

REACQUAINTED

sunburycd

Mother and son come together after many years apart.

Incest/Taboo

4.58

5.8k words

Lauren Brooks held the newborn against her chest and felt it's tiny heart beating against hers. It's skin so soft against her breast. The boy's eyes opened for a moment and she saw his soul in the hazel. He has my eyes, she thought and tears obscured her vision. The agency was quick with the papers and although they never pressured her, the adoption was complete. Her heart tore in two when she realized she may never see him again.

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Rain had moved into the city and looked to be taking up residence. It was a relief, the summer heat had baked in a grime and the streets were thankful for the cleansing. Through the restaurant window, Lauren watched the wake the cars left on the road. The stooped pedestrians heading home in the early evening, the fortunate with umbrellas, some embracing the deluge. A boy stood unmoving across the street, an island in the stream of citizens. His shoulder length hair, wet on his head. His clothes saturated. For a moment Lauren felt he was staring at her. The sound of dropping plates from the kitchen diverted her eyes, when she turned back, he was gone.

"Did you hear anything I said?" Natalie asked.

Lauren looked at her personal assistant across the table. "I'm sorry Nat, I was a world away." She picked up her glass and drowned the rest of the white wine. "What was it you were saying?" Catching the eye of the waitress she gestured her over.

"I was just talking business but it can wait." Natalie placed her hand on Lauren's and caressed her skin. "What were you thinking about?"

Before Lauren had a chance to answer the waitress approached and she ordered another bottle of wine. She watched the girl's ass as she walked away. Large and rounded in her tight black pants. She'd leave a large tip for the girl who'd introduced herself as Amy, possibly leave her business card on the off chance she was interested in more than just waiting on her

Again Natalie broke her meandering. "Is it because of the date?"

Something turned inside Lauren's chest. She looked in Natalie's eyes and saw the genuine concern in the younger woman's face. "You remembered!?" She nodded and forced a smile. "He'll be 18 today." A tear formed in the corner of her eye.

"And I'm sure he's having a wonderful time. Probably at his party right now with all of his friends, his family." Natalie squeezed the hand of her employer and part time lover. "You did the right thing you know. Back then."

Lauren welcomed the words and the touch. "I know. It's just not a day goes by I don't think of him. It's the birthdays that hurt so much."

The waitress returned with the bottle and noticed the connection between the women. If it hadn't been today Lauren would have taken the girl home and fucked her, possibly with Natalie but her heart wasn't in it. Her heart, at least half of it was elsewhere, with a boy, now a man she had never known.

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The women stood beneath the awning as a cab pulled up to the curb. "You're sure you don't want me to come home with you?" Natalie asked, facing Lauren, their hands held and bodies close.

"Thank you sweetheart but I think I'll just have a bath and jump into bed."

Natalie smiled wickedly. "I could help you with both of those things!"

Lauren laughed. "I bet you could," she moved in to kiss the woman and Natalie accepted the approach, parting her lips as they met. "See you in the morning?"

"I'll be there." Natalie blew a kiss as she backed away towards the cab and she was gone.

Lauren glanced down to check the time on her phone and when she looked back her driver had pulled up in the car and was hurrying around in the rain to open her door. "Straight home Ms. Brooks?"

"Thank you Edward."

The driver admired her body, poured into the grey dress she wore and her black stocking clad legs. She was completely unobtainable to him he knew. Wealthy, a higher social class, oh and the lesbian thing, he jokingly reminded himself but it didn't stop a man dreaming. Closing the door on his employer he again ran around the car and began the drive to her home in the Hills.

Standing in a darkened doorway across the street, the boy watched the car drive away. He dug his hands down further into his pockets and shivered in the cooling night air.

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Lauren walked from her kitchen carrying a glass of wine down the long hallway to her bathroom. Behind her on the bench was a single cupcake with a blown out candle, the smoke still rising from it's wick. Entering the bathroom she allowed her long satin robe to fall to the floor and naked she dipped a toe into the water to test. Finding it satisfactory she stepped in and lay back, her glass still in her hand.

"How does tonight find you my love?" She asked the empty steam filled bathroom. "I hope you're happy." Tears again welled in her eyes and she stopped herself before it went too far. "Enough Lauren! Happy birthday my son." She raised her glass to the air in a toast, then drank the contents before placing it on the edge of the bath. Reaching for a washcloth she soaked it and placed it over her eyes.

