

# The Best Defence

Gareth cursed when he saw the car parked across his mother's driveway, having to find a spot to park further down the street. Walking back to the house he was taken by the actual number of cars gathered together in the quiet neighbourhood before he metaphorically slapped his face, recalling the reason.

His mother's self-defense class. Planned for weeks he would've arrived well after they'd wrapped up but for his boss sending everyone home early with little else to do at the work site. Casual labouring was good when the money flowed, but between jobs, he was struggling to make ends meet.

The load of washing under one arm, he skirted the front of the house and made his way to the back door, hoping to be in and out of his mother's laundry without being spied by the crowd gathered within.

\*

"That's right Vera," the instructor encouraged as the elderly woman yelled. "Use your voice. In some cases, just yelling

as loud as you can is enough to scare off a predator. Followed up by a swift kick in the balls; am I right ladies?" She added and embarrassed laughs filled the living room.

Samantha heard her son's car slow down in the street outside, the rumbling engine of his classic Mustang immediately recognizable. Aware that he was bringing his laundry around, (inevitably for her to do although he always attempted it himself, albeit halfheartedly) she looked at the time on the wall, surprised he was there so soon.

When the door to the back of the house slammed, the eyes of the ten women and the instructor (all knowing full well Samantha lived alone, and all in a hyper state of vigilance) focused on her.

"Oh, it'd just be my son," she explained. "He lives alone but still brings his clothing back for his Mom to do of course!" She added and there was a chorus of understanding nods.

"But I'm glad that happened ladies," the instructor continued. "There's a lesson here. Keep your doors and

windows locked. Even during the day and especially when you're alone. Now let's all get back in pairs and practice some of the techniques we've learned today."

Before Samantha could team up once more with her next-door neighbor, the young instructor approached smiling.

"I'm really sorry Jeff couldn't come along Ms. Bliss," she apologized. "These things always work better with a man to practice on," she added.

"Oh not to worry Hon," Samantha dismissed. "We've all learned so much, it's been wonderful."

"Well I'm glad. Even the smallest piece of knowledge in how to defend yourself is better than nothing," she stated. "But I was wondering, you said it was your son?"

"Uh huh, that's right, Gareth," Samantha confirmed.

"Ok. And how old is he?" the instructor asked, elaborating when Samantha furrowed her brow. "Just I was wondering if he'd be willing to help out here, only for a few moments. It'd be great to give the girls a 'real man' to practice on. Before we finish up. Do you think he'd be game?"

"Well I can only ask," Samantha replied. "If not, I can twist his arm. I know how to do that now!" She laughed as she touched the instructor's arm lightly before heading through the house.

\*

"Who's there?" Samantha shouted as she leapt around the doorframe of her laundry, standing in a karate pose.

"Shit Mom," Gareth exclaimed, jumping at his mother's sudden appearance. "Way to scare me half to death."

Laughing, Samantha approached and kissed him on the cheek, placing a hand on the pile of clothing upon the bench-top. "I'll do them if you do me a favor," she smiled.

"Anything," Gareth grinned back, loathe to do his own laundry.

"Well you obviously know we're doing our self-defense course; I'm guessing it's the reason you came through the back way," she raised her brows until Gareth confirmed with a nod. "Well the instructor's partner couldn't come along, a sore back or something. We were wondering if you could possibly come and help out for a few minutes?"

Gareth grimaced at the idea. Being a crash test dummy for a bunch of middle aged and elderly women all hyped up on adrenaline, didn't sound like the most alluring of ways to spend his free afternoon. That was until the instructor appeared.

Dressed in the tightest of workout wear, she held the doorframe as she broke in on their conversation, mother and son's eyes falling upon her.

"Hi, um, Gareth is it?" She smiled and Gareth was already imagining their wedding. She held out her hand as she entered the laundry and he was quick to take it, careful not to squeeze too tightly as he enveloped his mitt around hers. "I'm Mandy. The instructor. Don't know how much your Mom has told you but we could really use your help."

"Gladly," he responded, Samantha all of a sudden feeling like a third wheel in the presence of the younger couple.

"Fantastic," Mandy beamed, her free hand joining their connection, almost intimately. "Jeff couldn't make it this time. A bulging disc, the doctor said. So, he's off for a few weeks and it's just me flying solo. It really does work better when the girls have a man to practice upon. You'd be doing me a great favor!"

