

THE GIFT BOX

sunburycd

The wrong present leads to the right outcome. mother/son.

Incest/Taboo

4.67

11.6k words

Inspired by true events.

*

My phone vibrated beside the mounting pile of invoices on the desk before me and caused me to start. I was snowed under at work and staying late trying to catch up before the short Christmas break. Thinking the message was from my wife I was pleased for the distraction and retrieved my cell.

The text read. "Hi Honey. There's something wrong with my washing machine. Would you be a dear and look at it for me? Mom." I smiled at her signing ownership of the text message and was about to reply when a follow up came through. "When you get a chance that is! Mom."

I noted the hour and figuring my wife Meagan would already be holding off dinner to allow for my overtime, a quick stop by my mother's house on the way home wouldn't delay me long and shot off a reply that I'd be there within the half hour.

It would kill two birds with the one stone. On my lunch break I'd spent the time doing my long delayed gift buying. Meagan had taken care of the majority of the presents for the extended family which meant I really only had to deal with Mom and my wife. Meg's gifts had taken the longest to decide upon. A classy silver banded watch had caught my eye and whilst browsing the women's department, Christmas themed lingerie seemed irresistible to my comic and romantic senses. A light hearted gift to compliment the expensive watch and a nod to the season.

Mom's had been simple. Meagan had suggested a new juicer as she'd taken note of my mother's desire to obtain one every time she visited our house. It was located and paid for in a matter of minutes and on the way back to the car, just as the lingerie had caught my eye for my wife, so did another item of clothing that screamed 'Mom' to me.

The store was a woollen clothing shop. Full of scarves and hand knitted beanies, it was the sweater on display in the front window that I just had to buy. When I was a child, Mom and Dad would annually find and don the most gaudy of Christmas sweaters to wear on the holiday. It was a tradition that faded away as I aged and lost the spirit but with this being the first Christmas without my father, I thought it would be a nice reminder for her of the happy days of our past.

The sweater itself was a frozen lake theme with snowmen on skates. Red, white and green, it was as colorful as it was busy and was perfect for the supplemental (novelty) gift. When the little old lady behind the counter offered to wrap it, I should have taken more notice. The size and color of the box she placed it in was almost identical to that which contained my wife's lingerie. A coincidence that would change my life forever.

* * * * *

Upon arriving at Mom's I opened the trunk of my car and discovered the contents had shifted during the drive. The bag from the lingerie store had toppled, the box which I only then noted the similarity however, still partially inside. I scooped up the other box and leaving the juicer in the car, headed towards the rear of my childhood home.

"Mom?" I called as I entered the kitchen, the smell of her dinner still permeating the room and causing me to remember my own hunger.

"In here honey!" Came the reply from the living room and as I approached she met me half way.

Her eyes went to the present in my hands and after kissing me on the cheek she mentioned that Christmas wasn't for two days.

"I know but this is an extra something I want you to wear on the day," I enthused.

"I'm still coming to yours for lunch? Won't we do presents then?" She pondered.

"Of course. After lunch. But this, I want to see you wearing when I come pick you up!" I handed her the box, not thinking at the time the relative lightness of the package.

"Can I open it now?" She asked, a quizzical look appearing on her face.

"No. Wait for the day. I want it to be a surprise." I rubbed her arm affectionately as I looked away towards the laundry. "So. What's the deal with this washing machine?"

My handy man credentials were limited to turning it off and on again and jiggling pipes and wires. After coming up short as to what had malfunctioned I suggested she call a repair man and offered to take any clothes she needed washing home to do in our machine.

"Oh no, that's too much to ask," she half heartedly managed. "I can just hand wash them for now."

We both looked at the sizeable basket of laundry and I smiled, taking possession of the dirty clothes. "Mom. It's no big deal. Meg will do them in the morning, you can drop by tomorrow afternoon to pick them up."

"Well if you're sure," she conceded and added a couple of towels to the collection.

* * * * *

"Ah, I don't think so!"

Meagan's reaction to me presenting my mother's dirty laundry to her wasn't unexpected I supposed.

"She's your mother and I'm going into work early in the morning. You do it!" Her words weren't used with any malice and she smiled as she watched me over her wine glass. I turned on my heel and headed towards the laundry with Meagan yelling advice out behind me. "Separate the colors! Oh and the delicates."

What did she think I was I? A rookie, I wondered as I placed the laundry basket down on the bench top. So all I had to do was put on a couple of loads and throw some stuff in the dryer before bed. The items I'd need to hang dry would be ready for when Mom arrived to pick them up the next day. Simple. Once I lifted off the towels she had added at the last moment I was immediately confronted with my mother's panties. And they weren't what I'd been expecting.

What had I been expecting? Well nothing really. I hadn't put any thought into it at all up until then. It wasn't something a son did think about was it? His mom's panties. The pink transparency struck me as out of place, out of character. I lifted the delicate material up and saw a matching bra beneath. Cup-less, my initial thought was you would see her nipples through the fibres and then unprompted my mind imagined what would be visible through the panties.

"Fuck," I audibly voiced and waited a moment for any sign Meagan had heard my exclamation. None forthcoming I dropped her underwear on the bench and turned back to the basket. Trying to put the thought of my mother's vagina out of my mind I threw jeans, a couple of t-shirts and another pair of pants into the machine. The diversion lasted only that long, the next pair being white satin with lace edging. I'd never considered myself a fetishest before then, but touching another woman's (apart from my wife's) panties gave me an unexpected thrill.

I caressed the satin between my fingers admiring the feel, before examining them further by opening them up and investigating the crotch. Jesus Declan, I scolded myself. They're your mom's! But even that acknowledgement didn't lessen my enthusiasm as I discovered the lightly yellowed, stained gusset. I repeated the assertion. They're Mom's panties for fuck's sake! But it did no good. As if working on auto pilot, my hands raised the underwear to my face and I inhaled the scent they held.

I could tell myself it was just a pair of women's panties I was getting off on. That my erection was from imagining some random woman or even my wife wearing them, but who was I kidding? The image that formed in my head and the reason I was so turned on was that it was my mother who had worn them. It was the taboo. The forbidden nature of what I was doing that was so thrilling, that had my cock straining against my pants. If I hadn't heard Meagan go through the motions of serving dinner down the hall I felt I would've used them to wrap around my hardness and masturbate. Cum into them, all the while thinking incestuous thoughts about my mother. What I would do to her and have her do to me. All in the fantasy world of course! It was just a fantasy. Nothing more. So I kept telling myself.