Amy, she said her name was. She looked young, no more than eighteen. Gorgeous body, a large ass, Botticellian. She'd accepted her business card and blushed. Lauren liked that, she had a thing for the shy ones. Natalie had been shy at first, now a wanton whore in the bedroom. Lauren absently moved a hand across her breasts. Her nipples hardened at the touch. Down between the two and across her stomach. Her fingers kneaded the bald mound of her pubic bone and finally the hot locus of her cunt. In her mind it was Amy's mouth between her legs. The fingers she now

pressed to her clitoris, the young girl's tongue. She clutched at her breast and pinched at her nipple as her hand expertly masturbated below. The orgasm came quickly and yet when it subsided, her mind drifted back to her lost child.

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Lauren's modelling career had seemed to be stagnating on the eve of the millennium. She'd done minor campaigns for makeup companies and swimwear designers that had paid the bills but not made her a household name. A photographer came along that promised the world and seemed to have all the right contacts. Naively she believed his spin and had entrusted him with her career and eventually her body. When after a whirlwind affair she fell pregnant, his promises of fame and fortune drifted away with his support. As the baby grew inside her she lost jobs, money and the man who'd lied his way to her womb.

Depressed, at the end of her tether and without the means or support structure to give her child the life she felt he deserved she agreed to give him up for adoption. The decision although heartbreaking turned around her life. The weight she'd put on through pregnancy was seen as a positive to a small independent modelling agency. They offered her a contract for plus size fashion shoots with a deal she'd receive shares in the company for a reduced wage.

One year later she was on a six figure salary and the company she was now a part owner of was turning over millions annually. Divesting into plus sized swimwear and lingerie and a online magazine, Lauren became the household name she'd dreamed of. She supped with millionaires and walked red carpets. She traveled the world and owned property in multiple cities. All grown on the back of a child she'd never known and she believed, could never repay.

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The day was full of meetings and reports. By 5pm Lauren was looking forward to going home and again politely declined the company of Natalie. She called for her car and was exiting the front of her building by 5:30. As was usual, Edward was waiting beside the Mercedes with the rear door open as she approached.

The boy was leaning against a planter box when she passed through the glass doors. He looked down at the image he had on his phone and confirmed it was her. His heart beating at a rapid pace and adrenaline coursing through his veins, he walked quickly towards the woman.

Edward saw the boy approaching at speed in his peripheral vision. Many times over the years he had been in the employ of Lauren Brooks he'd dealt with overzealous fans. At 45 she'd retired from modelling but still attracted a legion of followers, some dangerous. The boy seemed harmless enough but looks could be deceiving. As he encroached within a couple of yards he called Lauren's name and reached inside a satchel over his shoulder. Edward had seen enough and negated the threat. He barrelled into the boy, catching him with a shoulder tackle which sent the boy sprawling backwards against the pavement. Edward yelled for Lauren to enter the car but she retained her position.

Her eyes drawn to the young man. Looking no older than his late teens, he was of a sim build. His hair was shoulder length and partly held back in a pony tail. His clothes looked worn and needed washing but he seemed so innocent, so gentle. She wondered why Edward had reacted so overtly. Edward stood over the boy as he attempted to right himself. "Stay down kid!" He suggested but Lauren brushed past his arm and knelt down before the boy, belying the threat.

"Are you O.k?" She asked, reaching out and touching the boy on the upper arm. She looked into his hazel eyes and immediately felt a recognition but couldn't place him.

The boy looked at his hands and dusted them off on his pants. "Ah yeah, I guess." He managed in a hushed New Jersey sounding accent. He looked around for his phone and Lauren picked it up from the ground beside her. As she passed it to him she noticed her image on the screen.

Lauren smiled when she saw his face redden. "Were you after a selfie? I'm surprised, my fans aren't usually as young as you." The boy attempted to rise and Lauren assisted by holding his arm as he did so. "Look I'm sorry about my driver," Lauren looked to Edward momentarily, "he can be a little overprotective at times. Can we offer you a lift somewhere? Where do you live?"

The boy seemed to choose his words carefully. "Ah I'm sort of between homes at the moment." He dusted his jeans and turned to look down at his rear. The seat of his pants had torn from sliding on the concrete. Not completely destroyed but would need repairing.

"Oh no!" Lauren sympathized when she saw the rip. Again she looked at Edward and scowled in a friendly manner. "Look I feel responsible for this. At least allow me to fix your pants, you can come home with me and wash up, I'll make you something to eat. It's the least I can do." It was probably more than she should do she realized but the boy was obviously homeless and looked in need of a good feed. There was also something else, a familiarity or a connection she just couldn't quite place her finger on.

