

FAMILY BUSINESS

sunburycd

Son comes up with a scheme to help his mother.

Incest/Taboo

4.7

10.6k words

Her hand went to the groin of his brown tweed pants, obviously finding him hard. There was no real surprise on his behalf when she raised her dress and climbed upon his lap. The sex perfunctory, almost without passion as she seemingly brought herself to orgasm. "Did you cum?" The woman asked him and I shifted uncomfortably in my seat thankful the relative darkness of the cinema obscured my blushing face.

Onscreen the actress stroked her son to climax. Nothing was shown of course but the implication was graphic nonetheless. The movie was pretty bad, the subject matter uncomfortable at best, but it didn't prevent me from getting an erection, and considering the circumstances that fact alone was embarrassing to say the least.

The scene ended and from the corner of my eye I attempted to look at my mother seated next to me in the theatre. Was she as uncomfortable as me, I wondered? How could she not? An onscreen mother and son engaged in an incestuous relationship. The movie poster suggested nothing of the sort. Julianne Moore, that Eddie...something guy from, I don't know...stuff! It had looked so legit.

The strange thought arose in my mind. Did Mom know? She certainly hadn't acted as if she had I recalled from our conversation in the foyer, surveying the posters and session times to decide upon what we'd see. My cock was in a terrible position, desperately needing to be re-adjusted and ever so casually I moved a hand down from the armrest to my groin. Did Mom's gaze follow? I delayed moving my hard-on despite the urgent need in case she suspected something. What? I reasoned. That I was going to get out my cock and masturbate in a semi crowded theatre to mother and son incest?

I scoffed at my thought process and moved my dick to a far more comfortable position just as Mom leaned into my ear. Oh no! I thought. She's seen it. She's noticed how turned on I'd become by the film and was about to chastise me. An entirely different scenario entered my head. No. She wants to touch it. The movie awakened something in her and she wants to fuck me. Jerk me off me just as had been done in the movie. Mere milliseconds passed as my brain predicted the future. I should learn to never listen to my brain.

"Can you pass the popcorn?" Mom breathed into my ear, coming up with a third scenario that I hadn't even fathomed. Idiot.

"Oh, yeah," I whispered back, passing the box across from the opposite armrest to her.

She hadn't seen my erection. Probably hadn't even noticed my hand go down to move it. And why? Because she was a normal person, not a sexually frustrated twenty one year old obsessing about fake onscreen relationships. I bet Mom hadn't equated the characters in the movie to our own relationship at all.

Or had she?

Losing interest in the plot I ran my own fantasies through my head. That old chestnut of putting a hole in the bottom of the popcorn box; inserting my cock. Mom's hand reaching in and finding my dick. Hard. Hard for her. Jesus. What was I thinking? One, (well, a few) scenes of incest in a film and now I'm fantasising about my own mother. Cut it out Lincoln, I told myself. But the feeling of her breath beside my ear remained. The goosebumps it had given me. I placed my left arm back up on the armrest and it connected with hers. She didn't pull away. My hard-on remained.

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"Well that was..." Mom tried to critique the movie as we walked back to the car in the Tuesday night darkness.

"Yeah, I know," I understood her difficulty, thankful it hadn't been me that had ultimately decided to choose the film.

"I mean it was Julianne Moore," Mom added. "I thought it might have been good."

"Oh well, we'll know better next time," I concluded, thinking it wise to put the film in our past. Possibly to never mention it again!

"There might not be able to be a 'next time,' for a while," Mom stated and I looked at her out of curiosity.

"What are you talking about?"

"The salon," she began. "The new owners are making an announcement tomorrow. There's going to be changes apparently."

"What does that mean?" I asked as we came to our car, Mom stopping on the driver's side and looking across to me before we entered.

"I can only think job cuts," she admitted. "Maybe less hours at best."

"What? They can't get rid of you, you've been there forever," I acknowledged. "Anyway, I'm bringing in pretty good money at the moment, there's no need to stop movie night."

She smiled as we entered the car. "I'm not having my son pay for me like a date," she laughed and considering that we'd just sat through two hours of mom/son incest, the words hung heavy in the interior of the vehicle.

In future I would choose my own words more carefully but in an attempt to be, I don't know, funny? Carefree? Non-plussed? I responded quicker than I should've.

"Hey, I wouldn't expect you to sleep with me or anything!" I stated and immediately felt my face redden.

Mom laughed in response but it seemed to be more out of impulse than actual humour and unfortunately didn't say another word as we drove from the parking lot.

The silence was becoming uncomfortable and I reached for the radio to provide a distraction, another minute going by before either of us spoke.

"It WAS a bad film wasn't it!?" She stated and her comment told me she'd equated my retort to the movie. She was thinking about us, them.

"Hey you picked it," I challenged and she again laughed.

"Hmm, I did didn't I?" She admitted. "I read a review that said it was ok," she added, justifying her decision and it told me a whole lot more than I assume she cared to relay.

So she must have know there was an incestuous relationship between a mother and her son as a plot line. What review would leave that out, seriously? Again I began with the fantasies. Mom was 48 (I think.). Was it wrong to not know my Mom's age for certain, I wondered? Nevertheless, not dissimilar to the woman in the film. As attractive. Well I certainly thought so. I mean up until that minute I hadn't been looking at her as an object of desire but now I thought of it, she would definitely be considered good looking. She was single and as far as I knew wasn't looking for that to change. My father had turned her off relationships, I knew, and couldn't blame her, and certainly showed me how not to treat a woman you supposedly love.

We stopped at the lights and intimating I was looking at something out the drivers side window, I instead looked at Mom. Her hair tied back in a ponytail, still in the white loose pants and matching shirt from work, a jacket thrown over the top. She was, 'average' I figured. I reasoned she'd not look out of place in a library, long fitting grey skirt, possibly over black, no, tan pantyhose. A white silk blouse maybe? Pearls. Black rimmed glasses and hair tied back as it was. I imagined her below me. Smiling up at me as I came upon her face, over her glasses. Jesus Christ, I almost gasped as I felt my cock once again stirring. Mom looked across to me before the lights changed and caught me staring at her, my eyes immediately darting away like the guilty party I was.