* * * * *

Meagan laughed as I'd never seen her do! I held the shrunken t-shirt up to her and attempted to explain what I thought had happened. "I must have set the timer wrong or something." I pulled out of the dryer the white satin panties I'd held the night before. Now half the size, almost perfectly shrunken and no longer causing the same reaction in me.

"Oh you think?" Meagan helpfully exclaimed. "Thank you for this. It'll make a great story to tell my family over Christmas lunch tomorrow." Shaking her head she managed to take time out of her revelry to kiss me on the lips and say goodbye before heading off to her workplace. I was left to separate the remainder of my mom's clothing I hadn't destroyed and fold into a pile for her to retrieve later in the day. I just hoped she'd see the funny side as much as Meagan had.

* * * * *

Mom was standing in the front yard talking with my wife as I pulled into the driveway.

"Oh here he is!" Meagan laughed, continuing on from the morning. Mom held the basket of now dried and folded washing on her hip.

"Yeah sorry Mom, I..."

"Oh don't worry about it Honey," she looked at Meagan smiling. "Men! What are they good for?"

Meagan reached into the basket and lifted out the tiny pair of shrunken, ruined panties before flicking them at me like a sling shot. "You'll have to wash your mom's panties by hand now Declan, that's if she'll trust you with them again!" She laughed as I caught them on my chest, the satin feeling the same and the memory of my initial contact with them returning.

Meagan was still in her work clothes but Mom looked like she'd just been exercising. As I ashamedly placed her panties back in the basket I allowed my eyes to caress her body. She would turn fifty six early in the new year and she was still in good shape. Always saying she needed to go on a diet and continuously working out, Meagan and I believed she must have body dysmorphia, as she was as lithe as she'd ever been. Mom wore a light blue sweatshirt with a hood. Tight, it had a zipper up the front which was pulled down to reveal her cleavage. Carefully, making sure I wasn't observed, my eyes lowered to her legs as she spoke to Meagan about the plans for tomorrow.

I shouldn't have been looking. I didn't even know why I was looking, but yet sure enough I found my gaze drawn to her crotch. The grey 3/4 leggings she wore were tight around her hips and thighs, tighter still around her vagina. I didn't know how long I stared at it, not wanting to look away from the folds of her pussy so easily visible through the material. I took in every detail of her mound, the twin lumps of my mother's camel-toe, so enticing, so beautiful.

"So what time will you pick me up?" I heard my mother ask and I realized she was talking to me. I looked up immediately and felt my face redden.

"I'm sorry, what?" I asked wondering if they both knew I'd been perverting on my mother's pussy?

"Tomorrow morning. You're still coming to pick me up aren't you?" Mom asked.

"Oh yeah sure, um, ten work for you?" I offered, my face losing its hue.

"I'll be ready." She kissed Meagan on the cheek and approached me to do the same. I purposefully inhaled her perfume and the scent of her hair as she did and I again questioned my reason for doing so. As she walked out to her car on the curb I looked at her ass but didn't linger in case Meagan noticed. I couldn't see a panty line across her cheeks. Was my mother wearing a thong I wondered? And the thought caused a stir in my loins.

* * * * *

Meagan was up early preparing the meal and I was doing everything I could to both help and stay out of her way. Hosting Christmas each year was Meagan's pet love and hate. With Dad gone, my side of the family consisted of only Mom and me. On the contrary, with two sisters and a brother, all with children and both parents still alive, Meagan had an army to feed. She always organized the day perfectly and I just did what I was told when I was told to do it. At 9:50 am. I gave Mom a call and told her I was on my way.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," I informed her when she answered.

"Oh Honey, okay." I noticed she sounded different. "Um..."

"What?" I asked.

"It's just, the present!" She managed.

"Oh cool you opened it! Are you wearing it? I'm dying to see what you look like!"

"You want me to put it on? Now?"

"Well yeah. I thought of you as soon as I saw it!" I was more than a little confused at her reaction. I had thought she would be happier. That the sweater would remind her of merry Christmases in the past. I then realized what an idiot I was. Of course it was reminding her. Reminding her my father was no longer with us. "Hey Mom. You don't have to wear it if you don't want to. I just wanted to see you in it, that's all."

I heard her fight a lump in her throat. "Oh Baby of course I'll wear it for you. I just can't believe it, that's all. After all this time. I'd love you to see me in it. What mother wouldn't?"

Her last comment confused me a little but I was happy she seemed to have cheered up.

"I'll put it on right now. I'll be ready for you Declan. See you soon."

I pinched Meagan on the ass as I passed through the kitchen and she rewarded me with a lick of cranberry sauce off her finger. "I'm going to get Mom. Be back soon."

"What did she think of the Christmas sweater?" Meagan asked as I took my car keys from the top of the fridge.

"Um, I'm not sure. She sounded weird. I think it might remind her too much of Dad."

"Mm, I thought that would happen!" Meagan responded.

"Well why didn't you say anything? I just thought it'd be funny!"

She didn't answer my question, instead posing her own. "Will she stay the night?"

"Maybe. Guess we'll see how much we drink!" I proposed. "Anyway, I'll be back!"

* * * * *

My childhood home was only a few suburbs away and although still early there was heavy Christmas traffic on the roads. I arrived at Mom's shortly after ten and waited a moment in the car for her to come out thinking she would've heard me pull up. I thought of honking the horn but instead reasoned she wasn't ready so headed around the back to see how she was going. "Mom?" I called out as I entered the kitchen as I'd done countless times before.

"In here Darling!" She replied from the living room, the 'darling' tag not one she'd ever used on me. This time I didn't meet her half way. I entered the family room and stopped short. For that one instant I thought I'd entered the wrong house. Everything was in the right position. The furniture and fittings were all as expected but the woman that stood before the fireplace seemed not to be my mother.

Her brown hair was off her shoulders, tightly pulled back in a bun. Her makeup was immaculately applied, red lips and dark eyeliner. One of her aforementioned shoulders was bare. The strap of the lingerie having fallen down her arm. Yes, the lingerie!

My mother stood before me wearing the same Christmas themed lingerie I had purchased for my wife. Predominately red, the Yuletide flavour was added with a fringe of white across the cups of the bustier. A red micro thong, barely covering her pubic bone and the sex beneath sat behind the

garter straps attached to red thigh high stockings, clinging to her like a second skin. She'd donned black high heels to lengthen her already long legs.

There was a moment of silence between us as my eyes took in her appearance, rising back up her body and finally connecting with her own as a broad smile appeared on her face. "Well. Are you going to say something Darling?" She asked, again using 'darling' as she broke the gaze and turned for me. My eyes immediately zeroed in on her ass, rounded buttocks bare but for the garters and thong disappearing between her cheeks.

