She was sitting outside on a fold out chair when I laid eyes upon her. Her head in the shade of the annex attached to the side of the van, it was possible she was asleep as she was yet to acknowledge my approach. I certainly acknowledged her. With legs stretched out before her, she wore khaki shorts pulled up tight onto her groin to allow more skin exposed to the sun. This pressing the material hard against a large mound of pussy. Sweat glistened between her breasts, barely covered by a singlet rolled up over her stomach. Welcome to Queensland, I thought.

I closed the gap and still she was yet to see me until my foot scuffing on the road roused her and all of a sudden she sat forward, her face finally entering the sunlight.

"Well here he is," she smiled, her hands immediately pulling the shorts from her crotch. "My knight in shining, well black armour!"

I looked down at my Doc. Martin boots, black shorts and long sleeved Pearl Jam shirt and admitted I probably wasn't dressed for the weather.

"Hey Mum," I responded letting my backpack fall from my shoulders beside the 4WD. "I finally made it."

She was happier to see me than I thought she would and I accepted her embrace when it came, my hand pressing to the skin of her lower back..

I looked at my watch when she backed away. "A little late I guess."

"Only an hour," she quickly stated. "See your father doesn't always plan things perfectly!"

I didn't mention that if I took the taxi he'd accounted for I would've been perfectly on time.

"What's with the boots and long sleeves?" Mum asked, tugging at the sleeve of my shirt.

"It wasn't this hot when I left home," I explained and Mum let her fingers trail down until she had me by the hand.

"Well come on, come inside and I'll get you a cold drink. And you can get out of those clothes," she added.

It was still uncomfortable. I'd only seen Mum one or two times since I'd told them both to go to hell (well, more so my father) and walked out not to return. I didn't know if she was thinking about it, if she harboured any angst towards me for the things I'd said or she was still creeped out by what had led to it to begin with. Her demeanour was welcoming enough though and if she hated me, surely she would never have agreed to complete her journey with me.

All the sides of the camper-van were lowered to allow air flow through the mosquito mesh and out of the sun, it was definitely cooler. Not by much though and I was quick to take off my shirt as Mum directed me where to store my bag.

"Beer?" She offered as I glanced at her bum as she bent to open the small fridge. Don't do it Cody! I told myself. But I was weak and allowed my eyes to take in her curves.

"Yes, definitely," I replied, wrenching them away before she turned and caught me. That would be the last thing I needed so soon. To be fair, that we both needed.

"Oh goodness you're so pale," Mum commented as she passed me the can of XXXX.

"Well that's because I haven't been travelling around the bush for a month," I smiled looking at the can. "No Coopers?"

"Oh it's your father. When in Rome and all that!" She laughed. "Said we should be drinking local beer, so henceforth."

I took a swig and appreciated the cold, regardless of the taste.

Mum sat down at the table and smiled at me.

"What?" I asked

"Oh you know, I'm just happy you're here! I was getting lonely."

"Yeah so what's the deal with Dad anyway? How did work even contact him?"

"His bloody pager! I told him to leave it at home. They said it was an emergency and he had to fly over straight away. I certainly wasn't going with him this time. Not Europe in the winter. You know how I am!"

I smiled, recalling Dad saying the exact thing.

"So your father has our route plotted out," Mum rose and took down a map from a storage cupboard and opened it on the table. I looked at the red line and its roundabout direction home.

"Inland?" I remarked, surprised. "I thought we were hugging the coast. That's the bloody desert!"

"Well not all the way!" She quickly responded and worked her way around to my side of the table, leaning over the map. "Not near the ranges."

Her knee was pressing to my outer thigh and in the corner of my eye I could see the curve of breast beneath her arm, quickly leaning forward myself to remove the temptation.

"So we're staying in National Parks and State Forests? Not caravan parks?" I asked, noting the pronounced dots signifying overnights.

"It's not set in stone," Mum elaborated. "If we find a nice place, we can stay longer or vice versa. Your father worked out it should take us at least nine days and he'll be gone nearly two weeks so there's no hurry for us to get home. It'll be fun, just like when you were little."

She walked to the other end of the van and I watched her progress, trying to drag my eyes from her bum but failing. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Which reminds me," Mum went on. "You can take the main bunk if you'd like your privacy, I'd be happy to sleep down here on the couch." As she said it she lifted the table which turned the small lounge area below the upper bunk into a bed and readjusted the cushions ready to make up.

"No way, that's yours," I resisted. "As you said, it's just like when I was a kid, I'm not kicking you out of your bed."

Mum smiled in response. "You know your father wanted you to bring the tent and have you sleep outside."

"What?" I decried.

"I know!" She laughed. "That would've been a bit weird wouldn't it?"

"Ah, yeah. Like I was the staff or something."

Mum dropped her eyes and clutched at the sheet she'd procured, her voice lowering. "You know he didn't want you coming at all."

I placed down the can and listened intently.

"He was going to pay someone from his work \$800 to drive it home," she raised her head and looked into my eyes. \$800, I thought. A long way short of the \$400 he'd left me on the kitchen table.

"But I insisted it had to be you," Mum went on, her eyes still locked on mine. "We couldn't trust the van with just anyone. And, I thought it would be good for...us. You know?"

I felt my face redden, knowing she was referring to our battles and possibly even my action that everything stemmed from and worked up to offering her a reassuring smile. "Yeah I do too."

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The process of packing up the camper-van and hitching it onto the 4WD the next morning came back to me as we prepared to leave, only now I was the one driving. Having never towed, I practiced reversing in the safety of the caravan park and soon got the hang of it and then we were off. Mother and son on a more than week long road trip half way across Australia, North to South-West.

"This is wonderful," Mum laughed as she stretched her legs out, her feet up on the dash board of the Land Cruiser. "Your father would have a fit if he saw me doing this."

I peered over at her smooth tanned legs. She'd allowed her white sun dress to fall to her hips, tucked between her thighs to protect her modesty but still extremely provocative and I couldn't recall Mum ever being so carefree.

"Well what Dad doesn't know can't hurt him," I offered and turned up the music.

"Damn right," Mum laughed and turned the dial up further, singing along with the well played mix tape, a staple of all our family holidays.

More than two hours later we pulled into the small town we'd highlighted for lunch and walked the solitary main street in search of an eatery, settling on the busier of the two pubs. I saw it the moment I walked in but Mum hadn't noticed as we ordered our meals at the bar and were walked through to the bistro by the owner. There was another in the restaurant, delivering meals to a table and with Mum's back to her, still she was yet to notice what we'd accidentally stumbled in on.

I didn't know how exactly to brooch it but thankfully the need was taken from my hands when one of them approached the table.

"Hi, so what can I get you guys to drink?"

Mum looked up from the table and was confronted with what I'd been feasting my eyes on since entering. Two bare breasts of stately proportions.

"On my God!" Mum shrieked, staring at the unexpected mammaries.

The diversion gave me a chance to admire the woman more closely. Possibly in her forties or late thirties, she wasn't slim but curvy in the most attractive way. She wore denim shorts, seemingly painted on, her thighs bulging from the frayed edges, the crevice of her vulva on stark display.

"What is this?" Mum continued, still not over her initial shock.

The woman looked down at her own breasts, almost bemused. "Topless Tuesday! It's clearly advertised outside."

Mum looked to me and I shrugged my shoulders, shaking my head to indicate I had no idea before glancing back at her mammoth boobs.

"Um, I'll have a G and T," Mum managed, clearly embarrassed for me and I guess herself but trying to hide it.

"Uh huh, and you Honey?" She politely asked before Mum answered for me.

"Ah my son is driving, he'll just have a Coke."

"Oh! Your son?" She smiled at me and I again felt my cheeks redden. "It's like that is it? Well Coke's on the house Sweetie." She winked at me and as she walked away I was hypnotised by her arse, her cheeks bursting from the denim.

"It's like what?" Mum asked in a whisper and I feigned ignorance, not wanting to admit the woman was possibly hinting at something incestuous.

We discovered there would normally be a gratuity of 20% on top of our meal to cover the ladies but the owner believed our story of accidentally walking in and promised to waive it. The meal like the service was fantastic. Mum relaxed and even spoke candidly with our waitress when she frequently attended our table. When we paid they even joked Mum had the assets to give the profession a go, which had images flooding my mind. I received a knowing wink from the topless goddess as we left. Was I that obvious?

A day passed; an uneventful night in a caravan park. The flash of a bra between the curtains of my mother's bunk bed; an equally quick glance of her panties when she climbed over me in the morning, the white satin matching her nightie. I allowed myself the luxury of masturbating whilst she went off to the toilet block to shower and I admit that although my fantasy started out with the topless waitress, images of my mother in varying states of undress came to mind. I did nothing to chase them away.

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The Camp Site

The State Forest bordered the Great Dividing Range and the road in was dusty and corrugated, my mother's breasts bouncing accordingly when I happened to glance in her direction. The camp ground itself was large and with there being only one other occupant, we had a choice of sites.

"Ooh as far away from the toilet as possible," Mum suggested. "Those things usually stink."

I found a shady area and with Mum directing me, backed the van into the space a long distance from the other caravan and the solitary toilet block.

We had the camper-van set up in no time and made the site homely with our table and chairs beside the stone barbecue. Mum and Dad had purchased a camping shower in the time since I'd stopped holidaying with them and Mum directed me to an overhanging tree limb as the perfect location for setting it up, close to the rear of the van.

With the campsite organised, we still had the majority of the afternoon to relax in the summer heat. And was it hot!

"The thermometer in the car still says 38," Mum enthused as she entered the camper-van.

I was laying back on my bed reading and as she stepped over me to climb up onto her own bunk, I again had the briefest glimpse up her dress. All day as we drove I'd wondered the colour of her panties, her floral sun dress not transparent enough to provide a tease, yet mid-stride over my prone body her legs parted just enough to reveal white cotton knickers with small pink spots.

She drew the curtain that provided privacy for her bunk and I felt her moving as she no doubt got changed only to have the curtain open once more and again climb over me still wearing the dress.

"Forgot something," she explained as she made her way to a cupboard and retrieved some clothing before repeating her ascent.

