

# TICKS AND LEECHES

*sunburycd*

*A mom, a son, a motel. You get the drift.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

11k words

The news of my father's death was hard enough. The revelations that surfaced about his secret life made the passing all the more traumatic for the family. Two mistresses attended the funeral; Mom having to be held back in her fury when one of them attempted to present her with Dad's possessions. A heart attack had taken him whilst in the woman's presence. In 'the act,' I learned. Dad being a big guy, it gave me some satisfaction to know 'she' had been caught under his dead weight for however long it took to extract herself. Just desserts for sleeping with a man she knew was married, I decided. Eventually I accepted his things from her and dumped them in the trunk of my car just to get them out of sight while the mood at the service tempered.

Three years at least, we discovered he'd been cheating on Mom and it was likely his conquests didn't end with the two that attended. Overall, it was an understandably stressful few days and when it was all done and I had Dad's ashes beside me on the way back from the funeral home a week later, I was glad we could finally put the whole event behind us and all move on with our lives. And then I remembered Dad's possessions in the rear of my car...

It wasn't pleasant holding a dead man's clothes. His wallet was empty of cash and knowing Dad always carried at least a twenty, I wondered if 'she' had taken it as recompense for being 'died upon?' His phone down to one bar of battery was locked of course, but knowing Dad, I typed 'password' when prompted and it opened up to me to access.

Out of curiosity I looked at his messages and saw the evidence of his affairs all over it. If he was trying to keep it secret from his wife, he wasn't doing much to cover his tracks. Maybe he just didn't care, wanted her to find out? Why wouldn't he have just divorced her if he was no longer happy? I certainly had never suspected there had been problems. Nor had Mom form her reaction to the mistresses.

I was on the verge of dismissing the phone when I thought about the search history, any potential downloads, even the camera. I didn't want to give it back to Mom to have her find something offensive in the files and after finding his browser empty, I navigated my way through to his gallery.

My life would certainly never be the same again.

The three photos of my mother told me exactly when and where they'd been taken, my sister and I having made much of her appearance on the night of their 30th wedding anniversary. The tight white dress she'd worn being so out of character to her regular demeanor. Dad had obviously noticed as well. The first picture was of her sitting cross-legged in the booth we'd occupied. Yes, she was showing a great deal of leg, but it was innocent enough and could have been taken when both my sister and I were present. The latter two however were not, and it had me wondering when in hell they'd actually done it?

In the second, Mom had her legs parted. She stared directly at the camera, a smile on her face clearly aware of the way she sat. The dress had been mid-thigh but with the spreading of her legs

had risen to her hips exposing what I first assumed was a perfectly hairless pussy. The photos not of a high definition, upon further examination revealed to be flesh colored underwear. Regardless, I felt light headed, looking on an 'upskirt' of my own mother.

With a swipe I came upon the last. Mom with head turned, possibly to be sure she wasn't being observed. She remained spread legged, only now with panties removed, dark brown hair lavishly coating her pubic mound. The addition of the front of her dress pulled down, breasts exposed, hands holding them suggestively. Of course, I'd seen similar on porn sites. Mature women flashing for their husbands in public. Had devoted time myself to admiring such. To see my own mother depicted the same way was mind-blowing, confronting, and yet, even though I hated to admit at the time, arousing. I had to remind myself to breathe as I took in this new reality, swallowing painfully with a dry throat.

There were other photos. The women my father had been fucking behind everyone's backs, including their own. Their's weren't so affecting to me. My feelings toward them not hidden, the appearance of them naked, provocative, disgusted me more than intrigued and when I swiped onto what was clearly my very own father's cock, I chose to end my perusal, deleting all but the chosen three.

Emailing them to myself was my first indiscretion I supposed. Deleting them from Dad's phone along with the others probably wasn't my call to make but I justified it somehow. Did Mom know they were on Dad's phone? If so, surely she'd have been more eager to regain his possessions. No, it was better this way. She'd never know, and with them now safe on my phone alone, Mom nor my sister would ever be troubled by the knowledge.

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She looked different to me somehow when I arrived at her house to drop off Dad's things. Not in appearance, she was still 'Mom,' only now (and I know it sounds stupid,) she seemed more of a woman. Her legs that were so bare in the photo, now covered by tight Levi's, her ass filling out the rear. The bulge of pussy pressing hard against the denim, for the first time catching my eye, now aware there was a thick furrow of pubic hair lurking behind. The green t-shirt she had on did little to obscure her breasts. One's that I'd seen uncovered half an hour before as she held them towards the camera. That I could now look upon with a swipe of my phone any time I chose.

I felt my cock stir at the recollection and forced my eyes from her tits as she passed a cup of tea across the table. Dad's ashes and the bag of his belongings sat before her and the first item she pulled from it was his phone, my face blushing as she made to turn it on.

"Dead," she remarked when she found the battery drained and set it aside. It was a blessing I supposed. If she was aware the photos were on there, with the battery exhausted she'd assume I hadn't been able to view them either. Mom scoffed much as I'd done when she found his wallet empty and we gave each other a knowing look. "So, what do we do with these?" Her hand rested on the small wooden box containing his ashes.

"It's up to you I guess. Keep them. Scatter them somewhere," I offered. "Do you want them in the house?"

"No," Mom assuredly responded. "I want him gone," she followed up before throwing a hand over her mouth. "Oh, that sounds terrible doesn't it?"

"No, it's understandable Mom. What he did..." I shook my head.

I watched as she pulled his tie from the bag, running her fingers over the silk.

"I gave him this," she paused, wrapping the material around her hand. "We did love each other," her eyes rose to meet mine and I saw a great sadness that she was trying desperately to hide.

"I know Mom, it's alright," I ran a hand across the surface of the table and she reached out with her spare, her fingers interlocking with mine. Her hand so small, the skin so soft, amid her grieving I scolded myself for becoming aroused at the connection, as my penis stiffened beneath the table.

"Maybe your father's fishing spot?" she stated, and confused I asked her to repeat it.

"I mean his ashes," she explained. "What if we scattered them on the river. We could all drive up together. I don't know, spend a night in that old motel we used to stay in? Maybe next weekend. We did have some good times up there," she insisted.

By 'all,' I assumed Mom was meaning my older sister Bonnie and I didn't like the chances of her going along with Mom's plan.

