

The Ties that Bind

It all happened so quickly. Tyson lifted his mask to check on the weld and the shock of the exploding acetylene tank threw him backwards in a searing flash of light and heat. Instantly concussed he would later be thankful workmates were quick on the scene, dousing the flames, removing his smouldering clothing. The paramedics at the time were amazed he'd survived with relatively little injury, treating the burn to his forehead and cheeks. That he was wearing the full safety gear, gloves included, undoubtedly saved his life.

At the hospital an hour later however the news the doctor provided wasn't so glowing and to a bandaged Tyson and his boss, quite sobering.

"O.k Tyson it's like this," the doctor explained. "The burns on your face were superficial, the concussion minor but at this point we're just not sure if the damage to your eyes will repair."

The doctor continued. "You've severely burnt the cornea. The loss of vision I would equate to directly looking at the sun for an extended period of time."

Tyson threw his head back on the pillow in an exaggerated display of despair. The morphine was affecting his reasoning and he joked with his employer. "Well Bert. Looks like I get tomorrow off! Woohoo. Long weekend for me."

Bert touched his employee on the arm out of sympathy. "Buddy you just focus on getting better. Don't even think about work right now."

A commotion could be heard from outside the room. "Where is he? This one?"

"Uh oh!" Tyson observed. "Here she comes."

The woman entered the room like a hurricane. She held her hand to her mouth when she saw her son on the bed, the bandages wrapping his eyes and forehead. "Oh my baby. What have they done to you?" She ran across the room and threw her arms around the prone man.

Bert took a step back from the bedside to give the woman room. Although under the stressful conditions he couldn't help taking a moment to admire his employees' mother. Looking like she'd come straight from the gym (although women seemed to wear their gym clothes everywhere nowadays he noted) with ridiculously tight 3/4 yoga pants and a matching tank, he half wished he was the one injured on the gurney and receiving her breasts against his chest.

"Mom, relax I'm fine." Tyson tried to assuage her.

"No you're not. Look at you!" She bluntly stated.

The doctor held out his hand to the middle aged woman. "I take it you're the mother?"

Releasing her embrace but keeping a hand on her son, she accepted the doctors welcome. "Darlene Grace, yes I'm his mother. What happened?" She looked at Bert with a scowl. "Your secretary only told me there'd been an accident."

Before Bert could offer an explanation, the doctor continued. "I'm Doctor Wesley Fuller; I was in emergency when your son arrived. As I was just explaining to him, he's received damage to the cornea of both eyes. Now he had limited to no vision when we first examined him and this hasn't changed."

Darlene raised a hand to her mouth. "Oh my god!"

"Now I understand that sounds bad but be aware the body has a way of repairing damage of its own accord. I expect to see his vision return. If it doesn't, there can also be options."

"Options?" Darlene asked.

Dr. Fuller nodded. "I'm aware there are amazing advancements with laser surgery, even corneal transplants." He noticed her looking even more shocked at this news and quickly moved to re-assure her. "But these are down the road; it may not even come to that."

"Cool I'll have lasers shooting out of my eyes. No I want those X-ray eyes like in the movies!" Tyson cheered.

There was silence in the room as they all took in Tyson's comment. "He's had a lot of morphine!" The doctor quipped. "Mrs. Grace..."

"It's Ms. I'm not married!" Darlene quickly threw in and then felt foolish.

Wesley Fuller smiled. "Ms. Grace. What Tyson needs right now is rest. As I've said we expect his sight will return." He touched Tyson on the leg. "Just stay out of the sun for a few days, avoid flashing lights and no more explosions!"

"And the bandages?" Darlene inquired.

"They can be removed when you like. They're to keep his eyes closed; an eye mask will be suffice. The nurse will give you a cream for the burns, they're superficial, more like a sunburn. Ms. Grace, he's really a lucky young man. It could've been a lot worse." He touched the middle aged woman on the upper arm in a gesture of reassurance. "Now if you have any further questions, please don't hesitate to call," he smiled. "O.k. I'll leave you to it."

Excusing himself, the doctor left Bert and Darlene alone with Tyson.

"Ah, obviously the company will be paying all of the medical Darlene. It's the least we can do under the circumstances." Bert offered.

Darlene Grace had relaxed somewhat with the encouraging news from the doctor. "Thank you Bert, I'm sorry if I was a little abrupt when I arrived."