"It's nothing, I'd be happy to," Gareth smiled, their hands finally breaking apart although on his behalf, reluctantly. "This bulging disc. It didn't happen during one of the classes did it?" He laughed as they began to head back through the house, Samantha following, now definitely the third wheel.

"Oh no," Mandy laughed. "No. He did it putting together our baby's crib," she stated, pausing to rub her belly, both Gareth and Samantha seeing the gold wedding band on her ring finger. Samantha deriving a great deal of pleasure out of the display though she couldn't think why? "We're two months pregnant," Mandy continued, clearly ecstatic. "Oh. I should've said, Jeff's my husband!"

Yeah, she should've said, Gareth thought as he and his mother congratulated her. He wondered if it wasn't too late to back out and head back into the laundry? When they reached the living room, furniture removed, mats upon the floor and ten greying senior and elderly women awaiting their arrival, he wished he had.

"So, girls, Samantha's strapping son Gareth has thankfully volunteered to assist," Mandy informed the group and there was a chorus of approving sighs, even a wolf whistle from one of the oldest in the room to which laughter broke out and Gareth immediately thought himself in a meat market, he the prime rib. Mandy once more touched his arm, this time in reassurance. "Don't worry, we'll go easy on you Babe," she attested.

\*

It actually turned out not to be so bad. First going through what he was expected to do with Mandy, Gareth ended up enjoying helping out the women. Laughing as much as them as he allowed himself to be incapacitated by women sometime upwards of seventy years old. It was a strange notion when it came to him, that apart from himself and Mandy, his mother at 55 years old was clearly the youngest in the party and as she bent back his little finger and forced him to his knees, easily the most sprightly.

"Ok great," Mandy encouraged. "So that's if a man comes at you from the front. But what about from behind?"

Getting back to his feet with Mandy's assistance, Gareth awaited further instructions as he enjoyed her hands upon him. Married or not, two months pregnant or not, she was ridiculously attractive and just being so close to her was compensation enough for helping out.

Standing before him, Mandy took Gareth's arm and wrapped it over her shoulder, demonstrating a sleeper hold. Under the watchful eyes of his mother, Gareth did his best not to press his groin against the woman but as she cinched his arm around her throat, bringing up his other arm to secure the lock, her body pushed back and he found his cock grazing her ass.

There was nothing to her, thin arms and legs. Barely an ounce of fat upon her body and the baby clearly not yet showing, yet as quickly as she'd wrapped his arms around herself, Gareth found himself thrown over her shoulder and looking up at a room of excitedly cheering women.

Helping him up once more, Mandy addressed the room. "Ok so that is how easy it can be," she explained. "And as women, with our lower centre of gravity, it's actually easier for us to hip toss a man than you'd think." She looked around the room and her eyes descended on Samantha.

"Ms. Bliss. How about you demonstrate on your son for us all to wind up the day?"

"Oh really?" Samantha blushed, though moved into position. Gareth allowed Mandy to take his arm and lift it over his mom's shoulder as she'd done with herself. Her hand upon his lower back, she pushed him into his mother's body.

It was an awkward moment, probably not noticed by anyone else in the room but the two it concerned. Mandy seemed not to comprehend the situation as she explained the science behind the move, the fact it was more a trip than a throw, her hands on mother and son as she went through the mechanics. Unaware of how close their bodies were pressed, or if aware, unconcerned.

Samantha was aware. Taller than her by a good six inches, her son's arms embraced her tightly around the chest, his bicep below her chin. But it was his body she really felt. Not in ten years had a man held her so close. So close that she could feel the unmistakable softness of what was (though she tried to put it out of her mind) her son's penis. Pressed to her bottom, softer than the muscled flesh of his thighs and stomach, it sat snugly between her cheeks as if designed perfectly to be there. Was he aware? She wondered. How could he not be?

Gareth was in a world of hurt. Her body was so unlike Mandy's. Fleshy, supple, pliable. But though the words could've been disparaging, as he was forcefully pushed against her by Mandy, he found himself attracted to the feeling. Her large breast as his forearm crossed her chest. The swell of her waist as he balanced himself behind her with his other hand, and then, the softness of her bottom. 'Your mother's bottom,' he reminded himself as his pelvis pressed into her. Did she push back? However it happened, his cock delved between her cheeks, sitting inside the crack of her loose track pant covered ass like the wheel of a bike in a rack.