"I think that'd be a great idea Mom," I concurred, stroking the back of her hand with my thumb. "In fact, I'll call Bonnie now."

I wasn't thinking straight, I knew. The mention of the motel upstate was bring back memories of happy times yes. It also brought up an incident that affected much of my adolescence and was probably the catalyst for my current Oedipal obsession.

The motel we stayed in looked exactly like the 'Bates motel' from the movie! Albeit minus the creepy house on the hill and the lake behind. We called it as such whenever vacation plans were made, once a year for easily more than ten we'd make the journey, Mom and Dad continuing on the tradition long after Bonnie and I ceased holidaying with them. Dad's prime and secret fishing spot the reason for the four-hour long drive there and back.

On the first mention of Dad's ashes, Bonnie responded how I'd assumed she would.

"He's dead to me Dale...literally!" Bonnie replied. "What he did to Mom, to all of us. I don't care what you do with his ashes. Frankly I'm amazed Mom would honor him like that."

"We did have some good times Bonn," I half-heartedly attempted to change her mind. "You can't do it for Mom?"

She was adamant in her denial and I did no further to sway her resolve. In my head I was already sharing a motel room with Mom due to some mix up! 'Only one bed! Oh no, I guess we'll have to sleep together!' the thought bringing a smile to my face. As I hung up from my sister, I sported a ridiculously large lump in the front of my pants and visited the bathroom on the way back from the rear porch.

It had been more than five years since I'd jerked off in my parent's house, standing above the toilet with cock in hand all too familiar. My inspiration was the anomaly. My phone displaying the three photos of Mom. Her legs spread for me. I imagined it was I taking the photos. That she'd removed her panties for me, passed them to me and were safe in my pocket. She would touch my cock under the table, I her pussy. Later we'd fuck. No. In the car. She'd slide down my length and we'd kiss...I came with force upon the raised toilet seat, cursing myself for my indiscretion and coming down from my incestuous euphoria, scolding myself for my current forbidden obsession. It's not

going to happen Dale, I told myself as I wiped up the mess I'd created. She's your mother dude. She's not interested. I resigned myself to the fact I had the photos, and that would have to do.

For now. A little voice whispered in the back of my brain.

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"What did they say when you made the booking?" Mom excitedly asked and I glanced across to her in the passenger seat.

"What are you talking about?" I laughed. "I just did it online. Why would I call them?"

"Oh, I don't know," she smiled. "Just, being family run I thought you'd call. They'd remember you for sure. Could've got a better deal."

"It's a weird little motel in a weird little county, well off the highway. A better deal and they'd have been paying us to stay there. Don't worry, it didn't cost much," I assured her.

"So you don't know if Merle and Audrey still own the place?" Mom inquired.

"Was that their names? No idea," I admitted. "When was the last time you and Dad came?"

Mom looked out the window at the passing countryside, furrowing her brow. "It must be three or four years or so I think. I know we planned to come up for our 30th wedding anniversary but..." she added, not finishing the sentence and I felt myself blush at the mention of same, the photos calling me from my phone.

We stopped at a diner and ordered burgers and fries and as I sat in the booth post lunch I watched Mom from the rear chatting to the woman behind the counter about the weather, the country. She wore leggings. Not out of the ordinary. My admiration of her ass in them was, I supposed. The sweater she sported came down half way across her buttocks, more revealed as she leaned into the counter top. Her ass wasn't huge, it also wasn't petite. There was ample to grab, of that I was sure, the gray material cinching between her cheeks, the line of her panties visible through the fabric. So, she was wearing underwear, I mused and found myself longing to stare at the images once more.

I contented myself with remembrances of the past. The 'Bates Motel,' I pondered. The photos on my phone weren't the first time I'd seen my mother naked. Our second year visiting the area. The nickname for the motel well established, Dad thought it would be funny if we played a trick on Mom. We all did. I'd seen the movie, so even at my young age I knew the scenario. It was all innocent of course, Bonnie and Dad dressing me in one of Mom's dresses. Giving me the plastic knife. Ambushing Mom whilst she was in the shower with Dad and my sister accompanying with screeching violin sounds. It was all fun and games and everyone laughed at the time.

Later however. I looked upon it differently. As the years passed the memory grew in my head. I'd seen her naked of course but as a child I didn't consider the implications. My older self saw it differently. She fueled teenage fantasies. She was the inspiration for nighttime emissions. When I closed my eyes I saw her, a naked woman, in the shower, her body glistening with water. She was the first woman I loved, she was the first woman I came to.

The snap of fingers before my eyes brought me out of my daydream and I turned my head to look directly into my mother's crotch, the leggings tight over her pronounced pussy bulge, the hint of cameltoe.

"You ready to get going Mister?" She smiled when I managed to lift my eyes to meet hers.

An erection tenting the front of my pants, I was ready for anything.

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"Well it hasn't changed," Mom observed as we pulled up into the parking lot.

"I don't know if that's a good or a bad thing," I laughed as we headed for the reception.

"I thought it was you lot," the large woman behind the desk greeted Mom. I had a vague recollection of Audrey, the owner, but she seemed to have no trouble recalling me. "I saw the name the booking was under and I wondered if it was y'all. And look, if it isn't little Dale! Not so little anymore. How have y'all been? Where's the rest of you?"

Mom filled her in with the details of our situation and the two women bonded over the mutual loss of their partners. I was just grateful she was conducting the check-in as they talked which allowed me to pick up the keys to the rooms and bring in the bags from the car.

No 'mix-up' unfortunately. We did get adjoining rooms however, with an interconnecting door that I promptly unlocked. It was just as I remembered, and so many memories rose to the surface. Bonnie and I in one room. Mom and Dad in the adjacent, just as now. The sun was getting low over the hills and Mom finally came and found me as I was unpacking some of my clothing.

"Well I guess we won't be going up there today," she addressed the sinking sun. "I forgot how quickly it gets dark in the valley," she added.

I looked at her in the doorway, surprised to see her holding the ashes.

"What are you doing with them?" I nodded toward her hands.

She looked down and seemed herself surprised to be holding the box, her eyes drifting back to mine, gradually filling with tears.

"I don't know," her shoulders slumped and it was then I realized it was the first time I'd seen my mother cry since Dad died.

For all I knew it was the first time she HAD cried, as I coaxed her back into her room. She placed the ashes on the small table beside the window and allowed herself to be seated on the bed.

