

The Sex Manual

Turner Hanes sat silent under the fronds of a fern as he watched the group of men climb back into their cars. The sun setting over the hill behind him, he remained hidden as unnecessary revving accompanied the starting of engines, and headlights were turned on before the three vehicles slowly departed the parking area. When the sound of the convoy was lost to him and the daylight began to fail, Turner crept from the security of the hide and walked down into the campground proper to investigate what remained from the gathering.

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Laney Hanes sifted through the box of documents both legal and sentimental until she found the newspaper article. Dated twelve years earlier, she focused first upon the accompanying photograph, unconsciously stroking her finger across the cheek of her then seven-year-old son as he stood proudly at her hip.

'Going it Alone, Together' the article read. 'Recently widowed, Californian woman Laney Hanes (36) says goodbye to the day-to-day as she begins her new life of self-sufficiency.'

When last she'd looked at the newspaper article she couldn't remember. Years before most likely and memories of those early days came flooding back. The excitement; the hardships; the triumphs of living independently off the grid. Funnily enough, despite the idea being her late husband's, with some enthusiasm on her behalf, it was Turner that had taken to the life with fervor. Home-schooled, he'd grown from an admittedly awkward boy into a strong dependable man, the spitting image of his father whom he'd unfortunately lost at so tender an age.

But it was then, as she searched the uncertain eyes of her boy looking back from the yellowing, faded newspaper, she knew the decision that had to be made.

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Turner frowned at the empty beer bottles littering the area, questioning how the men hadn't seen the multiple trash cans in the immediate vicinity of the picnic tables. But his focus was quickly diverted by a brightly colored magazine sitting upon a bench exactly where the men had gathered, straight away realizing its unique quality.

Glossy, and with the title 'Guzzlers' in large lettering sitting above a photo of a woman barely clothed, Turner lifted the weighty edition into his hands and still frowning (only now with curiosity) thumbed open the pages. What greeted him took his breath, and immediately blushing, he looked up and around the vacated campsite to be sure he wasn't observed, just as quickly looking back.

"What is this!?" Turner flicked through the pages, resting on a double-page spread of a naked woman, several men around her with their penises out, hard, as his would often get. As 'it' began to get, as he examined her closer; even in the diminishing light her body coated with what Turner assumed was the men's sperm. Why are they doing it on her? He questioned as he eagerly turned the pages to see more. More

women. All shapes and sizes. All naked. Some making love to other women, he noted, mystified, only realizing then how erect his penis had become and wishing he was back home in the security of his bedroom.

The thought broke the spell he'd been placed under by the magazine and appreciating how far from home he was, he folded shut the tome and tucked it flat down the front of his cargo pants, secured safely by his tightly pulled belt just as the disappearing sun indicated the late hour.

"Mom's gonna kill me!" He sighed as he headed back into the darkened forest.

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To his surprise, Laney didn't even mention the time when Turner arrived back at the house. It wasn't unknown for him to be out exploring the woods until late evening but lately, Turner had noticed a difference in his mother, a moodiness that he expected would've been exacerbated by his overdue

return and he'd feared the worst. So, when he entered and found her remarkably chipper, he was understandably confused, delaying his intrigue until he'd safely hidden the magazine in his room.

The smell of roast chicken filled the small cabin and understanding what that entailed, Turner rejoined his mother as she served up the meal in the kitchen.

"Who is it?" Turner looked at the well-cooked bird, the scent given off overriding any sentimentality he should've felt for the deceased animal.

"Lucy," Laney grimaced, expecting her son to be more upset by the culling of one of their pets.

"Ok," Turner nodded. "Well, she did peck at me once!" He smiled to indicate his appreciation for what his mother had done while he was away. For them to kill one of the hens for a meal was a rarity, their value far greater in the eggs they produced. That she had done the deed herself, and prepared

the carcass for cooking, squeamish as she was, meant there was a reason for the elaborate meal and Turner didn't wait to find out why. "Soo, what's the occasion?" He questioned.

" 'Occasion'?" Laney frowned as she loaded Turner's plate with potatoes, carrots, and beans.

"Yeah, we usually only do this on birthdays and Christmas and stuff," he noted.

"Well, no occasion," Laney smiled. "Just wanted to cook something special for a change."

Turner, or more importantly, his stomach, was more than happy with her explanation, but he looked at her skeptically as they walked to the table with the plates. Already prepared for bed, possibly as she'd waited for him to get home, she wore a white oversized t-shirt and little more, the line of her underwear visible through the material across her buttocks, the curve of her breasts and pronounced nipples equally as obvious behind the thinning cotton. He immediately thought

of some of the photos in the magazine and was relieved when he reached the table, hiding his growing erection from his mother's potential sight.

"Well..." Laney paused. "There is something I wanted to talk with you about."

"Ah, I knew it," Turner smiled, piling chicken breast into his mouth. The thought of this caused him to glance over at his mother's, her nipples rigid in response to the relative cool inside the cabin, domineering his vision. "What is it?"

"It's us," Laney smiled yet Turner could see the struggle behind her eyes. "Well, you actually."

"Me? What about me?"

"Do you realize we've been here twelve years now Turner?" Laney stalled, wondering how best to broach the subject.

"So?" Turner took up a drumstick and began gnawing on the meat.

"So..." Again, Laney paused. "I think it's time we went back."

She'd said it. Not once had she voiced the idea to him in all their time away from civilization. And now it was on the table. Her brother, on his quarterly supply drops, would always advance the option of them leaving with him, moving back to the city. But they were happy. Content in their surroundings. Mother and son living an ideal life together in the wilderness, miles from their nearest neighbor. On no one's time frame but their own.

