



# The Photographer's Mother

A daring new art project awakens courageous desires.

## **Author's Note:**

Only the opening two verses of this story are told in a present-tense narrative. The rest is purely third-person. It wasn't just for creative purposes, but because I felt it best served both context and subtext, establishing the story's concept whilst capturing the fictional artist's craft, photography, in the moment.

This is part one of a very long story that works hard on emotion, chemistry and atmosphere. If you don't like to be teased toward a huge emotional payoff, I have other stuff you can have a three minute handshake to, filthy as this will be.

Enjoy!

# Part One

## 1

The true photographer knows many worlds other than this one. The true photographer is more than just an individual trained to capture images. They, like those creating with clay, ink, paint, or celluloid, are artists of a unique craft.

They are journalists and storytellers, visionaries and messengers, communicating through the images that they create, the moods that they capture, and the conclusions they invite us to interpret through our own perceived realities.

They have the unique ability to capture the essence of the human soul, to capture fleeting moments of beauty and perfection otherwise unseen to the roving and easily distracted eye and lost in time forever.

And while some seek the easy money, turning glamour models and celebrities into polished plastic candy, others like Daniel Jackson, with the natural power for provocation, invite society's more cultured and courageous to take a look at themselves through the worlds he creates.

Until the final product is created, nobody, no assistant or model, not even Daniel himself sees with his own eyes what the book page or the canvas will show. The camera's eye sees only what is, not what has yet to be.

Only Daniel's instincts as a photographer tells him that his direction is true, and only his heart sees in its own way, that what he sees is true to that which the soul feels. Like a compass or a divining pendulum, Daniel is naturally attuned as an artist to compose imagery as though it were music. It flows and it yields to both the real and the ideal, free to do with dream and reality as it pleases.

And from within his private studio on an uninterrupted Saturday afternoon, Daniel alone with his two life models - a slender and naturally beautiful but ripening late fifties blonde woman with cropped grey hair, and a much younger, quite athletic dark-haired man of about thirty - waltzes from scene to scene, letting his latest opus, his latest story, unfold and to tell itself with an honesty that could never be scripted by any wordsmith in quite the same way.

The studio floor itself covers the size of a studio apartment, or about the size of two living rooms in a three-bedroom house and to look at it through eyes that see only threadbare reality, one would see something utilitarian, maybe even clinical, and so bereft of imagination, because the imagination is as of yet intangible.

Three walls are solidly black, the fourth wall - the one the audience never sees, for it only sees through the fourth wall - is busy with camera tripods, spotlights, shelves bearing rolls of different coloured and textured wallpapers, and props, and gels to colour the lights. Daniel's current project needs no scenery for the eye to see. Humanity and flesh are all he wants to see.

And only Daniel, through the photographer's instinct, and his heart and soul, sees the true picture. Mary and Adam see in their minds a script to be played out, and a mental picture of the story they're playing out, and they are both consummately professional in their patience, just enjoying the experience of liberating themselves through character, although in essence they are truly playing out who and what they are behind the social masks they must wear.

On one breadth there lies a bed that has yet to be messed and slept in - another prop that will be used this afternoon. Thrown to the floor on the other side are a collection of cushions and pillows and sheets, which recently hid the naked forms of Adam and his motherly counterpart.

And in the dark, with only the contrasting golden glow of one yellow-gelled spotlight and the reflectors and mirrors otherwise throwing back ambient light from the other side,

the next scene comes into play, the world around them disappearing beyond the spotlight.

And all that remains within their triangle is an awkward sexuality, which speaks much like the silence around them, but instead of travelling like sound, it hangs in the air with an excitingly heavy gravitational pressure.

## 2

Adam seats himself on a fine antique wooden chair, his more than notable erection now having subsided enough to continue. It won't be long before he rises to the occasion again after his mother straddles him and perches herself high up in his lap, pressing her sex down against his. Her eyes convey that this should be nothing new...

Daniel doesn't take exception when these things happen. Sometimes they have to. Sometimes what the camera doesn't see is what makes the magic. In honesty, at least being quietly honest with himself, he enjoys the awkwardness and the bare-naked glory of it all. He enjoys the thrill of imagining how people will react when they see what he has done here.

And Adam is admittedly quite the specimen from top to bottom, one of the best he's had the privilege of acquiring for

the project, and without a hint of vanity. He doesn't have the etiquette of a professional model, and yet he is naturally anything other than amateur. He has game, and he seems to enjoy letting Mary know it.

Birdlike, she waits for direction from the photographer, the nipples of her slight breasts hard and visibly protruding, despite how well-heated the studio is. There has been no shortage of goose-bumps from the outset. They come and go with certain fleeting touches between Mary and her son. When her naked vagina touches Adam, causing him to rise again, another chill causes her breasts and forearms to react.

Over by one radiator is a spray-bottle of water mixed with oil, which has waited two hours for this moment. Daniel retrieves it and carefully sprays Adam with the warm mixture, from his hairline and his face to his chest, to create the illusion of fever.

The camera lens sees sweat beading at every pore of Adam's golden skin, his strong symmetrical shoulders glowing with a fainter sheen. It's a convincing illusion. It almost advertises his bare flesh the way beer commercials sell you your own thirst.

'This could get very... slippery,' Mary hints softly in the silence, her grey eyes smiling as they meet Adam's. The

young man sneaks a cheeky smirk as Daniel lowered to his haunches to set up the tripod for the macro lens.

'Well, we'll try not to go crazy with the oil,' Daniel assured humouredly. 'No promises though.'

'It's not the oil I'm thinking about,' Mary admits quite frankly, which catches him by surprise. Daniel can only laugh inwardly, wondering how excited she was already, as he attaches his faithful Nikon to the tripod base and focuses so that the side of Adam's face will take up close to half of the intended picture.

'If anything it should add to the mood,' Daniel estimates with a hint of optimism.

'Seems obvious what mood Adam is in today,' Mary quips.

'This isn't exactly easy,' Adam wants to say, but then chooses to avoid what would be an inevitable descend into innuendo. And it's hard. So hard!

'With your hand I want you to mop his hairline, as if you're going to check his temperature,' Daniel tells Mary, who immediately gets it just right. 'Perfect! And now inch in to kissing distance, but not all the way...'



Mary moves in Adam's lap, feeling his semi-erection twitch against her bare sex. Impulses secretly flow up through her abdomen and electrify her to the top of her spine and then right down to her fingertips. Her eyes widen as she tries not to smile.

Things are getting slippery.

'You care deeply for him, Mary,' Daniel hints. 'Try to think of a time when he was younger, when he had the flu, or tonsillitis. You don't care about catching what he has. He's poorly and he needs you and that's all that matters. You're going to catch what he has anyway but you've been through it a hundred times.'

She doesn't have to try at all though. Daniel has seen both her motherly concern and her sexuality naturally, as if her very appearance is gifted with such honesty. She might never make centrefold now, but she has clearly expressed such character through life that she's a dream to work with. Even when she doesn't express it, she cares.

'Beautiful the both of you,' Daniel lets slip. 'Put your foreheads together and gaze at each other a while...'

Several angles and shots later, Daniel retrieves the spray-bottle once more and proceeds to refresh Adam's feverish look while also spraying down Mary, annotating that the fever, contagiously, has passed from the son to his mother. The shoot, not for the first time today, becomes suggestively sexual.

'Cradle the back of your son's head by the neck with the other hand, and keep that hand at his hairline,' he says, eyes fixated by so much glistening wet golden skin as he snaps away. And finally; 'Give in to each other...'

The command couldn't have come soon enough. What Daniel considers to be one of the most erotic and provocative sights he's ever seen, Mary and her son begin making out like they invented the act and the room is filled with the sounds of their lips and tongues licking and smacking as they swap spit.

Languidly and yet hungrily their lips and tongue wetly devour each other. Thick and sweet, oozing like treacle, they stick together, become glued together. In his trousers Daniel is starting to feel like his own camera tripod. He develops an erection of his own which now shares his left trouser leg.

Somewhere in the next five minutes of kissing, Mary starts to lose control of herself. Daniel hears the couple's trimmed

pubic mounds scrubbing together before he notices that she's very stealthily gyrating and grinding her hips in Adam's lap. Nervously he coughs, trying not to interrupt them.

If it isn't for the steady mechanical clicking of the camera's shutter, or the daring exhibitionism of the two models, Daniel might as well not even be there though. He lets them make out a while longer than he needs to, even once he stops snapping away, and just watches in wonder, before another vision flashes before his mind's eye.

He swaps lenses again, opting to view yet more flesh and form; delighted by how Mary slides her oily breasts up against her son's chest and not wanting to be selfish with his intended audience. But in the pit of his stomach he too is becoming slave to those exquisite impulses.

More oil; more and more...

Daniel messes up their hair a little, the way he remembers seeing himself in the mirror every time he suffered a feverish sweat. 'Mary, tilt your head back and touch your forehead with the back of your hand, like you're weakening to the fever. Close your eyes and gasp. Adam, wrap your arms around her waist. And now I want you to suck at her throat!'

Mary shudders in Adam's embrace as he does so. 'Oh god, don't get me started,' she sighs.

'Quiet please,' Daniel mock-scolds his female model. Adam gets a rise out of that. Mary is getting another rise completely out of Adam. So much that it's now becoming a problem for the artist!

Daniel, moving further out to capture the full picture of mother and son in their feverish embrace, takes several more shots before he realises that Mary is practically saddled on the considerable length of Adam's erection, as it protrudes from between her apple-shaped buttocks.

'Adam...'

'Yes Dan,' Adam replies helpfully in anticipation, turning his attention to the photographer.

'You're popping out, mate.' The three of them began to laugh when the couple realises what he means, character completely broken. 'Do you want to stop or can you think of a better way to conceal it?'

Mary and Adam both look at each other grinning and then look back to Daniel with raised eyebrows. 'I can't guarantee I'll be sitting very still.'

'You won't be the first,' Daniel tells them, proving that he isn't the type to shock. But Daniel's own breath leaves him a moment. He repositions himself before they make the next move, so that there's Adam's back and buttocks against the chair's back, his mother sat in his lap, and her hands rested on his shoulders.

'Well, Mary,' he says. 'Feeling slippery?' That earns him a suggestive pout.

'Are you sure this is okay?' she asks to be certain.

Daniel nods, winks; 'Only way to check your temperature,' he jokes. Adam grunts approvingly at that, stifling a laugh deep in his throat. Daniel, with the visionary's eyes, sees not the sex that's about to happen, but a picture of innuendo and contrast.