She said nothing.

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I wouldn't say I hated myself for it, but I definitely felt ashamed at what I pictured that night as I masturbated myself to sleep. Stepping into the shower with her and offering to wash her back. It was all so innocent, the by-play between us in my mind. So natural that I found myself with her under the flow of water. My hands travelled her body, soaping her ass, her breasts. In my mind her pubic bone was hirsute, my fingers delving between her legs. She took me in her hand and as I wanked myself in bed, it was her that brought me to orgasm. Kissing me. Licking from her fingers the cum she'd extracted. Forcing me downwards to taste her.

As I came upon my stomach I immediately banished the fantasy from my head. So unhealthy I thought. It wasn't in anyones interest to let this impossibility nurture. It was the real world, not some fiction. Enough with the incest already, I told myself. And deemed to obey.

That lasted a day.

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She arrived home from work after me which wasn't usual, certainly not without forewarning and I'd taken it upon myself to prepare a meal for us in the time being. Nothing fancy but she seemed suitably impressed by the aromas in the house when she finally entered the kitchen.

"Something smells yummy, sorry I'm late," she unnecessarily apologised as she lumped a large plastic bag upon the as yet unset table. "We had that meeting."

Her demeanour didn't give anything away as to how it had gone but I was prepared for both good or bad outcomes.

"Yeah, I've got you sorted," I walked to the the bench near to her and gestured to the two bottles of alcohol. "You've got the sparkling if it's good news," I touched the Napa Valley white before picking up the bottle of bourbon. "And this if it ain't!"

"Oh you!" She laughed and touched my forearm before removing the large jacket she wore over her uniform. "Actually it's a bit of each. Probably keep them both at the ready. God you might have to carry me to bed tonight," she added and I immediately thought of the connotations. Did she as well?

I turned back to my dinner prep to avoid her seeing me blush but she followed me to the stove.

"That smells good," she acknowledged and lifted the lid on the sauce I'd fashioned, fanning the steam toward herself. I took the opportunity to stir as she held the lid, before I ran my finger over the back of the spoon and went to taste.

"Oh me first," Mom proposed and drew my hand towards her face. This was a 'first!' My hand held at the wrist, she parted her lips and allowed my index finger to enter her mouth, her tongue contacting my skin. The sensation was unlike any I'd known before then as her lips closed around the end of my digit, essentially sucking on the tip of my finger.

Still wearing my work attire, I was aware my business pants wouldn't hide much and I willed myself to not get hard as I watched her face. Her eyes went from mine to look up to the left as if contemplating before she allowed my finger to leave her mouth.

"Mmm," she sighed. "Oregano?"

I nodded, confirming her taste buds and as she replaced the lid, watched her head back to the plastic bag on the table.

"Might need to open a bottle of red as well to go with it," she laughed. "Oh God, don't let me out on the town, I'd be anybody's!" She joked.

I tasted the sauce myself. The finger that had seconds before been in my mother's mouth, pressed to my own lips. Upon my own tongue. One degree of separation between our mouths. Almost kissing.

I heard the rustle of the bag and after turning the heat on the water for the pasta focussed again on Mom.

"So the good news is I'm not being laid off," she stated and I headed across to the table opposite her. "But they ARE cutting hours."

"Well that sucks," I empathised, pulling out a chair and sitting, hiding my groin in case anything else untoward happened. Why would it? I asked myself. If I hadn't seen that movie would any of these thoughts be running through my head? Would I have been so worked up by what was probably an innocent taste of food from my finger?

"Totally," she agreed. "And I noticed it's only mine and Monica's."

My mother's friend Monica had been at the salon probably as long as Mom. Of similar age, if not older, I immediately saw a pattern.

"They want the younger staff!" I deduced and Mom nodded agreement.

"They didn't come out and say it of course but we could tell by their spiel it's the direction they're headed," Mom explained. "Younger staff, younger clientele, they're changing the entire operation."

"That's bullshit," I defended. "You and Mon have all the experience."

"Which is why they're not getting rid of us totally, I assume," Mom reasoned. "They've changed the name, started playing loud music and this..." Mom placed her hands in the bag and began to draw out its contents. "New uniforms!" She stated.

What she pulled out was starkly white and I could see the nature of the clothing. In direct contrast to the current uniform my mother wore to work, baggy white, sometimes pink nurses scrubs-like outfits, what she held up looked like leggings and tank tops.

"Oh God look at these," Mom presented the leggings. "I'll barely even fit in them," she added.

I held off saying anything as I imagined her wearing the clothing, thankful I was indeed hidden by the table. "I feel for Monica," Mom continued.

Not having seen Mom's colleague for some time, her words however assured me she hadn't lost any weight, always being large around the breasts and rear.

She emptied the bag of most of its contents and spread the four pairs of leggings and similar number of tops upon its surface before looking up at me. "I'll try them on after dinner. You'll let me know if I look stupid won't you?" She made a grimaced expression before looking back at the bag. "They want us to wear these!" She withdrew two pairs of high heels from the bag and placed them down on the plastic. "Imagine. Working in them all day! I should be thanking them for reducing my hours."

The water had come to a boil and I left her to put on the pasta before letting my eyes drift back. One foot in a heel, she already looked alluring, what would I see post dinner? It couldn't come soon enough.

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"Don't laugh," Mom commanded as she rounded the doorframe and entered the lounge room, her appearance demanding my full attention though I didn't really know where to look. I wanted to admire her legs, lengthened by the four inch heels. I ached to ogle her groin, her ass as she turned, and stare at her breasts almost bulging from the minuscule top, but I somehow controlled myself and looked squarely in her eyes. "Well, what do you think?" She added.

I'd made the decision to change clothes myself after dinner and was now regretting my choice as my dick spoke for me, miming its approval by swelling in my sweat pants.

"Your silence speaks volumes," Mom proclaimed and attempted to see her reflection in the glass doors separating us from the kitchen. It was the diversion I needed as I adjusted the growing erection in my pants.

"No it's not like that," I assured her, finally finding my voice. "It's just different is all!"

She turned back to me, her eyebrows raised expectantly.