"Mom, it's alright," I attempted to console her as she seemed to be fighting the tears. "It's ok to grieve."

"I hate him Dale," Mom admitted as she clutched my hand beside her. "For what he did. For how we were the last few years."

I wondered what that meant? Had they been having problems that me and Bonnie were kept in the dark about?

"But I loved him. I still do love him," she asserted.

"I know Mom," I placed an arm over her shoulder and could smell her tears. "I feel the same. One day I think we'll forgive him. Even Bonnie," I added. "But that's not going to take away the hurt. We won't forget. But we also won't forget the fun times," I posited.

The words seemed to have some effect on her and she snuggled into my embrace, placing a hand upon my thigh. I honestly wasn't thinking sexually at the time despite our closeness, I just wanted to be there for her, to comfort her.

"When did you become so mature?" Mom giggled snuffling.

"I'm twenty five," I laughed. "It had to happen sooner or later."

She again laughed and then said something out of the blue.

"Can you hold me?" She tentatively looked into my eyes through her tears

I thought I already was, but when I nodded my agreement, she broke my embrace and moved to lie on the bed. A million thoughts ran through my head as she presented her back to me and I understood I was to hug her from behind.

We didn't do this! I figured that under the circumstances regular behavior went out the window somewhat. If Mom wanted to be comforted by her son essentially spooning her, who was I to deny it? She made a contented sigh as I lay behind her and placed a hand around her waist. My arm was quickly taken up and pulled into her chest, quite aware it was her breasts that provided the softness it was pressed against.

I made a point of not pressing my groin into her bottom, maintaining what I assumed to be an acceptable distance of around an inch. If she happened to want the connection, it would be her that would have to move. Don't get me wrong, I would have been happy to just grind my cock against her ass cheeks with impunity, but if by some chance in a million something was going to happen between us, I wanted it to come naturally, jointly.

The room was warm with the last rays of the sun shining directly onto the far wall. Mom had quelled her tears and was more interested in reminiscing on the happier times, focusing on vacations more than ten years prior. Our heads on the same pillow, I could smell her hair, see the contours of her small ear, the curve of her jaw when she spoke, the expanse of flesh on her shoulder and bare neck.

"We weren't sleeping in the same bed," she admitted, breaking away from the previous recollections.

"What?" I asked, taken by surprise by the sudden admission.

"The last few years," she elaborated. "I should have known something was wrong."

"Mom, you don't have to," I stated.

"No, it's ok. You deserve to know," she insisted. "You and your sister. It was around our anniversary. We tried different things but the spark was gone," she asserted and I thought I knew what her 'different things' alluded to, the images on my phone a testament. "You won't want to hear this Dale, but I spent hundreds on lingerie!"

I kept my mouth shut. Neither confirming or denying how interested I was in her underwear.

"He'd lost interest in me," she added. "Why didn't he just leave?" She concluded with the same question I'd asked myself.

"Because he was an idiot," I casually answered her query and it brought forth a chuckle.

"And we never talked," she continued after a moment's pause. "How ridiculous is that?" She scoffed. "In the last few days, you've shown me more affection and listened to me more than he did for years."

I was glad she'd noticed. She hadn't mentioned we were currently sharing a bed, another one I seemingly had up on Dad.

"Well, that's what I'm here for," I whispered and did something I wouldn't normally. I kissed the curve of her neck where it met her scalp. It was spontaneous and I wasn't thinking sexually when I did it. I just genuinely wanted to show her affection, to reinforce what she'd felt and stated.

"Ooh, goosebumps!" She giggled and hugged my arm a little closer into her breast.

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I hadn't even felt sleep approaching when I woke to the room in shadow. The drapes open, some light from the motel's neon sign filtered through the curtains but it was clear night was well advanced. What was also clear was my erection pressed hard into the buttocks of my mother. My left arm was numb where it lay under myself and it was possibly the reason I'd awoken, but how long my cock had been in its state; how long her ass had been pushed against me? I had no idea.

Her breathing measured, she remained asleep as I felt my cock involuntarily twitch, reveling in the anonymity of its arousal. I relented and pushed myself slightly into her and the softest of sighs emanated from her mouth. Did she know it was me? I moved again, rubbing my cock between her buttocks, her crack accommodating my length perfectly as though we were made for each other. A hot dog in a bun. It was then I came to my senses.

What the fuck was I doing? She had no idea it was me. She was asleep. I was her son. The last person in the world she'd expect to be secretly rubbing himself against her ass like a common pervert on the subway. The trust I was betraying. To be essentially abusing her without consent. I felt disgusted. More so when I thought of my recent behavior. Jacking off in her house to stolen images. Ogling her ass, her pussy. What kind of person was I? Not this, surely. I wrenched my groin from her body and withdrew my arm where she'd still been embracing it. The movement awakened her with a start before she realized where and with whom she was.

"Did we fall asleep?" She sleepily inquired, rubbing her eyes to emphasize the fact.

"Yeah," I concurred, rising with my back to her to conceal my erection. The clock on her bedside table read 8p.m. and my stomach was reminding me we were overdue a meal. "What say I drive into town and pick up something to eat?" I suggested as I headed for the door between our rooms as Mom turned on the light. Making it and concealing my lower half in the doorway as I looked back for her response.

"That'd be nice Honey," she smiled, her hair plastered flat on one side of her head, eyes sleepy. Her tank top had twisted and one boob showed more of itself than I assumed she cared to display. She had never looked more beautiful and I hated myself for how I'd been regarding her. "Maybe I'll have a shower whilst you're gone," she yawned.

I found my car keys and left the parking lot, one other car in residence. The 'Bates Motel' obviously not doing a roaring trade this time of year. Five minutes down the road and I made the decision to

delete the photos of Mom from the restaurant. I was living in a dream land. An unhealthy one at that. No, I'd remove the temptation from my life. Nothing was ever going to happen. She'd done nothing to lead me on. Nothing to suggest how I felt was reciprocal. All she'd done was be my mother. And how had I repaid that? By rubbing my cock against her. No, those photos were gone. It was then I realized I didn't have my phone.