The smell of her hair, the gentle lift of her breast as she breathed. Not seeing her face, she could've been anyone. His arms around an older woman. An attractive older woman at that. For although he didn't want to think of it then and there, she in fact was. 'Hottest mom,' his friends had awarded him the unwanted prize at school. Friends that had always clambered for a lift home with him. To spend time with her in the car. To smell her perfume and fuel teenage fantasies. Fantasies where they no doubt held her

from behind, arms around her body, cock pressed to her ass.

Oh God, Gareth exhaled as his cock swelled.

"Now," Mandy yelled and Samantha used what she'd been shown, what she'd practiced on her smaller next-door neighbor, and hip tossed her son over her back to fall upon the mat. But not before she felt 'it.'

It definitely wasn't in her imagination. Some shameful wishful thinking as she'd contemplated the feeling of a man's penis between her ass cheeks. Any man's. No, her son's cock, (for that was what she had begun to think of it as) had moved. Not just moved. It had hardened. Though so many years since she'd felt it, she couldn't forget what 'that' felt like. The flattering feeling of a man's arousal as it pressed one's body. She was shocked at herself for how much she realized she missed the sensation, the emotions it provoked, her own arousal. For though it was over almost instantaneously, it left a lasting legacy. Something she couldn't easily ignore. Her panties were wet.

On his back, Gareth didn't want to look her in the eye, accepting Mandy's hand in assistance when it was offered to rise to his feet. He didn't hear the claps for his mother and barely acknowledged the compliments he received from the women as they left, their thanks for him participating. His mind was solely preoccupied with what had just happened. He'd pressed his cock between his mother's butt cheeks and began to get an erection. An erection that had subsided straight away as reality hit along with his body upon the mat. Maybe she didn't notice? He hoped.

\*

"That was great," Mandy praised as he helped load the last of the mats into the rear of her truck. She reached inside her vehicle and pulled out a fold of bills, separating a fifty from the stack. "That's for your time," she smiled, offering the note to Gareth.

"No that's fine," Gareth held up his hands. "It was my pleasure really," he declined the money though it would go a long way to helping out.

Mandy wasn't offended as she took back the money.  
"Alright then, What about a job?"

"What?"

"As I said, my husband's out of commission for the next few weeks, I do one of these every couple of days, are you interested?"

"Are you serious?"

"Totally," She smiled. "You were great in there. You know how to take a fall, the ladies seem to like you. I need the help. What do you say?"

"I say, sure." Gareth held out his hand to shake on it, Mandy instead leaning in to kiss his cheek before swapping phone numbers with her newly found business partner.

Samantha watched the altercation from the window of the house, an overlooked mat under her arm. Having the intention to take it out but stopping when she saw the contact. He wasn't hard for me, she reasoned as she watched her son walk back toward the house. It was 'her' he imagined as his cock had pressed her ass. Nothing to do with me, she concluded as she caught her reflection in the window. And why would it? She asked as she saw the loose grey track pants she wore, the unflattering t-shirt. That her son hadn't been aroused by her should have come as a comfort, to Samantha's shock it stabbed her in the heart.

Gareth climbed the steps to the house and from the corner of his eye thought he saw a shadow at the window overlooking the front yard. Mom? He wondered. Was she looking at him with disgust, horror that he'd pressed his cock against her, had hardened? Opening the front door, he dreaded looking her in the eye.

"So that was fun," Samantha welcomed Gareth back inside the house, her eyes following his as he looked at the rolled mat under her arm. "Oh, she forgot one."

"That's ok, I can give it to her when I see her," Gareth stated.

"When YOU see her? We have another class here next week."

"No, I'll catch up with her before then," Gareth beamed.

It was as she assumed, Samantha thought. Marriage, pregnancy be damned. The little hussy was planning on seeing her son behind her sick husbands back. The final piece in the 'erection pressed to her ass' puzzle solved.

"She's offered me a job. Part time of course. Just doing what I did here today. Thrown on my back by a bunch of senior citizens!" Gareth laughed.

It took Samantha by surprise. "Oh. Oh, so you're not," she paused. "When I saw you two kiss, I..."

"You jumped to conclusions," Gareth again laughed and watched as his mother blushed, something he wondered if he'd actually ever seen before?

Of course it didn't mean Gareth wasn't attracted to the woman, Samantha thought, but at least there was no romantic connection between the two. Maybe it hadn't even been Mandy that had caused her son's 'reaction,' she allowed to enter her mind. What if it had been her all along? She could still feel the slipperiness inside her underwear, remembered well the feeling of his cock snugly between her buttocks. Could it happen again? She pondered.