"You look good," I offered, not wanting to admit to my mother I thought she looked hot. "I mean you don't look stupid," I foolishly followed up and her face dropped.

"Oh great, so somewhere between stupid and good, is that it?" She good-naturedly responded. "Better bring me the bourbon," she laughed.

"No all I mean is you can pull it off Mom," I added, wondering if she noticed the possible double entendre?

"Oh, ok," she seemed pleased. "Well, and I know this is gross, but what about my underwear?"

The question came out of the blue and I was totally unready for it.

"I'm sorry, what?" I stammered.

"My panties, can you see them?"

It gave me license to look directly at her groin, accentuated as she grasped the waist of the leggings and pulled them up, hugging her pubic bulge.

"I, um," I ridiculously stumbled over my words, feeling my face flushing.

"Just..." even Mom paused, possibly only then realizing she was asking her son to look directly at her pussy and describe what he saw. "...can you see what color they are?"

"Black," I instantly replied and she groaned in response.

"Bummer," she remarked. "I was hoping they'd be opaque. Looks like I'll need to go underwear shopping."

She again turned her head to look at her rear in the glass reflection, pushing her bottom out provocatively and I ran my eyes over her breasts. I'd not really complimented her and I wished more than anything to do so without being overly lecherous. "I like the top," I stated, her gaze heading back in my direction. "I mean, with the black bra underneath." (Was I actually talking about my mother's bra?)

"Really?" She questioned. "I probably wouldn't wear this, black bra under a white top. Bit trashy don't you think?"

"I don't know, makes you look kinda like a biker chick," I added. "It's hot," I confessed and again immediately felt my face redden at the admission.

""Hot!"" Mom raised her eyebrows, a smirk developing as she saw me begin to squirm.

"I mean 'it's' hot, not you. Well you are but not..I mean I don't think you're hot...not like that. You look good!" I was babbling and wanted to crawl under the cushions and die, Mom seemingly taking my breakdown in her stride.

"I thought I was the one drinking tonight," she laughed as she indeed lifted her wine glass from the coffee table and took a sip, eyeing me almost suspiciously over the rim. She placed the glass back down and concentrated on her shoes. "I don't know how I'll wear these all day," she stated. "Might have to pay you to give me a foot rub each night," she proposed as she turned and left the room.

I wasn't afforded the opportunity to respond to that morsel and probably better that I didn't. Who knows what trouble my mouth may've gotten me into. She wasn't serious was she? No. Of course she wasn't.

She was late again. History repeating itself as her heels tapped along the hallway and entered the kitchen just as I was finishing cooking dinner.

"Ooh, fish. Yum," she acknowledged as she placed a shopping bag upon one of the chairs and approached the sink to wash her hands.

"So how'd you go?" I enquired as I handed her the tea towel over my shoulder to dry her hands. She wore the leggings and tank top, a tight denim jacket on top.

"Good," she headed back to her shopping bag and I let my eyes drift down to her ass. "Five new pairs of panties and three new bras!" She proudly proclaimed.

"What!?" I replied, mystified. "I meant how'd you go at work?"

It was finally her turn to blush, cheeks turning crimson as she was in the process of removing her jacket.

"Oh! Oh it was horrible," she placed her jacket over the back of a chair before stretching her arms behind herself. It was then I noticed she wasn't wearing the black bra. Not only that, she wasn't wearing any bra. Her action accentuated her bust, breasts straining against the tight white polyester. Her nipples stood out clearly, even their darker shadow amid the paler skin. I knew I should drag my eyes away but some magnetic force kept me focussed for the longest duration possible, taking in their unfettered majesty lest the opportunity should never once more arise.

The sizzling fish saved me and I directed my gaze to it as I felt her eyes fall upon me. "Oh yeah, how bad?" I asked and she came across the kitchen to beside me as if purposely providing me the ability to maintain vision of her.

"The new owners, they just don't know what they're doing. And we're right, they're trying to force out Monica and I."

"Yeah, how so?" I asked as I flipped the fish.

"Monica was forced to do just pedicures all day!" Mom elaborated. "Do you know how taxing that can be?"

I shook my head. "What about you?"

"Facials."

"I'm sorry?"

"Facials all day," she added.

"That doesn't sound so bad."

"Oh no? Have you ever given a middle aged woman a facial?" Mom asked and we both immediately realized what she said, a few seconds of silence following as I debated my answer.

'No, but I'd love to.' Was what I wanted to say but Mom prevented my mouth from selling me down the river.

"Actually don't answer that," she stopped herself from laughing as she touched my forearm before heading back to the table. "Trust me, it gets boring," she concluded.

I had preheated plates in the oven and as I began to plate up, Mom set the table.

"So how were the shoes?" I asked as we sat down across from each other, surprised she still wore them.

"Not good. I'm keeping them on as long as possible to wear them in."

She didn't mention anything about a foot massage and I didn't want to bring it up then and there thinking I was coming across a little too enthusiastic, but to my surprise it was her that next took the conversation into the realm of sexuality.

"There was a sale on," Mom explained out of the blue. "That's why I bought so many panties."

"Ok," I replied acting aloof. In reality wanting to hear as much as possible about these 'panties.'

She placed down her fork and reached across to her shopping bag, her hand diving in.

Awestruck I watched as she withdrew multiple flesh colored thongs and placed them on the table followed by two bras, one white one nude.

"I know you like the black bra," she laughed. "But I had to pick up these. Can't really go to work bra-less again." She added.

What the hell was going on? Was I reading way too much into our byplay since 'that' film? It seemed every conversation we were having was loaded with sexual content, innuendo. I tried to think if we'd been like this prior. Maybe we had and I just never noticed. Maybe everyone talked and behaved like this and my libido driven brain was getting carried away with the fanciful notion of an incestuous encounter with my own mother? I had two options as far as I could see. Go along with it. She was happy to discuss such personal matters of late, so why not encourage the debate? Or the second, be juvenile and avoid the fact. Shield my ears to the subject and possibly my sudden interest in incest would evaporate.

I chose the former.

"So that's everything?" I enquired. "Thought you said you bought three bras." I watched her cheeks again turn a shade of pink and she picked up her fork to take a mouthful of the side salad.