Even though Mary's skin is visibly beginning to wrinkle in her maturity, her tone and structure beneath shows a strength unbound by time. There's something sensational about the age contrast between mother and son too, especially considering their unique bond.

The fact that they are indeed mother and son makes this moment all the more dangerous and exciting. Maybe some people will see the pleasure in her face. Others will see the fear and apprehension beneath it.

Those who taste cherries, cassis and tree bark in their expensive red wine may see that which defines the conflicts of motherhood and womanhood, or they may see naturists pulling an elaborate prank. And in a way, that's what it is.

'Mary, I want you to make eye contact with me throughout if you can handle that?' Daniel puts across as clearly as he can. 'And no matter what, I want you to keep a straight face...'

'Jesus, Daniel,' she gasps, disbelieving what he's expecting of her now.

'I need you to trust me on this. I know it'll be hard...'

'So hard!'

'Thanks Adam,' Daniel laughs. That was inevitable. 'Can you do that for me?'

Mary blushes. 'I can do that,' she promises against all odds. Then she raises herself up, one hand disappears between them, out of sight but nowhere out of Daniel's mind, and as she lowers herself back into her son's lap, she begins to tremble all over, her eyes fill to water, and exhales a long, intense breath. Daniel captures it every split second, trying his hardest to steady his own hands.

And as their movements go from subtle and cautious, to awkward and bumpy, to shamelessly hot and heavy, Daniel witnesses through the camera's eye such unbridled exhilaration in her expression.

Mary is trying her hardest not to utter a sound, not to give away the incredible things she's feeling, as her body becomes slave to their sexual tension and the adrenaline coursing through her veins. It takes immense control, using every tendon and tiny muscle from the neck up, but because of that her expression is invaluabley unique in the moment.

Her eyes are startled alive. She is beyond aroused. What the camera can't see Daniel can't see, but he knows what nobody else will ever be able to prove. He can hear her soaking sex wrapping wetly around her own son's thick hard length every time she raises up and then sinks down onto him and he is straining in his own pants as he witnesses with sight, sound and smell, this taboo act of love in the making.

He wants to fuel the fire but knows that words will ruin the moment. He wishes he was Adam and that Mary was his own mother and though most of the photographs he has taken throughout this whole project won't ever be released to the public, he knows that they will provoke reaction, and debate, and challenge - but most importantly that something will be awakened in other mothers and sons that might even change the world...

Mary and Adam are getting deep into each other now and it no longer matters what they're doing in front of Daniel, nor what the world will make of their involvement in his risque project. Daniel is no longer taking photos, merely mesmerised as his gaze meets Mary's, and all the while she's beginning to pant and to moan her pleasure.

'Would you like to take some more, err, close-ups?' Mary asks, now panting and sweating of her own accord, her face, throat and chest blushing sensually. She's like a shapely little strawberry coming into season.

'Something just for the two of you?' Daniel understands. He beams a cheeky smile, gleaming white teeth sparkling from within the dark.



'You'd be perfectly fine to enjoy them yourself for being such a star,' Mary offers. It's an offer he can't refuse and he makes it known not a moment too soon. 'Adam does enjoy a bit of voyeurism.'

'You know something,' Daniel admitted. 'Lately so do I.' And with that he steps in and raises his camera once again.

3

Eight months later the project was complete and Daniel Jackson's book, "The Chronology of Motherhood", was distributed for a UK and European release. Six couples in total, including Mary and Adam, all of them real-life mothers and sons, came together to portray Daniel's provocative contrast of parenthood and sexuality, winning the photographer a series of art installations across the UK.

Naturally the tabloids wanted nothing to do with it, other than to pay a sudden interest in incest scandals and abuse, which didn't sell papers quite like terrorism, so that was short-lived. Instead the installations and book-sales were helped along quite easily by the interests of the LGBTQ community, and by other artists who saw Daniel Jackson's challenging of the public consciousness as fearless genius.

In the first month the publisher sold three thousand copies. That was Daniel's best start so far. Now at the age of twenty-seven, Daniel had fought tooth and nail to make good of his talents, to make his love of the art worth what he - and his mother who was to thank for all of it, really - worked so hard to put into it.

The night he ordered her a copy and had it sent to her with a personal note, he was filled with such anticipation, excitement, and pride. He couldn't wait to go back home to see her, and to see her reaction face to face.

"I owe it all to you, mum, so I devoted it to you, and here it is! For you!" read the note, adorned with kisses. He travelled to visit with her two weeks later.

4

Linda Jackson in some ways bore a striking resemblance to Mary Winters, even though she could have rounded off her own age from forty-nine to forty. With pixie-short blonde hair she had remarkably similar loving grey eyes and the same lean but bird-like appearance, matching in height at 5'2".

Linda, Daniel's devoted and proud mother, might even have subconsciously been Daniel's model in mind when he found

Mary and Adam. She had spent hours hypnotised by Daniel's photography, studying everything about it - from the daring and racy intimacy between the couples, to Daniel's own attention to detail and how he commanded the shapes those pictures took, and the emotions they commanded in turn.

When she opened the door to their family home in Camden, greeting him with a brilliant smile that travelled almost ear to ear, she could barely contain her pride and her excitement for her son, now on the road to making a real life for himself.

Linda accepted the tall dark stranger with open arms, resting her cheek against his chest, and squeezed the breath out of him. 'Welcome home,' she beamed, taking him by the hand and leading him in. Daniel carted behind him a travel-case full of autographed books, a rucksack over his shoulder carrying a minimalist change of clothes.

'You must be tired with all the travelling,' she carried on, leading him down the old spiral staircase and into the basement-level kitchen.

'Well, you know how it is,' Daniel humoured. 'It's not so bad until you hit Watford and trying to drive in a straight line at one speed consistently turns into Death Race 2000.'

As they alighted from the wooden steps, Daniel caught himself watching his mother walk, specifically from her well-kept waistline and pear-shaped bottom on down, as he followed behind. She always made denim look good, even with her usual choice of a conservative-looking summer dress top to accompany it.

'Stressed then,' she gathered, undeniable of his slightly restrained tone.

'I'm fine now that I'm with you,' Daniel said heartily and twirled her around for another hug. Barely able to accommodate his stature, Linda brushed her thigh up against her son's outer leg in a vain attempt to cling and to climb. Daniel bent down to kiss her cheek and breathed in the scent of her flesh at her neck for a moment.

'Mmm, I've missed you so much, and I'm so proud of you,' she cooed. 'And I cannot begin to say how much I love this book, but I'd love to talk your ears off about it.'

'I'm glad you like it,' Daniel began to say. Corrected; 'Love it!'

'We can have a cup of tea and talk about it, if you haven't had your ears chattered off with it already,' she said, directing

her son to his old chair at the breakfast bar before sweeping over to the empty kettle and taking it to the kitchen sink.

'No, really,' Daniel gesticulated his agreeableness. 'Actually I'm surprised you love it as much as you do. I want to hear your critique.'

There was no mistaking her eagerness, her genuine pride in the way she spoke, he knew. There was something else in her energy that late morning as she bounded about the kitchen, light on her toes; ready to get down to business. 'Still smoking?' she asked. Daniel nodded.

Taking the small crystal ashtray from out of her slight, delicate fingers, Daniel wasted no time in setting up an open deck on the counter and lighting himself one. Meanwhile Linda wasted no time herself, as the kettle rumbled quietly on its stand, hurrying to retrieve the large glossy book.

"THE CHRONOLOGY OF MOTHERHOOD by Daniel D. Jackson"

There it now sat before him, in its red, black and white veneer, his mother absently stroking the book's spine from top to bottom, and he wondered if she realised just how ambiguous but suggestive that action seemed, and how sensual it appeared.

On the cover a young man cradled his naked mother in the nook of his shoulder. She appeared to be sleeping. Critics presumed the image to be somewhat post-coital. It was an image of death in fact - from cradle to grave, the roles of carer and protector reversed in all finality. Of course, every artist in evaluation had to remain open to interpretation, once the material was out of their hands.

'Remind me to autograph this for you, by the way,' Daniel said as Linda returned to the kettle and proceeded to dole out teabags to each cup.

5

The book's layout was divided into thematic segments featuring each mother-son couple's portrayal of Daniel's chronological themes. From the outset the imagery, larger than life even on the page, set out to capture and to provoke the viewer.

Daniel felt a warm wave of embarrassment overcome him the moment his mother turned the page to the first segment - Birth - in which simulated acts of oral sex portrayed the sons' introduction to the world through his mother's sexuality.

In one photograph, Daniel and his mother were faced with a mother's perspective of her own naked, enraptured body, thighs wide, knees elevated, while her son clawed his way up her body, his face below his eyes submerged at her sex.

Another portrayed a similar pose from a different direction, one son's face appearing to be buried in his mother's vagina as her contorted face portrayed the sweet agony of birth - or was it the agony of something else?

'It's very racy, isn't it?' Linda's voice filled the growing silence. Apprehension gripped him at first, which surprised Daniel. His mother absently smiled as she went on to express what the pictures meant to her, putting aside the sexual overtones for a moment.

'Does it not, err, bother you that they're all mothers with their sons?' Daniel tested in quite a clinical manner.

'Oh no, that's part of the appeal. It'll definitely challenge the prudes and the part-time parents, but I think it's wonderfully - what's the word? - without prejudice?'

'It definitely challenges the perceived "acceptable", yes,' Daniel added happily. 'The outrage has been a bit much at first, but it's all free publicity. It makes having done it seem more worthwhile.'

'Well, I can understand the moral outrage,' she added, 'from those who see the taboo and not the actual point of your art.' That warmed Daniel to loosening up a little, that and her tea. 'But you'd have to be soulless not to feel something deep inside.'

'Which was?'

'Hmm?'

'What do the pictures make you feel?' Daniel was more curious than ever now. Still on edge, though he hid it well enough, it was the moment he'd been waiting for. If anything his own mother's evaluation was the only real evaluation.

But Linda made him wait for it - turned page after page, and seemed to do it so deliberately slowly. In her son's mind she could have been testing his nerve, biding her time before she asked a question he wasn't prepared for, such as "what else made you think about motherhood this way?" Linda however was genuinely lost in each picture as she went.

'I got pretty flustered the first time I looked at them, I'll be perfectly honest,' Linda said with some embarrassment and overrode it with a brief dose of defensive laughter. 'And I



don't think I was too biased, being as proud as I am. But honestly?'