The boy accepted her hospitality and with Edward begrudgingly carrying his satchel and wondering what it was inside the boy had been reaching for, they bundled into the car and set off for Lauren's home.

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At her front door, Lauren assured Edward she would be safe and dismissed him for the day. Edward had sized the boy up and agreed he posed no threat but warned him under his breath as he passed not to try anything. Lauren welcomed the young man into her home and the boy was speechless as he surveyed his surroundings. He'd not seen wealth like this before. The Mercedes was the first he'd ridden in and now as he looked around at the artworks and finery of the house he felt he was somehow dreaming.

"Oh my god!" Lauren stated as she coaxed her guest into the kitchen. "How stupid of me, I don't even know your name."

The boy still clung to his bag and seemed so small to her as he nervously replied. "I, I'm Sebastian. Sebastian Murray."

The name didn't ring any bells with Lauren but still the familiarity remained. "I feel like we've met before somehow. Have we?"

Sebastian thought of all the times he'd watched her over the past week as she'd come and gone from her office. The last time he'd seen her was the night before as he stood in the rain outside the restaurant. For a moment she had stared at him and he thought maybe somehow she recognized him but she'd looked away and he disappeared back into the night. "No, not really." He replied.

Lauren furrowed her brow. "Hmm. Oh well, it might come to me." She placed her handbag on the kitchen bench and walked to the fridge and retrieved two bottles of water. Turning she noticed

Sebastian still surveying his surrounds nervously. "Sebastian, you can relax. You're safe here." She handed him a bottle and he took it gratefully with a polite thank you.

"Hey. What about I show you the bathroom and you can freshen up a little. I can mend your jeans while you do. You can have a shower or a bath if you like. It won't take me long to fix them."

"You'd really do that for me?" He asked.

"I told you I would. I'm in fashion, I'd be pretty sorry if I couldn't fix a tear in some jeans!" Lauren laughed and took a drink from her own bottle. "Come on, I'll show you the guest room."

Sebastian followed Lauren along a hallway and couldn't quite believe where he was. For two years he'd obsessed over the woman. Cutting her photo from old magazines. Downloading her image from every website he could find. He knew her life story backwards and now he was in her house. Being led to her guestroom. It seemed surreal. He allowed his eyes to stray over her from behind. Her black heels clicked along the passageway. Her pantyhose clad legs leading up to her firm ass. The red dress contoured her body perfectly, accentuating her curves. Plus size they called her and he silently scoffed. She wasn't fat, it's just that she wasn't one of those stick figured waifs that graced the catwalk. In his eyes, she was perfect.

The room she led him to seemed bigger than the house he'd grown up in. Opening a door on the left she entered a bathroom of equal enormity. "As I said, you're welcome to have a bath or a shower. There are fresh towels and a robe you can throw on. What do you think?"

Sebastian looked around the lavish bathroom. The bath did look inviting. He'd not been in one for years, his house only having a shower. He did need a wash too, he had tried to keep clean as best he could over the last few weeks on the road, making use of roadhouse washrooms in his trek across the country. "Um would it be O.k if I had a bath?"

Lauren smiled. "Of course sweetheart, I'll run it for you."

Sebastian blushed. She called me "sweetheart," he thought.

"There's a robe in the guestroom closet. Why don't you leave your pants on the bed and I can fix them while your in the bath?" Lauren offered.

Sebastian found the robe where she'd directed and alone in the bedroom he quickly removed his clothes. He stuffed his underpants and t-shirt in his bag and placed his jeans on the bed alongside. With the robe to cover his nudity he ventured back into the bathroom where Lauren sat on the edge of the bath turning off the faucets. She smiled again at his return. "There, just the right temperature. Well I'll leave you to it. Take as long as you like and sing out if you need anything." She touched his arm as she walked out past him and in the other room found his jeans on the bed. He had left his bag open and she noticed his dirty clothes were screwed up inside. Maybe I should wash them for him, she thought. I'd better ask.

She'd not closed the bathroom door fully behind her and having been gone only seconds she expected him to still be in his robe. When she tapped on the ajar door and allowed it to slowly swing open she was greeted with the naked boy from behind, the robe at his feet. "Oh I'm so sorry." Lauren gasped as Sebastian slowly turned to face her. He seemed unashamed at his nudity and Lauren took in his body as he did so. His legs seemed hair-free, his chest certainly so but it was his cock where her eyes were drawn. The slightest strip of pubic hair ran vertically from his penis, his balls were either clean shaven or naturally hairless. His cock was circumcised. She'd not seen a penis

in the flesh for years and the sight caused her to blush. "I wondered if you wanted me to wash your clothes, it'd be no problem." She asked, tearing her eyes from his manhood.