"Oh I just picked up something else for myself," she explained after she had swallowed. "Not work related."

Did I let it go? The Lincoln of two days prior would possibly have avoided the conversation completely. The Lincoln today jumped at the opportunity.

"Oh yeah?" I didn't need to feign interest and I again waited for her to swallow. There was some hesitation from her, it was obvious, before her hand was back in the bag and partly pulled out a pink bra and what looked to be a matching thong.

"Oh and a new nightie," she threw away the line as her hand revealed transparent red lace which she quickly returned to its hiding place.

'A nightie,' I thought to myself. No. That was lingerie, and I made a pact with myself I would see her wearing it or die trying!

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"I made you a cup of tea," I called as she passed the lounge room. Her shower had been noticeably longer than usual, not that I was one to keep tabs on these kind of things and I'd waited forever for her to leave her bedroom. "It's probably ready to drink," I added, a subtle hint I'd been anticipating her.

"Oh thanks," she doubled back. "I was just about to do that."

Had I been expecting her to wear the red lace nightie? You're damn right I was but I wasn't devastated when she entered the living room wearing her regular flannel pajamas. She'd not washed her hair in the shower yet it was wet around her face and neck, loosely tied back, long strands framing her cheeks. Her feet were bare as she drew them up onto the couch alongside me, toenails painted red.

"What are you watching?" Her eyes remained fixed to the screen as she gripped the mug in both hands, sipping and finding the temperature to her liking and drinking more.

"Nothing really, some cop show," I informed her. "I can change it if you want."

"It's fine, I'll go to bed after this," she nodded to her tea.

"It's only just gone 8:30," I reminded her and she shifted in her position, both legs bent at the knee, one raised. If I was to stare for longer than the seconds I was comfortably able, I'd see her pussy pressed hard into the crotch of her long pajama bottoms. "Tired from today?" I added trying to keep our conversation going.

"Ugh, you have no idea," she replied and I did once again use up my allotted few seconds. Was she wearing panties beneath them? I wondered. I thought of her in the kitchen, rising after the meal and our underwear talk. Yes she wore no bra, that was obvious by looking without her needing to admit. But she'd left out the fact she'd not worn panties to work that day as well. No pantyline or shadow as there'd been the night before. Of course she may've been wearing some kind of micro g-string but the camel-toe she displayed when I stole a peek from the front pretty much convinced me otherwise. I didn't blame her for not discussing this morsel with her son. What mother would?

Her feet arched on the couch beside me, making 'fists with her toes,' to quote Bruce Willis and I wondered if it was a subliminal (or to be honest, blatant) reminder of her foot massage suggestion of the night before?

"Feet hurt?" I casually asked, looking at the television to suggest I wasn't completely obsessed with her.

"Killing me," she admitted. "I'll wear the other pair tomorrow, see if they're any better."

"Well come on then," I grumbled, reaching out for a foot as she gasped in surprised delight. "You could've just asked."

"Oh Honey I wasn't serious," she laughed. "You don't have to do that," she added, I noticed not attempting to drag her foot away from my hands.

"It's alright," I chuckled. "The first one's on the house."

She stretched her right leg out and it enabled me to pull her foot up onto me, her heel pressing my thigh as I pushed my thumbs into the sole.

"Ooh, God," she moaned as I ran them up her arch to her toes. "I'd pay anything."

I looked back at the television as I began to get hard, laughing. "You can't afford it Mom!"

From the corner of my eye I watched her take a last sip and place the mug on the floor before getting into a more comfortable position, laying on her back.

"Well not on the hours I've been given," she sighed.

I looked across to her, one thumb caressing the sole while my other hand manipulated her toes, fingers sliding between each individually, the act swelling my cock even further.

"Why don't you quit?"

She scoffed in response.

"No seriously, you could get a job somewhere else. With your experience."

"Ugh, I just hate the thought of it," she yawned. "Job interviews and all that."

I watched her close her eyes and as she did, lift her other foot up onto my lap. Immediately I went to work on this one, my forearm grinding upon my erection in the process. She wriggled her head on the cushions, finding the right spot and seeming to be content. Had she looked more beautiful, I wondered? Her pajama top was slightly twisted beneath her causing the buttons down the front to be stretched. A diamond of flesh was created on her sternum and I could see the curve of the underside of her breast, below, another upon her belly button. Scanning lower, and the mound of her pubic bone, pink flannel pressed tightly against her pussy. Within reach.

"You could start your own business," I offered after a moments silence and she didn't respond.

"Mom?" I continued and she answered with measured breathing. Asleep.

I smiled at her and am not ashamed to say a tear almost came to my eye as I gazed upon her beauty, the love I felt for her making me emotional. To run my hand up her leg, press my fingers into that soft lump of labia. Lift her top and kiss her breasts, her mouth. But these were fantasies. Unobtainable images from a movie and the darkest recesses of my mind.

I moved my cock to the other side and placed her foot alongside my hardness before closing my eyes myself and wishing for dreams of her.

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"Hey," I was awakened with a nudge. "It's after 12. We fell asleep," Mom added as she rose from the couch and turned off the television. I immediately looked down to be sure I hadn't remained hard and was thankful I wasn't.

I got off the couch and followed her down the hallway turning off lights as we went and she paused at my door.

"Hey thanks for the foot rub," she whispered and to my astonishment leaned in and kissed me on the cheek. We never did that. A goodnight kiss. And as I was still coming to terms with it, she turned and was gone leaving me slack-jawed with another erection in the making.

I slept very well that night.

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It wasn't every morning we had breakfast together but when I heard her shower end and although I still had half an hour before my alarm was due to go off, I enthusiastically got up early. Her hair up in a towel drying when she entered the kitchen, she acted almost as if surprised to find me there, strange in that the radio was quite noticeably playing, something that could be heard from the other end of the house.

Wearing her white leggings, yet to put on her heels she was also yet to don her top. It was clearly one of the bras she'd bought the day before that supported her breasts but did nothing to actually obscure them. Looking to have been made with what I assumed was a pantyhose-like material, the cups were entirely transparent, her pink nipples as clear to my eyes as if she were in fact naked.