'Honestly,' Daniel encouraged her.

'A mother could feel worshipped if she wasn't so prejudiced.'

'Do you?' he asked, waiting...

'Yes I do,' Linda beamed, and reached up to kiss his cheek.

Throughout the book, each theme portrayed a part of the mother-son dynamic in a sexual light. The segment "Nursing" had the sons celebrating their mothers' breasts, some caressing their mothers' breasts from behind, others sleeping and using breasts for pillows.

One particularly ample mother looked very happy to have her son's lips and tongue latched onto one slippery wet nipple. Her dark Mediterranean facial features showed it with a tense fascination rather than a smile, which suggested plenty more as to where these stories were going.

All through the book things would only get racier, though rarely less poignant, with themes such as "Puberty",

"Fantasy", "Safe", "Manhood", "Empty Nest", and "Reunion". But before those came the theme titled "Fever", and there was no denying the sudden tension as Daniel studied his mother's expression of concentration as her eyes transfixed on mother Mary and her son Adam engaged in a very heated kiss.

'How times have changed,' Linda said almost to herself.

'How did this one make you feel?' Daniel suddenly asked. It came so unexpected to him that he didn't expect his mother's equally sudden answer.

'Oh wow,' was the best he was getting out of her at that point, but it didn't stop Linda from sharing her thoughts. 'It's gorgeous! Really,' she assured, 'so natural and intimate. They look beautiful together, but really I couldn't help but think that really it was all down to your beautiful mind,' she added consciously.

'None of it bothered you?'

Linda smiled wanly and shrugged. 'It's like I said, love - how times have changed!'

Daniel paused. 'I want you to come to the installation tonight, if you have no plans,' he offered. 'That's Mary and Adam. You couldn't meet anyone more lovely than those two. They'll be there and I get the feeling you'd like to meet them?'

Linda blushed, welling up at the same time, and for the first time since she'd made the tea and settled down to open the book, she was restless on her feet again. 'Really, oh I'd love to, Daniel, thank you. Oh but I'll end up pestering them...'

'Not at all, mum. They love the attention. I think you'll get along.'

After all, how times had changed, and how minds were still changing. Maybe he just wanted to test her, or maybe he truly believed that introducing both mothers was always on the cards, whatever it could mean.

6

The exhibition opened from 7pm to 9pm that evening. After an early dinner that day, Daniel had to go help to set it up, and to ready the considerable pile of autographed books for sale purposes. He was gone by quarter to six, psyched up and ready for just about anything. That left Linda to her own

thoughts for a while, and to make herself presentable for the show.

And she thought again of how brave he was, considering his own words later that morning. Despite it being an art exhibition like any other, and all art set out to provoke reaction these days, if not to leave you feeling conned. His wasn't the latter, but therefore his enemy was that same morally outraged few.

You couldn't argue with ignorant, and you couldn't push boundaries and not give them the ammunition they needed. So what could you do, if someone decided to take offence to what they just couldn't understand?

There were no words for just how proud of her son Linda was, but she'd never tire of telling him that she was proud. She would go to the exhibition to watch him knock them all dead, and so maybe she should dress to give him a helping hand. It had been a while since she dressed up for anything.

So she arrived at the small gallery at half past seven, because she wanted to be fashionably late, to let Daniel work the room, dressed in a crimson figure-hugging cocktail dress, sporting black stockings. Bee-lining for the bar, Linda ordered a gin and cranberry juice and was happy enough to casually survey the growing collective of couples of all ages.

In the main gallery, which she could view through a glass partition wall between rooms, she proudly watched her son lead groups of his audience around the giant canvasses where "The Chronology of Motherhood" now hung suspended and immensely larger than life. Even from the bar, the allure of some of those stark images, in all their detail and definition, captivated.

Come eight o'clock, and after putting down another two gins, Linda felt composed enough to enter the gallery, to join the flocks and to view Daniel's images in all their glory. As if by magic, his eyes caught hers, and then the rest of her in that dark red dress. There was no hesitation in his immediate stride towards her.

'Oh mum, you look fantastic,' Daniel gushed, bending to kiss her at the corner of her mouth, and then people really began to talk.

'Things look to be going extremely well,' Linda beamed. 'I've been watching.'

'Well, they're here. Would you like to meet Mary and Adam?' Daniel pointed over to the farthest corner of the gallery where the unmistakable couple stood side by side. Linda was surprised to feel her heart flutter, especially at the sight

of Mary, who really could have been her sister, maybe in another life. She noted how they held hands, even when others stopped by to compliment them for their work.

'Please,' Linda replied politely, and was smiling over to Mary as she approached. It was as though their gazes were magnetised towards each other from the start.

'Mary, Adam, I'd like you to meet the woman I owe everything to. This is Linda, my mother.'

Linda was blushing now, although the contrast of her dress hid the radiating pink of her neck and chest well. Adam wasted no time greeting her with a kiss on the cheek, but then it was Linda who reached to kiss Mary. To Daniel, seeing the two face to face looked almost like the same person meeting from two different dimensions.

'I'm so happy to meet you. We were finally talking over the book this morning. I think it's amazing, really, how you were so comfortable and expressive with each other,' Linda gushed. So did Mary.

'Thank you, Linda, and may I say, Daniel, how beautiful your mother is,' Mary said generously, with those kind and piercing eyes. 'If anything you belong up there.'

'Oh, I don't know about that,' Linda laughed defensively. But Mary's gaze didn't falter, nor did the modest smile curving the corners of her red lips.

'Don't you think so, Daniel?'

'My mother deserves an exhibition all of her own, really,' Daniel was quick to compliment, never contemplating in which light Mary and Adam might view his remark.

'I'd want to read that,' Mary grinned disarmingly.

Come half eight and the herds started to thin out. Daniel had left his mother to talk to Mary and her son, with little to no idea of what they might talk about. Amazingly, all but five of the books were now gone. He was dog tired by that point. Handling large groups of people was always draining under pressure. Doing so after two weeks of touring and long-distance driving left him hoping for an early exit. Instead what he got was a brand new breed of idiot.

'This isn't art, are you all fucking kidding me?' somebody called out. Daniel didn't understand how he couldn't have seen it coming earlier. There was a small group of college students led by a hefty girl with her head shaved. 'This is

pornography! What is society if pornography passes for art? What are you if you can pay to view sexual abuse and inbreeding?'

'Pornography, really?' Daniel challenged with a smile, though aware that he was too slow to keep up with the list this girl was suddenly checking off on her stubby fingers.

'Shut up you fucking nonce,' one acne-riddled boy shrieked. 'What have you got to say for yourself?'

'Which way do you want it? Do you want me to shut up or do you want me to answer your-

'You have nothing to say for yourself promoting sexual abuse,' the boy shrieked incessantly. 'This is not culture. This is the death of culture. The only culture...'

'Oh fuck off,' came a protest from the crowd.

'This is rape culture!' he shrieked regardless, and; 'You fuck off,' to his objector.



'Okay, define pornography and define sexual abuse, or else leave before you're removed,' Daniel said calmly and gave them a meaningful pause, although they didn't wait.

'You're promoting rape culture!'

'So I've heard,' Daniel deflected. It didn't stop his worried mother's heart from reaching up into her throat as she watched from afar with Mary now fuming at her side.

'Social justice fucking warriors,' she grimaced. 'I wish they'd make their minds up what side they're on.'

'There isn't a side, mum,' Adam groaned.

'Do you rape your mother or do you pay other men to rape theirs?' an older girl yelled. She could have been in her mid-twenties. She herself could have been a teacher. She might even have been theirs. It didn't matter when the question fell out of her mouth like glorified sewage.

'I have no problem debating,' Daniel tried to say but was cut off by their shrieking.

'Are you a paedophile, Daniel Jackson?' one hooded youth asked, more an insult than an insinuation, whilst recording the incident on his phone for his YouTube channel. Daniel was now verging on helpless, unable to speak for himself - cut off every moment he tried.

And wasn't that the beauty of public protest; the right to censor with one voice whilst slandering with the other. Almost a small mercy, more people were beginning to stand up for Daniel from their own corners, taking some of the pressure off him, but it wasn't likely to end, or so it seemed until one voice spoke up loudest.

'Excuse me, darlings,' came Mary's steady and polite dulcet tone. 'For a start, if you'd looked up the definition of pornography before you decided to make fools of yourselves, you'd note that there isn't a cock or cunt in sight, other than yourselves...'

Before she had finished speaking, the room was roaring with hysterical laughter, amplified by the bare brick walls. And every cock and cunt was now furiously blushing and wordless.

'Second of all,' Linda chimed in, courageously full of gin, 'there's a slight difference between applying for a perfectly

legally acceptable job, as a "consenting adult", and being sexually abused...'

Linda turned and smiled stealthily toward Daniel, who simply stood in awe. Not on her fucking watch!

'So?' the fat one said, losing her own mad power trip.

'So kindly get fucked, would you?' Linda volleyed, dealing the final blow. 'This is a function for cultured, intelligent grownups.'

'Mother,' Daniel turned and responded, eyes and mouth agape, before turning the crowd's hysterics into a standing ovation. With that, the hooded adolescents left in a hurry with the gallery staff close behind.

7

'Mary and Adam really are a beautiful pair,' she reflected over a late glass of chilled white. They were sat out on the patio overlooking the back garden, tea lights burning on the glass table where the family used to eat their food every sunny day. 'Did you know they're an actual couple?' she asked, turning to dote on her son.

'Actually yes I did, mum,' he admitted freely as the buzz ran through him like static over a TV screen. 'All of them are!'

'I should have seen it, shouldn't I?'

'Not necessarily, but it changes the way you see things...'

'I must say, Mary does have a strange allure, doesn't she,' Linda said quickly, though not specifically as a direct response.

'She is... different!' Daniel agreed.

'She's lovely,' Linda reflected. Daniel agreed also.

'Incest,' she said to herself, trying to come to terms with it.

'And you're okay with it,' Daniel noted. She nodded with a smile that suggested that she still surprised herself sometimes. Then her eyes met his again.

'I suppose I am.'

'Just recently?'

'I'd never had an opinion on it other than that it was a horrible word. When it's abuse, there's no denying it's abuse. But after talking to Mary and Adam tonight - oh love - they do love each other and they're so happy and expressive and there's a lack of that, other than you...'

'Me?' Daniel pondered.

'They remind me of you,' Linda observed. 'But then Mary reminds me of me.'

'I saw the same thing earlier,' Daniel admitted once more, now frowning. 'Looking at the two of you was like you looking into a mirror image from the future. It was surreal.'