Sebastian thought he would feel embarrassed. There he was standing completely naked before the woman he'd fantasized about for years. The woman he went to bed thinking of, dreamed about, woke on his mind and yet it seemed so natural, so normal. She'd looked at his cock, he'd wanted her to. He wanted more. "Um yeah, if it's not too much trouble!"

Lauren felt rooted to the floor. She knew she should leave, turn around, give the boy his privacy. But something in her kept her fixed. She wanted to stay, to linger, to watch. And why not? He didn't seem to mind. "Is the water O.k.?"

Sebastian turned and lowered a hand into the bath, withdrawing it immediately. "Ooh, maybe a little hot!"

It was the invitation Lauren needed. "Oh I'll fix that for you." She hurriedly approached and again sat on the edge of the bath. "The taps can be a little temperamental!" Closer now to his cock she allowed her eyes to drift across it's length, it's width. It's beauty. What was she doing, she thought? She'd had no desire for a man in nearly twenty years and here she was, fixated by a male, naked teenager in her own house. After running the cold she gestured for him to try again and Sebastian this time found it to his liking and climbed in.

With his cock now underwater, Lauren thought she'd relax but if anything she became more excited. She wanted to touch him, to wash his hair, his body. This boy she'd met only a hour before. She could feel the wetness soaking her panties, she wanted to remove her clothes and get in with him. To hold him in her arms. To kiss him, to suck him, to fuck him. "I suppose I should give you some privacy." Lauren stated, running her hand through the water.

"I don't mind."

Lauren's hand brushed against his bent leg under the water and he didn't draw away. Why would he, she thought? He was a fan that was probably having his fantasy fulfilled, he'd want more. She locked eyes with Sebastian and ran her hand along his thigh to his knee and back. "Would you like me to wash your hair?" She asked, hoping he'd say yes.

"Um, O.k." Sebastian agreed.

Lauren moved to the end of the bath and Sebastian lowered his head underwater. As he did so, his body slid down further in the bath causing his penis to momentarily rise above the water line. Lauren noticed it had undoubtedly swelled. Taking up a small bottle of shampoo she began to lather it into the boys long hair, brown, now darker with the water. A similar color to her own, she noted. Massaging his scalp, she heard him offer satisfied sighs at the pleasure and looking down she could see his cock was now fully erect. "O.k, rinse." She directed and he lowered his head back into the bath, washing off the lather. Lauren reached for a sponge and moving again to the side of the bath she emptied a large amount of liquid soap onto it's surface.

Without waiting for an invitation she began to soap up Sebastian's shoulders and arms, moving onto his chest. Sebastian watched her hand move around his body, he leaned forward to give her access to his back, he allowed her to lift each arm and soap his hairless armpits. And then it happened. Her hand crossed his navel and she released the sponge, letting it float away in the water. Lauren swept her hand up and over his erection and down between his legs. She cupped his testicles, weighing them in her palm, so smooth and full in the warm water. The pairs eyes met and

they both felt an almost physic bond between them. Lauren moved her hand again, now to grip his cock and so casually began the process of milking her new toy.

Sebastian could feel his cum building. The pleasure was indescribable, he desired above all for her to complete the job but knew there were things he had to say before it happened. With her action increasing beneath the water, the ripples becoming waves and Sebastian on the verge of cumming, he reluctantly moved a hand onto hers and prevented further masturbation.

"It's O.k," she was quick to offer. "You can cum if you want."

"No it's just I want to talk to you first."

Lauren again tried to pull at his cock. "We can talk later!"

Sebastian allowed her to jack him off for a moment longer, the feeling so wonderful but again showed great restraint in stopping her. "No really, it's important." This time he succeeded in detaching her hand from his cock and hoped he hadn't offended her.

Lauren was amazed at the boys actions and intrigued by his reasoning. She smiled and accepted his wishes. "O.k young man, it can wait. I'll go and wash and mend your clothes. But I want you out of this tub and dried quick smart or you'll end up a wrinkled prune." The moment she'd spoken the words she wondered why she had. They weren't the talk of a woman to a potential lover, on the contrary, more like a mother to a disobedient child. Before getting up she scooped up soap suds and dabbed them on the bridge of the boys nose. Laughing, she dried her arm and left the bathroom, swinging the door closed behind her.

