

THE BUCKET LIST

sunburycd

Son helps mother begin her bucket list.

Incest/Taboo

4.77

14.8k words

I looked back over the page of the textbook I was currently studying and realized I hadn't taken in any of what I'd just read. Deciding it was time for a break, I closed the weighty tome and left the solitude of my bedroom to see about making a coffee, maybe grabbing a bite to eat if anything took my fancy. On the way to the kitchen, I passed Mom in the living room and in the process of asking if she'd like a cup herself, made the mistake(?) of inquiring as to what she was up to, looking over her shoulder at the screen of the iPad upon her lap.

"Nothing!" She was quick to seemingly defend her actions and to save us both from embarrassment, I immediately looked away from what was obviously a lingerie store website, the page open to what looked like lace bodystockings (of all things). "...and yes!" She agreed to a coffee, and from the corner of my eye I saw her close the screen and rise to follow me into the kitchen.

I set about making the cups as she joined me, sitting down at the island bench, the iPad, its screen black, placed conspicuously before her.

"I was just looking for some new underwear," she needlessly informed me, and I felt my face begin to blush as admittedly the idea of her wearing what I'd seen her eyeing, came to mind.

"Ok," I dismissed her confession, quickly attempting to change the subject. "I just needed a break from study," I explained my emergence.

"Oh good. You can help me then," she passionately exclaimed, turning the iPad back on, the webpage still open.

"I, ah... don't think I..." I deferred.

"It's just a question," Mom laughed and spun the tablet around in my direction. "Do women wear these?"

I looked down at the models dressed in the varying designs of sheer and lace lingerie and despite (or possibly due to) my mother's close proximity, felt a stirring in my pants.

"How would I know? You're a woman!" I scoffed back, attempting to remain nonchalant.

"I guess I mean, would a woman wear this for a man?" It was now her that began to blush. "You know to... I mean would it..."

She didn't need to finish the question; I understood fully what she was insinuating. Would they turn a man on?

"Mom... I don't think I'm the person to..." I faltered.

"But you're a man!" She smiled, turning my earlier assertion back onto me.

"Then, hell yeah!" I laughed, focusing again on the coffee. "Why are you even asking this?"

"Oh nothing," she waved a hand in dismissal. "As I said, I was just looking."

A silence descended and I filled it by humming a few bars of a song before I again changed the subject.

"Pizza, Friday!?" I enquired, alluding to our regular end of the working week take-out meal together and before she answered, there was a pause.

"Actually, no!" Her response surprised me, and I turned to look in her direction. "I... have a date!" She proclaimed.

Suddenly the lingerie question made a whole lot more sense (uncomfortable as it was) and sensing I'd made the connection; I watched her cheeks and even neck turn a deeper crimson.

"What!?" I questioned to be sure I'd heard accurately. In the ten years or so since Dad had run off with his secretary, never to be heard from again, Mom hadn't shown any interest in a relationship with another man and definitely hadn't been on a 'date', to the best of my knowledge. "Who with?" I must have sounded even more shocked than I was, and Mom raised her eyebrows in response.

"Don't sound so surprised."

"No, it's just. I mean you've not... you've never..." I was rambling, and Mom broke in to save me.

"It's just," she paused, "...an acquaintance through work. Thomas, his name is. And it's just a few drinks," she explained. "You can relax. We're not getting married and it's nothing to do with... this." She pushed lightly on the still-open tablet, the screen scrolling to reveal even more provocative lingerie below.

"Ok," I offered, not giving my opinion, but also understanding it hadn't been sought.

"It's just a few drinks," Mom repeated, accepting her coffee before somewhat sheepishly heading off further into the house.

Left alone, my eyes wandered back onto the iPad, and I continued scrolling down the page, enjoying the eye candy before noticing the little red icon in the top right corner of the screen indicating items for purchase. I looked down the hall to be sure Mom wasn't headed back and out of curiosity, tapped open the shopping cart.

I swallowed when I saw what she'd added. There was indeed a bodystocking, crotchless, I noted; as well as babydolls, a lace bodysuit, and several sets of matching bras and panties. The stirring I'd felt earlier began to form a full-on erection before I shot it down with the ultimate realization. Despite what she'd said, it was clear she was buying the items to appeal to someone, and the idea of her wearing them for 'him,' this 'Thomas,' made me feel more than a little sick. Troubled, and to be honest, somewhat confused at my reaction, I backed out of her shopping cart and left the tablet where it was; heading back to my room and the abandoned textbook, to hopefully fill my brain with my studies and not the fleeting incestuous imaginings of my mother in lingerie.

It had worked for a while.

It wasn't until a day later that my mind meandered around to anything remotely sexual regarding my mother, and it was merely an observance. Well, it began as such. I was sitting in much the same spot as she'd been when I discovered her looking at the lingerie website. Absently flicking through channels on the television as a distraction to my studies, I was further distracted by Mom entering the room, strangely, for so late in the afternoon, on a mission to tidy the house for some unknown reason.

"We expecting guests?" I inquired, suddenly remembering her date that weekend and hoping it wasn't 'him' that was making an appearance earlier than expected.

"No," she denied, and my eyes followed as she knelt at the coffee table to order the magazines below. "Just tidying," she added, and I allowed my gaze to linger upon her ass, her jeans stretching taut and dropping down her buttocks to expose ample flesh and surprisingly, the string of a white thong disappearing into the shadow of her buttcrack. Mother or not, instinctively I puckered my lips in appreciation of the admittedly attractive sight, composing myself when she rose and turned in my direction.

It, however, wasn't the end of the show. Thankfully oblivious to my ogling, she continued with her cleaning, taking up a cloth she'd placed on the table and moving to dust the fronds of the pot plants around the room. It was then I noticed the tightness of her t-shirt. The lines of the bra she wore were clearly visible through the stretched cotton; and as she once more turned, it was her nipples which then demanded my attention. Hard. Strangely so for such a warm day. But what did I care for the reason? I simply delighted in surreptitiously devouring their state. Poking seductively against the thin material, the pink of her areola, amazingly visible through the bra and outer thread. Mesmerizing, it came as a shock to me when I realized my cock was just as distinctly tenting my track pants.

"Are you home after dinner tonight?" Mom's voice further surprised me, and I did my best to shield my hard-on with my leg as I watched her eyes descend upon me, unable to conceal the color that came to my cheeks.

"Yep," I quickly replied, concentrating upon the television which to my horror I'd turned to the home shopping network, gorgeous middle-aged models parading the screen in the smallest of bikinis, as quickly changing channel before I hoped Mom happened to notice.

"Good because I want your opinion on something," she divulged before she smiled somewhat menacingly. "And you're probably not going to like it!" she cryptically added.

*

It wasn't long after our dinner that I discovered what she'd alluded to. Excusing herself from washing up, (it was my turn anyway) it was only a moment later that I heard her call from down the hall.

"Honey, can you bring me the scissors?"

Why she couldn't have come and got them herself, I wasn't sure, especially as she knew I was busy taking care of the dishes. But when I promptly met her at her partially opened bedroom door, kitchen implement in hand, I realized the reason.

"Tricky packaging!" She explained her need, displaying what I immediately recognized as a cardboard packet of pantyhose, and also understanding why she hadn't left the sanctity of her bedroom. Her white t-shirt remained, yet the tight jeans she'd worn all day lay abandoned on the bed behind her. All that covered her groin was the white (what I discovered then was lace-fronted) thong, making its second appearance of the day. Even without focusing on the area, I could see the dark shadow of pubic hair behind the material, and fortuitously, as she gratefully took the scissors from my hand and my eyes averted her gaze, her bare buttocks reflected in the mirror behind.

"Thank you, Baby," she said as I allowed my eyes to linger on her exposed ass, a perfect peach that cried out to be spanked, then lavished with a son's loving kisses.

"It's what I'm here for," I clumsily replied, feeling the heat rising in my face and without being dismissed, immediately turned back toward the kitchen, accompanied by her affectionate giggle.

'It's what I'm here for'!? I berated and questioned myself as I dried and put away the remaining plates from dinner. I should've complimented her on her appearance; or at least offered to open the packaging for her, thereby extending my stay. But to what end? I quickly reasoned. What was I expecting to happen? That my mother would undress further in front of me? The thought saw my cock twitch in response and remained poised for action when she returned to the kitchen moments later in a dress I'd certainly have remembered her wearing. Nothing more than a black silk or satin slip, she padded into the kitchen on pantyhosed feet before stopping and shrugging, looking awkwardly at me as she spoke.

"So, I bought this for my date..." she paused, and I assumed she wanted my opinion on it.

"Well, you should probably go with a black bra," I heard myself critique her appearance, alluding to the flesh-colored straps over her shoulders, stark and out of place behind the thin straps of the dress.