"No that's fine." He had the opportunity now to appreciate the woman from the front and wasn't disappointed. Her nipples pronounced, a strip of tanned skin at the midriff and a wonderful bulge of pussy. This he was careful to not be caught staring at but his cock was responding favorably. "I'd be the same if it was my boy!"

"So can I get out of here now or what?" Tyson asked.

Darlene looked to Bert for help. "You know what, I'll leave you two alone and I'll go find out." Bert responded and went to seek some assistance.

Darlene lifted her son's hand and kissed his knuckles. "Don't you ever scare me like this again, you hear."

"Hey I didn't mean it to happen. Although it was worth it for these drugs. Trust me those doctors don't know what they're talking about. My vision's fine. I can see a unicorn and all these little fairies. Oh look, there's a rabbit!"

"Ooh Kaay! I think we'll be following the doctor's advice though honey, you just have to rest. I'll make sure of it." Darlene assured him.

Bert returned with a nurse and medication. He could be released straight away and Darlene was given instructions as to the application of eye drops and lotion for the burns. While awaiting an orderly Bert took care of any payments and met up with them as Tyson was being pushed to the exit on a wheelchair. "I really don't need to be in this thing. I'm telling you, I can fly." Tyson proclaimed. He looked around blindly, feebly flapping his arms. "Mom, tell them."

The orderly looked at Darlene. "Drugs?"

"Ooh yeah!" She smiled.

At the car Darlene waited for a woman wearing a satin robe with bound wrists to be loaded into the passenger seat in the car beside hers by a younger man, probably her son she thought. When they'd departed Bert helped Tyson into the car and again assured Darlene of any assistance she needed, financially or otherwise.

"You just get some rest Buddy, you hear," Bert told him, patting his employee on the shoulder. "And do what your mother tells you."

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At twenty three, Tyson had been searching for a place of his own. Most of his friends were renting but he considered it throwing away money. Why pay for someone else's mortgage when I can pay my own, he reasoned. Therefore since obtaining a full time job he'd been living at home with his mother until he saved enough for a deposit and repayments. Darlene was now thankful he hadn't already found something. She could look after him herself for however long it took while still continuing her work from home gift basket business.

By 3pm that afternoon the drugs were starting to wear off and although Tyson assured her he wasn't in physical pain, the emotional pain had started.

"What if I don't ever see again Mom?" Tyson asked.

Darlene had made him comfortable, helping him into a t-shirt and track pants and setting him up in the darkened living room. "Well we can't think like that yet. The doctor said they have high hopes you'll recover. We just have to take it slow." She looked him over and couldn't help but feel sympathy. His shoulders slumped and his head in bandages, she herself had thought the same thing. I just have to be positive for him, she told herself.

"Did Bert give you my phone?" He asked as she made her way back to the kitchen.

"Oh yeah." Darlene opened her handbag and removed his phone and wallet. She walked back into the living room and sat down on the arm chair beside her son. About to hand him his phone she realized there wasn't much he could do with it without his sight. "Do you want me to unlock this for you?"

"Yeah if you could, just to check for messages." He paused and Darlene waited for him to give the code. Tyson was stalling. He was attempting to recall if he had anything that wouldn't be fit for his mother to see on his phone and it didn't look good. That very morning he'd been watching porn. Had he closed the screen? What if she opened the media folder? There he knew for certain were countless pictures of naked women. Fuck, he thought. Even his wallpaper was porn.

"Tyson? What's the p.i.n?" She asked.

"Um actually Mom, it's not important right now. I'll worry about all that later. As you said, I should be resting." He reached out, his palm upwards to take the phone from her and misjudged her distance from him. In his mind's eye he held his hand between them. In reality he perfectly cupped her right breast.

"Ooh!" Darlene recoiled instantly as Tyson himself realized what he'd felt and withdrew his hand.

"Oh shit sorry Mom." He blurted out embarrassed. "I didn't know."

Darlene smiled at the comedy of the situation. "Honey it's no big deal." She reached out for his hand and placed the phone securely in his grip. "I think there's voice recognition stuff on them isn't there? When you're ready we'll try and set it up if you want."

"Yeah, um that'd be good." As he listened to her move back into the kitchen he could still smell her perfume next to him. Are my other senses developing? He joked with himself. Am I becoming Daredevil? He laughed and his mother yelled back asking if he'd said anything. "No Mom, it's all good." He lay back on the couch and as he fell asleep he thought of the feeling of his mother's soft breast, heavy in his hand. And it was a pleasant thought.