Linda picked up at that and then before she could say what was on her mind, she ducked in her seat, took a long sip from her chilled wine, and then leaned over to whisper to Daniel, 'yes but me from the future, having a sexual relationship with my son!'

The thoughts were boundless, Daniel knew. He didn't know so much about his mother, but she did all of a sudden seem comfortable enough talking about it.

'And what do you think about the images you saw, when you think about what you three talked about?' Daniel perused. 'In fact what did you talk about?'

Linda wasn't sure she should say, but there seemed no backing out. She was in his corner after all, and she had stated that she was okay with incest. She certainly was spellbound by Mary and Adam and their relationship dynamic.

'I invited them to dinner in the near future. I'd like you to join us. Will you?'

'Gladly, for you, mother,' Daniel complimented. 'They are lovely people with a lot to share.'

'Mary was like a thirty year old in an older body.'

'I see it when they're together especially,' he agreed.

'She, uh, she said something that really caught my attention,' Linda struggled for the words. 'She said very quietly that they'd made love for the camera.' Daniel swallowed dryly, his abdomen fluttering with a sudden storm of butterflies. 'She was amazed you let them get so carried away. Can you keep a secret?'

'Don't I already?' Daniel asked with one eyebrow manically cocked. Linda blushed.

'Certainly you do,' she replied. 'When I heard that, and when they told me how it all began, I was kind of zoned out as they say, just taking it all in. I really couldn't tear my eyes away from those pictures...'

'What is it?'

Linda held her breath until she couldn't anymore. When the words finally came in a flurry of confused emotions, she confessed; 'For a while I wished that I could be her, just to know...'

Now Daniel was amazed - taken aback. He felt it heavy in his heart. Yes there it was, the gravity of reality meets the unknown, once again. What was it like to be Mary and Adam, or any of the other mothers and sons who committed themselves to his work?

In her mind, thoughts swirled like the very magic liquid spiralling down to her stomach, and left her warm in a way she might never have imagined, if she hadn't already imagined before this day had ended.

The comment Mary made, that it should have been Linda up there on the wall, it came back to dance with the images and imaginings of what went on in Daniel's life, in his studio, and in his mind. On one hand he seemed too open for secrets, but then some things he might dare to show, but never to say. And wasn't that the beauty of art?

Linda, at that moment, couldn't help but imagine - what if she didn't have to imagine being Mary, being intimate with her son before the camera? What if Linda could simply imagine what it would be like to be intimate with Daniel, and to be okay with that?

'Daniel?'

'Hmm?'

'Would you ever like to photograph me that way?'

Daniel was taken aback, scooped his deck chair back and to the side so that he could directly face his mother and study her, which he did with complete awe. 'Is that something you'd like?'

'Do you think I have the looks?'



'I think you're gorgeous, mum.'

'Do you find me attractive?' she asked.

'You are attractive,' he replied.

'But do you... find... me attractive?'

'Yes I do,' he said and nodded.

Refusing to break eye contact with her son, Linda could not believe she had asked at all, never mind that it had become a serious possibility. 'What if I wanted to be photographed with you like Mary was with Adam?'

'Can I be honest?' Daniel asked, struggling to find the answer that felt right.

'Rightly so!'

'I'd need years of practice being naked and intimate with my own mother, like Mary and Adam, before I trusted somebody to photograph us that way.' Linda smiled and nodded understandingly, still refusing to break eye contact.

'And you're forgetting something,' Daniel added. 'They had sex on camera...'

'I didn't forget,' Linda assured quietly, taking her son by surprise. It took him a moment even to consider the possibility that it was in any way a flirtation.

Daniel only saw that as an opportunity to play the game, to give as good as he received. 'I'd like to show you something,' he offered; 'something that couldn't go into the book!'

Expectantly, Linda's eyes widened. Just how much had Daniel seen that she hadn't?

She did wonder, but not for long.

8

It seemed that the day was, very much like Daniel's book, was playing out in reverse towards the end. There they sat, mother and son beside each other beneath the spotlights over the breakfast bar, right back where they'd started and yet approaching unforeseen territory.

The photos, the other photos, the secret ones he'd taken just for Mary and her son, were stored on a memory stick. Daniel had gone so far in his effort to keep them hidden that he had cut a secret compartment out of his travel case and stored the stick where he hoped it wouldn't be found and confiscated, if things came to that.

The apprehension, the expectation, the dizzying anticipation of knowing what she was in for caused Linda's abdomen to toss and turn. Secretly she herself tried to steady herself, to conceal her uneven breathing as Daniel set up the laptop and set about retrieving the folder marked "Motherhood".

'Are you ready?' he asked one last time. 'You do know what you're going to see, don't you?'

'They're having sex, aren't they?'

Daniel breathed a heavy sigh. 'Are they?!' was his hushed response. For a long moment he just looked at his mother and she, uncertainly, looked back. Did she really want to see this, and in front of him?

Linda licked her drying lips, tasting lipstick and cranberry and wine, feeling restless and admittedly turned on by the prospect. 'You don't have to,' Daniel said.

'Show me,' she whispered.

Those few seconds after might have been the longest of their shared life, as Daniel went ahead and clicked on the first image thumbnail.

The moment the screen went dark and the first photograph filled the screen, she inhaled sharply and covered her mouth. But she became immediately mesmerised by the gloriously sexual sight now playing out before her. Daniel chose, somewhat wisely, to let it run as a slideshow, and sat back out of the way, lighting another cigarette.

That day of the photo shoot, when Mary had ended up in her son's lap, covered in oil and riding his cock; that day when she had asked Daniel to take those photos, the very first thing he had done was to approach the couple from over Adam's shoulder, and to capture them in all their naked, hard, hot, and wet glory, as Mary fed herself to Adam's rigid cock.

And they didn't stay in the one position throughout. The bed at the far side of the studio ended up being put to good use too, and yet Daniel, ever the professional photographer, wasn't one to leave a scene unprepared and badly lit. They'd made a day of it.

All of a sudden Linda couldn't control her own breathing. She was inhaling and exhaling so heavily that Daniel, concerned more than anything, reached out to hold her hand and to make sure she didn't topple off her high chair.

Glistening with oil and sweat, Mary's every muscle fibre and inch of ripe flesh was taut and flexing, as she worked her pussy around her son's cock, and the look on her face - so lustful, amorous, and exhilarated - the intensity in her smiling eyes, caused Linda to tremble and even for a little moan to escape her gaping mouth.

'Oh wow,' she marvelled. 'Oh my god, look at them together,' she cried as the slideshow moved on. More photos took closer shots of Adam sliding his soaked cock into his mother's veteran pussy, inch after inch, taking both Linda and Daniel together deeper and deeper into incestuous territory.

'Oh,' she gasped. 'Oh Daniel,' she gasped harder, and turned her hand around to offer him her palm, wrapping her fingers around his.

'What do you think now then, mum?' Daniel asked and couldn't help but laugh to himself, but it was defensive and anxious. Tearing her eyes from the screen, his mother looked

dead into his eyes and yet failed to conjure any words. Her breathing ragged, her neck and chest had bloomed into a light red all over.

'I don't know what to say!'

'A little turned on, maybe?' he guessed.

'I think... I think I need to go lie down,' she gasped, her voice ever so slightly trembling.

9

Daniel began the next day with an early start; a walk along the heath, followed by a shower, and breakfast before 8am, and then he started work on his laptop at the dining table at the back of the kitchen by the patio door. The sun was strongest there that time of the morning, as the house faced west.

He was so full of energy, despite dragging towards the end of that last night, that he hadn't considered the fact that his mother was sleeping later than she usually did. Until 9am came around, he had taken care of all his social media updates and arranged for his next line-up of exhibitions the following week.

By that point, he couldn't stop wondering, worrying about his mother after the strange reaction that sent her early to bed. Quickly he spun up to the top of the spiral staircase and then up the flight of stairs to the first floor, where her bedroom door stood ajar, mostly closed.

He called out gently to her at first, which left a faint stirring sound emanating from beyond the door, and what seemed to be the slight rustle of paper, like a book closing over. 'Are you okay?' he asked.

'Morning, darling, you can come in,' Linda called back a little too uniformly. Daniel opened the door and walked in to find her still lying in bed, with the book splayed out in the empty space beside her. He didn't need to think twice to imagine what she'd been doing. She was obsessed with that book.

'I was worried,' Daniel said, foregoing the desire to ask why she'd taken that particular book to bed with her.

'I'm fine,' she blushed, radiating gratitude. Again his eyes went to the book, and hers followed his, but neither spoke of it.

'Was it shock or did you take ill? I have to ask. You'd had a few drinks, mixed.'

'Do you really have to ask?' Linda asked her son. She supposed he deserved an answer though.

'No I suppose I don't, but so long as you're alright,' he began to say anyway...

'I was aroused, overly,' Linda somehow forced herself to say. 'I'd never felt like that before, Daniel,' she confessed, and while her fingers were still wet where he couldn't see them. Breathing deeply; 'Can I be honest with you, since so much has been said the past day?'

'Please,' he nodded.

'I've never been so aroused in all my life and I don't know if that's good or bad, a reason to be happy or sad, or if I should be telling you, and why I am telling you at all,' she confessed. 'I had no control over my own body last night and...'

'It's okay,' Daniel offered weakly.

'Do you forgive me?'



'For what?' he asked.

'I could have handled myself better,' Linda supposed, though she was grasping at straws, really. 'Maybe I shouldn't have seen what I did.'

'There was no other way to react, if not to be completely horrified,' Daniel reasoned, 'and we've been through all that. So you were turned on. I forgive you if I must.' Though I'd rather approve, he thought.

She pondered, again thinking of how Daniel had introduced her to this world to begin with. 'Why don't you come sit next to me,' she invited warmly. There she lay in her pyjama shirt, fastened up to the top two buttons, adorable as anything Daniel could imagine, her hair a cute mess. He wasted no time in putting the book on the bedside table for her, kicking off his slippers, and lying at her side, basking in her sleep heat.

'You had no control,' he refreshed their conversation. 'You followed the Hatter down the rabbit hole,' he reached, which thankfully blessed them with a moment of shared humour.

'So, you were there,' she changed her tone, became immediately softer. 'How did that make you feel?'

'Like you did,' Daniel said, looking up at her blushing.

'Which was?'

'Breathless, nervous, losing control of myself...'

Hmmm...'

'Aroused beyond belief,' he had to add.