"Oh, it's not that," she dismissed, before looking down at her body. "It's the pantyhose," she, to my surprise, lifted the hem of the dress up from where it sat on her upper thighs, revealing more than she possibly would've expected as amazingly the shadow of pubic hair once more caught my eye, this time through the dark nylon. "These," she nodded down toward the black pantyhose, "...or these?" She continued as she released black thigh-high stockings from where they'd been secreted in her opposite palm, the lace stay-ups flowing over her hand.

"Mom, I..." I faltered, attempting to lift my eyes from her exposed groin, be it behind the dark nylon and shadowed by her dress.

"I just want a man's opinion," she stated, clearly seeing my embarrassment and attempting to help me out. "Forget I'm your mother. Which do you think would be more attractive?"

"Seriously?" I shook my head, managing to drag my eyes from her crotch, the fact she was trialing what would possibly turn on her date on me, now becoming annoying. "You're going to a lot of trouble for just a 'few drinks'."

"Well, I haven't done this in years," she defended herself. "I don't know what people wear on these things..." she trailed off, allowing her dress to fall once more over her hips "Oh, forget it," she turned, obviously disappointed in my reaction and I felt some sympathy for her.

"The stockings!" I called as she made her way from the room and I watched as she turned slowly to look me in the eye, an expectant look upon her face. "Go with the thigh-high stockings," I repeated,

and I returned her expression as she smiled and mouthed the words 'thank you', before leaving the room proper.

The kitchen left tidy; I pictured her back in her bedroom as I disposed of some recycling in the garage. Pausing at the bin as I imagined her undressing, possibly admiring her own now naked body in the mirror, touching herself? The thought had my cock once more twitching and smiling as I adjusted myself, I headed back into the quiet house. It was on my way to my bedroom that I discovered how incorrect my musings had been.

"Oh, I thought you were in your room," Mom sheepishly exclaimed as we met in the hallway, and I attempted to remain nonchalant in the face of what was presented to me. "I was just returning the scissors," she held them up before herself, but my attention was drawn elsewhere. Gone was the black dress. But unlike my garage fantasy, she'd not undressed entirely; though she may as well have been. The bra I'd spied behind her t-shirt all day was now exposed to reveal its nylon cups, fully transparent. Her small nipples, pink and erect. And again, her pubic hair. A perfect triangle of luscious pressed down. No shadowed glimpse this. Her pronounced pubic mound, made available to my admiring gaze under the bright lights of the hallway

I caught myself as the blush came to my face. Forced my eyes from her sex to trail up her torso and meet her own.

"I... Um... I was going..." I struggled to verbalize, and I could see almost playfulness in her eyes as she recognized my discomfort.

"Oh Honey," she sympathized and unexpectedly kissed me on the cheek as she continued toward the kitchen, the fact her barely clothed breast gently caressed my arm in the process not going unnoticed. "You can relax," she giggled. "It's not like I'm naked."

I followed her journey, turning to watch her almost saunter down the hall, her ass swaying in the seamless pantyhose as if aware I was paying it, her, attention. I didn't hang around to allow her to catch me ogling. Wrenching my gaze from the beautiful sight, I completed my own journey to my room and behind the safety of my closed door, released my swelling cock to pay a masturbatory tribute to the evening.

*

It was early evening Friday when she once more presented herself to me for inspection. I had to admit I was beginning to enjoy her impromptu fashion parades and I confess my thoughts about her over the last couple of days hadn't been entirely pure. As a boy, his mother is the first woman he loves. As a teen, a daily example of the feminine form; the one to judge all other girls upon, and in my case, I wasn't oblivious to the fact, my mom was hot. All my friends had admitted it, and their obvious infatuation with her during my school days had no doubt encouraged me even back then, to look upon her as more than just my mother and see her as also a woman. I'm also not ashamed to confess, those feelings led me to partake in some not-so-proper actions.

- It'd admittedly been some time since I'd been so possessed as to take an item of her underwear from the wash. But discovering her white thong sitting atop the clothes hamper late Thursday night as if left for me as a special gift, I saw it only fitting I pay my respects to it and ultimately its owner. The erection that formed as I drew the g-string to my face was unsurprisingly hard given the taboo of my actions, and as I breathed in her motherly scent left upon the tiny gusset, the orgasm that accompanied was understandingly and ashamedly fast. -

But as she entered the living room Friday night and I looked up from casually browsing the web on my phone, I'd challenge any son to not show my level of incestuous affection. In a word, she looked stunning. The black slip sensuously hung from her shoulders by means of the previously noted spaghetti straps, supported accordingly by nothing more than the natural upturn of her obviously bra-less breasts. Nipples confidently poked against the material; they captured my gaze until I forced myself to look her in the eye. Smokey eyeshadow and lips painted red; her short blonde hair pulled back from her face with a high headband. She'd never looked as hot, and I rued the fact it wasn't I for whom she'd so dressed.

"So?" She tentatively questioned and I managed to lift my jaw, words not so forthcoming, and I merely and regretfully raised my thumb in approval of her appearance. Idiot. I thought. I should've openly expressed my attraction to her. Told her to cancel her date and spend the night in my arms, in my bed, upon my cock. The cock, which even as I watched her move into the kitchen to collect her clutch, the lace tops of her stay-up stockings visible under the swish of her dress, began to harden.

I knew she was disappointed with my lackluster response and climbing up onto the couch, conveniently pressing my hidden hard-on into the cushioned backrest, I gave her what she wanted yet only a fraction of what I really felt.

"You look beautiful Mom," I confessed, and she turned, surprise on her face quickly replaced with a joyous smile. "I hope 'he' deserves it," I added.

"We'll see," she beamed, before, with the purse in hand, she came back into the living room, leaning in to place a subtle kiss upon my cheek, (twice in a week) the scent of her perfume overpowering my senses. "Wait up for me?" She smiled and I winked in affirmation as the awaiting taxi tooted its horn.

*

Painful. That's how the next half hour felt. My pizza arrived and I ate alone with little enthusiasm for the flavor. I paced around the house and constantly checked the time imagining it was how a parent must feel when they see their child off alone. An invite to a night on the town with college friends, I declined, and almost one hour after she'd left the house, I was beginning to feel depressed. I should've been happy for her. Ten years was too long alone. Didn't she deserve to find happiness again? Especially how things had been left with Dad. I thought of her date. 'An acquaintance through work.' She'd never mentioned anyone of interest. Who was he? Thomas. Wasn't much to go on. Sounded like a douchebag, I smirked. It was then I imagined what could've been happening between them and I realized... I needed a drink!

*

The walk would do me good I felt, dismissing the car. Clear my head. Distract me. I chose a liquor store I knew would sell to me, far away from home but navigable in the time allotted and nearing, was stopped at a pedestrian crossing with nothing to do but look around as I awaited the lights. Music and conversation from a bar on the street corner caught my ear and I turned to look upon the premises, their windows giving a clear view of the patrons within. I saw her immediately. Even from the distance and obscured by the milling drinkers, I recognized the beauty sitting at the bar. The traffic signal changed, the alarm permitting my crossing, but instead, I followed Siren-like, the call of the music from within the bar.

I just want to see the guy. I thought to myself as I was nodded entry by the hulking security manning the door. With my eye on her, I skirted my way around the crowded floor of the pub and found a vacated booth, conveniently located behind a pillar yet with a clear view of my mother and the empty stool beside her from behind. And there I waited. Like some anonymous admirer, or more pointedly, a cowardly stalker. Five minutes passed and her date, whom I assumed was visiting the men's room, still hadn't returned. I watched as she ordered from the barman and was surprised when he returned with only one, clearly Mom's patented gin and tonic. What was going on here!? It was then a man sidled up beside her and I thought, finally, I would see her beau. The man who'd robbed my mother's heart from me. No! Not to be. The guy had seemingly simply enquired as to the availability of the stool beside her and to my shock, she'd acquiesced. She was alone! What the FUCK was going on here!?

Another minute or so I waited before I planned my approach, ridiculously summoning up the courage to go to her as if indeed she was some random woman at a bar and not the one person, I knew most in the world.

"What's a lady like you doing in a place like this?" Was the best I had as I leaned upon the bar to her right, and as she lay her glazed eyes upon me there was a look of confusion before the recognition kicked in. Her mouth began to open in surprised welcome before I interrupted her with my plan, offering my hand in greeting. "Gabriel," I calmly stated. "...but most people call me Gabe."

Thankfully she understood the game I was playing immediately and seemed willing to go along for the time being.

"Lisandra," she couldn't stop the excited smile that came to her lips. "...but my friends call me Liz."

*

I'd hoped the charade we began playing would've lasted longer!

"Are you sure you can afford them, Honey?" Mom, however, slipped back into her well-worn character of overly concerned mother after I'd ordered cocktails for us and assisted her across the floor of the bar to my priorly acquainted booth.

