

The Kindness of Strangers

This is not a true story. Memory is an unreliable witness, and though I've tried to tell my tale to the best of my ability, I'm willing to accept not everything played out exactly as you're about to read.

When I was around the age of 8, my parents divorced. I can't say I recall the proceedings, but from what Dad relayed to me over the years, it became pretty messy. Ultimately Mom "winning" the house; custody of me; and the "right to take Dad to the cleaners", or so he would often put it.

It wasn't long after, he packed up everything that Mom hadn't "stolen" from him and moved back to North Carolina where he had grown up, leaving me and Mom living together in the family home. And I quickly began to hate it. Mom was way more focused on her career as a realtor than me, and her long hours saw me invariably spending more and more time in after-school care or being "babysat" by a neighbor or another family member.

A stark difference to Dad's place on the East Coast. On the two occasions I was able to visit him early on, he spent all his time with me. When I first arrived, there was a new PlayStation in my bedroom. On my second trip, he had a dirt bike for me which I could ride in the fields behind my grandparents' house; and on the eve of my last night, he promised the next time I came, he'd get me a puppy!

At only nine years of age, I boldly told my mother I wanted to go and live with Dad; and apart from some partly overheard late-night arguments between them on the phone, it all went smoothly, and I managed to escape the bustle of Los Angeles to the laidback rural lifestyle of the Tar Heel State.

Mom wrote letters often and even visited a few times in that first year. She wouldn't stay with us though, so the time we spent together was pretty limited. Dad said she preferred her job over us anyway and couldn't wait to leave. I wasn't bitter. I just felt sad for her. I always thought she would've been happier if she was more like Dad. He didn't let work rule his life and viewed family time with my uncles as far more valuable. That pretty much consisted of them sitting around the property drinking most of the time, and come to think of it, I don't even remember him having a job for much of my teenage years anyway.

Mom's visits became less frequent over time and eventually, the letters stopped altogether. There were plans for me to fly over to L.A. for the holidays, but they always fell through at the last minute, and as time passed, we became more and more estranged. Sometimes months would go by without even a phone call from her and despite comments on my social media

posts, it seemed she was happy to have me and Dad out of her life forever. At least that's what he said about it anyway.

Which made the events surrounding my senior year of high school, all the more surprising.

Dad died.

It was my aunt Leticia who informed me. My closest confidant, (apart from my father of course) she was the one to sit me down at her table and tell me of the accident. He hadn't stood a chance against an eighteen-wheeler on the interstate. Driving the car that was to be my graduation present back from the lot, police said he'd pulled out right into the path of the oncoming semi. Drunk, they said. Which admittedly didn't come as a surprise to anyone in the family.

Academically, I'd done pretty well in school. Dad always begrudgingly acknowledged that I'd inherited that from my mother's side of the family, and it was with his (and admittedly Mom's) encouragement that I applied for entry to a few universities that I admired. Attempting to major in the arts, a small college fund that Dad presented to me in my final year wouldn't go far in the elite schools I'd targeted, and therefore when offered part scholarships at three institutions, I was the

first on Dad's side of the family that would seemingly attend college.

Unfortunately, none of them were in North Carolina.

Mom attended Dad's funeral and was even back the next month for my graduation. Why she was so attentive was a mystery, but in those few weeks, I saw more of her than I had in the last two or so years. Maybe she was feeling guilty about not being there during my formative years. I don't know. But I had to admit, when she was around, I found it harder to hate her than I did when she was across the other side of the country.

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'Made a decision yet Sugar?' Aunt Leticia questioned me as I sat at the dining table early in the evening, leafing through the college brochures laid out before me. Her eyes drifted between the Rhode Island School of Art pamphlet in my right hand, to the MIT booklet in my left.

'Narrowing it down,' I smiled as she sat across from me.

'Well, it's nice to be wanted,' she released a chuckle before stretching forward and tapping the glossy cover of my third option. 'And what about that?'

I looked down at the University of Southern California prospectus, and the acceptance letter for my scholarship slipped inside.

'Really?' I contradicted.

'It's close to yo mamma!' Leticia posited.

'And therein lies the problem,' I laughed to which my aunt shook her head.

'You have to grow up sometime child,' she sighed and leaned back in her chair.

'What's that supposed to mean?' I was surprised at the statement and even caught a look of apprehension in Leticia's eyes as she seemed to reflect on what she'd said.

'Just, it's been nearly a month since yo daddy...' she left the sentence unfinished, again shaking her head.

'And?' I prompted her to reveal what was on her mind.

'You were always the bright one Oliver,' she once again stalled, looking down at the college documents. 'Talented too,' she added, no doubt referring to my artistic abilities. 'I just can't believe you can be that naïve,' she ended just as cryptically as she'd begun.

Confused, I dropped the brochures from my hands, collecting them all together in a pile.

'Aunt Leticia. What are you talking about?' I questioned and she momentarily looked toward the door before drawing a breath.

'Sugar,' she once more paused and I began to get frustrated with her stalling. 'I love yo uncle, you know that. And by extension, I loved yo daddy. But Honey. Do you recall him working an honest day in his life!?''

I didn't have any idea why she would raise the issue right then and there and threw back what I hoped was a look of incredulity.

'What's that got to do with...' I began before she interjected.

'How you think yo daddy could afford that car he was giftin' you?'

'I don't... what are you talking about?' I shrugged.

'It wasn't my call Sugar,' Leticia frowned. 'While he was alive, I mean,' she shook her head. 'Hell, yo uncle'd probably have a fit, me tellin' y'all this.'

'Telling me what? You haven't said anything!' I disputed and Aunt Leticia was silent for another extended moment.

'It was yo momma child,' she revealed. 'That car. All the money. We all knew. It was yo daddy didn't want you knowin'. Who was we to go against his wishes? I thought you'd'a figured it out befo' now!'

I took a moment to process the information, feeling my face redden as I began to understand my ignorance.

'You never went without. Did ya Honey? Who you think paid for all them fancy art books you wanted over the years?' Leticia added, not intentionally turning the dagger, but it hurt all the same.

I should have known. Maybe I subconsciously did, but Dad never had a nice word to say about Mom so by osmosis I too thought her incapable of doing good by us, or more pointedly, me.

'Uh-huh,' Leticia nodded, rising from her seat. 'And that fancy university is right near yo momma's house out there in Los Angeles. Now I know you two ain't seen eye to eye all this time. But I also know there ain't no momma on Earth don't want to be near to her baby. You think about that when yo decidin' where yo gonna complete yo "free" education!'

She gave air quotes to the "free" in her sermon and though I might've potentially been the first on my father's side of the family to go to college, I was clearly not the most intelligent in even my current household! Nothing was free. Leticia had just made that abundantly clear. I began to wonder if it was Mom

who had indeed paid the price for my happiness over the last decade.

I wasn't brave enough to call her. Approaching by way of Facebook to enquire if she'd be willing to house me for a few days while I got myself established in L.A.? And contrary to a long-held belief, she was eager to help, even enthusiastic about me staying. I thought of how nice she'd been to me throughout Dad's funeral and my graduation and wondered if this was the real woman and not the monster my father had painted her to be. There was only one way to find out.

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My flight was changed. Originally, I was to arrive at LAX on Saturday evening, but a cancellation saw me bumped into an earlier departure that had me in around midday. Again, organized via Facebook, Mom was originally going to pick me up at the airport, but not wanting to fuck her around any further, I arranged an Uber to my old neighborhood.

Ten years, and on the drive from the airport everything looked the same, just different, if you get my meaning. Houses on our street, however, had been demolished and rebuilt and I didn't even recognize we'd arrived until the driver called our

destination and I looked out the opposite window to see Mom's house just as I remembered it. My bags in tow, I allowed the car to depart before I crossed the quiet street, noticing as I headed up the curb even my basketball rim and backboard remained above the garage.

A Subaru was parked in the drive with doors open and the sound of a vacuum cleaner rising from within the vehicle, stopping my approach as I skirted the side and saw the source of the noise.

It wasn't the welcome home I'd been expecting.

With back, or more appropriately, ass to me, Mom straddled the hose of the vacuum cleaner, the ribbed pipe cinched between her upper thighs. Her legs were bare save for white sneakers on her feet and matching workout shorts that hugged her buttocks, creeping almost halfway over each cheek.

'Mom!' I choked; the title caught in my throat as I was admittedly taken aback by the sight, my eyes finding their way to the bulge of pussy that sat suggestively against the grey tube. 'Mom!' I voiced with more authority and her head rose inside the car, a blond ponytail falling onto her shoulders before she straightened further and turned her face toward me.

'Oh. My god. Oliver!' She climbed from the back seat, her face flushed, and strands of hair dislodged from the ponytail. 'What are you doing here? I was supposed to pick you up!'

'There was an earlier flight,' I explained, allowing my backpack to drop down my arm into my hand as Mom used the toe of her sneaker to turn off the vacuum. I made the mistake of running my eyes back up her bare leg, the skin tanned and smooth before again I spied "those" gym shorts. The bulge I'd ogled from the rear didn't do justice to the front. My mother's pussy mound pressed hard against the white silky material, a shadowed crevice of cameltoe the highlight of what I knew was a forbidden viewing.

'I would've still come and got you!' She countered, her voice lowering now the vacuum no longer played its part. I'd managed to avert my eyes from her groin but their journey to her face wasn't without incident, taking in the loose V-neck t-shirt and her unfettered breasts, nipples proudly poking through the thin fabric.

'I didn't want to bother you,' I stated.

'It would be no bother,' she shrugged, looking back at her work. 'I was just cleaning the car,' she again found my eyes. 'Well,' she paused. 'Whatever. You're here now. Can I...' Again, she paused, and this time further color came to her cheeks and upper breast. 'Can I have a hug?'

'Oh! Ah, sure.' I dropped the bag from my hand and moved in, Mom matching my action just as awkwardly as our bodies came together in an uncomfortable embrace. We'd hugged at Dad's funeral, a formal almost perfunctory connection in suit jackets and dress clothes. This, however, despite the clumsiness of our bond, far more intimate. The softness of her body, the fullness of her breast against my chest, and the self-conscious press of my groin into her belly; even the scent of perfume in her hair. It stirred something in me, and at that moment, I was unsure as to what.

'So...' Mom broke the embrace. 'You had a good flight I take it?'

'Um, yeah. No problems,' I made to pick up my bag, my eyes again taking in the lump of vulva at her crotch, and I scolded myself for the repeated indiscretion, questioning the motive in the first place.

'How did you even get here?' Mom looked over my shoulder at the quiet street. 'I didn't even hear a cab.'

'Oh, yeah. Uber,' I engaged in the small talk before a moment of awkward silence descended.

'What am I doing?' Mom managed to break the unease. 'Come on, let's get you inside,' she closed the rear door of her car and motioned toward the house.

'You don't want to keep going...!' I gestured at the vacuum and Mom dismissed it with a wave of her hand.

'I can finish it later. Let's get you settled.'

I was aware of how inappropriate was my behavior. As Mom led the way to the front door and I trailed with backpack slung and suitcase in tow, once again my eyes found her ass. Scrunch back gym shorts, they'd remained glued halfway over each buttock and I wondered if she had any idea how suggestive the look was. To a nineteen-year-old estranged son that is. And even as I created the thought, I metaphorically slapped myself across the face. Of course she wasn't aware! I told myself. The last thing on her mind would be what her son would be

thinking of her ass, and I forced my gaze from the admittedly attractive sight, in turn dismissing the encroaching incestuous zygotes that were forming in the darkest areas of my brain as she ushered me inside the cool dwelling.

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My decade-long absence from Los Angeles had more surprises in store for me.

'It's like you didn't change anything!' I turned back to her standing in the doorway of my old bedroom. My bags placed on the single bed; I'd taken a moment to look around my surroundings at a memory manifested. Toys I'd left behind; a bookshelf stacked with R.L. Stine novels and action figurines; Lakers posters on the wall of the then team and most poignantly, Kobe; alongside drawings and paintings of my own, my artistic endeavors having begun early.

'You might've changed your mind,' Mom shrugged.

'It's been ten years,' I attempted a humorous scoff, but it fell flat, and even from across the room, I noticed a glassiness appear in her eyes.

'It was your room,' she avoided my gaze, looking down at her foot as she ran it along a floorboard, crossing her arms over her chest.

'Well, you can chuck all this stuff out when I find my own place,' I stated and heard how cold it sounded, regretting the words immediately but not taking them back.

'Okay,' Mom nodded.

'The university can help me out with all that,' I informed her. 'A place to stay,' I elaborated, moving to my suitcase to unpack my toiletries. 'I should be out of your hair by next week,' I once more looked back at her and found her watching me, releasing the lip she'd been biting.

'You can stay as long as you like,' Mom ventured. 'It's just me here. It's always been just me,' she added, and I frowned at her.

'Well, you can't blame us for that,' I snidely retorted, unsure why I was seemingly looking for a fight.

'No, I didn't mean... I don't,' Mom shook her head. 'Look, Oliver. I'm just glad to have you here.'

'Okay.' It was now me to give the one-word response. I was being a dick, I knew. I looked around the room again and it just made me feel sad. It was me that had walked out on her, not the other way around. The room I stood in was a time capsule of a shared past for both of us, was it so surprising she would hold on to the one thing that reminded her of a son she'd lost so many years before? I could feel tears welling in my eyes and I forced myself to harden up. Then why wasn't she ever there? I asked myself. If she missed the life she had with me, why didn't she attempt more of a connection over the years? The answer was that Dad was right! She ultimately cared more about her profession than she did about me.

I decided not to unpack any more than I had to.

'Good,' she slowly nodded before taking a step back out of the room. 'So how about I make us a coffee! Are you hungry?'

'No,' I headed toward the door. 'Just a coffee would be great,' I attempted a smile before pointing down the hall. 'I'll just go to the bathroom.'

'Oh, of course,' Mom also waved a hand in its direction. 'You know where everything is.'

What happened next was bizarre.

Initially heading in opposite directions, I was surprised by her sudden outburst from behind as I reached the bathroom door. 'Oh! Oliver, no. Wait,' she cried as she frantically made her way forward and rushed past me into the bathroom. A whirlwind of activity as I saw her grab a towel before the slow swing of the door obscured her mysterious undertaking. 'Okay,' she once more appeared, and I instinctively looked past her at what was the cause of such anxiety.

'What the hell?' I smirked.

'Nothing,' her face flushed a brilliant crimson. 'We're all good. There was just... water on the floor. Didn't want you to slip,' she clearly lied, and my eyes dropped to what she held in her hands. 'Oh, just. Yeah,' she clutched tighter on the sheer black bra and panties. 'Tidying up,' she attempted to dismiss the items and I could feel her embarrassment.

'Okay... sooo I can...' I pointed behind her and she moved aside with a nervous giggle.

'Yeah, all yours. I'll just... go make the coffees,' she used her underwear-laden hand to gesture toward the kitchen and we awkwardly parted ways.

Inside the bathroom I looked directly at what she'd done with the towel, seeing it on the floor of the shower in a pile. The recess looked dry as did the rest of the floor, and despite my curiosity, I didn't investigate further, completing my toilet break and heading back to the kitchen.

She must have taken note as to how I had my coffee when she'd visited for Dad's funeral, finding a mug of steaming black on the benchtop awaiting me.

'No sugar, right?' Mom confirmed as I sat on a stool, and I nodded and offered a smile as she took care of her own.

'I can help you finish the car if you want,' I proposed to make up for my behavior in the bedroom, just managing to lift my eyes from once again ogling her ass before she turned back toward me.

'Oh, um. Yeah. That'd be great. It was the rain we had the other day,' she continued with the small talk. 'Covered it in dust,' she added. 'I so rarely have to wash it,' she approached the opposite side of the bench, thankfully removing from me the temptation to glance at her pronounced cameltoe.

I attempted to sip my coffee but found it too hot and what followed was an extended moment of silence.

'I know about the car,' I admitted, somewhat cryptically but I could sense she understood to what I referred. 'Aunt Leticia told me,' I confessed.

'Oh,' Mom took a sip from her cup, heavy on the cream and sugar. 'It wasn't a secret. You needed a car.'