"I'm kinda glad Mandy forgot the mat," Gareth stated, trying not to look at his mother's ass as she placed the mat back down against the wall, but failing. The line of her underwear appeared through the grey material of her pants and he ridiculously wondered what color panties his mom wore?

"Oh, why?" Samantha asked, turning and catching a glimpse of his eyes darting up from her bottom. Or was she imagining it?

"We can practice," he replied. "Mandy did say to you all to try it out with willing participants in the meantime. And I could use some practice in taking the falls. It's a win win."

"You want to do it again?" Samantha was barely able to contain her excitement. Was it wrong to desire his arms around her once more? To possibly again feels his dick. Her son's penis, maybe hard for her? She cared not as a warm feeling crept through her body. "When, now?"

"Why not?" Gareth declared. Why was he doing this? The last thing he wanted was to again be in contact with her. To be in 'that' position again. The probability of his cock once more letting him down and swelling as he pressed himself against her. Or did he secretly desire it?

"Oh, well, ok," Samantha stammered, her heart racing. "Just let me go to the bathroom first. Won't be a minute."

In her bedroom she looked at herself in the full length mirror and was disappointed at what she saw. She knew she

was thinking irrationally, Gareth wasn't evaluating her appearance, he was her son. He probably couldn't even describe the clothes she had on, but she wished she had something like Mandy had worn. Something tight that showed her curves. Slightly overweight, she wasn't ashamed of her body, just hadn't the desire to show it off for years.

Her hair tied back, no make-up on, there wasn't much she could do with so little time but refresh her perfume. The idea of putting some lipstick on came to her but she dismissed it as foolish. It was then she remembered the tank top, hurrying to her dresser and fishing out the item. It wasn't 'sexy' as such but it was certainly more attractive than what she currently donned.

T-shirt off tank top upon her arms before she halted, looking at her bra. Could she? Without another thought, Samantha removed her bra and slipped into the white singlet, diverting her eyes from the mirror when she clearly saw her nipples through the material. About to leave the room she thought of her underwear. The plain cream colored panties she could feel getting wetter as the time passed. Should she change them? She wondered, before

reality slapped her across the face. Your son isn't going to see your panties Samantha, she told herself. Get a grip woman.

Gareth watched the occasional car drive past as he looked out the window waiting for her. It'd be a test, he reasoned. You'll once more put your arms around your mother and this time nothing will happen. You are not sexually attracted to your mom! He affirmed. And then she entered.

"You changed!" He immediately noted as she stepped onto the mat in the middle of the room, his eyes struggling to not stare directly at her breasts barely contained by the thin cotton of her top. I can see her nipples! He told himself.

He noticed! Samantha exhaled. "Yeah I was a little sweaty," she explained, silently groaning at maybe providing too much information.

"Alright, what do you want to do first?" Gareth asked.

\*

He came at her more aggressively this time. On the fifth go at feigning attacking her from the front, he lunged at her, reaching for her throat, his mother countering and in an almost seamless display, turned his hand, then arm and forced him to his knees. With his arm almost vertical, Samantha bending his wrist to keep him under her control, his shoulder nudged her groin, pressing into the mound of her pubic bone.

It was the first time it had happened in each of the attempts, possibly a byproduct of the increased fervor of the assault, but each of them was aware of the contact. Their eyes met briefly as Gareth's hand was released, an awkward smile exchanged before she helped him once again to his feet.

"Ok so what if a creep comes up on you from behind?" Gareth signaled it was time to change the attack and Samantha turned her back to him in preparation.

This is it, she thought.

Don't get hard! Gareth told himself.

"We'll do it slowly first ok Mom," Gareth advanced.

"Whatever you say Darling," Samantha agreed, now just longing for the contact.

Once more, as Mandy had first instructed, Gareth placed his arm around his mother's chest, reaching up to hold her throat. His forearm pressed her breast, the unmistakable feeling of an erect nipple against his skin. Her perfume was stronger than before and he breathed her in deep as his cheek brushed against her hair, another scent coming to his senses. No, surely not, he mused, dismissing the unique and oh so pleasant smell of a woman's arousal.

God, she could smell herself! Samantha thought. Can he? His arm hugged her chest, his breath against her ear. She felt goosebumps break out down her spine before his body pressed against her back. And there it was again. Once more her son pushed his groin into her rear. More intimate now that they were alone. For a moment the mat wasn't there. They practiced no self-defense tactics. They were a man

and woman embracing in the sanctity of their home. Lovers in the act of making love. To hell that they were mother and son. Who needed to know?

