

A MOTHER BY ANY OTHER NAME.

sunburycd

Acting leads to something more for mother and son.

Incest/Taboo

4.69

10k words

"Is Marnie there Darling?" My mother asked me down the phone line. "I was wondering if she'd like to come to the ballet with me this weekend?"

It was the phone call I'd been dreading. Not having spoken to Mom and Dad for a couple of weeks, they were as yet unaware of our break-up. Mom in particular was extremely fond of Marnie; sharing common interests, they were regulars on the art and theatre circuit, accompanying each other at least once a month. I expected her to be particularly upset by the news.

"No, she's not Mom," I struggled. "Actually you're not gonna like it...we've decided to call it a day."

She was quiet a moment and I thought we'd actually lost the connection.

"Are you there?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm. Well I'm just shocked is all," she replied. "What did you do?"

"What do you mean, 'what did I do?' It was a mutual decision."

"Oh," she answered. "Oh. Well is there someone else?"

"What? No, I mean not yet."

"Oh." I could hear the apparent disappointment in her voice and then she reinforced it. "I'm just really surprised to be honest Liam. I, we thought she was the one."

The conversation was turning out how I'd expected it to go and didn't feel like extending it.

"Don't be. I'm not. I'll find someone else."

"That's the way to look at it Darling," Mom concurred. "Plenty more fish in the sea. Oh what a horrible expression."

"So yeah, the ballet," I tried to change the subject. "Guess Dad's your date."

Mom laughed at my suggestion. "Ugh, your father? I don't think so. Marvin's idea of culture is humming Ode to Joy whilst he watches Die Hard. No I guess I'll have to skip it. I was so looking forward to going."

Still confused by her reference I rolled my eyes. "Did you want me to go with you?"

Again she was silent a moment. "Would you?"

"Well what is it first?" I asked.

"Swan Lake."

"The one with the chicks dressed up like ducks?" I hammed up my ignorance.

"Swans Darling," Mom managed, probably aware I was playing her. "It's in the title."

It wasn't really something I was interested in but admittedly I hadn't been out of the house socially for a fortnight and it wouldn't hurt to earn some Brownie points with Mom.

"Alright, I don't have to wear a tuxedo do I?"

Now fully cognizant of my joking, she laughed.

"No. No you don't have to wear a tuxedo! Seven p.m. Saturday, will you pick me up?"

"It's a date," I replied.

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"She's not ready? She said seven!" I exclaimed at my father as he offered me a beer from the fridge to which I shook my head.

"You know your mother," Dad countered and I followed him into the living room.

"I heard that," Mom acknowledged from the hallway and entered through the adjacent door.

Full disclosure. I wasn't attracted to my mother! Sexually. Never had been, and as far as I was concerned, never would be. But I had to admit, when she walked through the doorway and my head turned toward her, I thought she looked stunning. Her hair up and head kinked as she attached an earring, she was bare shouldered save for the thinnest spaghetti straps from her long black satin dress.

"Look out Liam," Dad laughed as she entered. "Your prom date's here."

I didn't share the joke as I tried to drag my eyes up from her cleavage. With no bra straps, I marvelled at how impressive her breasts looked and figured she had donned a strapless push-up bra, amazed at myself for even debating the underwear my mother sported.

"Oh stop it Marv," Mom chastised and her earring fixed, approached me for a welcoming peck on my cheek. "Ooh sorry, lipstick," she remarked as she leaned back, before raising her hand to her mouth and licking a finger. Reaching out she rubbed the side of my face with her moistened digit as I stood there slightly dumbfounded.

"He's twenty-eight Rose, not eight!" Dad laughed, turning his head back to the television.

"Oh nonsense. You'll always be my little boy," Mom smiled, happy with her job and focussing her attention on the contents of her clutch purse. "Okay. Got the tickets, more lippy just in case," she smiled again at me. "I think we're ready to go."

Dad once again looked in our direction.

"I want her home by eleven son," he laughed. "And no fooling around in the back seat!"

I felt my face go red and although it was just my father's regular sense of humour, hoped neither of them had actually seen me peering at my mother's breasts. My mother's breasts. Even thinking the

words felt uncomfortable. Compounded as I casually looked at her rear as we headed toward the front door and saw not a shred of panty-line.

"You knock her up, you marry her!" Dad shouted as I closed the door on his laughter.

"Ugh," Mom groaned as we reached the car. "You wonder why I don't go anywhere with him!?"

What I was wondering as I glanced again at Mom's curves was how I'd never noticed my mother was...hot!

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"Wine?" I offered as we mingled in the foyer of the theatre.

"Oh, Marnie and I don't normally. Oh sorry, I probably shouldn't mention her should I?" Mom apologised.

"Why not? She's not dead, we just separated."

"I know but it's probably still raw," Mom proposed, placing a hand on my arm.

"Actually I'm good," I reassured her. "It's been nearly three weeks. I'm ove..." And then I saw her.

Mom must have seen the look on my face and followed my eyes to where I looked. Marnie. In the arms of another. Well, in the hands of another. The guy's right hand casually stroking her ass in front of everyone; Marnie complicit, stretching her neck back as he kissed her throat.

"Well someone's quickly moved on!" Mom opined, taking my arm and directing us toward the bar. "Come on, let's get that drink."

You don't know how you'll react to seeing your ex with another until it happens and though not thrilled with the sight, I first of all actually didn't care. So what that she had found someone else and was out enjoying life? Was I any different? I was in public, not moping in a darkened room. I was enjoying life's bounties as I sipped the wine my mother had ordered. I was on a date with a beautiful woman as I noticed men's eyes assess my mother from afar. And there was the rub. As I looked around I saw countless couples, both young and old. Arm in arm. Happily chatting, courting. And there I was on a date with my Mom. I quickly downed my glass and called for another.