This didn't seem to faze her in the slightest as she casually went about preparing her own breakfast of yoghurt and fruit, making a comment in reply to something the radio had stated. Its context was lost on me as I attempted to feign interest in something on my phone whilst doing my best to steal peeks of her. Even from the rear it was beautiful. Her ass filling out the tight leggings, her bare back only blemished by the white straps of her bra. I dropped a hand below the table and subtly encouraged the erection I was quickly developing as she rolled her shoulder before awkwardly reaching behind to touch the bra, obviously something distracting her, I looked on with interest.

"Ohwuh," she groaned and attempted to look over her shoulder at her own back. Her open discomfort afforded me the ability to stare at her with impunity, concerned for her nature. Again she groaned and I thought it best to help out.

"What's wrong?" I enquired, attempting to sound disinterested.

"I, I don't know, it's. Ouch!" She complained as she lowered one of the straps of her bra off her shoulder. "Something's pricking me," she added. "Can you have a look?"

'Can I have a look?' I scoffed. It was all I'd been doing for the last few minutes but I rose from the table and approached her from behind.

The pair of cargo shorts I'd thrown on were doing a pretty good job of hiding my hard-on and as I stood behind her I imagined pressing my groin to her ass. Wrapping my arms around her, cupping her breasts. Sliding a hand down the front of her leggings as I kissed her neck.

She once more looked over her shoulder as I raised trembling hands to her back.

"It's just," she began as I touched her bra, sliding a finger between her skin and the silky material where I assumed was the issue. "Yeah there," she added as I noticed goosebumps appear on her arms.

I felt the plastic tie immediately, could even see it poking through the seam and wondered how in fact she'd missed it? Pulling it out, I held it up to her as she turned to face me.

"Well there's your problem," I stated looking in her eyes. "You left part of the tag." I dared not look down but I didn't need to to notice the change, the nipples I'd peeked at for the last five minutes now standing dramatically to attention.

"Oh, how did I miss that?" She posed the same question I'd wondered and relieved me of the plastic. "My hero," she leaned forward and unexpectedly kissed me on the cheek, her body so close I felt one of the much discussed nipples press my chest.

The direct catalyst, the contact had an immediate effect on my cock, twitching uncontrollably behind my shorts as if a sentient being, letting both of us know of its presence. 'I' could see it as Mom drew back, I would be amazed if she hadn't, but thankfully she made no sign of acknowledgement, possibly to save me embarrassment. There was an awkward one or two seconds before I thought of a way to depart the scene.

"So I guess I'll go have a shower," I stated, quick to turn my body from her though regretful I no longer stared at her breasts.

I grabbed my phone from the table and made to leave as I saw her place the plastic tag in the bin.

"Enjoy it," Mom remarked as I was half way across the room. "Hope I didn't use up all the hot water," she added as if reminding me she as well had just been naked. I turned my head to smile and for the briefest of milliseconds thought I saw her eyes on my groin.

I'm not ashamed to admit I beat off in the shower.

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Getting stuck in traffic due to a sinkhole or something a few blocks from our house, meant Mom was home before me for once that week and I learned had been for half the day. Surprising that she hadn't removed her 'uniform' though, which even though she was now wearing underwear beneath was still a beautiful sight to behold.

"How were the other shoes?" I asked as she strolled around the kitchen preparing dinner in her heels.

"Better," she acknowledged.

"Oh so no more foot rubs. Good," I lied, laughing.

"Hey I didn't say that," she smiled and approached. "Look at you Mr. Stuff-shirt businessman." She tugged at my tie before loosening it and placing a hand upon my chest. It for a moment felt like we were a married couple and it took everything to not lean in and kiss her. "Why don't you go and get changed, dinner's in ten."

I wanted to smack her bottom playfully as she turned away to get back to the meal, my hand almost in the process of moving to do so. However showing amazing restraint I controlled myself, satisfied by admiring her ass as I left the room.

"Was today any better?" I asked when I returned to the kitchen.

"Apart from the limited hours and the fact I was on back to back waxing all morning," she replied sarcastically. "Yeah it was great."

"I think you should seriously consider leaving Mom, if you're not happy," I reasoned. "I can help you look for jobs. It doesn't have to be in a salon."

"Baby this is all I know how to do. Monica and I were talking about it. Who'd want to employ middle aged women with no other experience outside their field? I looked online this afternoon," she added. "There just aren't any vacancies at the moment. Not in the current climate."

I sat at the table and admired her body, the straps of 'that' white bra under the tank top. There was the hint of underwear behind the leggings, a faint panty-line on her hip, the color however, hidden. 'I' would employ her, I thought. To do any number of things. The thought struck me like a bag of bricks and I rose from the table.

"Where are you going?" Mom enquired. "Dinner's almost ready."

"Have to check on something, I'll be back in a minute," I explained and headed to my room, opening my phone and the appropriate apps. I looked up into my reflection and couldn't hide the excitement in my eyes.

*

Our show ended and I texted a friend to convey my thoughts, awaiting a reply as Mom scrolled through the onscreen tv guide.

"You're not going out tonight?" She casually remarked before she jumped at the text response vibrating from my phone.

I chuckled at my friend's comment and set it aside before giving Mom my undivided attention.

"What and miss foot massage Friday?" I laughed and made a play for her ankle.

"Again?" She seemed shocked I was offering another foot rub and quickly changed her position to enable me access to both feet. "You don't have to," she added and I feigned acquiescence by letting go of her foot.

"Oh ok then," I joked.

"Oh!" She moaned and I laughed out loud, taking her foot once again in my hands.

Wearing white ankle socks, I slid them off her feet and set about repeating the previous night's massage, a glass of wine in her grip as opposed to the tea. As she adjusted her position to become more comfortable the light blue nightie she wore rode up high on her thighs, any higher I thought, and I'd see everything.

"So I've been thinking about your job," I stated as I rubbed both feet at once.

"Oh no not this again," she groaned. "Really it's ok. I can put up with it. I don't want you worrying about me."

"Hey that's my job. To worry," I added.