Her turn was delayed as she reached for a glass of white wine placed on the mantel and it gave me time to regain my faculties. What the hell was happening here? My mother was wearing see through lingerie, seemingly for my benefit. I looked around the room and noticed the opened gift box. The same gift box her Christmas sweater was in. The room swirled and I felt a momentary wave of nausea as I realized what had happened. I'd given her the wrong gift. The sweater was still in the trunk of my car. I thought of our conversation over the phone. Her initial reluctance to wear the clothing now understandable but then the excitement in her voice saying she'd love to wear it for me.

I didn't know what to say. I could feel my face redden as she again faced me, sipping from the glass as she slowly walked in my direction.

"I love it Honey," her free hand ran down the material from her breast, with it's nipple clearly visible, to her hip. "You have no idea how happy this has made me. Do I look pretty? You still haven't said anything?"

She stopped mere feet from me. Close enough I could have reached out and touched her. Placed my hands on her breasts, her pussy. My mother's pussy. But I couldn't. I had to explain. To confess the mistake that had been made.

"Mom, I.." I began.

"Yes Baby?"

"I didn't. I mean, I didn't give you the..." I looked down at her body and gestured to her clothing. "This!"

Her face took on a humoured look of confusion. "What do you mean? It was the present you gave me. I love it."

"Oh shit Mom, I don't know how to say it." I paused and her smile began to fade. "I bought this for Meagan. I've given you the wrong present. I had a sweater for you, it must still be in my car. I can get it. I'm so sorry, believe me."

The smile now completely gone. Replaced with a deepening red hue that rose from her neck to cover her face. Her eyes, before quickly diverting from my own, began to glisten as she in turn realized what had happened. "Oh of course I knew," she turned and made for the gift box, scooping it up with the tissue paper wrapping. "I was just playing a trick on you, that's all!" She lied as she placed her glass down too heavily on the table and it splashed her hand and the carpet. Ignoring it she refused to make eye contact with me again as she hurried past me, using the box to obscure the front of her body on the way out of the room.

"Mom." I called after her, allowing myself another look at her rear. God it did look good. She looked good. No, she looked great. "Mom, I'm sorry."

I was left alone in the living room, not knowing what I should do. So many thoughts were running through my head. I had just seen my mother near naked. She had wanted me to see her near naked. I thought of what may have happened here if I hadn't said anything. If I hadn't confessed. Was it possible she had wanted me? That she thought the gift of lingerie was me admitting my incestuous feelings towards her? And did I have those feelings? Yes, I'd thought of her sexually when I'd touched her panties. I'd admired her ass and pussy in her leggings, but did that mean I really wanted to fuck my own mother? Was giving her the wrong present merely my subconscious acting for me to encourage the fact?

I looked at her wine glass and wondered how much she had had to drink before I arrived. Her lipstick had left a mark on the rim and I picked up the glass and drank from the same spot. I needed it as I wondered what I should do. A part of me wanted to follow her down the hall. To go to her room and take her in my arms, to tell her it was all okay, to kiss her, to fuck her. To fuck my own mother, on her own bed.

I'd drunk most of the wine before I'd even realized and took the glass into the kitchen. The bottle was half empty. She'd had at least one glass prior to this but I doubted she was drunk. I felt like an asshole. How embarrassed must she be feeling? To ostensibly parade around half naked in front of her son, thinking he wanted her sexually. To only discover it was all a mistake. The ridiculous and the most cruel thing about it was, I did!

Mom surprised me when she entered the kitchen. Her demeanour had definitely changed, hurriedly placing the gift box down on the table without mention of its contents, corking the wine and returning it to the fridge. Her hair had been let down from the bun and she began the process of pulling it back into a pony tail, taking the hair tie she had been storing between her lips and securing it in place. "Well should we get going?" She asked as if nothing had happened between us moments before.

When I say she surprised me, it wasn't only her demeanour. I didn't know what I'd been expecting her to be wearing after the lingerie (something overly conservative perhaps) but it definitely wasn't this. The dress I had never seen before. White and long sleeved, it seemed to be made out of shiny spandex. The texture of which reminded me of a sexy nurses costume I'd once bought my wife. It came down mid thigh and hugged her body to reveal every curve, and no matter how hard I looked I couldn't make out a bra or panty line. Had she always been planning on wearing it today or was it a statement to me to show she wasn't affected by what had taken place? I didn't know. All I knew was it wouldn't have looked out of place adorned a porn star and I loved it!

"Mom, do you think we should talk about this?" I began, looking down at the gift box. She busied herself placing her purse in her handbag before popping a mint in her mouth.

"Oh there's nothing to it. As I said, It was just a joke Honey. I'm looking forward to my sweater. Really!" She smiled and I could see straight through it. As she passed me towards the back door I peered at her ass and did notice the line of a thong. One thing I was sure of however. She wore no bra.

* * * * *

The drive to my house was painful. Hardly a word was spoken between us. From the corner of my eye I spied her bare legs, the dress rising high on her thighs. I could've pulled over, told her what I

was feeling, the conflicted thoughts on my mind but I drove on doubting myself. What if it was a joke? What would be the implications if I admitted I wanted her and she didn't share the feeling? She'd said on the phone, "what mother wouldn't" want her son to see her in lingerie? It was plain as day what was happening. We just had to come out and admit it. Fuck it. I thought. I'm going to say something.

I turned onto my block and slowed as I passed the cars of Meagan's family already lining the street and pulled into our driveway. Mom immediately reached for the door handle as the car came to a rest and I knew it was now or never. "Mom, wait."

She looked across to me and waited expectantly as I took a breath, summoning up my courage. "I just wanted to say...you looked good!" Our eyes locked, her's no longer teary and mine trying to project my newfound desire for her.

"What?" She asked.

"Back there. You looked really good. I didn't get to tell you then. I wanted to." I waited for a response and when none came I continued, honing in on what I really wanted to tell her. "Be honest with me. It wasn't a joke was it?"

Mom bit her bottom lip and seemed to be debating what to say next. "I...it felt nice. Dressing like that for a man again!" She began to blush again, both of us becoming old hands at the act. "I felt sexy!"

I jumped in immediately. "You are sexy!" I took the reins and ran with it, looking down at her body. "Look at you. You look hot!"

She smiled broadly and looked away coyly. "You're just saying that."

Reaching out I turned her face back to me. "No. No I'm not!"