But of late she'd understood what she'd taken from her son. The life experiences he'd missed. Socializing. Friends his age. Girls! In her selfishness, she'd robbed him of a first kiss. Teenage experimentation. She'd seen him grow up before her very eyes. Mature in every way; mind; and now nineteen, body. And for an extended time, signs of his developing needs. His eyes upon her more than not. Evidence of self-

pleasure upon his underpants; and somewhat the catalyst for her current frame of mind, even her own. Her panties used by her son for masturbatory purposes. They needed to get back into society, she felt. Before...? And that was where she forbade her mind to travel. What could happen?

"What!?! Why?" Turner placed down his stripped bare leg of chicken, amazed at the concept of leaving what they had.

"Because it's time Darling," she leveled. "We've achieved all we set out to. We... You, need to experience the rest of what life has to offer."

"I don't want to!" Turner stood at the table, unintentionally causing the chair to dramatically screech on the floor behind him. "You can't make me," he almost whined and realized how immature he must have sounded.

"No. It's why we're talking about it as adults," Laney attempted to settle her son. She could understand his apprehension. This was their world. Almost the only one he'd ever known. To

uproot their existence would be a challenge, difficult, but ultimately, necessary.

'Well...' Turner paused as he attempted to collate his thoughts. "You can go. I'm staying!" He adamantly stated and turned to leave the table; his meal barely half eaten. "I've lost my appetite. I'll be in my room," he informed her before looking back at the spread, the vegetables, and the excess chicken before quickly swiping the remaining drumstick. "And I'm taking this with me!"

Laney couldn't help but smile. She'd seen him more upset in the past. The death of their milking cow being especially upsetting for the then fifteen-year-old. As long as he has an appetite, she mused despite his proclamation, he couldn't be that troubled. Their transition back may not be as hard as she'd imagined.

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His hands wiped clean of grease; Turner was eager to reacquaint himself with the magazine. What was its purpose, he wondered? Educational? In their reference books and encyclopedias, Turner had familiarized himself with human anatomy and reproduction. Was this how it was done in real life? He let loose his quickly acquired erection and slowly stroked himself as he turned pages. Photo after photo of women and men (or more appropriately, their penises) displayed in the most intimate of ways. Close-ups of vaginas. Buttholes even. Women with semen upon their faces; in their mouths, Turner spied with fascination, awe, and wonder. Why would they even do that, he questioned. But as this whole new world opened up to him, he couldn't prevent his mind from focusing back on his mother, and more importantly, her proposal.

Why did she want to go back to the city? And even as he questioned himself, his eyes scanning the pages, a zygote of an answer was presented to him. What if she missed this? If this was what people did regularly, the pleasure upon the faces of the women; was it possible his mother needed similar? The fact he was gaining such delight from viewing

the photos himself certainly signified their power. His mother had always described sex as something loving adults did together. Was this what she needed to get back to? Another fact immediately arose in his mind. He was an adult. And didn't he also love his mother? Was it so out of the question that they could partake in similar actions as those in the magazine? His cock profusely leaking pre-ejaculate, the real thing not far away, Turner resisted the release and tucked himself back into his pants.

He needed to talk with his mother.

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More than an hour had passed since the incident at the dining table and when Turner left his room, he found his mother reading in the candle-lit living room.

"Hey," she looked up as he neared, seeing the contrition in his demeanor as he fidgeted.

"Hey," Turner repeated, taking a deep breath and looking away momentarily. "I just wanted to say sorry," he once more gazed in her direction and saw her smile as she placed down the book, her tucked legs dropping from the heavily cushioned daybed in the process, providing Turner an unexpected flash of her white underwear in the minimal light beneath her t-shirt.

"Oh Honey, it's ok," Laney held out an arm for him to join her, and eager to accept a not-out-of-the-ordinary cuddle with his mother, Turner melted onto the couch, resting his head upon her lap in a familiar connection. "It's a big decision for us. Something we need to talk about...and I might've bombarded you too soon?" She added, caressing his head, her fingers combing through his long hair.

"I just don't get why you want to leave," he admitted, goosebumps breaking out on his skin as he enjoyed the head massage. "Aren't you happy here? With me?"

"Of course I am Baby," Laney assured him and Turner rolled to his back, his eyes looking up between his mother's breasts to study her face, her pronounced nipples not going unnoticed.

"Then why?" He questioned, the back of his head pressing her pubic bone and the softness of her upper thighs, images from the magazine flooding his mind.

"Because there's a whole world out there for you to discover," she reasoned. "Places to go. Sights to see. Wouldn't you like one of those new e-phones your uncle was talking about last time he was here?"

"I think it was called an iPhone," Turner corrected her. "And who would I call anyway!?"

"And that's the point!" Laney countered. "You need to meet new people. Your uncle and I can't be your only contacts. Wouldn't you like a girlfriend?" She smiled; her fingers locked in his hair.

"You're my girlfriend!" Turner laughed, burying his face into her belly, his nose nuzzling the soft padding of her pubic hair through the t-shirt. Innocent as it was, Laney couldn't deny the sexual nature of the action, the proximity to her vagina. And when she noticed Turner breathe in deeply, almost deliberately seeking her scent, she felt she needed to put an end to their impromptu intimacy.

"Ooh," she winced, removing her hand from his hair to reach behind her, accentuating the admittedly real lower back pain she constantly felt. Turner immediately rose from her lap to allow her to straighten on the couch, looking on with genuine concern.