I could see it beside her bed where I'd placed it when she'd asked me to lie with her. I felt my stomach drop as I thought of her opening it. She'd said she was having a shower. How long did that take? I was going to be gone for half an hour at least depending how long I had to wait for food. Was it opened on her pictures? She knew my pin, 3253. The numbers for the letters Dale. 'Always has been. Always will be,' I'd said countless times in her presence. I couldn't risk it. I pulled the car up and turned back toward the motel.

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I expected her to be in the shower so didn't go to her door, deciding to use the interconnecting door to access her room. When I skirted the front of my car and bypassed her window, I saw that she'd drawn the drapes. But not completely. A slither of light crept through the gap and I absently looked in to see her still upon the bed, seemingly having gone back to sleep. And then her hips moved.

On her stomach, her legs stretched out straight, the movement was awkward and I for a moment was unclear why she did it? About to head back to her door, it happened again and I paid closer attention. Everything I'd said to myself in the car, in her room, went out the window as I stood in the dark and peeped. It wasn't 'unclear.' It was obvious. Her left arm lay under herself, clearly down the front of her leggings. The up and down movement of her ass was constant and if I needed any further evidence of what my mother was doing, her free hand reached around and entered the rear of her pants.

My mother was masturbating.

I felt giddy as I stood and watched. My cock, as if mocking me for being all moralistic not twenty minutes prior, immediately swelled with pride. I could feel my jaw drop and was helpless to stop it, nor was I seemingly capable of preventing my hand moving to the front of my pants. Her face was aimed away from me but I doubted she'd be able to see me through the space regardless. With impunity I watched as her grinding increased, her leggings half way down over her buttocks, the hand on her ass working as hard as the one below. My god, I marveled. Was she fingering her asshole?

I saw her legs twitch, spasms pass through her body, and with a final shuddering, her movement came to an abrupt end. I wondered how long I could stand there? Voyeuristically watching my mother, a hand caressing my cock through my pants. The answer was provided by headlights entering the lot and I quickly headed toward my room to avoid closer scrutiny by the car pulling up. Once inside I went to the interconnecting door and knocked. No answer. Opening, I half expected to see her still on the bed, post orgasm euphoria greeting me with open arms. Instead I heard the sound of the shower and it burst my incest bubble.

That display wasn't for me. She had thought me long gone. I picked up my phone and quietly went back to my room and to the car. I sat there a moment looking at the unlock screen of my phone ready to delete the photos. "But why was she masturbating?" I asked myself. "Why now?" I questioned as I slipped the phone back in my pocket and once more headed into town.



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"You're wearing that?" I queried when Mom finally met me in the parking lot the next morning.

She looked down at herself and seemed taken aback.

"What's wrong with it?"

I looked her up and down. A mid-thigh denim skirt that I couldn't recall her ever wearing, a tank top similar to the one from the previous day but dare I say, smaller. She did have a straw cowboy hat for sun protection and the hiking boots she wore looked adequate. It was the skirt I was skeptical about.

"A skirt. For hiking?" I questioned.

"Oh, it's not that far we have to walk," she stated, pausing. "For memory."

"That's not how I remember it," I countered. Dad's 'secret' fishing spot was on a trail off a trail as far as I could recall. I knew the starting point and though it had been many years since I'd been there, I figured it wouldn't be hard to find. We'd worked out it had been five years since Mom had last done the walk with my father. The land couldn't have changed that much in the time between.

The campsite where the trail began was deserted. We were early so that wasn't surprising, expecting to be wrapped up in a matter of hours and back at the motel to check out at twelve. I packed a backpack with extra water and food just in case, and with Dad securely tucked away beside some trail mix, Mom and I headed off into the woods.

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"Do you remember any of this?" I climbed up onto a large boulder hoping to see further down the overgrown hiking trail.

Mom sat down on a fallen log and took a long draught of the water bottle she held before answering. Taking off her hat, she wiped her sweaty brow and shook her head.

"I told you, it's all overgrown. Everything looks different. I don't even know if we're on the right path," she admitted.

I was positive we were. Only two leading off from the campsite. But I was beginning to think we may've missed the secondary trail we needed to be on.

"Well we've been walking for nearly an hour and I don't even hear the sound of the river," I stated. "I don't remember it being this far before the turn-off Mom." I climbed back down from the rock and approached her, accepting the bottle when she held it out to me. Her legs were parted and without making it obvious, I took the opportunity to peek up her skirt, the flash of white underwear. "I say we go on for five more minutes and if we don't hit something we recognize, turn back."

To her credit, Mom was taking it all in her stride. Fifty two years old, she wasn't exactly a senior citizen but she wasn't a spring chicken either. Knowing she regularly walked to keep fit, I wasn't surprised she was doing so well, but to my shame I had expected her to have complained before now. I admired her.

Some areas of the trail had been washed away by rain. Little upkeep saw grass overgrowing, in places waist deep. Leading, I was on the verge of calling it and heading back when I saw a familiar rock formation and scratches pointing to a dividing trail.

"Oh, thank God," I remarked as I turned to tell her the good news. Sweaty, she came up beside me and as she placed her hands on hips and breathed out a sigh of relief, the fact she wasn't wearing a bra was now obvious. Her white tank top, made of what looked to be microfiber or bamboo had gone partially transparent with the sweat. If she had a problem with it, she wasn't letting on. In fact, one could say she was highlighting her boobs as she arched her back, pushing out her chest. Her nipples stood out, not erect but pink behind the material, her large areola clearly visible. I managed to make it seem I wasn't looking but to hell with my moral debate, I took in my fill.

When we finally reached Dad's fishing spot, it was already nearing eleven o'clock and it was obvious we weren't getting back by midday.

"They won't charge us for another night, will they?" Mom questioned as she stretched her back, her bust pushing hard once again against her almost transparent top.

"I don't know, you're friends with her!" I squinted in the sun, giving me ample opportunity to admire her breasts.

"Well I wouldn't say we're friends," Mom scoffed, admiring something more wholesome, the scenery.

And it was worthy of admiration. So secluded. A sandy bank on the bend in the river. A rocky outcrop upon which we stood that gently sloped down into the clear water. We could've been the only two people left on Earth, such was the serenity.

"So how do we do this?" I asked Mom, pulling out the box containing Dad's ashes.

"I guess we just say a few words and tip him out into the water."

I waited for Mom to begin a eulogy and I think she was doing the same.

"Ok, well. Dad," I addressed the box. "We thought we knew you but you proved us wrong. We did love you though and no doubt we had some good times here, so we hope you find some solace in your final resting place."