Her lips opened as my hand stroked the side of her face, her skin so soft beneath my fingers. If she had touched my chest she would have felt my heart racing. If she'd looked down she would've seen the erection in my jeans. If we weren't interrupted, I would've kissed her.

Small hands banged on the side of the car and it took us from the moment. We left our sanctuary and joined the excited children already hyped on sugar and Christmas. I took the remaining presents from the trunk and followed Mom and an army of two to ten year olds into the house, all the while fixated on the sway of her amazing rear.

* * * * *

The talk in the car had broken the tension, replaced with something else entirely. If she wasn't my mother, everyone at the gathering would say we were flirting. My wife even mentioned as she helped me into the santa suit that Mom was acting weirdly. "Oh! I hadn't noticed." I lied.

"And what's with that dress?" Meagan remarked. "Did she buy it at a sex shop? You know she's not even wearing a bra!"

I tried not to smile as I thought of her spilling white wine on her chest, the liquid turning the dress transparent across one nipple. The men at the party quick to offer napkins in response. I was probably too quick to defend her but I doubted I gave anything away. "I think she looks great!"

"Ah can I remind you she's your mother!"

"So, what? I can't comment on how she looks?"

As an answer she snapped the elastic band of my white beard against my face. "Come on Santa. You're done."

The room was littered with wrapping paper with the children eager to open their presents as soon as I'd handed them out. Meagan, working as my assistant handed me Mom's juicer, along with gifts for the other adults in the room. Finally it came down to the last remaining gift box, the sweater I had failed to give her previously. We shared a knowing glance as Mom took it from me, already aware of what it held. Meagan was pleased with her watch and unaware of the extra gift of lingerie, it's absence went unnoticed.

The kids took turns having a photo taken on my knee and mid afternoon, clearly drunk and wearing her new sweater over her dress and semi transparent bust at Meagan's insistence, Mom decided she wanted a photo too. I played the role and having had my fair share of alcohol as well, enthusiastically encouraged her to sit on my lap. Relatives cheered and took photos, I noted, the males in the room more so than the women and I couldn't blame them.

"And have you been naughty or nice this year young lady? Ho. Ho. Ho." I asked Mom, her arms wrapped around my neck, my gloved left hand resting on her rump, the other on her knee.

"Oh definitely nice Santa. I'm a good girl! Mom laughed, exhaling warmly into my face. The smell of bourbon on her breath.

"Oh! That's not what I've heard!" I boomed and the adults and kids in the room giggled along with us. Mom wriggled in my lap and her hip pushed into my groin beneath the roll of fake fat under my suit. It was obviously intentional and I reciprocated by pressing my hand firmly into the flesh of her ass. "Now did you like your present from Santa?"

Mom looked at her sweater and I followed her gaze downwards to her thighs, her dress having ridden up to just below her crotch. Was it any wonder the men were taking photos? My cock hardened against her and there could be no denying she felt it.

"Ooh I do like it Santa but there's something else I need."

"Yes? And what might that be young lady? Ho. Ho. Ho." I questioned.

"Panties!" There were a few nervous laughs in the room and it had definitely quietened. I was anxious as to where she was going with this. I was enjoying our role-play but began to wonder if she was more inebriated than I'd assumed. "Yes panties Santa. My son ruined two pairs of my panties," she held up two fingers as if to emphasise the point. "And soon I won't have any left to wear!"

"Owwuh sheeit!" Meagan's younger brother Cody exclaimed and a couple of the women began to herd the children out of the room, eager to avoid the bawdy language. Meagan was quick to explain to those who would listen about the clothes shrinking incident and it helped to restore some levity.

My dick was rock hard. If we'd been alone I'd not have hesitated in spreading her legs and fingering my mother right then and there. Did Meagan notice something? I'm not sure but she was quick to break up the spectacle by taking my Mom's hand. "Come on Liz, you can help me serve up the

leftovers. As Mom stepped off, her legs spreading, I noticed Meagan's brother take another photo and I made a mental note to ask for him for copies.

In my state I had to decline requests by the kids for another sit on Santa's knee and went to help in the kitchen. Meagan was passing Mom a large glass of water which was probably for the best and when she noticed me walk in she decided to challenge us both. "What the hell was that?"

"What?" I answered.

"You two. Jesus there were kids in the room!" Meagan explained.

"Oh it was harmless Love," Mom defended herself, slurring. "And it's true. I need new panties!"

"Well that's obvious. That dress Liz! Do you even have any on under it?"

My wife was clearly upset by what had happened but I felt she was overreacting. "Hey Megs, come on."

Sadly Mom did nothing to help. "Of course I do!" And with Meagan and I looking on she leaned forward to look down at herself almost overbalancing. With both hands she lifted the front of her dress up to her waist and afforded us a view of the tiny white satin thong covering her pubic mound.

She'd gone too far for Meagan. "Oh my god, Liz. What are you doing?"

Mom looked up seemingly pleased with herself, grinning first at Meagan before settling her eyes upon me. One of Meagan's sisters chose that time to enter the room and Meagan freaked.

"For god's sake cover yourself Liz." Meagan looked to me, admittedly still admiring the sight of my mother flashing. "I'm so sorry Denise. Declan, get her out of here, she needs to sleep."

Mom was quick to add to it. "Yes Declan. Take me to bed!"

I knew what she hinted by the comment but I hoped the meaning was lost on my wife. Either way I was happy to wrap my arm around my mother and with her slowly lowering her dress, lead her out of the kitchen towards the guest bedroom.

Word about Mom's drunken behaviour must have quickly spread. Even only half way down the hall I heard parents coaxing the children to "gather their things" in preparation of leaving. Mom must have heard it too and when we reached the doorway to her room she propped herself against it as if supporting the house itself and looked into my face. "I'm sorry Baby, I think I've ruined Christmas."

"Nonsense. Don't worry about it. 'Our' family's Christmas has been fine by me," I offered, slipping the gloves from my hands.

"Oh that's right!" Mom exclaimed, grabbing the lapels of my red jacket. "It's just you and me isn't it! To hell with the rest of them."

"Yeah," I chorused, pulling the long white beard down from my face. "To hell with them. Come on Mom. Let's get you into bed."

A wicked look came over her face. "Yes Santa. Take me to bed."

Nothing would happen. God knows we both wanted it without actually admitting. But not then, not in her state and certainly not with my wife and her family in the house. She covered the ground between the door and the bed backwards, pulling/holding on to me in the process. Once her calves hit the mattress she flopped back down and sat on the edge of the bed. With her shoulders slumped, she looked up into my eyes. "Oh shit Declan. I'm drunk!"

