

# The Strays

Panzerfeck

# Chapter 1

1

Marie Redgrave was nineteen years old when she gave birth to her one and only. Now thirty eight, she was as content as she believed she would ever be, alone and happy in the apartment she had called home for over a decade and with a job she actually enjoyed.

But for some, the definition of contentment bore little gravity over the reality. When a lifetime is spent overcoming terrible mistakes and personal tragedy, just the idea of coming out the other side to relative stability qualified.

Over the years she came to believe that the way things happened was for the best. It was eighteen years ago that she had escaped her abusive boyfriend. Her baby Robert, she instinctively felt, even while he was long for the outside world, was better off adopted. She had barely been able to

protect him in the womb. That put all manner of insecurities on her mind, to become deep rooted so quickly.

Kenny had shown no desire to change as the baby bump grew. He still drank all day every day, by any means necessary such as their welfare, and had never any intention of working. He showed her no more affection than what already came from the back of his hand. She put him up for adoption and the rest was history; long, bitter, painful and drawn out.

She escaped some years later, realising what he had cost her, all that she had compromised just to remain on the leash of a failure who cared for nothing but where the next bottle of booze came from. She had wasted her youth on that bastard, and turned her back on the most important part of her life, and for what?

That train had long ago rolled out of town. Her bed was made. The only thing she could do was to move on and try to pick up the pieces and to put it all behind her. And with those pieces, life became about the little things and what she was happy to settle for.

So many years had gone by that she doubted she'd ever be able to find her way to Robert, let alone to somehow be a part of his life. It seemed unnatural to her, the way some people sauntered into their children's lives after so many years, expecting everything to work out.

It just didn't work the way some believed it should. She was very aware of the differences between ideal and reality. Maybe someday the boy would come looking, but her heart had grown not to expect it. There would be less disappointment with zero expectation.

So as she had done time and time again over the course of her life, she moved on and lived for herself...

2

It was a Saturday morning when, out of the blue, Marie was checking her emails and then her Facebook messages when she found a Rob Hanson in her inbox. At the time she thought nothing of it until she actually read it.

Marie was well proportioned and fit but with natural curves at 5'3" and 110lbs. Though her profile picture didn't hint so much at that, her dazzling blue eyed smile and long curly red hair drew plenty of attention from strangers.

The only reason she didn't delete before reading was that she found this Rob Hanson attractive enough to steal her attention. It had been a long time since anybody had caught her eye.

'Okay handsome Hanson,' she muttered apprehensively, 'what have you got to say for yourself?'

"Hi, sorry if this shocks you but I'm looking for my mum. I was adopted at birth and never knew her. You share the same name..."

Marie didn't know how to feel. After so many years of feeling there were no more surprises left to catch her off guard, she never truly believed this moment would happen. Even if she imagined the many different ways it would

happen, and those first words spoken, there was no preparation for it.

For hours she couldn't reply. Her heart remained in her throat all morning. She was a nervous wreck. Her mind was neither here nor there.

'It is him, it is. It has to be. How many Roberts do you think were born to any old Marie Redgrave?' she debated with herself. Then she battled to keep a cool head, going back to the computer to finally respond to him.

I gave birth to a baby boy nineteen years ago and put him up for adoption. Can you tell me more about yourself? What hospital were you born in? What city?

The wait was maddening, her nerves shot. Marie waited and waited for a reply. Then to see that he had read her message and that he was in the process of sending his own reply, her heart fluttered, and her abdomen knotted up with anticipation.

When Marie's son found her that day, she didn't cry like she always thought she might have. It was just the second most surreal day of her life since giving birth to him, knowing that he wouldn't be hers but somebody else's son.

'That's that, then,' she said to herself in the deafening quiet of her apartment.

3

For months they spoke back and forth. They were as inseparable as relative strangers could be through the power of the internet. That's where she laid out her undying remorse for him, and her life story ever since.

'I don't want you to feel bad about it. I bet you'd have been a great mom but I understand. You just need to know that I've had a good life, he told her and then, don't let it pull you back, mum.'

"Don't let it pull you back..."

He was so mature for his age. Marie wished there and then that she had exercised more care and maturity at that age. Now what was she doing? She was trying to make up for lost youth by living like a widow. And Rob was right. She had let it pull her back her entire life.

And he had called her mum.

They had talked about Rob's adoptive parents a few times. Marie found it fascinating to know what kind of woman replaced her as his mother and couldn't help but feel something like jealousy.

She'd have been so proud for her baby to call her mom and for it to mean something. But she hadn't mothered him. She hadn't raised him. She couldn't claim that title any more than as a term of affection.

'You know, Robert,' she told him over the phone when they summoned up the courage to take their relationship to the next level, 'I think if you're going to keep calling me mum, you should probably come pay me a visit so I can at least earn the title.'

'Yeah that'd be great,' he said without hesitation and she could hear it in his voice that he wasn't just saying it to make her feel better.

'You could stay for the weekend, how about that?'

She couldn't wait. Rob couldn't either. The night before the long train journey cross country, he left a text message on her phone. Marie herself couldn't sleep, so it became a short conversation of sorts.

'I'm excited about tomorrow. I can't wait to take this beautiful lady in my arms,' he said and decorated the message in a series of X's and O's.

'This old girl,' Marie replied, 'is looking forward to that, and big fat kisses for you,' also festooned with symbols of affection.

'Big fat kisses for everyone LOL snog my face off by all means. I'm so happy I found you!'

She thought nothing of it. So you don't invite your mother to snog your face off, but Marie wasn't in that frame of mind. She hadn't actually been his mother since day one and she didn't see the harm. If Rob was as charming a gentleman in reality as he was online and over the phone, she could at least rest in the knowledge that the most regrettable decision of her life bore sweeter fruit than the past two decades.

Something was changing inside of her and she was fine with it. This young man who called her mum (she still called him baby) was too good to be hers and yet he wanted to be. They were more than blood, they spoke like old friends and yet they set the house on fire like the best of new...

Acquaintances-that was too formal.

Companions-that was too lived in.

Family didn't fit the bill, but there was a closeness she couldn't explain in words.

God, I do love him, she thought with a contented smile, and she told him so before bidding him goodnight. And as she rolled over in her bed, snuggling deep into the pillow with a pleasant sigh, one more message came through.

'Yes to snogs!'

Oddly she didn't see the harm in knowing, off the cuff, that she would willingly let him. She wanted him to, that beautiful boy.

4

Friday evening she was waiting for him outside the train station. At first her heart stopped. Her long lost love, the son that couldn't be, stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the little lady's dazzling eyes and red hair, which appeared aflame with the late summer sun.

All six foot of him, with his shorn black hair and subtle five o'clock shadow, rugged and beautiful-even when she

couldn't control her widening smile, Marie was frozen to the spot.

'Hey,' she said shyly as he approached on confident feet. Without stopping he picked her up and spun her around, planting a kiss just between the corner of her lips and her cheek. She yelped, laughing all the while and waited to be set down before getting a real eyeful of her long lost boy.

'You look beautiful.'

'Look who's talking,' he laughed. They gazed into each other's eyes for some time before Rob took the initiative further. 'So what do I call you, my mum away from mum?'

She chuckled, shrugged, didn't know what to think. She was acting more like a cheerleader than anything that a mother might resemble, other than considerably older. 'I don't know, if you like. But feel free to just call me Marie if it feels right.'

'Okay...'

'So here's the deal,' Marie said, showing him around the apartment. 'The couch is pretty decent for sleeping, but we can take turns, unless you're not uncomfortable sharing? I won't object. We'll probably end up talking all night anyway; all the catching up.'

She had shown him everything-bedroom, bathroom, kitchen and living room. It wasn't big but there was plenty of breathing space. All that Rob could really process, after just twenty minutes meeting his biological mother up close and personal, was how enchanted he was with her.

He couldn't help it. There was something about this woman. Marie was thirty eight now but she had a youth about her-be it her personality or her soul-that made them kindred. She could have been his babysitter when he was twelve, or his adoptive cousin, who wasn't even ten years older than he was.

'I'm okay with whatever,' he smiled.

The air between them intensified then. They hugged again, another tight and soundless hug that lasted forever. Together they stood laughing in each other's arms and yet neither was aware of what the other knew for sure. That intensity hadn't gone away in the slightest.

They had dinner, washing it down with enough coffee to wire a zoo full of monkeys. Not that they needed it, although their day had been tiring. The air between them crackled and roared. It was a party for two and if the house were on fire they'd have only escaped to return with marshmallows.

Marie had lived alone for so long that Rob filled her quiet world with so much joy and laughter and yet the boy had always seemed so quiet and introspective elsewhere. It was as if they brought each other to life.

By one that morning, they were still at it. The conversation gradually turned to relationships, girlfriends and boyfriends. Anybody who didn't know their story wouldn't have known from listening that they were mother and son.

Marie and Rob didn't have those boundaries and so it felt good to be able to talk about their frustrations.

'So is there a lucky lady in your life?' she pried.

'I haven't been with anyone in almost two years,' he admitted freely. He was perfectly happy with that, so it seemed.

'That's a long time for such a handsome young man. What kind of girls do you like?'

He blushed. It seemed so unfitting of his rugged appearance. She found that adorable and couldn't help but smile sideways as she gazed at him, head resting in the palm of her hand.

'I like redheads actually.'

'Oh wow, there's hope for me yet.'

'Redheads with lots of freckles and big blue eyes, big boobs...'

Marie looked down her own v-neck top and straight back at Rob. She wasn't sure whether he was saying what he saw or if this was half the reason for their natural magnetism.

'Rob's mom has got it goin' on, eh?' she teased. 'You're a painfully good looking man. I bet you have no trouble. And there are plenty redheads by that description in this part of the world. Why the wait?'

'I just,' he paused, 'I never felt a connection. Girls my age are just so shallow. They expect the world, they seem so immature and-I don't know-the last few times...'

'I thought teenagers were all about the sex,' Marie reflected. 'Sex and music and getting drunk...'

'It's different now,' he said struggling, 'you don't know what part of your private life isn't all over Facebook. I don't want

that. I want to just be myself without having to act up to some social expectation or other!'

'Yeah,' Marie looked back. She hated to think about it so recklessly then, and without parental filters, but what a woman like herself wouldn't do for a strong young virile man to make up for lost time. She took his hand in hers while he was processing what he had said to her and gazed lovingly into his eyes. 'I think it's time for bed. Have you decided? Couch, bed or share...'

'I'll take the couch, don't worry.'

She wanted to ask him something. When he went to get up and away from the table, Marie held onto his hand and pleaded with his eyes with a badly practiced smile.

'Completely up to you,' she started.

'But...'

'I was thinking,' she paused, 'I never got to hold my baby.'

Rob understood. The smile he offered back melted her heart.

'It wouldn't be weird, would it?' she asked.

'No, I'd actually like that,' he affirmed.

She wrapped her arms around him, snuggled up from behind, and as her long lost son drifted off to sleep in the arms of his stray mother, their fingers entwined and she kissed his shoulder, enraptured by how good it felt to have him here, so intimately close.

And alone finally that night, her heart pounded at her breast, pressed softly to his back. She wrestled with her overwhelmingly strong love for him, as though she really had known him her whole life, and also as the thing she had spent her life yearning for. She did not think such strong feelings would become so mutual, let alone so quickly.

He was not just the son she gave to a better life. He had become the man of her dreams. Nobody on earth made her feel this way!

5

Sunlight filtered through the vertical blinds and a soft breeze caressed her gently awake. Content she lay in the arms of her little man, who was so much bigger than her. She felt safe and loved and happy, for the first time.

She opened her eyes to be greeted with her son facing her, still sound asleep, and soaked in his beauty. Face to face, their breaths collided, tickling her nose.

Marie regarded him wondrously, amazed that she had created him. And recalling the previous evening, it was remarkable how alike they were in personality, despite having been separated at birth.

Careful not to wake him, she kissed his forehead ever so slightly and smoothed his brow with the softer back of her

hand. He opened his eyes, taking moments to focus, before looking right back at her with a grateful smile.

'Hi, honey,' she greeted. 'Did you sleep well?'

Rob nodded. 'How long have you been awake?'

Mischief glimmered in her eyes as Marie thought what came next.

'Long enough to fall in love with that gorgeous sleeping face,' she giggled and began planting big wet kisses all over him. 'That's for not giving me the snogs you promised.'

Rob rolled away onto his back, his face scrunched up into a sleepy grin as she followed him with more of those big wet kisses. Laughing, she rolled over with him, attacking his face with her harmlessly soft lips, planting one after the other on his nose, his cheeks, the sides of his mouth.