I tipped the box up and unexpectedly a plastic bag fell to the rock at my feet. Mom began laughing and it went a great deal to lightening the mood.

"You didn't realize the ashes were in a bag?" she chuckled to herself.

"I really hadn't thought about it," I confessed, lifting the clear bag up and opening it. Second attempt and standing over the water, I tipped out the contents just as a gust of wind swept the surface of the river. The ashes caught in the breeze and rather than falling into the water, blew into the reeds and onto the muddy ground below. I immediately looked at Mom wary she'd be disappointed with my performance. Her face however glowed before she burst into another round of laughter, a hand covering her mouth as she possibly considered the appropriateness of her behavior.

"Oh well, it's probably where he belongs," she regained her composure before setting down upon the rock below and stretching out her legs.

I tucked the box and bag back into the backpack and joined her, watching the slow flow of the river.

"It IS beautiful here," Mom remarked and leaned back on her elbows. The action caused her bottom to slide down the rock some and her skirt rose with the movement. It could surely not have been intentional, but a triangle of white panty containing the bulge of her pussy appeared above the hem and I did my best to not stare directly at her indiscretion.

"You've got that right," I concurred. "We should've brought our swimsuits."

"Mmm," Mom agreed and I hoped she'd suggest we swim in our underwear instead. Or more preferable, naked! I certainly wasn't going to suggest it, lest she think me overly lecherous.

"It's so quiet," she sighed before looking in my direction, catching my eye. "We could be the only people in the whole world!" She almost whispered, echoing my earlier thought and the way she said it had me questioning her feelings towards me. Was she thinking along my lines? If we confessed our desire to each other here, acted upon it. Would anyone else ever find out?

"I, I want to..." I began before Mom's eyes drifted from mine to look down the river. I followed their direction and saw what had distracted her.

The man was still some distance as he paddled a canoe toward us and his appearance caused me to mimic a banjo and hum the chords from the movie Deliverance.

"Oh don't," Mom laughed as she pulled her skirt back down her legs as she rose from the ground. It told me she'd been aware how much leg she was showing. Leg? No. Pussy! I stood with her as he neared and headed toward our bank.

"Howdy," the interloper greeted us and we exchanged pleasantries. "Y'all come up from the East campsite?" He quizzed through broken teeth and an impressive gray beard that he'd surely been cultivating for half a century. When we confirmed we had he seemed troubled. "Don't get too many tourists this time o' year. Too dang hot. Sweaty," he added and I didn't like how his eyes drifted to my mother's chest. "Y'all best check y'ur boots fer critters! We's got leeches as big as y'er arm. Ticks too. Bastard's they is! Gov'ment's put Lyme disease in 'em! Yep. You check y'ur britches. Don't want no Lyme disease that's fo' shaw!"

And with the warning he pressed his paddle into the rock and pushed himself back into the meandering flow of the river.

"Yep, ticks and leeches," he spoke more to himself than us as he departed without a goodbye. "That's all we's good fo' round here. Goddamn ticks and leeches."

Mom and I looked at each other, mouths equally as agape as we prevented our laughter.

"Well that was something," I remarked and gladly out of earshot of the old man, Mom relented, clutching her stomach as she laughed. I repeated the banjo music and she hugged my arm to stop as we made our way off the rock and back toward the trail.

"I'm kinda glad we didn't go swimming," I admitted as we crossed the sandy bank toward the path.

"Do you think he was serious?" Mom asked, grimacing. "About the leeches?" She stopped to look down at her legs.

"I'm more concerned about the ticks to be honest," I admitted. "All that long grass we've walked through. He's right about the Lyme disease."

"What that the Government created it?" Mom laughed.

"Well I don't know about that. But it's definitely a worry."

I looked at Mom and her manner had changed, an air of unease governing her demeanor.

"Come on, let's get going. We can check ourselves when we're back at the motel," I proposed.

We set a quicker pace heading back than we'd done coming. Mom again powered through and I admired her more by the second. It was more than half an hour into our journey when she called me to pause.

"I have to pee!" She matter-of-factly stated and I stopped to look back at her behind me.

"Ok, well it's still another twenty minutes to the campsite at least. You think you can hold it?"

She rubbed her thighs together and a grin came to her mouth. "Nup!"

It was almost as if she was asking me permission to go to the bathroom and it strangely had my cock twitching behind my shorts.

"Ok, well. Pick a bush!" I laughed and she looked around before doubling back and rounding a fallen tree that lined the trail. I leaned back against a boulder and took a much-needed draught from the water bottle as I made a point of not following her progress.

She made it difficult. Only meters away on the other side of the log, she ducked her head down and disappeared out of sight. Her top half did anyway. Seemingly completely unaware the log rested on an angle to the ground, I was freely able to see her hiking boots and calves below the moss-covered wood. When the rounded cheeks of her bottom unobscured by underwear came into view, I felt almost lightheaded. And then came the stream.

It was all I needed, another fetish to add to my list. Not only had I discovered an obsession with incest in the past week. Now the sight of a woman urinating had my cock hardening with desire. Or was it just my mother? The vision of Mom pissing in public. In a secluded wood yes. But still out in the open. I struggled to swallow my water as the flow of urine ran back down from her makeshift bathroom and into the trail, forming a puddle not two feet from my own.

"Don't get bitten by a tick," I helpfully warned and she screamed in amused horror as her torrent turned to a trickle, finally rising and obviously adjusting her panties and clothing behind the tree before once more joining me.

I passed her the water bottle and her eyes noticed the puddle mid trail, drifting to the near side of the log and obviously becoming aware I would've seen her. Did it trouble her? Seemingly not. Not even a blush as she drank from where my own lips had caressed. I was reading far too much into it, I was sure.

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"I'll just call work in the morning," I explained to Mom after I booked another night at the motel and we headed to our rooms. "We're just fortunate Sunday nights in the back end of nowhere

aren't popular. They had vacancies and we even got a cheaper rate!" I made the most of the situation.

"I'll pay you back once we get home Honey," Mom proposed.

"You will not," I declared. "This weekend's my treat."

She smiled and seemed loathe to part as we stopped at her door.

"Well. Remember to check between your toes," I suggested as I made to move away and she caught my hand to prevent it.

"Thank you, Dale," she whispered. "For today. For being there."