In the bedroom Lauren walked to the boy's bag and the jeans he'd left on the bed. She reached inside and pulled out his t-shirt, socks and underpants. It seemed he only had one other change of clothes and they too looked dirty, so she extracted them as well. A loosely rolled piece of paper came out with the items and tucking the clothes under her arm, Lauren made to place it back in his bag. As she did so it opened further and she caught part of the title in bold lettering. "...cate of adoption." It was an invasion of privacy she realized but a strange feeling crept over her and she needed to read more. Placing the clothes down on the bed she opened the document and the world seemed to tilt on it's axis.

She recognized the form immediately. She herself had signed it eighteen years before. The certificate of adoption, releasing all parental rights to a male child born in 1999. Her name and signature were still there at the bottom. Other names had been added and countersigned. A Laurie and Sandra Murray, she assumed were the adopted parents of one, Sebastian Murray. Her son. Her lost son. The boy she had just bathed in an adjoining room. She couldn't decide what emotion she was experiencing. Later she would look back and realize it was nothing short of complete and utter joy.

Sebastian climbed out of the warmth of the bath and toweled himself dry. He took up the white fluffy robe and wrapped himself in it's softness. Looking in the mirror he partly dried his hair with the towel and secured it in a pony tail with a hair-tie. She'd touched his cock, he thought. My mother was masturbating me! Suddenly it dawned on him, telling her he was her son was now more complicated. He once again examined himself in the mirror and took a deep breath. "Well Sebastian. Time to fess up!" He told himself.

Opening the door to the bedroom he stopped in his tracks when he saw his mother holding the document. She turned when she felt his presence and lowered the note. Her face belied her

emotion. He couldn't fathom how she was going to react. "I was going to tell you at the car but I didn't get the chance."

Lauren said nothing.

"I didn't know when to bring it up, with your driver being there and then when we got here I was just in awe of your house and then I had the bath and that thing that happened, I..." He was rambling and didn't know how to stop. Thankfully Lauren put an end to it and dropped the certificate on the bed and ran to him. Sebastian's past initially led him to believe the woman would strike him and he flinched as she rapidly approached. To his surprise he was taken in an embrace. A hug so tight he felt his breath expelled. She still hadn't said a word and Sebastian broke the silence. "You're not mad at me?"

Lauren pulled back, still holding him against her body, his chest against her large breasts. "'Mad at you?' Why would I be mad at you? You're my son. You've come back to me." Tears streamed down her face and Sebastian himself began to cry.

"I didn't know how you'd respond. I was so nervous. I thought you wouldn't want to see me."

"Oh Sebastian, you couldn't be so wrong. I've thought of you every day of your life." She moved her face in to kiss him on the cheek, tasting his tears. His forehead and his lips. She held him tighter, pulling his head down onto her chest to kiss his hair.

"This is how it was the last time I saw you!" Lauren stated through her tears.

Sebastian looked up. "What do you mean?"

"I held you on my chest when you were born. Your naked body against mine." The thought entered her head immediately. "I wonder, would you let me do it again?"

"I'll do anything...Mom."

"You called me Mom! Oh my god Sebastian, you don't know how happy that makes me." Without letting go of him, Lauren walked them quickly to the edge of the bed. Before he knew it she had reached down and lifted her dress up and over her head, casting it aside. He could see she wore white panties beneath the black pantyhose and the black lace bra she sported was quickly removed. Pulling him with her she climbed onto the bed and lay on her back. Sebastian motioned to lay his body beside her and she undid the robe as he did so. Bringing his head down upon her breast, his bare chest pressed to her stomach.

"My god. My beautiful boy. I never thought I would have this." She stroked his head and ran a hand over his back. The robe was loose but got in the way of her touching his skin. "Would you take the robe off Sebastian? I need to touch you."

Sebastian was eager to do anything to please her. He sat up and removed the bath robe and revealed his naked body to her again. His cock had hardened and for a moment he felt guilt but she didn't mention it, in fact when she again pulled him onto her she seemed to purposefully push her hip against his growing erection. Again his face was pressed to her breasts. She squeezed his back, pulling him against her. Sebastian gathered the nerve and raised a hand to her chest, cupping her large breast in his palm. She sighed and he ran his fingers across her areola and nipple which hardened to the touch.

"Oh my baby, that feels so nice." Lauren moaned. "I wonder, there's something I missed out on. Would you be willing to.."