"I've got a job!" I defended myself, despite her words, feeling pride that those in the bar would mistake us as a couple, to me, she was the best-looking woman in the place.

"Part-time!" She laughed as she slid onto the bench seat, her glass coming down hard on the table and spilling some of its contents over her hand. "Oops," she looked up at me guiltily before lifting her wrist up to her mouth and licking the back of her hand. "I shouldn't waste any," she explained as her tongue (suggestively to my eyes) trailed across her knuckles, "I love these."

Sitting, I took a sip from my own Long Island Iced Tea and looking at her across the table, a strap of her dress fallen from her shoulder, the music now blaring inside the bar, couldn't help but reflect how surreal the evening had become. Mom looked up post-navigating the straw between her lips and sucking and must have felt along the same lines.

"This is so strange," she rose slightly in her seat and shouted across the table to compensate for the music, though probably louder than necessary.

"What?" I smiled.

"Us. Here," she divulged. "Together. You're not even twenty-one!" she added before lifting a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide as if shocked at something.

"In a couple of weeks," I was again defending myself before acknowledging her demeanor. "What is it?" I questioned.

"I just had De Ja Vu!" She fell back in her seat. "Well, sort of."

"Yeah?" It was now I that leaned up over the table. The strap of the dress remained down her arm and consequently, a large amount of flesh displayed on her chest, her breast exposed to almost reveal a nipple, and selfishly, I did nothing to make her aware. "In what way?" I asked and she grimaced.

"Your father," she admitted, and I rolled my eyes, slumping back in my seat. "No. It wasn't all bad," Mom was quick to inform me. "It's just, this reminds me of one of our first dates," she was again shouting before I watched her already flushed face noticeably blush further.

"What?" I was immediately once more interested.

"Oh nothing," she demurely smirked, taking another sip from her straw. "Just... something," she confusingly added. "I definitely can't tell you, of all people!" She laughed.

"Yes, you can," I quickly replied, and her grin widened.

"No. You really wouldn't want to hear," she shook her head, and I frowned back at her suspiciously.

"I'll get it out of you," I laughed. "Another one of these and you'll tell me anything," I sipped generously from my glass.

"Another one of these and I'll do anything," she laughed before catching herself as she recognized what she'd said, her eyes averting mine as she again sipped from the straw.

I banked the information yet seeing her discomfort, changed the subject.

"So where is 'He'?" I pointedly questioned and it was now Mom that rolled her eyes.

"Had an 'emergency'," she shook her head. "We weren't even here ten minutes before he got a phone call. 'Had to go!' He said," Mom divulged. "Last time I'll go on a blind date!"

"What?" I leaped at her confession. "I thought you said it was someone from work!" I reminded her and watched as she again blushed.

"I was embarrassed to tell you," she began. "Blame your aunt Krista. She organized it."

"What!?" All the information became confusing, and Mom again rolled her eyes before drinking more of her cocktail.

"Said I should get out more," she explained. "He... Thomas. Is someone from her work. Said I'd like him. I should've realized my sister has terrible taste."

To this, I smiled.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I offered, and Mom saw right through my charade.

"You don't seem it," she laughed. "Oh, don't worry about it. It's my fault for breaking our end-of-week meal together. It's funny. We sort of have our own date night every Friday, don't we Baby?" She recognized. "It now feels more of a date than ever," she added, looking around the bar.

Things were back on track!

"So, if we were really on a date; say, I was your blind date; what would we be talking about?" I posed and Mom snorted.

"Well just don't ask me my favorite color!" She giggled, sucking on her straw.

"He didn't!?" I questioned.

"Yep. Then just started talking about himself."

"Guy sounds like a loser," I stated. "You know I was surprised no one else tried to pick you up," I added, immediately regretting that it might have given away how long I'd been watching her.

"I guess I'm too old for this crowd," her eyes scanned the bar once more before again alighting on mine.

"Pfft," I scoffed. "You're the best-looking woman here," I proudly proclaimed, the alcohol possibly encouraging my boldness, and this seemed to delight her.

"You know," she instinctively reached out a hand to lay upon the back of mine, her fingers cold and wet from caressing the glass. "When we walked across the bar together," she smiled. "I was hoping everyone thought we were a couple."

My dick actually swelled under the table at her confession. We had shared the exact same sentiment. At the exact same time. The more I looked at her, the more we spoke, the greater my feeling something was happening between us. Something taboo yet oh so beautiful. Was it possible? Was I delusional?

"Well, I already know your favorite color," I got back on track, my heart thumping noticeably. "So why don't you tell me something else about yourself Liz," I smiled.

"What would you like to know Gabe?" Mom laughed, playing her role.

"I don't know," my brain suddenly not working to the best of its ability, possibly the alcohol, most likely nerves. "What about your bucket list?" And to this, Mom frowned. "You know, a fantasy. What's something you've always dreamed of doing?"

Little did I know then, but it was the best question I could ever have asked.

"A fantasy!?" She eyed me skeptically.

"I mean not like a..."

"I've never been skinny dipping!" Mom spontaneously replied, cutting me off before once again throwing a hand over her mouth in mock regret at her words.

"Whoa!" I laughed, seeing her chest redden at her confession. "I didn't expect that."

"I know right!?" She smiled mischievously. "Should I have admitted that?" She slurred, laughing.

"No, it's all good," I smiled. "It's funny," I added and listened fascinated as she told me of her days in college. She and a group of friends drunkenly sneaking into the gymnasium pool to do just that. Mom chickening out at the last minute, regretting it ever since. As she spoke, it was obvious her words were affected by alcohol, slurring, shouting more than not, and I wondered how much she'd had before I arrived? "Wow," I smiled. "I can't even imagine you..."

"What? Naked?" She laughed, again interrupting me, and it was obvious the admittedly strong cocktail had hastened her inebriation, clearly loosened her inhibitions.

"I was going to say, 'in college'," I blushed, the naked part something I was becoming an old hand at imagining. "But either, I guess!" I cautiously offered and Mom opened her mouth in mock surprise.

"Well, you **SHOULDN'T** be imagining your mother naked; naughty boy," she reached her hand out to slap mine and knocked over her now empty (save for some ice) glass in the process, the noise gaining the attention of others around us, someone yelling 'taxi!'. "Whoops!" She exclaimed and I assisted her in placing the cubes back in her glass.

"Maybe we should get going?" I tendered, reflecting on her state.

"Nonsense!" Mom was quick to disagree. "I'm fine! Actually..." Again, a mischievous smirk came to her face. "Why don't you get us s'more drinks while I go pee...an' I'll tell you what I did on that date with your father!"

I hadn't forgotten our earlier curious conversation, and despite how drunk she had now obviously become, neither had she it seemed. It felt wrong to be giving her more alcohol in the state she was in, but the devil on my shoulder was in charge at that moment, even guiding my eyes down between her parted legs as I assisted her out of the booth, the lace tops of her stay up stockings coming into view, the bare flesh of her upper thighs above. Frustratingly, shadow prevented her panties from making their appearance.

"Me' chew back 'ere," her glazed eyes met mine as she clumsily made her way to her feet, before squinting as she raised a finger and pointed it at me. "And don't be late!"

I wouldn't be. I didn't even want us to part, keeping my eyes on her body and her unsteady gait as we both made our respective paths across the crowded floor until she disappeared amid the throng. Fortunately, I'd only been waiting a moment at the bar when I felt hands upon my shoulders from behind, and just as the bar staff questioned my order, I turned to find Mom already back from the bathroom.

"Yor right," she slurred. "Les go," she added as she ran her hands down each side of my open jacket front.

"Serious?" I questioned, admittedly disappointed it might mean she wouldn't divulge the story.

"Yep," she smiled and again I saw mischief in her eyes, her face strangely blushing and I waved my apology to the barman as I felt her hand find mine, leading me away from the bar.

The security guy that I'd met on the way in gave me a complimentary thumbs up on the way out. Clearly under the impression I'd picked up the woman that dragged me from the bar, no doubt impressed by the speed of my work.

"I'll flag a cab," I proffered when we reached the curb, but Mom was quick to dismiss the notion.

"We can walk," she determined as she finally turned, and her eyes once more found mine.

"You sure?" I looked down at her stilettos. "It's a fair way!"

"I can do it," she again tugged at my hand, her arm exaggeratingly swinging as she turned us away from the bar. "'s'aint my first rodeo, cowboy!" She laughed slurring her words as we headed away from the lights of the main strip. Her hand, so small in mine. Her skin, so soft. I wondered when last we'd held hands and struggled to come up with the answer, preferring instead to enjoy the moment for as long as it lasted, to whatever end it led.

"You know you promised to tell me..." I stated when we'd slowly navigated no more than half a block, Mom happily stopping and turning towards me. "... about you and Dad," I reminded her though with the same mischievous look remaining on her face, I understood whatever it was had probably been on her mind as well.