I couldn't help laughing. "I know Mom. I'll get you a big drink of water. First, arms up."

She did as told and raised her arms above her head allowing me to lift the Christmas sweater off. I dropped to my knees and pulled her shoes off. With her doing nothing about trying to keep her legs together and me not disguising the fact I was looking, from my position I could see the panties she'd so proudly shown off in the kitchen. The small triangle of white framed by the pink of her thighs. I thought of going further. Lifting her dress up over her body to lay her in the bed wearing only her thong but I reasoned Meagan would ask how I'd left her and admitting I removed my mother's clothing probably wouldn't go down well.

I helped her climb under the blankets and returned with the water I'd promised; making sure she drank it all in front of me before I left.

"Declan," Mom whispered as I moved towards the door.

"Yes Mom?"

"I love you."

"I love you too," I smiled before closing the door behind me.

* * * * *

I never sleep well when I've been drinking. Falling asleep is fine, but staying asleep is the problem. 2am, by my bedside clock, I was tossing, turning and sighing at the fact. Meagan quietly snored soundly beside me, possibly blissful in the knowledge the stress of catering Christmas lunch was over for another year. Resigned that sleep wouldn't come I rose and quietly made my way to the kitchen for a drink of water.

It seems great minds think alike. Even from the hallway, the soft illumination of the range-hood light and the sound of the fridge opening told me Mom was there before me. Standing in the glow of the fridge, only her head and shoulders appeared above the open door but she looked beautiful. Hearing me enter she turned in my direction, her hair a mess and eye shadow smeared. "Hey Mom, can't sleep?" I whispered.

She closed the fridge without retrieving anything and smiled at my appearance before rubbing an eye with the back of her hand. "Hello Santa, fancy seeing you here."

"Oh you remembered!" I looked down at her body, she'd changed back into the sweater but it looked like that was all she wore, her legs and feet bare. "Thought you might have forgotten everything from yesterday!"

"Nuh uh," she whispered, moving away from the fridge and leaning back onto the bench. "I remember everything!"

The sweater sat across her hips but as she placed her elbows back down on the bench top behind her it rose up revealing her crotch. The light from the range-hood was minimal, creating grey

shadows everywhere but even in the relative dark I could see my mother wore no underwear. Not only that, she was perfectly bald down there.

I moved across from her and took up the opposing position. Now facing, only four feet from each other, we shared a moment of silence. Was she thinking the same thing as me? She was obviously aware I could see her vagina, did she want me to act on it? Wearing only a pair of boxer shorts, my growing erection would be impossible to obscure and then it hit me. My cock could do all the talking for me. She'd see it, know it was by her doing and hopefully act on it. I didn't have long to wait.

There was a button on the fly of my shorts but thankfully it wasn't secured. Mom's eyes left mine and trailed down my body at just the right time to see my erection ease its way out of its own volition, swelling and straightening as her mouth slowly opened. Fully erect, the head pointed directly at her face and a held breath exited her lungs. "Oh baby. It's true!" She exclaimed, surging forward to have me take her in my arms. Hers wrapped around my back as I clung to her torso beneath the sweater. My cock pressed hard into her belly as she looked up into my face, her eyes glistening and a tear flowing down her cheek.

"Why are you crying?" I whispered.

"Because I'm so happy baby," she breathed. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this."

The statement took me by surprise. I was under the impression the lingerie mix up had been the catalyst for whatever was now happening between us, I needed to know more. "What do you mean?" I asked, taking a hand from her back and wiping the tear from her face but leaving it holding her head.

"Oh honey we have so much to talk about..."

"Yeah, we do," I interrupted. "But first I need to do this!"

With my fingers entwined in her hair I pulled her head towards me. Her lips already open, her tongue was quick to enter my mouth as we came together. Our first kiss. Our first real kiss as mother and son, as lovers.

Her lips slick with saliva, her tongue warm and wet in my mouth. She tasted of mint, of bourbon, of lip gloss. My hand stroked her locks as my other descended past the small of her back to caress her bare bottom. Desperate to delve between her cheeks, I tentatively hovered over her crack only to have her reach back and place a hand on mine, pushing my fingers into her most intimate area.

Given license, I delved. Feeling my mother's anus beneath my fingers, slick with the juices of her dripping pussy adjacent. The hand Mom had used to direct my caresses found its way between us and encircled my cock, squeezing me tight with each finger in turn. It was now I who expelled a long held breath, throwing my head back with the pleasure and realization my mom was masturbating me. And then more.

So fluidly she left my embrace and her body lowered until she knelt before me, my cock still in her hand, her face upturned. I knew what was to come and for one moment I believed I must have been dreaming. Please don't wake, I told myself. Please don't wake. Mom must have seen the expectation in my face and smiled broadly before opening her lips wide and taking the head of my engorged penis into her mouth.

I can attest, there is no more wonderful feeling in the world than your mother's mouth around your dick. So expertly she took my length, her thumb and index finger forming a ring around its base and jerking me with the saliva that flowed from her. "Oh Jesus..." I moaned as I raised my hand to my face to smell the scent of her ass. As I did so, the hall light came on and the shadow of Meagan appeared in the doorway of the kitchen.

With my cock still in Mom's mouth I instinctively reached for the fridge door, pulling it violently open and adjusting my body as my wife shuffled into the doorway. Now obscured by the door, Mom's mouth came off my cock with a slurping sound. "Hey Meg!" I gasped, alerting Mom we had company. "What are you doing up?"

She shuffled forward another few steps as she answered. "Ugh just getting a drink."

Mom hadn't taken her hand from my cock and whether she thought the game was up and wanted to go out with a bang or she just didn't care, she began masturbating me, sliding her fist up and down furiously on my lubricated length. "No!" I exclaimed. "You go back to bed. I'll bring it down for you!"

"What?" She rubbed her eyes, still half asleep. "Uh. Okay." And thankfully turned on her heel and shuffled back the way she came. Mom wrapped her mouth back around my cock as if nothing had happened, her eyes looking up at me.

"We have to stop!" I whispered down to her but began moving my hips back and forth, slowly fucking her face.

Popping my cock from her lips like a lollipop she shook her head. "Not until you cum baby!"

She looked so gorgeous, so wicked. I wondered how I'd never looked at her in this way in the past. All these years and I'd never even fantasized about this beautiful, sexy woman right under my nose. I wanted to lift her up, to place her on the bench top and sink my passion deep inside her, fill her with my love but the risk of being caught was too great. At least behind the fridge door, although limited, we had privacy.