Yet again she mounted the bed and strode over my legs. Oh she'd forgotten something alright! Obviously having no idea the view my position enabled, her legs parted to reveal she no longer wore the panties. Barely a second I saw it and my mind didn't really register it was pubic hair I was looking at until after. A rich dark mat of fur that seemed impossible to believe was actually my mother's pussy. I had seen my mother's pussy.

"Are we doing one of those walks before dinner?" Mum nonchalantly asked as she again closed her curtain. The two sides had come together but parted ever so slightly in the middle and from the corner of my eye I saw the flash of the bare skin of her back as her dress was removed.

Her question to me went unanswered as my brain dealt with surging Oedipal dilemmas, until I gained some semblance of sanity and turned my head from the scene. Just in time. Mum poked her face through the crack in the curtains and repeated her query.

"Oh yeah sure," I managed and turned to fully face her, satisfied she hadn't thought me spying and her head disappeared from view. She's naked. I told myself. Your mother is naked, right above you, behind a thin curtain. The words had my cock hardening and remembrance of the scent of her underwear from a year before flooded back. Now I had the image of her hairy pussy to go with it. All I need is to see her boobs, I mused and risked a quick stroke of my erection beneath my shorts.

"Well I'm ready when you are!" Mum threw back the drapes and climbed back down over me. She wore denim shorts that reached down nearly to the knee and although not sexy, did hug her bottom quite well. What was wore impressive was the bikini top that accompanied it. Brown; it wasn't overly small but did give me a fair impression of what her breasts would look like unencumbered by clothing. Good enough for now, I thought.

As she bent before me to put on her walking shoes however, another tantalising detail arose. The denim had frayed below her left buttock to a point where her underwear was visible. It was possible she had no idea, the thin white strands of denim failing to hide the blue satin beneath. Yes the blue satin! The very blue satin I had been so obsessed with that had changed our lives. She was wearing the panties I had been using to masturbate with over a year previous. That I'd sniffed and coveted. That I'd tasted.

I felt my face redden, amazed she still had them, let alone wore them. Did she not think of the connotations surrounding them? That her son had taken them from the wash? Her dirty panties, to use in some nefarious, corrupt way? Surely she would be disgusted?

I tried to put it out of my mind as we walked the trail but her arse kept it front and centre. Whenever she had to climb over rocks, her legs bending, I would see them. The blue hue taunting me. Did she plan it like this to haunt me? Did she want me to see her wearing them? Was it a sign?

I forgot about it all momentarily when we reached the end of the walk and came upon the waterhole. We hadn't expected it to be so beautiful, the description on the information board not doing it justice. Recent rains meant a waterfall cascaded into what looked to be a deep pool and without any other tourists, we had an oasis to ourselves and well worth the hour long trek.

"I'm going in!" I stated, bending down and feeling the cool water.

"You're not wearing your bathers," Mum noted.

"These'll do," I looked down at my cargo shorts as I took off my t-shirt.

"No, you can't walk back in wet shorts. At least just swim in your undies," she suggested. "There's no one around."

I was quick to take her advice and dropped my shorts to my boxers.

"You coming in?" I asked as I stepped into the water.

"No way," she laughed. "There's probably crocodiles in there!"

"Only freshies!" I joked and plunged into the cooling pool.

Mum sat down on a rock and watched as I swam toward the waterfall and returned. She sat with elbows on knees, her legs spread and it gave me an excellent view of her crotch, the bulge of what I knew to be her hairy pussy. The denim was frayed there as well, another smaller hole near the seam. They were threadbare and it amazed me she hadn't thrown them away.

"Come in, it's beautiful," I coaxed and shading her eyes, she shook her head.

"I didn't bring my togs."

"You're wearing a bikini," I acknowledged.

Her eyes went down to her breasts. "Only the top," she admitted and although her face was in shadow, it looked to me she blushed.

I didn't want to push the issue and suggest she swim in her underwear. I was trying to repair our relationship, not act like the creepy son I believed she thought I was and concentrated again on swimming.

Refreshed after about twenty minutes where Mum had at least removed her shoes and placed her feet in the water, I made to get out. My cotton boxer shorts, waterlogged, tried desperately to fall down as I rose up out of the pool and I had to keep a hand on them to prevent any embarrassment with Mum watching on. The slippery rocks near the edge conspired with my underwear however and with a foot sliding on the algae, I let go to steady myself if I fell. The inevitable occurred. Before I could grasp them, they slid down from my hips and over my groin.

Mum had begun laughing at my clumsiness and now threw a hand up to her mouth in shock and amusement as my dick came into view. I looked down immediately to salvage the situation and was a little disappointed at how small I appeared to be at the time, (the cold water having had its effect on me) and reached to pull up my pants as I climbed out of the waterhole.

"Oh Honey," Mum stated, no longer laughing, a look of concern. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah," I reached for my t-shirt and shorts, my pride shattered. "I just slipped."

"No, I mean down there," she dropped her eyes to my groin.

Great. Now she was making fun of the size of my dick. But she went on before I could explain the effect of cold water.

"Have you had a surgery?"

I wondered what the fuck she was talking about, was I that unusual? "What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"You're shaved. Down there!" She explained. "Is something wrong?"

I didn't really know what to say. I was amused, embarrassed, relieved, all at once.

"Oh shit no," I managed to laugh, my face afire. "It's just something I do...I mean a lot of guys do it."

It was now my mother's turn to feel the burn of humiliation as her face reddened before me.

"Oh!" She turned her head and seemed eager to change the subject from her son's shaved penis, picking up her water bottle. "So there weren't any crocodiles then?"

"No," I smiled. "No crocodiles. Or bunyips for that matter!"

The walk back was uncomfortable but I strangely felt a shift in power, at least a balancing. My mother had looked at my cock. Had commented on it. It would now undoubtedly be on her mind. She'd be wondering the reasons behind shaving down there? She'd see it when she closed her eyes. I only wished I hadn't looked so underwhelming at the time.

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The Night

"How do you like it?" Mum asked over her shoulder.

Staring at her bum, imagining pulling down her shorts and fucking her, the question took me by surprise. "What?"

"Your steak?"

"Oh, ah medium," I smiled.

"Well yours is done then," she rose and brought it from the bbq to the card table with her own.

She went back to drop the paper plate in the fire and as she bent forward her shorts ripped a little more.

"Oh these bloody things, I've been meaning to just throw them away," she commented as she returned to the table. "They're so comfortable though."

"Just cut them shorter," I suggested, admitting I knew where the rips were positioned.

"I'd look like that waitress in the pub!" Mum laughed. "You'd expect me to bring you your food topless." She added.

"Well she looked hot," I replied without really thinking about what I was saying. "So that wouldn't be such a bad thing."

She again laughed, which relieved me that I hadn't gone too far and I thought the subject would be dropped.

"I suppose it would be only fair," she out of the blue continued as we ate.

"Huh?" I replied, thinking I knew where she was heading but wanting her to explain.

"Well I did get an impromptu strip tease at the billabong."

I didn't mention I'd looked up her dress earlier in the day and we were in fact even.

"Would I have to pay you a 20% gratuity?" I quizzed.

She laughed. "I suppose I could waive it. Family discount and all!"

I silently groaned as she proposed the idea, delighted she was linking family and sexuality. The subject was dropped but along with my steak, I feasted on the idea of my mother serving me topless, and they were both delicious.

The sun was almost completely below the horizon but the temperature remained stifling. With a lamp, we had set up the scrabble board outside and were mid game when Mum leaned back in her chair fanning herself.

"This is ridiculous," she remarked. "How is it still so hot?"

"Well it is summer," I helpfully replied and Mum rolled her eyes. To make up for my retort, I reached into my glass of water and pulled out an ice-cube.

Rising from the table I circled around behind her to the curiosity of my mother.

"Here you are madam," I offered. "A treatment famous in the most exclusive spas in Europe and the East. Ice cube therapy."

Placing the ice on her shoulder, I ran it across her bare skin and over the strap of her bikini. To her squeals, I drew a path down her back and up her spine to her neck, leaving the skin wet and cool wherever I traveled.

Her delighted screams turned to a contented moan as the cooling effects settled in and the cube dissolved. Not wanting to stop, I quickly sought another and repeated the process, rising up behind her ears and over onto her collarbone. My dick hardened with her sighs and I wished she could see me now, erect, my balls swollen with accumulating cum as opposed to the boy she saw in the pool.

"Oh Honey," she purred. "That was wonderful."

Goosebumps had broken out on her skin and as I walked back to my chair, I did nothing to hide the fact I was hard. Her eyes didn't seem to drop to the area and the little light we had probably hadn't illuminated me, but the act was thrilling enough.

I looked at my letters and the board. "Oh I know, M, O, M! M is on the double, so that's, 10 points."

"I'm sorry what's that?" Mum questioned.

"Mom!"

"We're not in America Darling," she laughed. "But I'll allow it this once because it shows you're at least thinking about me."

If only she knew what I was thinking, I mused. I looked at her face in the lamplight, her cheeks flushed from the beer, her eyes drifting from her letters to the board. She looked beautiful.

I concentrated on my own new letters and rearranged them on the tray, managing to make a word, G, R, A, M, S, as Mum completed her turn then spun the board.

It hit me straight away. If I used the O in mom, I could create 'orgasm' with the M on a triple word score. Should I do it? I asked myself and thought, why not?

"O, R, G, A, S, M." I enunciated each letter as I placed it. "Orgasm!"

Mum looked mortified at the board. Mom and orgasm, connected. "Well I hope you're not thinking about me with that one!" She laughed before I imagine realising what she had said and snorted on her beer, covering her mouth with a hand.

I couldn't think of anything witty to reply and took a drink of my water myself, content that all these sexual thoughts were being sown in her mind.

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We noticed the other caravan had departed when we had returned from our walk earlier on and now night had set in, there was complete silence for miles around. I lay upon my sheet reading when Mum decided to call it a night. I noticed her take her white nightie from the cupboard and again she climbed over me, her shorts once again making a tearing sound.

"Maybe I really should cut them up!" She laughed before disappearing behind her veil.

Oh fuck I hoped she was serious, I thought.

Getting into my novel, I heard her say something but didn't really pay full attention, nodding slowly as if I'd understood.

Again she repeated it but this time followed up by throwing a sock at me.

It hit me square on the jaw and landed across my book, demanding I pay her attention.

"What is that about?" I asked over her laughing.