Then she landed one right on his lips with a, 'hmmmmm-MWAH!'

It didn't matter that she could now sense his erection tenting his boxer briefs. So that happened to teenage boys. She felt no fear. It was harmless. Wasn't it?

Her naked thigh brushed against him. She too was wearing clingy briefs and a tank top. Nothing was about to accidentally ride up but it didn't stop the feeling of being essentially skin-on-skin together, in the same bed.

Lovingly, she cuddled him close and rolled him back onto his side, so they were face to face again and in each others' arms. 'I can tell you're mine,' Rob said coyly. 'I know where the weird comes from now.'

She stroked his cheek. 'Are you happy?'

'I am. Are you?' he returned.

She nodded in all certainty. 'Thank you for being here. I do love you.'

'I love you too,' he replied and smooched her. Then that kiss became something else. Their hands on each other became something else. And in Robert's eyes lay a question that maybe asked "how far is okay?"

That time she broke it off sooner and suggested breakfast.

6

'No mother kisses her son that way. No mother rolls around in bed like that with her son. His cock was hard as a tree trunk. You were getting wet off it. You didn't want that last kiss to end. You wanted to reach into his boxers and grab hold and you wanted him to...'

Marie silenced her thoughts the best she could, soaping her dripping wet body beneath the showerhead. For most of those fifteen minutes her eyes remained closed and she did her best not to touch herself where she had undeniably

awoken her younger urges, but all became lost in a blur of teasing and remembering what it was like to be wanted again.

Flashing before her eyes, his face drew nearer, time and time again, his lips touching hers. And in her mind, those lips didn't just press up against her wetly and stay there so much as they worked hers open as his tongue sought hers.

He's sleeping on the couch tonight, she lied to herself.

That afternoon they caught a train into the town centre and adventured along the shopping precinct, arm in arm. They still had so much to learn about each other. Shopping was a great way to learn, seeing as Marie was pretty sure she was going to be surprising him every birthday and Christmas from then on.

All afternoon she tried to buy him things, but he wouldn't let her. Sheepishly, he worried that she didn't have the money to give away, even if she wanted to, but in the end, she insisted on something.

'Oh these would look great on you,' Marie said in the men's clothing section of the local TK Maxx. She was holding up a pack of boxer shorts. The display cover suggested that they were very clingy and thin. The underwear model's junk was barely leaving anything to the imagination.

Rob took a shine to them, which pleased her very much. 'They do look snug.'

'My treat, please,' she begged, to which he accepted. Then she gushed, 'you'll have to show me these later, they'll look great on you.'

He didn't have any idea she was thinking about how big his junk felt mashed up against her earlier that day, in bed.

Early that evening they went to Chinatown for a meal. Marie was in seventh heaven, being able to treat her son like a mother wanted to. The fact that he didn't look like her son, but more like the best date on the planet, brought new energy to her.

Dinner was playful and immature as they joked and shared stories on past dating disasters. They toasted to the best date either of them ever had, and with that they knocked back a few more drinks until it was time to head back.

'I had a great time,' Rob thanked and kissed her on the cheek as they sat on the train back home.

'Thank you for being such a gentleman,' Marie complimented and returned the kiss, then, 'do you still want that drink?'

'I think I might have had enough,' he confessed. Marie agreed. So had she.

'So what shall we do?'

'Let's just relax,' Rob suggested.

'Great idea,' she said, then kissed the back of his hand. She sighed.

Another perfect day...

7

That night they settled into the couch to watch a movie. Both had dressed down to sweatpants and a t-shirt being that the weather was pretty warm. Marie and Rob had chosen the movie from her collection, a serial killer thriller by the name of Summer of Sam. It was a long movie but with just enough to keep them paying attention, but before long, it was mum's turn to play little spoon.

They lay pressed together, again, fingers entwined. Without knowing it, Marie had taken her son's hand and rested it at the underside of her breast, mashing it there and holding it down.

Rob marvelled at how he could feel her heartbeat and how strong it was and wondered if it beat so hard for him.

Halfway through, Marie rolled onto her back, leaving them face to face. Her smile was so beautiful to him, with the depth of a bottomless ocean.

'Are you okay?' he asked. She nodded surely but her eyes begged a question.

'I was just thinking about things,' she tested.

'Like what?'

'Like about how you got a handful of my boob!'

She looked down and laughed when he came to his senses and pulled away. Instinctively he replaced it at her hip, resting on the prominent bone. She had great hips, he noticed.

'Sorry.'

'No, I was thinking how it's funny that I know you're my son, but it feels like we're something else. Do you know what I mean?

'Like we're more than that?' he asked. He felt it too.

'Yes!' she exclaimed. 'I've been trying to get my head around it. Somebody else is your mother. Your mother, the woman who raised you, will always be your mother. But you're mine!'

'I like that,' Rob said gazing. She gazed back. The lights were out, only the light and colour of the TV screen lit them up. Occasionally Marie's eyes would change colour and her face would change shape. She was becoming younger to him, especially in her profound innocence.

He was hypnotised by her evermore.

'I like you,' she countered.

'I thought about it too,' Rob then confessed.

'Oh okay,' Marie trailed off anxiously. 'What?'

'Kissing you!'

'I got a bit carried away, didn't I?' she said, inwardly chastising herself.

'I didn't stop you. I wanted it. I wanted more. Is that weird?' She was about to nod, not wanting to, hoping that he'd just shut up and kiss her again. 'Of course it's weird,' her son continued. 'You're my mum. Why do I feel that way about you?' Their eyes never left each other. Eternity passed.

Love and doubt clouded his eyes. That frightened her. Had she ruined her relationship with her lost son the moment she had truly found him? What were these feelings and where did they come from?

She was as lost as he was. They were both strays, left behind out of life's cruel circumstances, then bound together by a lifetime of yearning. What they felt for each other was unnatural in the eyes of society but so natural for warm blooded flesh.

These two souls had searched the nether all their lives without knowing it. Their hands met, fingers entwining instinctively once again.

'It's a different kind of loneliness, I guess, you having wondered who I was for so long and me having lived with the prospect of never having known you,' she finally grasped.

Their hands clasped together then. Marie's heart all but exploded. Her breathing was suddenly playing on his ears, shallow and somewhat trepid. Then she just smiled and it was beautiful, soothing and proud all at once.

'Does that explain where we are, though?' he asked.

'Maybe, maybe not, but I don't feel that it matters. What do you feel?'

'I feel lost and found all at once,' Rob said after some thought.

'That to me is love!'

'I don't know,' he shrugged. 'Well, I do know but should I feel this way about you particularly?'

'Why shouldn't you?'

'Oh I don't know,' he gave in. 'It's too difficult to fight. Who cares?'

She smiled at that, uncontrollably. The whites of her teeth unbound by her modesty, Marie Redgrave looked like a teenager to her son. And here they were, snuggled on a couch in front of a forgotten movie, talking about love.

'No, you can't fight love, or you'll just fall harder and hurt yourself,' she remarked and then her smile faded into something more careful and sober. A guttural sigh escaped her lips, her chest heaving momentarily. She squeezed his hand and refused to let go.

'But what about attraction? Love is one thing...'

'I honestly don't know. Are you saying you're attracted to me?' Marie asked and patiently listened.

'It's impossible not to be,' Robert boldly stated.

'No it's not. But if you are, then...'

She shrugged. What? Then what? 'Thank you.'

8

Again she wore her briefs and a light t-shirt for sleep. She didn't often wear clothes to bed at all, only on the colder nights. So she spent some time looking at herself in the

mirror to make sure she wasn't dressed inappropriately; just adorable enough to be cuddled. And then she found herself gazing a little too long, touching one cheek with the soft flat of her hand and thinking of him.

After brushing her teeth, Marie turned off the apartment lights and headed for bed where Rob sat topless by the bedside table lamp. The duvet was up over his waist and there he sat with his mind plugged into his Twitter account.

It allowed her to soak in the view. Rob had a pretty impressive torso, not too built, but not at all skinny either. When Marie motioned to flip back the cover, she paused for caution. 'You're not butt-naked under there are you?' she asked, making sure.

He laughed and placed the phone on the bedside table, shaking his head as he watched her crawl in. 'I'm just really warm after lying on the couch,' he explained. 'So I lost the t-shirt.'

'Oh I'm not complaining. Come here and snuggle your mom, you hunk!'

They met face to face, pressed together and entwined in each other's arms. At first Marie snaked her head around to rest her cheek against his, mumbling a contented sigh as she gave in to the bliss of feeling his warm flesh against hers again.

For a while they held each other. He smelled the scent of her hair and the shampoo she used-something that smelled of sherbet and oranges, he guessed. And she could smell the heat of his skin, like burnt ozone. It filled her nostrils and then her lungs deeply until she realised that she was breathing so heavily and pulled away.

And that was when that same loving gaze between them returned and turned her mind to mush. She lay with her head on the pillow and watched contently as he looked back at her.

All the while his hands still held onto her hips and beneath the cover they played footsy, tickling each other. Daringly, Marie ran her nails down his chest, along his breastbone and down to his abs.

'Oh that's right,' she chuckled as he shied away, 'I forgot, you're ticklish.'

She moved back in, grabbing playfully for his sides. Rob laughed helplessly, unable to defend himself, or so it seemed. When she was in close, literally smooshed into him, he reached around with both hands and grabbed two handfuls of her butt.

Marie's eyes widened then, stricken with comedic panic. 'I wonder who I get it from,' Rob said and tickled back, moving his teasing fingers up to her ribs. She became putty in his hands. And pulled in so close, the only place her hands could go, they went to.

Her hands cupped his muscular buttocks firmly, only to notice that the fabric of his underwear was so thin and snug that it seemed not to be there at all. The smoothness of it against the flesh of her palms and fingertips sent a strange shock through her, resulting in an awkward silence.

'Can I help you with something?' Rob joked.

'Oh, are these your new shorts? Let me see you in them,' Marie said excitedly, trying to avoid the need to cringe at herself.

Rob was suddenly nervous and a little more than apprehensive. 'No,' he urged, 'wait, that's...'

'They literally feel like nothing,' she noted, flicking back the duvet. She just had to see. And then she was faced with her son's snugly encased hips, crotch and thighs, the contours beneath the thin stretchy fabric clearly outlined and leaving little to nothing to the imagination; especially since he was now semi erect if not a little more. And he was big. 'Oh,' Marie gasped. He was really big.

'Sorry,' he offered, but was struck with disbelief as Marie didn't seem to notice. She ran a hand fleetingly over his abdomen, just above where the swollen outline of his cock began to tent.

'I knew you'd make these look good,' she said, almost infatuated. And when she ran her hand over again, closer, he no longer tried to stop her. The fabric was almost sheer. He could feel the sensation of her fingertips brushing against his cock and he was growing fast. And then just like that, she threw the covers back over him again to protect his modesty and she was lying back next to him, face to face, so close that they were almost breathing for each other.

Daring to, she kissed him quickly and lightly so that he could barely feel a thing; only know from what his eyes saw that she had, as she stared mischievously into his eyes. He kissed back in the same fashion and she kissed back and then he kissed back and again they were laughing into each other's shoulders.

Then again Marie felt that familiar touch beneath the sheets. Caressing Rob's face she pulled herself in closer and kissed him again, straight on the lips and with more conviction, as though some barrier had come down and none of her fears mattered anymore.

'Jesus fucking Christ,' he suddenly gasped. 'I really wish you weren't my mom.'

'Aww,' she cooed, 'why?'

He wanted to laugh, but if he did, god only knew what the reaction would be when he said the next few words. Nonetheless he gushed. 'I'll scare you away if I say it. You'll kick me out of the bed; out of your home; your life. You'll never speak to me again...'

'No, that's not fair. How do you know?' Marie asked, not so sudden to assume. 'What is it? I'm intrigued as to this big, terrible, dark secret you're suddenly holding back.'

Robert wasn't so sure. 'I don't know... Look, I'm really fighting the urge, okay?'

'What urge?' she asked, and then maybe the unanswered hit her right in the bulls-eye, or maybe she took a wild guess because she was in the same frame of mind. 'Like a boy urge? Are you uncomfortable with me here?'

'No, in fact I'm probably too comfortable.'

'Then just say it,' she teased.

'I shouldn't.'

'Why?'

'Because you're my mum,' he urged.

'And...'

'I want to have sex with you...'