'Hard?' she added unnecessarily. He smiled sheepishly. It was Daniel's turn to blush. 'Well?'

'Rock solid!'

'Society says that it's not natural,' she said aloud to herself. 'They say that incest is this terrible thing. But if a mother and son can love each other on that level, and otherwise feel such exhilarating arousal, like with nothing else, then that to me says something quite profound.'

'And that is...'

'That maybe it's more than natural - supernatural? - like it's meant to be more than anything else in the world. A higher purpose,' Linda concluded, absently reaching for her son's hand and caressing his fingers with hers. 'I'm very nervous saying this.'

'I love you,' Daniel declared admirably.

'I thank you,' Linda chuckled and shuffled down to meet him face to face. 'But now you have to answer me a very hard question. Why else did I do the book, Daniel thought. 'If we both had such a profound physical and emotional reaction, then does that mean we might be like them?'

Daniel's heart swelled as he gazed lovingly into his mother's eyes, those eyes that gazed back at him the same way Mary so intimately loved her own flesh and blood. Yes was the only answer, but Linda would need more assurance than that, if that's what she wanted.

'Do you feel like maybe you want to be like them or that you might be like them?' he searched, and felt her hand reach for his again. Maybe the photographer's eye had seen her nodding in the world that was yet to be, or maybe with the slightest of movements, her expression plain but far from

cold or even tepid, she had nodded or just didn't find the courage to.

'I love you too,' she hushed and that silenced them for a while, where they simply held hands and looked at each other. Daniel embraced the urge to lean in and to kiss his mother, to test her resolve and her reaction, but did nothing with it. He let it torment him inside, like a sweet stimulant which caused the heart to race and the blood to rush. And blood did rush to places he didn't expect.

'Are we them?' she finally whispered.

'I don't know,' he replied, 'but if we were, I'd only love my mother more than I already do...'

'My god, those pictures are still driving me nuts,' Linda laughed, squeezing her eyes shut and pinching the bridge of her nose. Daniel took the incentive to draw her close and to hug his body to hers, casting aside the worry that she would feel his hardness press against her. And there they held each other, cheek to cheek, breathing in each other's scent.

'Imagine me and you making love like that; can you even imagine?' she asked.

You don't want me to answer that, Daniel thought. A hum escaped his mouth as he breathed warmly against her neck. 'I can,' he said against all sensibility.

'Me too,' she spoke softly in his ear. So what if we did, she wanted to ask, but didn't.

## Part Two

### 1

#### Two Weeks Later

On a rainy Tuesday evening Daniel Jackson's Ford Focus rolled back into Ealing for the second time that day. As with every day, first came the task of supervising the delivery of the large canvases, for which he usually hired a "man with a van" to help with transportation.

Now quite rebelliously David Axelrod's Holy Thursday rolled with Daniel, like a divine co-pilot. It beat the latest's van driver's gruff ambiance. John Scott wasn't a bad fella. He wasn't as heavy handed as he appeared, but then Daniel's generous pay, and grateful tips at the end of the night, made sure of that.

He just had about as much class as ketchup on a flatiron steak. "Fackin' 'ell, she's a bit of awroight, int she?" he said when he first laid eyes on one of the canvasses. Credit due, the woman in the picture, Crystal Roberts her name was, was a stunning black woman of forty-three.

For some reason, Daniel had John down as a man who might have adverse reactions to an older black woman, whose ample blessings were not as pert and youthful as they used to be. That was on him, and he cursed himself a presumptuous ass. Times, after all, had changed. He himself couldn't afford to think regressively, despite the attitudes that would always remain.

But no, John had taken time to soak in the sight, as Daniel feared grimy fingerprints, because it was always the little things that spoiled an exhibition when your work hung under a spotlight. The perfectionist suffered himself, if anything.

"Yeah... yeah..." John said absently, scratching his bearded double-chin. "I'd take her phone number!"

'I don't think her partner there would let you, but I imagine she'd be flattered,' Daniel humoured the driver, pointing to the man embracing her from behind, almost a shadow himself. He wasn't about to tell John that Terrence was

Crystal's son, and that John's jungle fever would have to pass untreated.

Daniel now laughed to himself as he approached the car park, where he called John from behind the wheel, turning the music off. 'It's Dan Jackson, John. Get home safe?'

'Awroight mate, yeah, yeah,' came the familiar jovial bellow. 'Safe and sound.'

'Excellent! Listen, I'll let you know later if I need you back. Otherwise I've wired your pay to your bank already. If not, I may need you in another few weeks, if you're available.'

'Oh, yer a star, mate, thank you,' John gnashed excitedly at the phone. 'You take care then and I'll keep me phone handy!'

With that, John was gone, and Daniel was grinning ear to ear. Life was good. And who was he kidding? He liked John. John was a delightfully simple and honest character, but the operate word there was "character". Of course he'd be back!

Dressed to kill and ready for anything, Daniel bounded towards the next exhibition evening. The last two weeks had

been such a success that nothing seemed capable of stopping him.

And the next morning Daniel surprised his mother at the front door with champagne and fresh roses, stood there in the lashing rain with a silly grin on his face. Nothing had stopped him. Another successful night done, he was riding too high on life to be bothered by the small things.

'You look like a drowned rat,' she said in a fit of hysterics. 'Will you come out of the rain?!'

'I'm watering your flowers, mum' he said before he had to be dragged indoors.

So Daniel spent that morning with Linda, dressed down to his boxer shorts with a warm towel over his shoulders as his clothes dried on the bathroom radiator.

'I wasn't planning on drinking champagne in the morning, you know,' she said with the faintest devilish gleam in her eyes as she rose the tulip glass to her lips. Again, they were sat at the breakfast bar.



'I didn't buy it for the morning, mum,' Daniel told her with a guilty look as he sipped his own. 'I just thought you might find an occasion.'

'Every moment with you is an occasion, darling,' she complimented freely. 'Oh but I could have saved it for the dinner,' she suddenly remembered.

'Hmm?'

'Mary and Adam are coming to dinner, remember?'

'Oh god I totally forgot,' Daniel said and slapped himself. 'When?'

'Friday evening,' Linda said, now worried. 'I told you Monday.'

'Ohhhh, shit!' Daniel spat those words out so dramatically, eyeing his mother with guilt before resting his head in his hands. And then he smiled at her and throated an impish laugh. 'Yes, she told me earlier this week when she called me. I'll be there, with pants on.'

'Tease!' she scorned. Daniel shrugged, didn't argue. That he was, after all.

'She called to tell me something else,' he then hinted, testing to see if his mother might know anything, or if she was holding any other expectations.

'Oh?' was his mother's muted response, and then a pregnant pause. 'Say anything interesting?'

Daniel regarded his mother seriously for a moment and then warmed to her, knowing that he couldn't keep a secret, even if he wanted to. At least not for long - being that the nature of Daniel and Mary's phone conversation that same Monday night proposed a very interesting opportunity.

'She told me that the two of you had a long chat Sunday night,' he said carefully. Even just at that his mother seemed to become slave to anticipation.

'Yes?' she inquired.

'Shall I make it easy on you?' Daniel suggested, trying not to be cruel.

'Please.'

'You really want me to photograph you naked?' he asked. 'Is it really something you'd like to do?'

'Oh god,' Linda blushed, the champagne having stealthily taken her guard down. 'That sneaky cow,' she gushed, but in no way maliciously. Daniel baited his breath. It was the only way not to laugh, or to say too much. 'I'm obsessed aren't I?'

'So?'

'So I've probably terrified you in the act of making a fool of myself,' Linda cursed. Daniel shook his head as a way of assuring her, and then curled one corner of his mouth into a forgiving smile. He had nothing to forgive her for at all, of course, but if it made her feel okay about it...

'You doing anything else today?'

'No, darling,' she said once over herself. 'Why?'

'Let's do it,' Daniel said. That caused her heart to take a leap out of line. 'We could go now.'

'Oh I don't know,' she said, flushing and fidgeting all at once. Then another pause and she clamped her lips together, thinking hard and fast. 'Really?'

'If it would make you happy, if it's something you really want to do,' Daniel nodded, 'I didn't have to think too long. It'd be an honour.'

'Naked, though?' his mother tested, whether her son or herself, she wasn't sure.

'You said it,' he humoured, recalling Mary's words. 'We have Dutch courage for the occasion,' he demonstrated, picking up the champagne bottle and waving it heavily before her. 'If you really want to do something daring, then usually the best way is to jump right in before you think too much.'

And there was no denying that his mother was warming to the idea, not just of the prospect of investigating her own fascination, but also of daring herself to do something out of the ordinary. It'd been a long time since she flaunted her body.

When that long period of consideration finally came to an end, Linda found herself staring blankly at her son, but then after that she couldn't contain the schoolgirl within. Now she was giggling and flushing red all at once.

'You're beautiful from head to toe, mother,' Daniel said freely. 'You'll make a fine work of art!'

2

The taxi dropped them off at Daniel's private studio, Daniel, his mum, and the bottle of half-drunk champagne. Daniel's clothes finally dried after the previous downpour, another one had started by the time they were on the street. Now both had taken a soaking. Inside, lights on, the studio alive once again, the heaters went on to warm the room.

This was not Linda's first time here, though her eyes scanned the room as though it were different since the last time. Of course, the bed at the far end was a new addition, and when her eyes fell upon it, her mind was again filled with the lewd images left by Daniel, Mary and Adam.

That's where the magic happened, she wanted to say, but thought better not to. The bed was bare, the sheets removed, but a small pile of them lay neatly at the fourth wall. Daniel might have repeated his themes, but he was at least consistent in how he dressed them.

'The room will warm up in no time,' he said with a slight shudder as he felt his own clothes stick to him. 'I'll get set up with the lights and you can get, err... undressed,' now grinning, 'in the wardrobe back there...'

His mother didn't say a word. She was half-smiling, but anxiety, and/or uncertainty, were now beginning to show.

'It'll be dark when you come back in,' he tried to be helpful of her nerves. 'Just the spotlight and a reflector and a couple of mirrors to bounce the light back and forth.'

'Okay,' was all she said, and when he was finished setting up fifteen minutes later, camera in hand and ready to start, she was nowhere to be seen. Daniel approached the changing room door carefully, not to rush, and rapped lightly.

'Are you okay?' He heard nervous giggling from within, almost too quiet to be heard.

'I'm fine, Daniel,' she replied. 'I was just having a couple more for courage.'

'Any left for me?' he asked.