"I said you can put your dirty clothes in a pile over there," she pointed towards my feet where she'd thrown her shorts and other items. "I'll do washing when we stop at the next caravan park."

"Oh ok," I replied, casually bunching up her small white sock before lobbing it back at her, hitting her on the side of the face.

She immediately grabbed the sock and smiling, casually slinked down off the bunk towards me.

"Now Mum don't," I warned. "I'm bigger and stronger than you, this won't end well."

She didn't heed the warning and with an admittedly drunken mischievous look on her face, lunged at me, the sock aimed at my nose.

I caught one of her arms but in my attempt to keep my page marked, allowed her loaded hand to come down on my face, grinding her sock into my nose and mouth. Her legs were astride my torso, the nightie riding up and my initial shock at her immodesty was lost as my competitiveness took over. Long ago memories of wrestling her as a child flooded back and I abandoned my hold on the book to wrench her hand from my face. To her excited scream, I took the sock from her grasp and reversed the role, pressing it to her face amid her feeble attempts to stop me.

"No," she squealed as her mouth was covered by her sock.

"I told you this would happen," I chastised as I exerted my superiority, following her body as she fell backwards until I was on top of her. I made a point of not getting between her legs to save us both embarrassment, acutely aware her nightie was now around her waist, her vagina exposed. With my cock swelling by the second, I couldn't risk her feeling it press to her sexually.

Laughing and gasping for air, Mum resorted to tickling me in an attempt to wrest control. It was effective, her fingers jabbing into my bare ribs and causing me to change position. A hand went to the sock and we battled over it until I threw it across the van lest she capture the prize. With her still tickling me I rolled off and noticed her take the opportunity to pull down her nightie before continuing her assault, her fingers playing my ribs like piano keys as I admittedly giggled uncontrollably.

When I rolled onto my back, she mounted me and brought my hands up over my head. Her now covered pussy was sitting directly over my erection, pressing down hard. Surely there could be no way she wouldn't be feeling it?

"Do you submit?" She asked, puffing.

"Never!" I proclaimed, wriggling, surreptitiously grinding my dick against her. In response she leaned forward, her breasts lowering towards my face a wicked smile on hers. For an extended moment I thought she was going to kiss me and I wished I had a free hand to touch her. As if on cue, she released her hold on my wrist and I lowered my arm to press against her side, feeling her ribs, the heat of her skin beneath the white satin.

About to close my eyes and accept her kiss, her own eyes darted away towards the clothing pile and I followed their gaze. I saw what she'd focused on and kicked myself for thinking her actions had been sexual as she in turn reached for the other sock.

"Oh no you don't!" I declared, thankful I hadn't done anything too overt in declaring my arousal before shifting my weight beneath her. She fell forward, her breasts against my chest and her hand diverted from the sock but clutched whatever it fell upon.

So quickly it happened that I think neither of us realised until it was done. My mother had grasped her white underwear with the pink spots and brought them to my face, pressing them to my nose and mouth. Smothering me with her dirty panties. I could see in her eyes it wasn't intentional, the moment she understood what she was in fact doing, her face changing from the wicked smile to a mortified shock. For the mere seconds she held them to my face, I didn't fight, allowing her to rub her panties over my mouth, breathing in her lingering scent.

"Oh my God!" She finally stated, pulling them from my face and sitting herself up, still I noticed over my cock. Her weight in fact pressing down harder on my erection. "I'm so sorry," her face reddened. "I had no idea."

I edged myself up onto my elbows and sadly Mum took the opportunity to climb off, moving back against the cushioned backrest, her legs tightly together. There was so much tension in the air, I had no idea what to say. Seconds passed as Mum just stared down at her underwear bunched in her hands before she finally looked back up at me.

"I didn't care you know," she whispered and I could see her eyes welling with tears.

"Mum, I," I tried to begin but she cut me off.

"It was all your father," she stated. "I just wanted you to know that."

"Mum we don't have to talk about it, it's the past. Water under the bridge," I tried to sound mature.

She gave me a half smile and again studied the panties in her hands. "I...I was flattered," she confessed.

I let what she said sink in. She had essentially just admitted she was flattered I had taken her dirty panties from the wash and used them to jerk off to. For I'm sure that is what she thought I must have done with them. Again I had no idea how to react or what to say. What do you say to that?

Seconds of silence slid by before Mum took a deep breath and released it.

"Whoa..." She said, rising. "I...have to go and pee!" She proclaimed, dropping her undies back on the clothing pile before sliding her bare feet into her awaiting walking shoes, providing a comical look. The ice seemingly broken I relaxed somewhat.

"Watch out for the spiders," I suggested, referring to the primitive hole in the ground toilet on the campsite. "Did you see those webs in there?"

"Oh are you crazy? I'm not going in there at night, we have a bucket!" Mum declared and for a moment I thought she was going to go right there in the van. Unfortunately she took hold of a torch and opened the door, stepping out into the still steamy night.

A bucket! It took everything to not pull back a curtain and try and watch, instead I walked over and picked up the sock I'd thrown, listening for evidence of her undertaking. It didn't take long. The silent bush, the walls of the camper-van, did nothing to disguise the sound of her pee hitting the base of the bucket. A strong flow that went on and on. I closed my eyes as I imagined her squatting over the bucket. Or was she standing? Her legs spread and nightie raised as her piss flowed from

that beautiful hairy pussy. Allowing myself a rub of my still erect penis as her stream decreased and trailed to a dribble, adding her sock to pile atop her panties I wondered what she would do with the full bucket. The answer coming directly as I heard a splash as she must have thrown the contents into the trees. It made me wonder why she hadn't just done it there to begin with and immediately thought of snakes, even the spiders we'd just discussed. Probably smarter.

She re-entered the van and washed her hands before climbing over me where I'd once again taken up my position to read, the fun over. Settling in to bed, nothing more was spoken by her about the panties or the events of a year previous and after twenty minutes or so, I too decided to call it a night.

*

The Moonlight

We tried to sleep. The small fan we had in the camper-van did almost nothing and even with all of the screens down around the sides, there was no air flow and we were both constantly tossing and turning.

"This is ridiculous," Mom remarked in the moonlit night. "You can't sleep either?"

I sat up and saw she had pulled her sheet down to her waist, her arms above her head. The moon made her skin look grey, her brown hair on the pillow, black.

"Do you want some ice cube therapy?" I joked, not expecting her to take me seriously. "That'll cool you down."

"Oh no," she laughed, but seemed to be debating it. "You're right it would. No...I mean, it's too late isn't it?"

I hadn't expected her to even contemplate it but now she was, I jumped at the chance and didn't care that I may've looked too keen. Climbing out of bed I took the ice tray out of the freezer and placed a few in my glass with the water before climbing over my bed and up onto hers.

We were in bed together, I mused.

"You'll really do it for me?" Mum exclaimed as she rolled onto her side to face me.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Oh goodness, we should've been taking you on all our holidays!" She laughed and enthusiastically rolled onto her stomach.

The fact her back was now not as exposed as earlier in the night came into play and I wondered for a second how we would deal with it. Mum however wasn't so confused and deftly raised her nightie up across her back whilst keeping the sheet secure over her buttocks.

This wasn't normal, I told myself. The wrestle had been relatively innocent horseplay. This was intimate. I was barely dressed. A fresh pair of boxer shorts my only covering and Mum was essentially naked, her entire back from pelvis to neck exposed. I asked myself if Dad were here would we be doing this? And the answer was a definite, no.

I touched the first ice-cube in the centre of her back and again she released her delighted squeal. A noise I was becoming enamoured by. Does she make that sound when she cums I wondered? Just the thought of it had me hardening and with her face turned from me, I allowed my dick to find its way out the fly of my shorts.

"Oh God," she sighed. "That feels better already."

"Good," I whispered, sliding the ice across her shoulders and down again. I reached the sheet and pushed slightly against it to go lower and not expecting it, was surprised when Mum shuffled it further down onto her arse. The top of her bum-crack came into view and I wasn't sure if she heard my breath expel in response.

With at least two inches more of exposed flesh, the ice cube was rapidly melting and as it disappeared altogether I moved to retrieve another from the glass.

"Oh don't stop," Mum whispered.

"I won't," I replied retaking my position beside her. I noticed the sheet even lower, half of her buttocks exposed. Oh Jesus, I thought. Did she do that or had it happened naturally when I moved? Whatever the cause, I used it to great affect, allowing my fingertips to caress the upper flesh of her cheeks, her body covered with goosebumps. She constantly sighed when I trailed over certain regions, her shoulders particularly. But as the time progressed, the closer I made it to her bottom, the more content her moans. I noticed her thighs had parted, the sheet laying over each individual leg like pants. I was now freely stroking my hard-on with my spare hand as I massaged her, yet still in two minds about her discovering it. There was something going on here, no one could deny that surely, but what if there wasn't? That off chance that it was all in my mind. It would be a disaster.

Her sighing I noticed had ceased. Replaced with a steady measured breathing. That she was asleep wasn't immediately clear to me but when I changed it up and allowed the melting cube to drip between her bum cheeks and she didn't respond, I was sure.

My heart was beating rapidly. I didn't want to stop. I wanted to keep touching her the entire night through. And hadn't she told me not to? The ice cube dissolving completely as I traveled down again along her spine I reached the cleft between her buttocks and kept going, my fingertips delving between her cheeks. I reached the end of her tailbone and withdrew, retracing my way up her spine before again descending.

What to do? The ice cube gone. Caressing her skin with only my cold wet fingers. Every cell of my being was telling me to go for it. Reach between my mother's parted thighs, touch her vagina. My hand now with the palm flat on her lower back, the curve of her buttocks beneath me. And then fully upon them, the gap between radiating heat from her arsehole, her pussy. The scent tangible. I stroked my way across one cheek, pressing harder as I massaged, hearing the wet sound of her labia parting, the perfume of an aroused vagina stronger.

It was all too much. Too hot. The hand around my cock was squeezing too hard, her pheromones assaulting my senses, intoxicating. I felt my orgasm approach and unable to draw myself back from the brink, panicked. I wrenched my hand from my mother's arse and reached for the glass of water, turning my body as I aimed my cock into its half full contents, I felt Mum stir and rise beside me. Cumming, with my back to her, I could see her sit up out of the corner of my eye, pulling her nightie down over her body.