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"Honey...Honey; it's time to put the drops in." Darlene held her hand to his bicep as she rocked him awake.

Tyson went to open his eyes and unable to do so immediately remembered the situation. "Oh shit. I was dreaming I was in Walmart and I was nak..." He stopped before he discussed his naked Walmart sex dream with his mother. "Oh it doesn't matter. What time is it?"

"9:30pm. You fell asleep straight away, it's probably the drugs. I didn't want to wake you but it's time to do the eye drops."

"Oh O.k. Yeah. Is there dinner? I'm starving." He stated, rubbing his stomach

"Uh huh. I can reheat some quiche but first the eye drops O.k."

The removal of the bandages at the kitchen table wasn't as dramatic as Darlene had imagined. The burns to his forehead looked not much worse than a severe sunburn. Darlene herself couldn't notice any difference in his eyes either. "Are you faking mister?" She laughed and flicked her hand quickly towards his face. When he didn't flinch she immediately regretted her action.

His face said it all as he looked through her with unseeing eyes. Eyes that began to well with tears. "Mom. I can't see!"

Darlene's heart broke to see her son in such emotional pain. Dropping the bandage she needed to embrace him, to tell him it would be O.k.

Without a second thought she climbed onto her sons lap on the dining chair, her arms wrapping his torso. "It'll be alright baby," she whispered into his ear, her cheek against his. "We'll get through this."

The reassuring words were comfort. Tyson stared straight ahead into complete darkness, no, not complete he noticed. There were pinpricks of light. Faint stars, blinking as if billions of miles distant.

Where there's light, there's hope, he reasoned. Something else he noticed. His mother's body.

Her climbing upon him hadn't factored against the weight of his blindness but now he felt another weight. That of her bottom pressing to his groin. He'd placed his hands on her legs as she mounted the chair and only now did he perceive just where they were positioned. He could feel the silky spandex or lycra material of her leggings as he held each outer thigh. So pleasant a feeling he allowed a hand to caress its way slowly back towards the curve of her buttock.

"...I'll make the house safe for you to walk around."

She'd been talking, whispering into his ear while he was thinking and he hadn't heard a word.

"What?" He asked. He had moved the hand from her buttock to the bare patch of skin on her lower back above her pants. It was only then as he felt the hem of her similarly feeling top did he ascertain the clothing she wore. Gym gear, he thought. I love girls in gym gear. He scolded himself for thinking it at that moment. She isn't a girl Tyson, she's your mother.

"I was saying the world is a lot easier for the blind nowadays. Like your phone, everything can be voice activated. You love reading, there are talking books..." Darlene continued but Tyson again found it hard to concentrate. Aware now of her breasts against his chest,

her hot breath on his neck and most of all, her groin pressed hard on his penis.

How was she not aware of the position they were in, he wondered? All he had to do was lower his hand again it would be on her ass. If he delved down he'd be able to touch her pussy! That did it. He felt his cock begin to swell. If there was no contact, it would've been possible for him to will it away but his mother's vagina was pressing against him. There was no way he could prevent this happening. He had to do something before she felt it.

"...has a guide dog. I know it's too early to think..."

"Um Mom, what about these eye drops!?" Tyson abruptly broke into her one way conversation.

"Oh of course." She placed her hands on his shoulders to help herself up off him and her weight lifted from his groin. He heard her walk to the bench. She's barefoot, he thought and return to him.

"O.k. Head back and look up."

Tyson did as instructed and Darlene stood behind the chair looking down upon him. She applied the drops to each eye and replaced the cap. Looking back at her son her eyes strayed down his body and were caught by a sight she at first couldn't quantify. The gray loose fitting track pants she herself had helped him into that afternoon

stood out in a tower at his crotch. It was undeniable; it wasn't a fold in the material or something in the pocket. Her son had an erection. She turned her gaze, her face, away from the image, reddening before realizing he couldn't see her reaction. Did she dare look again? She asked herself. Her eyes returned immediately. It twitched and she jumped and tried to stop the smile that spread across her face. My son has an erection and I'm looking at it! She told herself and then another thought entered her mind. A thought so loaded with contention. He has an erection because of me!

"Did you say something about quiche?" Tyson asked, unaware his mother was staring at his cock.