Thankfully we didn't run into them heading into the theatre, nor were we seated in their proximity. Mom could see she was on my mind and to be honest, I payed little attention to the dancers during the performance. Intermission came and Mom encouraged me to go out and get another drink but I declined and sat grumpily in my seat. Loathe to move less I saw HER again.

"Well I might," she stated, obviously frustrated with me. Standing up she slinked past my slumped legs and as she did so I caught sight of the tops of her stockings in the slit of her dress. "Honestly, it's like being with your father!"

The words cut deep. I immaturely gave her the stink eye behind her back as she walked away, a fellow male patron rising from his seat to allow her passage, his eyes checking out her ass as he did so. I trained my own on his fixation and had to agree. My mother or not, she did have a great ass.

I looked back at the closed curtain on the stage feeling sorry for myself and repeated her words. 'It's like being with your father.' I felt like an asshole. She'd come for a night out to enjoy herself,

dressed up immaculately in the process and I was doing my best to ruin the evening. I slapped the arm rests and boldly stood up, not caring if I was seen by Marnie and her new beau. Excusing myself past the other patrons I made my way to the crowded mezzanine and scouring the assembly found her at the bar; in the act of brushing away the obviously unwanted hand of a man clearly her senior from her arm. Ambling to her side I caught the last of his words. "...you say that but every time we meet you're with a lady, no husband!"

"Is there a problem M..." I began to ask my mother before she cut me off.

"Well there's timing," she smiled at the man before placing one hand on my shoulder, the other pressing to my chest whilst she leaned in and lightly kissed me on the lips. "Just play along," she whispered in my ear before once again looking at the interloper. "Charles, meet Liam. My husband!"

I didn't know who was more surprised, him or me?

The man took a moment to size me up, easily his measure in physicality, age and dare I say it, looks, he cleared his throat. "Ahem, yes well it's lovely to have finally met you," he stammered before looking over our shoulders. "Ah there's Giles. I must say hello. Forgive me.."

And with that he scurried away seemingly as fast as his ageing knees would allow.

"Oh that was wonderful!" Mom exclaimed, turning to face me fully. With both hands now on my chest, she almost caressed my pecs as she looked up into my eyes. "You don't know how long he's been pestering me. Did Marnie ever say anything?"

I shook my head as in the corner of my eye the barman nodded at us. "Um two white wines please," I quickly ordered, again focussing attention on Mom, her glowing face. "No. I saw him touching you. I was going to kick his ass."

"Oh he's harmless. Just annoying really. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you showed up when you did. I didn't embarrass you did I?"

I paid for our drinks and presented Mom with hers.

"No not at all," I assured her, glancing around the room as we headed toward the lounge and noticing Charles eyeing us suspiciously from afar. "Oop hold the phone, I don't think he's convinced."

Mom began to look in the direction I'd glanced before I stopped her. "No don't look," I directed before taking matters into my own hands. Literally. Continuing on with the charade we were a couple, I placed my arm around her waist, pressing my hand on her upper hip. The warmth of her skin seeped through the satin, the dress moving against her flesh under my touch. The feeling was pleasurable and I had to remind myself it was my mother's body I felt.

She didn't seem to be having the same dilemma. Placing her own hand atop my own, she encouraged me to caress lower, moving my palm down onto her buttock. A cheek of my mother's ass right there in my hand, gently swaying as we strolled. If our open display of affection hadn't convinced him yet, surely nothing would, but as we found a seat and I reluctantly removed my hand from Mom's butt, she decided to continue our deception. Crossing her legs, the dress parted to reveal her stocking tops, Mom doing nothing to hide the fact. "Kiss my neck," she whispered as she looked in my eyes, before without waiting for me to object, throwing back her head. Seamlessly, I leaned in and planted my lips on her throat. The most awkward but gentlest of kisses, before

repeating the action more confidently slightly higher on her jaw. I saw her breasts heaving with her breath as I enjoyed my view of her cleavage and as I leaned back, goosebumps raised upon her arms and neck. Had she enjoyed it as much as I had, I wondered?

The bell signalling the beginning of the second act rang throughout the lounge as I watched Mom grin between sips from her glass. "That would've done it Liam," she remarked. "Great acting by the way Darling. We were so convincing, don't you think?"

I quickly drank my own wine. 'Acting,' I thought. Was I? I'd wanted to kiss her neck. Even then, open to once again touch her body. Not just her ass, anywhere. It was completely wrong and feelings that were entirely foreign to me. Acting, I repeated. Yes, just acting. But as we filed back into the theatre, I allowed our hands to touch, casually taking her fingers in mine as she smiled towards me. "Just to be on the safe side!" I whispered.

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Was I disappointed when Mom began regaling Dad with the story of what had happened at the theatre? Most definitely. I didn't even really know why. Maybe because I wanted it to be our secret. A sordid little incestuous detail we'd refrain from sharing with others. Was it incest though? Could it be if it was only an act?

"So old 'wandering hands' Charlie finally got his comeuppance did he?" Dad laughed and it frustrated me everyone seemed to know more about my mother's life than I.

"And Liam played the part perfectly," Mom added. As she'd done earlier in the night, she cocked her head to remove her earrings and I thought of kissing her neck. Of admiring her stocking clad legs during the second act. Of touching her ass. My feelings weren't an act. No joking or dismissiveness could remove that fact.

"Grab a beer," my father suggested after Mom had excused herself for bed. I watched her go longingly. Her ass the last sight I caught as she left the room. That magnificent ass.

"I probably shouldn't," I admitted. "I had a few glasses of wine earlier, gotta drive home."

"Stay the night," Dad proposed. "You have to be anywhere in the morning? Your mother tells me you're going home to an empty house anyway."