"It's what son's do," I flippantly replied and she moved toward me.

"Only the good ones," she sighed and her lips connected with my cheek, remaining there for a second longer, her warm breath on my skin.

I felt the world spin a little faster. Definitely my heart rate increased. I didn't know if it was a 'come on' or not? Her eyes cast downwards and as I studied her face, they slowly rose once more to meet mine just as she pulled away. I swallowed noisily and she noticed, a hint of a smile turning the corners of her mouth before she allowed my hand to fall away.

I wanted to grasp it once more. To never let it go. To pull her into my room and kiss her. Kiss her mouth, her breasts, her sex. Every inch of her body. Instead I let her enter her own room and close the door upon me. An opportunity wasted? I wondered. Would such a moment ever arise again?

It was exactly five minutes later when I heard the knock on the door dividing our rooms and Mom entered wrapped in a towel. Shirtless, I'd removed my socks and shoes and was about to unbuckle the belt of my shorts when I was welcomingly interrupted.

Almost tentatively she encroached and I was admittedly unsure of her reason for being there, waiting with bated breath for her to say something.

"I'm freaking out," she insisted and they weren't the words I'd expected nor hoped to hear.

"What? Why?" I asked, my arms casually folded across my chest, hoping it made my biceps look impressive.

"I can't see my back fully in the mirror," she winced. "What if they're in my hair? I'm imagining them all over my body," she explained and I couldn't help smiling at her discomfort.

"What? The ticks or the leeches?"

"Both!" Mom declared. "Would you mind?"

It was then I understood what was possibly about to happen. Was she wearing anything under the towel? How far was she willing to go to be sure she wasn't a carrier?

I realized she was waiting for an answer and I stumbled over my words.

"Oh, I. You want me to...?"

Without waiting for me to actually agree, Mom turned and allowed the towel to fall from her back, pulling it around in front of herself. I nearly passed out. She was indeed topless, the white underwear I'd seen earlier in the day still on and hugging the cheeks of her ass like a second skin. So tight, they cut across her buttocks, creeping into her crack, and I longed to run a finger up along the crevice before plucking the material out.

"How does it look?" She whispered over her shoulder and I was on the verge of admitting, 'beautiful,' when she continued. "Do you see any?"

I moved closer and took the opportunity to touch her, lifting her hair up from her shoulders to reveal the back of her neck.

"No, looks ok," I conceded, noting goosebumps rise on her upper arms where she held the towel across her breasts. My god, her breasts. They were right there. Unencumbered by a bra or any clothing whatsoever. The slightest movement and that towel could fall away and I'd finally see them. She then turned to face me.

"Will you check me all over Honey?" She sighed, her eyes expectant, looking up into mine.

There WAS a god in heaven. And it was looking down and blessing me.

"I mean, yeah," I shrugged, acting noncommittal. "If you want me to?" I offered, just doing my civic duty.

It was then she dropped the towel.

I felt her eyes remain on mine as I looked down upon her breasts. Nipples erect amid the large expanse of pink areola. Remembering to breathe, I exhaled dramatically and she responded by raising her hands and cupping her boobs, covering the nipples.

"I'm sorry, Honey," she sighed. "I'm embarrassing you."

"NO!" I insisted over-enthusiastically. "Not at all. It's ok."

"Yeah?" She raised her eyebrows expectantly.

"Yeah," I replied and she once more uncovered her breasts.

They were magnificent. Yes, I'd seen their shape and even spied them through her tops. But this. This is how I was meant to view them. Up close. With impunity. I leaned in and inspected one then the other, asking her to lift each in turn to examine beneath. To raise her arms for me to check her smoothly shaved armpits. Taking charge, I went to my knees and stared into her navel, the swell of her belly, and then my eyes descended on her pussy mound. The soft lump of pubic hair was obvious through the cotton, the twin bumps of labia adjoining her uppermost thighs looking almost damp to my vision.

I looked back up into my mother's face and with a trembling voice asked the question.

"Did you want me to?" I managed and watched trancelike as she nodded her head in response.

It was all a dream! I'd wake up sooner or later with my underpants full of wet stickiness.

Till then, go with it Dale. I told myself.

I looked back down at her panties and I doubted I was mistaken when I noticed they'd become wetter. With shaking hands I raised them to the waistband of her underwear and took hold, lowering them down over her hips. Where was I meant to stop? Without guidance, I just kept going and uncovering her rich coating of dark pubic hair, pulled her panties down her thighs. I followed their progress as they passed her knees. She didn't ask me to stop so I dropped them to her ankles where finally acknowledging her participation in whatever the hell was going on here, Mom stepped out of them.

She was completely naked before me. Above me. I raised my eyes back up her legs and stopped once more at her vagina, not daring to look her again in the eyes lest she come to her senses. The photo my dad had taken of her pussy didn't do it justice. The thick patch of pubic hair above her pronounced labia a forest I'd long to be lost inside. Perfectly formed into a triangle, it was clear her bikini line was waxed or shaved keeping it from becoming unruly. I breathed in and the scent of pussy came to me. Unfiltered, primal. She was aroused. Of that there could be no doubt. She wasn't the only one!

With the erection hugging my inner thigh domineering my blood supply, my brain struggled to come up with what to do next and I eventually looked back into Mom's face.

"Do I?" I feebly asked and biting her lip, she simply nodded.

I raised a hand and my fingers delved into her thatch, combing through her lustrous locks. Joined by the other I repeated the process, both thumbs pressing and dividing her uppermost labia as I massaged her pubic mound, her lips parting, pubic hair wet. Finding nothing I looked into her eyes, her cheeks flushed. "I think you're good Mom," I admitted and she breathed a sigh.

"Um...there's one more place Baby," she hinted and whilst I merely imagined where she meant, she turned to confirm my suspicions. "I'd be so grateful," she whispered as she leaned forward to place a hand upon the bed. Her ass presented to me in all its peachy glory, her free hand crept around and took possession of her right cheek.

If I was to faint, I prayed I'd fall face first as my mother spread her ass for me, exposing her anus and the pink of her vagina below. The crack of her bottom hairless, I performed my role accordingly and emboldened, parted her other cheek to complete the spread. Dew literally dripped from her folds, her asshole twitched as I inspected it, my mouth and nose not four inches from the smorgasbord. My fingers dug into the flesh of her buttock and as I informed her all was fine, I was loathe to release my hold, finally relenting as she straightened and turned.