If she wanted cum, she would get it. With one hand cradling my balls, the other squeezing the base of my dick, her mouth devoured me. With each nod of her head I felt the back of her throat. I grew closer with every gagging noise she made, with each gentle thrust of my hips. And I was there. "Mom, I'm going to..." I held my breath as she pressed beneath my balls and pulled her lips off me with a trail of spit. Her mouth remained open, her tongue out as she aimed her beating hand and the penis it held at her face. I closed my eyes for an instant then stared directly at her as I began to cum. Shooting at light speed a torrent of semen into my mother's waiting mouth and face. Her pace didn't slacken as jet after jet of hot milky cream coated her skin from her cheeks to her jaw. Her tongue, still proudly poked out, cupped a pool of sperm before entering her mouth to swallow.

I released my held breath as my orgasm subsided and Mom's hand squeezed the last drips of my seed into her mouth. Her face coated in cum, I lifted her to her feet. "That was amazing," I whispered as she used a finger to collect cum from her cheeks and chin and eat it before me.

Satisfied with her meal she smiled. "I've wanted to taste this for so long Declan," she purred, licking the last from the side of her hand. "I want to tell you everything. When can we be alone?"

She was referring to Meagan and I couldn't give her a definite answer just then. If I had my way I would've spent every moment I had from then on with her. Getting to know her as a woman, not

just as my mother but I did still have a wife. A wife I loved and who was waiting for me only a halls length away. "I have to drive you home remember. Meagan will be glad to have me out of the house whilst she gets everything back to normal anyway."

The look of expectation in her face was palpable. A mouthful of my cum be damned, I had to kiss her again and pulled her body against me, my cock still semi-hard and hardening. Our mouths came together, her fingernails digging into the skin on my back. "I love you so much," I breathed into her mouth as our tongues entwined. She didn't return the declaration and I didn't need her to, the last few minutes were sign enough.

* * * * *

I spent most of the morning helping Meagan tidy up around the house. Of course being a clean freak she would need to go over and redo most of what I'd completed just to get it up to her standards but that was when I'd be out of the house with Mom. Speaking of the woman, she made her presence known about 11am, sheepishly greeting my wife who after initially treating her coldly began to warm up, even offering to wash her clothing and lend her some of her own for the day. Declining, I could see Mom was grateful for the gesture and the warmth, I was pretty sure she was embarrassed the way her behaviour had soured the day and we were both thankful when the two women kissed affectionately as we departed.

"Oh, I might be a little while at Mom's Meg," I informed her as I walked to the car. "I want to take another look at that washing machine."

"I thought you said it needed a man," she smiled, knowing my lack of handy man skills.

"Yeah it does but I'll give it another go!" I lied before she followed with the words I wanted to hear.

"Take your time," she said as she waved at us reversing down the drive. And I planned to.

When we turned the corner I pulled the car up at the curb. Mom and I were on each other like teens, our teeth touching at one point we were so eager to kiss. Shuffling in her seat she raised her dress to her waist and my hand was upon her, cupping her already saturated panties. I eased a finger past the sodden satin and found her slick hole before coming to my senses. Pulling back from her mouth I looked out the window to see we hadn't been observed. "Mom. What are we doing!?"

She looked confused at my question. "What do you mean?"

I thought of our behaviour. In public no less, so close to my home. "Mom, this isn't normal. I'm cheating on Meagan for god's sake!"

She pulled her dress over herself and took my hand. "No you're not honey. We're family, it's different!"

I questioned her logic but allowed her to go on.

"I woke up last night and thought it had been a dream Declan!" Mom confessed. "But then I tasted you in my mouth and it all returned, it was all real. I felt so happy! It was just as your father had predicted it would be!"

The mention of my father had come out of the blue. "What's he got to do with this?"

"It's a long story, it can wait 'till we're home." Mom claimed.

"No. We talk about this now." I adamantly stated.

"Okay," Mom looked forward in the car and seemed to be gathering her thoughts before turning back to me. "Do you remember before your father became sick, we were all out at that restaurant in the city? That fancy one where we saw that famous model?"

The night came back to me immediately. Lauren Brooks was who Mom was referring to but I had no idea what it all had to do with her and I.

"You probably don't recall but at the end of the night I excused myself to visit the bathroom. I never made it Declan. You see it was occupied."

Where the hell was she going with this? "Mom I don't see what that's got to..."

"Declan." She interrupted me. "Just listen." She continued. "There was a couple inside. Making love! I was going to turn away, I mean it was a surprise but nothing overly shocking until that is, the man called the woman, "Mom!"

I sat up a little straighter now the story had begun to make sense. She continued.

"You see Declan. They were a mother and son, they weren't play acting. Their similarities were obvious. I was transfixed, not only by watching a couple have sex but the fact it was incest and yet it looked so beautiful, so natural. I later confessed what I'd seen to your father. You may not want to hear this, but the sex we had that night was the best of our lives."

She was right, I didn't want to hear about her and Dad fucking but I was eager to hear out her story. "So how does that lead to you and I?" I asked.

"Your father confessed something to me that night. He told me that he'd often fantasized about his own mother growing up. That he'd be surprised if most boys didn't. I admitted to him that when I walked away from that bathroom at the restaurant and saw you at the table Declan, something had changed inside me. It was the overpowering love of a mother for her son. I felt it more than ever. The fact I would do anything for you, that I would do anything with you! He encouraged it, your father! We would role-play, he and I." She suddenly looked a little embarrassed and diverted her eyes from me, ceasing her story. It didn't matter, I'd heard enough.

"Mom," her eyes journeyed back to mine. "Let's go home."

* * * * *

The washing machine story wasn't a complete lie. On the way there I did think of something I could check before the repair man arrived in a day or so. We entered the back door holding hands, loathe to break the connection between us now that it was cemented. As one we spied the gift box containing the lingerie I'd left there purposely. The contents forever being the catalyst of our incestuous relationship.

"What do we do with that?" Mom pointed at the box.

"It's yours. Meagan didn't know about it so as far as I'm concerned, it's yours to wear."

Her face seemed even brighter. "When would I wear it?" She asked and I was sure I knew what she wanted me to say.

"Well, now would be a good time!" I replied correctly. "I mean I only saw you wearing it for a minute."

She grinned wider than I think I'd ever seen her, taking up the box in her hands. "Now that we're being open with each other Declan, there's something else I want to tell you."

Open to anything she could say I listened intently.

"I've learned something about myself in the last day Honey and I want you to promise me you won't judge!" She ventured.