The door opened a crack after a few deathly still seconds, just enough for her hand to pass the bottle through. It was nearly empty now - just a quarter left. 'I'm a bit nervous being naked in front of you like this,' she admitted.

'Me too, a little bit,' Daniel agreed, taking a slug directly from the bottle. 'Is there anything I can do to help?' More giggling emitted from the other side of the door.

'Depends how much the champagne has gone to your head,' Linda finally said. 'Maybe if you're naked then it won't feel like it's all about me?'

Daniel couldn't believe his ears at first. He had to laugh and as always he had to humour his mother, for all the encouragement he gave her. 'I suppose that's fair,' he compromised, handing the bottle back through the door to signal that he was going to do it. A minute later her told her that he was ready and waiting and went back to his place on the set.

Finally, Linda swallowed hard and summoned the strength to open the door and to step out into the dark studio. Like a wondrous eclipse, her eyes settled immediately on her son standing aside the golden spotlight, naked as the day he arrived - only that day he didn't arrive preoccupied with the camera hanging around his neck.

His buttocks looked like a three-quarter moon as he stood with his back to her under the light. When he heard her bare feet approaching, padding the cool floor gently, and then the sound of her nervous giggling - not quite as quiet as a mouse - he hesitated to turn around for a moment.

Then he heard her say; 'Let's take a look at each other, then.'

As though inviting his mother out onto the dance floor, Daniel turned to face the dark and recognised her waltzing over to him, smiling expectantly, and invited her into the spotlight with him. There, for the first time in adulthood, they stood before each other in this surreallest of circumstances, modestly bare-naked and undeniably responsive of each other's looks.

Unlike Mary, and he already knew it deep down, his mother was all soft and smooth, but with the same strong structure underneath. Goosebumps turned the hairs up on their arms in that moment as they soaked in the sight of each other, unable to speak or to stop.

She sported a feathery but trimmed later of pubic hair over her pussy, which he noticed for maybe ten seconds too long, but what his eyes really noticed, and what his flaccid cock soon began to respond to, was the distinctive work of art that



her pussy was. Her fleshy pink labia and hood weren't as shy as the rest of her. Daniel breathed deep, forgetting to compose himself.

'Do you like?' she asked, trying to be casual. But clearly, she could see that he did. His own modesty was much less modest than his father's had been.

'I'm sorry,' he grinned and his strong shoulders shook with silent laughter, looking away he tore his eyes up her navel, across her toned belly, and rested on her perky B-cup breasts and their slightly browning nipples.

'You are so handsome,' she approved to take the attention away from herself.

'I'm speechless, sorry,' Daniel smiled genuinely and regarded her with a loving look. 'Mother, you are stunning.

'Do you think so?' she almost pleaded. He nodded proudly. 'Thank you, that means a lot,' she beamed. 'Can I ask a favour? It might seem a little silly...'

'Of course,' Daniel responded quickly, hoping not to grow a full erection in front of her. The last time erections happened

in this studio, there was no forgetting what happened. He and his mother both knew that.

'Can we just hug a moment?'

...

Well, bollocks...

...

'It'd take the edge off...'

Maybe for you, Daniel thought. But he crossed the spotlight to her, his sexy blonde pixie of a woman who was probably more beautiful now than he'd ever remembered and opened his arms to her, maybe more conscious of his long and pendulous semi-erection, swaying heavily from side to side. But when she fell softly into him, her pointed nipples chilling him for a moment before seeming to soften to him, they both closed their eyes, shuddered out the nerves, and breathed deep for a while.

'You feel good against me,' Linda whispered and she welled in confidence when again her son's erection began to grow. 'I hope you don't mind me saying so...'

'No, I was thinking the same thing,' Daniel said nervously.

'I can feel that,' she said back and soon they were both laughing hopelessly.

'Well,' Linda finally said with heavy-lidded eyes when Daniel's erection subsided, 'you'd better show me what to do.'

3

Two weeks earlier Daniel stood in the Camden gallery between his mother and her older-self from another dimension Mary, seeing the likeness in their eyes, the way they conveyed expressions of love and exhilaration and excitement. It was during this secret photoshoot now, as he and his own mother stood nude before each other, that he began to see the parallels.

How to process the revelation in that dark stillness, where nothing existed outside of that golden glow, that his own mother was not so secretly becoming aroused as she

followed in Mary's footprints, and excited by the fact that she was doing this not just for herself but for her son.

Not only that, but Linda was having an effect on Daniel and she knew it, he knew it, and they both knew that they knew it. Before long, Linda was beginning to flaunt herself more, as though she were young again and had all the confidence in the world, and it was liberating to feel that way, and to make him feel something as a result.

At first they went through a series of poses standing, and then a few sat perched in a pile of cushions and seats. Linda was careful not to bare too much, showing her curves from the side, or crossing her legs up front to hide herself from the camera, but every little thrill of him seeing her pussy when she had to move around started to build up something inside of her and she became bolder over time.

She brought in the same wooden chair eventually, feeling her stomach knot at the thought of Mary's pussy juices dripping all over her son's cock as he speared her, and then trickling down onto the wooden finish. Was she sitting in Mary's come right now?

Linda finally turned the chair to directly face Daniel and the camera and said, quite seductively; 'it's a shame we don't have any of that oil, to make me all wet and shiny...'

Daniel stopped dead. So did his heart!

Linda smiled, knowing full well what that had done to him. His cock grew a little longer, filled out, even twitched a little. She looked back up into his eyes and smiled devilishly. Daniel disappeared for no more than sixty seconds, rushing warm water under the tap in the bathroom and squirting in a dose of baby oil.

And there they stood under the heat of the spotlight, which was already enough to cause the coldest heart to perspire. Linda was stretched on her tip-toes like a ballet dancer, hands splayed to the ceiling as her son doused her with the spray-bottle. After a little tease before the click-click-clicking camera as Daniel began to work suddenly faster, she slowed him right back down again with her first wide-open thigh pussy shot, her expression sultry as her hands wandered her slippery body.

'Jesus Christ,' Daniel whispered and didn't realise that he was just standing there, gawking with his mouth open and his cock standing up.

'Can I ask you something, son?' Linda said in the growing stillness. Daniel could only nod.

'May I photograph you?' Daniel again only nodded. She stood up and tiptoed carefully toward him, feeling his heat down south close to her hip as she took the camera from him. She decided it best to use a tripod, because she didn't have his steady hands. And that was the perfect excuse, wasn't it?

'I hope you don't mind me saying so,' she chattered casually as she set up her shot, 'but you have a magnificent piece.'

Blushing, mouth agape in disbelief, Daniel took hold of his heavy balls and used his thick wrists to hide his erection from her. 'No-no,' his mother said, and now she was spraying him with oil, and liberally around that throbbing piece she approved of so much.

'To the side,' Linda directed as she returned to the camera, zooming in to capture her son from the thighs up. 'Now take a hold of it...'

Daniel's heart was rapid-firing at that point. Was this for real? His mother smirked, treating the whole scenario like some secret daydream she'd revised a little too often. 'Wrap your fingers around it...'

Daniel bit the corner of his lip and eyed his mother nervously.

'Now slide back the foreskin,' she told him. And when he did, she gasped, much like she did upon seeing Mary's son's hard cock buried deep in her dripping veteran snatch. And she snapped and she snapped and she snapped, until Daniel too became emboldened.

'Fancy a dare?' Linda suggested.

'Depends what it is,' Daniel said as steadily as his wavering voice would allow.

'Stay where you are,' she said, as he resumed facing the side, allowing for his full form to take up half the shot. It wasn't hard to find the timer. Linda set it for ten seconds and the moment she fingered the trigger button, hurried around to face Daniel with a mischievous look, mentally counting the seconds.

'What are you up to?' Daniel asked. Before he could guess, Linda reached long beneath the hard shaft of her son's throbbing cock, lifted it up against her belly, and reached up on her tiptoes to curl her tongue against Daniel's lips.

Click...

Daniel stood there in utter silence, his face a reaction of surprise and awe. His nude mother grinning wildly before him, he too couldn't help himself.

'Again?' she asked.

'Since you already have,' he answered modestly in absence of his own wits. Again, Linda disappeared behind the camera in the dark and then set the timer to ten seconds. When she returned to recreate the same action, Daniel surprised her by sucking her tongue into his mouth and caressing it with his own. 'Payback's a bitch, isn't it?' he chuckled, and then, 'one more time for good luck?'

Once again, Linda found her hand wrapped around her son's big hard cock, so hot in her dainty little hand. This time Daniel twice shocked her, though she meant to one-up him. When she melted easily into the kiss and they swirled tongues breathlessly for five or six eternal seconds, delirious with the shock of what they were doing, Daniel's hand snaked down and his middle finger slid right between his mother's pussy lips, only to find her dripping wet.

They both hissed hard, drawing away for breath, for distance, for whatever that could reset the boundary they had just crossed. But Linda now stood dizzily, with a dazed



expression, gazing into her son's bewildered eyes, both of them heaving for air.

'Well, it appears you're a natural, mum,' Daniel said without really thinking, and then together they began to laugh anxiously. Looks like I'm not the only one, was what she wanted to say. But she didn't.

'Well, I think I understand the thrill of being an exhibitionist,' she said to him on the taxi ride home, her lips pressed to his ear in the back seat.

'Do you mean voyeur?' Daniel said with a knowing look.

'Oh it was fun looking, but it was more fun sharing after all,' Linda explained what she meant. 'I can see the appeal.' With that, she offered him an innocent wink and squeezed his hand. 'Thank you, son...'

After dinner that evening, Daniel went to his apartment and took a long, cold shower. If things carried on the way they did that day, he was going to be needing so many cold showers he'd end up with the flu in the middle of August.

Dinner with Mary and Adam came about two painfully ordinary days later. When Daniel returned that afternoon, despite their ease of conversation, the tension kept building and building, the pair of them a bundle of easily triggered nerves. And yet they continued to touch, to hug and to kiss, to hold hands and to speak affectionately, because anything else would have knocked their relationship stone cold dead.

Those two days proved to be the most distracting of both mother and son's lives, at least since they were teenagers in their own respective youths, and new to the experience of falling for somebody and for their feelings to be quite openly requited.

That fact became very much apparent when Daniel chose to send his mother the photos he'd taken of her, and then separately sent the ones she had orchestrated.

'Well, I guess now we know,' she said.

'Know what?' Daniel asked.

'Whether we could be like Mary and Adam...'

After a muted moment, Daniel asked, 'really?'