"Oh I must have fallen asleep," she yawned, stretching.

Again and again I shot cum into the glass, as I managed to drop down off the bunk and hopefully out of her sight, water splashing from the rim as I went. Finally managing to tuck my still fully hard cock back into my shorts when my flow decreased.

"Yeah you did," I agreed, realising how close I'd come to embarrassing myself completely.

"I'm so thirsty, can I have a sip?" She hinted at the glass as I headed towards the sink.

"NO! It mean, it's warm," I lied. "I'll get you a fresh one."

"Thank you Baby," she sighed. "You're so good to me."

I heard her yawn and by the time I'd tipped out my cum filled glass and poured her another fresh from the fridge, her gentle snoring. It was then I was finally able to relax.

You idiot. I told myself. I'd almost been caught masturbating myself over my sleeping mother. How would my father have reacted to this one if he found out? But how would he? I asked myself. Would Mum ever divulge what was happening here? That she had wrestled me whilst not wearing underwear. That she'd rubbed her own dirty panties in my face, accidentally of course!? That she'd coaxed me to massage her naked body with an ice cube? She would never tell her husband.

I lay back on top of my sheet and as I played the events over in my head, my cock again rose to the occasion. I did nothing to hide its presence.

*

The Morning

It was a kookaburra and gentle pressure on my arm that drew me out of slumber. I slowly opened my eyes to a view of my mother's cleavage sitting above her slightly parted thighs as she squatted beside the bed. Still wearing her nightie, still panty-less, she smiled.

"Hey sleepyhead," she whispered. "You've got to see this!"

I had all I needed to see right in front of me but was curious to know what she was referring to.

"What?" I asked, throwing back my sheet before I'd really thought about things and sitting up, still half asleep.

Mum's eyes dropped to it before I was aware and I followed her gaze. My morning erection standing proud through the fly of my boxer shorts.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped, throwing a hand down over myself and hiding it away. "I'm sorry it's not about you, it happens in the morning, I didn't know you..."

Mum held a finger up to her mouth to silence me. "Shhhh, its alright. It's nothing I haven't seen before. But there's something you have to see." She held out a hand and took mine that had just touched my cock, lifting me to my feet. It was then I noticed she had on her hiking boots. "Come on, it's outside."

I was intrigued by her whispering and secrecy and followed her outside into the early morning air.

The sun struggling to clear the mountains behind us had painted the sky a glorious red but it wasn't the sunrise she had to show me. A mob of kangaroos was passing slowly through the camp,

barely registering our presence as we exited the van. Small joeys hopped around the table sniffing for crumbs, gangly with oversized paws hinting at their eventual size, watched over by their mothers and skirting the camp, adult males.

"This is awesome," I whispered as Mum causally took my hand in hers.

"Glad we chose inland now?" She smiled, wrapping her arms around mine and drawing her body closer into me, her breasts pressing my bicep.

I gazed into her upturned still drowsy eyes, her hair mussed from sleep and had never seen her look so beautiful. "Totally," I conceded.

A particularly little joey brushed past our feet and hopped towards its mother, diving headfirst into her pouch, its feet protruding awkwardly before disappearing altogether. And with a glance in our direction, she turned and bounded away with the rest of the retreating mob.

"You think we should stay here another day?" Mum whispered expectantly.

"I think we should stay here forever!" I admitted.

"Come on," Mum pressed her smiling lips against my bare shoulder and lightly kissed. "Let's get some breakfast."

*

"I need more water," Mum called from the outdoor shower.

I had been sitting at the card table concentrating on tailoring her denim shorts but really focussed on the thin gap between the interlocking curtains of the shower screen. Probably no more than an inch of space, yet enough to excite my penis with glimpses of skin, the shadow of bum-crack and mat of wet soapy pubic hair as she turned.

"Coming," I called back and dropped the scissors, quickly making my way inside the camper-van to retrieve the boiled and cooling jug of water.

When I made it to the shower, Mum had already lowered the water reserve and I pushed the jug through the space for her to refill it.

"Oh, my hands are all soapy," she remarked. "Can you do it?"

To remove any question as to how I should proceed, she pulled apart one side of the curtain, essentially inviting me into the shower with her.

She was right, her hands were soapy, along with the rest of her naked body. As if attempting to retain some modesty she had a hand placed over her pubic hair and as I entered the shower and onto the rubber matting, trying to not make it totally obvious I was looking at her, she placed her other arm over her breasts.

I tried to remain mature. That being so close to a naked woman in a confined space was an everyday thing and I thought I was doing a pretty good job as I refilled her shower. My dick however wasn't so grown up and did its best to declare its enthusiasm as with my arms raised, my t-shirt well above my waist, it twitched violently in my loose shorts as I hardened.

"Ooh!" Mum remarked, giggling as I saw her eyes dart away from the area. "I suppose it's still technically the morning!" She tortured me, referring to my morning erection excuse.

I felt my face flush with embarrassment. It was just becoming cruel. I knew there was something between us. Why couldn't she just embrace it? Take the lead as the adult and admit she shared the feelings.

"Thank you Honey," she praised as I returned the shower to its initial height. As before she held open the curtain and I ruefully exited, doing little to disguise the fact I risked a peek at her now bare breasts, her nipples soapy, pink and erect. "I'll call you if I need more water."

Dejected I went back to my workstation and sitting down picked up the scissors. Pressing them to the denim, I began cutting higher than I'd previously started, to ultimately make them display more of my mother's buttocks; revenge for her teasing. Satisfied with my actions I again raised my eyes to the shower.

No longer so dejected.

Mum had left the shower curtains more than partially open and I could see nearly her entire body. Naked. Soapy and wet. Her rear to me, she released the valve and the shower head poured water down her back, the suds flowing over her buttocks where she slowly ran a hand between the cheeks. After picking my jaw up off the floor, I placed down the scissors and lowered a hand to my still erect cock as I watched her lift her face up to the flow of water and rinse her hair. Turning, with her eyes closed she allowed me to see her body from the front as the soap ran away.

This wasn't teasing, this was flaunting. I piled her shorts up on the table to obscure my act as I pulled my cock from my fly, stroking as I watched the show. Her fingers ran through her hair, onto her face to rub her eyes and down. Down onto her breasts, her nipples protruding through her fingers as they passed over them. Across her belly to touch her groin, both hands framing her pubic bone before one delved between her thighs, casually washing her pussy. Openly masturbating, my arm's movement would be obvious if she looked but her eyes not once diverted in my direction. It was her gift to me, surely. And I was ever so grateful.

Raising her left leg to rinse her foot followed by the right, the flow of water decreased and eventually stopped. I took it as my cue to halt my wanking and tucked my hard-on back into my shorts as she reached for her towel, slowly wrapping it around herself before finally looking in my direction as she stepped out of the shower.

"How are my shorts coming along?" She smiled as she approached.

"I ah um, haven't finished them yet," I stumbled, picking back up the scissors.

"Oh I thought you'd be done by now, what have you been up to?"

"Admiring the view," I bluntly replied, letting my eyes drop down her body, openly flirting.

She giggled and ran a hand through my hair before heading back to the van to change, the towel dropping low on her back as she entered.

I took hold of the denim and began cutting an inch higher than I'd previously marked.

The Second Night

Our solace was ruined somewhat when two other caravans entered the campsite after lunch. Seeing family groups heading off up to the waterhole pretty much destroyed one of the scenarios I'd been planning with Mum that afternoon. And her serving me topless outside in the freshly cut denim shorts also looked out of the question with how close one of the caravans had positioned itself to us. Before dinner I took down the shower and packed up some of our campsite in preparation of leaving in the morning and after another bbq, we decided to again play scrabble, this time inside the van.

The most provocative word I managed to come up with was "throbbing," and Mum must have been thinking along my lines as she snorted her beer again when I placed the letters.

Eleven p.m. and the two other campers were finally quiet. For the second night running, Mum and I were struggling to fall asleep and I knew it wasn't just the heat that caused it.

"I have to go again!" Mum sat up and looked down upon me, my bunk illuminated only by a small reading light.

I knew what she was referring to. Only an hour or two before I'd accompanied her to the toilet, no longer being alone in the campsite so unable to pee outside as she'd done previous and without a lock on the door, there to provide her some security.

"Ready when you are," I made to get out of bed and reach for my torch and shoes.

"I can't go back there Cody," she admitted. "The spiders. I could feel their eyes on me!"

"Well what do you want to do?"

The next few moments went in a blur as she clambered down in a hurry and brushed past me.

"Well I can't hold on!" She reasoned, probably regretting the amount of beer she had consumed in the hours previous and without footwear exited the caravan. Expecting her outdoor bucket pee, I was shocked when she re-emerged holding said bucket and closed the door behind her, rushing to the end of the van.

It was only as she placed the bucket down and squatting over it with her nightie riding up to her hips did I fully comprehend she was to pee in front of me.

"Oh shit," I exclaimed, again making to rise from my bed. "I'll wait outside."

With her face to me, her knees together and bottom touching the rim, a contented smile came to her lips as the sound of her urine hit the base.

"Oh don't worry Honey, I'm almost done," she informed me, my eyes unable to look away from hers, my cock quickly hardening.

Was it wrong to stare? Probably. I mean I couldn't actually see anything. Her white satin nightie shrouding her thighs, but the hissing sound of her stream filled in all the details I failed to spy. Not once did her eyes divert from mine as she peed and I wasn't going to look away.

"Oh," she remarked as the flow turned to a trickle. "There is something you can do for me; I forgot the paper."

I was on my feet instantly. The little light from my reading lamp behind me, I was sure my erection would be in shadow but it didn't faze me either way. I wanted her to see it. To again see the affect she was having on my body, on my mind. I found the toilet paper roll in the cupboard by the door and ventured toward her.

"Just a couple of sheets Honey," she suggested and I followed, placing back the entire roll.

When again I looked at her, she was standing. With both hands holding her satin slip up at her waist, her bare legs astride the bucket, I stared directly at her pussy as a few remaining drips of urine fell from her pubic hair. Before her now, paper in my shaking hand, I willed my eyes up her body to her face and met her gaze, her intent eyes piercing.

"Would you like to?" She whispered as she made no attempt to take the paper from me, clearly hinting what both of us wanted.