She drained the last of her glass and as she'd done the cup of tea the night before, rolled to her side to place it upon the floor. The action caused her nightie to ride up as I'd predicted, the smoothness of her pussy displayed to me before I realized it was the flesh colored thong I was staring at. Just as alluring nonetheless with the indent of labia clearly visible. She settled once again

on her back, and looked down her body obviously aware her panties were on display. To my surprise she was slow to fix the malfunction, seemingly happy to flash me, I noticed not even looking to my face to make sure I wasn't peeking.

Did she want me to look, I wondered? My mind raced and believe it or not I was thankful when she finally pulled it back down to cover her groin, enabling me to concentrate on the story I wanted to tell. Barely obscured, I took my eyes from her pelvis and looked into her face.

"Why don't you go into business for yourself?" I raised the question and she furrowed her brow.

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean set up your own operation. Maybe even with Monica?"

"That's crazy Lincoln," she stated. "Do you know how much it costs to set up a business?"

"About five to ten thousand dollars would do it!" I immediately shot back to her surprise.

"And the rest," she mocked. "The equipment, leasing a premises. It'd be astronomical."

"You do it here!" I straight away proposed.

"What?" She cocked her head.

"Come on," I let go of her feet and reached for her hand, dragging her from the couch. Her legs parted and gave me another eyeful that I'd store in my 'spank bank' for later use as I pulled her laughing from the lounge room and down the hall.

We stopped beside the front door and I swung my arms around turning in a circle.

"If we had a cat I could swing it in here," I suggested as I once again looked at her, her face still showing confusion. "It's a foyer! There's enough room for a counter, chairs for waiting." She followed me into the dining room. "We get rid of the table and chairs of course, there's plenty of space for all the equipment, those chairs you sit on for pedicures."

I once more took her hand and she giggled as I dragged her from the room into my own bedroom across the hall.

"Look, you could fit two massage tables in here or those waxing beds," I walked into my en-suite. "Straight from there to the bathroom, it's perfect!"

I looked in her eyes as she fully understood what I was suggesting. That she run her business from home.

"But there's still the money Linc," she doubted. "I can't afford to set up a business. I'm barely coping with the mortgage as it is."

"Maybe you can't, but I can!" I claimed.

"What?"

"My savings," I proudly stated.

"No!" Mom immediately rejected the notion. "That's your money, for your future. Your own house."

"Exactly," I agreed. "That's why I'm investing it in a private business run by someone I trust more than anyone in the world," I assuredly proposed.

She was silent as she looked around the room. I could see the cogs in her head turning. Running through the logistics.

"I don't know Honey," she sighed. "It's too much to ask."

"No it's not," I went to her and again took her hand, the other. "I want to do this. To help you out."

For a moment I thought she'd say yes. That she'd hug me and we'd begin making the plans right then and there. She didn't.

It was a shake of the head that first told me her answer.

"I can't," she stated. "I can't ask that of you." Her hands left mine and she began to move back toward the hallway, her shoulders noticeably slumped.

"Would you at least think about it?" I asked as I followed her progress and she looked back with an almost pitying expression on her face.

"It's out of the question Lincoln," she forced a smile before entering her bedroom and closing the door on my dreams.

There was no goodnight kiss.

*

I couldn't sleep. I attempted to jerk off but even that, like everything else that night wasn't working out for me. It was well after two a.m when I heard the clicking of high heels on the floor of the hallway and I thought I must have just woken up, confused as to the time of day. No. It was still night and then the light seeping down from the kitchen creeping below my closed door. What was going on? I lay there listening for another good five minutes before extracting myself from the bed.

My attire wasn't out of the usual as I padded barefoot along the hallway in only my boxer shorts, shielding my eyes from the bright light of the kitchen as I entered. Her attire, was.

She, my mother, turned with a mug of what I could smell was hot chocolate in her hands as she obviously felt my presence behind her. It wasn't before I took in her bottom, her luscious ass cheeks barely covered by the red lace. The nightie she'd bought herself only two days previous. A nightie? No, I was right in my first assumption. Lingerie. It could have been described as a dress I suppose. Something a daring nightclubber could get away with, had she been wearing underwear beneath. But as my mother fully turned in my direction, it was clear she hadn't felt the need. Her legs lengthened by the heels, I attempted to travel her entire form in the least amount of time but my eyes failed me when I reached her groin, stalling as they spied her bare pubis.

Even through the tight red lace I could see the smoothness of her clearly waxed pussy, the slit below and the hint of labia. Above, and the slight swell of her belly, a navel that I'd looked upon only a night before and then her breasts. Unencumbered, supported merely by the compression of the material, her nipples so vivid she may just have been naked. In essence she was. My mother stood naked before me. The thinnest of fibres and a few feet of air separating our bodies.

"Honey!" she whispered, surprised. "What are you doing up?"

I managed to find my voice amid the circumstances but not before swallowing heavily.

"What are YOU doing up?" I simply repeated her question.

"I couldn't sleep, thought I might as well wear-in the shoes a little more," she calmly stated explaining perfectly the reason for the heels. Her lingerie going uncommented on.

"Same, I needed a drink," I added. A white lie to validate my attendance in the kitchen. Her clothing, or lack thereof was an elephant in the room, an appearance of red blushing around her neck the only acknowledgement as yet.

As I poured myself a glass of water, she used the opportunity to partially hide herself beneath the table much as I'd done days previous and when I again looked at her she was struggling to hide a smirk.

"I just wanted to see what I looked like in it," she admitted her current state before slapping a hand across her forehead and eyes. "I didn't know you'd be up."

I wasn't sure if her last comment was a good thing or bad. I'd got my wish; to see her in the lingerie. But she hadn't worn it for me. Why I was being so picky I had no idea. Why would she wear it for me? I was her son. I should be grateful I'd seen it at all.

"Well if you want an impartial male's perspective," I finished my glass as she peeked through a crack in her fingers. "You look pretty good."

'Impartial?' 'Pretty good?' I wanted to tell her I had a vested interest. That I thought she looked so amazing that I'd gladly worship her as a deity for just a touch of her body, a kiss from her lips. Instead I crossed the room and took up the chair opposite as her hand went back to the mug, her arms strategically placed to cover her breasts.