'You reminded me of your father,' Linda concluded, not wanting to be any more awkward than was necessary.

Then Linda invited the couple to come over for eight in the evening, where they were greeted to the hearty smell of homemade Italian food. It didn't take long for Adam and Daniel to note the spellbound effect Mary again had on Linda, though Linda managed to carry herself with care. Mary on the other hand noted a change in Linda since the last time they met, and it wasn't just her wardrobe.

It had been a long time since such life and laughter had been felt in that house too. At the dining table where once four people sat, now it felt complete again. The spread across the table was a feast fit for a whole clan. Linda had pulled out all the stops, remembering how their once busy family once came together to pile their plates with spaghetti and meatballs, gnocchi, ravioli, fresh baked bread - the works.

Like Daniel it didn't make her sad. It made her feel proud once again that this house lived and that they had someone to share it with. 'This food is absolutely amazing, Mrs Jackson,' Adam complimented heartily as he worked through, fork in one hand, spoon the other, just as Daniel showed him.

'Linda, lovely, and thank you,' she beamed. 'Daniel's dad had the Italian blood. I learned it all from him and his mother.'

'Divorced?' Mary asked. In her defence, it might have seemed ignorant not to wonder.

'No, he and our daughter were taken from us a long time ago.' Mary couldn't have been more apologetic if she tried, burning with shame and embarrassment in an instant.

'Don't worry, Mary, there's really no right time to ask, but it was a long time ago,' Daniel assured. 'We'll tell you another time.'

Mary nodded understandingly. 'What was your sister's name may I ask?'

'Isabella,' he replied fondly. 'We used to call her Bella.'

'The name of a classic Italian beauty!'

'And she really was, you know,' Linda chimed in.

'Can you imagine how different things would be, though?' Daniel pondered as he cleansed his palate with a sip of white

wine. Not only was he thinking a lot of Wednesday afternoon, but his whole life and his career would not have been the same, and he knew it.

'These things do change everything, don't they?' his mother looked at him with a flushed smile. Adam read it wrong, but again he could easily have been forgiven.

'You do make a lovely couple yourselves, by the way,' he complimented. Daniel bared his teeth helplessly and worked hard not to choke on his own laughter. Meanwhile Linda, blushing furiously, also began to laugh.

'It's, err... It's funny you say that,' she began to say, which soon silenced her son. 'We're not together like that, but...'

She looked to her son, biting her lip. Daniel smiled at her and braced himself. 'Might as well say it...'

'Ever since the book came out, and the two of you, oh my gosh - we were talking about it a few mornings ago, about what it would be like if we did become intimate.' Linda trailed off, lost for words as Mary's smile captivated her once again.

Daniel meanwhile hung silently on two words - "becoming intimate". God, what a picture!

'What do you think, Daniel?' Mary suddenly turned to the photographer. 'With all that you've seen,' she hinted with a wink and a soft chuckle, 'Would you?'

His heart dropped hard in his stomach when the question came. Looking to his mother, long and hard, blushing and yet trying to refrain from laughing like a fool now, he hoped that not saying anything at all would be the right answer, and yet still somehow convey that he would and that he wanted to.

There and then it seemed that Mary's own intuitive eyes conveyed one thing only directly back at Daniel, and then pointedly to his mother. She knew that he would. She knew that Linda would, and she especially knew that Linda was conveying the same thing back to her.

5

Later that evening, after drinks had been finished at the table and the plates cleared away, they went out onto the patio with coffee and lit the candles again. Mary, like Linda, loved the sound of the owls in the trees at night, especially accompanying the full moon. Daniel couldn't help but

wonder at how alike the women were, still. Of course there was one thing that they didn't have in common, and that was the sex.

Inebriated enough to let her inhibitions go, and yet not enough to make a complete fool of herself, Linda made it clear when the night began to quieten and to wind down that she was so intrigued by Mary's sex life with her son. To Daniel's great appreciation, she was more than game.

'Before you say anything, Mary,' he politely interjected where he could, 'I'd love to see her reaction to the two of you kissing.' Immediately Adam's face lit up in the dark, his teeth gleaming in a wide open grin. 'Mum, you just have to see it in motion to understand where I'm coming from.'

'Hmmm, now that sounds interesting,' Mary remarked with a mischievous glint in her eye. 'Linda?'

'Yes,' Daniel's mother croaked. Her heart was in her throat.

'Make sure nobody steals my drink,' Mary replied as she leaned into her son.

Like fine photography in motion, Mary and Adam met in the middle and for five excruciatingly long and sensual minutes

they melted into each other, lips and tongues swirling and smacking in the dead silence.

And in the final sixty seconds of that silence, Daniel and his mother could not seem to take their eyes off each other. Until then they could not look anywhere else. Nowhere else even existed for up to three minutes of lip-smacking bliss, until Daniel and Linda became heavily aware of each other in that nervous, guilty way that somebody's aura can burn into you without even trying.

When Daniel's eyes met his mother's they were already both shocked and breathless at the sheer love on display. With only ambient light behind them, glowing through the patio door from the dining area, both could see each other's eyes wildly dilated, their expressions knowing and telling more than words could say. All that remained when it was done was their slow and heavy breathing and the distant shush of the night air.

'Oh god, look at Daniel and Linda,' Mary said softly from across the table. Linda was listening, certainly, but she and Daniel were completely transfixed, as though hypnotised by each other. Daniel began to smile. In turn so did she. 'I'd love to see the two of you together,' Mary said Adam seconded that.



'You would?' Linda asked absently.

'Mmmhmm,' Mary affirmed.

'Daniel,' Daniel's mother said huskily under her breath, as if it was a fight for her to breathe let alone to heave out a single word. 'Come over here a minute.' And for the next five minutes, they too kissed, like first-time lovers - fumbling hands, awkward mouths, trembling bodies - and gradually melted into each other with an easier, lazier rhythm. All the while Mary and Adam sat there in silence, mouths agape.

'That's one of the hottest things I've ever seen,' Mary said in awe as Linda blushed and tasted her son on her lips agreeably. Daniel was silent for a long time after, unable to become unflustered, or to catch his breath. But their eyes met again soon after and the faintest electrical smile relayed between them.

'The sex, by the way Linda,' Mary said with all of her honest allure, 'you would not believe unless you saw it.' Mary's eyes flitted knowingly to Daniel, who smirked instantly and then scratched his head, looking to his mother to answer for him.

'I have seen it, haven't I son,' she responded meekly, covering her mouth to clear her throat.

Mary licked her lips, a fiendish look overcoming her as she regarded both. 'Well then,' she said and in the dark she blushed in her own hidden way. "I guess", she imagined saying, "that all there's left to do is to experience it..."

But she didn't. She figured there was no forcing what appeared to be happening so naturally of its own accord.

6

Well...

The clock struck twelve and they were alone again. After two more hours of Linda and Mary talking about "the sex" and consensual incest - and Daniel's heart was doing backflips in his chest all that time, for how engrossed and curious Linda became - it had to come to an end, and it did so with a private word between the two mothers.

When Mary and Adam were gone and Daniel closed the front door for the night, there stood Linda with her hands in her pants pockets, grinning sheepishly. Was it a case of what happened now, or what wasn't going to happen now?

'Well, that was something else,' she supposed, her eyes meeting his. She seemed anything but tired. Daniel felt her, and he felt alive with excitement and anticipation.

'It certainly was,' he said back. 'Enjoy yourself?'

Linda managed to contain herself just about. Once again, she managed also to convey her feelings without answering until she hinted, 'I'm going back outside, another five minutes or so,' and then tasted her lips with what sounded like an invisible.

Daniel followed. The walk to the patio door was long and incredibly silent. It had been a long while since any silence had fallen so heavy, and left him feeling this way, but silently he followed her, and once or twice she turned to smile at him quietly, and nothing more. When they crossed the threshold, she let him past so that he could get to his deck chair.

Daniel sat down and looked instantly to his mother, who hadn't taken her own chair but followed him and now proceeded to straddle him. Easily she lowered herself to sit in his lap, so lightweight against him as she settled down directly where his excitement was beginning to show. And god help her because it was exactly what she was hoping for.

'This'll be much easier,' she said and pressed her mouth to his once again. There they continued to make out in the dead of night, nothing but the owls cooing over the sound of their mouths consummating their feelings for one another.

'I can't believe any of this,' she breathed hard and stifled a laugh of disbelief.

'I can,' he said looking up at her in the dark.

'What have we started?' she asked before going in for more, and their tongues met again, wetting their lips with each other's saliva, making their kissing hotter, wetter, harder to control. And there it was, that feeling was back; that overly-aroused, over-stimulated, out of control feeling. And now they were feeling it for each other.

One more time they parted for breath, gasping wide-eyed at each other. An eternity passed between them, and an eternity of impulses, hidden meanings, and then inevitably an eternity of moist flirtations from one hotly dancing tongue to the other.

Fifteen minutes later, feeling drugged and buzzed beyond belief, the finally parted lips, but Linda could not ignore the fact that her son's erection was more than prominently bulging out through his jeans. And she had been grinding

herself against him, had secretly orgasmed against him, and was so hot and slippery for him.

'Come inside and talk to me,' she excused herself, getting up shakily. 'I think we should do something else for a moment.'

So Daniel followed his mother dutifully, sliding closed the patio door and locking it behind him. There, over at the breakfast bar once again, his mother stood deep in thought. Before he even approached her in full, Linda was already asking him as though she physically could not keep her feelings down.

'Would that be something that you and I could do?' she asked. Daniel thought he knew the question, but without a direct question, he didn't dare give a direct answer.

'I think we know,' he said.

'I have to ask you.'

'What do you want to ask me?'

'We crossed a huge boundary tonight didn't we?' she asked.

'We did, several times,' he acknowledged dryly.

'And I enjoyed it, a lot,' Linda admitted and breathed a satisfied sigh.

'Do you feel guilty?'

'No,' Linda said after little thought. 'I am just trying to ask you something specific, just in a very roundabout way.'

'You might be surprised by the answer, if that helps. Then again, maybe you already know. I think you might.'

Daniel wanted to walk around the bar, to hug his mother close and maybe to tell her that it didn't matter, that there was nothing to be forced, but he remained rooted to the spot. He knew that she had to speak and that he had to listen.

'Okay then,' she accepted. 'Then what if I told you I wanted to cross another line?' she wondered.

'What line?'

'If I invited you to go to bed with me, would you want to?' Linda asked her son, but for the moment she couldn't dare

to meet his gaze. And she was trembling and biting her lip, fidgeting with herself.