Marie had never experienced such shellshock before. The moment her son had gushed those words it was as if an invisible force had knocked the sense and the breath right out of her. Now her ears were ringing and she couldn't find the words; only choke on the ones that he had said and to try to make sense of them before she suffocated.

'I'm sorry,' he kept saying, frightened out of his wits, and then, 'I don't know what came over me. I know I shouldn't have said it, I-

'It's okay,' Marie intervened, assuring him with a kiss on the forehead. 'Don't...'

'Don't what?'

'Don't be ashamed. I'm not. I get it,' she affirmed. And then she took his hand and kissed the knuckle, savouring how soft his skin was. 'I mean, I wasn't expecting that, but...'

'You're my biological mother,' Robert stressed. She hated to see everything come to this, to see him beat himself up in a panic. And whereas he didn't show it physically, she could sense his anxiety deep within, gushing out on every breath; on every word. 'It's wrong, it's stupid, how can you not be freaked out?'

'Because I feel the same,' Marie muttered, her lips barely daring to part. And when she said it, she could just about believe that she had, and that she wasn't imagining any of this. She was so overtaken by her own feelings for her biological son now that her body lay prone like a dead weight, crushed by the weight of fear, excitement and that awkward, static air around them.

He did a double take. He looked away and then snapped his neck back in her direction. 'What?' he asked and she was now building up inside to something so frightening.

'I'd love to have sex with you!'

Michael gasped. His mouth dropped wide open, his eyes unblinking.

'Would you like to?' she asked. 'Like, right now?'

Her eyes on him, her beautiful eyes, inside Robert reeled and beneath the covers he tensed solidly and this was going to happen, big mistake or not.

'Yes,' he whispered, shaken to the core.

9

Marie propped herself up on her pillows, not saying another word. Robert's eyes were on her like motion sensors. For every tiny movement, from her own eyes and her silent pouting lips, to the rapid rise and fall of her chest, he was drinking all of her in.

And then she reached for the bottom of her top, peeling it upward over the slight curve of her belly, taking note of the shit of his attention to every exposed inch of flesh, until the underside of her milky white breasts came into view.

Marie smiled, not uncertain of the teasing action itself, but of his clear adoration and awe, suddenly leaping off the scale when she went all-out and lifted the exposed garment over her head and shaking her hair free.

Then she lay back down again, looked at him and curled her finger towards herself to beckon him.

'First let's try that kiss again,' she whispered. 'Would you like to kiss me again?'

'I'd love to,' he replied weakly, his own chest now heaving, flushing, his shoulders rising.

'Come here,' she invited, pulling him into her and feeling his bare chest settle against her soft breast. And then their lips touched in a light, tender kiss. And that was followed by more of them as they tested the warm calm waters, for the welcome threat of rocky waves.

'Mmmhhh!' That sound, an unspoken word shared between two hungry mouths, sounded again and again; broken only for air when they became breathless. Soon they were exploring each other with lips and tongues and playful fingers and short, sweet observations of youth and beauty were shared.

'I wanted this the first time,' she confided in him as he broke their kiss to play with her breasts and to suckle on their pretty pink nipples. 'I thought I was a monster for wanting that.'

'Me too...'

'Am I a monster?' she begged, gasping at the sharp, fresh, tickling tingles of his playful nibbles and the cooling of the air against his trails of saliva.

'No mum, you're too beautiful...'

'Then what am I? What are we?'

The air was silent again, the wetness of his kissing, licking and suckling ended and the butterflies in her tummy so far unsung.

'We're strays,' he said with quiet confidence. 'Lost and found!'

She rolled on top of Robert with a giggle, nodding in agreement, and taking him down into the pillows, balancing herself atop him like a little bird settling into its nest. The covers come away, she tore them to the floor frantically as he played with her breasts again and made love to her exposed throat with his mouth.

Her shorts were soaked through at the crotch. She could feel herself burning with fever inside, forcing all of her arousal outwards like water seeping away from fire.

'It's been a very long time for me, so I need to be in control right now, okay?'

He nodded his understanding, and his approval. Here was the epitome of the woman of his dreams. And now it was beginning to make sense. She always had been, even though she was his own biological mother.

Robert had longed for her all his life, all of his childhood and his further formative years, and before he even knew

her or what she looked like, she was the girl he wanted to be with; the spark that caused his desire to catch fire.

Now his mother was grinding her sex along the solid length of his cock, separated only by their dampening underwear, and he was already fighting not to explode.

Such a sexy, confident smile looked down on him with a love that could never come from a woman unrelated. And when she sat back hard on him and gasped, she invited him to see what was causing all the fuss.

Robert followed her eyes down, past her gyrating hips, down between her thighs, where her camel toe was showing through so absurdly, drenched in her own juices, pulling the thin fabric deeper into the rut as she rode the outline of his erection; which was now so visible through the soaked fabric of his boxers.

'Are you sure we should do this?' she whimpered uncertainly.

'I'll never make you do anything you don't think you should,' he promised.

'But do you want to?' she urged.

'Yes,' he gushed.

'I'm still your mother,' as she pulled the crotch of her panties to one side.

'I know,' as she released his solid length; so impressive and standing proud. She took him in her hand, and that hand seemed so small and dainty all of a sudden. 'Oh Jesus...'

'And once you're back inside me,' as she positioned herself just over the tip and rubbed it deeply along the slickened crease between her labia, 'we won't be together the way motherhood intended...'

'Oh God, mum, what then?' Robert begged. 'I don't know what it means!'

Silence again. Marie floated there, holding him still beneath her and slipping tentatively into her pussy. She was dripping wet. Her hand was soaked. Her son's largeness was slippery. She couldn't hold him down except for one way.

The doubt in her eyes doubled, anxiety bottomed out deep inside and that lust she felt, on top of the incredible love she couldn't deny, forced her down onto him ever so slowly.

'I guess I won't know until I find out,' she finally said, frozen stiff and becoming impaled on him. In slow motion, Robert's hard cock sunk inch by inch into his mother's gentle, nurturing sex.

A duet of breathless gasps filled the air as she took him all the way and joined with him completely.

Just as she had when Marie rubbed herself up and down his length, she began to wiggle and rock her hips so gently, snuggling up to him internally and adjusting to his size and shape. Robert was already lost in bliss, and lost in her eyes.

She herself was battling with the full immensity of what this was.

Incest! Taboo! The ultimate forbidden! The final barrier between a mother and her son!

'Oh god, mum...'

She flinched.

'Sorry, do you prefer...'

'Why pretend,' Marie supposed, now getting used to him and losing herself in the sensation of his hardness and her softness yielding to each other.

Every time she sunk down onto him, he returned through the circle of life to kiss the lips of the womb that made him. And every time she retracted, his strong, defined glans acted like a plunger and literally sucked the warm, salty waters of lust from her very soul.

And then she was riding him like they were escaping some terrifying beast out of the woods and into the light, only that light was her first orgasm by sex in so long that she forgot how sexual a creature she had once been.

Marie howled, whimpered, sobbed and held onto her son as she pounded her hips down into his. Already the sweat was rolling off her back and between her breasts and Robert was in heaven at the sight of her, ravaging him like they were long lost lovers.

'Roll me over and have me,' she whispered directly into his ear after meeting him in a breathless panting kiss, and when he did, still inside her, they continued to make out playfully in a warm embrace. 'The floodgates are open...'

Robert chuckled gyrating his own hips as he invaded her teasingly and sunk in effortlessly. She groaned, her eyes rolling back into her head.

'I can feel it.'

'I want to see it,' she urged. 'I want to watch you; us sliding together.'

She lifted her legs up. Then in a shameless show of flexibility, Marie held her knees back to give him complete unrestricted access. And now she could watch as his glimmering, soaking cock pistoned lovingly, erotically - absurdly - deeply in and out of her.

'Oh that's...'

'Do you know how good this feels to me?' Robert wondered out loud.

'I'm so fucking turned on by that...'

'The feeling's mutual from me to you,' he replied and leaned in to let their tongues play before sucking on hers and fucking her faster.

Marie's pussy was so wet by now she was squelching, sloshing, with every repetition of that sweet long glide home. She couldn't help but let go, to surrender to it, and she knew that before long she would be coming like a geyser, ready for the rapture and every other hell that their incestuous coupling was worth.

Robert pulled out suddenly, leaving her empty and cooling. Frantically he lifted himself up to remove his boxers, almost tearing them off in the process. And before she could say anything, hers came off next.

Rejoining again with his mother, Marie wrapped her legs around Robert's hips, locking her feet together at the small of his back, and encouraged him to fuck her deep and hard. Eyes locked together, the intensity doubled, tripled, quadrupled. Their hot, sticky bodies gluing together at the waist, she could tell he was close in his ragged breathing and tense, jerky movements.

Not wanting him to come inside her - not this time - Marie rode with the flow, easing the pressure off Robert while holding him steady between her thighs. She hadn't even

counted her own orgasms to this point. From the start she had felt nothing but a rapturous pleasure that refused to die and her moaning hadn't stopped but to try to catch her own ragged breath and to talk her son through his rites of passage back to where he started.

But now her voice was rising in a series of "Aahhh"s, calling to whatever God could smile down on this delirious act. She wanted him, he her. Between what consenting adults could this have been wrong? She didn't feel an ounce of wrong, not a shred of guilt or remorse.

Filling her up, ever drawing out her soul-deep desire and bringing her to ecstasy, Robert now began to call back to her and then, 'mom, I'm coming...'

Panic suddenly gripped Marie, who could only mouth the words "pull out" beneath her cries, her mouth and eyes wide in the oncoming lights of their beautiful catastrophe, and they were speeding together without relent. The mother of all orgasms froze her in place.

Like a beast Robert roared, hammering out the last of his willpower, and somehow he was able to hold off for ten more strokes as his mother caved in and began to gush all over his plunging, red-raw cock.

'Pull out! Pull out!'

'GRRAAAARRGHHH!!' he screamed, trembling deep inside and pulling back with all his remaining strength, and as he came out, the thick white ropes of his boiling spunk were already shooting forth with hopeless abandon.

He had come inside her, she was certain that he had and the utter terror of that realisation drove her further into the dark tunnel of her own maddening pleasure. 'Come on me,' she shrieked, 'come all over me,' and he handled his straining tool with a strong hand, bathing her in his plentiful seed.

It was too much!

Marie blacked out, driven to unconsciousness by the intensity of her pleasure and her terror all at once...

10

'I even checked your pulse,' Robert recalled some time later. They shared the shower cubicle, wearily soaping each other up, then rinsing off. 'I literally thought I'd fucked you to death.'

Marie smiled sleepily and held him to her beneath the steaming cascade. 'How would I have explained that?'

Marie giggled at the thought. And then ached at the memory of the sex they had half an hour after that and then again at 3am. She was so sore that she hoped her ovaries wouldn't even think about doing what she suspected they might. Either way, she would regrettably take care of that, if it came to that, and go to birth control; because one thing was surely inevitable. And she tingled and throbbed for him all the more for knowing it.

Marie exited the shower and readied a towel for the young hunk stood rinsing off under the shower head. Smiling she invited him out into the steamy bathroom and shrouded him, then gave him a grateful kiss on the lips.

'I still don't know what this means...'

'I don't care, mum,' said Robert. 'I found you.'

'I love you, son,' Marie chimed and kissed him deeper.

# Chapter 2

1

They had confessed their mutual attraction for each other. That was the easy part, being that the family bond had never occurred between them. It felt perfectly natural, just as easy as sliding down a slippery slope. And the feelings that came to light, the growing presence of love and longing may have felt like the beginnings of a whirlwind romance. But a mother did not reject her son, and a son did not reject the opportunity to love the woman he longed for and dreamed about!

So how did they make the leap from acknowledging their love to confessing that their natural attraction was sexual? That was the jackpot question and neither of them knew, but it didn't matter. All that mattered was what felt right.

Scared, excited and enamoured, mother and son gave in to their love, and their attraction, and there was no feeling like

what came of that night; returning to where they began, joined passionately, emotionally and biologically.

By the time Robert was ready to get back home to his adoptive parents, they'd committed that unlawful act of physical love together several times and enjoyed it for what it was; intimacy, closeness, fulfilment!

Neither of them felt guilt, remorse or fear, not as far as they understood those feelings beyond their utmost blatancy. There was no disgust or terror, or recoiling at the prospect of society's shame. If anything there was nothing but a sad emptiness left behind, and the dread of the return to the mundane grind of everyday monotony and loneliness. Reality was checking in to stay again and their whirlwind act was over; for the meantime.