I didn't reply but swallowing hard, lowered my hand with the sheets in the palm between her legs.

When the contact came it seemed natural. That my hand was always meant to be there, pressed to her vagina. The heat flowed through the thin paper with the dampness it absorbed. Not only urine, her lubrication drenching the double ply. I rubbed my hand back and forth, pressing gently. The contour of her labia, the entrance to her vagina, the pubic hair, all tangible. A held breath escaped my mother's lungs and I felt her thighs wobble around my hand, her legs becoming weak with the realisation of what was taking place. The crack of a firework startled us, the red light glowing across the campsite and shining through the fly-wire, illuminating my mother's face as we both turned in the direction of one of the other campers.

When we again looked at each other we were both smiling.

"Well that was something!" She grinned as she allowed her nightie to drop from her hands and I withdrew the toilet paper, stepping back and placing it in the bin.

Mum bent down to take the bucket and I moved in quickly.

"I'll do that," I offered, reaching for her bounty.

"Are you sure?"

I nodded and headed with the bucket towards the door.

"God it's so hot in here," Mum commented as I opened and took a step outside, turning to look back at her leaning against the bench, her pubic mound standing out beneath the white satin.

"Ice cube therapy?" I proposed and a look of excitement flooded over her face.

"I'll get it ready!"

I stepped off into the darkness and stood for a moment in the quiet of the bush under a blanket of stars, a minute of silent reflection. This was happening. The intimate moments we'd shared in the last couple of days had led to this. My hand had touched her vagina. I had wiped her for God's sake. It couldn't get more intimate. I looked down at the bucket and whatever you may think of me, I could've drunk the contents then and there I was so in love, so infatuated with her.

I didn't! I threw her pee into the scrub and made my way back inside. She was already on the bunk, a sheet over her body, a knee raised under the cover. I wasted no time in going to her, noting the glass of ice filled water beside the bed and retrieving a cube.

On her back, I waited for her to turn over as my movement caused the sheet to slide partly down her chest. That she no longer wore her nightie was immediately obvious, the curve of her breasts exposed as she assisted the passage of the sheet down her torso.

"Not your back tonight?" I asked, kneeling beside her, my erection tenting the front of my boxer shorts, not yet finding the fly.

"We can try this can't we?" She purred as she stopped the sheets progression at her pelvis before lowering her leg to lie flat.

"Of course we can," I concurred as the melting ice cube dripped upon her collarbone.

I placed it down on her neck and she gripped the sheets, arching her back at the sudden cold, her breasts lifting towards me before she relaxed and retook her position.

"Oh God Cody, that feels so nice," her hand covering the short distance to climb up onto my knee.

"Oh yeah? Do you like it?"

"I love it Baby," she whispered as her eyes closed and I trailed the ice down onto her chest.

Between her breasts I ran, following the line of an imaginary bra as I circled each mammary in turn before I centred in on the nipple. Hardening beneath my fingers, she in turn let out a sigh as her hand stroked across my knee, ever so slowly rising up my thigh.

I took another ice cube from the glass, shifting my hips in the process to allow my hard-on to escape its confines, proudly exiting the fly and standing erect between my outstretched legs. Mum had opened her eyes and was watching my hand massaging her breasts, her legs parting beneath the sheet. I took it as a sign and replacing the almost fully melted cube with the fresh one, continued my journey down her body.

Over her ribs I ran the ice, leaving her nipples erect behind me. Onto her belly where a reservoir of water formed in her navel and lower. Her hand inched its way up my thigh to meet the hem of my shorts and continued as I met the top of her pubic hair. Her further parting legs pulled the sheet down across her pubic bone and my fingers followed, pushing the ice into her mat of dark pubes and rising onto her mound.

Mum's hand found my cock. Her fingers wrapped around me and tentatively squeezed as if testing my hardness as you would ripe fruit. Just as I lowered the ice between her legs and found her vagina fiery with desire, she began her stroking. Her fist enclosed around me, she reached the head and descended. I pressed the ice harder against her pussy, its consistency melting away in seconds replaced only with my fingers now sliding along her dripping labia.

Her hand quickened as I lubricated my fingers with her juices, manipulating her clitoris, circling my fingertips around her swollen button before dropping and entering her vagina. One, two fingers inside her. Her hand furiously beating my cock as she moaned with the penetration. I bit my lower lip in a bid to hold off my orgasm but knowing it wouldn't delay it long. Mum's legs were spread wide, the sheet fully removed from her body, her outer thigh resting on my knee, her other hand pinching the nipple I'd left cold and erect.

Fucking her with my fingers in time with her wanking my cock, I felt my impending climax.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped as she looked up into my face.

"Cum for me Baby," she moaned, moving her hips with my constantly stabbing fingers, lifting her groin into each penetration. "Cum on my tits!"

I rose up onto my knees as I felt my cum surge forth. Mum guided my cock towards her breasts and I let loose my orgasm upon her. Not wanting to take all the pleasure, I buried my fingers to the hilt inside her and curled them hoping to find the sweet spot. It seemed to work.

It must have been unexpected for her. With a thumb on her clitoris, I ground my curled fingers inside and she suddenly threw open her mouth in pleasure, again arching her back as my cum shot across her breasts. Her mouth fixed in an "O" as she coaxed and watched her son's semen spray her chest, her hand holding her nipple. Her thighs locked around my wrist as she in turn came, excess fluid from her vagina flooding my palm. Shuddering before becoming rigid, her naked body glistened with cum and water, her hand expertly applying the right amount of pressure around my cock as my orgasm subsided, cum dripping from the head.

With her legs relaxing, I pulled my fingers from her but left my hand upon her sopping pussy. Mum in turn wasn't going to relinquish possession of my cock and I managed to lay down beside her without breaking either of our incestuous holds. And as I placed an arm beneath her neck, holding her in our post orgasm embrace I realised for the first time how monumental our actions had become.

Both regaining our normal breath, her lips gently met mine, a carefree, satisfied expression on her face. Our first kiss was soft, our lips barely touching before I felt her tongue lightly flick against me.

"What are we doing?" She whispered, the weight of our behaviour possibly dawning on her as I returned the intimacy, my tongue meeting hers.

"What I've wanted to do for a year now," I admitted and our kiss became serious. Our lips danced, our tongues making love.

*

I awoke to sunlight and the sound of someone gently knocking on our caravan door. Our legs were entwined, my mother's pussy glued to my thigh and sleepily she rubbed her eyes before smiling at my presence and I'm sure, memories of the night before. The knocking came again and I extracted myself from her hold to answer our early morning visitor.

I recognised the man as one of the other campers and seeing me wearing only my boxers he apologised for potentially waking me.

"We've got a flat battery you see," he explained his intrusion and after mentioning his desire to hit the road early I assured him I'd be over shortly to help.

With the door closed behind me I set my eyes again on my mother, naked, beautiful, her legs swinging off the edge of the bunk.

"I've got to go and help this guy," I stated, her eyes drifting down to my growing erection.

"I heard Honey," she smiled. "It's ok, you go play with your friends. I'll make us some breakfast and start packing up the van."

She reached for a hair tie and ran her fingers through her strands to tie it back in a pony tail, her breasts lifting, her neck exposed and in a hurry to get on the road or not, there was no way I was leaving the van before kissing her. Climbing up onto my bed I lunged between her legs and to the accompaniment of her squealing, pushed her back on the mattress.

"I love you so much Mum," I admitted as I kissed her neck, her jaw and onto her mouth. Her legs wrapped around me as my cock ground into her pussy.

"My beautiful boy, I know you do," she sighed. "I can feel it."

Whether she was referring to my cock or emotionally, I cared not; all I wanted was to be inside her but an impatient cough from outside the caravan brought us back to matters at hand.

I leaned back and grimaced.

"It's alright," Mum soothed me. "Go on, we've got all the time in the world."

I climbed off her and found my clothes and keys but as I drove across to our irritating neighbour I thought of what she said. We didn't have all the time in the world. We had roughly seven days remaining until we were expected back in Adelaide. Linking the jumper cables between cars I looked back at our campsite and saw Mum at the card table setting up breakfast. She was wearing the denim shorts I'd cut back to an obscene length and not much more.

I'd make those seven days count.

*

The Confessions

Facing each other, sitting sideways at a picnic table, Mum leaned back undoing the button of her shorts and loosened the zip. "Ooh, I've eaten too much," she moaned as her untanned paler skin came into view along with the tip of her pubic hair.

My eyes, having been feasting up until then on her spread thighs and bulge of pubic mound, now welded to the sight of this new addition.

"You're not wearing any knickers!" I observed and she giggled at my assertion.

"You've only just noticed?"

It was true. I'd had ample time to acknowledge the fact; watching her as we packed up the campsite; stroking her buttocks as we walked around a small museum in a town we passed through; grinding my cock against her as we ordered our lunch in a fish and chip shop, our behaviour in public like that of a new couple as opposed to mother and son.

"I can't wear any anyway, you cut them so high!" She remarked as she followed my eyes down to her crotch, parting the fly further to reveal more pubic hair.

"Oh, sorry," I feigned an apology.

"Oh no I don't mind," she quickly reassured me. "I love them. I don't think I can wear them around your father..." It was the first time we'd discussed him since things had changed and we both looked in the other's eyes. "...but maybe I can keep them at your house?"

She was overtly hinting things would continue when we returned home and I moved in closer upon hearing her words, my knees touching her inner thighs.

"I'd like that," I admitted and her face leaned in towards me, my lips meeting hers. My eyes closed as we kissed and I felt her hand touch mine, lifting it to press to her belly.

My fingertips making contact with pubes, I ran them downwards, combing through her thick bush until I reached her labia, the hair wet around the upper lips. We were alone in a roadside rest stop just outside of town and here I was, fingering my mother in public as though we were both eager first loves, stealing moments to explore sexually.

A car slowly approached on the gravel and Mum broke our kiss, leaning back as she watched their traversal. I made to pull my hand from her sex but she stopped me, merely lifting a thigh to obscure the act from the strangers. I too followed their path, watching them stop nearby and seeing a family disembark and head to a picnic table. When I looked back at Mum she was biting her lip, smiling at me.

"What did you do with them?"

The question came out of the blue but I knew exactly what she was talking about. Her panties. The catalyst for what was happening at that moment, my hand down her shorts, my fingers sliding around on her clitoris.