"I've already done it," she grinned.

"What?"

"I did it at the bar, Daddy!" She drunkenly confused my title, laughing as she corrected herself. "I mean your daddy. What I did with your daddy. You're my son," she once more pointed at me as she babbled, swaying on her feet, and I began to regret ordering cocktails, seeing how drunk she'd become.

"You did what?" I couldn't help smiling at her behavior and to my surprise, she suddenly moved forward in what I assumed was going to be an embrace, my hands quick to take hold of her sides, feeling her warm flesh under the silky satin.

"Baby, Daddy... your daddy, told me to take off my panties," she whispered in my ear, the feeling, her breath, giving me goosebumps as her hands caressed my shoulders.

"What?" I whispered back, unsure I'd heard her correctly.

"You didn't even notice," she laughed before unfortunately backing out of our intimate embrace and abruptly ceasing her mirth. "Oh," she paused, "...I've really gotta pee!" she admitted, backing up unsteadily until her shoulders forcibly hit the glass window of a closed florist behind her.

"You just went!" I chuckled, still contemplating her panties as the world changed forever.

With the strap of her clutch purse over her shoulder, Mom had both hands free to take hold of the front of her dress. A streetlamp not twenty feet from us, what eventuated was in full view of me and anyone that could've happened to pass by, not that I'd have noticed their presence; my attention was devoted to my mother.

With her high-heeled feet spread shoulder width apart, Mom wasted no time in raising the front of her black slip, her stocking tops once more coming to light, again the flesh of her upper thighs, and then... My god, did this even happen? I question as I write this. That triangle of pubic hair I'd spied only two days earlier; then under the shroud of dark nylon; now, naked. Raw. Perfect. And then the stream. With her pelvis thrust forward as if to further emphasize her pubic mound, a fountain of liquid burst forth from her body to flood the pavement.

"Ohhh God!" Mom sighed in obvious relief as her head was thrown back and her mouth fell open, my own jaw dropping as I stared at the perfect arch of piss gushing from her pussy, my mind

reeling.

"I... I thought you went at the bar," I managed to casually respond to the magic on display as if my mother pissing in the street in front of me were a daily event.

"I didn't have time," Mom's head slumped forward, her eyes lazily finding me watching.

"Oh! Wait... Mom..." The outrageousness of the moment clouded my thought process, the fact she wasn't wearing underwear only then coming to mind. "...where are your panties?"

"You still don't get it, Baby?" Mom laughed, the steady deluge of pee lessening as the stream flowed over the curb. "Have you checked your pockets?" She shrugged her shoulders off the window, standing uneasily above her still dripping and exposed sex.

With eyes not leaving the sight of my mother with parted legs and dress raised around her waist, I instinctively lifted both hands to my jacket pockets and delved inside. The left struck gold immediately as my fingertips encountered soft satin, the realization of the discovery obviously reflected in my face as Mom again giggled mischievously, allowing her dress to once more cover her pelvis as she staggered forward.

"You said you wanted to know, Baby!" She giggled and began to stumble, my hands leaving my pockets to catch her as she went over on a heel, once more delighting in the feel of her soft flesh as I brought her body up against mine, breasts against my chest, the warmth, and scent of alcohol on her breath. "It was easier -hic- to show you," she slumped her head upon my shoulder, and I sensed she would've been happy to fall asleep in my arms, standing in the street, if I'd allowed it.

"Right," I hefted her body to hold her with one arm. "Let's get you home," I asserted as I waved at an available taxi approaching along the street.

*

"No charge," the driver waved his hand in dismissal when we arrived home mere minutes later in what was surely his shortest fare of the evening. I'd noticed him adjust his rearview mirror when Mom had collapsed into the back seat and though I'd been quick to correct her wardrobe malfunction, pulling her dress down onto her thighs when she indiscreetly allowed it to ride up onto her pelvis, again revealing everything, I was sure he'd got a good look.

"Serious?" I questioned the cabbie, as Mom, on all fours, climbed across my lap in her endeavor to get out.

Leaning around, the driver again laid his eyes on Mom, and with her ass in the air pointed towards him, I could only imagine the view he received.

"That's payment enough, Buddy," he winked toward me as Mom managed to extract herself from the cab, and thanking him, I followed her out.

It was only when we'd navigated the garden path; the front door; the hallway, and into her bedroom, did I get something like the view of the cab driver. When we reached her bed, Mom slumped forward, falling face-first into her pile of pillows. As in the taxi, she showed no concern for her dignity, the black satin slip riding up over her stockings and bare buttocks to her lower back and under the bright light above, I was witness to wonder.

My eyes on the prize, I zeroed in on her asshole, which with legs spread wide was plainly visible between her parted buttocks. A perfect puckered ring sitting within her buttcrack, instinctively I moved a hand to the front of my jeans to encourage the hard-on that had been developing since entering the comfort of our house, treating myself to a moment of pleasure before I assisted her further.

"I'll take your shoes off Mom." Though pretty sure she'd passed out I explained my action as I moved closer to take possession of her ankle. My gaze remained between her legs, dining on her exposed sex below her anus. Her labia, (my mother's labia!) nestled in a bed of clearly damp pubic hair. My cock strained against my pants as I removed her high heels, my fingers relishing the feeling of her ankles and feet in the silky nylon. I contemplated removing them as well, imagining my hands upon her upper thighs, so close to her sex before dragging her stockings down her legs; ultimately deciding it was unnecessary as I rose to my feet.

Again, I was selfish. My job was essentially done. Covering her with the throw rug upon her bed was all that was left to do but I found myself stalling, caressing my cock. Clearly asleep, it was a perfect crime, I thought. Would it be so bad if I was to pull it out? Jerk off over her near-naked body? Even lean in further, inhale the scent of her pussy as I masturbated? Only a mere step up from using her panties.

"Gabe, Baby?" Mom stirred and I was thankful I'd abstained as she turned her head on the pillows.

"Yeah, I'm here," I whispered, lifting the throw over her legs, removing the temptation from sight.

"I drank too much Baby," she mumbled before burying her face once more.

"I know," I agreed. "I'll just go get you a glass of water. Then you can sleep it off," I added though I could already hear the steady breathing of sleep coming from the pillows.

In the kitchen, I reflected upon my erection. Had I ever been so hard? Granite, I moved it to a more comfortable position before filling a glass and returning to her room.

Things had changed. She'd rolled onto her back in my absence and the rug had slid down her legs, once more revealing her crotch. Her legs spread, almost as if in missionary position, her pussy on open display, her labia clearly wet and even the asshole below now glistening as if she'd smeared it herself with her juices. It wasn't all. Her dress had twisted with her movement and now her entire left breast protruded from its satin bonds, her nipple pink and erect, awaiting a son's suckling.

For a minute I stood there. Contemplating. Admiring. My cock begged to be let loose until, uncontrollably twitching against the fly of my tight jeans, I felt I was on the verge of orgasm, quickly placing the glass down on her bedside table and lighting her small lamp. Showing amazing restraint, I once more pulled her throw up over her, and turned from the bed, flicking off the overhead light to leave the room in semi-darkness.

It wasn't until I was removing my jacket in my bedroom, did I remember her panties.

For the briefest moment before I thrust my hand into the pocket, I thought I'd imagined it. That possibly the whole night had been a dream considering how surreal events had transpired. But when I felt the satin touch my fingertips once more, it became as real as my impending ejaculation. It happened so quickly. With one hand I was dropping my pants as the other, with black thong onboard, lifted to my face. So few strokes needed, I found myself cumming upon my bedspread,

thread after glorious thread, spraying across my newly changed sheets. A copious amount of cum that I closed my eyes and imagined was upon her. My cock pulled dripping from her pussy to coat her pubic mound, her belly, and her breasts. To glaze her beautiful face. I breathed in hard the scent left upon her panties as I came down from my orgasmic high, opening my eyes to examine them, the gusset still moist from pressing her magnificent cunt. It was then I looked at the mess I'd created, and the post-climax reality kicked in. What had really happened tonight? I asked myself.

Mom had gotten drunk. Way too drunk. Through a series of leading questions from her overly fixated son, she'd admitted something slightly sexual about her college days and told me of the (admittedly raunchy) exploits of an early date with Dad. For a moment she'd even confused me with him to further emphasize how inebriated she'd become, possibly explaining her completely reenacting the scenario, panties in my pocket and all. Was any of it about me? Was she aware of how provocative urinating in the street in front of me was? Had she even thought of my presence when she did it? And the bedroom? She was blackout drunk! Exposing herself like that had been merely accidental. The more I thought of it, the more ashamed I became of my actions. I should've covered her up immediately. Stroking my cock while I stared at her! What was I thinking? What kind of son was I? And despite the possible ignominy of my behavior, the answer came directly. A son that loved his mother. So much so that he wanted to express that love physically. Surely there was nothing wrong with that!? I looked again at my mother's panties. And despite all that I'd thought previously, their very existence harbored the possibility she wanted the same.