It wasn't the way he'd been shown. Instead of joining the hold around her neck with his other hand, Gareth wrapped his left arm around his mother's waist, pulling her body into him. His groin pushed into her bottom, his cock swollen, semi hard, once more slipped between the cheeks of her ass. If she hadn't felt it last time, he reasoned, she'd definitely notice it on this occasion. He waited for her to throw him, bracing for the action which didn't come. The longer he held her the more stimulated he became. The smell of her hair. The lift of her breast with every breath. The swell of her belly and yes, the scent of her pussy. For that is what he was certain he breathed; her wet pussy. Wet for him.

Was she waiting for him to tell her to begin? It had been Mandy that gave the order last time to enact the throw. No. She didn't want the embrace to end. She wanted him to hold her forever. The longer he held her, the more she'd feel it. The more chance of him getting harder. It felt different down there she at least knew that. He was bigger.

Thicker. His lips were so close to her ear, his breath on her neck.

And then it twitched.

They said nothing. What was to be said? Gareth allowed his cock to pulse again without pulling away. Blood rushing into his penis as it sat between her buttocks. A declaration as bold as could be made and Samantha accepted his proposal with relish, her bottom pushing back ever so slightly to encourage the growth. His left arm raised up her rib-cage to sit below her breasts, resting upon his forearm whilst he caressed her throat with his right hand. Harder, his cock became until it was dramatically poking the space between her thighs, desperate to be freed from his pants.

It was then she threw him. Taken off guard, Gareth went with the hip toss, landing upon his back to be looking up into his mother's eyes, her face flushed. She held her hand out for him to take and he graciously accepted her help before pulling her down onto him. Samantha did little to stop her fall, coming down atop her son, legs astride his hips. Her groin finding his cock, settling upon her son's

admiration for her. He was harder. Was he fully erect? She wasn't sure, but as she ground her vulva along the underside of his column and his eyes never left hers, she was finally assured he was hard for her.

Gareth pressed his hands to her thighs, stroking simultaneously up onto her hips and the curve of his mother's buttocks. Samantha sighed in response, her own hands moving to his chest to caress his pecs before inching up to his face as she lowered her own. Her breasts met his chest as her lips neared his awaiting mouth, his cock pushing up hard against her saturated pussy.

She saw her little boy in his eyes. The baby she'd cradled, breastfed. Now the man, hungry for her tongue, for her vagina. To be back inside her. Her lips met his and she pulled back with shock. "What are we doing!?"

"What? Mom? It's ok, I want this," Gareth admitted, no longer concerned he was breaking a taboo. Sure she felt the same.

"We can't," Samantha extracted herself from his pelvis, Gareth noticing a wet patch between her legs as she stood, rising after her.

"We can," he reached out and cupped her cheek, his fingers running into her hair. "If it feels right Mom, it is!" For a moment he envisaged her taking his hand and bending back the wrist, smiling at the thought when it didn't eventuate, his mother seemingly enjoying the intimate contact.

Samantha bent her neck, resting her head against her son's hand, the feeling of his fingers in her hair, arousing.

"No stop," she pulled away. "It's too real. It's too soon," she added, at least giving some hope to her son.

"Ok. Ok," Gareth accepted, removing his hand but taking up her own. "Mom," he waited for her eyes to look back into his. "I know what I'm doing here. Just so you know. I love you."

They were the words Samantha needed to hear, pulling him into her and embracing his body. The hardness of his cock was undeniable, pressing firmly into her belly and she almost relented. The thought of going to her knees and taking him in her mouth almost all pervading. Pulling back she looked once more in his eyes. "I have an idea," she began.

\*

It was the final taboo she found so difficult to break. Looking in his eyes she saw her baby. Her innocent. The child she had sworn to protect with her life, for her life. Now here was a man. A beautiful man that wanted her. Whose desire was evident in his words, his actions, in his pants. When they were practicing the self-defense she'd felt wanton, a sense of abandon. That they were different people, almost as if enacting a scene. It had felt so much easier than when confronted with the truth, with him, face to face.

She walked through the house closing the drapes against the night. Locking the doors and windows as Mandy had

disciplined them all. In the kitchen she poured another glass of white wine and carried it down the hallway toward her bedroom. Passing the laundry she glanced at the back door of the house, purposefully not checking the lock.

Her bath was still steaming as she dropped her satin robe and stepped into the soothing water, sipping from her glass before laying back and closing her eyes.