"You really want to know?" I felt my face redden, regardless of our relationship, still embarrassed by my actions.

Her breathing was uneven as I stimulated her, her nipples erect through her light grey tank top. With flushed cheeks, she nodded at me to go on.

"I found them in the laundry, they were still warm..."

"I must have just taken them off," she interrupted, moving her hips around on my hand.

"I took them to the bathroom to...use."

"What did you do?" Mum gripped the bench behind her, pushing her pussy harder onto my hand, a finger sliding inside.

"I smelt them!" I admitted

"You did?" She exclaimed, seemingly delighted with the revelation, now her face the one to blush.

I nodded. "I jerked off with them then pressed to my face. I imagined it was you."

"Oh Baby," she sighed. "I noticed them gone you know? I hoped it was you that had taken them."

"You did?"

She nodded and I relaxed my action between her legs to allow her to elaborate.

"A mother notices things Honey," she confided. "Her son's eyes maybe lingering a little too long on her breasts. Possibly peeking up Mummy's skirt when you think she doesn't notice? Ring any bells?"

I joined her in again blushing.

"And a mother certainly knows when a pair of her panties goes missing," she added. "I found them you know; in your room."

It was a part of the story I wasn't au fait with and she quickly went on.

"Behind the couch in your room. For that one moment I was so happy, and then of course your father saw them. The rest you know."

"Not really," I stated, pulling my fingers from inside her but retaining them on her bush. "Not why you didn't defend me if you weren't upset?"

Mum turned her head seemingly in shame before looking back at me with tears growing in her eyes.

"What was I to do?" She asked and I had no answer. "Say I was ok with you doing that? That I was happy to have my son thinking about me sexually? How do you think that would've gone down?"

I moved in immediately, taking my hand from her crotch and wrapping my arms around her to show I understood the impossible situation I'd placed her in.

"Mum, it doesn't matter any more," I told her, holding her tight. She moved into my embrace, lifting herself onto my lap, my erection pressing her groin.

"I never wanted you to leave Baby," she confessed. "I wanted you there, to look at my boobs, to look up my skirt, fuck, to sniff my panties. Whenever you wanted."

I'd never heard my mother say "fuck" before and the sound of it turned me on.

"That whole week when my panties were missing I imagined what you were doing with them. I played with myself at night beside your father! Did you notice the clothing I wore that week?" Now that the floodgates were open she seemed more than eager to fill me in and memories came back to me of the days afterward, memories that had fuelled my desire for her. "I wore the shortest skirts I owned, the tightest pants. I left panties out for you! Do you remember a pair I left in the bathroom?"

It was like a bolt from the blue. Everything she said came with visions of the week. I remembered the panties in the bathroom. White and lacy. At the time thinking it strange they were on the vanity without any of her other clothing. I remembered the skirts, a pair of spandex bike shorts I couldn't recall having seen her wear since the eighties. At the time, all masturbatory stimulation. If only I had known she was doing it for me. Everything would've been different.

"We wasted so much time," I conceded as we kissed, her pussy grinding against my hard-on.

"No more," Mum added. "There's no reason we can't be together Baby." And as if she was reading my mind as I kissed her neck she followed it up. "We'll work around your father, don't worry. We'll figure something out."

They were the words I was wishing for. That even when we made it back to Adelaide our love would go on. A football bounced near to us and rolled close to the Land Cruiser.

"Why do we keep being interrupted?" Mum laughed as a child's footfalls drew closer and we were forced to subdue our lovemaking.

"It's just giving me more to look forward to," I tempered and helped Mum to her feet in the act of doing up her shorts.

I picked up the footy and kicked it back to the child with their thanks and following Mum to the 4WD took the opportunity to playfully smack her bottom as she climbed up, half her buttock exposed below the denim. How had I not realised she wasn't wearing panties, I wondered!?

*

The Caravan Park

We pulled into the caravan park early evening and after a light meal made our way to the shower blocks in the diminishing light.

'Closed for cleaning,' the sign read on the door to the male toilets and I slumped my shoulders, looking forward to a regular shower.

Mum put her hand around my arm, pulling me away. "Just come into the ladies," she suggested, hastening towards the doorway.

"I don't know," I countered and she acquiesced by dropping my arm and gesturing for me to wait a moment as she entered alone.

Less than five seconds later she re-emerged motioning me to follow. The toilet block was empty, five toilet cubicles one side, the same number of showers the other. Mum, carrying her towel and toiletry bag entered a shower stall and I chose the adjacent before she backed up.

"What are you doing?" She asked quizzically.

"Um, showering!" I replied, unsure of what she meant.

"Ah, no you don't," she chuckled, again taking me by the arm. "Come in here with me."

My cock responded before I did at the prospect of showering with my mother, hardening, but I baulked.

"But I have to do some things," I attempted to explain and she furrowed her brow.

"Like what?"

"Um, shave."

"Well you can do that in here with me," she matter of factly stated.

"I mean, down there," I dropped my eyes to my groin, the stubble having begun to irritate me in the last day.

A wide grin came over her face. "Well that you can definitely do in here with me!" She laughed as she pulled me into the shower stall and closed the door behind us.

There was a small bench and hangers for clothing which Mum made use of as she quickly removed her top followed by her bra. Her denim shorts were being lowered as I lifted my t-shirt and when I laid eyes on her again, my mother was naked.

I had no qualms about dropping my shorts, proud of the erection that sprung forth standing at a 45 degree angle, aimed directly at her face.

"Goodness, you don't waste any time," she smiled at how quickly I'd become hard before turning and stepping into the shower. Mum placed her shampoo and other soaps on a shelf and turned on the water, adjusting the temperature as I allowed myself a few strokes of my cock as I admired her arse. It felt like we'd been together forever, so comfortable we had become being naked before each other and I realised it was only natural. We were family, it was understandable we'd be relaxed. I gathered my shaving crème and razor and joined her in the stall, placing them on the shelf before reaching out and planting both hands on her hips.

Satisfied with the water, Mum turned, my hands following as the spray hit the back of her head and over her shoulders. She pulled me into her and my cock pressed to her belly, her mouth turning up to accept mine, welcoming my tongue. Her breasts pushed hard against my chest, water forming a reservoir between us in her cleavage. My hands explored her shoulders, her back, her bum before she broke the embrace.

"Let me wash you," she almost pleaded as she reached for soap, pressing her sponge against my chest. Soapy water cascaded down my body, my cock a lighthouse amid white waves. She responded to its presence by dropping a hand and caressing my balls, the feeling indescribable.

"Why do you shave them?" She whispered as she soaped my arms, lifting them one by one between kisses.

I wanted to tell her everything, to be nothing secret between us. "It makes it look bigger I'm told," I admitted and she smiled.

"Darling, you have nothing to worry about, believe me," she assured me. "Can I watch?"

I wasted no time, filling my palm with crème before Mum offered her services, taking the foam and applying it lavishly to my groin from navel to thighs, masturbating me with the lubricating soap. If I thought her massaging my balls felt good, it was nothing on this. Voices, entered the toilet block and Mum quickly looked up, raising a finger to her lips and I used the opportunity to begin my shave. It may not have looked attractive but Mum seemed fascinated by the display as I began on my pubic bone, dextrously moving down to my balls. Toilets flushed and the conversation between the women faded as they thankfully left the block.

Mum leaned back against the tiled wall casually soaping her torso, her attention primarily on her breasts as her eyes fixed on my cock. I finished up awkwardly shaving between my legs and was surprised to see my mother with a hand between her own when next I looked at her. Casually masturbating, her eyes devouring my now smooth still erect penis. She looked up into my eyes as the water washed away the excess soap on my thighs. "Now do me!" She ordered.

"What?" I replied, astonished.

"I want to be just like you," she elaborated, filling her palm with shaving crème.

Out of the flow of water, she pressed her hand to her groin and slathered the foam over her pubic mound and down between her thighs. The sight so attractive I couldn't help but take my cock in hand and stroke myself.

"Hey, that's my job," Mum declared, focusing me on the razor and relieving my hand from my cock.

Again we kissed, her tongue wantonly exploring my mouth as her fist slowly pumped my length.

"What will Dad say when he sees you?" I managed to sigh as our bodies slid together, the shaving crème lubricating our connection.

Mum looked me in the eyes, our kiss broken. "He hasn't seen me naked for a year!"

A year, I thought. About the time everything went down. Mum leaned her shoulders back against the wall and signalling she wanted me to begin shaving her, I dropped to my knees, re-lathering the area that had been smeared. Her feet spread wide, her groin pushed out obscenely towards my face, I pressed the razor to her mound and stroked, the skin beneath exposed, smooth and pale. A deep breath exhaled from her lungs as she looked down at her quickly becoming hairless pussy. Hands placed upon her breasts as she squeezed her engorged nipples, softly moaning when my fingers brushed her clitoris.

Her pubic bone done, she lifted a foot onto my shoulder as I delicately shaved lower, her barely protruding labia making the task a simple one. Cupping a handful of water I splashed and wiped her crotch before moving in and planting a kiss upon her now bald pussy mound.

Leaving my lips on her skin I looked up into her face, her mouth open, her eyes expectant, almost pleading and I didn't disappoint. Kissing again I went lower, meeting her upper labia, my tongue darting out to find her clit then flattening, licking her fully before sucking on her little button. Bending my neck I went lower, my tongue entering her body, her juices flowing freely into my mouth as her hands found the back of my head and pressed me further into her. The little I was doing seemed to be working, as with just my tongue inserted and my lip pressing her clit, Mum began sighing, her hips working her cunt against my mouth.

I wrapped a hand around my rock hard erection and masturbated as I fucked her vagina with my tongue, or more to the point, she fucked my face! Her pussy grinding from nose to jaw, my tongue licking clit, pussy, even her arsehole as her orgasm approached. My knees grew sore on the hard tiles but I would've endured the pain an eternity if accompanied by such incestuous eroticism. I could feel my own climax beckoning and with amazing willpower, withdrew my hand to prevent the explosion as my mother came upon my face.

Her legs wobbled around me, her hands pulled my head harder into her crotch and with my tongue buried to the hilt, my jaw hurting it was inserted so far, I felt her vaginal walls twitching around me. My mouth filling with her sweet excess fluid. Her moan silenced as she held her breath, her body convulsing with each pulse of pleasure. Finally she eased the pressure on the back of my head, allowing me to breathe as she lifted me from the floor. Back into the flow of water we stepped, my cock between her legs, her mouth seeking my own.