'Dad said nothing about you buying it though,' I conveyed, and Mom didn't seem too shocked at the news. 'Why didn't you tell me at the funeral?'

'It didn't matter. Maybe I thought you'd have blamed me for his...' she left out the word "death."

'It was no one's fault but his,' I reassured her, and I think I saw somewhat a look of relief in her eyes.

'I'm sorry Oliver,' Mom gave me a sympathetic smile. 'Your father... we didn't see eye to eye on much, but I know you loved him.'

'Aunt Leticia said the same about you and me,' I relayed, and Mom frowned. 'Not seeing eye to eye,' I elaborated.

'Oh,' she gave a slight smile, leaning on the bench to bring our faces to the same level. 'Well, maybe we just haven't been given the chance.'

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The afternoon being hot, I'd taken off my t-shirt to allow the sun's rays upon my skin, and whilst hosing excess soap suds down the drive, Mom returned from the house with a glass of water.

'Looks fantastic,' her eyes scanned the gleaming Subaru. 'Thank you.'

'It was nothing,' I smiled, cutting off the flow, and the sight of her walking across the yard invoked long-forgotten memories. Playing under the sprinkler on the very same lawn, water balloon fights with Mom and Dad in the heat of the summer.

'No. You won't!' Mom stopped her progression toward me.

'What?' I attempted to look as innocent as I could.

'We may not have spent much time together Oliver Hudson. But I'm still your mother. I know that look!'

'I don't know what you're talking about,' I lied as I lifted the gun of the hose in her direction.

'You will not!' She asserted, before with a scream she attempted to throw the contents of the glass toward me as I simultaneously sprayed her with the hose.

My attack was more effective!

The flow caught her square in the chest, shocking her with the cold and saturating the light blue t-shirt. It hadn't been my

intention, but immediately the shape of her breasts was made clear, the pink of her nipples plain to see through the soaking cotton. To my surprise, she did little to hide the consequence of my action and seemed more concerned with wiping her eyes than obscuring the anatomy on display below.

And it wasn't only her breasts that were revealed. Falsely apologizing for my assault, I studied the development at her crotch, the water's descent leaving her gym shorts equally as transparent, no visible panty line of a thong, nor to my overwhelming surprise, the shadow of pubic hair atop the pronounced mound.

'Okay, Okay,' she laughed, finally acknowledging what the spray may have done to her clothing, pinching at the t-shirt to pull it from where it had pasted to her tits. 'I submit,' she smiled. 'God, this takes me back.'

'Yeah,' I agreed. 'Happier times,' and the flippant statement may have been taken the wrong way by Mom, her smile fading. 'I just mean, when we were a family. You know, before...' I abandoned the explanation, Mom dismissing the conversation with a wave of her hand before she reached for the hose, her face ashen. I'd somehow blown it.

And there it seemed she was. The "moody bitch" Dad had always called her, and as she took the hose from me and stepped several feet away, I attempted an apology for whatever indiscretion incurred with my remark. 'Hey, so...!' Was all I managed to voice before I was hit full force in the face with a gush of water.

'Sucked in!' Mom laughed, dropping the glass to hold the hose securely with both hands, spraying my body as I lifted an arm to shield the assault.

'You dick!' I laughed, advancing upon her as she attempted to back away.

'Oliver!' She feigned shock. 'You can't talk to me like...' she began but ended with a scream as I wrested the hose from her, holding her body against mine in the struggle and spraying her once more. I showered myself as much as she, hitting myself in the face to her amusement before I directed the hose lower, drenching her t-shirt to complete its transparency. With an arm locked around her soft belly, her ass pressed hard into my groin, and I had to admit the feeling was pleasant, so close, so intimate and I must have been mistaken, but for a moment it seemed she ground herself into me. 'No more,' she giggled. 'You're too strong,' she admitted, and I ceased the flow of water

and allowed, begrudgingly, her body to slip from my grasp, to lose the smell of her skin.

'So, we're even!' I smirked as I wound up the hose, again zeroing in on her groin, her white shorts now sheer, her uppermost labia plain to see through the saturated material.

'Oh, we're far from even,' she chuckled as she twisted the front of her t-shirt, wringing water from the cloth, the action clasping the garment to her boobs, her nipples proudly erect. 'You'll get what's coming to you!' She threatened and the tone was almost seductive in its delivery.

It was then I was reminded she was my mother and with another proverbial slap to my face, once more found myself attempting to dismiss the taboo and overtly sexual thoughts that were rapidly evolving.

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'So, what would you like to do tomorrow?' Mom asked, post-dinner. She'd offered me a glass of white wine during the meal which I'd declined, and I noticed she was well on the way to

finishing the bottle on her own when I returned from a shower early evening.

And what an event that turned out to be! She'd given me fresh towels that smelled of her and the soap in the shower had me recalling the scent from her hair and skin. They mixed with forbidden thoughts and closing my eyes under the flow of warm water I reminisced of the feeling of her ass against me, the sight of her near naked form upon the lawn. My hand found its way to my hard-on and fully aware of how forbidden the action was, I jerked off in my mother's shower, the orgasm that followed shameful, regrettable, and no matter how disgusted I felt for the indiscretion, so very wonderful!

Reality cascaded over me along with the flow and opening my eyes I found the evidence of my transgression all over the glass shower screen, a sticky mess that wouldn't just wash away with water. I dropped to my haunches and worked on the crime scene with soapy hands to be sure I removed all traces of cum, aghast at the thought of Mom finding overlooked globules. It was then I noticed the marks.

Like the ring left on a table from a glass, there were multiple round smudges just below waist height on both the shower screen as well as the tiled wall and it confounded me as to what would've caused the strange markings. Ultimately putting

aside the thought, when I was satisfied I'd removed my own branding from the glass, and washed it down the drain.

'Tomorrow?' I responded to Mom. After the high jinks in the front yard, she'd changed into loose-fitting gray track pants, and despite attempts to de-sexualize her, I noted the string of a white thong on her hip and back when she moved; and above this, what was possibly the tightest white t-shirt I'd seen in my life. Sitting mere feet from me on the couch, our positions and the location of the television allowed me to glance with impunity and the fact she was still braless hadn't gone unnoticed.

'Yeah. I thought maybe we could do something together. Go out to Santa Monica or even take a hike in the hills, something like that.

'Ah, actually I've got plans.'

'Oh,' she looked surprisingly disappointed.

'Yeah. Thought I'd take a look around campus. Get my bearings and all that. Shouldn't be too busy being a Sunday.

There's a bus that leaves not far from here, goes right by the University.'

'Oh, no, don't be silly Ollie,' she disapproved, and it made me realize it was possibly years since she'd called me that. 'You can take my car,' she amazingly offered.

'You're serious?'

'Of course. I guess I'll just be here all day. I won't need it.'

'Well, cool. That'd be awesome. Thank you,' I appreciated, and she smiled, chuckled.

'What?'

'You,' she laughed. 'Don't sound so surprised. Maybe I'm not the bad guy you've always painted me out to be.'

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If I'd thought a night's sleep would go a long way to removing some of the incestuous ideation I was developing, I was mistaken. Struggling to settle into my old bedroom I was fixated with the image of Mom on the couch beside me. That white thong disappearing below the waistband of her sweatpants, imagining its route as it delved between her buttocks, pressing upon her asshole and inevitably cupping her pussy. And that pussy. Shaved; waxed? Seriously! To have arrived in L.A. and within three hours essentially seeing my mother naked was astounding.

But then it hit me. It wasn't completely Oedipal. She was a stranger to me, not a mother. I was reacting to her as any nineteen-year-old would to an admittedly attractive middle-aged woman. The more I was around her, inevitably the attraction would diminish. Because if it didn't it'd be weird right!? I mean, sons don't generally get turned on by their mothers. Even when they have great bodies! Even when their hair smells like rain and their skin like rose petals. Even when their smile does something to your insides and their eyes you could stare into for days. I came onto my stomach and used my shorts to wipe up the mess.

And then came the dream. Waking to the light of the morning and basking in the afterglow of kissing my mother in the kitchen. Our lips lightly meeting, straddling the line between innocence and incest before her tongue found mine. My cock

pressed hard into her belly. For more than a minute I thought it was an actual memory before reality kicked in. It hadn't happened. It wouldn't happen. Ever. But try telling that to my morning erection, about as hard as I got, the orgasm that flowed, recoating my abandoned shorts to leave them spoiled and reeking of multiple sins.

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'Do you have any clothes that need washing?' Mom pointedly asked over her shoulder post-breakfast. I glanced at where she was standing looking out the back door with a mug of coffee cradled in her hands, the morning sun shining through the screen door and silhouetting the shape of her body still in her nightie. The curve of her breast, and as she turned fully, the gap between her upper thighs.

'I... what?' My eyes struggled to rise from the sight, transfixed by the clear double bump of labia through her satin slip.

'I'm doing laundry today,' she added. 'Just put whatever you have out. I'll be happy to do it.'

I thought of the state of my shorts and felt my face blush, quick to change the subject.

'Laundry huh! Sounds like you've got a big day planned!' I joked and immediately regretted it. She HAD invited me to spend the day with her, AND I was taking her car. Who was I to mock her lack of activity?

'Actually, the weather being so nice, I think I'll get some sunbathing in,' she revealed, and I suddenly had the urge to abandon my plans and stay home with her instead. The possibility of seeing even more of her body than I already remarkably had!

It was then reality quickly kicked in. What would be the point? Where did I think it would take me? Nothing was going to happen between us. It couldn't, I reiterated. No. I'd go on as planned. Orient myself with the university. Check out the on-campus accommodation. I had a meeting with student services early the next day regarding such, which all going well, I'd not have to spend many more nights under Mom's roof anyway. The incestuous temptation would be taken from me, and I could concentrate on my art and studies and forget about the sexual attraction. But as I again allowed my eyes to glance at the silhouette of her body through the nightie, I wondered if I now truly ever could.

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Traffic in Los Angeles, even being a Sunday, was crazy. I discovered that San Andreas wasn't a carbon copy (if you know what I'm talking about) and found myself on the wrong street a couple of times, Google Maps helping me out of some pickles. The morning was spent roaming the campus and its surrounds; lunch, at a local eatery. The afternoon I'd set aside to spend at the L.A. County Museum of Art and potentially the La Brea Tar Pits if time permitting, but my focus was elsewhere. All day, thoughts of my mother had preoccupied my mind, and possibly guilt at not spending what available time we had together. In reality, it was just the curiosity about what was going on at her house, what she may or may not have been wearing, that had me cutting the day short and heading the car in the direction of home.

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I arrived back to a quiet house and my initial impression had me thinking it empty before I noticed the movement of curtains from an open window, the unlocked screen door out to the small rear courtyard. I was in the process of heading out when I stopped myself, backing up and retreating to the safety of the window as I saw Mom indeed still in the act of sunbathing.

Normally you'd think there wouldn't be anything wrong with intruding upon the scene, Mom surely expecting me back at some stage, but there was nothing normal about her attire. Laying upon her front and with feet toward me, I took in the sight of my mother in a bikini. "So what?" You say. Well, this was no ordinary bikini! Spring break back in North Carolina hadn't even prepared me for what my nearly fifty-year-old mother hardly wore.

Her feet spread; I was given an unobscured view up between her legs, the sun shimmering off her lotion-smeared thighs, before I focused on the gold string bisecting her buttocks. Parted, the wrinkled skin around her asshole was visible, the thong provisioning some dignity as it kissed her anus before slipping between the folds of labia, indeed as I'd previously ascertained, hairless.

The vision caused my lungs to suck in air audibly, and possibly having heard the reaction, Mom stirred, her head lifting before I managed to secret myself behind the safety of the curtain lest she look in my direction. I held my breath and dared not move in case I made further sound, waiting an interminable amount of time before I hazarded another peek.

Like a common creep, I peered cautiously around the edge of the curtain and incrementally her body came into focus once more. A foot, this time toes up, followed by her shin and the length of her glistening leg. And there it was again, having turned to present herself to the sun, a mound of pussy sitting snug under a small triangle of golden nylon. I risked poking my head out further and to my relief found her face hidden beneath a sun hat allowing my eyes free reign to admire the rest of her body. Mistaken as to the style of the bikini, I noticed it was more of a one-piece, with somewhat of a sling linking the crotch with an equally small amount of material cupping her boobs.

Mother or not. Incestuous and morally ambiguous be damned, I moved a hand to the rapid swelling at my groin and encouraged the erection, stroking it horizontally in my jeans. 'So wrong,' I whispered to myself, pinching the shaft of my cock before slipping my fingers across to the fly and unzipping.

My eyes never left her body as I eased the hard-on from the opening in my jeans, gripping it vice-like as Mom seemed to swat an unseen insect from her chest, her hand coming to rest on her belly to ever so subtly caress her flesh. Nothing at the Museum of Art could've been so beautiful. The La Brea Tar Pits couldn't have fascinated me more than what I'd found in my childhood backyard. Furiously I beat my length as I zeroed in on her pussy. Thighs separated just enough to reveal all. Folds

pressed tightly against the thin material. Her body positioned perfectly as if staged for an audience at this very window. Me? A mother's private showing for her son?

With my face almost brushing the curtain, my body hunched as I jerked off and so close to orgasm, I began to take stock. No, you idiot, I berated myself. She had no idea I was even home. Probably didn't expect me for hours. She was just a woman enjoying a moment alone in the privacy of her house and here I was like a common pervert spying and masturbating. All of a sudden, it didn't seem so satisfying. The attraction remained. The excitement of the taboo endured, but guilt overrode pleasure and I forced myself away from the window with a jolt, knocking a side table in the process and sending a vase crashing to the floor.

The noise could've awakened the dead. Knowing full well Mom would've been alerted, I concentrated first on tucking away my dick, squatting down to hide the bulge before beginning to clean up the mess. Not a moment too soon as I heard the screen door behind me open and what was a relieved sigh from my mother.

'Oh, thank God it's only you,' she laughed. 'I thought it was a burglar!'

'Nah, just me,' I confessed picking up the vase, broken into three pieces. 'Sorry. Broke your vase,' I revealed, turning with the remains to look up at her. The towel she'd been laying upon in her hand, she stood not three feet from me and with my head level with her groin, it took all my willpower to drag my eyes further up her body.

'That thing,' she dismissed my clumsiness with a wave of her free hand. 'I've broken it myself before. It's already been glued together. It was just from a thrift store anyway.'

'Oh, ok,' I risked standing, hoping she'd not notice my still erect penis. 'Well, I think I can salvage it again. If you've still got the glue.'

'Should be some in the garage,' her eyes drifted to the table I'd run into, its proximity to the window. 'You're back early,' she looked once more at me, and I was able to avoid being caught glancing at her boobs. Now so close, the swimsuit was (if possible) even smaller than I'd first perceived, covering little more than nipples and vulva, and now being worn inside the house, so out of place, it was even more stimulating, my cock pulsing inside my jeans. 'What is it!?' She gave a slight smile and glanced down at her chest, and I realized my lechery hadn't been so inconspicuous. 'Oh, you noticed right!?' She cryptically challenged.

'Huh?' I replied.

'The bikini!' She alluded and I felt my face begin to blush.

'I... ah,' I mumbled.

'You're right, it's a dupe!' She added and I was just as confused. 'Ordered it off Ali Express. Obviously, I couldn't afford the original. It's a knockoff!'

She must have seen the puzzlement on my face, and she expounded.

'You know, Wet Waves. It's a Lauren Brooks original. Well, a copy of,' she admitted and to my disappointment, wrapped the towel around her waist removing some of the temptation.

'Oh, ok,' I found myself mumbling, the name Wet Waves meaning something having seen them on the Home Shopping channel. 'So anyway, I guess I'll go take care of this,' I held up the vase and tore my eyes from my mother, seeing her bite her

lip as she once more looked at the table followed by the window out to the back yard.

I was nearing the exit from the kitchen to the garage and about to make my escape from the situation when she called out to me.

'Oh, so I left a box of tissues in your room!' She revealed and I stopped and looked back at her, a little bemused.

'Ok!' I shook my head.