It was the first time I'd even thought of Marnie in hours. Not even during the exploits in the lounge. I contemplated Dad's offer, my old bedroom, Mom sleeping not two rooms down the hall and it didn't take me long to make up my mind.

"Alright, I will," I agreed, heading from the living room into the kitchen. "You want one too?"

"Does the Pope shit in the woods?" My father eloquently replied and I took two from the fridge.

"I've just gotta take a leak," I stated to Dad as I passed him his beer, placing my own on the coffee table.

"Let your mother know you're staying the night as well," he declared. "You don't want her walking around the house naked!" He laughed as I exited the room.

The volume from the television decreased rapidly as I ventured along the hallway. Not being purposefully quiet I neared the partially opened door of my parent's bedroom, light streaking

across the darkened corridor. Not knowing what I would see, my father's final words ringing in my ears, I casually crossed the gap, glancing in as my mother's black satin dress fell from her body.

The moment lasted no more than a few seconds. Her head turning toward me as I scanned my eyes up her stocking clad legs. The stay-ups with a black lace band, before the bare skin of her upper thighs. The curve of her ample yet perfectly peachy buttocks. A black lace thong bisecting the cheeks. I was correct. A strap-less bra. So perfectly pushing up her breasts which in turn faced me as she registered my presence.

There wasn't a frantic rush to cover her near naked form. I didn't turn my head, diverting my eyes as if looking upon Medusa. So casually we looked upon each other and a slight smile came to her lips.

"Sorry Mom, I was just going to the toilet," I explained my presence. "Dad also said to tell you I'm staying the night."

"Oh wonderful, probably best not to be driving," she beamed. "I'll make sure your bedroom is ready."

I dragged myself further down the hall, reaching the bathroom as I heard her call from behind. With half her body projecting from the doorframe, I could see she'd unclasped her bra, holding it gingerly upon her bulging breasts.

"I had a great time tonight Darling," she enthused. "You're much more fun than Marnie anyway."

Was that acting? I asked myself as I held my cock in my hand. I'd lost the desire to pee, my dick swelling as I closed my eyes and pictured her in her underwear. Jesus, she was my mother. Nothing could come of it. What was wrong with me? I stuffed my erection back in my pants and flushed the toilet for show. The door to her room closed (what had I been expecting?) when I again made my way back down the hallway, I resigned myself to a late night of television and beer with my dad.

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"I put new sheets on your bed!" Mom surprised us as she entered the living room. "I can't remember the last time someone slept in there." Seeing her I cursed myself for not having gone to bed earlier in the hope of actually catching her in the act. Dad must have noticed her appearance for once as well as he took a double take.

"What have you come as?" He commented as we both looked upon her beauty.

Mom made a cursory inspection of herself and fixed her eyes on Dad, I noted, avoiding my own. It was a blessing, allowing me to take in her attire unmonitored.

"What? They're just pyjamas," she dismissed my father's observation. But were they? Her legs bare, her groin was barely covered by light pink satin shorts. Clinging hermetically to her pubic mound, splits up the side and even revealing the lower half of her buttocks, it was clear she wasn't wearing underwear beneath. A matching cami had her breasts straining against the material, her nipples pronounced.

Even in the dim light of the living room I could see she was blushing and I turned my focus back on the television in a bid to relieve her potential discomfort.

"I haven't seen you wear those in twenty years!" Dad compounded his interrogation and I registered the information. Was she wearing it for me?

"Oh God Marvin, it's not a big deal!" Mom threw back embarrassed and I could hear the agitation in her voice as she hurried from the room.

"Whoops," Dad laughed to himself, looking at me. "Thought I was going to get lucky there for a minute. I may've blown it."

Dad talking about his sex life turned my stomach and I grunted to acknowledge his banter but my mind was on my mother. Had she worn it for me? There was no need to change the sheets, nor for that matter to mention it. Had she come in merely to allow me to see her? Was she waiting for me in my bedroom?

"Well I might call it a night as well," I stated, yawning to emphasise the point. Dad unfortunately decided to agree and as I stepped into the hall I noticed Mom's door closed, my own room empty. Of course it was you idiot, I told myself. She's your mother. Not some relationship breakdown rebound lay. I berated myself for thinking such thoughts, for even looking at her body in the way I had. But even so, as much as I told myself everything was in my head, I slept naked. Just in case.

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I was dejected as I left my room in the morning. Totally without cause of course. What had I been expecting? That she'd enter my room, my bed in the night and we'd fuck? After twenty eight years she discovered her son was the only man that could satisfy her? I almost laughed out loud at the absurdity of my fantasy as I entered the kitchen. And then I saw her.

Dad was seated at the breakfast table reading the newspaper and looked over the rim of his glasses at me as I entered but it wasn't him my attention was drawn to. In the adjacent living room my mother was in mid yoga pose before an instructional video playing on the television.

"Here's sleeping beauty," my father acknowledged my arrival and Mom turned her head to smile a good morning. I was lucky to have seen it; my eyes struggling to lift from her ass. Shooting back as her face turned away to take in the sight. Pantyhose. White pantyhose. I thought I was imagining. That they were yoga pants; obscenely thin, but yoga pants all the same. No. Her feet were covered. My mother was doing yoga in pantyhose. And unless there was a thong that as yet remained obscured by her luscious bum cheeks, she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Did you sleep well Darling?" She asked as I tried to concentrate on making myself a bowl of cereal.

"What? Oh yeah. Weird being in a single bed again though," I confided. "Took me ages to fall asleep."

"You probably just needed Mommy to tuck you in and give you a goodnight kiss!" Dad joked and he wasn't far from the truth.

I took my bowl to the far side of the table, the opposite of where I would sit when I was living at home. The position would give me the best view of my mother and my father noticed immediately.

"Not sitting in your old spot," he observed. "I know what you're up to!"

I almost choked on my mouthful, feeling my face flush.