My mother's tongue sought out the taste of her own vagina, her own cum from my lips as we kissed. She raised a thigh onto my hip and I lifted her, the head of my penis touching her entrance as a knock came from the door.

"Are you nearly finished in there?" A woman's voice rang through the shower block. "I need to clean."

We didn't answer, the shock of her presence taking us both by surprise, both wondering how long she'd been there. How much she'd heard.

"Um, almost done," Mum offered and we broke our embrace.

"We have water restrictions you know!" The woman endured, still outside the door as we hurriedly exited the shower with our toiletries. I wrapped a towel around my waist but nothing would hide the fact I was erect and apparently not going down any time soon. Mum did the same and we opened the door to our grumpy cleaner, seemingly not surprised there were two of us emerging.

"Well that's why we were showering together," Mum countered before taking me by the hand. "My son and I!"

At that the woman's face conveyed shock and with her slack jaw following us, Mum and I hurriedly left the block.

Laughing like a disobedient schoolgirl, Mum was loosening the towel around her body even before I unlocked the camper-van. We dropped our belongings on the floor as I backed her onto my bed and with spread legs she lay down before me. My towel removed, Mum stared at my still hard cock as I climbed between her thighs, sitting up on her elbows as she watched its trajectory towards her now bald vagina.

Pressing the head to her, I paused before penetration and her face turned up to mine. The moment we'd waited a year for prolonged seconds further, until our eyes were locked, before I moved in. So slowly I entered, my thickness easing apart her folds, filling her tunnel. My chest lowered onto her breasts and my mouth met hers as my length completed its journey, my pelvic bone to hers, our bodies finally as one.

Mum's legs wrapped around me and I lifted my knees up onto the mattress hugging her hips. With arms around her back, we couldn't be any closer and I'd never felt so completely in touch with another person. It was truly as if we were connected. A tear ran from the corner of her eye and noting my look of concern, she pulled my head into her and whispered in my ear.

"It's okay Darling," she soothed. "I'm just so happy."

Kissing below her own ear, I eased almost all the way out of her before penetrating a second time. When I looked in her eyes once more there were no tears, replaced with a fierce determination.

"That's right Baby," Mum stated. "Time to fuck me!"

My first real thrust rocked the van, setting the scene for what would follow. Plunging deep with every ram, her slick vagina accommodating and welcoming my intrusion. Fucking her hard, Mum's head pushed up against the cushioned backrest and we had to reset, rolling me onto my back and mounting me cowgirl. I ran my hands along her thighs and she took possession of them, lifting them up her body to press to her breasts, her nipples rubbery against my palms then between my fingers as I pulled at them.

Dropping forward Mum dove her tongue between my lips and I held her arse, spreading the cheeks and imagining what it would look like from behind, her little arsehole pouting, my cock stretching her vagina below. The mental, along with the physical stimulation progressing my orgasm. To be

honest, I was amazed I'd held off this long, Mum continuing to hump me, grinding her clit on my pubic bone, lifting and plunging upon my engorged dick.

I rolled her over and whilst still fucking, coyly whispered my admission in her ear.

"Oh God, yes Baby," she laughed. "Do it in me, it's what I've been waiting for."

I turned my face to look in her eyes, still slowly thrusting, my hands either side of her head.

"Are you sure?" I asked, concerned.

Again her face lit up with humour. "Let me worry about that Darling," she explained and pulled my mouth to hers, kissing and whispering. "You're going to cum inside your mother like a good boy aren't you?"

"Yes," I breathed.

"What?" She asked.

"I'm gonna cum," I reiterated, increasing my thrusts once more, now no longer concerned.

"Where Baby?" She huffed.

"Inside you. I'm gonna cum inside you Mum," I stated, lifting up onto my balled fists and looking down at my penetrating dick, slick with juice.

Mum again lifted onto her elbows to watch the show, her legs spread wide as I fucked her.

"Kiss me Honey," she begged. "Kiss me while you cum."

My mouth on hers, my balls slapping her arse, my cock plunging rapidly inside inside her.

I felt the first surge and held my breath as my mother bit down on my tongue, sucking it into her mouth as I shot cum into her pussy. Again and again I released inside her. Nineteen years in the making, my desire for her made real in the form of semen. My cum the most honest declaration of my devotion, of a son's love for his mother.

She released my tongue to admit she could feel it. "Oh my baby, I can feel it inside me, filling me," she praised.

I felt drained as the final spurts left my body to enter hers. My arms weak as they supported me, eventually relinquishing and falling down onto her chest where she took me in her arms, my cock still hard, still inside her.

We lay silent, still. Her hands gently stroking my back to give me goosebumps, kisses on my head before moving to my mouth.

"I love you so much," Mum whispered and I returned the sentiment, my dick pulsing inside her as if seconding my assertion.

Who knows how long we lay there? Bodies wrapped in the others. No need for a sheet in the warm air, no desire to do anything else but touch one another, to love.

"Was that all you'd hoped it to be?" Mum kissed my ear.

"And more," I chuckled.

The hours had melted away, no longer any sound from other caravans in the park, residents long asleep.

"What you said," I stroked Mum's hair in the darkness. "In the shower, about Dad not seeing you naked. Was that true?"

"I would never lie to you Cody," she blankly stated.

"But why?"

For a moment she paused before rolling onto her back, her breasts catching the little light on the bunk, nipples erect.

"I wore them again!" She informed me. "A day after you put my panties back in the laundry, I put them back on. Your father was horrified when he saw me. Couldn't believe I hadn't thrown them away what with the connotations linked to them. What we both believed you must have used them for."

I felt myself go red, still embarrassed about my fetish being discovered even a year later.

Mum sat up on her elbow and looked at me.

"He said he was more disgusted with me than you!"

"Mum!" I exclaimed, shocked my actions had led to this, reaching out and touching her hip. "I'm so sorry."

"I wasn't," she assured me, pressing her hand onto mine. "It was a revelation. I had a husband that was repulsed by me and a son that was infatuated by me to the point he would...well," she laughed. "We both know what you did with my knickers!"

I saw you wearing them the other day," I admitted. "When we walked to the waterhole."

Mum again laughed and climbed atop me, her bare pussy on my pubic bone.

"I hoped you would," she giggled. "You don't know how much I wanted to take off my shorts and join you for a swim but I wanted to be sure."

"Are you sure now?" I raised my hands and held her breasts.

Mum reached behind and pressed my hardening cock between her buttocks, grinding against my erection.

"Oh, I'm sure," she whispered.

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The Wide Open Road

My father called for me as I tried to avoid him in the house, walking from one room to the next as he entered. There was anger in his tone, his voice distant, like coming down a phone line. I opened the door to my parents room and closed it behind me, relaxing somewhat that he wouldn't think to

look in there. I spied the dresser, the top drawer partly open and knowing its contents, advanced upon it immediately.

My mother's panties and bras. All colours, every material. My cock hardened at the very sight, fully erect when I took the satin in my hand. Two pairs; the blue I'd loved so much and a red pair that strangely felt warm, wet. My father pounded on the door as I wrapped them around my dick and turned to look at the bed. Mum. Naked. Her legs spread. Watching me masturbating with her underwear.

"I'll do that for you Darling," she whispered, all the while Dad struggled to open the door, banging...

I woke up sweaty, the sun already baking the vinyl screen around the bunk of the camper-van. Looking down my naked body, Mum, between my spread legs, lifted her mouth off my erection with a slurp and a grin.

"Sorry, I couldn't wait for you to wake," she attempted an apology for sucking me off in my sleep. "Did I wake you?"

I heard the horn of a freight train close by, the rattle of the wheels across the sleepers explaining the knocking I'd heard in my dream.

"No, I was dreaming," I explained, throwing an arm behind my head to help in watching my mother. My penis was slick with saliva, her hand wrapped around the base. Smiling, she again placed her mouth around the head and pulled me into her. "God that feels good," I complimented her actions as my cock hit the back of her throat, her hand jerking the shaft.

With a gagging sound she lifted off, a trail of spit following her movement keeping the connection between her lips and my penis. "Want to tell me about it?"

"It's not important," I shook my head and reached out for her. "Come here."

Climbing along my body, her journey ended when her groin met mine. I clasped her arse with both hands as she directed me inside her and descended on my cock.

"Mmm, I love you Mum," I sighed as her breasts pressed my chest, her wet lips planting a kiss upon me.

"And I," she squeezed her vagina around my cock. "Love you."

Only a little over a day from home and far from the tropical north, the hot desert wind picked up, hitting the side of the camper-van and reminded me why we were cutting our journey short.

"You're not disappointed we'll get home earlier?" I whispered in her ear as she casually rocked her pelvis on me.

Sweat was forming between us and she sat up, running a hand between her breasts to accentuate the fact. "I need air conditioning Honey," she conceded. "To hell with your father's route. So I won't get to see some of the country I'd wished, to not be sweating in bed...for all the wrong reasons!" she added, with another squeeze of her pelvic floor. "It'll be worth it."

By heading further inland and bypassing Victoria, we would be home two days earlier than expected. The highway we traveled on was little trafficked and freight laden road-trains seemed to be our only companions as we drove. With the temperature gauge reading 40degrees outside, our road speed sitting on 100km per hour and my mother relaxing beside me watching the distinct lack of scenery of the desert, the sudden blast of a tyre blowout took us entirely by surprise. The steering wheel battled me as I gently applied the brakes, adrenaline surging through me and the camper-van wobbling behind us as I managed to cautiously bring the 4WD to a stop on the roadside.

"Fuck!" I released as I turned off the engine, Mum looking in the side mirror to see which side had punctured.

The angle of the camper-van in the rearview told me it was on the passenger side and with a still rapidly beating heart, stepped out into the hot desert sun.

Walking around the front of the car I was joined by Mum as she stepped out.

"I was going to ask you to stop anyway," she chuckled, running a hand down my arm as I passed. "I need to pee!"

I looked at our surroundings, fenceless, the desert stretching off into the distance in a heat haze.

"Good luck finding a tree!" I laughed, heading to the rear of the van to retrieve the spare tyre, stopping to look back at her response.