'I did your laundry,' she added, and I immediately felt sick.

'What?'

'Well, you forgot to put it out this morning. I found it under your bed,' she smiled. 'You haven't changed,' she giggled, and I could feel my face burning as I thought of the state of my underpants, two loads of semen deposited into them.

'I didn't ask you to... you shouldn't have gone into my room!' I stated, more embarrassed than angry.

'Oh, Honey,' she frowned. 'It's alright. It's natural. I HAVE lived with men before you know,' she directly alluded to my shorts. Was she trying to humiliate me? 'Just. I thought the tissues would be handier.'

I was aghast. Mortified. Embarrassed.

'Seriously? Is this you trying to be a mother?' I questioned.

'What?' She looked genuinely taken aback.

'Ten years, you didn't give a shit about me,' I declared. 'You think we're besties now or something, just because you do my laundry!?' I didn't mean it. Even as I said it, I hated the way it came out. But shame overrode sentiment and at that moment it was either fight or flight.

'Oliver I...' She looked shocked and equally distraught.

'Forget about it,' I shook my head. 'I have a meeting with student services tomorrow about the accommodation. I should

be out of here by next weekend. I'll leave earlier if you want,' I stated, and could see the hurt I'd caused her.

'No,' her voice broke as she spoke. 'No that's not what I... I'll stay out of your room,' she barely whispered, and I could see her eyes welling with tears.

Again, I felt like a complete dick.

I left the house and entered the garage and with my face still burning placed the broken vase on the workbench. What had just happened? She'd looked at the table and window and put two and two together. Her mind had immediately gone to my cum encrusted shorts. We'd essentially discussed me jerking off! What mother and son did that!? Despite the shame and embarrassment, a spontaneous chuckle came out of me, and I was shocked at my ability to find mirth in the situation. And then came the regret. I hadn't spoken to anyone like that before, going totally against my nature, and immediately I wanted to go back in and apologize. There had been some truth in it though, I quickly reasoned. What interest had she taken in me over the years? How could we just fall back into the role of loving mother and son overnight? The answer was, we couldn't. Or at least it wouldn't come easy.

I found the glue and looked at the broken segments of the vase laid out before me, a metaphor for our relationship if ever there was one, before carefully beginning to put the pieces back together.

*

I never really got a chance to make up for my behavior that evening. Well to be honest, I was just too embarrassed to bring it up again and I managed to avoid her for much of the night anyway. Monday morning, however, our paths inevitably crossed as we hurried to be ready for our respective destinations.

Memories of my childhood once more came flooding back and I reflected on how little events had changed. Competing for the one bathroom. Jostling in the small kitchen preparing breakfast. One thing differed starkly from the past, however, and that was my awareness of Mom's appearance. Had she always looked so good? It was impossible to ignore as she'd left the bathroom ahead of me; towel wrapped around her body with breasts heaving and (as I surreptitiously glanced behind) buttocks peeking. And when clothed. Opaque black pantyhose under a figure-hugging dress. Make-up that transformed her into a model and a scent that had me longing

to embrace her, to cling to her body in the hope of absorbing her essence.

'We'll have to come up with a system,' Mom remarked, breaking the silence as she cocked her head (endearingly I thought) in the process of putting in earrings.

'For?' I questioned, having looked up from the map of campus I had open on my phone.

'The bathroom in the morning,' she laughed. 'That or we'll have to start taking showers together!' She jokingly(?) suggested and I scoffed in response, groaning inside.

'Well, if it all goes well today, I'll probably be out of here in a few days,' I stated. 'Maybe sooner,' I added unnecessarily, and the effect of the words was clear to see on her face, darkening significantly.

'I'm sure you're going to have a great time... living on campus I mean,' she attempted to sound enthusiastic. 'I have to say, I'll miss you,' she admitted, and I frowned. 'I know! It's only been two days. But, it's nice having someone around... to talk to.'

I didn't know what to say. I had to admit, it wasn't all bad being back there. Apart from the embarrassing situations I'd found myself in, the sexual frustration, and my seeming desire to pick fights whenever the opportunity arose.

'We can still talk,' I stated. 'I'll only be like, twenty minutes down the road. Speaking of which,' I looked at the time on my phone. 'That bus leaves in five. Gotta go.'

'Ok,' Mom took a couple of awkward steps toward me as I slung my backpack onto my shoulder. 'Um... kiss?' She shyly questioned.

'What?' I was admittedly taken aback. 'Oh... sure.'

And before I left the house, I had my wish granted. Her breasts pressed into my chest as our cheeks came together, her lips lightly touching my skin in the softest of kisses. I filled my lungs with her perfume and received goosebumps from her breath beside my ear.

'Love you,' she almost whispered and again I was caught off guard, ruing my answer even as I gave it.

'Ok... gotta go,' I flippantly responded and left with her fragrance now a part of me.

*

'No places available.'

'Really?' Mom questioned.

'In the on-campus dorms,' I elaborated. 'That's what they said. I was meant to organize it when I accepted the scholarship. I just thought I'd be able to do it in person when I got here.'

'So, what will you do now?' Mom asked and I could see her mind working.

'Well, the university can find me off-campus housing. I'll go check them out tomorrow. It's gonna cost more I guess, with utilities and all that.'

'Or you could stay here!' She proposed enthusiastically. Late afternoon, she'd arrived back from work before me and had

changed into jeans and a tank top, showered also I guessed, her hair wet around her bangs.

I didn't answer directly, deferring. 'The bus took nearly thirty-five minutes,' I winced in response, although I had used the time to read and if I was living there, I'd certainly be saving money I reasoned.

'Yeah, that would be a pain,' Mom seemed to concede, and she looked down absently before finding my eyes again, this time exuberantly. 'Do you have any plans tonight? Later I mean. There's something I want to show you.'

*

The sun was setting as Mom drove us into the hills. I knew the neighborhood from movies and TV shows; lavish houses and luxury cars, Mom's Subaru feeling particularly out of place, and with her being mysterious as to our destination, I was on the verge of demanding an explanation when she pulled up in the driveway of a large, white-walled estate.

'Let's go!' She cheekily giggled as I followed her from the car and watched as she entered numbers into a security console, the gates opening to allow our entry.

'What's going on?' I marveled as we entered the property, a short, curved driveway leading up to the majority glass-walled house.

'Just wait,' Mom again laughed and surprisingly wrapped an arm around my own, her boob I noted pressing firmly into my bicep. 'It's a surprise.'

'Don't tell me, you've bought the place for me!' I laughed. 'It's gonna be a longer commute. But I'll deal with it!'

'Hah, you wish,' Mom smiled as I looked down at her.

'Seriously. What's going on?' I questioned her as we made it to the entryway, Mom releasing my arm as she again made to enter numbers on another security keypad before swinging open the front door.

'You'll see,' she ushered me inside. Clearly no one was currently at home, Mom flicked on the lights and immediately I understood why she'd brought me there.

'Are you fucking kidding me!?' I headed further into the house as I saw what was hung on a far wall.

The painting was huge. At least twelve feet square and as I neared, the layers of paint became more vivid. Color blanketed upon color in what was a remarkably ordered confusion.

'Mom!' I exclaimed, almost awestruck by the moment. 'Do you know what this is?' I stupidly questioned her, forgetting she'd brought me there in the first place. 'It's a Jackson Pollock!' I took a step forward to examine the surface, the paint nearly an inch thick in some areas before turning toward her. 'It'd be worth millions!'

'Oh, really!' She feigned surprise and again there was that smile. 'Come on, there's more,' she hinted, and I followed her gaze further into the house.

'No way!' I gasped as the Renoir loomed before me. 'Who the fuck lives here!?'

'Some bigshot accountant,' Mom shrugged as I glanced back at her. 'The agency's selling it for him. It's not one of mine,' she quickly added when she saw the enthusiasm in my face, imagining the commission on the sale. 'No, my colleague told me about the artwork. I knew you'd be interested.'

"Interested", Mom, this is amazing!' I exclaimed as I noticed another piece, a sculpture of a thin humanoid figure. 'It can't be,' I moved closer to further examine. 'I think it's a Giacometti,' I shook my head. 'This alone could be worth more than this house,' I estimated.

'So, I did good?' Mom questioned and I turned to her once more, wanting to hug her, to kiss my appreciation.

'You did good,' I found myself uncontrollably grinning and it seemed it was enough for her, returning me with her smile, those beautiful dimples appearing in her cheeks, lines of happiness at her eyes as I explored further the myriad artworks the house had to offer.

*

'So, we're allowed to be here, right?' I somewhat belatedly enquired as we strolled from the house out toward an infinity pool, security lights illuminating our way.

'It's fine,' Mom assured me as we looked out toward the last remnant of the sun disappearing over the horizon, the city, a sea of candles floating in the darkness below us.

'How awesome would it be to live here!?' I proposed as Mom took a seat and I joined her on the lounge, the pool lit from below the surface casting liquid shadows across her face and surroundings.

'Well, when you're a famous artist, you'll have something just as nice,' she envisaged. 'And I expect an invitation to visit,' she added, laughing.

I nodded slowly and looked back at the house; the Jackson Pollock still visible through the windows before I again stared out across the darkened city.

'It's a far cry from a college dorm,' I scoffed and felt a hand upon my knee, turning to see her smiling.

'You'll find somewhere,' she whispered.

'It's not fake!' I stated, looking into her smile and then watching her frown.

'What? The art?'

'No. Something Dad would say,' I divulged. 'He said your smile was fake. A show for your clients. But it's not, is it?' I questioned, more a statement and she shook her head. 'He said everything about you was fake, from your hair to your smile, to your...' I paused.

'To my what?' Mom looked puzzled and mystified, and I allowed my eyes to drop from hers to her chest. 'Oh, no. Seriously? Really!' She laughed, scrunching her nose and I felt her hand leave my knee, rising between us. 'Give me your hand,' she grinned.

'What?' I breathed.

'Come on,' she took hold of my wrist, lifting it as she straightened on the lounge. 'Does this feel fake?' She cupped my hand under her breast, allowing the weight of her left boob

to settle in my palm, her nipple hardening under my touch through the thin cotton tank top.

'I...' I didn't know what to say. I'd never felt fake boobs before, so I had no comparison, but to me, it felt pretty good, shaking my head slowly as she studied my eyes.

'Right!' she allowed my hand to fall away. 'Your father!' She rolled her eyes before laughing once more. 'I wish I could afford fake boobs!' She scoffed and I wanted to tell her she didn't need them, that hers were perfect, instead, fighting to prevent the hard-on that began forming in my jeans.

'Mom. Why are we here?' I asked her, not looking in her direction.

'What? You know why,' Mom chuckled but I felt there was no humor in it.

'No,' I looked at her. 'No, I don't.'

'What are you talking about?' She looked into my eyes as if waiting for me to go on before realizing I wanted an answer. 'Ah, because I love you and wanted to do something nice.'

'But why now?' I retorted. 'All these years, you were never there. No letters. No phone calls. You wouldn't even stay with us on my birthdays,' I challenged, and I hadn't expected the look of confusion she threw back at me.

'What?' She shook her head as if clearing fog. 'What do you mean "no letters"?'

'I used to love them,' I felt my eyes tearing up and looked away from her. 'The stuff you'd send,' I thought of the paint brushes, pencils, and other paraphernalia she'd package up until it all stopped.

'What are you talking about?' She questioned, forcing me to once again look at her. 'I never stopped writing to you,' she stated, incredulous at my accusation and the sincerity in her voice had me immediately feeling sick at the implication, if true.

'What?' I whispered.

'And you sometimes wrote back!' She looked confused when I slowly shook my head.

*

There weren't many. No more than ten, and the forging of my handwriting, down to the changing of style as I aged was staggeringly accurate, to the point, even I would've been hard-pressed to spot it as a fake. The sentiment contained, however, was far from my own.

'I didn't write this,' I looked up at Mom, beside me on her bed, her hand over her mouth and glassy eyes as she awaited my reaction. 'It's vile,' I reflected on the hate my father had spewed out on paper in my name.

'And you didn't get my letters?' A tear ran down her cheek.

'For a while,' I looked absently across the room as I thought of the past. 'But then Dad started picking up the mail from the post office. I just thought you stopped writing,' I admitted, and Mom let out a sound that was a mixture between a groan and a sigh.

'He stole you from me,' Mom whispered, and I reflected it was probably the first time she'd ever bad-mouthed him in front of me, despite the clear license that was forming.

"Don't bother calling me," I read. "I don't want you at my birthday," my father had written in my name, and I tossed the letter down on the mattress. 'This wasn't... this isn't me!' I looked at Mom, her eyes red, cheeks flushed.

'I know,' she nodded. 'I should've known. It's on me.'

'Don't say that,' I took her hand. 'It looked legit,' I acknowledged. Noting he'd even done drawings in the borders as I'd used to do. Having picked up my artistic talents from him.

'A good mother should've known. Ten years Oliver,' she sighed. 'Ten years he took from us.'

'Then we'll work on getting them back!' I stated and lifted her chin to bring her eyes back to mine, running my finger across her cheek to wipe away a tear. 'We can start again, can't we? Pick up where we left off,' I proposed, and I saw light once more return to her face. 'I could stay here if you'd let me. It'd

save money anyway,' I said and as soon as I voiced it, I thought of my father's college fund. 'Oh Jesus,' I exhaled.

'What?'

'It was you, wasn't it?'

'What?' Mom looked confused.

'The college fund. The fifteen thousand,' I elaborated, and Mom laughed.

'Fifteen? My God Oliver. There should have been forty-five thousand dollars in there for you,' she confessed, and I didn't think I could've felt more hatred for him than I had five minutes before. If he wasn't dead, I could've killed him, and Mom must have seen the rage in me. 'It's only money Ollie,' both her hands wrapped mine. 'I have all I ever wanted back.'

*

I canceled the meeting I had with the university about accommodation the next day. And not having to compete for

the shower in the morning, I took my time. The circular marks I'd noted earlier had been wiped away and it reminded me to ask Mom what had caused them. It was then I thought of the night before. But not the drama. The feeling of her breast in my hand, the memory of the firmness of her nipple in my palm had my cock in turn hardening and I allowed myself the pleasure of jerking off, Mom's perfumed soap cleanser lubricating my shaft and eliciting a joyous premature ejaculation.

With the house to myself, I called my aunt Leticia to find out if she'd known of Dad's deception and came away satisfied, she as well had been in the dark all these years. I did discover Mom had been paying child support to Dad the whole time despite him never mentioning it to me. Another lie of omission that was steadily destroying the legacy of the man I believed I loved.

Late in the morning I took the bus to campus and spent time in the library. I sought out some cool places to eat on and around the university and even coincidentally met some other students I'd be taking classes with. It was on my way home early in the afternoon, absently looking out the window of the bus and thinking about all the money Mom had paid out over the years for the upkeep of my life, that a certain shopfront caught my eye and interest, disembarking at the next stop to work my way back. It was the first time I'd ever done something like it, and admittedly, nerves saw me blushing

during the entire exchange. But when I left the store and headed back to the bus stop, I felt like it was the best present I'd ever purchased for someone.

*

'Are you serious?' Mom exclaimed as she looked at the bag I presented to her, when she arrived home from work. 'Wet Waves! Oliver. What... why would...!' She paused as she peered curiously inside the emblazoned cardboard tote. 'Oh, you...!' She giggled as she removed the flimsy gold material. 'You didn't have to...' she was struggling to finish sentences. 'Oh my God, see, that's how it's supposed to look,' she held the bikini up to me, her fingers clear to see through the sheer gold fibers.

'Is it the one?' I questioned, knowing full well it was the original her bikini was based on.

'Yes!' she exclaimed. 'But you shouldn't have. I mean it's too expensive... Can I go and put it on?' She excitedly changed her tune and admittedly I hadn't expected her to be so enthusiastic, her desire to wear it immediately, was a better outcome than I'd envisaged.

'I mean, why not!' I tried to remain nonchalant, the day cooler than previous, not expecting to see it in action, so to speak, any time soon.

'Give me a minute,' she exuberantly hurried toward her bedroom, and I set about making us a coffee in the meantime, hoping for, but not fully expecting a fashion show on her return.