Two suburbs away, Gareth searched through a box of his old possessions before he found what he was looking for and held it up before himself, his cock swelling in his jeans.

\*

The glass empty, Samantha placed it down beside the bath, her hand dropping below the surface to press to her belly. Slouching down further, her knees slid up the sides of the bath, her thighs parting and she allowed her hand to creep down through her pubic hair to find her labia, her inner lips slippery even under the water.

Gareth turned onto his mother's street and slowed the car to a crawl, turning off the headlights as he pulled up in the street outside the house before looking at the balaclava sitting on the passenger seat.

The neighborhood quiet, street lamps illuminating little, no one saw Gareth exit his vehicle and head toward the rear of the house, placing the balaclava over his head in the process.

Samantha rose from the bath and drying herself, wrapped the towel around her body. Was that the rumble of an engine she heard? She asked herself, before taking her glass back out into her bedroom and heading along the hallway. Her eyes once more looked into the laundry, the back door of the house ajar, her heart rate increasing. "I thought I locked that," she sighed to herself as she closed and latched the door.

The house was dark, Samantha not bothering to turn on the light as she left her empty glass in the kitchen and made her way back toward her bedroom. Passing the living room door she saw the shape of a figure in the darkness. Large.

The size of a man. A sharp intake of breath as it moved toward her and she ran. Back along the hallway with him in pursuit. Barely over her shoulder. She reached her bedroom and he grabbed at her, brushing her arm as she entered the well lit room before backing away from the empty doorway.

She could feel his presence. Hear his breathing. All of a sudden her lack of clothing came to mind, how vulnerable she was. The back of her legs met the bed and she had nowhere to go as the figure filled the empty darkness of the hallway, his muscled body obvious beneath the tight t-shirt, an erection standing out in his fitting jeans. His face obscured by a balaclava, her intruder entered the sanctity of her bedroom and she knew with flight taken out of the equation, it was time to fight.

He made his move, reaching for her throat and using all she'd learned, took possession of his hand, twisting his wrist and amid the startled shriek of her attacker, forced him to the floor. What now? She wondered. She made the mistake of letting go. Making a break toward the door but he was quick. Too quick. Like a cheetah he was up and on her, his arms wrapping around her torso, holding her back from

freedom. Like a bear he hugged her, strong arms encircling her bust, her waist as he twisted her body to face the full length mirror.

"What do you want?" She screamed as his hands groped her body, the towel wrenched from her and thrown to the floor. His cock, so hard, pressed into her buttocks and to her shame she felt herself become aroused at its presence, a part of her mind wanting to see it, to touch it.

"You know what I want Ms. Bliss," the man whispered in her ear. His voice smooth, his breath warm upon her neck. The goosebumps raised immediately and she wondered if he noticed? She felt his eyes upon her nudity in the mirror, knew he looked at her pussy, the lubrication increasing, the scent of herself evident, her nipples hard as his right hand took hold of her left breast. She exhaled deeply at the touch and watched his other hand creep toward her vagina.

His cock grew. How was it possibly getting harder? She wondered as his fingers combed down through her pubic hair. Ridiculously under the circumstances she wondered if he liked her hirsute? All the girls are shaved down there now

she knew. Was she a disappointment? His digits found her labia, slid back and forth along her dripping slit, her inner thighs now a slick of dampness. Whilst pinching a nipple, he tentatively entered her with a finger, easily sliding inside her welcoming vagina, the first man in more than ten years to be within her body. His hand left her breast and made its way to her throat. His first mistake.

Taking hold of his forearm with both hands, Samantha used her knowledge and caught him off balance, turning her body and casting him over her right shoulder to the carpeted floor below, her offender letting out a muffled groan as he adjusted the balaclava over his face.

Now was the time to flee, she reasoned as he attempted to get to his knees, a moments pause her downfall as he reached out and grabbed her ankle. Her balance affected, she found herself falling and was caught in his strong arms before he threw her (gently she noticed) down on the floor of her bedroom.

He was upon her. Between her legs as she feebly tried to resist, slapping at his chest until he pinned her arms above

her head with one hand and lowered his mouth to her chest. A nipple. Her engorged nipple taken between his lips, such soft lips she thought, his tongue flicking her as he sucked. A vision of her baby. Feeding from her.