"That yoga instructor!" He directed his eyes toward the television. "Jesus, if I was thirty years younger!"

I didn't know what he hoped could happen between him and a woman on an exercise video but I was just relieved he wasn't aware of where my eyes were actually focussed. I grunted to suggest he'd been correct and smiling he went back to his paper.

Mom bent forward, hands planted on the mat and ass raised to the sky. With her feet spread I trailed my eyes from her heels up to her thighs and onto her bottom, the dark strip between her buttocks capturing my gaze.

I drifted across to her torso, a powder blue tank top that offered no support to her breasts as they hung below her. The top riding up onto her lower back revealing the skin above the high waisted pantyhose. What was she thinking? What was I thinking? Again I metaphorically slapped myself. This wasn't about me. Dad was in the room. He knew what she was wearing. It must have been usual for her to wear pantyhose when doing yoga. I made a mental note to come around more on weekends.

Changing pose I watched as she crouched down in a kneeling foetal position her bottom so rounded and beautiful before she leaned forward, legs spread and revealed the money shot. In the most suggestive pose so far, her ass obscenely presented to me, I could see the lumps of her labia beneath the gusset of her pantyhose. The darkness of pubic hair and higher, the shadow of her asshole. This was surely not normal. I dropped a hand below the table in a bid to not let this opportunity go to waste. My cock already swelling, I massaged my hand along my length, pressing my fingers hard into my erection, a quick glance at my father to be sure I wasn't observed.

Back to Mom, stretching her hands above her head. Even from the side I could see her top was twisted, a large amount of paler side-boob bulging from the material. Don't be finishing, don't be finishing. I screamed in my head as she stood up arching her back in a reflection of the yoga instructor. No! I cried as I saw end credits roll on the screen, gripping my fully erect penis along my inner thigh. Mom dropped again to the floor and began rolling up her mat and I dropped my eyes to my mostly untouched breakfast.

"What are you doing.." She began as she walked towards the kitchen and I held my breath as I thought my masturbation had been discovered. "...next Friday night?"

I finished a mouthful and placed the spoon back in the bowl, not ready for the sight that greeted me when I again looked at her. My first view of her from the front, my heart skipped several beats as she leaned her upper thighs against the table. Barely an inch above the wood, the triangle of her pubic hair bulged out beneath the transparent white of her pantyhose, only the thin seam causing any blemish to the pristine beauty of her pussy.

How obvious my perusal of her groin was to her wasn't certain. That my eyes lingered on her chest as they rose up her body, feasting on the half nipple that had made its way out of her twisted top, the rest of her unsupported breasts, her pronounced pokies, was also a cause for contention but I cared not. I wanted her to know I admired her. That someone other than 'wandering hands' Charlie found her desirable. Even if it was her own son.

"Friday?" I asked her, my hand still on my cock.

She adjusted the yoga mat under one arm and it pressed against her breast causing it to raise slightly, more of the nipple exposed beside the material. How did she not notice?

"There's a play on. Marnie and I had been talking about it for a while. Romeo and Juliet. What do you say about accompanying me? Care for a bit of forbidden love?" She smiled cheekily and I

wondered if she was alluding to the play or us?

"Yes!" I eagerly blurted out and even Dad noted my enthusiasm.

"What if you run into Marnie again?" He countered my fervour. "Or for that matter, Charles?" He looked at Mom.

"Well then we'll just have to give them both something to be jealous about," she fired back, skirting the table and wrapping an arm around my shoulder. "Won't we Darling!?" She breathed as she leaned in and kissed my cheek. Her breast pressed hard into my upper arm as her lips contacted my skin, her hip momentarily touching my side. With a hand remaining on my dick, I felt with only a few more strokes I could've cum, such was the attraction I had for her. My own mother! The feeling so confusing and yet so intoxicating. The taboo so alluring.

"Well, I'm off to have a shower," she admitted, running her fingers through my hair in affection as she departed. "I guess you'll be gone when I get out, so same time Friday?"

She said the words walking and it encouraged me to follow her progress, her hose covered feet stepping so lightly on the tiled floor. As graceful as the ballerinas the night before, she crossed the room and it took everything to not follow her out of the room and into the shower. I nodded as she exited, sure I only imagined her gleeful eyes dropping to beneath the table to where I protected my hard-on.

Had she known? Had she noticed me touching myself when she was exercising? Without an iota of shame I certainly hoped she had.

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Five days. I tried to come up with a reason to drop by my parent's house midweek but struggled to find anything legitimate. A text message from Mom on Wednesday to say she'd obtained the tickets did little to give away any incestuous desire on her behalf. I only hoped my three x's conveyed as much meaning to her as they had to me when I replied.

I wasn't kidding myself I was sure. Random internet searches told me sex between a mother and son wasn't as rare as one might think. Admittedly I may've swayed the results in my favour with leading keywords, videos on porn sites, thousands of stories devoted to the matter on a fiction website. Surely not all were made up, fantasy? Many I was sure, based on actual events. Whatever. They kept me in masturbatory heaven for days as I looked forward to seeing her again. Friday. A night at the theatre. Who knew what dreams may come?

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I shook my head smiling when Dad yet again informed me she was running late. I cared not. A few minutes more of anticipation after waiting all week wouldn't harm. And when she entered, it was far more than I'd expected. All week I'd pictured her in the black satin dress. What she debuted was the antithesis. Perfectly white, the figure hugging dress began mid thigh and embraced her curves until reaching her shoulders where it seamlessly blended into the long tight lace sleeves. Her boobs bulged; cleavage begging to be admired and with my father infatuated on the game, I was left to do the praising.

"Wow, you look great," was as far as I allowed myself to commend her appearance without going overboard. It seemed to be enough to please my mother, smiling and twirling for me on her bone

colored heels. I caught the sight of her underwear through the material and wondered if I should say something, surprised she'd not noted it herself. Voting against it; how DO you inform your mother you can see her panties?