I didn't have to wait long.

'Ollie, I love it,' she declared as she hurried unashamedly back into the kitchen. 'You can tell the difference. It even feels better.'

It looked better too. But I think that had more to do with the wearer.

'What do you think?' Mom turned to present her rear to me, once more the limited string disappearing between her glorious globes. 'Yes, I know it's a bit, well... revealing. But I mean it's ok to wear around here, isn't it? It's so comfy. It's like I'm not even wearing anything. I guess that's the quality that you're paying for!'

She was gushing and her enthusiasm brought a smile to my face. It felt like she wasn't wearing anything because indeed it also looked like it. Yes, her boobs and pussy were covered by the thinnest gold material, but it was also entirely see-through, and given license to ogle her sex, I didn't waste the opportunity.

'You're not saying anything!' She remarked. 'Is that a bad sign?' Her face began to redden. 'I mean everyone wears stuff like this nowadays, don't they?'

'Sure!' I blurted out, encouraging her. 'No, you look good Mom. It... it suits you,' I admitted and marveled at how unselfconscious she appeared to be to essentially present herself naked before her son.

'Thank you,' she gave a coy smile. 'Come here you,' she giggled and moved in to initiate an embrace, her breasts hard against my chest, my hands on her back to gently caress the warmth of her naked skin. I began to stiffen and though loathe to lose the connection, thanked God when she pulled out of the welcome affection.

'You're welcome,' I breathed. 'I can't make up for what's happened...' I attempted to say before she cut me off.

'Let's not,' she shook her head. 'It's a new beginning Honey. We don't need to go back,' she smiled before pausing and changing the subject. 'Now, I don't have to take it off yet do I? I could wear this all day!'

She didn't wear it for the rest of the day, but we did sit in the living room drinking our coffees together, and if she noticed the hard-on in my jeans the entire time, she didn't let on. Subtle movement would see a nipple slip out of its bonds and whether it was a show or not, she seemed embarrassed by the malfunctions when they occurred.

'Whoops,' she giggled. 'I guess now there's a man around the house, I should probably be more careful.'

'Hah, I don't mind,' I hastily admitted, resting my empty mug on my cock, grinding it into myself.

'Thank you. You don't know how happy that makes me Ollie. I want things to be just like they were, before... you know.'

'Yeah, I know,' and despite her saying we didn't need to dwell on the past, I felt the guilt of walking out on her all those years

ago. 'I'm sorry,' I found her eyes and she winced with compassion.

'Oh Honey, don't,' she unexpectedly rose and came to the couch I sat on, climbing up beside me and coming to rest sitting on her knees. 'We're good now. That's all that matters to me,' she confessed and leaned in to kiss me on the cheek, so close to my mouth it could've been considered lips. 'Now. If I'm not mistaken, your favorite meal is still spaghetti,' she leaned back, a nipple having escaped once more and doing little to remedy the problem. 'So, to thank you for this...!' she looked down at her swimsuit, noticing the exposed boob. '...Oops,' she rolled her eyes while smiling as she tucked it back into position. 'I'd better get started cooking.'

I devoured her ass as she walked away, her bare buttocks almost seductively swaying and for a moment I thought she'd prepare the dinner in the bikini before she headed for her bedroom.

'I suppose I should change!' she giggled, more to herself, and her playfulness left me smiling, hard, and aching at the futility of a desire that could go nowhere.

*

Not needing to seek accommodation left me with spare time in the days leading up to orientation week and I used it productively. I managed to visit the LACMA and adjacent Tar Pits as I'd planned, seeing and familiarizing myself with Los Angeles in the process. I took in a movie and managed to meet up with Mom on a couple of occasions for lunch, my shout, which was satisfying despite the fact it was ultimately her money to begin with.

That realization led me to search the employment apps and by Thursday I'd organized part-time work with a local garden maintenance crew that could secure me weekend hours primarily, which would be ideal not knowing my university schedule at the time.

My bedroom, I redecorated. Finding room in the garage for the boxes of all my old but still valuable possessions before passing them on to charity. The process took longer than expected as I delved through memories of my childhood. And so it was, by late Thursday afternoon I found myself organized, housed, and employed, and with Mom still not expected home for an hour or so, the house to myself.

The devil will find work for idle hands.

Little had I found in the previous few days to excite me incestuously toward my mother. This had been a conscious decision. What was the point in harboring a desire for an unobtainable woman? Especially when I spied (on multiple occasions) the quality of girls in and around the university. Her presence hadn't gone unnoticed mind you. Daily I admired her appearance, whether it be body-contouring dresses that highlighted every curve, or the always sexy nightie she'd don before bed, never repeating in the near week we'd lived together. But my acknowledgment of her beauty ended there. Even at night, I'd sway my mind in other directions when I found myself lapsing. The thought of her ass in leggings or the mischief in her eyes when she smiled. No. When my cock hardened and I treated myself to a touch, I'd think of others, exes, and movie stars, even allowing my aunt Leticia to creep in and lead me to orgasm. All but Mom.

Until Dee Williams coaxed me right back to her, that is.

Dick out and phone in hand, I was randomly flicking through videos when I saw it. The adult star in the shower. Her perfect body, lathered in soap. But it was the suction cup dildo attached to the tiled wall that she was sucking, pulling off with a pop, reattaching, and eventually fucking, that had me thinking about my mother.

The moment I saw it I was amazed I hadn't thought of it earlier. The explanation for the multiple waist-high circular marks in Mom's shower. A suction cup dildo! What else could be the cause, I questioned and found my face blushing at the thought I'd almost asked her the reason. I remembered her rushing into the bathroom on the day I arrived. Was it the answer to the mystery towel on the shower floor? Hiding the evidence?

It was no longer Dee fucking her dildo, I fantasized. Dropping the phone, Mom formed a clear image in my head, and as if by stealth, managed to erode all the work I'd done in the week to abandon my incestuous fascination. I succumbed. Filling a tissue with an immense load of taboo seed, wishing it was she who could witness the offering. Would she be impressed, I wondered? Smiling to myself at how ridiculous the prospect was as I luxuriated in post-orgasmic haze.

*

'It's a good thing I didn't have it taken down,' Mom acknowledged as she walked back out of the garage having parked her car inside.

Shooting hoops and having missed the opportunity to impress her with my quantity of semen, I took a shot from roughly three-point range, and we watched as the ball, unfortunately, bounced off the rim and rolled onto the lawn.

'You haven't changed anything!' I diverted from my disappointing effort, quickly retrieving the ball and this time making an easier shot, hoping she'd still be dazzled.

'I didn't want to,' she cocked her head and squinted into the sun as she watched me. 'It all reminded me of you.'

I smiled sympathetically back at her, taking in her green wrap dress and flesh-colored stockings in the process, seeing her in my mind's eye removing the clothing and stepping into the shower to meet up with her potential silicon lover.

'One on one?' I proposed and made to throw the ball at her, and she looked down at herself.

'Can I get changed?'

'What? You afraid those heels will affect your performance?' I laughed.

'Well, they'd at least give me a height advantage,' she smiled.
'Five minutes?'

'I'll be here,' I dribbled the ball, not taking my eyes off her as she entered the house, the impression of a bra strap visible across her back, no detectable panty line. Was she wearing any? I felt my cock pulse. I would've waited five hours!

*

I was taking a shot when she emerged from the house and that it missed was forgivable given the distraction. Wearing a flesh-colored gym one-piece or playsuit I think it was called, she descended the two stairs with a spring before finding my eyes on her and becoming noticeably self-conscious at her attire. Needless so. For though the set she wore was possibly a size too small, the material struggling to contain her boobs, the crotch hermetically attached to her pussy to reveal the most delectable of cameltoes; in my eyes, staring, feasting on her beauty, she looked perfect.

'Oh,' she looked down at herself before once more fixing my eyes with her seductive(?) gaze. 'Yeah, it's a bit "try-hard", I know! I bought it to encourage me to start going to the gym. It

didn't,' she laughed. 'At least this gives me a chance to use it,' she paused. 'Even though... I don't really have the body to pull it off!' She denigrated herself and I was quick to take her to task.

'No!' I fired back, managing to drag my eyes up to hers. 'You look good. I mean... it suits you.'

'Oh. Thank you,' she smiled coyly, approaching to stand before me. 'You don't look so bad yourself, Mister,' she ran her eyes over my chest, lifting a hand to place it upon my pec, caressing onto my bicep as I in turn flexed to impress her further. 'I was going to say something when you were washing the car. Your muscles! You've certainly grown up,' she admitted, her lips remaining slightly parted, the hint of tongue touching her teeth. Was this the moment? My desire to kiss her was almost overpowering. 'My ball!' She startled me by suddenly sliding her hand down my arm and grabbing the basketball out of my grip before turning and clumsily bouncing, before taking a shot at the rim.

The inevitable miss brought a smile to my face and despite my eyes devouring the curves of her ass, the booty short design allowing plenty of buttock to escape their confines; the expanse of bare skin on her back, and the craving I retained for her, I attempted to put my energy into the game.

'Serves you right!' I laughed, moving in to retrieve the ball and dribbling around her to make a layup, the ball thankfully going into the basket.

'Wow, you're really good!' She overly complimented me as I retrieved the ball and made my way back to the line in the driveway concrete acting as the top of the key.

'Dad set up a ring back home,' I explained as I feigned dribbling one way before taking a shot over her head, sinking another basket.

'He was always pretty good at sports. Your Dad. Remember we used to turn on the headlights so you could play at night,' Mom reminisced, and the memory formed, recalling her watching from a chair on the lawn as Dad and I shot baskets long after the sun had descended.

'You know, he admitted I got my brains from you,' I divulged, and Mom spontaneously laughed.

'Ok!?' She looked at me quizzically as she accepted a pass, my shot having bounced off the backboard.

'I mean, it wasn't just bad stuff he'd say about you,' I tried to elaborate.

'Oh, great,' she sarcastically replied, smiling as she began to dribble, her bounces way too high allowing me to take back the ball as she tried to charge toward the ring. 'Aw, not taking it easy on me!'

'We're all adults here,' I laughed, stepping back to take a three-pointer and proudly finding nothing but net. Mom retrieved the ball and nodding, threw it back to me with a little more force.

'Ok Mister, so sounds like all's fair,' she posited, and I shrugged.

'Blame the game. Not the player,' I smirked and preparing to take another shot, was caught off guard by her exuberant defense, first raising her arms before reaching in to attempt to grab the ball from me. I lifted it higher in response and instead, she focused her attention on me, dropping a hand to grab me square upon the crotch, momentarily grasping a palmful of cock and balls.

Mortified and rightfully distracted, I lost control of the basketball and Mom was quick to take advantage of the situation, clutching at the ball before turning and making a shot at the rim, her effort, successful.

'What the hell was...!' I began to question before she turned and smirked back at me.

'Hey. Blame the game. Not the player,' she quoted back to me, and I couldn't help but grin at her audacity.

'That was surely a foul,' I retrieved the ball and bounced before throwing it back at her.

'My court. My rules,' she laughed, and I wanted to do more than merely kiss her as before. I wanted to hold her, press my cock into her groin and confess my lust. Let my hands explore her body as our lips connected. 'Next score wins!?' She declared as once more she tried to dribble past me toward the ring and I clumsily (on purpose) defended, reaching in to take the ball and in the process blocking with my body, our bodies pressing together as she aimed at the ring, the ball missing everything.

'Charging!' I accused, my arms around her as if holding myself up for balance, delighting in the softness of her flesh, the warmth of her skin. 'My free throw,' I added and belatedly released her as she giggled, allowing her to walk to where the ball had rolled against the garage. I watched as she looked back over her shoulder at me as if making sure I was looking before she leaned forward at the waist to reach down for the ball. The action was overtly sexual, her legs spread wide and her ass pressing out of the booty shorts. The lump of her pussy was clearly visible and as she took hold of the ball and straightened, she twisted her torso first to look behind as if allowing me more time to feast on her rear.

'Make the most of it,' Mom grinned as she headed back toward me, passing me the ball.

'What?' I questioned.

'The shot silly,' she furrowed her brows, still smiling.

'Oh, I will,' I felt my face flush, thinking she'd meant my perving on her ass. 'This to win it.' I bounced a couple of times preparing to make the free-throw. Mom moved directly in line with the ring, and I managed to lift my eyes from her to focus on the task, bouncing again to ready myself.

'This to win it,' she again quoted me as I was about to release.

'Mom!' I smiled.

'Sorry. No pressure,' she grinned, and I once more took a bounce before raising the ball.

It was about to leave my fingertips when it happened. My eyes squarely aimed at the ring, my body one with the ball, and all my focus upon making the basket. Nothing could've distracted me save for my mother's actions.

'Don't miss it!' She called at the very last second and under my gaze, lifted her hands to the straps of her playsuit and deftly pulled it down to reveal her bare breasts.

'Jeesus!' I gasped as I took the shot, my eyes dropping to stare directly at her boobs, and her wickedly smiling face above before she swiftly covered them back up, her eyes following the trajectory of the ball as it bounced off the backboard and rolled away along the drive. 'What the hell!?'

'What?' She seemed oblivious as she ran past me to claim possession, jogging back before once again awkwardly dribbling her way to the rim where she managed an easy layup. 'I win!' She turned, arms raised above her head in the victory celebration, her face beaming, the high beams on her chest equally as bright, her nipples harder and more pronounced than previous.

'Mom!?' I questioned.

'What?' She repeated, bouncing the ball with two hands before herself.

'What!?' I quoted her. 'You just... I mean you...' I couldn't form the words.

'Oh, it's not a big deal,' she finally understood my concern.

'You just flashed your boobs!' I managed. 'In public!' I added.

'Not really. There's no one around,' she argued, and I looked around to admit she had a point.

'Ah, I'm here,' I countered, and she smiled at me pityingly.

'Oh Honey, you're my son! There's no harm in you seeing my breasts!'

The words hung in the air, her eyes searching mine and I wanted to ask to see them again. To not stop there. To see all of her. To be naked together. In each other's arms. In her bed. But of course, the words wouldn't come, and it was Mom who broke the sudden awkward silence.

'This is what I've missed,' She confessed and admittedly for a moment I thought she was only talking about her flashing.

'What?' I requested her pass the ball.

'Just us spending time together. Doing normal mom/son stuff. Remember couch cuddles?' She reminisced and the memory of us simply watching television together at night came flooding back. The intimacy of that special relationship between mother and son. 'Remember weekend sleep-ins?' She added, and my routine of climbing into her bed early in the mornings when Dad had gone to play golf, sometimes sleeping, sometimes wrestling... always loving, came back to me. 'I loved all of it,'

she admitted as I nodded. 'It's only now that you're back, have I realized how much I'd missed it.'

Her sincere disclosure stirred me, and I wanted to admit I felt the same. Right then, the very thought of reenacting our weekend sleep-ins, something that had my cock pulsing in my shorts.

'Mom I...' I contemplated revealing my lust, to move in and kiss her on the lips. '...I missed it too,' I settled on owning up to only some of my emotions, and though nothing of the passion I harbored, it brought a satisfied smile to her face.

'I just wanted to say...' she paused and for a moment I stupidly thought she was about to confess her own incestuous desires. 'It's so good to have you back, Ollie,' she sighed, tears in her eyes, and then I did go to her, an arm affectionately around her shoulder as we headed toward the front door.

'It's good to be home,' I kissed the side of her head as we headed inside. 'Come on. Loser makes dinner,' I volunteered to her clear delight, and as I thought of her hand upon my cock, her semi-striptease, especially for me. I wondered who really had been the winner that day!

*

'So... Netflix and chill?' Mom slumped back on the couch beside me, settling into a relaxed yet overtly sexual position and I snorted on the sip of cola I'd just taken.

'What!?' I laughed, not allowing my eyes to dwell on her crotch. Remaining in her activewear playsuit, with one foot raised onto the couch and legs well spread, the bulge of her pussy dominated my vision, the clearly defined lines of her vulva almost demanding I pay it attention, not to mention the obvious slick of moisture darkening the length of cameltoe. Sweat, I told myself when I'd first spied it in the kitchen, now, as it tempted my lecherous gaze, I wondered differently.