"Your back?" He questioned, aware of the complaint.

"Uh huh," Laney confessed, slightly embarrassed about exaggerating the pain. "Chasing that chicken around this afternoon probably didn't help," she smiled, her eyes once more meeting Turners'.

"You want me to rub it?" He asked, the offer innocent though immediately understanding the potential of the exercise.

"Oh no," Laney dismissed. "It's not that bad."

"You sure? It's helped before!" He reminded her.

And it was true. Many times, he'd massaged her back. And never had it led to anything sexual. Why should now be any different she thought and scolded herself for reacting so spontaneously to his most likely innocent snuffling at her groin.

"Well..." She grinned. "Alright then. If you don't mind?"

Turner was already on his knees and making room for her to stretch out upon the daybed, smiling, he looked back into her eyes.

"I knew you couldn't resist these magic fingers," he winked as he watched his mother lay upon the cushioned couch. That she would lift her t-shirt up her body as she did so wasn't unexpected, but his reaction to laying his eyes upon her bare back and cotton-clad buttocks was definitely more intense than previous.

Even as Laney innocently exposed her body and Turner mounted the back of her legs, she knew she'd possibly made a mistake. What was she thinking? Shutting down one suggestive interaction only to immediately encourage another. But maybe she was overthinking? They'd massaged one another countless times without it leading to more she again reflected. Why would this night be any different?

The t-shirt pulled up to her breasts, she lay flat and welcomed her son's hands as they made contact with her flesh, the immediate soothing pressure of his massaging fingers. Closing her eyes, she could almost see herself from his perspective. Was he looking at her panties? It then came to her they were a pair he'd soiled in the past. Finding them in the clothes hamper wet and cold and smelling of semen.

Strangely the recollection didn't leave her as appalled as she'd then been; the thought of his indiscretion bringing an unseen smirk to her lips as she relaxed into the softness of the couch, the comfort of his caress.

Turner's eyes were upon his mother's buttocks. The tiny pair of plain white undies was unable to contain her cheeks, the crack of her ass protruding at least two inches above the hem. He ran his hands up either side of her spine and the t-shirt rose with his endeavors, his fingers innocently making their way around her torso to brush the softer skin on the side of her breasts. The effect was instantaneous, his penis reacting to the connection and stiffening within his pajama bottoms.

For Laney, the intimate contact was barely noticed. Luxuriating in the pleasure of the massage, she'd relaxed to the point of drowsiness, enjoying his touch; the softness of the daybed, and the way the edge of the cushion was pressing her crotch in a particularly stimulating way. She wasn't even concerned when Turner's hands eased their way onto her buttocks, back upon her spine and again down, this time coaxing her panties lower; repeated efforts seeing them roll

to her upper thighs, completely exposing her rear to her loving son. It wasn't suspicious, she told herself. The pain was in her lower back. It was only natural his hands should find their way onto her ass, the removal of her underwear incidental in the application of an effective treatment. And with Turner kneading the flesh of her bare buttocks, Laney closed her eyes, relaxed, and welcomed sleep if it should come.

Turner's cock had found its way out of the fly of his pajama bottoms. As hard as he could ever remember being, he felt no apprehension should his mother turn and discover its state. Proud, and excited for her to see how capable he was to satisfy her should she desire. He ran his hands up her spine and heard her sigh at the feeling, sliding them back down to once more take charge of her buttocks, this time spreading them wide momentarily as he kneaded her flesh. A wet sound accompanied the movement surprising and intriguing Turner and he repeated the action, pulling apart her cheeks to hear what he assumed were the folds of her sex, parting.

Laney was bordering on sleep. So comfortable; so relaxed, she allowed the pleasure of the massage to override any qualms she had about her near nudity, the almost sexual nature of her son's touch. It was as his hands met her ass once more that she knew she was dreaming. She'd had them before. Forbidden fantasies of the only men in her life. Her brother; Turner. Taboo dalliances that she would only allow in the darkness of night, in the sanctity of her bed, and in the realm of sleep. No. Turner hadn't just parted her buttocks. She was dreaming. It wasn't his breath she felt on the small of her back. She was asleep. They weren't his actual lips upon her coccyx. It was fantasy.

Turner had his mother's ass spread wide. His nose and mouth were mere inches from her clearly glistening vulva, her tantalizingly puckered asshole. He breathed in deep the scent he knew well from countless examinations of her underwear, the heady aroma hardening his cock ever further before he committed and pushed his face between her legs.

She'd imagined this one before. Turner going down on her. Her son lifting her dress as she stood in the kitchen, lavishing

her sex with kisses, his tongue upon her clit. But never like this. Never from behind, never so primal. In her dream she threw a hand behind herself and took hold of his head, her fingers clutching at his long hair and pulling his face ever further into her body, his lips around her slit, his nose against her asshole. "Yes," she heard herself say and was startled at the sound of her voice, her eyes opening to see cushions, not the sink and cooktop. Her arm stretched behind awkwardly, holding something (a head?) against her rear. This was no dream; she was immediately wide awake.

"Jesus Christ!" Laney exclaimed, yanking Turner's hair away from her to wrench his face from her ass. "Turner! What the hell are you doing?" She exhaled as she rose and turned on the couch, pulling her panties back up over her hips, the t-shirt dropping down her body as she looked into her son's face.

"What!?" Turner seemed genuinely confused, Laney focusing her eyes upon his slick jaw, the bewildering realization it was her lubricant that coated her son's face.

"What were you thinking?" Laney challenged. "You can't just..." she paused. "That was entirely inappropriate. I'm your mother!" She declared.