"Thank you," she grinned. "That's more than I got from your father."

"What?" He laughed, still fixated on the television. "I noticed you'd bought a new dress!"

"Yeah only because you saw the money come out of the account," Mom quickly rebuked. She held out both hands and asked my opinion on which clutch to take. "I won't bother asking your father."

"Go the white one," I advised and she smiled.

"Exactly the one I would've picked," she commended me. "It's small though, you'll have to take the tickets, I can't fit anything in this!"

"Gladly," I smiled.

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No Marnie. No 'wandering hands' Charlie. Not that we noticed anyway. I ordered our now obligatory glasses of wine in the crowded bar whilst Mom visited the bathroom, taking longer than I expected I finally spied her approaching me through the throng, arms folded beneath her breasts.

"Why didn't you tell me!?" She grilled me, a humoured look on her face.

"About what?" I replied unaware of what she referred.

"Ah, my panties!"

The words melted my heart, swelled my cock and I could feel my face blushing.

"What about your panties?" I asked bemused, amazed I was even uttering the words. I held out her glass but she refrained from taking it. Her hand remaining in a ball at her bust.

"That you could see them through the dress!" She whispered, looking around as she did so. "I noticed as I was leaving the ladies. I had to go back in and do something about it. That's why I was so long." She explained herself. It didn't explain what she had in fact done about it though.

"I'm going to put something in your pocket Liam," she confided. "I didn't have room in my purse. Don't freak out!"

Her balled fist reached out and I raised my arm as she took hold of my jacket and placed her hand in the pocket, her eyes looking around the room before lazily back on mine.

"Can you keep them safe?" She almost purred.

Swallowing hard as I reasoned she'd given me her underwear, (what else could it have been?) I nodded and handed her a glass. I didn't know what to say. To do. My fifty year old mother stood before me, panty-less. Her underwear now burning a hole in my jacket, weighing heavy on my mind and my pocket, despite their no doubt delicate nature. It was all I could do to not place a hand in there and caress her offering. To pull them out and inhale their fragrance right then and there in front of everyone.

"So no sign of the ex?" Mom broke my dumbfounded silence.

"Not that I can see," I managed to wrench my eyes from hers to scan the room. "What about your boyfriend?"

Mom laughed. "Oh goodness don't even joke about it," she smiled, sipping her wine before capturing me again in her stare. "Besides, he knows I like my men younger."

The small finger of her hand holding the glass reached out and touched my chest, running down the lapel of my jacket.

"But you raise a valid point though," she continued. "He could be watching us from the crowd, couldn't he?"

I had a feeling I knew where she was headed and helped her along. "It's entirely possible. My acting skills worked last time, what should we do?"

"Well the arm around the waist seemed to have an affect," she hinted.

Draining the last of my glass, I placed it on a low coffee table and immediately lifted my hands to her hips, drawing her body closer into mine. "How's this Mom?" I asked.

"Much better," she giggled. "But wasn't there a kiss on the neck?"

Without delay I pressed my lips to her tilted jaw, feeling my cock harden.

"Oh God that tickles," she laughed out loud. "Are we convincing though? We could just be a very close mother and son. A rose by any other name...would we be even standing here together if we weren't related?"

"What's that rose thing?" I asked confused.

"From the play. If I was just Rose, would you be attracted to me?"

I looked around the room.

"Mom, every man here is attracted to you, you look stunning."

"You didn't answer my question."

And I didn't need to. It was time to lay my cards on the table. Declare myself. Drawing her closer into me I let my body convey my feelings for her. My hands meeting on her lower back, the curve of her buttocks beneath my fingers, only her thin dress between me and her ass . I caressed her slightly as a nervous breath escaped her lungs, before pulling her into me, her breasts, thighs, belly pressed into my own. And most importantly, my erection.

"Oh Liam," she sighed, a look of comprehension on her face. "I can feel it!"

"That's not acting Mom, Rose. Whatever you want me to call you." I allowed my cock to twitch with a pulse of blood against her belly and her breath came out staggered.

"Oh Darling, are you sure?" She again sighed, whispering.

"I've never been more certain."

The next words to come out of her mouth as the bell rang to begin the performance I would remember to my grave.

"Oh God Liam, I'm so wet."

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Our seats were at the end, flush against the wall, and as we passed along the row I and most of the men we stepped by ogled her ass. Privy to the fact she wore no underwear, the sight for me was particularly alluring.

"Tell me everything," she stated as we took up our seats.

How long did I have? I could've spoken for hours about the last week. About how I felt for her.

"It started with the dress," I confessed. "The black satin dress. You looked beautiful."

"Darling I've always tried to look good for you," she admitted.

'Always,' I thought. How long had she harboured such feelings?

"That night Mom. The things we did. Touching you. It all just felt so right. And then I saw you in the bedroom.."

"You left so hurriedly," she whispered.

"I thought you were uncomfortable. And then you were wearing those pink pyjamas," I recollected as the lights in the theatre dimmed. "I'd never seen you look so hot!"

"I wore it for you but you turned away!"

"To save you from embarrassment. All those stupid things Dad was saying."

She rolled her eyes in the dim light as the curtain opened onto the stage.

"And then I saw you in the morning. Doing yoga," I whispered. "Mom, you were amazing."

"Your father didn't even notice," she giggled and we were 'shushed' from behind. "I did it all for you!"

"Well I noticed!" I whispered into her ear. "And it made me hard."

"I saw you touching it," Mom confessed, equally as quiet and then repeated an earlier phrase. "I'm so wet Liam. I can feel it on my dress." She paused a moment before whispering in my ear. "Pass me my panties."