His cock ground into her pussy and defenseless she felt him unbuttoning his jeans and heard hm unzip. This was it, she understood. It would happen here. Her life would forever be changed in this moment, and then she felt the flesh. Skin upon skin at her groin as the firmness of an aroused male pressed her opening. She welcomed it. Her legs wrapping his waist as he entered her. A boring drill devouring her tunnel. Perfectly formed to fill her accommodating vagina. Of course it was. She'd made him. He was designed to be with her. He was always a part of her.

"Take it off," she managed to voice as his balaclava tickled lips kissed her throat, before he looked in her eyes.

"Are you sure?" he asked, searching her gaze for consent.

"I've never been more so," she affirmed and watched as her son's face was revealed above her. "I love you," she insisted

as their lips finally met, Samantha thrusting her tongue into her son's mouth as his cock fully inserted, their pubic bones grinding together. Gareth releasing her hands that immediately clutched at his t-shirt, pulling it up his body.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Gareth gasped, helping her remove the shirt to abandon over her head.

"It's beautiful," Samantha sighed, her long neglected vagina hugging his cock just as her arms now embraced her son's torso, pulling his body on top of her. Kissing. Licking. Gareth again left her mouth to feed on her breasts, taking a mouthful of nipple and surrounding flesh, gently biting as his ass thrust quicker between his mother's legs.

"Can I taste you?" He lifted his mouth from her boob, a trail of saliva following.

Samantha didn't bother verbalizing a response as she wormed her way out from beneath him, Gareth rolled onto his back by his lascivious mother who spun and mounted his body, her pussy descending upon his face. Darkness for the intruder, his tongue sliding within the walls his cock had

visited prior, his fingers before then. His mother's ass cheeks that only six hours before he'd accidentally pressed his cock between, now enclosing his face, nose pushed against her anus.

Samantha looked at it for the first time. His jeans mid thigh, glistening erection standing proud from a bed of trimmed pubic hair. It was beautiful, it was hard and it was all for her. Her hand wrapped its girth, bigger than his father, longer, thicker. This was the cock she dreamed about on those lonely nights. Now a face to go with the anonymous appendage, her son's, as it should always have been.

Her mouth descended upon the head, squeezing her hand simultaneously to draw forth his crystal clear pre-cum, daubing her lips before she licked his offering, swallowing his arousal. When she took him in her mouth, he moaned, not letting up his own stimulation of her sex, his breathing muffled, mouth full of cunt.

Samantha cupped his balls as she began to grind her ass on his face, rubbing her clit upon his lips, his nose. Whatever he offered her down there. So heavy, she thought as she felt

each individually, almost examining. One larger than the other. Was that normal? She wondered as his cock met the back of her mouth and she gagged, pulling off in a waterfall of saliva.

"Oh God," she paused as Gareth stopped her movement, his lips glued to her clitoris, sucking her little bump with all his might. "Oh, my baby, you're going to make me have an..." 'Orgasm,' she wanted to say but couldn't voice the word as the feeling crept up her body from pussy to mind. "Yes," she sighed. "Yes Baby, yes. Finger me Gareth," she commanded but raising his hand as he sucked, her pussy leaking all over his face, he could find no room for his fingers. Instead pressing a thumb against her asshole, pushing upon the rubbery sphincter in the hope it appeased her.

"Oh Baby I'm cumming," she finally managed to gush as she fell back upon his penis, two hands wrapping his shaft, holding it against her cheek for comfort as she came upon her son's face. How could this not have happened earlier, she wondered? Under the same roof for years, every night prior seemed a waste to her now. No more. He was the one, would be forever. The cock she cradled against her face, rubbed her cheeks upon akin to a feline seeking affection,

was the only dick she'd ever again desire. And she'd show him she meant it.

Gareth was in heaven. A dark, fleshy, wet and fuck smelling heaven. Ass upon his face, pussy in his mouth, ears muffled by her thick thighs. He knew she was cumming, that 'he'd' made his mother cum. The evidence not only in her words but her shuddering body, the fluid that covered his face, that he savored, swallowed like a man dying of thirst. He felt her hands around his dick, the softness of her cheek before once more the warmth of her mouth enveloped the head. He could've cum then. Lifting his hips up into her, gently fucking her mouth as her hands jerked the base, but he wanted to see her. To know it was his mother, to look her in the eyes.

As if reading his thoughts, light filled his vision as she rose from his face, his cock. Kneeling above him he looked up through her bush, the mounds of her breast to her familiar yet upside down face smiling back, contentment, almost pride upon her visage.

"What?" Gareth grinned, hard not to reflect her sheer satisfaction.