"But I thought you wanted it," Turner defended his actions, only then remembering the state of his penis as he followed his mother's horrified eyes as they dropped to his groin.

"Oh my god," Laney gazed upon her son's erection. Perfectly formed and as hard a cock as she'd ever seen. Even in her appalled state recognizing its beauty, the flattery it showed...for her. "Please put that away," she managed to request, her voice breaking, barely a whisper as she followed Turner's hands, taking hold of his pride and secreting it away behind the thin veil of his pants. Its presence lingered, a mountain of affection lumping his pajama bottoms.

"What were you thinking?" She repeated, managing to drag her eyes from his groin and look him in the face, avoiding the glistening upon his lips.

"I found a manual!" Turner declared, his initial shock at her reaction diminishing as he was now able to explain himself, seeing the immediate confusion in his mother's eyes and continuing. "A sex manual," he added as if it would answer all of her questions.

"Baby, I..." Laney said. "I don't understand."

"A 'how-to' or something... for sex!" He gladly confided and saw the confusion remain on his mother's face. "Oh, look, I'll just go get it," Turner stated, rising from the daybed, Laney's gaze captured once more by the tower of passion tenting her son's pajamas. Will it not soften, she questioned, as perplexed to what he was referring to, she watched him leave the room.

Alone, she had a moment to reflect. Her son had just gone down on her! Just the thought caused her to blush. Was she to blame for the unnatural act? Had she led him on? Had she wanted it? The final question undebated as Turner re-entered the room holding proudly out before him what she immediately recognized as porn.

"You see," Turner beamed, seemingly unashamed at what had just occurred between them. "A sex manual. I found it at the campground today," he elaborated. "It's why I was home so late."

"Honey..." Laney again paused, words not coming as naturally as normal. "This isn't a manual," she admitted as he resumed his place beside her on the sofa, Turner freely handing over the magazine to Laney's trembling hands, aware of the conversation she was about to have with her son. "This is pornography," she informed him as she examined the barely clothed woman upon the cover. The title 'Guzzlers' almost made her smirk before she remembered the gravity of the situation.

"Ok!?" Turner seemed nonplussed at her revelation. "But I now know why you want to go back to the city," he confessed. "And I just want you to know. I can do it for you!"

"What!?" Laney's head swimming with the information she'd been delivered as she casually turned the pages of the magazine just to be sure of what she believed it detailed, her assumptions correct as she spied bare flesh, cocks, cum.

"Mom, we can do all of this!" Turner moved in closer beside her, his hip touching her own and Laney flinched at the contact.

"No!" The rational part of her brain spontaneously spoke for her. Drumming home the fact it was incest which he inferred. "We can't!" She declared.

"But I want to!" Turner stated. "I really do! And then you wouldn't need to go back to the city!"

It was then Laney realized the magnitude of the problem. This was why it was wrong to have kept him from society for so long. He had no understanding of human relationships, of romantic scruples. None of their books told him of incest. Of right from wrong. No. They had to go back.

"Darling," Laney put aside the magazine and turned once more toward him, lifting a hand and cupping his cheek, her moisture now dried. "This is exactly why we need to leave here."

"But we can do all of this," Turner declared, reaching for the magazine and opening to a random page, Laney peering down to see a woman seated upon a man's face, her hand reaching out to hold his impressive erection.

"No, we can't!" Laney abruptly stated.

"Why?" Turner complained, noting his tone was as whiny as he'd been at the dinner table, aware of how childish he sounded.

"Because I'm your mother for God's sake!" Laney stood, breaking the contact between them that had again become uncomfortable.

"But..." Turner began and Laney cut him off.

"No. End of story. And this..." Laney looked at the magazine in her hand. "I won't have porn in my house!" She strode to the fireplace and dropped the copy of Guzzlers in the kindling bucket beside the hearth.

Looking back at Turner's shocked and upset face, Laney felt the compulsion to go to him; take her son to her breast, and make amends for her admittedly somewhat harsh behavior. But she refrained. It had to end now. His feelings may be hurt but what had occurred on the couch was what she'd feared for the future. Nothing could ever happen between them. Not now, not ever. It was wrong. So very wrong, and she had to nip it all in the bud. They had to leave.

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For hours Laney lay awake. Barely blinking, staring at the darkened ceiling of her bedroom until finally she'd had enough and crept through the quiet house and into the living room. The magazine remained where it'd been earlier dropped and blushing as she marveled at her hypocrisy, Laney swept it up and stealthily made her way back to her bed, lighting candles to facilitate her misdemeanor.

Her embarrassment remained as she began to thumb through the pages. Porn she'd seen before. Memories of sharing laughter with Turner's father in their early days of courting, leafing through a particularly worn copy of Playboy. Nothing like this. Spread labia and hard cocks. Cum on every other page. On breasts, seeping from pussies, in mouths. Her head swam with the stimulus and her body reacted accordingly, nipples rigid, a hand unconsciously moving to press upon her pubic mound, feeling the dampness and immediately recalling Turner's lips upon her body.

"Oh God," she exhaled and flipped the magazine closed. It was all her fault. Her son's warped sense of what was acceptable sexually. How could he be expected to act differently when

she'd been the one to exclude him from society? How could she expect him to move back into everyday life gracefully with no understanding of sexual morays and reservations? If in his mind it was acceptable to go down on his mother without warning or encouragement, how would he be with other women? He'd be a fish out of water. Ostracized. No. Laney concluded. It was wrong to even contemplate moving back to the city at this time, she decided, rising from the bed and moving to the large closet that dominated one side of her room.