I'd almost forgotten I carried them what with our conversation and was reluctant to give them back as I felt their silky texture. How she was expecting to put them back on discreetly in a crowded theatre escaped me as I passed them into her hand. She however had no intention of wearing them again. Pressing them between her slightly spread thighs, I watched as she delved her hand up her raised dress and rub them against her vagina.

Her eyes looked back up to mine as she leaned in, her hand still pressing her panties on her pussy. "Open your fly," she purred.

My jacket across my lap, there was no difficulty in tactfully taking out my erection. With the audience's eyes on the performers on stage, no one but my mother and I saw her wrap her now sodden panties around my penis and slowly jack me off.

It was easily the best moment of my life to date. I could feel the dampness from her own sex mingling with the pre-cum that leaked from me. Her small hand expertly stroking with the right pressure to keep me hard yet not make me cum. I moved my own arm across to her leg, my hand caressing her inner thigh as inch by inch I drew closer to her pussy until finally I was touching her. Wet pubic hair against my little finger, my hand bending to cup her exposed groin, a finger sliding along the length of her vulva, tentatively entering as she let out an audible sigh. She squeezed my cock harder in reaction as I pushed my palm onto her clit, my entire hand wet, bearing witness to her earlier repeated assertions.

Her thighs gripped tight around my wrist, her legs rubbing against each other before she unexpectedly grabbed my arm and wrenched it from her pussy. Clutching my sodden hand in hers she brought it to her breast and leaned into me, crossing her legs. "You nearly made me cum!" She whispered and we received looks and a greater number of 'shushes.'

"That's what I want," I softly spoke into her hair.

"Not here, not now. Believe me!" She giggled and the person in front of us turned and tutted.

It was the sign we'd probably gone about as far as we should take it in the theatre and thinking of the repercussions of ejaculating myself, I allowed Mom to relinquish her hold on my cock. Our hands remained together however. Wrapped as one, her panties entwined in our fingers, the scent of her arousal in the air. The expectation of discoveries to come. I couldn't have been happier.

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"My place?" I eagerly questioned as we drove from the parking lot.

"We can't. Your father expects me home."

I hadn't even thought of him in the last few hours and now his name was raised it left a bad taste in my mouth.

"I thought you said he pays you no attention."

"He always waits up though Darling," Mom explained and it even more dampened my enthusiasm. Mom must have sensed my mood and threw me a bone. "You'll be staying the night though won't you?"

I glanced in her direction as I turned the car for my parent's house, her dress having ridden up obscenely high on her legs, a triangle of pubic hair visible.

"It's probably for the best, I have been drinking!" I agreed.

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At the front door she stopped and turned to me. For a moment I thought the worst. That being at home had brought her to her senses. She'd changed her mind on everything we discussed; that she'd want her panties back! But no.

"Kiss me before we go in," she whispered. "Whatever happens I want to be able to remember this, us, right now."

I could understand her sentiment. The doorstep. Her entire married, parental life, more than thirty years over this threshold. Things were about to change. We both knew that. I went one better.

"I love you," I confessed, and hoped she could feel the weight. They were the words not only of a son for his mother, but a lover for his partner and I prayed my kiss conveyed my devotion.

Her mouth was as familiar as it was undiscovered. Her lips parting as we kissed, so unmotherly and yet so natural. Why shouldn't a mother and son kiss this way? Was there anything more intimate, any better way of expressing endearment? That we would be shunned by society seemed ludicrous when all we conveyed in that moment was love. And desire. And as her leg rose onto my hip to allow her pussy to press my groin, my hand finding her panty-less ass; lust.

Breathless we broke. Lipstick smeared. Her finger raised to my mouth to wipe away the evidence. Another quick peck to tell me it was alright and then we entered. The family home as always. The clock ticking. The fridge whirring. Many empty beer bottles on the bench. The television on, Dad yelling at the Dodgers. Another beer in his hand. His face ashen as Mom announced our return.

"Marnie rang," the first words from his mouth, his voice accusatorial as Mom and I stood frozen. "Said she saw you at the theatre tonight. And what about this," he continued, barely veiling his anger. "Says you were all over each other!"

My stomach turned as the ramifications ran through my head. I could almost feel my mother shaking beside me. In only minutes we'd gone from euphoria to potential despair.

"It's alright," he broke out laughing. "Look at your faces! I told her about old 'wandering hands' Charlie. Have a run-in with him again did you? I swear Liam, you see him crack onto your mother one more time I give you permission to punch him in the face. Beer?"

I released my held breath instantly, my mother noticeably doing the same as she confirmed Dad's misguided suspicion. Leaving her to explain the situation I found the beers in the fridge, getting one for Mom in case she needed it after our close call. In the background I heard Mom informing I'd be staying the night to which Dad seemed enthusiastic as I checked my phone. Why would Marnie call here? Three missed calls on my cell. I hadn't switched it off mute since the theatre. What had she seen? Surely nothing in the theatre itself. In the lobby? We'd hugged. I'd kissed Mom's neck, held her tight. Had she seen Mom place her panties in my pocket? I switched off my phone. What did it matter? She was my past. I looked up to see Mom walking out of the living room, a quick glance back at me with a wink. Right there was my future.

"Dodgers losing again," Dad remarked as I passed his beer.

"Where's Mom gone, I got her one too?"

"To get changed she said," he replied before going off on a rant about the current form of his team.

Taking off my jacket, I threw it over the back of the couch and sat back myself to watch the final innings and it wasn't long before Mom returned.

She said Dad hadn't noticed her wearing pantyhose to do yoga; surely he would notice this! If one thing could be said in her defence, it was she was at least now wearing panties. Her legs and arms bare, the white see-through baby-doll she wore just made it to her groin. Her panties, a string that

attempted to call itself a thong but in no way functioned as underwear. Walking right past Dad, his head moving to keep an eye on the television as she did so, she could've been parading on a lingerie show runway.