'What?' Mom looked back seemingly bewildered at my reaction.

'I mean, we're not...' I could feel my face flushing.

'What?' She was seriously naive as to what she'd said, and I couldn't bring myself to explain it. 'Aren't we chillin?'' She made what I assumed she thought was some kind of gang sign with her hand and I just smirked and shook my head. 'What?

Isn't that what you young ones say?' She smiled as she scrolled through the countless offerings with the remote.

'Maybe just Google it,' I tried to change the subject as I watched her navigate the streaming service, seeing *Back to the Future* pass by, Mom also noting its presence.

'That was your favorite movie when you were little,' she commented as it left the screen and I immediately thought of the near incest between Marty and his mother, an awkward and funny scenario then, now, a situation that had my cock twitching.

'We can watch that!' I was quick to propose. 'If there's nothing else, I mean,' thinking, hoping it could lead to something happening between us.

'Really!? Surely, we can find something new!' Mom responded and after a good fifteen minutes, we settled on an episode of *Stranger Things*, not the sexiest show we could've watched together but Karen Wheeler's swimsuit by the pool at least spiced things up.

Not that any added heat was needed. My position on the couch enabled me to admire my mother without compromise, her ass angled toward me, bare feet nearly touching my thigh. I was fixated on them, imagining sucking on her toes when she startled me with a question.

'Would you mind if I stretched out?'

'What?' I directed my eyes back onto the television.

'Well, you're actually in my spot!' She declared and I focused on her.

'What?'

'When I watch TV. I mean, when I was... before you came home,' she admitted.

'Oh. Sorry.'

'No, I don't mean it like that,' she laughed. 'Just, can I...' she picked up a cushion and crawled up along the couch. 'Can I rest my head on you?' She asked, almost pleadingly, and ever

the gentleman, I readily agreed to her proposal, allowing her to place the cushion down on my thighs.

'This is just how it used to be,' Mom turned her head to look up at me, the weight of it and the cushion pressing down firmly on my groin. 'Remember you used to play with my hair?' She reminisced, smiling, and without pause, I lifted my hand to press upon her scalp, my fingers combing through her silken locks.

'Like this?' I whispered and she immediately sighed, turning her head back to watch the TV.

'Now everything's perfect,' she breathed and the intimacy of the moment, the pressure placed upon my cock, had it pulsing beneath the cushion.

With her lying on her side below me, I drifted my eyes along her body from head to toe and back. She had her hands tucked high between her thighs which caused her boobs to form the most impressive of cleavage, one nipple poking suggestively through the flesh-colored material. Each time my cock twitched with blood flow, I massaged harder on her scalp, hoping it'd mask the embarrassing consequences of our familial affection. Seriously doubting the effectiveness of my

effort with the cushion itself moving with the power of my erection! If she was aware, she kept mum!

The episode ended and another played. Mom softly, almost dreamily questioning if we should keep going, and not wishing any change in proceedings, happy to run my fingers through her hair all night, I agreed. A sigh came from her when I touched behind her ear and with my cock pushing up into the cushion, constantly pulsing, I ran my finger along its perimeter, gently stroking her delicate skin.

'Mmmm... goosebumps,' she sleepily purred and pulled one of her arms from between her thighs to show me before running her hand up my thigh and under the cushion. To support her head, I told myself but incredibly it came to rest nudging my hard-on. 'I'll fall asleep if you keep this up,' she sighed, and I was almost delirious with lust and uncertainty. Minutes passed, and with my left hand feeling redundant, I casually lifted it from the couch beside me to rest upon her hip, the action going seemingly unnoticed what with my fingers massaging her scalp, combing her hair, and caressing her flesh. I needed more. So intimate was our connection that I felt we were bordering on incest, at least open to ever-increasing affection, and with her sleepy malleability, I risked it all on a roll of the dice.

'Mom,' I barely whispered and surprisingly she immediately answered with a subtle "yes?" 'Remember the other night at that house, by the pool,' I elaborated, and she moaned with recollection. My dick twitched against the side of her hand, once again moving the cushion beneath her head. 'Remember you let me...' I struggled to voice the words, my eyes on the curve of the side of her breast. 'Remember I touched your...' I couldn't bring myself to say it.

'My boob Baby?' She lazily sighed, my cock twitching.

'Yeah,' I stroked my fingers through her hair, scratching her scalp. 'How funny was that!?' I let out a quiet scoff.

'You want to touch it again, Honey?' She breathed, seemingly understanding exactly my intent.

'What? No!' I chuckled, softly caressing her hip as well as her head.

'It's ok Baby,' she purred, unfortunately slipping her hand from beneath the cushion but remarkably moving it to my own and dragging it up to her breast. 'I don't mind,' she exhaled as she

released me, leaving my palm cupping the weight of her left tit.

My head swam as I held her, cautiously beginning to massage the soft flesh through the Lycra, mimicking the action of my other hand as it caressed her scalp. Once more she slid her hand up under the cushion to cup her head, again coming to rest against my swollen cock, granite-like and constantly pulsing.

'Mmm,' she let out another soft sigh, her eyes closed, her face beautiful in the soft light from the television screen. 'I missed couch cuddles,' she languidly admitted, noticing her arm moving between her upper thighs. Was she? Were we? Was it happening? I asked myself as I found her erect nipple, managing to tease it between two fingers as I pushed hard against her head, pressing her weight down against my hard-on. 'So loving,' she whimpered. 'Such a good boy.'

But as I came, I didn't feel like a "good boy"!

It wasn't on purpose and its suddenness came as a shocking surprise. Pulsing over and over, I managed to hold in my gasps as I emptied into my shorts. The dampness was immediately noticeable as I felt the immeasurable amount of warm cum

spread around my pelvis. Seemingly unaware of the development, and quite possibly asleep, Mom remained upon me, her hips ever so subtly grinding against her wrist as my orgasm began to subside. And then shame and embarrassment took over. Who cums in their pants? On a couch with their mother, no less!? My dick remained hard but the semen quickly cooling, I had to get the hell out of there. What if this was real? What if our "couch cuddle" was a step on the way to actual incest between us? What if she made to take my cock out of my pants and found me spoiled? My face blushing, I lifted my hand from her breast and immediately Mom opened her eyes, turning her head.

'What is it, Honey?' She looked up at me and I made to move beneath her.

'Nothing,' I quickly reassured her. 'Just... I think I might go to bed. Have to work tomorrow remember,' I elaborated.

'Oh,' she seemed genuinely disappointed but thankfully removed her hand from where it abutted my cock and lifted her head from the cushion. 'If you're tired,' she sat up completely, and with her momentarily looking away I made sure my cum hadn't seeped through my shorts before I placed the cushion back against the couch.

'Yeah,' I faked a yawn. 'Pretty sleepy,' I quickly rose from the couch and relieved at there not being a wet patch, kept the lingering bulge out of her sight nonetheless as I made my way from the room in shame.

'Well, will I see you in the morning?' Mom called as I hurried down the hall.

'Maybe, gotta leave pretty early. Goodnight,' I cried as I closed my bedroom door behind me and sank onto the bed in ignominy, the stain beginning to appear through my shorts. 'That can never happen again!' I softly spoke to the room.

*

I hadn't worked as hard in... never. And Mom noticed my discomfort as I stretched my back on the couch late afternoon. The same couch it had all happened upon the night before.

'Sore back?' She winced; her hair tied back in a severe ponytail, a floral summer dress rising above knee height. In her arms was the loaded laundry hamper and I smiled at her concern as she looked on.

'Not too bad,' I dismissed my legitimate aches and pains, and she was quick to change the subject.

'Well, I'm doing laundry if you have anything,' she offered, and immediately, thinking of my shorts from last night and the incident the week before, I began to blush.

'Ah nope,' I turned my face from her yet clearly heard her huff.

'Oh Ollie, seriously!?' She countered and I belatedly turned back to look at her.

'What?' I questioned, feeling my face burning.

'Well, you're not still worried about... that. Are you!? It was a week ago.'

'Mom,' I tried to dismiss her, focusing on the television and hoping she'd leave it alone.

'I told you it was no big deal,' she seemingly wouldn't let up and placed the hamper down on the armchair before her. 'Look. I'll make us even,' she said, and I was forced to look back

in her direction as amazingly, she ran her hands up underneath her dress.

With my eyes upon her, I watched as my mother took hold of her panties and lowered them down her legs, stepping out of them to stand straight once more before me.

'Here,' she stated. 'I've had these on all day,' she proudly proclaimed as she tossed the white satin briefs towards me and instinctively, I raised a hand to catch the delicate item. 'It's not a big deal,' she declared as she once more took up the laundry hamper and headed off through the kitchen.

Left alone, I sat in quiet mortification. 'What the fuck!?' I quietly questioned. The satin was warm in my hand and with the laundry door closing to give me complete privacy, I examined the offering further, unfurling the material to find the gusset damp, the expected discoloration of a woman's intimates. What did it mean? I wondered. Could I take this gift as just a normal part of a mother and son's relationship? Or was it strictly sexual? I rose from the couch and headed directly to my room, my cock swelling with every step. Once there I brought her panties up to my face and unashamedly inhaled. Breathing deep the scent of my mother. Drawing the wet material between my lips to taste the remnants of her sex. This is what she'd expected, was it not? What else did she think her son

would do with her dirty panties? The panties she took off before me. That she willingly handed over without a second thought or hesitation.

My overwhelming desire was to use them. To wrap them around my engorged cock and cum, combining our fluids. To hand her panties back proudly and have her see the love coated upon them. My eyes looked to my bed and I thought of last night's soiled items tucked away beneath and I resisted my urge, instead retrieving my clothing and despite the erection tenting my pants, headed back out into the living area.

'Mom,' I tentatively said as I opened the laundry door to find her separating the colors, her panty-less ass in my direction before she turned to face me. 'I've got some more washing here,' I handed over my stained shorts and underwear, keeping her panties in my hand until she turned again to face me. 'And I suppose you want these back,' I held out her panties and she smiled.

'Only if you're finished with them!' She smirked and I once more felt myself blush.

'Mom!' I laughed as I backed out of the room, our relationship becoming more defined by the day. My confidence in

something happening between us rising with seemingly every new interaction.

Incest wasn't something that only happened in movies, stories in print, and on the internet. Its roots were sprouting in my very household. Its buds were developing right before my eyes, and only time would see it grow into something indescribably and uniquely beautiful. I welcomed the future and all the possibilities it offered.

*

Despite my self-proclamation that I was on the verge of fucking my mother, it didn't come as easy as I'd hoped. The night saw us on similar but branching paths; for me an invitation to a get-together with one of my new workmates; for Mom, an unavoidable gender reveal party with her bosses. I had no desire to spend any time away from her at that point, delaying my leaving the house until I'd seen what she'd intended to wear, my decision was rewarded when she left her room with pumps in hand, padding down the hallway in pantyhose.

'Oh, good you're still here,' she remarked as she dropped her heels beside the armchair. 'Would you?' She turned and presented her back to me and immediately I understood what

she was referring to. Unzipped, the red dress she wore exposed her entire back from the gold chain she had around her neck to the black lace thong that hugged her upper buttocks and hips, and it came to me it wasn't pantyhose on her legs but most likely thigh high stockings. She wore no bra, and as I moved in to take hold of the zipper and my cock began its familiar twitching in her presence, she let out a small chuckle. 'Good luck with this. I'm gonna have to suck it all in!'

She was exaggerating, of course, the zip rising buttery smooth up her spine as the admittedly tight dress cinched her waist. My fingers brushed her trapezius as I completed the task and she let out a giggle.

'Ooh look,' she raised her left arm much as she'd done the night before. 'Goosebumps,' she turned to look up into my eyes. 'Actually, that reminds me. You were soft last night!'

'What?' I could feel myself going red.

'Well, going to bed so early! Though I suppose I wasn't the best company. I think I fell asleep,' she rolled her eyes and smiled, and I began to wonder if she indeed remembered all that had taken place on the couch. 'I did like the head scratches though,'

she reached out and touched my arm. 'I told you I'd missed our couch cuddles.'

Had she been half asleep? I knew she was dozy, but did that extend to forgetting the boob touch, her hand upon my erection?

'So, anyway,' she took a step back. 'How do I look? Ooh, just a sec,' she spun and scooted to her black stilettos, directing her ass toward me as she stooped to place them on her feet. The dress rode up inches on her thighs and as suspected, the lace tops of her stockings appeared, a tantalizing and unexpected flash of her intimates.

'You look beautiful,' I openly admitted when she once more found my eyes, not mincing my words when it came to praising her.

'Really?' She scrunched her nose. 'You don't have to lie,' she laughed.

'No!' I adamantly stated. 'You look... really good.'

'Oh, thank you,' she approached and to my delight leaned in to kiss me on the cheek, her breasts, tightly restricted by the dress, pressing my chest. 'You're sweet. Home early tonight? Maybe we can Netflix and chill?' She raised her eyebrows expectantly and I laughed.

'Mom. You really need to Google that,' I groaned.

*

I had a better time at the party than I thought I would. My colleague, the same age as me, had a lot of friends and some even went to USC which was a huge bonus. So many plans to meet up during orientation week were made and my contacts list on my phone and Facebook more than doubled in one evening. It was to my shame that I hadn't even thought of Mom before I decided to leave the party and get an Uber home around one in the morning, and when I entered a quiet house, still exuberant from the night, I debated going to her room and entering her bed.

A good hard look at myself in the bathroom mirror had me questioning that proposition. I smelled of beer and cigarettes for starters (probably not appealing) and as I looked into my own eyes, doubts began to arise about the actuality of our

attraction. Had she shown me much more affection than in a normal mother/son relationship? Ten years apart, I wasn't sure how far the interactions between a loving maternal parent and child went. Maybe it was natural to touch your mom's boob. Did all mothers flash their breasts and have no qualms with touching their son's cock? Was I reading way too much into her casual near nudity and willingness to discuss the outcomes of my masturbation? I began to blush, thinking I'd almost made the worst decision of my life. She wasn't coming on to me. She was my mother for God's sake. She just loved me. One more day I had before I started university. Life would drastically change for me, and I'd lose the bizarre and admittedly dangerous attraction I'd developed over the past week. I left the bathroom and went straight to my room, closing the door on the unhealthy temptation of the taboo. Sleep would put an end to all the nonsense.

*

The light of the early morning saw me visiting the bathroom and making my way to the kitchen for a drink of water. Still way too early to be up and about, I took my tall glass back to my bedroom, noticing Mom's door was ajar, not how it'd been when I arrived home. My intention had nothing to do with incest. Honestly, I had believed my sermon upon bedtime had worked, and sleep had indeed cleansed me of the aberrant thoughts and cycle of dangerous behavior. Merely curious to

discover if she was awake, share my night, and inquire about her own, I bypassed my room and found myself outside her door.

Shrouded sunlight was attempting to fill the space within, and I used my free hand to tap lightly on the door, the incidental touch causing it to swing slowly inward, creaking on its hinges. The sound caused the sheets on the bed to stir and as more of the room was made available to my eyes, the rest of the bed came into view, Mom rousing and turning to look in my direction.

'Sorry, didn't know you were still sleeping,' I winced and clearly dazed, Mom slapped a hand onto her face to rub her eyes, pulling her hair back from across her forehead.

'No, I'm awake,' she squinted at me over her shoulder. 'Is that water?'

I looked down at the glass, almost having forgotten its presence, the sight of her bare back and arms having taken me back to a place I thought sleep had abandoned.

'Um, yeah. You want a drink?'

'Mmm,' she nodded as she rolled, I noticed making sure the sheet stayed high up on her chest as she settled back on the pillows.

It was the first time I'd been in her room since I'd come home. Ten years and the memory of our early morning sleep-ins came flooding back as I approached the side of her bed. The nine-year-old in me wanted to jump on top of her and snuggle into her side. Have her arms around me and fall back asleep enveloped in her warmth and scent.

'What time is it?' She again wiped an eye as I passed her the glass and I stood before her, only then taking stock of the fact I was dressed only in a pair of boxer shorts.