"Hmm, you're right," she furrowed her brow, raising an arm to shade her eyes from the sun. "Oh well," she stated, dropping her hands and taking hold of the front of her dress. "Guess I'll just have to go here."

It was now I who shaded their eyes as I watched my mother's pussy come into view in the sunlight. Her dress raised above her waist, I hadn't even been aware she wasn't wearing panties until then; her bald pubic bone jutted out, legs parted as still standing, she released a torrent of piss to flow out in an arc onto the dusty earth below.

"Oh Jesus," I marvelled at her audacity as with my penis hardening I took in the beauty amid her depravity. A puddle forming and running away between her legs, her sudden golden shower nurturing the desert until the stream decreased, a small burst and then only drips.

"What?" She coyly smiled at me, her eyes dropping to my erection plain as day in the sunlight.

"Nothing," I laughed as I focused my attention on the tyre, looking to get the job over as quick as possible.

"Can I do anything?" Mum enquired as I placed the jack beneath the van and turned my attention onto the wheel nuts.

"Maybe just stand in the sun, give me some cover?" I suggested and watched her shade move over me, the transparency of her dress alongside her legs alluring, even in shadow form.

The nuts were tighter than expected and I found myself sweating before too long, eventually succeeding and jacking up the van. It wasn't until I'd placed on the spare that I noticed Mum had left her post and looking left to right failed to see her anywhere.

Completing my task I tightened the wheel nuts, put away the jack and wheel and wiping my hands on a rag I found in the back of the Land Cruiser joined up with Mum where she stood leaning against the front bull bar, pensively looking off down the road.

"What's up?"

She turned her eyes to me and I could see tears welling.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked, concerned.

"Just being silly," she explained. "Thinking." I watched as she dabbed at her eye with a knuckle. "I'll be at home this time tomorrow, today if we pushed it." She reached out and took my hand. "And you'll be back at your flat."

"I don't have to be," I quickly added. "Dad still won't be home for a few days.."

"And then?" Mum interrupted. "What then?"

I didn't really have an answer. In my head I'd envisaged her visiting regularly. We'd fuck in my bed, in my shower, on my couch. But now she was actually raising it, did it seem that feasible? How could she even find the time to sneak around behind my father's back? Was it fair, to either of them?

"All I know is I want to be with you Mum," I offered.

"For how long?" She fired back quickly but without malice. "I'm nearly thirty years older than you Cody," she declared.

I moved in quick, stooping to look directly in her eyes, my body against hers.

"Desire doesn't have an age Mum," I sagely made up on the spot. "Love doesn't have a time limit," I added and it seemed to melt away her anxiety.

"Oh fuck, I want you Cody," she breathed. "I want you inside me."

"And you'll always have me," I reassured her.

"No," she hissed, reaching down to the waist of my shorts. "I want you now!"

"What?" I questioned, looking back over my shoulder at the empty highway. "Here?"

"Yes," she insisted, my belt undone, fly unzipped.

Her lips were on my neck as she allowed my shorts to fall to the road, my cock swelling as I felt her raising her dress. Our mouths connected, breaking the kiss momentarily as I helped her raise her white cotton dress up over her head and threw it onto the bonnet. Her hand was on my dick, coaxing it to hardness by rubbing it against her slick hot pussy. Feeling over-dressed before my now naked mother, I lifted up my t-shirt and dropped it along with my shorts below me.

On a desert roadside, the height of summer in the Australian outback, my mother and I were naked, making out like the lovers we'd seemed destined to become. I hugged her body to mine, my hands exploring her back, her boobs, her arse. She raised a hip up onto mine and bending slightly at the knee, I allowed my cock to enter her. Throwing her head back, she exposed her breasts which I hungrily lavished with kisses before greedily taking a nipple in my mouth and sucking.

"Oh yes Cody," she moaned. "Suck my tits Baby."

I did as commanded and worked my way across to the other, milking her with my lips, my tongue massaging her nipple erect.

Fucking was proving awkward in the position and I broke my hold, pulling my cock from her as I turned her body. With one hand holding the bull bar, Mum used the other to spread a buttock, exposing her arsehole and dripping pink pussy below. I needed no further stimulus as I aimed my granite pylon at her opening and pushed. Filling her. Her cunt as if moulded to accommodate my cock only, perfectly matched.

I looked down as I pulled out to see my now slick shaft leaving her body, glistening and lubricated by her love for me. A mother's love for her son; before re-entering, plunging with force back inside her, my dick back home, back where it felt most safe.

"Fuck me Baby," she yelled back to me. "Make me cum all over your cock."

I dropped forward and took a breast in one hand, reaching around and finding her clit with the other. This pleased her and she began grunting with every thrust, pushing her bum back into me as I fucked her.

"Harder Cody," she ordered, my groin slapping her arse the only noise for miles bar the hot wind passing through the wheels of the car. "Fuck me harder."

I gripped the bull bar with both hands for leverage and increased my rate, my cock jack-hammering inside her. I felt her fingers press the underside of my erection as she masturbated herself, encouraging her own orgasm as I felt my own approaching, praying I could hold off until she finished. Someone must have been watching me from above as Mum's grunting ceased and her body shook below me. She leaned back and turned her head for me to kiss her and I again held her breasts as her orgasm swept through her body.

Still thrusting at the hips, the sound of a horn approached from behind. Gabriel's trumpet, I mused as I felt my orgasm release inside her. Again and again, I thrust. Penetrating with each surge of cum, quantifying internally what I declared on the outside. "I love you so much Mum," I assured her as the blast of the truck's horn blared once more. The engine noise and finally the surge of air pressure as the speed of the three trailer road-train swept by us in a fury of dust and tumult.

Finally my orgasm subsiding, I held her tight until the air cleared, her pussy finished convulsing, eventually easing my dripping cock from her in a cascade of our combined juices.

"That just happened," Mum grinned at our public display of incest.

"We hadn't seen another car in half an hour!" I added, smiling at the irony.

She kissed me out of the blue as I reached for her dress from the front of the 4WD. "I love you too," she reaffirmed my mid climax declaration, accepting her dress from my hands. "Let's try and get home today," she added. "I want to sleep in my own bed tonight, with you."

*

The Revelation

"Don't go in the driveway," Mum stated as I slowed down outside my family home.

I looked at the two cars parked in the front of the house and only recognised my mother's small sedan.

"Whose is the Laser?" I asked, confused as to what the Ford was doing in the drive.

Mum already had her door open as I came to a stop and as I stepped out of the Land Cruiser to join her, her eyes were fixed on the house, a light visible in the living room.

"Daphne's!" Mum answered and for a moment I didn't place the name before it clicked.

"Dad's receptionist?"

Mum didn't answer as I followed her towards the front door of the house but she didn't need to. I was already making the assumptions I think she had immediately connected, the only reason Daphne's car would be parked at our house.

The front door open, I walked in beside her, my father's voice calling from the living room.

"I thought you were going to the toilet, what are you doing at the front door?"

His face displayed his shocked surprise when Mum and I entered the room. I hadn't seen my father shirtless for some time and he'd clearly let himself go, thankfully I didn't have to see his penis as he quickly placed a cushion over his nudity, his face redder than his usual blotched visage.

"Oh shit," he managed as he lifted himself off the couch. "You shouldn't be home for two more days!"

Before Mum or I had a chance to respond, A half dressed Daphne entered from the opposing doorway.

"Who are you talking t...?" She half managed to ask before she noticed us, quickly covering her breasts with the satin robe she paraded.

"Meredith," my father dropped to his knees, searching the floor below him for his shorts. "I, I can explain."

I looked to Mum who was yet to say anything, expecting her to be distraught. On the contrary, she seemed bemused as she looked from my father to Daphne. "So there was no 'emergency' in Prague?"

"Prague? What are you talking about?" Daphne looked down at my father. "Ron, what are they doing here? You said you were divorced."

"Look just let me go and put some clothes on," Dad rose with his underpants, the cushion still fixed over his groin. "And then we can all sit down and work this out."

"Screw that," Daphne turned, leaving the room. "I told you I don't need the hassle right now Ron, I'm going," she shouted back to him, heading towards the bedroom. Following up with a heated, "And don't call me."

"Meredith, Cody, this is all a misunderstanding," my father struggled to explain what we'd walked in on. "We can discuss this, just let me get some clothes."

He made to head towards the door Daphne had exited but was stopped by my mother.

"How long?" She asked, reservedly.

My father's shoulders slumped and he looked defeated.

"I, ah...a year, maybe two."

"You fuck," I lunged toward the man, finally breaking my own silence but Mum grabbed my arm holding me back.

"You can go and get your clothes," Mum allowed and I turned to her.

"Mum, you can't just let him..." She interrupted me before I could finish.

"You can get your clothes and your personal items and you can leave," she added and Dad looked mortified.

"But Meredith, where will I go?"

It was my time to shine. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the key to my flat, handing it over to my forlorn father.

"You can stay at my place until you get yourself settled," I graciously offered before heading to the fridge and retrieving the \$400 he'd left for me that I hadn't taken. "This should get you by for the next few days."

"You didn't take the money?" My Dad noted before covering his arse with the cushion as he slumped towards the bedroom. Looking back he avoided my mother's eyes. "Shall I wait and give you a lift back to your flat mate?" He asked me.

"Oh, don't you get it?" Mum answered for me, wrapping her hands around my arm and drawing me into her body suggestively, much as she'd done when watching the kangaroos days before. "Cody's staying here with me."

Dad looked at my arm pressed hard into his wife's breasts and furrowed his brow before slinking out of our presence.

"You didn't take the money?" My mother repeated Dad's question.

I faced her and held her upper arms, pulling her into me until our bodies touched. Knowing she was naked beneath the dress had me hardening, even under the circumstances. "Mum, I would've paid YOU for the last week, I've had so much fun!" I declared and a tear came to her eye.

"Do you realise what this means Cody? We can be together," she boldly stated and I leaned in and kissed her, unconcerned if my father spied us. "We can actually be together Cody!" She repeated as if to confirm it to herself.

"Forever Mum," I added, kissing her lips and pressing my growing erection hard into her belly, my hands caressing her curves. "We can be together, forever."

The End

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If you're reading this, I thank you for your commitment of time; I understand it was a long one.