I consciously picked up my dropped jaw as she came and sat down beside me, lifting her knees up onto the couch, feet and exposed butt against my outer thigh.

"Who's winning boys?" She asked the room and regardless of the game, I knew it was me.

"Who did you think?" Dad complained, scoffing.

"I got you a beer Mom," I remarked reaching for the unopened bottle on the table. With my head turned from my father I whispered under my breath. "What are you wearing?" Before making a nodding gesture towards Dad. Her response was merely to smile; so cool that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

"Oh Darling I don't think I could finish a whole one, can I share yours?"

Her confidence infectious, I felt my cock rising as I watched her raise my own bottle to her mouth and make a show of teasing the neck with her lips before sipping.

This was not my mother! And if it was, then what had I been paying attention to growing up? Surely not her.

"How was the play anyway?" Dad made an effort in conversation, slurring his words. "Marnie said there was a couple near her talking most of the way through it."

He didn't wait for a response, beginning a tirade against the striking out batter and I again focussed on Mom.

"My feet are so sore from wearing those heels," she commented. "I wish someone would give them a rub."

"Liam give your mother a foot rub," Dad ordered.

"What?" I asked not believing my ears.

"You heard. She carried you around for nine months, least you can do is rub her feet!" I looked at him in amazement as he tilted back his reclining chair. A sign both Mom and I knew all too well; he was fixing to fall asleep.

"He's only making YOU do it Honey, so HE doesn't have to!" Mom explained as Dad concurred with a grunt.

Whatever, I was more than happy to comply as Mom shifted on the couch, lifting a foot onto my lap.

Had I ever touched my mother's feet before? I doubted it. She'd certainly never ground her heel down onto my erection that was for sure, as I gently caressed the soft skin of her soul, along to her tiny toes. On her elbow watching me over her hip, Mom took another sip of the beer. Her eyes glanced across to Dad before she reached over and took my left hand off her foot, placing it squarely over her ass.

Confident or not, my heart began racing as I touched her bottom with Dad only feet away. The white string of her thong did nothing to prevent the heat of her anus warming the back of my finger as I slid my hand along her crack, the wetness of her pussy coating the area in lubricant. Mom abandoned the beer bottle, now totally focussed on us as I watched her raise a finger to her mouth and coat it with saliva. With my knuckle sliding back and forth over her asshole and the entrance to her vagina in the limited space available to me between my thigh and her ass, she reached over and pulled aside the thong.

Clutching her foot with one hand, I pulled back with the other to give her access to her own sex, curious to see what she had in mind. I didn't have to wait long as she dabbed her moistened index finger upon her anus, smearing her saliva across its surface. Without delay, a determined expression on her face, she again took hold of my hand and I didn't need to be a brain surgeon to know what was on her mind.

I was amazed how easily my middle finger entered my mother's ass. Her sphincter embracing me sensually, sucking the length of my digit inside her cavity to feel the inner cheek-like walls of her rectum. We sighed as one with the enormity of our actions. Not every day a son fingers his mother's asshole. I used her foot to stroke the length of my cock, wishing above all to be able to loose it from my pants.

"What the hell?" Dad mumbled from my right and initially I thought we'd been discovered until I realised he aimed his question at the television; his last moment of clarity before I watched his head fall back, his mouth opening and a snore emitted from his nose.

It was obviously the signal my mother had been waiting for. Cat-like she took her foot from my grip and deftly turned her body. My finger began sliding from her ass as my hand moved with her before she reached back, holding me in place. "Oh no you don't!" She grinned as her other hand found my fly. My cock burst from my pants as her mouth met my own, my tongue and hers dancing as she wrapped a fist around my dick and masturbated me. "Finger fuck Mommy's ass Baby," she added as dripping with saliva, her lips dropped from my mouth down onto my penis.

Is it possible to describe the feeling of your mother sucking your dick? I struggle. Never had a mouth seemed so perfectly formed to take me. No deep throatng here, it wasn't necessary. Her lips, the sucking of her cheeks and the caress of her tongue, giving me the head of my life. Her hand in accompaniment, twisting around the saliva lubricated shaft. The most sensual of hand jobs.

I stroked her hair as my other hand cupped her buttocks; a finger deep inside her ass, probing. Her head lifted from my groin and her eyes looked greedily into my own. "Are you going to fuck me Baby?" She asked, almost begging and I wasted no time. With a mere cursory glance at my sleeping father, I placed a hand on her ribcage and lifting her butt with the other, pulled her upon my lap. A hand went down between us as she guided my cock to her entrance and just like that, her weight lowering upon me, we were as one. As nature intended. I could feel my cock through the dividing wall of her ass, pushing my finger away in its dominance of space and though loathe to leave its new found home, I pulled my finger from her to join in on the fun at her breast.

Was it for her own enjoyment or did she know my fetishes? Either way, as I removed her boobs from the baby-doll and she looked down on the action, she dribbled a trail of saliva down onto her nipple, delighted when I licked it up. Equally so as we repeated the vice.

"Oh Baby do you like that? Do you like Mommy's spit?" She whispered as she ground her pelvis up and down on my cock.

"Fuck yes Mom, I love it all," I admitted, my cock harder inside her than I could ever remember being.

"Then open your mouth Baby," she hissed as her lips came together before another trail of drool ran from her mouth.

Onto my tongue it flowed. My open mouth craving her fluid, any fluid. Swallowing before her lips were upon me again, her own tongue deep in my mouth to taste her own saliva. I again found her breasts, sucking her nipples as I clenched her buttocks, lifting her and pulling her down onto my erection. My pants softening the sound of our fucking, the soundtrack to our love, Dad's snoring.