'Before six I think,' I whispered, unsure as to why.

'Oh. It's still early,' she handed me back the glass and I took a sip myself, my lips where hers had kissed.

I nodded before making to head back out but was stopped when she moved in the bed.

'Wait. What are you doing?' Her voice was clearer than moments before.

'I was just...' I pointed to the door. 'I'll let you sleep.'

'Aren't you getting in?' She questioned, and admittedly I was taken aback.

'What?'

'Isn't that why you came in?' Her eyes left mine to begin looking around the bed, then the room itself.

'What!? No... I was just...' But it dawned on me that it probably was. My subconscious taking control of my faculties. Leading me once again to temptation.

'It's just...' she sat up further in the bed and though she kept the white sheet clasped to her chest, I could see her entire back was exposed. 'Well... I'm...' she laughed. 'Honey, can you see my nightie anywhere?'

The words had my ever-reliable cock twitching.

'What?' I stalled as I too, searched the bed for any trace of her pajamas.

'I got hot!' She needlessly defended her state and as I wondered if it extended to her underwear, my toe brushed up against something silky on the floor.

'Is this it?' I placed the glass on her bedside table before reaching down and lifting the black satin slip.

'Oh, yes,' she reached out to take it from me, and even in the low light seeping through the drapes, I could see she was blushing. 'Thank you,' she giggled as under my gaze, she managed to pull it over her head and down her torso, sadly not revealing her boobs on this occasion. 'Well, come on,' she again chuckled as she settled back down into her bed.

'What?'

"Are you getting in or not?"

And there was the moment. I knew the consequence of entering her bed. All that had gone before was merely a preamble. If what I thought was about to happen happened, there would be no going back.

'Yeah,' I skirted the perimeter of the bed and made it to my dad's old side. The feeling was bizarre as I pulled back the sheet and slipped in beside my mother. As I stretched out, the sheet ballooned momentarily above us, and looking down I noticed Mom hadn't pulled her nightie all the way over her body, her hips uncovered, and no underwear in sight.

'You're finally back,' Mom turned on the pillow to look at me as the sheet once more covered much of her body.

'No, I got home about 1:30,' I misunderstood.

'No,' she smiled. 'You're finally back here.'

'Oh, yeah. Weekend sleep-ins,' I acknowledged.

'Mmm, weekend sleep-ins,' she repeated and snuggled into the pillow, a broad contented grin on her face.

'What?' I returned the smile, allowing my peripheral vision to take in her accentuated cleavage, the lace on the front of her slip doing little to conceal the pink of her nipples. It began. The boxers I wore I knew well, and that my growing erection managed to slip out of the fly wasn't surprising. That I was so unconcerned about its presence, despite the risk of discovery, was what at that moment seemed way more shocking.

'Nothing,' she giggled. 'It's just... nice.'

'Nice?' I repeated. 'Weird, some would say,' and I rolled onto my side to face her, my dick having begun to tent the sheet at my groin.

'Oh, no!' She laughed before pausing. 'Well... it shouldn't be. There's nothing wrong with a mother and son sharing a bed,' she stated before smirking at me, trying to keep a straight face. 'See, now you've gone and made it weird,' she laughed.

'I've made it weird? You're the one that was sleeping in the nude!' I grinned and she opened her mouth wide in feigned shock.

'I told you; I was hot!' She smirked, and I nodded against the pillow. 'I was!' She lashed out at me, gently slapping my bare chest, her hand remaining as her smile faded. 'But really... It's so nice to have you back. I've wanted this for so long,' her eyes became glassy.

'Mom,' I consoled her.

'No. I should've done more. Ten years we've...' She began and I cut her off, placing my hand over hers.

'I thought we weren't going to keep doing this,' I reached out with my other and placed it on her head, my fingers stroking the hair back off her forehead much as she'd done earlier. 'It's a new beginning, remember.'

'I know... I know. I'm just being silly. I love you,' she penetrated my eyes with hers. 'And it's not weird!' She laughed and spontaneously drew me into a cuddle, my mind and body eager to meet hers, unthinking, uncaring of certain ramifications.

The moment it happened, there could be no denying its presence. With her cheek against mine and arms around my

neck, there was a moment of silence, breath held on both of our behalf as we reflected on the development. Like the barrel of a gun, the head of my cock pressed into her soft belly and even as I thought of something to say or deflect from its prominence, it twitched against her as if to emphasize its existence.

'Wh... what is that?' Mom whispered into my ear, and I was pretty sure she was quite aware.

'I don't know,' I breathed. 'I mean, it's just. I mean, it's the morning and everything. It happens,' I hoped my explanation made sense to her.

'Oh,' her face gradually eased back from my own, I noticed, her belly happy to remain impaled on her son's cock. 'Yeah. I understand,' she looked me in the eye and was doing a stand-up job of keeping a straight face. Until she couldn't. 'Oh my god!' She collapsed back onto her pillow stifling her laughter, my cock pulsing as it lost contact with her as if desperate to retain the connection.

I rolled onto my back, lifting my hands to my head to cover my eyes in embarrassment before looking down at the tower created in the sheet.

'I'm so sorry!' I apologized and looked at Mom, her wide humor-filled eyes firmly focused on my groin.

'Well, is it going to go down?' She grinned.

'Yes! I mean, I guess. Soon,' it twitched under the sheet and Mom again laughed at my discomfort.

'Oh Honey,' she shook her head. 'I guess now it really is weird!' She chortled.

'Mom! Not helping,' I told her, and she slumped back onto her side to face me, seemingly delighting in my discomfort as my outstretched foot brushed something in the bed. Grabbing it with my toes, I lifted my knee to drag it up the mattress, the act also helping to obscure my hard-on. 'What's this?' I reached down to take it from my toes and brought up between us the black lace thong I'd last seen when I zipped up my mother's dress.

'Oh! That's where they went,' Mom giggled as she took her panties from my hand, the sheet acting like a canopy between my raised knee and her hip, exposing her bare groin, the

pronounced pubic bone just as smooth as the last time I'd spied it.

'Yeah, and I'm the weird one!' I laughed as I restored her dignity and lowered my knee, removing the temptation from myself.

'I said I was hot!' She defended herself, giggling. Her eyes fell back on my ever-twitching morning erection, and it looked like she was in contemplation.

'What?' I asked and her eyes once more found mine.

'I don't know,' she paused. 'Us. I guess. Could we be like this, today, if what happened hadn't?' She posed and I thought about her hypothetical. There was no way. If we'd always lived together, there would be no chance I'd be climbing into her bed as a nineteen-year-old. I supposed none of our interactions would've played out the same. Familiarity breeding contempt, would I have even seen her as a sexual being? The beautiful, sensual woman I'd fallen in lust/love within just over a week?

'I doubt it,' I smiled at her, and she returned the sentiment, her eyes slowly returning to my cock.

'What do you normally do?' She whispered after a moment's silence.

'What?' I asked.

'With it,' her eyes never left my engorged dick.

'Hah, I don't know,' I breathed back. 'Sometimes it just goes away. Sometimes I... you know.'

'You what?' She looked at me intently, caressing her thumb over the panties in her hand between us.

'Mom!' I huffed.

'Tell me, Ollie,' she sighed, and I caught the faint scent of pussy, most likely from the panties so close to me.

'Serious?' I questioned and her head nodded slowly, her eyes drifting back down the mattress.

'I jerk off!' I boldly admitted something she was already aware of. The multiple loads in my underwear attesting to the fact.

'Do you need to now, Oliver?' Her voice was barely above a whisper and my head swam with the possibility of what could be about to happen.

'Maybe,' I swallowed and again she slowly nodded.

'I won't mind,' she purred. 'If you'd like to. You can do it here.'

'Seriously?' My cock flicked violently under the sheet as if eager to get started. 'Now that really would be weird,' I chuckled, and she giggled back.

'Not really. It's natural. A boy your age. Go on Honey, you can do it in front of me. I'm your mother. I won't mind,' she reiterated, and I dragged my eyes from hers to look at the circus tent in the sheet, no average morning wood, an incestuously inspired monolith, erected in tribute to the most beautiful woman on Earth.

Without delay, I slid the sheet down over my belly and revealed my cock to the room, an impressive display of my capability, as hard as I was ever able.

'Oh goodness,' Mom gasped, giggling. 'That was quick.'

'You said to,' I defended the reveal.

'No. It's ok,' she reached out with her panty-filled hand and touched my shoulder, the lace soft against my skin. 'It's just a shock. Seeing it... seeing you, as you are now,' she returned to whispering. 'You know, a mother always wonders what her son looks like,' she confessed. 'And we've been apart so long,' she sighed, her eyes almost devouring my penis before casting me an almost wicked grin. 'Go on Darling. Do it.'

It was the best of commands and quickly I took hold of my cock and began stroking, my fist a blur as I jerked off beside my mother.

'Does it take long?' She questioned me and I looked at her, staring intently at my endeavor.

'I won't... it doesn't usually...' I fapped, the muscles in my right arm rigid. 'I mean, it can be pretty quick,' I admitted, the surreal nature of the moment lost to me, the act of masturbating in front of her made almost normal, perfunctory.

'Is it taking longer than normal?' She asked after more than a minute, the only other sound in the room that of the slapping of my hand.

'Mom!'

'What?' She giggled. 'I'm just curious is all.'

'Well, you watching probably isn't helping,' I lied. Having her there was probably the hottest sexual experience of my life and even I was surprised I hadn't cum sooner.

'Sorry. I'll turn!' She quickly volunteered and rolled beside me, surely aware the sheet had slid down over her hip, her bare ass revealed to me. I made no effort to disguise where I looked, dining on her peachy buttocks, the crack and shadow of her asshole.

'I... Oh... Oh fuck,' I gasped as I began to cum, gripping the shaft tight to build the pressure as Mom took it upon herself to look over her shoulder at the action, unable to resist witnessing her son's orgasm.

'Oh my god!' She gasped and rolled back to take it all in as I released. A volcanic torrent. Spurt after drenching spurt erupted from me to spray my chest. With breath held, I bit down on my bottom lip as I came, my body spasming with every euphoric pulse until I was exhausted, squeezing the remnants from my shaft to drip onto my belly. 'Fuck!' Mom giggled and my head lolled to the side to look at her.

'Mom!' I scalded her language, realizing it was the first time I'd ever heard her say the word.

'Sorry, but... goodness,' she rose onto her elbows to take in the glistening upon my torso. 'There's a lot, isn't there!' She seemed amazed.

'Yeah,' I pulled my hand from my dick, wiping my thumb upon my pelvis. 'I've made a mess.'

'Oh, here,' She offered me her panties and I looked in her eyes.

'Serious?' I questioned her and she shrugged.

'Why not? They're dirty. I have to wash them anyway.'

Logic, I thought. Who was I to question it, and gladly took possession of her underwear once again.

'Thank you for this Ollie,' I was shocked to hear her say as I used the lace panties to mop up my cum.

'For what?' I laughed.

'For including me in that,' she seemed genuine. 'I've missed so much of your life,' she added.

'Yeah, but I don't think you'd have ever... I mean I doubt this could've...'

'You'd be surprised,' she interrupted. 'I mean a lot of mothers... Take my friend June for example. She's the one who told me about the artwork at her vendor's house. She once walked in on her son masturbating. And my friend Sally. She found her

panties under her son's pillow. Can you believe that!?' She seemed excited to inform me.

'Mom, I don't know what that's...'

'But you see,' she once more interrupted me. "These are the things I've missed out on. This is normal. Us. Here. What you did... for me. It should've been me that had the talk with you about sex. And silly things... I don't know, like finding dirty magazines in your bedroom or something. Grounding you. But I blew it.'

'No, you didn't, I walked out remember?' I told her, finished cleaning up the mess, her panties saturated and reeking of cum.

'But I wasn't there. I want to be there now. Will you let me?' She reached out to take her panties back from me and I balked.

'Are you sure?' I winced.

'I'm sure,' she seemed delighted to take the soiled panties into her care, unconcerned her fingers touched my cum. 'Thank

you,' she leaned in and slowly kissed me. On the lips. Gently. Affectionately. Motherly.

*

If I thought the morning would've changed everything, I was mistaken. Our relationship remained as before. To be honest, by midafternoon, all that had occurred in her bed seemed but a memory, so normal was her and even my demeanor. Possibly there was more physical contact between us, Mom quick to touch my chest or arm with affection if I said something funny, maybe I was more hands-on if I needed to get past her in the kitchen or the hallway, open to caressing her hips or belly as we parted. But really, no one could assume from our behavior that our first weekend sleep-in together had been anything but innocent. Even I began to wonder if masturbating in her bed would develop into anything more than just a bizarre one-off familial anecdote.

I shouldn't have been concerned.

'So, Mister Bachelor of Fine Arts. It's a big day tomorrow!' Mom ran her hand over my shoulder upon entering the living room early evening. I was drawing in my sketchbook and stopped when she engaged in conversation, sitting in the armchair

across from me. 'Excited? No, don't stop on my account,' she quickly added as I made to close the folio.

'I was just doodling,' I explained.

'Remember you used to draw us all as superheroes when you were little. Like those, who were they? The Expendables?' She laughed and took a sip from the glass of wine she held.

'Ha! I think you mean The Incredibles. I never stopped,' I admitted. 'I mean, I think I started making you the supervillain when I moved to Dad's though.'

'Really?' She laughed.

'Yeah, maybe I've...'

I began flicking back through the sketchbook in the hope I'd find an example, but the search was fruitless. 'Nah. They'd be in the ones at home. I mean, back in Carolina.'

'That's ok,' she smiled. 'So how would you draw me now? I mean, would I still be the supervillain?'

'I don't know,' I turned to a blank page and made to put pencil to paper. 'Let's find out.'

'You're going to draw me!?' She seemed surprised.

'Yeah, why not?' I smiled.

'Ooh,' she rose from the chair and placed her glass on the coffee table. 'Well at least let me fix myself up a little,' she stated as she rushed from the room.

'It's not a photo!' I called as she headed down the hall, my eyes on her swaying ass, somehow contained in the tightest of jeans.

'I still want to look good!' She yelled back from her bedroom, and I smiled to myself, thinking of the morning, lying next to her and masturbating. Would it happen again? Could it become a regular part of our weekend sleep-ins together? Would she join me? The idea of us masturbating together had my dick hardening, encouraged when she promptly returned, her appearance unexpected.

'What have you done?' I furrowed my brow toward her as she made it back to her armchair, before again rising.

'Or do you want me on the couch?' She pointed to the three-seater.

I let my gaze drift down her body. The t-shirt and jeans were gone, replaced with a short white satin robe, legs bare and her nipples suggestively poking through the material.

'Um, wherever,' I shook my head and she too looked down at her body.

'Yeah, I... think this is how it's done, right?' She climbed up on the couch, and I understood why she'd changed. 'Models are usually naked, aren't they?' She said as I watched my mother undo the belt of the robe, allowing it to fall off her shoulders, her eyes on me as I took in her bare breasts before the robe settled on her hips.

'I...' I swallowed; her boobs were made available for my perusal. No quick flash, wet t-shirt, or swimsuit malfunction this. Just the unobscured curve of my mother's tits in all their soft majesty, her pink areola, and erect nipples. My cock completed its erection. 'I didn't expect... I mean you didn't have...' I watched as her face blushed. 'I mean... yes. This is

perfect!' I admitted and she returned me with an embarrassed smile.

'So, how should I pose?' The redness faded as she looked to me for direction. The nineteen-year-old in me suggested she lay back and spread her legs, the artist controlling his faculties.

'Um, why don't you lie on your side,' I joined my hands against the side of my face as an example. 'Just like you're sleeping,' I suggested, and she was quick to comply.

'Like this?' She moved into position. 'Robe on...' She allowed it to fall off her hip, her bare pelvis exposed, '...or off?'

"Off!" I enthusiastically replied, her thigh covering her pussy but the beauty of the pose, was inarguable. 'Perfect!' I managed to once more find her eyes and lingered as she rested her head upon her hands. 'You look...' I wanted to rise and reveal my hard-on. To walk over and kiss my appreciation for the welcome home she'd given me. What other mother would do this? Wear such sexually provocative clothing. Incidentally, touch my cock. Pose naked for her son. To encourage my masturbation. I wanted her to know how deeply my feelings for her had developed, how far I'd take it to prove my love, my lust. 'You look beautiful,' I admitted, and the blush returned.