And on that note, I slept soundly that night.

*

I had no idea what to expect the next day. Mom hadn't been that drunk in a long while. Aunt Krista's fortieth birthday came to mind, and I wasn't surprised to not have seen her before I left for my part-time job in the early morning. It was mid-afternoon when I returned and our paths finally crossed and if I'd thought distance, time, and the cold light of day may have altered my feelings for her, I was mistaken.

Sheepish was how I'd describe her demeanor as I forensically examined her appearance, looking for some sign from her she was conducive to reestablishing anything like the antics of the night before. It may have been wishful thinking, but I saw many. She wore one of my old college sweatshirts. One that she'd commandeered after it had shrunk in the wash long ago. It wasn't uncommon for her to do it, but surely choosing such an item of clothing after a night so intimate was an acknowledgment of something more! Wasn't it? My eyes continued their investigation, delighting in finding her in the tightest of grey leggings, and as she tied her short hair back in the smallest of ponytails and the sweatshirt lifted, I spied the most beautiful of cameltoes at her groin. Was she even wearing panties? I wondered and found my cock stiffening in my work pants, doing little to hide its presence.

"I just wanted to say..." Mom cleared her throat after we'd exchanged admittedly awkward pleasantries. "...well, apologize really," she added before I quickly attempted to dismiss her.

"No, Mom, you..." I began before she cut me off.

"No, listen, Baby, please," she insisted. "Last night, I had a lot to drink. Too much," she rolled her eyes and I smirked. "No, believe me. You wouldn't have wanted to see me this morning," she managed a smile, and I silently refuted her assertion. I would've loved to have been there. To wake up next to her. To hold her in my arms, my body against hers I thought, and my dick pulsed against

my pants. "But that doesn't forgive my actions," she added, refocusing my attention from my fantasy to what she was saying. "No," she overrode my attempt to dismiss her apology. "When I can't even remember what I did beyond fleeting recollections, I know I was out of control; and I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. I definitely embarrassed myself!" She concluded.

"No, you didn't!" I refuted. "I had fun...and you did too," I asserted and to this, she smiled.

"Well, I couldn't tell you if I did or didn't," she managed to giggle. "I just know I'm never drinking again. And neither are you, Mister," she pointed a finger at me much as she'd done the night before. "At least not until you're legal."

"Alright, fair enough," I conceded, leaving her in the kitchen on my way to get changed before I stopped and turned, almost having forgotten the plan I'd put into action whilst at work. "Oh, by the way," I called back to her, and she looked up from where she'd seated at the bench. "Are you home after dinner tonight?" I quoted exactly the question she'd put to me days earlier.

*

I hadn't told her what to expect, just that we were going for a drive. It wasn't uncommon for us. Since I was sixteen and she'd first given me driving lessons, we'd often gone on weekend road trips together. Never far; along the coast or into the hills outside L.A. or the like, though admittedly not for some time and I had seen the surprise in Mom's face when I'd suggested it, especially so, the time I'd proposed. Nevertheless, regardless of the destination, she seemed enthusiastic, and I noted had even changed her outfit when she joined me in the car post-dinner.

"So, are you going to tell me where we're headed?" Mom finally inquired after showing amazing restraint during our meal together.

I glanced across at her in the passenger seat, the denim skirt she'd put on riding high up her bare thighs and I immediately set to imagining the color and style of her panties before smiling as I realized that all going to plan that evening, I'd definitely find out.

"It's not like you not to be out with friends on a Saturday night!" she continued when I failed to immediately answer her query. "And why are you grinning?" she added, laughing.

I turned off the main road into a residential neighborhood and Mom immediately sat up in her seat.

"What are we doing here?" She glanced around, looking in my direction when I made another turn and slowed to a crawl outside a house we both knew, coming to a stop. "The Brandts!?" she noted. "Aren't they away?" She questioned me about our family friends. "They're in Europe Honey," Mom continued unable to reason as to why we'd stopped outside their residence.

I turned off the ignition and looked at Mom, her eyes on the empty house, its windows in darkness in the early evening.

"Mom, what do you remember about last night?" I asked her and as she turned back toward me, I saw her beginning to blush before the interior light of the car went out providing her cover.

"What?" She questioned.

"I mean, stuff you told me," I could feel myself blushing as well at the memory of her pissing in the street, her laying half naked on the bed. "You remember telling me about your bucket list?" I managed to ask, my heart palpitating with nervousness.

"Oh, Honey I..." She immediately looked back at the house as the cogs began to turn, the Brandts our only close friends with a pool on their property. "You're not serious!?" she again shifted in her seat as the realization kicked in. "I can't..." she began. "...we can't!" She faltered as she watched me reach behind into the back seat and pull out a beach towel.

*

"I emailed Dane," I explained to Mom as we entered the backyard of the property.

"He knows?" Mom was quick to query. "Does Audrey?" She gasped. "I'll never be able to look her in the face again."

"Mom, relax," I reassured her. "I just asked to use the pool. They know nothing more," I explained as I closed the gate behind us, entering our own private oasis. The day had been cooler than I'd hoped, and the air of the night had a chill that didn't bode well for the temperature of the pool. Nonetheless, throwing the towel upon a banana lounge, I set to winding back the pool covering as Mom looked on nervously, fidgeting.

"Baby, I don't know about this," she looked at the calm surface of the water and then back toward me.

"Well, I do," I boldly exclaimed as I lifted my t-shirt off over my head and threw it next to the towel. "What do you say?" I paused, looking at her, the only illumination, small solar lights in the garden bed beside the pool, reflected in her wide eyes.

"You're really going to...?" She tentatively questioned as she watched my hands move to my belt and again, I paused.

"Mom, you said yourself you regretted not doing it all those years ago," I exhaled, sounding braver than I felt under the circumstances. "You know, despite how you feel about last night; I had a great time. I want you to tick this off your bucket list," I smiled. "And I want to do it with you."

Emboldened by my speech, I kicked off my flip-flops and in one grand motion pulled down and removed my pants and briefs to stand before my mother naked. She did nothing to disguise where her eyes lingered, slowly lifting them up from my groin, my cock unfortunately not looking its largest at the time.

"I... I don't know that I can," Mom began but I ignored her, jumping into the pool at the deep end.

The cold hit me like a shovel in the chest and I came up gasping and shivering, doing my best to disguise the discomfort. "C... Come in," I stammered. "The water's perfect."

In an encouraging sign, Mom laughed.

"You lie," she accused, and I could see her grinning before she looked around the yard as if to make sure no one else was present to witness what would come next. No. This was a private show for me alone. Treading water, my eyes never left her as she turned and lifted her tank top, her hands circling around her back to unclasp her bra. The clothing joining mine on the banana lounge, she paused momentarily before I heard her exhale deeply and unbutton her skirt. It dropped down her legs leaving my mother wearing nothing but a pair of what looked like orange cotton panties. These too were hastily removed before she turned and with an arm across her breasts and a hand covering her groin, she ran and jumped into the pool no more than two feet from me.

She burst from the water in a tumult of suffering; gasping to refill the expelled air from her lungs. Her breasts rose above the surface momentarily, her nipples understandably standing to attention.

"You... you," she gasped. "God it's freezing," she managed to laugh as she wiped water from her eyes.

"Yeah," I chuckled. "It really is! So how does it feel?"

"H... Horrible," she managed.

"No, you know."

"Oh," her breathing regulated as she became acclimatized to the temperature. "Strange. Amazing. I can't believe we're doing this! Together," she added.

"Why?" I laughed. "We're just a mother and son going for a swim. Nothing weird about that!" I smirked and she shared my mirth, splashing water at me.

"You know what's different about this, Mister!" she giggled.

"Oh right," I again laughed. "We're naked!" I noted and despite the biting cold of the water, the thought, the reality, had my cock twitching beneath the surface.

We tread water. We raced each other across the width of the pool. At one point Mom floated on her back, her breasts and amazingly, her pubic mound, projecting from the still surface of the dark water, her skin glistening, reflecting the light of the moon. There were so many things I wanted to do. To swim between her legs. To lift her onto my shoulders, imagining her pussy pressed into the back of my neck. To embrace and have her sex against mine. To push her against the pool wall and penetrate her beneath the water; confess my feelings for her and begin our new life together, as lovers. But the moments never came.

"We should maybe think about getting out," Mom proposed as we clung to the edge of the pool, no more than five minutes having elapsed. "The neighbors have probably heard us and called the police by now," she ridiculously imagined.

I was pretty sure she was wrong, but getting out of the pool was definitely a good idea. Again, I'd see her naked. She'd see me. The potential was palpable.