"Thanks," she coyly replied, blushing. "It was on sale too," she added as if justifying her frivolity.

I let this too go. I wanted to say it was worth every dollar. That she should get one in every color. Instead I focussed on her presence.

"So why couldn't you sleep?" I asked.

"Thinking," she immediately responded.

"About?"

"You."

Oh God, I thought. We were so alike. I was pretty sure her thoughts about me had been far different to that of mine about her however. And when she elaborated I was proven correct.

"It's so much money Lincoln," she stated.

"It's an investment," I countered. "How much different would it be me putting my money in the stock market? At least with you I can see where my dollar's going."

She bit her lip and I could see she was swaying in my direction.

"Mom, you're so good at what you do. All your experience. I bet if you told your regulars they'd follow you from the salon to here. You have a ready made client base. Monica too," I added.

I could see her thawing to the idea before my eyes. "This isn't charity," I stated. "It's a sound business proposition on my behalf. I deal with this stuff all day at work Mom, you know that."

The last statement had her almost sold on the idea. She knew I was good at my job. Only a number cruncher in accounts but I'd always been adept with figures.

"You always banked your allowance when you were a boy," she reminisced, smiling.

"Probably the one good thing Dad taught me," I grinned. "Being tight with money."

"You'll lose your bedroom, your own bathroom," she acknowledged.

"I'll move into the spare room," I countered. "And we can share your bathroom can't we!?"

She paused as she rolled her eyes around the room as if searching for one more reason to not commit. Seemingly finding none.

"Can we really do this?" She posed.

"Yes!" I emphatically replied and lay my hands palm up on the table before her.

She studied my eyes for a moment before she caved and reached for my hands, seemingly no longer concerned about hiding her breasts.

"Yes," she beamed.

"Yes?" I raised my eyebrows.

"Yes," she rose from her chair and leaned across the table, the kiss upon my lips so unexpected and yet so seemingly normal for the occasion. It wasn't passionate. No open mouthed embrace, but I treasured the spontaneity. The innocent declaration of affection, of gratitude, of love.

I stood as she pulled away and loathe to relinquish our connection, held one of her hands as she circled the table. I knew what was coming and hoped I didn't ruin it with an uncontrollable symbol of my desire. Namely, I hoped I didn't get an erection as we hugged.

She wasn't entirely unaware of her attire and with her free hand she made an effort to right the wrong that had occurred as she sat. The bottom of the nightie had ridden up and as she took the three steps to come face to face with me I saw her vagina as bare as could be. Waxed smooth, such pale skin, and the shadow of darkness between her upper labia. Her attempt to conceal partially working as her nightie pulled down on an angle leaving her only half covered. She didn't seem fazed.

"Are we really doing this?" She asked as I took her against my body, the softness of her breasts pressing my chest. My hands gripped the lace upon her back. Silky to the touch, the heat of her flesh below.

"I hope so," I whispered into her hair, as her cheek brushed past my own. I felt her breath upon my neck and I thought of the cinema as I inhaled her perfume. My hands upon her lower back, I moved one subtly and my little finger touched bare skin, undoubtedly the top of her buttock uncovered by the lingerie. She pulled back, not due to the touch but to look me in the eyes, her breasts just

below my line of sight. I could feel her groin pressed against my own and the contact was intimate. This was no ordinary cuddle.

"You do understand this means you'll be my boss," she smiled. My hands had slid back around, now holding her just above the hips, her own linked behind my neck and I started to panic at the development below. Any moment she'd feel it.

I'd be her boss, I repeated in my head. I could tell her what to do. Jesus, what to wear. In those few seconds my mind reeled with possibilities and did nothing to lessen my swelling, nay, encouraged it.

"We'd be partners," I maturely corrected her and it seemed to take her breath away.

"I'd like that," she sighed. "For us to be partners," she added and I couldn't but think she meant in more ways than just business.

It twitched. I'd been doing my darnedest to keep it at bay and pointed downwards I thought it would remain inconspicuous but the blood flowing in became too great to ignore and I throbbed against her thighs.

Without looking down I could imagine how I presented. Bulging out the front of my shorts, the tip possibly protruding below the hem by now. Again I pulsed and it was skin on skin. I was correct. The head of my dick was touching her inner thigh, my shaft pressed hard against her mound. There could be no coming back from this.

"Lincoln!?" Mom sighed, her head cocking slightly to one side.

"I'm sorry," I swallowed hard, acknowledging my erection, hoping I hadn't ruined everything. "I just don't want to do the wrong thing."

Her smile conveyed the world.

"Everything you've done this week has been right," she whispered and her hands unlocked from behind my neck. With her right, she slowly slid it over my collarbone and down onto my pec, pausing as she pressed my heart, feeling its rapid beating. "Come on, let's get that thing out of there!"

And her hand was once again on the move. Downward with a direct course, on a singular mission to take in hand what was rightfully hers. Between us she found the front of my boxer shorts and the hardness lurking within, her eyes not leaving mine as she dextrously entered my fly. And then it occurred. Barely a week I'd fantasied this happening but as her fingers wrapped my girth I knew that was wrong. I'd in fact waited my entire life for this. Everything had been leading to this point. Nothing in the world was more relevant than her and I and this very moment.

I realized I hadn't been breathing and almost light headed I sucked in a breath at the very moment she gasped at her discovery.

"Oh my god, it's so thick," she exclaimed as she withdrew me from the fly leaving me standing proud against her lace covered belly.

"Is that bad?" I ridiculously asked.

"Oh no Baby," Mom sighed as she coaxed me backwards, the chair materialising behind me, lowering me onto its surface. "It's a very good thing."

I wanted to keep looking in her eyes but as she spread her legs and stepped either side of my thighs, the lace once again rode up revealing her vagina and I needed to see. To look at her for more than a fleeting second and she seemed to understand, sensually swaying her hips as if providing an impromptu lap dance.

Awestruck, I marvelled at the glistening on her inner thighs, now so close, the scent of her sex rising. I dragged my eyes up her torso as she began to lower onto me, a hand dropping to hold my cock as her vagina connected with the head. Just the tip. Entering her body, feeling the heat and the dampness and then more. She relinquished her hold, once more hands upon my shoulders as gravity took over, drawing her body down onto my organ, ever so slowly penetrating her pussy.