An hour I sketched. And as I completed the pleasure, I marveled how I'd stayed erect the entire time, the pulsing of my cock against my jeans the only outlet for my desire.

'So... I think,' I added to some lines of shadow beneath her thigh. 'I'm finished,' I confidently stated, and Mom began to sit up.

'Can I see it?' She excitedly asked as I rose from the chair and went to her and I did nothing to hide the excitement at my crotch, the hard-on clearly defined as it lay sideways in my jeans.

'Well, that's the idea,' I joined her on the couch, sitting down beside her, Mom leaving the robe beneath her, happy to have her naked body alongside me. 'What do you think?' I presented the page to her, the sketchbook across our thighs.

There was an extended moment of silence as I allowed her to take in the drawing. Admittedly one of the finest I'd done in such a short amount of time. I looked up from the page, slowing my gaze as I traversed her breasts before finding her face, her expression at first unreadable.

'So?' I prompted and her face turned to me, eyes glassy.

'Baby!' She managed and I smiled.

'Is that good or bad?' I laughed and was pleasantly surprised as she threw her arms around my neck, her boobs pressing my chest.

'I love it,' her cheek met mine, her lips kissing beside my ear before she pulled back to reveal the tears falling from her eyes.

'Why are you crying?' I again laughed and placed an arm around her, my hand on her bare back, caressing her spine.

'Because it's the most beautiful thing anyone's ever done for me,' her eyes never left mine, the sincerity and love clear for me to see and I thought of her words. Was it true? The near decade of her relationship with my father. Aware of her fractured relationship with her parents. Was the simple gift of capturing how I saw her, that special a gift?

'I just wanted to show you what I see when I look at you,' I chose my words and they seemed to work, Mom dropping an arm to take the sketchbook from our laps and place it beside us before rising before me, her bare pussy not a foot from my face. She held out her hands to lift me from the couch and we were face to face, my groin pressing her belly unavoidably as she brought me into her arms.

I allowed my hands to work their way down her back as my erection throbbed against her, my mother's naked body pressed hard into mine.

'You're the only man I've ever loved,' her face tilted up into me, her lips seeking my own as I leaned forward, prepared to cross the line, to seal our communion with incestuous desire... as the ringtone of my phone filled the room.

I did my best to ignore it as my hand met the uppermost crack of her buttocks, her breasts smushed hard against my chest as I leaned further, seeking her mouth.

'Get it,' her face turned to look in my phone's direction and I settled upon pressing my lips to her ear.

'It can wait,' I breathed, kissing the hair that hung across it before her face once more turned to me.

'So can we,' she managed, honesty and thought in her eyes. And she was right. We were about to fuck. Mother and son. That was monumental. Life changing. Did we need to ruminate on the implications of such an act?

'Agh!' I sighed as our bodies separated and I made for my phone, the screen revealing the caller. 'It's Aunt Leticia,' I conveyed, looking back at Mom, taking her robe from the couch to wrap around herself.

'She probably wants to wish you luck for tomorrow,' Mom proposed as she once more picked up the sketchbook. 'I'm going to have this framed,' she beamed, and though frustrated at our thwarted lovemaking, I smiled at her as I answered the phone.

Our time would come.

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I'd planned to get up early for my first day of orientation week anyway, but it was noise from elsewhere in the house that had me leaping from my mattress just after 6 am. The extended time I'd spent on the phone with my aunt had seen Mom go to bed. A note of thanks was scribbled on the next page of my sketchbook, and in my late-night fantasizing, I'd thought of going to her. Entering her room to climb between the sheets where I knew she'd be waiting, amenable to my approach, slippery for the intrusion. But an anticipatory stroke of my engorged cock saw me prematurely ejaculating and therefore putting an embarrassing end to any possibility of overnight Oedipal affection, settling for the embrace of sleep, perhaps dreams of an incestuous tryst.

Thirsty, I made my way to the kitchen and had a large drink of water, wincing when I heard the fan and shower turned on in the bathroom behind me, reminding me another pressing need of the morning had become immediately insistent. I looked at the sink and decided against the action, heading back down the hall to the bathroom door.

'Mom,' I knocked outside, hoping she was yet to enter the shower proper but got no response, placing a hand upon the knob and turning to peek inside the already steamy room. 'Mom,' I repeated and this time she thankfully heard my call.

'Honey?' I watched her shrouded body turn in the shower and wipe her hand on the fogged glass at face level.

'I've gotta go!' I admitted.

'But you said you were leaving at 7:30!' She misunderstood.

'No. I mean I've got to go... you know!'

'Oh,' she laughed. 'Well, don't let me stop you.'

'Serious?' I entered the bathroom, closing the door behind me.

'Oh, just do it, Ollie. I won't look!' She giggled and wasting no time I had my dick out and answered nature's call. 'I'm your mother,' she reminded me. 'I did see you go when you were little you know.'

I looked back over my shoulder at her blurred body and despite peeing, I began to harden, the action possibly influencing the erection and by the time I'd finished, I sported a decent boner, tucking it ineffectively back into my boxers.

I washed my hands after flushing and lingered as I dried them, happy when she broke the silence.

'I'm going to be a while,' she called over the flow of water and fan. 'I only just got in.'

'That's alright,' I made to leave before she broke my progression.

'No, I mean, you may as well come in,' she explained her resolution.

'What!?' I paused, hoping for, yet not expecting this outcome.

'I told you the other day this would happen,' she once more cleared the glass, this time splashing water on the screen to reveal the entirety of her naked body. 'Getting ready at the same time in the morning. It'll just be easier if we shower together.'

'You're serious!?' I questioned and she pushed open the shower door to stand before me, naked, wet and beautiful.

'Oh, just get in here Mister!' She grinned and I wasted no time in obeying her. Under her watchful gaze, there was nowhere for my erection to hide, nor did I attempt to as I ripped my boxers from my legs and let them drop to the floor, a wicked smile coming to Mom's face as she welcomed me into the steamy enclosure. 'I see it's that time of the morning again!' She commented and I felt my face flush, yet admittedly felt no embarrassment as her eyes locked onto my throbbing cock.

'So... I don't know how we... what should I?' I mumbled, my confidence evaporating even as the water hit my body. Face to face, the head of my cock tentatively kissed her belly and she giggled.

'It's going to get in the way all shower, isn't it!' She grinned and as if agreeing, my dick twitched, nodding, headbutting her soft wet flesh. 'Oh goodness,' she laughed, turning slightly to foam up a sponge. 'Now I hope you've been using my cleanser. It won't sting like soap if it gets in any... places,' she smiled as she pressed the sponge against my chest and massaged.

I sighed at the contact and her eyes looked up into mine. 'This is nice isn't it!?' She smiled and pressed closer into me, her breasts with nipples erect, making contact with my chest. 'Mother and son showering together. I mean, it just makes sense.'

'Yeah,' I managed as I throbbed against her belly, and she pulled back to look down with a look of amusement and sympathy.

'You really are hard this morning, aren't you Darling! Let me do something about it,' she giggled and without pause took me in her soapy hand, the other used to cup and sponge my swollen balls. 'How's that Baby?' She breathed as she gently stroked up and down my length, my dick looking extra-large in her small grip.

'S... So good,' I gasped, my eyes rising up her glistening body, pausing at her lips, the lips I'd ached to kiss for two weeks. 'Mom...' I whispered and her eyes slowly left my cock to meet mine. 'Last night, we were about to...'

'Kiss, Baby?' She interrupted me, her eyebrows raised, her hand continuing to work its magic below.

'Yeah,' my breath labored.

'Did you want to kiss, Ollie?' Her eyes penetrated mine, clearly as eager as I.

I didn't bother answering, immediately leaning in to press my mouth to hers. Her tongue just as quickly responded, forcing its way between my lips as my hands found her back, drawing her body into mine. She maintained her hold on my cock with one hand as we embraced, the other sliding around my hip to clasp upon my ass, her nails digging into my buttock.

'T... touch me,' she breathed into my mouth, and I understood her command, circling a hand around her torso to cup my palm over her bald mound before sliding my fingers between her upper thighs. So wet was her pussy, my middle digit slipped inside effortlessly, wiggling as I rubbed my hand over her labia. 'Yess,' she gasped as we kissed. 'Finger me, Oliver. Finger mommy's pussy Baby.'

Her hand welded to my cock and bulging the head, I added my index finger into the mix, crooking the two fingers back and forth inside her as my lips sought her neck.

'Fuck!' Mom panted as I nibbled and kissed my way to her ear, my right hand on her ass, fingering her crack and tentatively pressing upon the rubbery softness of her asshole. 'B... b... both, Baby,' she sighed and for a moment I was unsure what she meant before she elaborated. 'Both my holes,' she begged, and I wriggled the tip of my index finger into her ass, her sphincter

gripping me lovingly. 'O... oh... Oh God,' she whimpered as I felt her body convulse. I moved from her ear back to her mouth and immediately she bit on my tongue, drawing me between her lips, sucking me into her mouth as she clearly came.

Prolonged, the walls of her pussy quivered around my fingers, her mouth releasing my tongue as her head lolled back and a smile came to her lips.

'You made me cum Oliver!' She found my eyes, hers dazed and dreamy.

'Is that alright?' I sought assurance and she grinned devilishly.

'Oh Darling,' she once again began stroking my cock. 'It was everything a mother could wish for.'

I drew my fingers gently from her body, her eyes closing and a sigh escaping her as I did so.

'I wonder Mom,' I whispered as I once more wrapped my arms around her, drawing her into me.

'Yes Baby?' She sighed as she lifted a leg up my side in anticipation.

'Do you think it'd be ok if...!' I grasped her leg and ran my hand down her back to cup her ass.

'Yes Baby?' She giggled as I lifted her against the wall of the shower, her hand coming from my cock to clasp behind my neck.

'...If we fucked?' I secured her thighs around my hips, cupping her buttocks as the head of my cock sought her pussy.

'Ye... Oh fucking yes, Baby!' She gasped as I found her entrance, buttery smooth my hard-on slipped between her velvety folds, stretching her pussy as I allowed her body weight to drop along my length. 'Yes,' she again sighed as her pubic bone met mine, my dick like granite inside her.

Her mouth was upon me as I moved my hips, thrusting as best I could on wobbly legs. Our tongues entwined, her hands in my wet hair, arms embracing my head as we kissed. So warm under the flow of water. So intimate, her breasts grinding

against my chest. So loving, the clasp of her sex around my own.

'It feels so good,' I gasped into her mouth, her tongue licking my lips. 'Your pussy,' I elaborated, shocked I was talking about it just as much as fucking it.

'It's yours now Ollie,' she sighed. 'I'm yours.'

'I love you, Mom,' I hammered up into her and I recognized the vacant look that came to her face, her eyes once more dreamy as I felt the walls of her pussy quiver around me.

'Say it... say it again my baby,' she almost pleaded, her breath staggered.

'I love you,' I repeated as again she orgasmed, her arms and thighs wrapping me tighter.

'Can you... Can you cum inside me, Oliver?' She managed to gasp as I fucked her, and I moved my mouth to the side of her head.

'Are you sure?' I whispered, kissing, and nibbling on her ear.

'Yes!' She insisted. 'I need it. Cum for me. Cum in me Baby.'

My body was glued to hers. Her back, hard up against the tiled wall, I thrust into her as I buried my face in her neck.

'This is for you Mom,' I panted as I allowed my orgasm to approach, embracing the sensation of her body against me, her pussy around me. Fully realizing the unique beauty of the moment, of our relationship. How taboo was the act and how great was the feeling. No one could ever understand this love, how deep my desire.

I felt myself explode within her. Jet-propelled, my cum surged forth. A firehose of creamy incestuous fueled lust that had found its home, its rightful place inside my mother.

'Aaargh...' I gasped as I came, Mom quick to stifle my scream with her mouth, her lips kissing me with a passion I'd never known. That only a mother could show for her son. A maternal affection, unmatched by another.

'I can feel it, Ollie,' she giggled as my dick pulsed inside her, countless bursts of semen filling her vagina, loosening her motherly grip around my engorged devotion. 'I can feel your beautiful cum.'

I managed to breathe, taking in the scent of soap and sex.

'I had to tell you,' I whispered as I kissed her, allowing her legs to drop from my grasp, parting my feet to lower my body and keep myself inside her. 'I had to tell you I love you Mom,' I elaborated, reflecting on the fact it was the first time I'd told her. 'I know I hadn't said it,' I was babbling. 'But I'd always felt it.'

'I know Baby,' she kissed my forehead as I lowered her feet to the floor, remaining in each other's arms as the water fell. 'A mother knows,' she kissed my lips, her pussy squeezing the last of my cum from me, greedy and welcoming.

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'I don't even want to go now,' I admitted as I checked the time on my phone in the kitchen.

'You'll go, and you'll have a good time,' Mom smiled, firing back as she put in earrings, her head cocking in that endearing way I'd become obsessed with. 'I'll be here when you get home,' she straightened before dropping her hands to the front of her knee-length pleated skirt. 'And this will be here too,' she added as she raised it to reveal the red panties hugging her mound of pussy.

'Oh fuck,' I moved in and embraced her, my cock pushing against her groin. 'I don't think I can wait,' I kissed her neck to her giggles as she wriggled.

'Look, goosebumps,' she raised her arm and I took her hand in mine, lifting it to kiss her knuckles.

'I love you,' I looked into her eyes and she ground her crotch further into me.

'I know,' she smiled. 'I can feel it.'

We kissed as her mound found my hard-on and I lifted her back onto the edge of the bench running my hand along her bare leg.

'We can't, there's no time,' Mom sighed into my ear and knowing she was right, I frustratingly tore myself from her.

'Ugh, I know,' I conceded, my eyes dropping down her body as she slid from the bench. 'Mom.'

'Yes Baby?'

'You're going to think me weird,' I felt my face begin to color and she smiled.

'Go on,' she giggled.

'Can I... Can I just touch you for a bit?' I proposed. 'I want to have you with me all...'

She cut me off by reaching for my hand and putting it under her skirt. My upraised palm meeting the dampness of her satin panties.

'You never have to ask Oliver,' she lifted a hand to my cheek. 'My pussy's yours.'

Despite the time, I had to kiss her again, my fingers lifting before sliding down the front of her panties to cup her sex, sliding inside to coat myself in her love.

'I could do this all day,' I breathed between her lips.

'We have forever,' she ended the kiss, wiping her thumb around my lips to clear the lipstick. 'You have to go,' she smiled and begrudgingly I pulled my fingers from her body and stepped back.

'You'll be here?' I nodded.

'Always,' she grinned, and I made for my backpack and the front door.

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I hadn't known what to expect from the first day, and the excitement, the energy, the uncertainty, and the discovery, not to mention the free food, were nearly enough to take my mind off what had happened at home. A quick smell of my fingers throughout the day, however, had me back in the kitchen, back

in the shower. Her heavenly scent left me aching for her, fighting back the erection that longed to come.

There was no set time for me to be home and the day saw me on campus well into the afternoon, followed by a meal with some of the students I'd be taking classes with. I texted Mom my progress and she was more than happy for me to stay on, and by 9 pm I was finally making my way up the driveway of my childhood family home.

How things had changed, I pondered. Two weeks earlier I'd first laid eyes upon her. Her ass presented to me as she vacuumed. Then, as before, she'd been a mystery. A woman I couldn't love due to circumstance. Some of my own making, some of hers, much of my father's. For though she was my mother, she was a stranger. Now. My god, I thought. Now, I felt she was the part of me that had been missing. I could tell her anything and she, me. That if we weren't together, if our skin wasn't touching and I wasn't inside her body, the world was wrong in some way. Only us together made sense. This was what it was to be in love, I reasoned. Doubly so. For not only did I have the passionate love for a partner; she was also, my mother.

I was grinning when I finally entered our home

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'Oh fuck,' I sighed when I saw her.