"Good idea," I agreed and immediately lifted myself out of the pool, water cascading down my body. Despite the shriveled nature of my penis, I tuned immediately to help Mom up only to find she'd begun swimming to the steps at the far end, closer to our clothes.

Beating her there, I took possession of the towel and without drying myself, held it out lengthways in offering (conveniently obscuring my embarrassingly small dick and nestled balls) as she rose from the water.

There was little embarrassment on her behalf. Unlike when she'd entered the water, doing her best to hide her breasts and pussy, Mom now made no effort to protect her boobs, and as her chest rose above the water line, I feasted on her pale skin, the shadow of her nipples in the minimal light. There was a casual attempt to block her crotch from my eyes, her palm momentarily protecting her dripping thatch of pubic hair, but as her eyes lifted to meet mine, she dismissed the action, instead revealing herself to me in all her perfect nudity, using both hands to wipe the water from her face and slick back her hair.

"I think it's colder out," Mom's teeth chattered as she accepted my embrace with the towel. Wrapping it around her body like a sarong as I drew her into me.

"We'll warm up soon," I whispered as our bodies came together, Mom seemingly appreciating the hug, her hands, in turn, resting upon my shoulders.

"You're still wet," she remarked, her body shivering as I tightened my arms around her, feeling her breasts through the dampening towel, my dick reacting to its position pressed against her groin, hardening.

"I don't mind," I again whispered close to her ear, using the towel to caress her back in the feigned act of drying her skin, lowering a hand to creep momentarily onto a buttock. My dick pulsed against her, rapidly hardening and I swore she pushed her pelvis into me.

"Thank you," Mom's eyes darted from mine as she moved her head into my shoulder, and I wondered, for what? My hands on her butt? My cock against her pussy? "For tonight," she elaborated, her cheek against my neck, my dick now undeniable against her crotch.

"It's my pleasure," I sighed as my cock again twitched, filling with blood, and Mom exhaled at the contact, no doubt feeling my growing affection, her breath giving me goosebumps, her lips gently pressing my skin with the lightest of what could only be described as a kiss.

"You should get dry," Mom suddenly pulled away, the towel going with her leaving me naked and aroused, with nowhere for my erection to hide. Her eyes glanced at me, taking in my hard-on before she focused on her clothing.

"What? Wait, Mom..." I attempted to stall the proceedings, but she had her panties in hand and was stooping to place her feet inside before I had a chance to respond. "Mom," I repeated before I took stock of the moment. She'd just had her son press his hard cock against her. Her reaction wasn't unreasonable, especially as there'd been little forewarning it was about to happen. Had she even given me any signals she was amenable to the incest? I mean apart from drunkenly placing her panties in my pocket the night before, very little. Had I just made the biggest mistake of my life?

"Mom, I'm sorry," I offered, and as she made to put her bra back on and the towel dropped to the banana lounge, her eyes once more found mine.

"Oh Honey," she turned, sincerity in her eyes. "I'm just cold is all. It's nothing to do with..." her eyes once more glanced at my cock and it embarrassingly responded by pulsing under her gaze, growing larger despite my sudden self-doubt. She was understandably unable to finish her sentence, but also unable to hide the smirk that came to her mouth.

"It must have something to do with the cold," I explained my erection, relaxing as I saw her smile.

"Hmm, yeah. That'd be it!" Mom grinned as she finished dressing, buttoning up and straightening her skirt before she even thought of offering me the towel. Was it deliberate I wondered? Was she enjoying the moment as much as me?

"Better get dry Mister," she threw me the towel. "Don't want to get a cold," she added in a motherly way and to my delight, watched as I toweled myself down, doing nothing to hide my engorged cock. I was slow to get my clothes, wishing, under her nurturing gaze she'd stop me and once more press our bodies together. It didn't happen. A smiling shake of her head when I forced my hard-on

into my briefs, was the only sign she was still cognizant of the uncomfortable development in our relationship.

*

"Did I say thank you?" Mom spoke in the car as we set out on our short trip home.

"Yeah," I chuckled, glancing over at her to see her focused on me, or more importantly my crotch, looking back at the road without drawing attention to it.

"I didn't know you were..." she trailed off after a pause. "I mean I've never been... I know it's popular nowadays," she cryptically added, and I seriously had no idea what she was talking about. My erection? The possibility of an incestuous relationship between us? "I've seen it on the women in lingerie catalogs and online in, well... in movies," she continued and now I was really confused.

"Mom. What are you talking about?" I questioned, laughing.

"Your... well. I noticed you're shaved. Down there!" She explained and I quickly glanced back to see her eyes once more on my groin.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"I've never done it," she admitted. "I've always wanted to," she quickly followed up. "Oh, my god. Should I be even talking to you about this?" She laughed.

"No, no it's all good," I immediately defended her, my cock stiffening as I realized she was discussing her pubic hair, of all things! "I don't mind," as opposed to earlier, my mind rapidly working. "So, you could say it's on your bucket list?" I suggested and again Mom laughed.

"Oh Gabe, no!" She was clearly beginning to enjoy the nature of our newfound relationship. "Well, it could be. God. It's sounding more like a 'sex bucket list' by the minute," she giggled as I pulled up in our driveway.

I turned off the car and we remained seated for a moment, silent. I so wanted to kiss her. It felt like one of my earliest dates; taking my then-girlfriend home. The nervousness. The desire.

"Soo, I guess we should..." I left it open-ended, turning toward her, hoping she'd say kiss, or fuck.

"Yep," Mom exhaled loudly before she unbuckled her seat belt and opened the door (not the action I'd hoped) and I followed her lead, walking back into our house.

*

Always a bridesmaid, never a bride. In my case, always the panties, never the pussy, I reflected as I lifted my mother's orange cotton panties to my face and inhaled their feminine scent. I really couldn't complain. Wasn't this reward enough? Finding her underwear abandoned on the bathroom vanity when preparing for bed. Surely, she'd left them there for me. So out of place beside the soap dispenser; inside out no less to reveal the saturated gusset. When we'd left the car, entering the house to go our separate ways I'd abandoned all hope we'd fuck, let alone kiss as lovers. That was for the movies and short stories on porn sites. No. We were a mother and son that'd come close to crossing the line, but reality had forbidden the transgression. If it was ever going to happen it would've been then. Beside the pool, or in the car. Not to be. Our relationship would and forever be, plutonic, familial. And if the best I could hope for was the admittedly perverted habit of sniffing

my mother's unobtainable sex upon her panties for the rest of my days, then so be it. I could be satisfied with that, I thought as I stroked my cock to completion into the basin of the sink.

*

As always, work Sunday morning saw me away and our paths hadn't crossed since the night before. I arrived home after lunch to a quiet house and was surprised to not find Mom working in the garden, nor her presence in the kitchen or living room. It was only after I'd passed her vacant bedroom did I ascertain where she was, her voice indicating her location.

"Is that you Honey?" Her admittedly tentative call came from within the bathroom, and I stopped my journey back down the hallway to stand outside the closed door to answer.

"Yeah, just got home," I replied, my overactive incestuously fixated mind imagining her seated on the toilet, panties down to her knees.

"Ok... um," she added after pausing, before I heard the surprising sound of water sloshing in the bathtub. "Baby, can you come in here for a second?" She questioned and I straightened where I stood, more than a little shocked at her request.

"What!?" I managed, momentarily wondering if this was just one of the many dreams I'd had about her over the years.

"I just want you to... I did some... Oh, just come in Gabe," she demanded and dutiful son that I was, followed her wishes, turning the knob and entering the bathroom.

The air was as warm as it was steamy, and the mirror and windows fogged up accordingly, but they weren't where my eyes lingered, focusing directly upon the head and shoulders of my mother above the copious bubbles in the bath.

"Can you turn the fan on for me Darling," Mom immediately requested and for a dreadful moment, I thought that was the extent of my summoning, but as I flipped the switch, she continued. "It was getting too hot in here," she noted as the air began to clear, and awaiting further instruction should it come, I followed her eyes as they left mine and panned down to the surface of the water, her naked body beneath the concealing layer of bubbles. "I just wanted to..." she paused. "To let you know I..." Again, her gaze met mine and her internal struggle with whatever she wanted to admit was obvious in her eyes. "...about my bucket list," she managed.

"Oh, hey, Mom. You've already thanked me," I waved a hand in dismissal, pausing. "...If that's what this is about?"

"Oh... Yes," she quickly agreed. "That was it. That's all. I just wanted to thank you again for last night. It was a beautiful evening," she once more tore her eyes from me and looked at the water.

"Cool, yeah. It was fun," I nodded. "Sooo, if that's it, I'll..." I pointed back at the door, following my gesture by turning my back on her and taking hold of the handle.

"Actually, no Darling!" Mom called from behind me, the sound of water splashing accompanying her voice and I turned back to see her rising from the bathtub. "That wasn't all," she stated, now in no more than a whisper. "I wanted to show you what I've done!"