Opening the door and dropping to her haunches, Laney took hold of the handle of a suitcase and dragged it from its confines, hefting the large bag up onto the bed before she took in a deep breath.

"No. We can't go back yet," she whispered as she unfastened the buckle and lifted the lid to lay her eyes upon the long-overlooked contents. "Not until he learns," she swept her fingers across the soft items within.

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With the taste of her on his lips, Turner's erection returned as soon as he entered his bed. There was a desire to go for the magazine. To go against his mother's wishes and once more study its pages but he found he needed nothing further than his memory to achieve relief. Tugging at his penis he released upon his belly with the image of his mother's spread ass implanted in his brain; a restful sleep descending once the orgasmic high diminished.

He awoke to a quiet house and after a small breakfast began his chores. She dominated his thoughts as he loaded fresh soil around the potatoes. He pondered her absence as he planted the new tomato seedlings; furtively eyeing the front door and windows of the cabin for any sign of her appearance as he tilled the earth in preparation for the new season of kale, all despite her proclamation of leaving. By the time he began cutting the firewood, the morning was well advanced and he began to worry his actions the night before, innocent as they'd been, had damaged their relationship irreparably in some way.

It was as he split and piled the last of the logs, did he once again turn to the cabin, only this time his searching wasn't in vain.

For an extended moment, he was unsure as to whom the woman was. Her upper arm leaned against the doorframe as she watched him, her red-painted lips smiling at his obvious confusion.

"Why don't you get cleaned up," Laney suggested as Turner slowly walked toward her, his wide eyes taking time to study her appearance from the toes of her high heels, the amazingly tight dress that hugged every curve of her body, to the makeup upon her face.

"Mom?" Turner almost slack-jawed stopped before her and questioned.

"Go on Honey," she gestured inside. "There are some things we need to discuss."

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When Turner returned from the bathroom, he found his mother once more in their living room, his eyes just barely able to wrench themselves from her crossed stocking-clad legs to the coffee table where the copy of Guzzlers lay safely rescued from the kindling pile.

"I..." He paused, "...don't get it!" His gaze once more returned to his strangely dressed mother.

Laney couldn't help but smile at his confusion; both at her appearance and certainly the reappearance of the pornography. She herself had been taken aback by the sight of her reflection. Mascara, eyeshadow, and lipstick were applied to her face for the first time in years. A dress and heels surely unseen by Turner and the black thigh-high stockings, their lace trim visible below the hem of her skirt, something

he could never have envisaged her wearing. At the window, she'd watched him chopping the wood. His arms flexing. His handmade (by her) t-shirt removed to reveal his muscular torso and again she felt shame and guilt. So much she'd robbed from him. So much she'd denied this attractive virile man. That he remained a virgin at his age, the remembrance of his impressive erection coming to her mind, when obviously so capable, was a travesty. An error of her judgment that in their circumstances, only she could, and should, remedy. Yes, she'd thought to herself, it was her duty. As a teacher. As a woman. As a mother.

"Sit down Honey," Laney said and Turner looked doubtful as to where; Laney patting the couch beside herself to assist her son.

"I don't understand," Turner's eyes again focused on her appearance as he took up her offer, dropping to stare at her legs before slowly trailing up her torso, his gaze captured by an impressive display of cleavage created by her push-up bra.

"I know you don't my baby," Laney offered a sympathetic smile, actually beginning to enjoy the interest her son was showing in her body. She waited for his eyes to once more meet hers before she went on. "It's what we need to talk about."

"We're not going back today, are we?" Turner suddenly looked nervous as his brain deduced explanations for his mother's behavior. "That's why you're wearing..." he again dropped his eyes to her chest as he paused, feasting on the sight of her breasts so conspicuously presented. "...this."

"No Darling," Laney assured him. "And don't fear, we won't be going back to the city just yet. At least not until you're... well until you have more of an understanding about..." And again, Laney paused, studying her son's confused expression. "Look... do you remember when we discussed you getting a girlfriend?" She asked and watched as Turner's face began to blush.

"This is about last night, right?" Turner proposed, not answering. "What I did," he alluded to the outcome of their massage. "I didn't know it was wrong Mom, honest!"

"Oh Baby, I know. And it wasn't... at least, it wouldn't be in different circumstances," she said. "And... with a different woman," she let her statement linger, allowing Turner the time to understand.

"Oh... like, with a girlfriend!?" He questioned and Laney smiled with encouragement.

"Like a girlfriend," she repeated. "Which is why," her eyes panned down to gaze at her own body momentarily before looking at the magazine. "You know, when I first met your father, he had a magazine a little like this," she revealed, reaching out to retrieve it from the coffee table.

"Really!?" Turner straightened in his seat.

"That's right," Laney smiled. "We looked at it together once," she paused searching for the right words. "Which is why... I'm going to let you keep it."

"Seriously?" Turner enthusiastically replied.

"Uh huh," Laney lay the magazine upon her thighs, her knees together as she took a deep breath. "What happened last night was my fault, Turner. Sex is something I should've discussed with you long ago. So... we're going to look through it together," she divulged.

"Just like you and Dad!?" Turner noted, the erection that had been developing in his pants becoming uncomfortable.

"That's right Darling. And any questions you have about what you see... well, I'll do my best to explain. How does that sound?" Laney relaxed somewhat now her plan was voiced.

"I'd like that," Turner agreed, shifting in the couch to tuck a leg under himself, in the process moving his hard-on to a more comfortable position.

Laney noticed the action and prevented a smirk that longed to come.