For Marie - nineteen hard years battled through just to live a normal life and now what was normal? She was in love with a tender young man half her age, mature before his time, athletic and funny. Caution was gone to the wind. It was a dangerous criminal life and yet it was right. No harm!

And oh good god, the sex - Robert was barely into his physical prime and full of fertile spunk, hormones, stamina, endurance...

He was also built to please. Ever since then she dreamed often of doing bad things to him, and for him. Marie also made sure to visit the good doctor to take care of that matter of fertility. After all, was it not a mother's duty to teach her son about the birds and the bees?

2

For Robert - life had never been simple or easy, and that was frightening considering that adulthood was still very new to him. What life could be, he wasn't so sure of and hadn't been before that weekend. Finding his mother and falling for her had given him the sense of direction that his adoptive parents felt he lacked.

All of a sudden they couldn't have been happier for him, though they didn't know everything. They couldn't know. But where Marie had left such an impression on their boy that he now wanted to learn to drive, to find a well-paid job

and to start thinking about his options, they were impressed by the effect she had.

Where did that motivation come from, they wondered? It didn't matter. What mattered was Dave Hanson handing Robert the keys to his first car and sending him on his way to see his mother for another weekend.

Robert nearly cried at that awesome gesture. Dad just shrugged it off like it was what all fathers did. He was so grateful and proud. Some kids never got much more than a kick in the ass and he had such friends.

Now that he knew Marie's story, thinking back to the life he might have had if she hadn't made such a costly sacrifice - a father who would most likely take food from a baby's mouth, or it's mothers, just to feed bad habits - Robert was ever grateful even just for the little things. So that car was a life-changing thing, as was the ability to see his mother when he wanted to.

'I know it doesn't look like much,' Dave Hanson said. He shrugged it off and slapped Robert playfully on the back.

'But there'll always be hard times and so little will get you so far. If you need a place to sleep, you've got your car. If you need easy money, you've got your driver's license. I had a lot of fun roughing it in my younger years though.'

'Following the band, right?'

'Back in the day,' Dave said with a shy grin of nostalgia. 'Don't tell that to your mother. It's not her most favourite story.'

'I love it, dad, thank you,' Rob gushed and just about held off embarrassing himself. He wanted to hug the old man. Dave was never that guy. That sort of thing he got from his mum, but Dave never had a bad bone in his body. He was just so absently aloof trying to do for Robert what his own dad hadn't done for him. Nonetheless he held out his hand for a handshake and showed his love with a strong hand.

'Just drive safe this weekend,' the old man added. 'Insurance will screw you left and right these days. You know that, though.'

Happiness like the soul hadn't known for so long proved a great motivator to Marie, too, who had taken to slogging it out at the gym across town three or four times a week to do something productive with the extra energy buzzing around inside her.

She started going later at night, not wanting Robert to give up his social life for want of hanging around the internet all night every night. As much as she'd have liked to, absence really did make the heart grow fonder where it was welcome.

And, besides, she was working on her new killer MILF body, wanting to please her man which she sometimes did with a sneaky photo after a stint in the sauna. Naturally shapely and greatly proportioned, she worked mostly on her butt and thighs and also to give her breasts a little more lift. The sexual tension made for great motivation specifically, as she discovered.

It was going on late-Autumn now on this fresh Thursday night and her two-piece black lycra workout setup was moist with perspiration, as was her impressive cleavage, one confident pencil-dick had observed.

Marie pounded the exercise bike's foot pedals into submission, revelling in the burn of her thighs, waist and glutes as her self-imposed tunnel vision reached out for something to work with. She was thinking about getting hot and sweaty with Robert in no time, and the way the clothes stuck to her skin as the sweat rolled off her back only served to enhance that most graphic daydream.

Her pussy ached, grinding hard against the bike's leather seat as she recalled that very first time she had taken her son's hard length and positioned him to join with her. If she wasn't careful she might have moaned aloud.

She had a naughty suggestion to propose to Robert when he got here. Depending on how his return visit went, and in what direction it went (maybe they would try to act more becoming of family from now on, or maybe they would want to have sex again), she would keep her dirty little

daydream in mind and be wet and willing for him that moment.

That idea in turn led her back to the moment she took him in her bed that night, and the words on his lips as they crossed the line.

'Mom...'

'Hey, how you doing tonight,' her admirer said on his uncertain approach. He was all bleach blonde receding hair and black rim spectacles and clung to a sweat-stained blue towel - hung around his neck - with two skinny arms. 'I'm Dave...'

Marie stopped dead in her tracks. If anyone here was going to be accused of going nowhere fast she didn't want to be it. Dave, unfortunately for her, took this as a sign of progress. 'I, ummm... I was watching you.'

'Did I look fuckable, Dave?' Marie asked with only a paper-thin layer of patience. How she didn't cringe was beyond

her own understanding. Maybe he was as creepy as he looked and sounded. Maybe he had no social skills, on the other hand, and preferred to work on his cock than his manners, or his dumbbells.

Dave offered an absurd smile while he stuttered in search of an answer. 'Ummm... well... I would...'

'You'd what, Dave?' Marie prodded, turning off the machine and touching the floor with her trainer-clad feet. 'You'd what?'

'I'd have to... Well, I'd have to see more,' Dave mumbled secretively. That time Marie did cringe, and to nail her point home she turned down the corners of her mouth and shuddered.

'Well then you should have gone to Specsavers,' she dismissed, walking away.

'You look totally fuckable,' Dave suddenly blurted out from over her shoulder, and Marie's evening might have been in

danger of getting worse, but she didn't want to imagine how. Her daydream was in tatters now and she had some lonely hyper-sexed geek trying to fail his way into her pants. 'I would totally "fuckable" you,' Dave stammered his conclusion hopelessly.

'But you never will. My man does that better than any other man could,' Marie said coldly. 'Maybe you should ask about these things before you try approaching women at the gym for a cheap fuck.

'You were stringing me along?' Dave asked. His eyebrows knitted together in confusion and anger then. How could she? How dare she?

'No,' Marie said walking away. 'You just had me worried that I looked like I was single and desperate enough for an anonymous and - more on point - a disappointing shag. Fuck off, will you?!

Marie peeled out of her clothes in the changing room and took her phone into the shower with her, snapping a slanted birds-eye shot of her wet body beneath the steamy jet of hot water. Afterwards, when she got home, she deleted it. Taking the chance of sending it to Robert wasn't worth the danger of getting caught and leaving him to explain why his mother was sending him nudes.

Besides, she was certain he'd be more than delighted to see her in the flesh, to feel how toned and tight she was getting from working out at the Life & Style. If anything though, Marie was eager to discover the benefits the gym time was doing her endurance where it mattered the most; in bed.

'Hey honey,' she texted Robert, 'if you're still awake let me know and I'll give you a quick call before bed.' Two upper case X's followed, because little x's just didn't cut it before bed. And Robert's reply came within moments, so she called.

'Hi mum,' Robert beamed. 'What are you up to? I'm just headed to bed.'

'Hey babe, miss you! I just got back from the gym and wanted to call about next weekend. You know - any old excuse to act like an excited teenage girl. I'm headed to bed myself now and wishing you were here already.'

'I know, I can't wait to see you again,' he longed. Her heart melted. 'Hold on a sec,' he added as a muffled voice spoke from nearby. 'Okay, goodnight mum,' Robert whispered. Marie thought nothing of it. She was aware of her own jealousy. It couldn't hurt her anymore knowing that he was just as much hers if not more.

Marie switched to speakerphone and put the phone aside so she could speak while getting undressed. Robert did the same as they made small talk about the day. Then naked and thinking about each other they turned off the lights and climbed into their own beds, a world away and yet still together. Marie picked up her phone and then breathed a comforted sigh as her burning thighs met cool sheets.

'That feels so good,' she cooed.

'I bet you do too,' her son whispered. She giggled at that, thinking of the geek from the gym and how she had called Robert her man.

'I can't wait to hold you in my arms again,' she wanted to say. And yet she was dying not to say it because she didn't want to become less than 'mom.'

'You won't have to come pick me up tomorrow evening. I'll be driving...'

'Oh, wow, really? You have a car now? When did that happen?'

'Dad surprised me this afternoon,' Robert beamed. 'I'm tanked up and ready to go. I'm setting off at five so I should be there at around 9pm if that's okay?'

'That's cool with me, baby. You just drive safe and if anything happens you let me know as soon as you can, okay?' Marie surprised herself with that. Still the truly motherly sentiments were few and far between so when

they came to her, they flew off the tongue sounding like somebody else's words.

'I will, mom. And don't worry about dinner,' he noted. 'I'll grab something on the way into town. Just do what you want for yourself.'

'Okay well I'm going to have some wine chilling. Do you want me to chill you some beer?' she asked dutifully. Now she was worried she sounded too much like a wife instead.

'A couple would be nice to wind down after the long drive, yes please,' Robert agreed.

'Okay, well,' Marie trailed off with a dreamy smile, 'I'll see you tomorrow...'

'I love you,' he added hastily. 'See you in a bit!'

She echoed his final sentiment heartily and hung up. Tomorrow couldn't come fast enough. Then work couldn't

have gone any slower. And as Robert flew across the country to reunite with his mother, she attacked her first glass of wine like her life depended on it. She was going to need all the Dutch courage she could muster.

5

Robert stood at the front door waiting for an answer, his stomach in knots. The lights were on but was nobody home? He didn't have any messages beyond the replies to his own back when he was filling up at the McDonalds car park and that was only twenty minutes ago.

As soon as a single niggles of doubt began to worm his way in, a horrible companion to have when the butterflies were stirring, he heard the rising tone of two women talking as somebody approached and turned the latch on the deadlock.

When the door opened, he was greeted first with the sight of a laughing middle-aged woman, salted peppered brunette with glasses that shrunk her eyes to little grey bloodshot beads. She was in the concluding stages of her

conversation with Marie, who gave Robert nothing but an apologetic blushing grin as if to say "she'll be gone any minute now..."

Barely acknowledging the boy, the woman who turned out to be one of Marie's neighbours cut off her own tangent turned back to Marie with a sly eye and said, 'oh here's hot stuff now,' and then turning back to him, and as though she had done him some great and noble thing, 'hi, Robert, I did your mother the favour of loaning my fan since I won't be needing it until next summer!'

'Oh okay,' Robert said with a rushed and not entirely honest expression of gratitude, since he had no idea what she was talking about. 'That's nice of you?!'

'Thanks, Joan, as I said it can get pretty stuffy in such an enclosed space and I didn't want the windows open and causing a chill.'

'No problem, I'll catch you soon, then,' Joan finished and made her way back home.

'What was that?' Robert whispered mischievously as he made his way into his mother's arms for the first time in months. He kissed her cheek, again closer to her mouth and then they met in a cautiously quick smooch as the door remained open.

'Hi,' she smiled. 'Sorry about that. I ask to borrow a fan for the bedroom and I get a lecture in life for all the crap I'll never need to know.'

Holding Marie by her waist, her son doted down on her with doughy eyes and laughed secretively. 'But it's not even warm anymore,' to which Marie shrugged. Then she sighed contentedly.

'Close the door and come practice your hello kisses, young man,' she said flirtingly.

Marie's subconscious was awash. There was no better way she could rationalise in her giddy, somewhat drunken state, though it would have been important to point out that she was not only "somewhat drunk" with the effects of alcohol. To be loved, to be the centre of the attention of the man she loved now more than anything enhanced her sense of inebriation beyond what a few glasses of wine were capable of.

Robert had put down five cans of beer in the space of an hour and was buzzed. There were still four to be had and she could have kept going if she didn't ache for him as much as she did. Maybe it was apt or maybe it was inappropriate. Maybe it was both at once but Marie found herself dancing in the kitchen to Danzig's "Mother" and Robert was in awe of her ability to shake it to the rhythm.

Marie's hips bucked and swayed playfully as she mouthed the words to one of her favourite songs. Silently he took note, paying attention to the change in her look since the last time they had met.

'That gym time has paid off!'

'Good! Do you like what you see?' Marie asked. 'Mom still got it?'

'Mom never lost it,' he replied admirably. Then she settled into his lap atop his seat at the table, bringing her half-full glass with her and reminding herself, lost in his eyes, why she loved him so much. Because unconditionally he loved her and adored her and could not tear his eyes away!

'I'm drunk,' she confessed. It wasn't news.

'I like you drunk,' he admitted drunkenly.

'Well, I like you anyway,' she added, one-upping him.

'Well ditto, but don't change the subject,' he said. 'Yeah I like what I see!'

'What do you like what you see about your mother?' Marie asked.