Wrapping my arms around her, clasping her to my body I lifted her up and lowered her onto her back on the couch. A moment of pause, our eyes locked with desire for the other.

"This is the best thing I've ever done," I confessed, my cock again fully penetrating her.

"It's not over yet," she whispered, a look of nothing but pride on her face.

"It actually nearly is!" I added, tilting my head down to my thrusting groin in the hope she understood of what I referred.

"Oh, OH! Are you going to cum?" She giggled, louder than was probably safe under the circumstances.

Nodding, I increased my rhythm. Burying my cock to its hilt with each penetration.

"Then cum," she insisted. "Cum inside my pussy Darling. Show me you love me."

"I do love you Mom," I thrust.

"Say it Baby," she panted.

"I love you, I love you," I repeated, willing to say it for as long as she desired.

"Then cum my darling boy. Cum inside me my son, my baby, my lover," she managed between breaths. "Cum inside your mother."

The couch squeaking with every thrust, her legs spread wide below me, wrapped around my body to hold me in place as I fucked her, I was on the edge of glory. Managing to hold as long as I could, the wet slapping of her vagina, her back sweaty on my hand, the softness of her breast in the other. It was time.

Her eyes fixed on mine as I began to cum. A momentous orgasmic flow of semen shooting from me deep inside my mother.

"Oh God I can feel it," Mom struggled to say before her face changed, a overwhelming look of pleasure flooding her visage before she arched her back up into me. "Oh God I'M cumming!" She stated, surprised, her own orgasm capturing her unaware. "Oh no!" She added and it didn't take me long to understand why she said it.

Even as I continued to cum, my cock surging inside her, I felt her vagina convulse. Pulsing around my own ejaculation it was as if she gripped the entire length of my cock, and then as she uncontrollably began to scream her pleasure, I felt the flow.

The first time I'd encountered such a thing and it was with my mother. As if pissing, the squirt flooded my cock, burst out around me as I instinctively placed a hand over her mouth to stifle her squeal of ecstasy. I was able to look down as I continued to gently thrust and see her spray me with her nectar; the other mother's milk, before I descended on her mouth with my own. Her squeals now moans of delight as our tongues completed our incestuous coupling.

"I love you so much Liam," she sighed, her mouth kissing across to my ear. "I've wanted this for years."

The confession took me by surprise.

"What? Why didn't you say something?" I asked and realised how stupid was the question. How do you inform a family member you want to fuck them? Could there even be a tactful way? To her credit she did provide an answer.

"You've always been with someone," she admitted. "Since you were a teenager you've always seemed to have a girlfriend. When would I have ever been able to compete?"

And it was true. Marnie had dominated the last six years, before then always a succession since high school. How would I have reacted to potential incest when I was ten years younger I wondered?

"It doesn't matter," I whispered. "We're together now." I watched a tear run from her eye and I pressed my lips to it, stopping its progress before once again kissing her mouth. "Forever." I added.

"Go Dodgers," Dad stirred and in a flurry of movement, I slid my still erect and saturated cock from Mom as we made ourselves look half way presentable. My eyes on the man, I hid away my dick as he wiped his mouth and took stock of where he was, his eyes first on the television before alighting on us.

"Oh, I must have fallen asleep," he remarked as he looked back at the post game show. "I thought I heard you yelling for me Rose," he added.

"No," Mom shook her head. "Oh actually I did scream in delight when Liam gave me the news."

I turned to Mom unsure of what she was talking about before she took my hand and raised it to her mouth, kissing my knuckles. Primarily the finger that had been inside her ass I noted, but that's neither here nor there.

"Liam's moving back home!" She informed both of us proudly.

"Oh that's great news," Dad acknowledged, raising the beer he found between his thighs. "Live in foot massager," he laughed. "Oh Liam, you don't know what you're getting yourself into my boy."

I looked at Mom as she lowered my hand down onto her bare thigh, a wicked smile on her lips.

"No Dad, I think I have a pretty good idea," I smiled.

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The End.

Thank you for reading.

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As a bit of fun I thought I'd include a deleted scene for an idea of how I originally planned the sex on the couch. Hope you enjoy.

From my vantage I looked along her slightly spread legs to the thong doing its best to creep between her labia. The smallest triangle of white material sitting in a forest of dark pubic hair. I managed to look across her exposed chest and up into her cheekily smiling face as she took a sip from the bottle.

"Take it out," she whispered and I swallowed loudly.

We were about to cross a line there was no coming back from. If Dad paid the slightest attention, the game would be up but Mom seemed confident in our exploits, wiggling both feet on my cock.

I did as she ordered. With only a cursory glance toward my father, I unzipped and pulled my hard-on from the fly.

I could see where she'd got her confidence. With my dick rigid between her almost equally sized feet, its presence was relatively discreet. Until she decided to masturbate me between her big and second toe. Not even in my teenage years had I engaged in something so daring. My father mere feet away. I alternated between watching her foot job, to her face as she finished the bottle. Back to my cock, her breasts, her pussy, Dad. To her lowering the empty bottle between her legs and pressing the neck to her glistening vulva. My head swam as I saw it enter beside the string of her thong.

It was all too much. I was cumming before I had the chance to stop it. A geyser of semen shooting vertical. My lip bit, it was all I could do to refrain screaming my pleasure as cum flowed down Mom's feet, between her toes, into my pants. I looked to Mom for guidance, to apologise and she offered no help, slapping a hand across her mouth to keep from laughing.

"Go Dodgers," my father shouted at the screen as I silently begged her for advice.

Mom made a nodding movement with her head and I followed its projection to my jacket over the back of the couch, her panties clearly extended from the pocket. Why hadn't she pointed them out sooner I wondered? What if Dad had noticed? Putting it out of my head I subtly reached for them and used them to mop up the cum that still bubbled from my erection, that daubed Mom's feet...