"So..." She breathed out, looking down at the glossy cover, the attractive blonde wearing a pink satin slip, her hard nipples pressed firmly against the material. "Guzzlers," she read the title and Turner was quick to comment.

"Yeah. What's that mean?" He questioned and Laney, despite her perceived confidence, blushed.

"Well..." she paused. "I think in this context, it might mean cum guzzlers," she heard herself say and couldn't quite believe she was now in this position.

"I don't get it!" Turner was genuinely confused.

"Well cum, c... u... m... is another word for semen Darling," Laney explained feeling hot despite the little clothing she wore. "I believe the title is referring to the women being greedy cum guzzlers," she looked at her son, his face also beginning to color. "They're hungry for men's sperm," she determined, beginning to feel a dampness in her panties.

"Oh..." Turner managed to voice, amazed at the information coming from his mother. "And women eat sper... ah... cum!?"

"Well," Laney had trouble swallowing. "Some women... you see... it's... some women like the taste of..."

"Have you eaten cum Mom?" Turner interrupted, genuinely curious and Laney was taken aback, not expecting the conversation to become so personal so soon.

"Well, I... your father and I... we... let's continue shall we," she deferred, turning the first page to be confronted with the

same women from the cover, now naked, continuing through to a new model in an office setting, the dress she wore not dissimilar to her own.

"Hey it's like what you're wearing Mom," Turner enthusiastically commented as he again moved in his seat, his leg brushing against his mother's. "Her undies are way different to yours though," he alluded to the following page, the woman leaning back upon a desk with her bare breasts pulled out of her bra and dress up around her waist revealing blue lace panties above her similarly colored stockings.

"Don't be so sure," Laney smiled as she moved aside the magazine from her thighs and with one hand took hold of her dress, shimmying it up the small distance to her waist, allowing Turner to witness the panties she'd donned for the occasion. "Something like this..." satisfied by his intake of breath, she ran her fingers across the bulge created by her mound and the padding of her dark pubic hair visible through the black lace. "And my bra..." she in turn pulled the front of her dress below her matching push-up brassier, "...is

called lingerie. Women will wear it for their man, or sometimes for themselves, just to feel sexy."

"I didn't know you had them," Turner's eyes were still upon her crotch, admiring his mother's panties and what was contained within, so different to the cotton underwear he'd become accustomed to seeking from the laundry hamper, again his penis straining against his pants. "You look so pretty," he willed his eyes up her torso, forbidding them from lingering upon her pouting breasts to look at hers.

"Thank you, Darling," Laney beamed, feeling the dampness in her panties spreading, blushing under his gaze. "Shall we continue?" She swallowed, moving the magazine back onto her thighs but keeping her crotch in clear view.

Without waiting for Turner's approval and acutely aware every motion was now being forensically watched by her son, Laney lifted a hand to her mouth and licked her index finger before turning the page, revealing the woman's co-worker with his hard cock protruding from his pants.

"That's way bigger than mine, Mom!" Turner stated and Laney unwittingly found herself glancing down at her son's crotch, his impressive bulge noticeable.

"Well just like women's breasts," Laney took a deep breath, her heart beginning to beat rapidly as she nonchalantly pulled one and then her other boob from her bra, her nipples hard as her palm brushed against them. "They come in all proportions, Honey. The size isn't that important," she assured him as she reveled in the feeling of her son ogling her exposed chest. "Would you like to take your cock out and show me, Darling?"

Laney watched as Turner's face turned a deep shade of crimson as he managed to lift his eyes from his mother's bare breast.

"Cock?" He questioned.

"Yes, Sweetheart," she smiled compassionately. "Cock is another word for penis. We could also call it your dick. Now come on Son. Take that hard cock out of your pants and show Mommy how big you are Darling!?"

Feeling his heart racing, Turner wasted no time in unbuttoning his fly, pulling forth his erection from its uncomfortable cage to stand proud under his mother's gaze.

"Ah, there it is. Again!" She managed to remain composed. "Now let's see here," she casually reached across to wrap her hand around his girth, gently running her grip up and back down the shaft. "No, there's nothing to worry about here Darling. It's a perfect size."

Turner's body had stiffened along with his cock. His breath held, he gripped the cushion of the couch alongside him as he watched his mother's hand doing what he'd done countless times, only this time, so much better.

"Now this Baby," Laney matter-of-factly stated. "This is called a handjob. Your girlfriend would do this for you as a prelude to sex, usually while you make out... Oh! Actually," she interrupted herself. "That's something I should've discussed earlier. Your first kiss." Not delaying the matter further, Laney's body shifted toward Turner as she leaned her face into her son's, and with his eyes wide, her lips met his.

They'd kissed before. Many times. Even upon the lips. But this, Turner noted, was far different. Her red lips parted to almost nibble at his own and to the best of his ability he mimicked the action despite nervousness causing his jaw to not play along. And then he felt the tongue, accepting it into his mouth with an abundance of her saliva. Such a precious gift. His tongue meeting hers to dance like snakes entangled. And it was over. Her moist lips drew away slowly, a tiny ribbon of saliva stretching between them, loathe to break the intimate connection between mother and son.

"And how was that?" Laney looked into her son's wonderstruck eyes and Turner did nothing to hide his excitement, grinning from ear to ear.

"Awesome!" He reflected. "Can we do it some more?" He asked to which Laney giggled.

"Well, we'll see. We're supposed to be looking at this magazine," she smiled before peering down at her hand still around Turner's even harder dick. "Oh look, now here's something else we can discuss."