'You're hot! You know how to show it off!' Robert enthused.  
'And I don't even need a reason but I'm in love with your  
freckly face...'

Marie heard herself laughing uncontrollably from outside  
of herself somewhere. The feel-good chemicals were at  
work. It felt good to be sat in his lap; so good that she wasn't  
aware that she was ever so slightly bucking into his crotch,  
teasing the boy.

'You smooth son of a bitch,' she said with abandon. Then,  
'what are you thinking about?'

'Ask me again when it's bedtime,' Robert dismissed. That  
was all the excuse Marie needed. Getting up from his lap,  
she turned off the CD player and returned to him with a  
playful sway of the hips.

'What are you thinking about?'

Robert took a lengthy inhale of air. Such deep thought seemed to require it, despite the bulge in his crotch speaking for him. 'But you're my mom,' he said, responding not only to the eternal question but to his own internal question. There went that hopeless son of a bitch, gravity, whose only job it seemed was to remove the use of her legs. Well she couldn't have been happier, sat in his lap again, supporting herself with her hands on his broad shoulders.

'Do you remember the last time we went down this road?' she asked.

Robert blushed. He was so beautiful when his cheeks flushed and his eyes diverted from hers. But when he looked back into her eyes, confident and unashamed, she knew that he still felt that way about her, if not more so.

'You don't regret it I hope? I look back and just think "wow..."'

'Well,' Robert hesitated.

'Well?'

'Definitely "wow",' Robert agreed and ran his hands affectionately up and down his mother's denim clad thighs.

'In a good way,' Marie hoped, taking his hands in hers to fumble with.

'What do you think?' he pleaded. 'I know they say these things shouldn't happen but I couldn't have been happier. Like-

"WOW," they both said in unison.

His hands snaked around her hips and rested on her lower back. The feel of his fingers stroking the top of her bottom sent chills up her spine. She arched her back and reposed. 'I'm not sorry...'

'Are you sure?' he asked jokingly. 'Or would you...'

'Would I what?'

'Would you do it again just to make sure?'

'Well my baby boy,' she teased, and he loved that term of endearment, even in this strange dynamic of theirs, 'as your mother is it not my duty to teach you about the birds and the bees?'

Robert laughed, unsurely. He was harder beneath the stiff fabric of his own jeans knowing what she meant, but he'd have lied to claim all certainty for what she meant in full. It was time for Marie to employ her fantasy; the one she had dreamed up before Dave the Gym Stalker tried it on with her. And she was now twitching and throbbing with anticipation.

Slowly, she leaned into him, her arms crossing around his neck and her breasts mashed warm and soft against his chest. Gently she ran her smooth cheek up against his and whispered in his ear, 'I'm on birth control now...'

'Oh really,' Robert gasped as his heart leapt into his throat. She exhaled a spine-tingling breath into his ear and pulled back just enough to look him in the eyes again before slowly nodding. They were inches apart. Meanwhile his hands found their way to the fullness of her buttocks and with his strong arms he hoisted her up and drew her closer. The desire to kiss was maddening, electric; breathtaking. 'Was that because of me?'

Again Marie nodded. 'I'm a bad mother, what can I say? I had a wicked plan to be even closer to my one and only!'

'And that is...'

'I want you,' she breathed raggedly. 'I want you, and I want you back inside me, and I want you swimming around in my womb again. Is that too weird?' Robert who was now so breathless and excited that his mind had blown all over the kitchen floor, felt his mouth run bone dry and licked his lips desperately. 'I want to show you how to make a baby,' she purred. 'I want you to see with your own eyes and feel with your own senses how you were made.'

'Yeah they don't teach that in school these days,' Robert replied hopelessly and soon they were in fits of hysterics. In fear of losing the moment, Marie levelled with Robert and granted him one soft, longing smooch on the lips. Again he became breathless, leaving his mother marvelling at the power she held over him as a sexual being.

Feeling his hardness snaking across his thigh, straining his jeans in its search for the path of least resistance, she rubbed herself on him gently before suggesting that she should take him to bed. They kissed again suggestively, tongues teasing. Marie moved his hands from her ass to her t-shirt clad breasts and asked, 'remember these?'

'Unforgettable,' Robert gasped. 'Just like the rest of you.'

'They missed you too, just like the rest of me,' she said, seductively peeling off her tee. Robert's mouth dropped open. The sight of her ample breasts, which he had nursed on and played with to no end only three months ago, displayed before him in a white stretch-lace plunging bra - his hands went back to them immediately, to feel their

softness and their plentiful weight through the sensuously thin fabric.

'You're driving me nuts...'

'That's the idea,' Marie said playfully.

'Two can play at that game,' he retorted, leaning in to kiss her shoulder, then her collarbone and the curving V leading into her cleavage. His mother murmured softly, immediately lost to bliss as Robert's hands reached under her arms and around her back to unclasp her bra. When she got wise, she pulled back laughing.

'Bad boy,' she giggled, removing one shoulder strap and then letting the other fall slack as she crossed her arms to cover herself. Then after a moment of feigned contemplation, Marie removed the lace bra and pulled him in by his neck to suckle on her pink and erect right nipple. Immediately her body froze, weak to the attack of his rough tongue and wet lips; which racked her with pleasing chills. Eagerly he moved over to the left while continuing to paw and squeeze at the other.

'Have you ever thought,' she gasped, 'how you're actually responsible for these big lush boobs that you love so much?'

'That'll explain how they look and feel as though they were made for me,' he said with a wink and kissed her breasts lovingly.

'So is the rest of me,' she proclaimed with a mutual wink and then, 'let me take you into my bed!'

7

They lay entwined with each other, a hot tangle of limbs joined at the lips, smooching, smacking, kissing, pecking and tongues swirling in an ecstatic druggy haze. All else that could be heard above their kissing and breathing was the whirring fan which whispered back and forth.

Robert understood why now, burning up in the heat of passion lying skin to skin with his mother like a perfect jigsaw fit, chests and stomachs heaving with anticipation.

The last time this happened, it ended with a couple of hot showers and bed sheet changes because of the sheer amount of sweating between them, and that other spreading dampness.

That same dampness was spreading right now as a result of the sheer wetness between Marie's legs, and how she burned inside like a smelting pot of white-hot lust, waiting to take his iron rod and to sizzle with the first deep plunge.

'Lie back, lover,' she commanded with a smile and kissed him one more time for good luck, because she was going to grant him another first, and hope that he would last long enough to realise the rest of her fantasy.

Rolling onto his back, Robert bunched up a couple of pillows behind his head. His rock hard cock sprung up as he did, pointing to the ceiling one moment and then up to his mother's smiling lips the next. She took him firmly at the base with one dainty hand and held him still to inhale his scent. They weren't much different in that respect either, she noted, and when she got her first ever taste she found that they also tasted much the same.

Already his eyes were rolled far back into his skull. She asked him if anyone had ever done that for him before, stroking his wet length before attacking him with a mouth full of saliva, causing him to flinch and groan. He nodded but, 'not as good as this!'

'I'm spoiling my boy,' she cooed before making love to the straining head of his cock with her lips and tongue.

'Every mom should do this,' he professed with a dazed and blissful expression. Again she bathed his entire length with her tongue, more inclusively the underside which gave her yet more flesh to work with, and as she did Marie got to thinking about just how deep in her pussy her son was about to be.

'Did you ever fantasise about Sharon that way?' she asked then sucked him back into her mouth.

'When I was younger I used to hear her and dad having sex in the middle of the night. They used to try and be quiet

because of me. She can't have kids which is why they adopted. I used to get so hard listening to her orgasm through the wall. Then I'd have to wait until I thought they'd fallen asleep because my bed was creaky.'

'I bet you'd have loved to make her bed creak,' Marie humoured, now clamouring on top of him and settling down atop him to kiss him and to share his taste. 'You can make my bed creak any time you want,' she added.

His heart thumped rapidly like the hind legs of a frightened rabbit. Here they were again, about to commit the greatest of all crimes. This time there was no denying or hiding behind questions of how or why it happened. What's done was already done. This consanguineous affair was never going to end. The chemistry, the love, the sex, was all too good to refuse.

Back on her knees and straddling Robert, Marie seductively masturbated herself with one hand, spreading her natural lubrication and enjoying the sensitivity of her throbbing clit, and bracing her son with the other, ready to be taken back to the womb.

'I've been thinking about this moment so much,' she confessed. 'Thinking about that hot sex with my beautiful man; it excites me too much.'

'I'm glad it's with you, mom,' Robert gushed, sitting up to level with her. 'I didn't mean what I said the last time. I'm glad you're my mom. You're so easy to be in love with...'

Marie froze. Emotion overcame her like a thunderous force of nature and settled on her heart. The hurricane of the butterflies released her from her daze and made her truly see for the first time.

This wasn't just a genetic sexual attraction. It was a very deep and complex love in all of its many forms combined. And Robert was right. Their love was only young and yet so much of it that was lost in time was to be made up for and this was the result; an uncontrollable desire and a meaningful depth that was to be filled at all costs and in any way possible.

'You're in love with me?' she whimpered. He nodded.

'And I know we can't do absolutely everything other families can do and what other lovers can do,' he concluded, 'but there's nothing else in the world that I want more than to be with you and to be in love with you and to be able to show it like this.'

Marie was devastated and overcome with joy all at once. Her whole body trembled as she reached out for him, to be embraced by him. With ragged, uncontrollable breaths she begged the question most important now. 'Are you ready for me?'

'I'm yours,' Robert replied and returned ever so slowly to warm, nurturing flesh from which he came. And he held her there by her bare hips, sat in his lap with his length buried inside her as she guided him home a little at a time.

'You really do fit me just right,' she whimpered, holding onto him for support. When she became confident that she had accommodated him properly, she wrapped her arms

around his shoulders and leaned in to kiss Robert tenderly as they began to synchronise and writhe together.

'It feels so good to be inside you...'

'Again,' she added.

'How does mommy feel?' Marie dared to ask specifically.

'Delicious,' he said, to which she replied, 'touché.'

Marie leaned outward, arching her back to buck and grind against him with more deliberation. The head of his cock could rub up against her G-spot that way, which drove her mad with the build-up of pressure and sensitivity that threatened one hell of a first climax.

That left Robert to soak in the sight of his mother's beautiful nakedness, not knowing whether he was coming or going - in or out and in or out - her full, rounded breasts which hung just right and swayed and heaved. He moved his

hands to her full bottom to help guide her back and forth as she seductively consumed him a bit at a time, and there he was lost in the madness between love and lust until she caught his attention by gripping his solid cock with the soft, hugging walls of her dripping pussy and exhaled a long, pleased groan.

He could even feel her heat against his face, her thighs wide and inviting as she continued her sexual swaying, and as he breathed in, he became intoxicated with her musk. How odd would it have been in any other man's life, to sense his mother simmering like an orgasmic stew, let alone sliding up and down on her son with pure sexual abandon?

He knew that sooner or later he would have his face buried in her pussy as if trying to climb back in tongue first!

'You love my ass, don't you?' Marie asked with a wicked smile. 'You know you can grab it all you like and look at it all you like from behind and get that fucking amazing baby maker deeper inside me.'

Robert didn't need another hint. Flipping Marie over into the middle of the bed he crawled up behind her, his member swaying from side to side. Marie offered herself up to him, wiggling her butt to match his little man's movements, all the while giggling. That changed when he took her by the hips, kissing each cheek in appreciation and lined up to slide deep with excruciating bliss.

To hear his mother moan like that, too - "ooohhhhh ffffuck" - like a full-on foot massage after a long day; he didn't just bring her pleasure, he brought her relief, from his long absence where size clearly mattered.

'Move in with me,' she begged, 'sleep in my bed and give me this every night and I'll make you the best birthday cakes!'

The hysterics started again between them, but Robert wasn't stopping and soon she was looking over her shoulder with that "cat got the cream" look. Not yet, her son thought, as much as he could easily have let himself go there and then. He reached down, grabbed a handful of her long curly red locks and firmly pulled her back to meet him in a

greedy kiss, reaching around to explore the hidden ridges of her ribs before caressing her breasts.

Pulling herself off him, she swirled around to be in his arms properly and attacked him playfully, wrapping her thighs around his hips and dragging him down to lay side by side.

'God I can't get enough of you,' he gushed and burned up blushing to prove it as they laughed and kissed and got lost in each other.

'So who told you to stop?' she asked and guided him back into her and he slid in with such ease that he was all the way in to the hilt. Her legs still wrapped around him, he began to plunge deep and easy into his mother, watching as he came out soaking and returned home with tempting orgasmic delight.