"Oh nothing," she dropped a hand to stroke his cheek. "Just, oh I don't know. You made me cum!" She couldn't help giggling.

Gareth, although content to spend the rest of his life looking up through her legs, crept up into a sitting position, sliding his jeans from his ankles to be finally naked with her. Still on her knees he mimicked her position and moved in front of her until they touched, his cock sliding between her thighs, hugged by her slick labia. They embraced, hands upon the other as their faces drew near, Samantha's breasts meeting her son's chest and finally their mouths joined. So soft a kiss. Innocent it could be deemed, but for the fact they were naked, pussy leaking upon an engorged cock; and they mother and son.

Their lips parted; tongues danced as hands once more began to explore. He found the cheeks of her ass, that ass that had begun it all and cupped each as he thigh fucked her, moving a finger to feel the slick head of his cock poke

out between her buttocks. Her tongue in his mouth, her hands upon his back, up into his hair he knew it was time to declare himself hers, to fully realize his passion. Wrapping her in his arms, he rose to his feet, Samantha feeling powerless in her son's grip. Could she really have fought him off, she wondered? He lay down with her upon her bed, her legs spreading to allow him entry and finally they were together. No role-play this. No disguises to ease the transition to incest. Just a mother and son in love, acting out the purest definition of such. Making love.

An arm behind her head, he held her as he thrust, gentle but determined penetration, his cock to the hilt. Samantha kept her eyes on his, seeing the love behind them, the desire he had for her. Her vagina squeezed his cock, felt finally complete only when he was fully inside her as if his penis was a part of her body missing for her entire life, only now just discovered. His hand around her breast, mouth upon her own, she came again. A release unlike any known before, she came in waves around his cock, an orchestra in her ears before she realized it was her own cries of pleasure. "Yes, fuck me Baby" she sighed.

"You want me to fuck you?" Gareth gasped.

"Yes, Baby fuck me. Fuck me hard Lover. Fuck me until you cum. Show me your cum"

"Oh God I love you," Gareth declared, hammering his cock into her, her vagina so slick with her lube and his own pre-cum he found it hard to gain friction. He wanted to go down on her once more, to lick up the excess and try again but the desire to appease her wishes overrode his own needs. He had to prove his love. He had to provide the evidence of his lust the only way he knew how. To cum in her. To cum on her.

Her cunt squeezed around him, his pelvic bone slamming her groin. The mattress shifted upon the bed with every thrust, sweat forming on their chests, mingling. On the edge, Gareth pushed up on an elbow, Samantha understanding the action, her eyes widening in anticipation.

"Is it 'it' Baby?" She gasped. "Are you gonna cum for me?"

"Ye...Oh God," Gareth inhaled, his abs aching from the exertion as he continued to fuck her. "Yes. Oh fuck I love you," he admitted, holding his breath as he finally came inside her, his cum exploding within her walls. Three, four bursts before he withdrew his spurting cock to take it in hand and prolong the eruption. Across her belly he sprayed his mother before he managed to get to his knees and finish upon her breasts, tears filling Samantha's eyes as she took in the glistening creamy adoration decorating her torso.

"All for me," Samantha declared, her hands quick to smear the cum upon her skin as Gareth fell down beside her, finally releasing his breath. His face turned to hers as she cupped her vagina, a finger inside as she played with his semen. Beaming, his mother looked in his eyes and welcomed his mouth as Gareth kissed her.

"I told you I loved you," he smiled, face red, both their bodies coated in sweat.

"And I never doubted it," Samantha stated, reaching for his still erect cock and encouraging a cuddle. Gareth more than

happy to oblige, his own cum the filling for their incestuous sandwich.

How long they lay in the other's arms, neither could tell. Just content to be with each other, to hold the one they loved.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" Samantha whispered, Gareth on the verge of falling asleep. "When we were playing."

He chuckled. "Of course not. Though I know why they use the mats," he smiled, kissing her neck.

"You didn't mind doing it like that?" Samantha asked worried he might think her strange.

Gareth propped up on an elbow. "Not at all," he stroked her hair. "However you want to do this, I'll follow," pausing. "I have to admit though Mom, it was a bit of a turn on."

"Oh really! For you too?" Samantha smiled coyly. "Do you think you'd like to do it again?"

"Well you still have a lot of self-defense training to do," Gareth grinned. "Be a good idea to test it out now and then, don't you think?"

"Oh, I agree Baby," Samantha leaned in to kiss him. "I definitely agree."

**Fin.**