Looking on enthralled, Turner watched as Laney squeezed up the length of his cock, her thumb running up the underside of his shaft to scoop the excessive amount of fluid leaking from the eye.

"This Baby, is pre-cum," she held her hand between them displaying the clear liquid that coated the end of her digit. "Most women consider it a delicacy," she revealed before drawing her hand to her face and taking her thumb between her lips. "Mmmm," she moaned. "Just as I expected. Delicious Darling. And so sweet!" Laney complimented before focusing once more upon the magazine. "Now, what's next?"

Guzzlers continued to provide inspiration, multiple photos across the next pages, Turner drawn to one particular aspect.

"Is it weird that she doesn't have any hair down there?" Turner questioned and Laney's heart increased its beat now the focus would again be upon her.

"Well, just like you've begun to shave your face, some women like to remove their pubic hair."

"Oh, ok..." Turner paused then followed up. "Have you ever done that?" He asked, his eyes fixated on the woman's bald pussy.

"I... well... in the past, I've..." she, despite her assumed confidence, faltered. "Well, yes, I have Darling. But let me show you what a woman actually looks like down there." And with that, she set aside the magazine to grip her panties with both hands and lifting her bottom from the couch momentarily, lowered them mid-thigh, revealing her hirsute

crotch to her son. "Would you like to touch it, Baby? Just to see how it feels."

With his erect cock poking from his fly, Turner jumped at the opportunity, shifting his body to allow his left hand to come down gently upon his mother's pronounced pubic mound.

"It's so soft," he observed, running his fingers down through her untrimmed locks.

"That's right," Laney purred. "Now go lower Honey. Do you feel how wet Mommy's pussy is?"

Delirious, Turner cupped his palm over her vulva, allowing his middle finger to slip between her velvety folds.

"Pussy?" He questioned. "Why do you call it that?" To which Laney paused in thought.

"You know, I don't know," she smiled, spreading her legs a little wider. "Just one of those funny names, I guess. Now what you're touching is my labia," she began to explain but Turner interrupted.

"I know Mom. I've read about it in our encyclopedias," he revealed, chuckling. "I know all the parts," he added as he ran his fingers all over her vulva, coating his hand in fluid before concentrating on her clitoris.

"Oh goodness," Laney sighed as Turner moved into her side, wrapping an arm around her shoulder to draw their bodies together. In response, Laney sought his cock, taking him in her hand to squeeze tightly almost as support. "I see you know about Mommy's clit too!" She whispered as she in turn began jerking him off, Turner quickening the movement of his fingers. Mother and son, mutually masturbating, so loving, so natural.

"Can I go inside Mom?" Turner breathed, his cheek pressing against hers, their lips again so close.

"Ye... yes Baby," Laney sighed. "Finger Mommy's pussy Darling. Feel how hot I am."

Turner didn't need to be told twice, slipping his middle finger into his mother's welcoming vagina, Laney's walls embracing the penetration as her mouth once again sought his.

"Kiss me, Baby," she moaned under her breath and Turner was more than eager to respond, his jaw now confident, his lips seasoned at love, his tongue hungry to reconnect with hers.

Kissing like lovers, breathing into each other's mouth, the façade they were engaged in some kind of practical educational undertaking melted away. Turner's mouth slid from his mother's and still fingering her admittedly fiery pussy, now with two digits, he kissed and licked his way down her neck to her chest, seeking and finding one then the other nipple to lavish kisses and suck upon her soft pale flesh.

"Lower," Laney managed to voice, and fully aware of what his mother inferred, Turner slid down from the couch, Laney losing her grip on his penis in the process. Taking hold of them and wrenching, Turner removed his mother's sodden panties from her legs, spreading her thighs wide and admiring her dripping gash before he buried his face into her groin. A moment of selfishness Turner took before beginning his work, smearing his face in her dampness, coating his jaw, nose, and cheeks in her alluring scent. And then his mouth wrapped her slit, sucking up the taste he knew from the night before. His favorite flavor. Mom pussy. The only sustenance he'd ever need. His choice for a final meal. His desert island delicacy. Feverishly he dined, slipping a tongue into her body to drink her lube. Tongue fucking her until Laney was writhing, bucking her hips up into his face, smashing his nose with her pubic bone.

"Fuck me, Lover," Laney hissed as she felt the unexpectedly premature orgasm approaching, needing her son's cock inside her when the moment came. Not allowing him a moment's delay, she grasped his hair and coaxed him up from between her spread legs, her hands feverishly seeking his belt

to unbuckle and strip his pants down his muscular thighs. And there it was. His unabashed incestuous hardness, naked and poised for her pleasure. How could she... how could any woman not resist a taste, she thought? Denying herself the penetration, the orgasm she so needed, Laney took her son in hand and with her eyes slowly rising up his torso to meet his, his cock in mouth.

How long had it been, she wondered? For thirteen journeys around the sun, she'd been denied the feeling of dick against the roof of her mouth, gagging her throat. No woman should be so deprived, she thought as her tongue massaged the underside of his shaft and she did her best to take his length. Turner's lips opened as wide as hers, seemingly mimicking her action as he looked down mesmerized, his mother willingly choking herself on his engorged meat, the feeling indescribable, the sight beautiful. "That's awesome," Turner managed to whisper, having seen the act in the magazine but unaware of how good it would feel. Grinning, Laney slurped her way off his dick, her mouth drooling profusely, his cock slickly coated.

"It's called a blowjob Darling," Laney informed him, her tongue back upon him to lick up and down his length before nuzzling his shaft, smearing, rubbing his cock against her nose and cheeks. "I used to be quite good at it," she proudly admitted as she once again took his head between her lips, sucking as she jerked on his hardness.