Her boobs level with my head, her face getting closer to mine. "Oh God," she stopped her descent as I stretched her, my admittedly fat cock surprising her with its girth until she accommodated, allowing the rest of me to fill her. "It's so thick!" She once again acknowledged as her mouth met mine and she descended the rest of the way to my pelvis.

We didn't kiss. Her mouth remained open in what looked like a silent pleased scream as she adjusted to my size.

"Are you ok?" I breathed between her lips, actually worried for her.

"Baby I just," she sighed as she lifted slowly and descended once more, becoming accustomed to my cock. "It's just been so long," she closed her eyes and repeated the process, this time faster. So smooth, so slick, so warm. I took her buttocks in hand and squeezed, aiding her lift, guiding her back down.

She finally opened her eyes and found me watching her, hopefully seeing the love I had for her.

"I love you," she gasped as if reading my thoughts before her mouth fell upon mine and I received her tongue.

And then I was complete. This was how it was meant to be. Our tongues entwined and the fact she was my mother meant nothing and yet meant everything. We were just two humans that loved each other, why shouldn't we exhibit that affection in the most sensuous of ways? By making love. She ran her fingers through my hair as piston-like she rode my cock. My own hands searching her ass, her thighs, her back. I took hold of the lace at her front and lowered, her bare breasts finally against my own flesh and as if rewarding me for the act, she coaxed my mouth down upon them.

A nipple in my mouth, a hand around her corresponding boob and my other on her ass, Mom pressed her mouth into my hair and said again she loved me.

"...so good Lincoln," she panted. "Your dick feels so good inside me Baby."

"I love you," I admitted as I kissed my way across to the other breast, a baby in search of more sustenance.

"So deep," she sighed. Repeating the phrase each time I was fully inside her, our pelvic bones touching. "...so deep...I'm, oh god Lincoln, I'm..."

She couldn't finish the line as she pulled my face off her teat and brought me to her mouth. Plunging her tongue between my lips along with an expulsion of breath, her body trembled against me and I wrapped my arms around her, protecting her, comforting her as she lost control.

I felt the increased release of lube around my shaft, felt the walls of her vagina shudder along with the rest of her body. And as if I hadn't been aware my mother was having an orgasm, she managed to form the words in my mouth.

"I'm cumming Lincoln," she almost cried. "You made Mommy cum."

She never used the term 'mommy' and in the moment I found it such a turn on. Happy to sit prone upon my fully inserted cock, neither of us moving as she climaxed, I purposefully twitched my dick inside her and it caused another wave of orgasm to run through her body to which she laughed at the surprise. Her face pulled back from me and I saw nothing but happiness in her eyes, possibly a hint of mischief, confirmed when she squeezed her pelvic floor around my cock, giggling as she playfully bit at my chin.

"Did you cum?" I channeled Julianne Moore and this made Mom laugh even harder, knowing I was referring to the film.

"You have no idea," she smiled as she began slowly rocking her hips on my groin.

"About what?"

"About how long I've wanted this," she elaborated.

"How long?" I asked.

"Later," she replied. "We'll talk later. Right now I want you to cum inside me."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah!" She grinned. "Can you do that for me Baby? Can you cum inside Mommy?"

Again with the 'mommy.' I don't know what it was but the term made me so horny, did she know that?

"You want me to cum?" I asked, pushing my hips up into her as she descended.

"I need it," she gasped as I thrust harder.

The legs of the chair screeched on the floor as I hammered up into her. She held either side of my face, her nose against my own, lips touching as she stared into my eyes.

"Oh Jesus," I sighed as I felt on the edge, closing my eyes for an instant.

"Keep them open," she ordered. "Look me in the eyes as you cum Baby," she panted and I wasn't going to disobey my mother.

Three more thrusts, her vagina squeezing around me and I released.

"Oh Mom," I gasped as I let loose inside her. She held my head tight as below I lifted my hips with each pulse of semen that shot from me.

"I can feel it Lincoln," she whispered. "Each time you..." Her words trailed off as her own eyes closed and her body once again shuddered with an impromptu and I think entirely unexpected orgasm.

She wrapped her arms around me and held me to her breast as I emptied completely inside her, the warmth of my cum equal to that of her pussy's embrace.

*

For twenty minutes we stood kissing, touching under the flow of the shower, only leaving when the hot water ran out.

She towelled my body dry before wrapping it around herself and I followed her out of the bathroom, stopping her when she was half way across the room.

"Where do you think you're going?" I asked and she turned to look at me.

"I was going to put on a nightie," she explained herself.

"I'm your boss now aren't I?" I smiled and she immediately understood the role-play I was initiating.

"Yes sir," she diminutively responded, lifting her thumb to her mouth and biting on the nail, playing along perfectly.

"Well I say what you do and don't wear from now on young lady," I tried not to smile. "Now, lose the towel."

More than willing, Mom dropped her hand to the tuck and released, allowing the towel to fall to the floor at her feet. My cock, already hard, twitched and she in turn attempted to stop a smile spreading her lips.

"What now sir?" She whispered and I approached, gently pushing her back onto the bed.

As if reading my mind, Mom spread her legs as she shuffled backwards to give me room on there with her and I climbed between, lowering my mouth to her bald sex. So smooth, not a hair in sight I ridiculously wondered if she ever had any before remembering she worked in a beauty parlour, every treatment free. Why wouldn't she take up the offer of waxing? I would ask her of course. I would ask her everything. So many question as I'm sure she had of me. They would come. We had forever.

Right then and there I was more interested in tasting her. Using my tongue for good rather than words, but as I kissed her lubed labia, she seemed to have another idea in mind.

"Remember what I asked you the other day?" She whispered as I looked up over her pubic bone.

I shook my head, once again kissing her pussy.

"Have you ever given a middle aged woman a facial?" She grinned and I immediately climbed up from between her legs and onto her torso, saying the words I'd longed to days before.

"No, but I'd love to!" I sighed as I took my cock in hand.

*

To be continued?

Thank you for reading.