'God yes,' he answered honestly. 'Mum?'

'Yes, son,' Linda responded and finally met his searching eyes.

'Do you want to?' Daniel asked, fighting just to think straight. At that moment he was crazy with lust and yet he just wanted to love her and to make her feelings seem right.

'Can you handle hearing it?' she asked. He nodded certainly. 'Yes I do. I really do. Because I want with you what Mary has with her son, and I want that with you so much.'

And in the end it was Linda who moved to her son and met him eye to eye. 'She told me to just come out and say it, that she could see you felt the same, and I know you do too,' she blushed. 'So here goes. I'd really love to have sex with you tonight. How do you feel about that?'

Daniel exhaled a sudden and harsh sigh, almost lost his footing and swayed against his mother as she held him steady, her hands at his hips. He swallowed hard, then fixed

her with a hard stare that quickly mellowed into a lasting loving, doe-eyed gaze.

7

They had kissed many minutes more on the spot that night, right there in the kitchen, assuring each other that it was okay, that it was right by them, that they both wanted to, so much - that they both needed to and needed each other - and yet, good god, in such a short space of time it had come to this!

She was in love with him, and he with her. She was in love with his mind, and he with hers. Daniel, her son and last surviving family, the pride and joy of her life and he who made the darkness and sadness bright and brilliant, had opened her eyes to a new world, a new future, a new way to live, and a new desire.

God help her, had she ever been so chronically ignorant that she couldn't bear to be loved or to love someone because the world screamed NO!! But now they weren't screaming NO!! He had broken the boundaries and come through smiling, bringing her with him into this unbelievable frenzy of beautiful emotion and desire.



Flashes of Mary and Adam flashed through their minds as they touched and flirted, kissed and teased. Right now those two were probably at it already. No doubt Mary was thinking well ahead, in her own mind seeing Daniel and his mother conjoined at the sexes and pushing into each other lustfully. And part of it had started the night Linda saw what a mother and son could be, under the circumstances that she herself felt was not only possible, but perfectly desirable.

'I'm not even sure I'll be able to handle having you inside me the way I've been wanting for very long,' Linda laughed into her son's ear as she nibbled at his earlobe and then his neck.

'Let's find out,' Daniel groaned, his hands on her buttocks, clawing her through her dress with his nails, earning him a delicate hiss from between her pinched teeth. The sting against his flesh was exquisite. Every nerve was responding to every touch, amplified in his over-stimulation.

'Come on then,' she beckoned him and took Daniel by the hand, and she led him up the stairs to her bed. And there they undressed each other, seeing each other naked for the first time since the beginning. They stood before each other in awe, before another hypnotising smile they shared led them to lying in bed, skin on skin, caressing and kissing and whispering their complimentary words to each other.

As soon as she touched down onto the cool bed Linda's eyes turned wanton, needy; the language of her writhing naked body turning urgent as Daniel lovingly laid himself upon her to kiss her to death in slow motion.

Then she whispered in his ear, 'screw the foreplay for now, I just need to feel it with you,' reaching down to handle his solid, pulsing flesh.

'I'm ready if you're ready,' Daniel declared hoarsely, holding himself up to watch his mother take hold of him and spread her thighs - that old full-on pussy spread she pulled on him in the studio. Now she was pulling him into her, painting the tip of his hard cock with her wetness, slickly swivelling him up and down and around at the threshold of that pink melting pot of love.

Linda felt as though her heart would surely burst, softly laid in the bed with her son's thick length slopping around an inch or so into her neglected sex. 'This is it, then,' she whimpered, her other hand resting on one of Daniel's buttocks and squeezing him encouragingly.

With her fuller hand, she eased back her son's foreskin with her own lubrication and then angled him ready to slip in deeper. Their eyes locked together intensely, mouths open in a silent moan together.

Exhilaration was no longer the word. They were beyond that now. How could a mother and her son come to this? She felt him fill her up, sinking deeper and deeper with ease and yet keeping all of his weight on the tip of his penis, so that only the long, delectable, deplorable, slide home was felt for such a satisfying eternity.

Trembling together, they slid together and locked together with a slow and unified gasp until all that there was left to do was to lay together, marvelling at the phenomenal feeling of what it was like for each to be together this way.

It was Linda who parted her lips first, to open Daniel's mouth with her tongue, as she sought out his, and for some moments this remained heaven, his in hers and hers having him, as they lay perfectly still trying so hard not to come too soon.

'Mmmhh,' she groaned into her son's mouth. 'Can we kiss with just our lips a while?' she asked, and so they did, so perverted in its own way, kissing in a way more befitting of a mother son relationship, other than the fact that they were making sex together in bed.

'Your mother,' Linda said kissing him, 'loves you so much,' and kissing him, and all the while, Daniel felt safe enough to start ever so gently sliding in and out of her liquid heat.

'I love you too,' he whispered, kissing her mutually, give and take, and soon the sex between them took over, his thick hard cock and his mother's juicy hot love canal pushing and squirming together, so sweet and slippery, churning with their mingling juices.

Somebody had to laugh before the silence got too much, and somebody fell too soon for the other. The bed gently creaking, rocking, and the sound of her wetness squishing against his effortless plunges in delicious surrender, 'Jesus Christ,' Linda cried happily, so deeply and intensely turned on.

Here was her son, fucking her, in so exquisitely deep and making her feel things she had never felt before, and his eyes flirting with hers, both conscious of her seductively bouncing breasts, she began to come so deep; she began to come so hard and so deliciously deep.

Suddenly she clamped her arms tightly around her son's neck and her legs water-tight around his waist, gushing, hot and sweaty, on fire as she squeezed his cock deep inside her, feeling his every muscle, curve and ridge yielding against her silken walls.

She didn't know how, but Linda ended up in her son's lap, sucking him up into her as she ground down hard to swivel around on him, impaled on him, seducing the come out of him with perfect figure-eights.

Her breasts sliding wetly against him, both were drenched with sweat by now. Her bottom slapped wetly against his lap as they moaned and gasped into each other's mouths. They kissed hard, eyes attuned to each other, as they lost control each alone.

'Did you bring champagne?' she panted, and hysterically they laughed together, but again the sensation of their sexes consummating drove them deeper into their strange new world. Eyes rolling momentarily as she thought of that huge plunging prick filling her with incestuous semen, something took over in Linda. She growled deep from within and forced her son into a backward roll, until she was riding him with delirious abandon, sliding long, sliding longingly, as she proceeded to soak the bed.

Champagne, yeah there was a nice thought and he thought so too. 'I'm about to pop my cork and make a toast, mum,' Daniel strained, eyes fixated on how repeatedly he disappeared beyond that feathery blonde tuft between her thighs, into that incredible soft heaven and to come out hot and glistening.

Her insides were boiling him over the edge, and now her laboured movements made every downward plunge a trembling, vibrating final conclusion. Closer and closer they came together, Linda panting madly, coming again and again.

'Go on,' she nodded frantically as she heaved her last and slid down on him, so long, so hard, one last time. Daniel needed no more encouragement, holding out as long as he did, his release came hard and fast, hot and thick, a champagne fountain of lust spraying deep into his mother.

Shivering, dripping with sweat, still coupled together, Linda cried but with joy, her mouth agape in a tremendous smile of fulfilment. Never before, she felt as she gripped him, had she felt anything like this. Panic, terror, arousal, the rush as the weeks of anticipation met their sticky demise, now the rush of relief came thundering torrentially in her belly.

Daniel gasped, moaned aloud as his spunk hosed profusely up into his mother's cervix. 'Oh god,' he rasped, 'oh god, fuck!'

'Oh yes,' Linda whispered, opening her eyes to his. 'Oh god yes,' she sighed. 'Daniel...'

No answer...

'Are you alright, babe?'

'Come here,' he smiled tiredly beneath her, inviting her with open arms, and their wet, spent bodies met in an intimate embrace neither had known before that moment. Mother and son once more, they kissed sweetly, their bodies squished hotly together. 'I love you so much,' he whispered to her and cradled her to sleep.

8

'I have no words,' Linda staggered with the house phone to her ear. That morning she could barely walk straight, her eyes sported dark smudges - because they had barely slept two hours at a time - and yet her expression was one of a woman that had maybe been touched by god. 'I've never felt so sexual in all my life. I've never felt so full, and yet so released.'

'Who knew he was such a stallion,' Mary chuckled, 'I just knew you wanted each other and needed to know that it was okay.'

'It is okay, isn't it,' Linda accepted and she blushed a modest pink, as if Mary was there with her.

'It really is, honey, and I'm happy for you both,' Mary gave her blessing and then paused a moment. 'By the way, I hope you don't mind my being so forward, but ever since you sent me those photos you and Daniel did together, I couldn't help it, I have masturbated countless times to the both of you.'

'Well I guess that makes us even,' Linda admitted nervously. On her end of the line, Mary smiled a naughty smile and enjoyed the picture in her mind that created. But of course now they lived in the same world as each other, she wasn't the only one.

Mary lowered her voice for the next thing she was about to say. 'Did he eat your pussy out?' she asked huskily. She listened to the emptiness a moment, before Linda simply squawked.

'Oh my god no, that sounds filthy,' Linda replied with a familiar churning sensation boiling in her abdomen. It sounded so promisingly delicious, spoken from the tip of Mary's eloquent tongue.

'Well then ask him to or I might start thinking about showing you myself,' Mary concluded. With that, there was nothing but a secretive girlish giggle on Linda's part.



'Maybe we could compare sometime,' Linda suddenly found the courage to say, before having to hang up.

Daniel ran his fingers down both sides of his mother's neck, plunging daringly down into the front of her soft white cotton robe, and in a heavily silent moment, it fell open, revealing that she was naked underneath.

'Hi,' he whispered and kissed her on the cheek, soft and tender.

'Morning lover,' she smiled, turning to face him. 'How much of that did you hear?'

'Enough,' Daniel admitted, and almost effortlessly he hoisted her up onto the breakfast bar and gently spread her legs. He loved what she'd done with her pubic hair, how nice and neat it now looked. It looked good enough to eat and so he licked his lips, mouth filling with saliva.

'Show me then,' she whimpered, laid back on her elbows, eyes rolling back into her head the moment his cool tongue slid up pleurably through her slit oh so slowly.

'Oh my word,' Linda drawled as her son began to make love to her with his mouth, to kiss and to lick and suck at her so

tenderly. 'Looks like it's going to be champagne for breakfast again!'

End.