Sebastian didn't need her to finish. He knew exactly what she wanted. Without hesitation he moved his mouth over her breast and enveloped her nipple. His hand squeezed her breast and his tongue circled the small bud of flesh. He suckled on her tit the way a child would. Finally the ultimate in bonding with his mother after 18 years apart. Sebastian's cock was now fully erect and Lauren could feel her son's hardness. Her own sex was afire, she could feel her wetness seeping through her panties and probably her pantyhose as well. She needed to be naked with him. To be as one.

Sebastian lifted his mouth from her nipple and moved towards the other. Lauren took the break as an opportunity. She reached down and lifting her bottom from the bed pulled her pantyhose and panties down over her thighs. Sebastian was quick to assist and completed the removal, pulling them off her feet and discarding them with the rest of their clothing. Now fully naked the two resumed their cuddle. Sebastian held one breast in his hand and the other he suckled. Lauren ran a hand over his and then along his arm and down his back. When she reached his hip she circled to the front and found his penis, leaking pre-cum against her stomach. Sebastian raised his body slightly to give his mother access to his cock and her hand wrapped around his throbbing member.

To mother and son, the action seemed to open the floodgates on their love. No more were they playing around with maternal bonding, they were now engaged in lovemaking, pure and simple. Sebastian ran a hand down to his mother's bare pussy. Unsurprised by her lack of pubic hair from reading every interview, from studying every photo in her history, he ran his hand over her smooth mound and clitoral hood. He soaked his fingers in her wetness and found her clit, doing his best to please his queen.

Removing his mouth from her tit he looked into her face to find her mouth open and eyes closed. Quickly she looked at him and with her other hand pulled his face to hers. Their mouths came together, tongues entwined. Saliva flowed between the two. Their kiss was more intimate than Lauren had ever experienced. 45 years and countless partners, mostly women and yet none had kissed her like this. With such fervor, such love. "Will you fuck me Sebastian?" She asked and the moment he climbed between her legs and pressed his cock to her opening, she came.

The first time in her life she'd had an orgasm with a man. The penetration that followed was an awakening. With each orgasm she received from this seemingly inexperienced boy she realized she would need no other man, no other woman. Here between her legs she'd discovered the answer to her life's search for pleasure, for love. Her son. Her beautiful son. The boy she'd thought forever lost, had returned. How it had happened and what had led him to this was for the moment irrelevant. Nothing but their mutual pleasure was a factor now.

His cock wasn't large but it seemed perfectly proportioned for her vagina. As if molded to appease her cunt alone. His body lay completely atop hers, his chest to her breasts. Sweat formed in her cleavage. Their faces sideways, tongues in each others mouth. Her hands held his ass and pulled him into her, his buttocks clenching with each thrust and her pelvis rising to greet every penetration. Sebastian moved a hand to her large breast and squeezed, the other found her ass and took hold of her warm fleshy buttock. He wanted to fuck her for as long as possible, to keep up a tireless rhythm but he could feel his orgasm approaching and he needed to confess. "Mom I think I'm going to cum."

The words couldn't have made Lauren happier. "I want to see it baby," she whispered into his mouth. "Mommy wants to see her boy cum."

The sound of her voice was enough to push Sebastian over the edge. With another two thrusts he wrenched free his cock with a splash of her fluid and climbed over her body. Lauren cupped her breasts as Sebastian grasped his slick cock and masturbated towards his mother. "I'm gonna cum Mom!"

"I want you to baby. Cum on Mommy's tits like a good boy." She panted.

The pace on his cock quickened and he grabbed beneath his balls. "I'm cumming Mom. I'm cumming!"

"Yes my baby, cum for me. Give me that hot cum my love."

The eruption surprised them both. A stream of semen shot forth and cleared her breasts completely. Instinctively Lauren closed her eyes as the thread hit the side of her face from her hairline to her jaw. Opening them she watched him shoot stream after stream of cum across her breasts and hands, up to her neck. He slowed his rhythm and she took over, taking possession of his cock and squeezing out the last dregs of his love for her.

Collapsing alongside her, his cock still hard against his mother's torso, she wrapped her arm around his body, keeping him close. Lauren took a finger and scooped the cum from her face and added it to the pool across her breasts. With her son's face nestled into the crook of her neck she began to rub his cream into her skin like a lotion. They had so much to tell each other, they had so much to look forward to. She would not lose him again. Of that she was sure.

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Note to readers: I hope you enjoyed this, please let me know if you'd like to see another chapter. Thank you.