"You... still are!" Turner proclaimed as he held his breath. Instinctively he moved his hands to either side of her head, holding her face in place as she relinquished her grip enabling her son to fuck her mouth just the way she'd wanted it. The way every good mother should. Deep he entered her, his fingers massaging her scalp as his hips thrust, her nose smashing his belly as she gagged upon his affection. How proud she was of her boy. For Turner, it was too much, too pleasurable. He could feel his orgasm approaching and as much as he wanted to cum in her mouth, he didn't want it to end so quickly, he still had so much to learn from her. "Mom, I'm..." he was able to voice as he resisted the necessity to withdraw, holding out until he was on the edge of cumming. "...gonna cum," he confessed as he finally pulled from her salivating lips, Laney quick to smile.

"Then fuck me, Baby," she beamed. "Stick that cock where it belongs Son."

Stalling only to remove his t-shirt and step out of his pants, fully naked Turner fell upon his mother, hoping his cock would find its home, instead grinding against her clitoral hood before furrowing up through her sodden pubic hair, Laney the savior, grasping and guiding her son back between her folds, to slide effortlessly and deep within her body.

At one. Two bodies joined at the sex and mouth as Turner's tongue mimicked his cock below, writhing with Laney's between her welcoming slavered lips. Fully Turner entered. His pubic bone met hers as she accepted her son's length in her motherly embrace. Withdrawing, nearly to the head before plunging back inside to Laney's almost agonized moans as her postponed orgasm reignited.

"More," she managed to whimper as her thighs locked around her son's hips trapping him in place. "Don't stop Baby," she

panted as Turner began to really fuck her, his cock hammering into her body, his pelvis slamming into her thighs. An arm pillowing her neck, he used his other hand to grab a boob, massaging and pinching at her erect nipple as they kissed in incestuous bonding.

The sound of sex filled the cabin; the scent of pussy perfumed the air. Turner sucked his mother's neck, her earlobe, as he did his best to delay his ejaculation, Laney welcoming her own.

"Yes Baby. Fuck me," Laney cried, reveling in the long-forgotten feeling of accommodating a man inside her. Not just any man, her son. So like his father and yet, so different. "Mommy's gonna..." she struggled to voice as Turner managed to up his pace. His thrusting frenzied as Laney relinquished all control of her faculties, succumbing to his amorous assault. "Mama's cumm... I'm, gonna... Oh God, I'm cumming!!" She hugged his body to herself, a hand holding his head like a newborn child as she gasped in his ear. "Yes, yes. Oh God my good boy, yes," she hissed as wave after wave of ecstasy flooded her very soul. This was love, she realized.

Nothing as pure, she fathomed as lightning bolts of pleasure jolted her body, as her vagina quivered around her son's loving cock. His cock, she thought in her euphoric high. Only one thing could make this better.

"Cum in me!" Laney's mouth met Turner's as her body tingled. "Fucking fill me, Baby," she begged as their lips smashed, their tongues entwined and Turner didn't need further prompting. His balls were laden, bouncing against his mother with every thrust. So much pleasure, had he ever lasted as long, he wondered as felt his mother's pussy squeeze tight around his cock?

"You want it?" Turner panted, his abs aching. "You want my cum Mom?"

"I need it, Baby," Laney moaned, her vagina tensing with anticipation. "Drench Mama's pussy, Lover!" She demanded along with Turner's committed thrusting, his bottom lip bit as he exerted himself. "That's it, Baby. Fuck me good. Show me how much you love me."

"I love you!" Turner leaped at the word, his gaze darting up from her wobbling breasts to look into her eyes. "I love you so mu..." he was unable to finish the word, his jaw dropping open, his eyes glazed as his orgasm began. "Oh fuuck!!" He gasped; his breath held to increase the pleasure. "Mom, I'm cumming," he admitted the obvious.

Laney was well aware. Every spurt of his ejaculate she could feel. His teenage seed flooded her vagina, his cock so slippery within. So much cum. So hot within her. Lava poured into a furnace. Their eyes locked, silent they committed to each other their love. Their incestuous contract was sealed, signed in cum. Never to be broken.

"Oh shit," Turner exhaled as he fell forward upon his mother's chest to receive her embrace, his hips continuing to slowly thrust, emptying his entire load within her. "Mom, I..."

"Shhh..." Laney comforted him, her hand caressing the back of his head as he buried his face into her neck. "Rest Honey.

You've done so well," she complimented his work as she squeezed her pelvic floor around his still erect cock, Turner rising at the sensation, smiling.

"What's that?" He grinned as she again used her seemingly magic powers, her pussy sucking on his cock.

"You've still got so much to learn," Laney giggled as she raised both hands to cup his face, coaxing him down toward her to kiss upon the lips.

"Does that mean we're not going back to the city?" Turner looked hopeful.

"Not any time soon Darling," she relinquished, smiling before her eyes panned back toward the magazine, reaching out to take it from beside them on the couch. "Besides," Laney flicked through the pages revealing countless sexual positions and acts, the further into the magazine, the more depraved the images became. "We still need to study the rest of your sex manual together," she teased and Turner's cock twitched

within her body, exhibiting its enthusiasm at the proposal. "And..." she paused, looking down at her dress and underwear. "I still have a whole suitcase of lingerie and costumes I want to model for you," she divulged and Turner, his energy returning, his dick buried deep within her cum filled orifice, began to again fuck his mother.

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Thank you for reading. Yeah, it's been a while so go easy on me, I'm kinda rusty.