'What?' She stood against the bench in the kitchen, her hair uncharacteristically in pigtails, but it was her clothing that had mine and most importantly, my cock's attention.

'Mom,' I groaned as I feasted my eyes on her appearance and she followed my gaze, looking down at her body.

'Oh, this. Yeah. First day of school and everything. I wanted to do something special for you.'

'Jesus!' I sighed as she twirled to show off her outfit. She'd stuck with pleats, but what she now had around her waist was nothing like the morning. A school uniform, the red and white plaid skirt sat high on her hips revealing the tightest of white satin panties. White lace-topped stay-up stockings adorned her legs, rising to within inches of her groin, as she balanced on impossibly high heels. Her breasts were only just contained in a see-through white bralette, her nipples pronounced and begging for my attention. 'I would've come home earlier!' I

went to her, and she laughed as I lifted her into my arms, her legs wrapping my waist.

'I don't mind,' she giggled as I kissed her raised jaw, onto her mouth. 'I don't want anything to change.'

'Everything's changed!' I marveled as I walked us into the living room, propping her onto the back of the couch.

'I just mean, don't let "us" change your life,' she elaborated, and I understood, but right then there was more I wanted to do than have a serious conversation.

'I get it,' I kissed her. 'But all I can do right now is think about you,' I kissed my way down her neck to her chest, caressing a breast through her top before I pulled it loose and let my lips take over. Her boob filled my mouth, taking as much of her in as I could as my tongue discovered her nipple, hard amid the softness.

'Good boy,' Mom ran her fingers through my hair as I fed and hungry for more, I once again picked her up and made our way to the couch proper.

'I need to taste you,' I sat her on the cushion and straightened as I ripped off my t-shirt.

'Me first,' Mom laughed as her hands reached for my pants and had them down to let loose my erection. And who was I to deny her? Watching with pants around my knees as she took hold of my cock and brought it to her mouth.

Now this was maternal love. So gently she kissed the swollen head of my penis, her lips pressing against the eye as she looked up into mine. And when they parted, a thin trail of my precum kept us joined before her tongue drew it into her mouth.

'I've dreamed of this!' Her eyes revealed a wickedness before she enveloped the head of my cock with her mouth.

'Ohh fuck,' I sighed as she worked her way down my shaft, her eyes never leaving mine as she expertly took as much of my length as able, her hand jerking my saliva-lubed pole as she withdrew.

'It's big!' She beamed as she caught a trail of spit linking us, smearing it back onto my cock.

'It's not that big!' I laughed at her exaggeration.

'It's big enough,' she smiled as she took another bite, her grip twisting around me as she sucked on the head. I slowly thrust into her before I placed both hands on her head, taking hold of her pigtails like handlebars, surely as intended. 'Mmmph,' Mom encouraged and released her fist's hold on me, relinquishing control.

'Oh God,' I sighed as I gently fucked her face, her mouth accommodating much of my length, her tongue massaging the underside of my shaft with each penetration. 'You're awesome,' I admitted, as I marveled at the moment, my limited sexual experience never reaching such dizzying heights and I wanted to express how much it meant to me. Fortuitous timing too I realized, as pulling from her, my cock throbbing, I understood how close I'd come to ejaculation. 'It's my turn!' I explained my sudden pause to our lovemaking, easing her back onto the couch and spreading further her already splayed legs.

Again, that mixture of wickedness and mischief came to her face as she watched me dive between her thighs. Finding her tiny panties sodden, I pressed my lips to her gusset and kissed my devotion before dragging them aside and dining on the real

thing. Puffy was her labia and I licked around her sex before I spread it, finding her clit and gorging, sucking and nibbling until she was writhing with thighs locked around my head. I managed to worm a finger inside her as I ate, wiggling it and crooking as I knew she enjoyed, and it was her cry from above that alerted me to the orgasm when it came.

Until your mother cums in your mouth, have you ever really lived? I could've cum myself without touch as I buried my face in her aflame sex. Sucking and swallowing the excess fluid that pumped from her body before she dragged me from her pussy and forced my mouth to hers.

'Fuck me, Ollie,' she begged/demanded, and my cock was up for the task, finding her still exposed pussy and entering, her vaginal walls still quivering around me as I began to thrust. 'Yes,' she sighed as our lips locked, her tongue seeking the taste of herself, her nails digging into my buttocks. 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me,' she repeated and again she seemed to cum, her teeth biting on my tongue as she shuddered. 'Cum... Cum in me... Son,' she managed, and I released as if her word was the trigger, cumming as I fucked her, filling her hungry vagina for the second time that day. And as I slowed and my orgasm subsided, knowing it probably wouldn't be the final load.

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'How did we get here?' I breathed into her hair as we lay naked together in her bed. Mom turned her head to look at me, rising from my chest to sit on my pelvis, my cock spent but remaining inside her. Instinctively, I lifted both hands to cup and caress her breasts.

'You carried me on your cock,' she beamed, squeezing her pelvic floor around my dick.

'No, I mean. How did this happen? No one I know has ever done this!'

'You're not regretting it?' She furrowed her brow, but I knew it was play-acting, none of my behavior suggested it.

'Of course not,' I sat up and embraced her, her boobs against my chest, her ass in my lap. I ran my hands down her back to cup her buttocks and my dick began to once again harden inside her.

'Mmm,' she slowly rocked upon it. 'God, I love this,' she sighed, and I took to kissing around her ear, my tongue teasing the

inner folds. 'It was the day you came,' she stated after a moment's pause.

'Oh?' I looked into her eyes.

'I wasn't planning on wearing... well, what I had on when you arrived. But I saw where your eyes lingered. I knew you liked it.'

'Fuck. You noticed! How? I thought I was inconspicuous.'

'Oh Honey,' she giggled. 'A woman knows when a man's looking at her... like that. A mother especially!' I was fully erect inside her, and with our movement, I could feel my previous loads dripping out around me. 'I loved it,' she continued. 'Your eyes on my body. I would never have worn that swimsuit if I didn't sense you liked it.'

I rolled her onto the mattress and pushed deep within her body, keeping myself penetrated to the hilt, my dick pulsing.

'I was watching you,' I admitted, and despite our position, despite all we'd shared, I could feel my face blush. 'When I broke the vase. I was watching you sunning yourself. I couldn't help it!'

'Then it worked,' she giggled, and I came inside her, falling onto her breast and burying my face in her neck.

'I love you,' I sighed and with her arms around me, breathing deep her motherly scent, fell asleep.

*

The days were long and exciting. With so much information and stimulation to take in, it was impossible to be bored, and right away I knew the university had been the right choice. And then there was what awaited me at home. In just a few days I'd had more sex than my previous two years of experience and again the decision to return to L.A. had been clearly proven the right choice.

'You have such a great body for...!' I trailed off unsure if my words were appropriate.

'For a...?' Mom laughed. We lay at opposite ends of the couch as I sketched her, her naked body lit by the single lamp making her almost ethereal in my eyes. 'For a forty-seven-year-old woman?' She challenged me and I grinned.

'I don't mean it like that,' I blushed. 'Just. You're beautiful. To sketch,' I looked at the pose she had (at my suggestion) taken, her legs partly spread, pussy on full display. Once signed by me, clearly a drawing she'd struggle to put on public view. 'To just look at,' I added. 'I could stare at you all day. Your face. Your breasts. That pussy!' I smiled.

'You like it?' Mom broke her pose to run a hand over her crotch, massaging her pubic mound. 'Like this? I had it waxed. I knew you boys liked them smooth.'

I grinned sheepishly as I stared at her fingers, sliding down to slowly stroke her labia and I thought of her words.

'Wait, what?'

'What?' She looked at me quizzically.

'You waxed. Before I came!' I pointed it out and she furrowed her brow.

'Yes?'

'Before you knew I was interested in you,' I highlighted, and she finally understood what I was getting at, blushing.

'All mothers have certain fantasies, Ollie,' she smirked. 'About their sons,' she found her clit and I watched intently as she slowly masturbated before me. 'I'll admit, I did dream of us... together.'

'You've felt this way, about me? For how long?'

'Honey, I can't give you a day. There's a bond that a mother has with her son. It's more than sexual. There isn't a mother in the world that wouldn't make love to her son if he asked.'

My dick was aching to be out of my shorts, and I put aside the sketchbook to let it loose from my fly.

'Oh God yes,' Mom sighed as she saw my erection. 'Show me that cock, Oliver. Stroke it for me, Baby.'

Laying on her back, Mom spread her legs further, our feet touching on the couch.

'That's so fucking hot,' I sighed as I jerked off, Mom watching my hand intently, her own making a circular motion on her pussy, the other holding her breast.

'Do you like it, Baby? Do you like watching me finger myself?'

'I fucking love it, Mom,' I confessed. 'I love your pussy.'

'Are you gonna fuck my pussy Baby?' She gasped. 'Do you want to fuck your mother right now?'

'Oh, fuck yes!' I rose from the couch to remove my clothes and a thought came to my head, a question I'd been meaning to ask for days. Strange that it came at such a moment as I climbed between her welcoming legs. 'Mom, can I ask you something?' I took hold of my cock and rubbed the head against her slippery labia.

'You've asked me everything!' She chuckled, and it was true. In the last few days, I'd been eager to find out everything about her. To learn of her life during our separation, to hear her stories and desires, such was my infatuation with her.

'Ha, yeah...!' I laughed as I teased her pussy with my dick, rubbing the head hard against her clit. 'But it just came to me. The day I arrived. What was with the bathroom?' I questioned her and she furrowed her brow. 'Remember you ran in before me for some reason,' I reminded her and she immediately blushed. 'And what's with those marks on the shower walls?'

I'd never seen her so bashful and seemingly so embarrassed, I lowered to embrace her, my dick sliding deep into her molten pussy as she covered her face with her hands.

'What?' I drew her arms up to pin her as I kissed her.

'Oh God, it's...'

'What?' I slowly pumped my hips, my cock burying its deepest with each thrust.

'Well... maybe it's easier just to show you!' She mischievously grinned.

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The shower's warm spray had begun to fill the stall with steam as Mom pressed one of the suction-cupped dildos onto the tiled wall.

'They were in here when you arrived,' she looked back at me. 'Of course, I hadn't expected you so early or I would've hidden them,' she stuck the second on the opposite wall and stood tall between the counterfeit cocks. 'I just threw them under a towel,' she smiled.

'So, you'd been using them that morning?' My cock twitched at the thought, standing even more upright than my silicon brothers.

'Just before you got here!' She giggled. 'They're usually always in here anyway,' she admitted. 'This one I call Oliver!' She took hold and stroked the dildo, her eyes turning back to mine.

'Serious!?' I smiled.

'I always have,' I detected a note of sadness in her eyes, and I moved in to hold her.

'Will you show me?' I pressed my erection hard into her belly.

'What!?'

'Show me what you do?' I kissed her gently on the mouth before moving to her ear. 'I want to watch,' I whispered and the sadness in her eyes was replaced with the wickedness I loved so much.

'I guess I can...' she smiled coyly. 'If you want me to,' she purred and I took a step back to give her room, taking my cock in hand.

'So, I...' she dropped to her knees and managed to keep her eyes on me as she took hold of a dildo and licked up from its balls to the tip. 'I like to start by sucking one off!' She admitted and I stroked as she took it into her mouth. Bigger and thicker than me, she struggled to take much of its girth and soon drool was freely flowing down her chin.

'Oh fuck, Mom!' I sighed and she popped off, grinning.

'I get pretty wet doing this,' she smiled, and she rose, turning her ass to me as if for inspection and I quickly reached out to confirm her statement, my fingers slipping on her pussy, coating my digits with lube.

'Fuck,' I drew them up to my mouth to taste before wrapping them around my cock.

'And then I... well,' she moved her ass back whilst guiding "Oliver" into herself, her eyes rolling as the dildo filled her. Bending forward, she once more took hold of the other and again wrapped her mouth around the head, spit roasting herself in front of me.

'So, what's that one's name?' I questioned as I enjoyed the show, jerking off as my mother fucked herself for both of our pleasures.

'Oh!' She popped her mouth off the dildo. 'Generic,' she giggled. 'I just call it, Daddy!' She confessed.

'Fuck Mom,' I moved in and lifted her upright, embracing her. 'You're fucking amazing,' I kissed her mouth, and her tongue was quick to enter mine.

'You're not shocked?' She breathed between my lips.

'Yeah, I'm shocked,' I admitted. 'But this is fucking hot!'

'Ollie...' she sighed as she swayed her ass on the dildo. 'Can you be my Daddy?' She almost pleaded and I was quick to reach back and pull the dildo off the glass with a pop.

'Oh! I'll be your Daddy!' I agreed, allowing my mother to lean forward once more and this time, take MY cock in her mouth. 'Fuuck!' I sighed as she took my length, holding her head for support as I thrust into her. 'That's it Mom, suck my cock!' I gasped and she popped off the end in a shower of drool.

'Do you like it, Baby? You like watching me fuck myself while I suck your big dick?' She almost interrogated, her fist wrapping my cock and jerking as she eyed me.

'Fuck yes,' I panted.

'You like fucking my mouth, Baby?' She asked. 'You like fucking your mother's dirty mouth?'

'Yes!' I hissed as she rubbed my slick cock against her cheek, drawing it back between her lips. Leaning my shoulder back onto the glass, I delighted in the sight as she blew me, in turn,

slamming her ass back onto the wall, penetrating herself fully on her silicon lover. What a life, I appreciated the moment and wanted to express my admiration. 'You're awesome!' I spontaneously praised her, and she slurped off the end of my dick.

'I'm just a loving mother,' her doe eyes captured my heart, and I drew her into me, gently pulling her from the cock on the wall.

'I want to be the one that fucks you,' I confessed and as I'd done before, lifted her onto my dick, my body pressing her to the wall.

'Only you Oliver,' she kissed my mouth. 'I only ever wanted you,' she sighed as she lowered fully onto me.

'And you have me Mom,' I assured her. 'Forever,' I withdrew and thrust back into her, her body shuddering in my arms as an orgasm swept her. Our lips locked, her tongue dancing with mine as she came and my own not far away.

'Can you...' she managed, panting. 'Can you do it on me?'

'What?' I questioned, but knew exactly what she wanted. Wanting her to say it.

'Can you cum on my face, Darling?' She begged and I kissed her passionately, fucking her as we stood.

Three, four, maybe five thrusts, and I was there, and as I pulled from her, Mom immediately dropped to her knees, her eyes looking up at me demurely.

'Cum on me son,' she opened her mouth. 'Show me how much you love me!' She smiled before poking out her tongue, giving me a target as I jerked myself to orgasm.

'Oh, sh... shit!' I stammered as I came, blasting a massive load of cream over her eye to line her entire face from hairline to jaw. Again, stroke after stroke caused a massive mess, her nose drenched and tongue eager to catch a spray, greedily sucking it into her mouth to swallow. 'Fuuck,' I finally breathed as I exhausted my supply, Mom quick to take me in hand and mouth, sucking the last of my incestuous seed.

'Do I look pretty?' She accepted my hand as she rose, and I grinned at her contented expression.

'You always look pretty,' I agreed, embracing her, my slick cock against her groin. 'But right now. I have to say, you've never looked more beautiful,' I confessed, and in my arms, she scooped cum from her face and ate it, never a more loving display of maternal affection to be shown.

*

Three years into my Bachelor of Fine Arts degree and I'm watching her now as I write this. Her lotion-greased body reflects the sun as she lays nude beneath its rays out on the lawn of the Airbnb we've rented for the weekend of her fiftieth birthday. Her inner thighs and rich thatch of pubic hair, wet with her smeared lube, and below, my cum still slowly leaking from her puffed up pussy. The beach beyond the dunes is private and we'll be down there again shortly, to once more swim naked together and play in the waves; I'll hold her and we'll kiss as man and woman, and as I've done every day, I'll confess my love.

Tonight, we'll dine under the stars and sleep in each other's arms. In the morning, unbeknownst, I'll present this manuscript to her as a gift and we'll read it together, no doubt pausing to fuck, to debate my omissions and most probably laugh at my embellishments. For as I stated in the beginning.