My breath stolen, I took in her naked body. Yes, I'd seen it before. But then in compromising situations, relative darkness or through transparent clothing. This was unfettered, complicit. And as

the soapy foam slid down her body with the dripping water, leaving her skin glistening... absolute.

"I shaved it!" She proudly declared, and given license, nay forced to look at her groin, I devoured the beauty of her now clearly hairless pubic mound, the tantalizing slit of exposed labia. In somewhat of an effort to retain her modesty, I watched as she lifted her hands to cup and conceal her breasts, but it did nothing to lessen the beauty of her appearance, possibly accentuated.

I couldn't speak. I struggled to swallow, and it was Mom that broke the silence.

"For the bucket list," she explained. "I think I told you I'd never..."

"Yeah... I remember," I breathed, watching her eyes pan down to look at her bald mound.

"I just wanted to... I mean it's probably not very appropriate, but I did tell you about it, so I wanted to show... someone. To prove it. Oh, it's silly, isn't it?"

I could see she was becoming embarrassed and my inability to verbalize more than a few words clearly hadn't helped.

"No!" I gasped. "I'm glad you did, you know... show me. I mean it looks... it looks great," I complimented, and her eyes found me, a shy smile developing on her lips.

"Do you think?" Her face noticeably brightened.

"Oh yeah," I sighed and felt my cock find a more comfortable position for its growing stature. "Do you... like it?" I questioned her and she allowed herself to giggle.

"Well, it's a change," she lifted a foot from the water and made to step out of the bath. "Can you pass me the towel Honey?" she asked, and I closed the door behind me, figuring my stay was surely going to be extended.

My eyes temporarily taken from her, when I turned back, she was completely out of the bath, standing on the mat.

"I have to say," she smiled, looking me in the eye as I approached with the towel. "It does feel different." I held the towel out in offering and to my surprise she balked, instead continuing as I stopped before her. "It's so smooth to the touch," she paused as she abandoned her half-hearted effort at hiding her boobs, dropping her hands to her sides. "Would you... I mean, if you want, you can..."

It was beginning. Finally! It should've happened days before considering how our relationship had developed. But regardless, it was now at long last, real. No other explanation warranted contemplation. The line was about to be crossed. Without pause, I lowered the towel and with my eyes slowly dropping from hers, watched my left hand reach out to bridge the distance between us. So gently I pressed my palm against her belly, feeling the heat of her still-damp skin as it traveled downwards. The firmness of her pubic bone beneath my touch, the smoothness of her perfectly shaved thatch, and the softness of her uppermost labia

"You're right," I raised my eyes to hers, finding them dreamy, eyelids heavy, as her lips slightly parted with an intake of air. "It is smooth," I agreed, and allowed my fingertips to delve lower, her thighs parting to enable their exploration. "C... Can I?" I pleaded in barely more than a whisper and Mom allowed her head to loll back as she let out a sigh.

"God yes," she breathed as I slid my fingers between her legs, her pussy slippery, welcoming the tease of my middle finger as it pressed the length of her slit. "In... Inside Gabe," she managed, and I dropped the towel, reaching behind to press her back and pull her into me as I bent my finger up, easily entering her body.

Her mouth was upon mine as her naked body enveloped me. Her tongue was as hot as the inside of her velvety sex. "This is beautiful," Mom hissed between my lips, and I wiggled my finger vigorously in response, the palm of my hand cupping the flow of her excess lubricant.

"You're beautiful," I praised her, kissing her, sucking on her tongue as it writhed against mine. Her hands caressing my body, she made her way down the front of my shirt and venturing onto my pants found my cock tenting my chinos.

"You're so hard!" she exhaled, immediately seeking my fly and unzipping, her small hand expertly extracting the prize. Even I was impressed by my size as she drew me from my pants, my hand on her back going lower to squeeze a buttock, tentatively delving between her cheeks. Again, she sought my mouth as her fingers gripped my pole, kissing me passionately as only a mother can whilst beginning to jerk my length.

I'd managed to surreptitiously find her asshole amid the distraction and discovering it well-lubed with mommy juice, dabbed the point of my index finger against her rubbery entrance, tentatively venturing my desire.

"I want it!" Mom's mouth came from mine, her eyes fixing upon my gaze as she furiously stroked my cock and I took it as consent, my finger immediately penetrating her tightest of holes. "Ugh," her mouth once more dropped open as I finger fucked her front and back and she dropped her head again to focus on my dick, the bulbous head purple as her vice-like grip went to work.

A finger in her ass. Another in her pussy. I wiggled both as I caught our reflection in the now fog-free mirror, the image so extraordinary, a fantasy come to life. My naked mother hugged against my body, her hips slowly gyrating with legs slightly bowed, the muscles in her arm flexed as she jerked me off.

"Tell me this is real," Mom sighed, kisses upon my neck, my jaw, and my lips. I looked back at her from the reflection, dropping my eyes to her pumping hand, pre-cum leaking profusely across her knuckles and I realized it was all too 'real,' my release so close.

"It's real Mom," I managed, breathing in deep to stave off my orgasm, the divine scent of pussy filling my nostrils. It was too much. The alluring smell, no secondhand panties this! The sensations, fingers inside her body, her hand around my cock. And the sight. Her complete nudity, the shaved sex, her mouth, open with tongue extended to seek mine. I came!

Unintended but not unexpected. Was it the quickest ejaculation of my life? Possibly. Mom was taken by surprise, gasping as my eruption hit her.

"Oh my god!" She excitedly squealed as the geyser of cum sprayed her belly. Jet after jet of molten jizz painted her torso from boobs to thighs, her still beating hand guiding me to shower her bald mound, christening her exposed labia with her son's loving seed.

"I'm... I'm sorry," I stammered panting, easing my hand from her pussy as my own cum trickled down into my palm.

"Oh Baby," Mom smiled mischievously. "Don't be silly," she looked down at the mess I'd created, her freshly cleaned body now painted with semen. "I love it," she admitted, slowly sliding her hand from my cock, squeezing out the last of my gift before raising her fingers to her lips. "It's what I've wanted for so long," she declared, and I watched enthralled as she licked cum from her knuckles, sucking her fingers one by one.

I expected to wake up at any second. To find myself in bed and slowly coming to the realization it was all a dream. But the moment never came. Speechless, I watched Mom notice my own cum covered hand and bring it to her mouth, her lips wrapping first around the fingers still wet from her pussy, licking her way to suck up more of my incestuous benefaction, greedily swallowing.

"I love you!" I spontaneously admitted and she giggled at my confession.

"I know you do Honey," she smiled and squeezed her sphincter around my embedded finger, almost forgotten lodged so comfortably in her ass. "Now," she looked down at my still rock-hard cock before clutching at the front of my shirt, "what say you get out of these clothes... and I'll come find you in your bedroom when I've cleaned up a little?" As if on cue with my hypnotic nod of affirmation, her asshole relaxed around the second knuckle of my finger, and I eased it from her body.

"My room?" I reaffirmed.

"Your room!" she beamed, and I kept my eyes on her as I backed from the bathroom.

*

Stupid thoughts went through my head. In the mere minutes I had to wait, anxiety and doubt crept into my bedroom. Naked and with a hard-on I'd have been proud to take photos of I climbed into my bed, but laying upon my pillow in anticipation of what was to come, fear swept over me along with the sheets. What if she'd changed her mind? What if, when left alone, the reality of what we'd done had struck her? I mean it was immoral, wasn't it? Possibly illegal? What if she couldn't face me out of shame?

I shouldn't have worried. Seconds later my open doorway was filled with the sight of the most beautiful woman on Earth. Now dried and cum free, still naked, the only change, was make-up hastily applied to her face in the form of lipstick and eyeliner. She hurried to the bed as I drew back the covers and giggled as she jumped in beside me, a childlike playfulness that swelled my heart and forced me to once more outpour my overwhelming feeling.

"I love you so much," I repeated as I wrapped my arms around her, our naked bodies pressing fully against each other from top to toe.

"Then make love to me Gabe," she whispered between my lips, her tongue following as I ran my hands over her skin, still hot from the bath. "Fuck me like a good son should."

The kiss that followed was the best of my life. Wet, passionate, full of lust and love. Her body under my probing and caressing hands was an unexplored wonderland, a tactile experience I'd never tire of. Which made the fact I'd lost my erection all the more frustrating.

"What is it?" Mom sighed into my ear as she ground her slick labia along my flaccid length.

"Nothing... I don't know..."

"It's alright Baby," she again kissed my mouth, motherly, understanding. "There's no rush."

"I'm sorry," I exhaled, annoyed at myself. "You turn me on!" I declared, quick to reassure it was me, not her.

"I know," she again giggled. "I've always known!"

"What?" I drew my head back in the pillow to look into her eyes.