"Mom, I love you," I admitted, whatever she had on her mind I would surely accept. "You can tell me anything!"

She paused, looking down at the gift box before again making eye contact. "When you told me the lingerie wasn't mine, I was humiliated..."

I felt awful. "Mom. I told you I was sorry, but it doesn't matter now, I..."

She interrupted me before I could finish. "No Declan you don't see. I enjoyed it!"

The statement took me back and I raised my eyebrows as she continued.

"If nothing had happened between us I would still have that pleasure to take out of it. That and the men at the party."

This was something else unexpected and I wanted to learn more. "Meagan's family? What about them?"

"The way they were looking at me, their eyes on my body. Cody, taking photos up my dress!" She smiled at this. "What, you didn't think I noticed?" Her eyes went down to the box of lingerie. "I'll be right back!" She giggled but I interjected.

"Nuh uh, Mom. I want to watch!"

We hurried to her bedroom and it felt so strange being alone in there with her. Especially so as she began to disrobe in front of me. I began getting hard as she lifted the sweater off over her head and I saw her breasts in the white spandex, her nipples hard and poking proudly through. "I love that dress. Where did you get it?" I asked, genuinely interested.

"Oh, this?" She ran her hands down from her breasts to her hips. "Would you believe a sex shop!"

I could believe it, and it also meant Meagan had been correct. It also raised so many questions which I put aside for the time being as it was then the dress came off. Leaving her in just the tiny thong, I sat down on the bed before I fainted. She was perfect in my eyes and I had to tell her. "You're beautiful Mom!"

"Thank you honey," her eyes drifted from mine to my crotch. "But I think I can see how you feel! Why don't you take it out? You can touch it if you want!"

The fact my Mom was giving me permission to jerk off whilst I watched her change was the greatest gift she could give me and I was quick to respond. Her eyes watched me release my hard-on, slowly stroking it as I enjoyed the show. "How the hell did Dad predict this?" I asked, referring to what she'd said in the car.

Standing before me for a moment as if content to just watch her son masturbate, she then began to lower her panties, stopping when mid thigh. "Before he died he told me to never give up the hope," she turned, presenting her rear to me. "He had faith in you Declan. In us. In us being together. It was his last desire for me." She arched her back, her ass poking out towards me.

Pre-cum glistened the head of my cock and uppermost finger as my eyes devoured her body. The thong half way down her parted legs, her hands, first clutching either cheek before spreading them entirely, her anus and pussy on display. The sight of which took my breath away.

"Who are you?" I managed to gasp, rising to meet her as she ran her hands up her sides to cup her breasts.

"I'm just your mom," she smiled at me in the mirror, bringing her legs together and allowing the thong to fall to her feet on the floor.

"No, you're a goddess!"

Holding her shoulders, I slowly trailed my hands down her arms whilst pressing my erection hard into the crack of her ass.

"Mmm that feels nice," she purred.

Unaware if she meant my hands or my cock I kissed her on the neck and felt goosebumps appear on her skin.

"Mmm," she moaned. "I love it like this. Being naked for you."

I placed a hand on her belly and ventured down across her bald pubic mound to her vagina and with her eyes intently watching, eased a finger between her slick upper thighs. She was wet. Wetter than I'd ever encountered a woman. So easily my fingers delved between the folds of her labia and slid inside her vagina, so warm and welcoming.

"Mmmuhhhh..." Mom sighed as I hooked my index finger inside her, pressing hard onto her clitoris. I ran everything through my head, her delight at being humiliated, the pleasure she had shown as I came on her face the night before, her attraction to public exhibitionism. We could have fucked right then and there but was it possible I could make it even more special for her?

I eased my finger from her and lifted it dripping to her mouth. "Taste yourself Mom," I insisted and without delay her lips were around my digit. I turned her body to face me, connected by my finger which she sucked on akin to a cock. "You know I was thinking. There was something in the mail box when we drove in!"

Obviously she had no idea why I was mentioning it at that moment, pulling my finger from her mouth yet still holding onto it. "Oh that can wait honey," she gasped before beginning to draw it back towards her lips.

"No Mom, I don't think it can!" I stated.

A look of comprehension came over her face. "You want me to go and get it?"

I smiled. "Well it might be something important."

She looked down at her body, naked save for her heels. "And I have to go like this!?"

All I did was smile.

I made Mom walk before me through the house so as to admire her naked ass and upon reaching the front door she obediently waited for me to act. Opening the door wide I looked out onto the front yard and stepped onto the porch. I did make sure there was no one in the immediate vicinity before looking back at my mother. "I want you to go and collect the mail and bring it back in your mouth." Had I gone too far, I wasn't sure but without delay she walked past me and out onto the porch. Surreal is how I would describe my naked mother descending the porch steps and crossing my childhood lawn towards the letterbox in the bright light of day. So beautiful her sun blessed skin looked in the mildly chill air. I allowed my hand to stroke my still erect penis as she reached the mailbox on the perimeter of the property, placed the advertising pamphlet between her teeth and casually strode back towards me.

Her eyes locked to mine as she ascended and stood before me at the door. I was the one supposedly in charge but as I held out my hand to receive the mail I had no doubt she controlled my soul, my fate. I would lay my life down for this woman, this goddess.

"Did I do good?" Mom asked as she took the mail from her mouth and presented it to me. Her face was flushed with the embarrassment of potentially being viewed by her neighbors in the front yard naked but I sensed the thrill outweighed the shame.

I couldn't answer, so turned on by my mother's exhibitionism I abandoned my role as the dom and pulled her into the house. The door closed, I pushed her against the wall of the hallway, my erection pressing to her belly. "I love you so much!" I declared.

"Oh yeah? Are you going to prove it then?" She whispered into my mouth. "Are you going to fuck me Declan? Are you going to fuck your mother?"

I pinned her hands to the wall above her head. "Oh yes, I'm gonna fuck you Mom."

"Then fuck me now baby. Stick your dick inside mommy's cunt!"

I'd never heard her say 'cunt' before, hell I'd never said the word in front of her but in that moment it seemed so natural, so right. Our mouths came together, tongues entwining. Releasing her hands, I was able to grope at her body, a breast in one hand, lifting her leg onto my hip and caressing her ass with the other. Her hand found my cock between us and wrapped her fist around me. "I have to taste you Mom," I breathed. "I have to taste your cunt!" I declared, now given license to use the word. As if in response, she immediately brought both her hands to my head and pushed me downwards. I didn't even have the chance to kiss her breasts as I passed them, with the speed she guided me toward her vagina. My face was wedged between her thighs, my nose and mouth squished into her pussy. Her force on the back of my head was trying to drown me in her sex and I couldn't have been happier to succumb.