'Do you know what you do to me when you make me come?' she asked. And to answer him, 'you leave me helplessly closer every time to that point of no return you feel when you're about to orgasm and you can't hold back? A little more at a time; just waiting for the big one; wanting

you to join me there and explode deep inside me. It's so scary and wonderful when it feels right.'

'Patience mother,' Robert said with a smile. 'I'm with you.'

'Such a fucking gentleman,' she cooed, blowing cool air into his sweat-streaked face. 'And I can't wait...'

'Well I'm going to make you wait,' he replied cruelly. But she approved.

'Good!'

8

'He makes love like a God,' she thought to herself, lying there with her eyes closed as the moans now escaped her lips freely, one after the other. Now she lay facing the opposite direction as they spooned and his free hand caressed her clit with slippery fingers while he planted a lover's kisses on her exposed neck. To go from playful sex

to unbridled lovemaking was inevitable. That's what they were now and so he doted on her as she leapt from orgasm to orgasm, losing count.

'I'm ready, mom,' he whispered. 'I'm close...'

To hear those words, to think of what was to come, and in gallons she hoped because she wanted more of him inside her than was humanly possible. They parted again for a moment, connected only by knowing smiles and intense eye-contact.

'Come back to mommy,' she said, lying down flat on her back and opening herself to submit to his full length. 'Just trust your instincts and relax,' she guided as he placed the tip of his slick, throbbing erection between her blooming labia and edged back in. 'Ohhh, that's right...'

He slid in deep, their pubic bones meeting together again, and slid his hands underneath Marie's arms to clasp at her shoulders. Never in either's lives had they experienced such a tender and loving moment as when they met that way and

began to move against each other, locked into a deep and sensual kiss as the moment approached.

Marie felt drugged, dizzy and slow, her body in a state of sexual ruin bordering on both physical and emotional exhaustion as her son masterfully plunged home, back and forth with such grace and beauty. All she could do was watch, gazing dreamily into his eyes.

'Feels beautiful,' she slurred and realised that she was somewhere between one hell of an orgasm and one hell of a hangover. 'Going over that edge, knowing there's no going back...'

And he felt it, the surge of electrical impulses all going down in that same one direction, from every nerve ending, deep into his abdomen and coming to a head where her sloshing pussy greedily sucked at and squeezed around the manhood it once created.

'Fffffffuuuuuuck,' she gasped, feeling him throb and grow and pulsate within her as Robert began to tremble and to strain. The fear in his eyes was tremendous, his eyebrows

knitting together in a flood of emotions as he glided home to flood his mother's pussy with his own seed.

'Mom,' he cried through ragged breathing as he braced himself at the point of no return.

'Let it happen,' she begged frantically, bucking her hips up to try to take him that extra inch deeper. 'Come with me, come, come!'

Robert fell silent, gripped by an immense event that jolted through him relentlessly. As his muscles became like steel cables, taut and solid, so did they too fall still until his balls suddenly began to empty and he flooded her with his white-hot semen. Then they embraced tightly together and rode out the end of the storm.

'Deeper,' Marie cried as she fought for breath and with every time he slid back into her he erupted in yet another jet of come, filling her to the brim. And he couldn't stop. He couldn't stop giving to her what she wanted and what he wanted for her. And in that moment, any last bastion of rationality be damned, he strode to fill her womb in every

sense, completely enraptured by his intense love for his mother.

Robert hissed through his teeth, emitting harsh breaths, voicing his ultimate release. Still their eyes unblinking were locked onto each other as that frantic urgency led past that point of no return and melded them together in the heat of mutual sexual release.

'I'm so proud of you,' she sighed, holding him tight, his sweaty body becoming stuck to hers before he had even left the deliciously soft confines of her vagina. He was still so hard inside her. If either of them could have managed an immediate second time, it would have happened. But now they shared their ragged breaths, calming and cooling as the fan whirred cooler air back across the room.

'That was amazing,' he gasped and stroked her dazed, exhausted face with the back of his fingers. 'Oh my god, look at you...'

'I'm a hot mess, aren't I?' she croaked.

'You're the most beautiful sight in the world to me,' he said and initiated a soothing kiss before rolling off her and pulling her close to rest her head on his chest. Exhaustion took them both but not before Marie voiced her deepest gratitude.

Her son was back where he belonged, and in the metaphorical sense, they were both ready to begin again. She fell asleep thinking of his love seeping drop after drop inside her womb although the result of their lovemaking would and could never come to such fruition. It was good enough.

9

In the dawning hours of that next morning Robert awoke to the suspicion that a certain somebody in the same bed was awake and watching. Again he was right. His mother looked radiant despite her clear tiredness and greeted him with a smile that said a million words of gratitude.

'Hey, sleepyhead,' she welcomed. 'I guess we both needed the sleep.'

'I've never felt so drained,' Robert said, mustering a weary chuckle under his breath.

'Drained is most apt,' his mother pointed out. But she otherwise wore a blank expression which Robert couldn't attribute to the time of day. 'Question: am I still your mother?'

'Absolutely, yes you are,' he said without a doubt. 'Am I still your man and your baby boy and all the other things you love to call me?'

'You bet your sweet ass you are,' Marie said with zero contemplation. 'What are you thinking about?'

Again, Robert didn't need to think about it. 'Making love with my mom...'

Marie cradled her head in her forearms and blushed. She couldn't help but smile from ear to ear as she regarded him with all the love in the world. Just as soon as she thought things couldn't possibly be this good he proved her wrong. Meanwhile Robert looked in awe at her incredible beauty. The sun shone on her hair, sparking a vivid coppery autumnal picture where her freckles were fallen leaves and her eyes were the grey blue sky.

'I could do that with you forever if you let me,' he finished and rolled on top of her.

'Well at least let me make breakfast, if not lunch later,' Marie said sheepishly.

'Why?' Robert asked lacing her neck and shoulder with light kisses.

'Oh, otherwise what kind of mother would I be?'

# Chapter 3

1

Two Years Later...

It was another one of those perfect weekends. Robert had come to stay and they had celebrated his return with food and drink - this time an actual date - before coming home to bed where they made love all night!

She awoke that Saturday morning glowing with sleep heat, tingling with the coolness of that blustery April as it stiffened her sensitive nipples and caused her skin to crawl with goose bumps. How lazy she felt, and sore to her bones with the delicious ache of their insatiable nocturnal activities. She was shamelessly fond of waking up to that exquisite post-love sensitivity.

Just one thing was missing from Marie Redgrave's bed when she found the courage to open her eyes. Robert was

in the bathroom, taking care of the morning strain on his bladder and no doubt refreshing himself to go again. He was considerate like that.

And as she turned to the bedside clock to read the time - 08:30 - she stretched arduously but with a long and satisfying sigh, feeling her bones crackle and settle again. And that ache was only getting deeper, broadcasting its urgency loudly in the fore of her mind.

Robert walked in as bare as the day she made him and with a sleepy grin of contentment as he saw her naked curves splayed out in the middle of the bed. Her long mess of curly red hair flowed out across the pillows, and with the wealth of freckles sprinkled along her nose and cheeks, then down her shoulders to the milky valley of her voluptuous bust, she was like an Autumnal artwork to him, but one that he desired to do more than look at.

'Good morning, handsome,' she purred. Immediately he stiffened and was drawn to Marie where one hand settled at her ankle and began to smooth its way up her calf and then her thigh.

'Did I leave you alone too long?' he asked, running that same hand across the V of her abdomen, then up her soft belly where he made a circle around her bellybutton before sliding across her ribs. And she responded to him with a lazy mischievous eye and the slightest hint of a smile, not quite accepting how hopeless she was to his touch.

'I'm all chilly,' she said, guiding his hand over the outer curve of her breast and resting it over one stiff nipple where the heat of his palm thawed her. 'I need your heat. Come and warm me up,' she said wickedly and burst into laughter as he dumped himself on her and grabbed two handfuls of cold morning butt.

With instinctual animal hunger he kissed her, searching for a new angle to plant his lips on hers with every delightful smack and as she laced one thigh around his hip to draw him closer, his hardness became more evident to her.

All else was soft and tender between them as their body heat began to spread and his mouth made the journey along the smooth, receptive plain of her neck and collarbone towards

where her needy hand massaged her chilly breasts with his hands and then his mouth was on her protruding pink nipples, so painfully aroused and sensitive.

'Jesus, mom, I'll never get enough of your beautiful tits,' he gasped, loving her with long licking strokes before playfully giving them a shake. And were Marie not so hot and wet, so willing there and then to be parted and to have him within, she would have let him continue his journey south to torture her with his sweet, filthy mouth.

She beckoned him with one curling finger, sitting up straight where her breasts fell and perched proudly. Robert climbed up to his knees and crawled back up to her where she wrapped her hand around the base of his pulsating erection with one hand and gently cupped his smooth shaven balls with the other before taking him straight into her hot, salivating mouth to slurp; earning her the shivering reaction, 'oh fuck, I'm still sensitive!'

Marie raised her eyebrows, not so innocently, holding him on the tip of her tongue before she gingerly ran her tongue along the underside of her son's twitching pole, taking him

deep into the back of her mouth and then controlling her gag reflex so she could coat him with her slimy mucus and then glide her lips effortlessly back down his length to suck on the head.

'Mmm, I love that slippery feel,' she moaned quietly, sighing contentedly before repeating the motion, the next time with a slight corkscrewing motion, which earned her a growl of pleasure. Then she gently masturbated him back and forth with slippery fingers, coaxing his balls all the while. 'Three guesses what it reminds me of.'

Robert was not at a loss. He knew exactly what she was thinking. Still he encouraged her to continue and looked down on her with stunned arousal and admiration. 'My big hard cock pinning you down to the bed, sliding deep into your sensational hot, wet pussy...'

'I need you so hard right now,' she urged. 'You have no idea how wet I am for you.'

As she slurped and sucked his length in and out of her mouth so deliciously, Robert slowly reversed low onto his

haunches. Marie saw what he was doing and rolled back to crawl to him like a crab until her thighs were almost around him.

'Have me,' she begged.

Robert, trembling with excitement, helped her to keep her butt in the air, taking her in his strong hands and guiding himself towards the gleaming pink mouth of her quiver, where he wanted so badly to sheath his arrow deep.

He took her by inches at a time, responding to her shallowed breaths, her panting and her stifled cries, dipping in and out, a little deeper at a time. 'Oh what you're doing to me,' she sweetly declared before he used his strength to pull her all the way from his painfully swollen glans - lubricated now by the hot liquid arousal within - down to the root with one prolonged motion.

'Jesus, baby, you're impaling me,' she laughed, reaching out for a hand so that she could pull herself into his lap and revel in their coupling. Again they were as one, Marie and her son, the love of her life, and she paused to feel him

stretching her deep down as their pulses unified into one booming core rhythm. And those quivering twitches, every time one of them tensed and the other reacted - there was something so intimate and close about it that Marie could come from that alone when she ached so tenderly.

She pressed her forehead to his, hissing as she finally relaxed to accommodate him. Robert hoisted her up against him with his strong forearms elevating her legs, hooked at the back of her knees while his hands supported her bottom, and like that he began to ease her up and down over him.

Her sex exploded with fire, static crackling between them as they kept intimate eye contact. Wrapped up in his mother, her pussy like butter to a hot knife while her breasts pressed softly against his chest, her hardened nipples tickling him seemed only to add to the sense of super-closeness.

She wanted to speak, stifled on the razor edge of such eroticism and afraid that her words would cut off and be left unspoken. Instead she became lost in her thoughts as

well as the arousal and emotional depth of being cradled, loved and pleased all at once. She wanted to tell him how she wanted this every damned day of her life, not to have to wait for him to come back to him every week or two - to milk his virile young cock at every opportunity be it against her cervix or the back of her throat. She wanted him indefinitely, not to keep until life would take him away from her, but for as long as she lived.

And Robert sensed those words somehow, or at least knew the meaning of the twisting and twirling emotions in her ocean coloured eyes and the expression of closeness and love in her open mouthed expression.

'Think fast,' she said abruptly and forced all of her weight down on him, causing him to fall onto his back. And then taking his cock stiffly in hand once again, she told him that she needed to taste herself on him and bathed him in her saliva and almost sucked the life out of him before climbing his hips to ride him.

'We have the best morning sex,' she panted and moaned, controlling the plunge, the depth and the tightness of her

sheathing. And Marie was barely holding back. The only reason she didn't go all out was because she didn't want it to end. Robert agreed with his mouth hungrily latched at her left breast and then vocally thereafter.