I wanted to stay on my knees, to forever be head height with her groin but she lowered a hand down to help me to my feet and I accepted.

"Oh God, thank you Dale," she casually remarked as though she indeed were not naked before me. As if I hadn't just run my hands through her pubic hair and stared into her asshole. "I'd have never been able to fall asleep tonight," she admitted.

I knew I definitely wouldn't sleep. For an entirely different reason. I looked in her eyes and was suddenly unsure of where we sat. Doubts. Was this not what it seemed? Was it actually nothing but a simple tick inspection?

"Soo, what now?" I questioned, feeling the chance of something happening between us slipping away yet again. Ridiculous I know, in that she did indeed remain naked.

"Well, don't you need me to do you?" She remarked, almost surprised I hadn't thought of it.

Her hands reached out for the front of my shorts and the belt buckle I'd only minutes before been undoing myself. My erection. Did she know about it? Yes, it was obvious in the front of my shorts but I felt I had to warn her of its presence.

"Mom I'm..." I struggled as she loosened the belt. "You should know I've got a..." I attempted as she unbuttoned and unzipped. Her hands took hold of the shorts and my underpants and looking on feebly, I watched her strip them down my legs. My hard-on bounced from its confines and bobbing, settled at a 45deg angle level with her head. "...hard-on!" I finally managed, feeling my face redden as I awaited her response.

"Oh!" She sighed, a noncommittal declaration as she sat back down upon the bed behind her.

"I'm sorry," I offered, not sure why. What did she expect when she'd so lasciviously displayed her nudity before me? Surely she'd noticed it bulging the fly of my shorts? "I know it's wrong," I added as her eyes climbed from my cock to my face.

"Wrong?" She softly repeated and I saw her eyes turn glassy. "It's not wrong Dale. It's beautiful."

I swallowed hard as I imagined what could possibly be about to occur as I watched her again look down at the evidence of my affection.

"I've never been so flattered," she confessed, her eyes darting up to mine. "Can I touch it?"

I was able to summon a nod and she wasted no time, taking me in hand as I twitched, the action raising an adolescent giggle from my mother.

"Would you like me to...?" She asked as her hand began stroking up and down my length and I breathlessly voiced my accord. One hand cupping my heavy balls, the other using just the right pressure to jerk my shaft. She looked again in my eyes as if to seek reassurance she was doing it correctly. I couldn't have done it any better!

"You're beautiful," I confessed as I reached forward and stroked her hair behind her ear and she blushed, smiling coyly.

"Am I doing it right?" She asked.

"Oh yes," I panted as her action increased, her hand pulling me towards her and I shuffled forward with my feet still in my shorts. So rapidly she wanked me, her fist was a blur as it traversed my length. "Do you think you'll cum?"

Hearing my mother say the word 'cum,' would be monumental enough. Having her say it in combination with giving me a handjob was nothing short of mind-blowing.

"Yess," I hissed, the thought of it accelerating the release.

"Do you want to cum on my boobs?" she grinned up at me, that thought implanted, having me on the edge.

"Oh god yes," I admitted before metaphorically slapping my face. Don't end this so soon Dale, I yelled at myself. "No!" I corrected myself and for the slightest moment she looked hurt until I explained. "Mom, I want to cum inside you!"



The words hung in the air as her hand slowed its rhythm, coming to a stop but still holding me firmly. For seconds I wondered if I'd gone too far? That a handjob from one's mother was acceptable, but sex? Well that was far too taboo.

"YOU want to make love to ME?" she asked and seemed genuinely surprised at my assertion despite our current circumstances. I dropped to my knees and my cock slipped from her grasp, her thighs further parting to accommodate me between them as I shuffled forward. My face slightly below hers, I leaned in and responded to her question with a kiss.

Was it the first time in my life I'd ever kissed my mother on the lips? As far as I could recall it was. She received me instantly, her lips parting as I tentatively darted my tongue between them, finding her own and the real kiss beginning. Her thighs pressed tighter against my hips, drawing me in and I responded by wrapping my arms around her naked back, in turn pulling us together.

"Oh Dale," she breathed as I left her mouth and kissed my way over her jaw to her neck, my fingers kneading her flesh as they explored her body. Did she know where I was headed? Her breathing certainly reflected an anticipation, her chest rising and falling dramatically as I encircled a nipple with my lips. Clutching the other breast, I pinched my fingers around the nipple to match the pressure my mouth applied, drawing a moan from her throat, her hands reaching back to hold the mattress for support as she watched my descent.

The swell of her belly; a kiss upon her navel and then the object of all my desires, my lips were tickled by her pubic hair. My first kiss upon that mound and a sigh from above, Mom's legs spreading further to welcome me. The dampness of pussy as my lips contacted her labia, my tongue sliding the length of her lips, delving between as my nose buried in her mass of hair.

"Oh God!" Mom gasped as I found her clit, wrapping my lips around her button and sucking, licking, kissing. She leaked profusely, a strong scent that I would've worn as cologne and I smeared my jaw in her wetness, coating my cheeks, my nose in her feminine perfume. Again on her clit as I spread her labia to push it out, a finger below sliding inside her body, another. She lifted her cunt up into my face, grinding her groin against me as I finger fucked and sucked her vagina.

"Dale," she sighed and I didn't pause to listen. "Oh Baby, you're making me..." she murmured. "I'm going to..."

Her voice fell silent. I couldn't even hear her breathing as I redoubled my efforts, my tongue sore, my jaw aching as I ate her pussy, fingers fucking her, bent inside to greatest effect.

"Oh Baby, don't stop, I'm...mmmmmh. Oh God Dale. Yess," she moaned as she came, her legs twitching around my shoulders, her pussy clenching around my fingers. Falling back onto the mattress she managed to grab my hair and pull me off her clit as her body shuddered. My nose and mouth sliding up through her pubic hair as she dragged me toward her. "Fuck me Dale," she begged as my hand left her vagina and I rose to climb upon the bed.

Eager to taste herself, Mom sought out my mouth as I descended upon her body. My cock knew where it belonged, effortlessly sliding between her velveteen folds, welcomed in the warmth of her still quivering vagina. Her legs wrapped me as we kissed and my dick entered her fully, my pelvis one with hers. There we stayed, fully entwined, unmoving as she squeezed herself around my penis.