Finally as if realizing she couldn't take me back into her womb, she released the pressure and I was able to take control. I trailed my tongue along her folds before entering and savouring her flavor. Juice flowed freely into my mouth causing me to swallow, taking her nectar inside my body. My

cheeks slathered I withdrew my tongue to work on her clit, sucking and kissing as I entered her pussy with two fingers below.

"Oh yes Jesus yes baby," she panted, bucking into me as she ran fingers through my hair. "I'm gonna..Mommy's going to cu...cum!"

I took the words as motivation and increased the rapidity of my fingering, stabbing into her as quickly as I could muster. I took to just sucking on her clitoris, which by her sighs I ascertained she enjoyed the most and then it came. More to say, she came. One leg raised to rest over my shoulder which essentially locked me in place to receive her offering. I felt her pussy twitch and contract around my fingers as the fluid around them increased. "Yes baby, yes," she cried. A splash of liquid into my palm, across my chin followed by another and another. My mother's squirt spraying my neck, my shirt.

"Oh fuck baby," Mom sighed as she pushed me backwards. I allowed myself to fall flat on the carpeted hallway with her climbing atop me. Her hand went to my cock protruding from the fly of my pants and positioning herself above me she guided it into her, my mouth falling open, quickly descended upon by her own.

I was inside my mother. My cock was fully inserted within her body. Just one day previous this seemed an impossibility. My hands ran along her sides to connect with her breasts, pressed to my chest. Saliva ran from her mouth into mine as our tongues danced. She moved her hips back and forth on my erection, squeezing her pussy around me. Like her's, my orgasm would come quickly.

Straightening her back she rose up to allow me to take in her beauty, her boobs bouncing with every thrust of her pelvis. She lifted my hands to them and I was eager to squeeze, caressing and pinching her upturned nipples. The very thought I was inside her, that I had my hands on her breasts sent the message to my balls it was time. "Mom I have to.." I confessed. "I've gotta cum!"

The admission seemed to fire her further. Again she descended upon my chest, her mouth in my ear. "Cum in me baby. Cum inside mommy's pussy," she ordered.

I placed my hands on her rear, digging into the flesh of her buttocks whilst ramming my dick up into her. Mom alternated between biting my ear, my neck, to whispering in my ear her most obscene thoughts. "Fill my pussy baby. Mommy's cunt's all yours!" Her hands sought out my own and as she'd done in my kitchen, she directed my fingers to her anus. "Finger mommy's asshole Declan. Finger fuck my ass while you cum."

I used my ring finger. Spreading my mother's ass cheeks wide as I fucked her, I plunged my finger inside. Deep I delved, all the way to my wedding band, feeling my cock through the dividing wall of her rectum.

"Cum in me baby! Cum in mommy's cunt!" Mom yelped as her mouth covered mine, sucking my tongue up between her lips. And I did. My balls tightening, wrapping my free arm around her torso to hold her to me. My cock exploding inside her. Filling her with my incestuous passion, spurt after spurt confirming my love for the woman who'd given birth to me, who'd nurtured me at her breast, who'd raised me into the devoted husband I was today. Whose wedding ring sat inside her own ring, twitching around the golden symbol of marriage.

I felt wetness around my cock and I knew she'd cum again. Shared my orgasm with her own. I eased my finger from her and held her tight upon my body as our kiss prolonged our ecstasy, my dick

retaining its firmness inside her. We could've stayed there forever, eternally connected by her pussy. The pleasure immeasurable, timeless.

* * * * *

Moments after I came inside her a second time, I whispered in her ear. "This is beautiful Mom," I ran a hand over her ass, again across her anus. "Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't change a thing but what now? You, me, Meagan? What do we do?"

She allowed my softening cock to slide out of her and standing up, took me by the hand. "Come on, I want to show you something."

All I needed to see was the beautiful woman standing over me but I acquiesced and allowed her to lead me back into her room. Following, my dick now soft and wet, I tucked it back inside my pants. Mom it seemed, preferred to remain naked and I wasn't complaining, admiring her ass and slick inner thighs as she turned and leaned against her dresser.

"I loved it baby! Making me go outside naked. I was so turned on."

"I got that impression Mom!" I smiled.

"I want to do more, I want it like this forever," she enthused.

I approached her, pressing against her nudity before lightly kissing her upturned mouth. "I'd love it to be," I whispered. "But what about Meg?"

Mom twisted in my embrace and placed her hands on the uppermost drawer, sliding it open to reveal its contents. A dizzying array of vibrators, dildos, realistic dongs and other sexual paraphernalia filled the space, taking me aback somewhat. How long had her top drawer held such content I wondered? Her flippant answer to where she'd bought her white dress now coming to mind. As I tried to get my head around this peep into my mother's private life she moved to her closet and slid open the mirrored door. A wardrobe full of lingerie, garishly colored slut wear and what looked like bondage gear greeted my eye. Her hand brushed along the rack until reaching the end where it encircled a large lifelike strap-on phallus. "I have this honey," she stated, stroking along the length. "It's never been used." For a horrific moment I assumed she wanted to use it on me but possibly seeing the look in my eye she elaborated. "Do you think Meagan would like it?"

There it was, the answer to the dilemma I'd stumbled upon as my wedding ring had entered my mother's asshole. How could I do this behind Meagan's back? Mom had thrown me the solution. Including my wife. Suddenly, the vision of Meg and my mother fucking filled my consciousness. Tribbing, joined by a strap-on, eating each other out whilst I watched on, participated. Was it possible? It would take work but well worth the effort. I looked at my mother and smiled. "It looks like we've got some planning to do!"

Mom came to me beaming. "There's another thing Honey."

"Oh?" I smiled, kissing her neck.

"When I came. Did 'it' surprise you?"

I knew she was referring to the squirting. "Well, I know I loved it!"

She cast her eyes down to the package the christmas lingerie had come in and laughed. "It's ironic you know. The present that brought us together. Your father's pet name for my pussy was the 'gift box' because, well, you know, my squirting!"

I thought of her cumming in my face, around my cock and it did seem apt, the special gift of her orgasm straight from the hot box that was her vagina. My cock hardened at the vision, my hand reaching down to press against her wet slit. "And what a gift it is Mom. What a gift box it is!"

The end.

*

(Written and edited on my phone so please forgive any errors overlooked.

And for those aware of my crossovers, the link is Mommy Issues.)

Thank you for reading.