'We have the best sex, end of!'

'I'm wetting the bed I'm so soaked on you,' she giggled and he could feel it. She had drenched his cock, his balls and his upper thighs already. She was like a sweet peach had been squeezed of all its sticky juices and he wanted to lick her up; all of her.

'I know,' he rasped breathlessly, 'I'm in fucking heaven with you right now.'

Marie clenched around his full hardness then, crying out on the end of every short breath as she galloped full speed into an intense climax. And again, because her uncanny ability to hold onto an orgasm was not just for the forbidden arousal caused by her own son sexually penetrating her, she kept it and rode with it as she felt him begin to swell up inside her.

'That's it, lover, let it go,' Marie coaxed, sucking him all up and squirming tightly around his girth. 'Come home!'

That was it - those last two words! Robert lost it, jerked up to meet her final downward arc and met her in a devastating finale, squirting three times, six times, nine times, twelve. And each pulsating shot left his gaping-mouthed mother spasming in compliance before she finally collapsed on top of him before tenderly kissing him back down to earth and tranquil calm.

'Really, mum - Marie,' Robert said some time later. 'Let's live together...'

Marie died inside with happiness.

2

It was a day to do something new, they decided. They didn't quite know what at first. A late breakfast was welcomed into

empty growling stomachs and then it seemed easier to think while full.

'Did you ever think about what things might have been like if you'd had me as a child?' Robert asked and the question caught Marie off guard.

'I don't know what you mean, honey.'

'Like, did you ever find yourself somewhere and think, "I wish we were both here"?' he reiterated. Almost sadly she looked away from him and shook her head then put the tip of her thumb into her mouth to nibble.

'I did used to take some days out to get away from it all. I've always loved nature. It's good for depression too. But if I ever ran into families I'd feel sad and lonely, seeing the kids with their parents. But it was always the lone kids that got me the most. It's hard for a kid to grow up without a brother or sister...'

'Not really, you know,' Robert assured. 'I grew up alone. I got all of the attention.'

'Yeah but not from me,' Marie hinted with an air of regret.

'I fucking love you so much. Please don't hurt so much. You did what you needed to. And, well, now...'

Robert's mouth curled up into a despicable grin. Marie couldn't escape his charms, even if he intended to be a complete dickhead about it.

'My womb must be like a fucking fishbowl after all this fucking,' she remarked absently.

'Did you have a favourite place to go?' Robert continued.

'Yes, there's a nature reserve about thirty miles from here,' she said and smiled wanly. 'It has a forest and lots of big hills and a little lake.'

'Well now that you have your boy back, you should take me there sometime,' he beamed with more enthusiasm than she thought genuine. He was just trying to make her happy. That made her happy.

'How about right now,' she agreed. 'We could dress up warm, take a flash of hot coffee and a little picnic...'

Her eyes lit up even brighter the moment he smiled his honest smile.

'Let's do it!'

3

The car park was deserted but for a couple of jeeps and Land Rovers. Those were either or both the hardcore all-weather hikers or the local country residents who didn't wait for summer to roll around before they hit the trails.

It had rained all the night before, but not heavily. The thick dark earth had soaked it up, still wet but like used coffee grounds not sodden or muddy. A wide dirt path led into the woods, the entrance of the nature reserve where it rose up gradually, snaking around the first hill like a dark serpent in the grass.

But where the path began to rise, Marie took her son by the hand and led him into the sloping woods, dark and deep and as dangerous as the initial connection between them had been. And as they walked in silence, she continued to hold his hand, listening for the signs of life all around them in the canopies.

There it wasn't so cold, even with the now blue sky overhead, because the deep earth insulated them; protected from the unforgiving elements by so much ancient wood. When they did finally resume talking, spurred on by a strange urge not to make a sound above a whisper, it was Robert, meanwhile studying the shyness burning his mother's cheeks.

'Is it weird that I'd marry you?'

'Jesus,' Marie responded with a jump, then pursing her lips together to refrain from grinning like an idiot. 'Where did that come from?'

'My heart I guess,' he trailed off, unrequited but far from rejected.

'You are weird,' she joked, 'but I'd have let you if I could. How does that make you feel?'

'Why can't you?' he asked.

She stopped dead in her tracks, gave him an affirming smile, took his cheeks in her hands and then whispered at the level of a pin-drop, 'because I'm your mother, and you're my flesh and blood, you adorable little weirdo.' Then she planted a most sensual kiss on his lips, teasing his upper lip with the tip of her tongue before parting with him.

'In case you're wondering, by the way,' she went on, leading the way across the soft soil, 'I'm not leading you to a suspect

looking gingerbread house or to find the Blair Witch or anything.'

'That's good to know, mum,' he projected, following from behind and watching her hips sway.

'You know, why not try calling me Marie for now,' she suggested happily. 'I was surprised when you called me by my name in bed this morning. I think I could get used to it.'

'Well what if we both got used to it?' Robert supposed. 'Could I still call you mum when I'm making love with you?'

'Quite kinky really, aren't you?' she noted. And they walked a while further, with Robert calling his mother Marie and his mother calling her baby Robert. It was something else. It somehow gave pause for thought, making everything new again. And it made Robert seem so much more grown up, even though the last thing she could call him was childish.

Gradually as the woods began to clear, coming up another incline, Marie led him from her secret place and back into the light of day again where the sense of privacy ended and they were greeted with a pair of hikers making their way back to their car. They spoke for a while, Marie taking the initiative and introducing Robert as her boyfriend. He blushed at that, but he couldn't have been more happy to hear it, even if she was just teasing to cause that reaction. It didn't matter either way. He loved her dearly.

When they were alone again, the other couple shrinking into the distance, Robert quipped, 'I'm so glad you didn't bare all and tell them what we call each other in the sack, Marie.' And in that it was her turn to blush. The flush of warm blood against the rosy chill in her cheeks earned her a kiss on each cheek before they walked a while, then picked a hill and chose to climb it.

'Some day I'd like you to tell me about my dad,' he said at the top, when they had regained their breath and stopped sweating. 'I know you said he was, well...'

'If you want to know, I will tell you right now,' she offered and then cautiously, 'but maybe not all of it. It's a difficult story but there's surprisingly little to tell...'

4

'I'd come to accept that I would never be your mother, even if there was always a chance that you would come looking,' Marie explained. 'But, well, here you are and on top of all the things I never thought would happen again in my lifetime, I am hopelessly in love. I can live with that, even if you won't be here forever. It's better to have a few years of love than to have none at all...'

But you will never meet your biological father. I'm certain of that. You might want to look out of sheer curiosity, but I don't think it would be good for any of us. He might already be dead. That wouldn't surprise me. He was bad at twenty years old. I knew he was getting into more than just heavy drinking, because he had a burden on his shoulders that he couldn't live with and he was too proud to do anything about it.

He felt that he didn't deserve the punishment that came with the peace of mind, because in spite of what led him down that path, he would run from the consequences of his actions just as fast as he would his demons, all the while denying that either existed.

Your dad was not the man I thought he was when I fell for him. It was all an act that changed the moment I became pregnant. He even tried to disown me from that point on but being that I wanted to fix him, to prove my weight in salt, I stood by him and tried to be sympathetic to his rages and his thirst for self-destruction.

And I don't know if what he claimed was true or if he was trying to scare me off. But he told me that he couldn't face life without a drink or a smoke or whatever else, because he had murdered someone. He said he had gotten into a feud with someone over money. Whether it was his or not, I don't recall him explaining, but he took a knife and he killed that somebody over bloody money of all things.

The day he told me, I was left cold as ice!

I was terrified for my life then the more his temper shortened and the more he laid into me over the little things. I had a job that amounted to nothing, breaking my back while you were a growing bump in my belly, while at home he was selling off the television, the microwave, anything that he could get his hands on.

He hit me because I was home too late and dinner wasn't on the table. He hit me because the house was dirty. He hit me in front of his friends to show them that he was the man of the house, all this from a boy who didn't know how to become a man and wouldn't face reality. He was a monster and I still stayed because he assured me that he meant none of it, that he had a problem and was going to get help; that he really cared...

I planned months before you were born to put you up for adoption because I didn't know if I would ever get out of that life. All I knew was that I wanted YOU out of that life, so that you'd have a chance, and so you wouldn't become him.

And you haven't. You're the most mature young man I've ever known. You're so charming and adult and you're the world's sweetest lover. You have it all - intelligence, maturity, you make me laugh so much and I just want to dote on you all day and I know you'll have a great life - and you don't have a single trait of his; nothing to remind me who he was but his hair colour.

But despite making the choice that allowed that, I regretted every day since I made that decision. I regretted it to the point where it motivated me to stop counting the days until he dropped dead or until the day he finally hit me too hard and I never got back up again. So one day I went out and I swallowed my pride and I went back home to talk with my mother, and that was the day I never went back.

She gave me the means to get away and to stay away, even though I'd burned that bridge long ago. I guess mothers never truly give up, even if they think they should. Or even if they go against all sense and listen to the nearest arrogant old man...

I'll tell you about him properly some day if you must know, even where you might still find him. But I doubt you will...

5

Robert drove her car back home in silence, eyes glued to the road, sharp with concentration despite the roads being thin with traffic. The sun was closing in on the horizon, blinding streaks of silver lining the faraway clouds. And to the east the sky was darkening with the threat of another cold and rainy night. Still the journey back seemed to happen in slow motion as an emotionally tired Marie slept huddled against her window, wearing her driving sunglasses to keep the light out.

It shocked Robert deeply to think that he could have come from that - in fact that he did come from that. And now he knew the truth, the raw, heart-wrenching truth as to why his mother lived with such deep-rooted guilt. He felt dirty being that he rushed inside with the blood of such a monster, and one who would the woman by his side so callously and without doubt.

It wasn't her fault. None of it was Marie's fault. She knew and admitted that she knew; that she did the absolute best thing that she could to protect him from that violent, tainted man-child. And still she ate away at herself, for the insurmountable guilt gifted to her for just trying to do right.

He didn't see that she had opened her eyes to study him, hidden behind her sunglasses. She studied the way his forehead creased and twisted with his anxiety over the matter and felt bad for having let him know virtually everything.

But on top of that she marvelled at the man he had become so soon, because Robert was more a man than both his father and hers combined could ever have been. And after running from one bastard into the arms of another, it was right in its own twisted way that she had finally found a blessed life in the arms of her own son, having rescued him from that old life. And now he was rescuing her and was coming to realise it so soon.

Her feelings allowed her to remain silent no longer.

'You look so serious,' she said, taking him by surprise. His head swivelled quickly to find her still hunched up in the same position, but now facing him and smiling wanly. She emitted a sigh, and then an uncontrollably strong yawn.

'What did you say?' he asked.

'You looked so serious, so deep in thought,' she told him, then sitting up stiffly. 'I hope I didn't tell you too much too soon.'

'It was never your fault,' he said back. 'You sacrificed everything for me. What you meant for me happened. I've had a good life and now I'm here, with you. It's time to let go of the past, don't you think?'

'I may never be able to, you have to understand,' Marie accepted. 'I was defined by life for so long that this is just what I am...'

Robert kept his silence for a while longer until an empty lay-by appeared at the side of the road. It was as good a

place as any to give her his undivided attention. And to let her know what her life really needed to be.

He pulled over, safely brought them to a standstill, then switched off the engine and took off his seatbelt to face her. And then he took her hand in his, and she took off her sunglasses to let him in.

'If you can be defined by life for so long that you let it shape everything about you then you can let our life define you, because I'll never be as happy with anyone else as I am with you and I know you feel the same. Tell me I'm wrong...'

'You're not wrong, baby,' she admitted, feeling the burning sting of tears behind her eyes. She breathed in sharply, with a tremble.

'Do you believe that everything happens for a reason?' he asked.

'I believe maybe so.'

'Then you must wonder how against all odds I came looking for you and things happened the way they did. I don't believe it's wrong in the slightest. I feel like we really are made for each other. Now that you told me about dad... him,' Robert corrected out of disgust, 'I know that it's not just me that feels this way. You can't be this happy or at peace without me either. You sacrificed everything for me, even with your own sanity in the balance...'

'I really did didn't I,' Marie said, trembling and then finally breaking. He pulled her into him, into his shoulder where the rivers of hot tears soaked through his shirt and warmed his shoulder. 'It's kind of funny. I spent so long going crazy without you. Now I'm crazy about you.'