"Oh Honey..." she continued to smear her dripping pussy all over my groin. "A mother knows these things."

I didn't push it any further, feeling the heat rising in my face at the thought she knew about my panty-sniffing habit.

"Maybe we could just talk a minute?" I posited and she nestled her head into my neck, her body into my side.

"We can talk... we can fuck... we can do anything you want," she kissed my neck and I laughed at her words and the goosebumps that accompanied her touch. "What?" she asked.

"You. This," I said. "How are we here?"

"Well, I think we have your bucket list idea to thank, don't we?" she posited.

"Really?" I questioned. "Didn't this start with you walking around the house essentially naked?" I laughed.

"I didn't hear any complaints," Mom chuckled into my neck. "But really, I love it. I love the idea of doing the bucket list. I've even ticked off some more," she cryptically confessed.

"What?" I probed and again she giggled.

"I mean, there's this," she stated, running her hand down my chest to, unfortunately, find my dick still soft. "It's brought us here."

"This was on your list?" I questioned, amazed at her candor. "And what else?" I encouraged and once more she laughed.

"You won't think me weird?"

"Never," I assured her, desperate to hear her confessions.

"I'd always wanted to pee in front of someone!" she declared, and I could see her blush. "Not that I really remember much of it."

I thought of her on the street that night, her dress raised and the piss streaming from her body and I felt a stirring in my groin.

"Then maybe you can do it again sometime?" I posed and her eyes met mine.

"You'd want to see that!?" She seemed surprised and I kissed her.

"I'd love it," I admitted, and seemingly content, she once more lay her head against mine on the pillow.

"I've got more," she cautiously admitted after a moment's silence. "More things I want to do."

"I'd hoped so," I said. "You know, there's something I wouldn't mind doing," I tentatively raised, and Mom shifted, lifting her head once more.

"Oh yeah?" She questioned.

"I wonder... could we... I mean it might help," I inferred my soft cock.

"Anything," Mom whispered, and I drew her face toward me to whisper in her ear.

"I'd love for you to sit on my face, Mom," I divulged and heard her now familiar chuckle.

"Oh Baby," she was quick to begin to move. "I can take care of that immediately."

As one of my longtime nighttime fantasies was made flesh, my naked mother turned her body on the bed, and with her legs up on the pillow, as I shuffled down on the mattress, her ass descended upon my face.

"How's that Darling?" she asked as my nose pressed deep within her butt crack, her slick pussy coming down on my awaiting mouth.

"Mmmph," I managed to vocalize before pushing my tongue up against her slit.

"I'll take that to mean it's satisfactory," she giggled as I attempted to lick her, her near-full weight upon my face making it especially challenging but nonetheless enjoyable. "It's certainly comfortable for me," she admitted, sighing. "Yes. I think I'll sit here more often if it's ok with you!?"

I again managed a grunt as she began grinding her pussy upon my face, my extended tongue entering her vagina, deep; licking her asshole, and teasing what I hoped was her clit. I felt the sheet thrown off my thighs and her hands slide their way down my sides to my groin before the softness of her breasts pressed upon my belly. I knew what would come next, but when her lips wrapped tenderly around my semi-erect penis, I was almost overwhelmed by the moment. No matter what anyone says, there is no better feeling in the world than having your cock harden inside your mother's mouth. The warmth, the moisture, the love, unmatched by any other touch. My anxiety-fueled brush with impotence a long-forgotten memory, I felt myself swelling upon her tongue, pushing my hips up into her as I wrapped an arm around her lower back, pulling her ass down further into my face, smothering, drowning myself in mom juice.

"Mmmrgh," it was now Mom's turn to groan/gag as I felt the back of her throat, my now fully erect penis welcomed deep in her mouth, slick with saliva, dripping around my balls. I was doing my best to eat her out, but her grinding prevented any consistent focus on one area, my face smeared with cunt from chin to forehead. It could've lasted forever, the taste, the feeling, the pleasure of her mouth around my cock. But Mom had other ideas. "Oh, fuck this," she gasped as I felt her lips pop from the head. Her ass lifted from my face as she climbed off her throne, a foot almost kicking my temple in her haste to change positions, the action causing us both to laugh. "I need you inside me!" she explained the sudden shift and once more I accepted her body upon me, my dick effortlessly seeking her pussy, the penetration so perfect, so incestuous, so right.

"Oh God," Mom moaned as her vagina accepted my length, her hairless pubic bone meeting mine. "It feels so good Baby," she leaned forward to press her breasts upon my chest, her mouth descending, lips and tongue eager to taste herself upon me.

"I feel like I'm dreaming," I gasped into her mouth.

"Then we've shared the same dreams, Honey," she kissed me as she spoke, sucking and biting my tongue. "I've wanted this for so long."

"Serious?" I ran my hands down her back to clasp each buttock, squeezing her flesh. "Why didn't you tell me?" I questioned and she snickered between my lips.

"And I just come out...." she paused, sighing as I thrust myself up into her, burying my cock deep. "...and tell you I think we should have sex!?" she highlighted the foolishness of my question.

"Yeah, ok, I'll give you that one," I whispered as I straightened her legs on either side of my hips and taking hold of her body, rolled her onto her back. "But you said you knew how I felt," I kissed her jaw and neck as we continued to fuck in missionary position. "You could've hinted you felt the same," I suggested and she laughed.

"Oh Baby, I always have!" She gasped as I clutched at a breast, massaging her erect nipple. "I've been trying to let you know for years," she admitted. "The things I've done..." She trailed off as I increased my rate of penetration and much like a life flashing before one's eyes, images of her behavior and clothing ran through my mind. All the 'accidental' panty glimpses; the tightest of leggings, smallest of shorts, and shortest of skirts; Aunt Krista's scandalous fortieth birthday party; her near naked fashion parades; drunkenly exposing herself; pissing in the street.

"I should've known," I fell upon her mouth, kissing my affection, my regret. "I'm sorry," I hammered my cock inside her body. "I love you."

"Again," she whimpered.

"I love you," I cupped a hand beneath her ass, pulling her into every thrust.

"Agai..."

"I love you. I love you," I panted, my dick concrete, my abs aching, my groin slapping her inner thighs. "I love you, Mom!" I declared and I felt her body shudder, the walls of her pussy quivering around my cock. Sucking my tongue into her mouth, my mother came with me inside her, the lube of her already slick pussy increasing, squelching with every loving thrust.

"Don't stop," she released my mouth to look me in the eyes. "Don't ever stop fucking me," she begged, her lipstick smeared and eyeliner running, never looking as beautiful.

"I have to..." I gasped. "I've gotta..." I struggled to vocalize my own impending orgasm and Mom understood my battle.

"Oh God yes, Gabe," she sighed, her face languid in post-climax exultation. "Cum for me. Cum inside me my darling boy. Mama's pussy's hungry for your hot cum."

No words could've brought me quicker to ejaculation. With our eyes locked in incestuous ardor, I came amid the warmth, within the security of my mother's longing womb. Her pussy squeezing, milking my cock as I released pulse after pulse of taboo seed where it belonged, in the fiery cunt of a loving mother.

"Fuucking hell," I released my held breath as I buried my face into her neck, not stopping the thrusts, loathe to end the pleasure even as her pussy loosened, the sloppiness delightful, so slick

and velvety. I quickened my pace as her arms locked my body upon hers, her nails digging into my back and sides.

"Yes Baby," she gasped. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Fucking make me your cum bucket, Baby. Fill me with that beautiful boy juice."

And for the third time in under half an hour, I was cumming again. My balls drained, my dick throbbing and spent, as exhausted, I lay atop my mother with all my weight, luxuriating in the love of her embrace, the softness of her skin, the scent of her body and sex.

"I love you," I again confessed and our mouths came together, her saliva mixing with mine as our cum juices combined in Oedipal bliss. "But seriously... what was that!?" I lifted from her to study her face.

"What?"

"What you said," I laughed. "Something about being my 'cum bucket'. Wanting my 'boy juice' or something?"

"Oh, I don't know," she giggled, blushing. "I just went with it. Was it wrong?"

"No fucking way," I kissed her, chuckling. "I loved it. I love you!" I repeated and again we fell to kissing, once begun, so hard to end. "But speaking of buckets. This isn't the end, is it? You did say you have more you want to do. To cross off your list."

"If you're willing to help me?" Mom posed and I slowly lifted from her body to look down between her legs, pulling my softening penis from her sopping pussy, marveling at the copious stream of cum that oozed from between her lips.

"I'll do whatever you want," I reached for her hands and lifted her back from the mattress.

"You're sure?" Her lips met mine, her eyes remaining upon me. "Because I have some pretty nasty ideas."

"Anything," I reaffirmed my commitment, pulling her onto my lap and feeling the heat and fluid flooding from her vagina back onto my dick. "I can't wait to see what comes next."

*

Thank you for reading.