"I love you so much," I confessed, looking her in the eyes and I saw the sentiment reflected.

"Then cum in me Darling," she stated as if it would prove my affection. "Fuck me hard baby. Fuck your mother like a good son should."

She didn't need to do anything to turn me on more, but the words if anything made me harder, my cock like granite as I pulled from her almost completely before plunging again. The force caused her to gasp and I made sure she was ok before repeating. I needn't have bothered, her hands reaching for my ass to drag me back inside her as she moaned a decisive 'yes.'

With arms wrapping her body I fucked her. Our chests sweating upon the other, my balls slapping her ass with every thrust. So deep I penetrated, every plunge seemingly further than the last, her body shifting back on the bed. Amazed I'd lasted this long I ran my fingers into her hair and pulled her head backwards exposing her neck which I lavished with kisses, nibbling her flesh, sucking the skin to raise a love bite. Tucking my knees up to connect us further, I thought of all the positions we could try, I thought of burying my face between her ass cheeks much as they'd been presented to me not ten minutes prior. Of fucking her doggy style. Of her taking me in her mouth. It was that which brought on my orgasm.

"Mom I have to.." I admitted it was nearly time, standing up on my fists as I looked down on her

"Yes Baby," she agreed. "Cum for me. Cum in me my angel." She arched her back below me, accentuating her breasts and I thought of her asking me to cum on them. I would. In the future. I'd cum on her breasts, in her hand, on her face. I'd dedicate my life to coating her body with my love, painting her canvas with my desire. But first was her womb. Where I began. A twenty five year absence, so welcome a return.

The sound of sex filling the room, the scent of love overpowering, my final thrusts and I looked in her eyes as I came.

"Mom, I'm.. Oh shit I'm cumming," I stated the obvious as I convulsed inside her.

"I can feel it," she chorused and I'd never seen her look so proud of me. Her face a picture of happiness as she smiled with blushing cheeks.

I fell upon her and our mouths locked as I emptied inside her. Thrusting as she squeezed her pelvic floor to enhance my orgasm, feeling her vagina overflowing with the warmth of my cum. Finally I eased my action and we lay together, her hands gently caressing my back, soft kisses on my head, my ear.

I could've fallen asleep on top of her right where we lay and I told her as much.

"Go ahead," she whispered. "I love the feeling of you on top of me. Inside me," she added.

It was tempting but I wanted to talk. To not waste a minute to sleep now that we were together. I pulled up from her body and my semi erect cock slid dripping from her protection much to her dismay.

"Oh, don't go," she sighed but I took her hand and brought her up with me.

"I'm not going anywhere," I assured her. "But WE'RE having a shower."

The water flowed over her body and with my erection sitting snugly between her buttocks I massaged her scalp with shampoo, eventually relenting and running my hands down onto her soapy breasts.

"I saw the photos," I admitted into her ear and she angled her head, giving me access to her neck which I kissed in response.

"I thought you had," she confessed, surprising me with her reply. "You deleted them from his phone didn't you?"

I allowed her body to turn in my arms, my cock pressing into her slippery belly.

"I didn't know what to do with them Mom," I admitted. "If you knew they were there." I left out the images of Dad's mistresses, some things Mom didn't need to know right then, I figured. "Was it wrong?"

"No Baby," she whispered. "You were just thinking of me." She kissed my neck before sheepishly looking into my eyes. "What did you think?"

I ran a hand down her back and delved a finger between her buttocks. "You looked amazing," I admitted. "I mean I'd thought so on the night, but seeing you like that...fuck Mom, it was hot!"

She smiled as she lowered a hand between us and let my cock slide between her thighs, her pussy resting upon me.

"I woke up yesterday," she had her own confession and I had a pretty fair idea what she was talking about. "I woke up and you were hard. I could feel it against me. You were asleep Dale but I knew it was for me. Well, I hoped."

"It was Mom," I confessed. "You turn me on something savage!" I admitted and it raised a smile to her lips.

"I'd noticed you watching me," she added, her thighs grinding around my cock. "The last few days. I tried to dress nice for you."

"You did!" I agreed.

"At the river. I would've gone swimming if that man hadn't come along. Naked," she added and I breathed out in response.

I took hold of the head of my cock between her cheeks and lifted, her pussy grinding along my shaft.

"Mmmh, I like that," she cooed and I once more kissed her mouth.

"What now?" I asked as our lips parted.

The response was her kissing my neck and then lower, her knees bending as she knelt down on the floor of the shower, my cock in her hand.

"I meant between us," I smiled as her lips kissed the swollen head of my dick.

"So did I," she smiled before taking me in her mouth, closing my eyes as her hand jerked my shaft.

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I placed our bags in the trunk and met Mom at reception.

"I've refunded one of the rooms," Audrey stated. "Housekeeping says you didn't use it."

The woman looked over the rims of her glasses, tongue in her cheek and I sensed she knew something was up between mother and son.

"Well that's lovely of you Audrey," Mom responded, pulling me into her side as if presenting her prize.

"You know I have a son of my own," Audrey winked at my mother and the women shared a knowing chuckle. So what if I was being treated as chattel, I was just glad to see Mom happy.

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"So really, what now?" I looked across at Mom as we drove home. "What about Bonnie?"

"What would you like to happen Honey?" she threw the ball back in my court.

"I want to be with you," I looked ahead, hands gripping tight on the wheel. "You even said I'd been like a husband these last weeks. Let me be."

"Really?" she beamed as I looked back at her. "You think we can be together?"

I pulled the car onto the shoulder and turned to face her fully, reaching out to take her hand.

"Mom, I love you," I confessed. "I want to be with you every minute of the day. I want to see all that lingerie you bought. I want to fuck you," I declared as she smiled, lifting her hand to my lips and kissing. "I want to fuck you every day for the rest of our lives. I want to marry you!"

Almost on the verge of exploding with joy, Mom dove toward me and we kissed, a hand finding my cock hardening for her.

"Then we will," she confirmed. "We can be together. We'll always be together. Your sister will understand. We'll make her see."

Our tongues entwined and her hand unzipped my fly, pulling my erection from my pants as she broke our kiss.

"Let me just check you for any ticks and leeches Baby," she grinned as her head lowered into my lap and I felt her mouth encircle the head of my cock.

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The End.

Thank you for reading.