They both laughed at that. Robert suggested she could have had a number one hit on her hands with that title. Then he dried her cheeks with his kisses and they met nose to nose.

'I want to live my life with you,' he declared. 'I want to make that sacrifice worth its weight in gold and I want to define the part of you that has died to live for so long but never could without me!'

'Baby one day I'll be old, so old,' she warned.

'And I'll still be there. I'll still love you so much. What kind of son would abandon his mother just because she gets old? We all get old!'

'You smartass, do you have an answer for everything?' Marie sniffed back her running nose, wiped her cheeks, and doted on him with wet, bloodshot eyes. 'Do you really mean it?'

'Everything,' Robert promised.

'Do you want to spend your life with me?'

'I want to see you every day, make you smile, make you mad, make you blush and lie beside you and watch you sleep,' he gushed. 'Everything! You gave me life, you saved my life, and I owe you my life. I want to share it with you!'

They shared a Chinese meal. It wasn't a bad start. After hiking for hours in the cold, their appetites had flared and raged the moment they stepped foot into Marie's kitchen only to decide that nothing there would likely sate their hunger.

So after a shower and then dressing down to bask in the radiating warmth of the apartment, they ordered duck and fried rice, chop suey rolls and noodles and talked about the future in between silent mouthfuls, like what movie they should watch and whose feet needed a massage the most, because there was the romanticised future - the happily ever after of fairy tale lore - and then there was the immediate next logical step from kitchen to couch.

And of course not everything in their future would work out the way they intended. For one, Robert's attempt to introduce his mother to the movie Highlander, starring Scotsman Sean Connery as an Ancient Egyptian, who sounded more Scottish than the Frenchman as the titular

Scotsman - silly fun but silly being the operative word - was quickly forgotten.

Marie reminded Robert that her feet needed a massage. Robert reminded her that so did his, but they hadn't yet decided who would go first. But where was his sense of chivalry, she protested, only to be educated in the meaning of chivalry as far as women were concerned.

'Okay we'll play Paper, Scissors, Stone" to determine who goes first,' Marie suggested, only for Robert to beat her three times in a row. Marie poked out her lower lip and gave him sad eyes.

'Mom, we have this whole couch between us. We could just scissor and work one foot at a time each,' he noted.

'Scissor?' Marie asked cluelessly. She supposed she just wasn't on the same wavelength when Robert explained what he meant. When he showed her, she wondered when the naughty games would start, because it seemed to be the position to get up to no good, sooner or later.

Barefooted and much taller than his mother, Robert was in hysterics before he allowed her to give up. Sadly Marie couldn't find her way around a man's foot. And in contrast with her dainty hands, his feet were huge. All she had served to do with her feather-light fingertips was to tickle him to death as the sole of one foot flapped back and forth an inch from her face.

'Thanks for that, mum, I haven't had the hiccups from ticklish feet since I was about five,' he consoled before forcing his breath down into his gut.

Oh but with his strong hands she was like wet clay to his touch, easily malleable and pliable and yielding. It wasn't long before her eyes became hazy as she smiled gratefully. Unable to help herself, she began to rub at the crotch of his lounging shorts with the sole of her free foot to feel him steadily rise to the occasion.

He wanted to tell her that she was incorrigible but he stifled himself, grinning and continued to work at the one foot, thumbing circles around the ball of her foot to work out the

soreness, while gently stroking the tendons of the flat of her foot with the other. She responded to his confident handiwork by arching her back against the sofa's arm, wiggling her way down to be closer to him and to put her foot down harder against his responding arousal.

Two can play at that game, Robert thought. Marie was wearing loose but also small and flimsy gym shorts, the type that left virtually no thigh unseen. He tried and managed to remove his foot from its current position alongside her and rested it right between her open thighs, giving her a playful nudge back.

She raised an eyebrow, as if to ask if he really wanted to start this. Then he moved onto her other foot and began to work on that one while he gauged the position of her swelling clitoris through the fabric of her shorts and began to stroke her teasingly with his big toe. All the while she used the other foot to return to the bulge in his crotch. She wasn't going to back down.

'Is there anything else you think needs a massage?' Robert was bold to ask.

'Clearly,' she dared, shaking the sole of her foot atop his confined semi-erection. 'What do you think?'

Robert knew what he had been thinking all along. In fact he might have done something about it earlier in those woods, but the mood had turned sombre and he hadn't wanted to push it on her.

'Are you wearing anything under those shorts, mom?'

She cocked her head playfully. 'What do you take me for?'

'Take them off,' he commanded.

'You take them off,' she countered and he did, sitting up and whipping them right down over her butt and slinging them off her legs with relative ease, revealing the figure-hugging pink lace panties she had chosen to tease him with. He gasped at the sight, not to mention the damp spot that was not showing in the crease where his toes had been running up and down between the lips of her hidden labia.

'This is only fair,' she then said, sitting up and wrestling him out of his own shorts. She wasn't surprised to find that he was in fact going commando that night. She could feel him clearly through the thin cotton. Now her mouth was filling with warm alkaline saliva again and she was feeling thirsty all of a sudden.

Suddenly Robert rolled off the couch and swung her around on her backside and swooped in before she could fight him, leaving her knees hanging over her shoulders. When he pulled her to the edge, she changed her tune, humorously as always. 'Oh that's not fair...'

Wasting no time in pulling the crotch of her panties aside to reveal the fruit of her womanhood, he licked his dry lips and met her eyes thirstily. 'Trust me, mom, you won't be complaining!'

Robert dove in to nuzzle her opening with no time to waste, sliding his tongue in and lapping the taste of her sex right out of her, much to Marie's moaning approval. He was too good. She didn't know what he was doing exactly, other

than he knew well enough for the both of them and that his rough tongue felt heavenly against her sensitive silken inner circle; the way he would make out with the hood of her clit and then slide down and then penetrate her in between the gushy wet lappings and lickings.

'If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were trying to climb back into my womb,' she moaned appreciatively, grasping at his hands and entwining her fingers with his. 'I never did want you to come out of me, saying that. I always wanted to keep you warm and safe.'

'I wish I could stay in you,' he admitted freely, battering her pussy with wet kisses as her juices trailed down his chin. 'Every time I slide deep into you and we get to that point...'

'The point of no return,' she gasped. 'I love us taking each other there.'

'I love you, Marie,' he said attacking her one last time with a gentle yet frenzied tongue lashing, making her cry out as all chemical and electrical impulses diverted to where her son's mouth made love to her.

'I love you. And I really need to have you in my mouth right now,' she hastened.

'Bedtime?' he asked. She nodded suggestively, letting him know that she was thirsty for him like the devil had left her eternally empty and insatiable. So he really had to ask. 'Have you ever done a sixty nine?'

7

Marie loved it. It made her feel so dirt and so dominant, spread out over his face as he impaled her with his long darting tongue, his hands greedily clawing at her ample butt. As she lay flat over his torso, easing back the foreskin and slurping madly at her son's stiff, thickly veined cock, it was too easy to get lost in this new kind of sexual synchronicity.

They were in tandem, an erotically charged lifecycle where every tinge of pleasure he gave to her she translated through her own tongue to send back to him. Eventually he

won out, because he could only really come the once before having to recover, so he had to hold back. Otherwise he could cause her multiple little orgasms to whet the appetite for the penetration of his long, thick, solid organ.

She removed herself from his face and manoeuvred back down the bed to lie face to face with him, where they both embraced passionately to share the taste of one another, which they did with open mouthed, tongue-lashing relish.

'You can do that to me again any day,' Marie purred. 'I don't know what that was but, fuck me, that was something else,' she added before helping Robert out of his remaining clothes. She herself was already bare-naked, a shameless exhibitionist with the fit curvy body she had worked to provide him with for the past two years. And he couldn't have approved anymore, being that he loved her from the start.

'Was it worth all the best birthday cakes?' Robert asked, recalling a certain conversation they'd had a couple of years ago - the second time they met.

'If you got all the cake you deserved for that, you'd be gigantic in no time,' she imagined and then rolled over to face away from him. When she lifted her leg up and began to rub and slap at her bare, soaking pussy, he knew what came next.

They were writhing together, fingers entwined so that she could guide his hands exactly where she wanted them while his cock glided into her at the insistence of her swaying, grinding hips. One hand went to her perspiring breasts, the other to her mouth so that she could suck on his thumb as he spooned her and held her down onto his shaft.

'I love you so much, mom,' he panted into her ear, moving his hands to her hips so that he could better control the angle and depth, and now he was bumping directly up against her g-spot and causing her instant sexual insanity, making her tremble and shake like a leaf in the grass on a windy day. 'I want to be in you all the time, to reduce you to a quivering mass, to keep you on these sexual, hormonal, love-struck highs...'

'Like a drug,' she managed to say coherently, but only just. 'You're like a drug - a hard, hard drug with long, beautiful ecstatic highs. Jesus Christ, I need you on top of me,' she cried and pulled him around to climb between her legs.

She lifted her knees back, leaving her feet hanging in the air. Seeing what a foot massage had done to her, Robert knew what needed to be done, whether she knew he was going to do it or not.

He grabbed her feet and used them to steady himself as he eased himself inside her to be swallowed whole and the both of them gasped desperately as his coolness dipped deep into her heat. Then he took both of her feet to his mouth and began to kiss her soles and suck wildly at her toes.

'You fffffff-

He retracted again and repeated the easy liquid motion, still sucking on her toes as every nerve ending in her body responded madly at once. Her eyes wide, Marie let out an animal growl, all of a sudden very aware that she had now

lost control of her body to the insane orgasms now shooting through her from the pit of her chest to her very toes.

'Ohhhh my ffff-

Robert approved, judging by the look on his face as he did to her feet exactly what she did so well to the head of his swollen cock when it served to blow his mind. And although they weren't exactly the same, she was now riding his cock like a maniac as she bucked and writhed to free her feet from his vise-like grip.

'Oh, what you do to me,' she roared like a warring wild cat and she was racked with another ecstatic wave. It was time for him to stop teasing and to join her, eye to eye, so that she could devour him like such a beast.

And she did, wrapping her legs around him in a guillotine to allow him as deep as he could be inside her. Her eyes wide and intense, almost as though in the grip of terror, she held his gaze and said three simple words...

'Fucking Destroy Me!'

So they hissed and they kissed, flesh colliding hard and wet, clapping together rapidly to the tune of sexual applause. And the need between them grew deeper and harder, blissful to the point of addictively painful, because deep inside they wanted each others' babies there and then, not knowing why other than for the natural next step beyond love.

It would never happen. It could never happen. Even if by accident, no child could survive them. And if it could then their love would never survive the wrath of the law which swore on a bible to serve itself above all else.

That point of no return was coming, though, and so was she already. Glowing red from her cheeks to her neck and to her breasts, she bloomed like the Spring's first rose beneath the sun, while beneath her son she yielded to his deep sliding length, so thick and so strong.

'I fucking love being your mother and I fucking love my son fucking me and I want this forever,' she declared and it was

enough to make him that little bit harder if that was possible anymore. 'Come home, come home, come on, baby, come home to your mother now,' and again that was the last he could take before he gave her his all.

In an insane show of strength that he didn't know he had, Robert lifted her up in his arms as he drove home to explode in a sticky white flurry of thick seed against her cervix and pistoned her flailing, helpless body up and down on his raging cock.

Marie threw her arms around him laughing, sobbing, all at once; rejoicing in his powerful release. Never had she felt such an amazing thing as when their love exploded in unison then. She took him down to the bed gently to cradle him against her breast soon after, to dote on him, her son and her lover.

8

The bed sheets, the pillows, her body - everything - was soaked in his come and hers and their sticky, salty sweat. It

was quite a thing, was all that she could think. Quite a thing to have experienced raw animalistic lovemaking that way!

'Fuck the shower, we need a bath,' she said, then at least so we can lie down and just hold each other, she thought immediately after. And even an hour later, when the water had cooled, they were both still trembling in the aftermath of that night.

'What just happened?' she asked.

'I don't quite know,' he admitted nervously. 'But if you're not pregnant now, there's probably a power outage halfway across town, because we exerted enough energy to cause an EMP storm.'

'Whatever one of those is,' she laughed. 'But, fuck, I can't think straight. You literally fucked the sense out of me,' she trailed off and laughed again.

'I can't live without you, mom,' Robert then said and corrected himself. 'Marie - mom - Marie!'

'Good,' she smiled and kissed his limp hand, then his cheek and then finally his responsive lips. 'Come and make a life with me. I'm not going anywhere, except with you.'

They held each other close, two hearts completely synchronised and beating as one.

THE END