"Oh. Of course. I'll heat it up."

As Darlene microwaved the plate she leaned against the bench, her eyes on her son. She bit at a fingernail as she watched the lump in his pants diminish. It was an aberration. She told herself. Like a morning erection after his afternoon sleep, it happens. Nothing to do with me. She looked at his muscular arms, his chest beneath the tight white t-shirt. His short dark hair, his handsome face, the stubble. Nothing to do with me! She again told herself and as the microwave bell rang she felt the dampness between her legs as she retrieved the plate.

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Tyson maneuvered around the house extremely well. Not so much different than walking the house at night. One level and relatively

small, Darlene supervised his navigation through the rooms, moving objects that impeded easy transition. Come 11:30pm they were still wide awake and testing their new reality.

"Maybe sit down on the toilet next time!" Darlene quipped as she entered his room. They'd both changed for bed, in Tyson's case just down to his boxers and t-shirt and Darlene in a short satin robe.

"Oh sorry." Tyson apologized, his face blushing.

She laughed and sat on the bed next to him, "Oh I've seen worse. You don't remember when you were little? More out than in."

Tyson himself laughed at this and Darlene was relieved to see him relaxed.

"Mom about my phone." Tyson began. He'd given her the code to unlock it and they'd gone through and returned messages to a couple of friends but in doing so she'd seen his dynamic theme wallpaper of porn. "I don't want you to think I'm obsessed or anything."

Darlene smiled and placed a hand on his leg in comfort. "It wasn't that shocking honey. I've seen naked women before. I just have to look in the mirror remember." She didn't know why she added the reference to herself. Suddenly her hand on his leg didn't feel as innocent. She left it there though, not wanting to act as if she was affected by the subject.

"I don't know how I'm going to sleep tonight. I'm so not tired!" Tyson stated, stretching.

"I'm a bit the same. What do you usually do if you can't sleep?" Darlene asked him.

Tyson immediately thought, masturbate but wasn't going to tell his mother that. "Just read I guess."

"Do you want me to read to you?" Darlene offered, her voice excited. "It'd be just like when you were a toddler." She was already reaching for the book she saw on his bedside table before Tyson had a chance to object.

"The Coming of Them by C.D. Sunbury. Sounds scary!" She opened to the bookmarked page and climbed up on the bed beside her son.

"Yeah Mom, I'm not sure you want to read this, its horror!" He proclaimed but it wasn't the horror content he was thinking about. "And other stuff..."

"Oh I'll be alright. Come on get comfy."

'Arabella broke from the cavern into the raging storm. Lightning illuminated the forsaken landscape before her. The devastation

they'd wreaked upon her home, her families land for one moment made visible then plunged into darkness. The moaning emanated from the bowels of the mountain behind her. They were aware of her absence. She had to run.'

"Ooh you're right. I'm going to have nightmares. What's in the mountain?" Darlene asked but went on before Tyson could answer.

'The rain fell sideways with the furious wind. Her white dress made transparent with the inundation. Barefoot, Arabella hastened her descent. If she made the river, could they follow? Branches of trees reached for her as if conspiring with the dark ones to slow her progress. Tugging, snagging until she was caught. "No," she screamed. "Not here." Her dress tore from her body and she carried on naked.'

"Oh my goodness. Does she get away?" Darlene asked, not expecting an answer.

Tyson was suddenly aware how close his mother was. His forearm lay along her side. He sensed she no longer wore the gym clothes but could only imagine what she'd replaced it with. One of her nighties, he guessed. Was it the pink one? It was threadbare for memory; she commented on it herself in the past. Her underwear would be visible through the material. He tried to concentrate on the novel.

'The dark ones burst from the cave entrance and stopped as they observed her escape. Arabella sensed their eyes on her back, felt

them lusting after her nudity. The river neared. It was sanctity. They detested the water, they would not follow, she told herself over and over. Her feet met the slippery bank. She fell and righted herself, her body now slick with the dark mud. On she labored, crawling through the quagmire. Her hands touched the water. Safety.'

"Oh thank God she made it. What would they have done?" Darlene commented.

Tyson smiled at her input. He had to admit it was relaxing having her read to him. It brought back so many fond memories. He noted the chapter she read wasn't as explicit as some of the previous and he was grateful.

'The dark ones returned to the depths of the mountain, Arabella watching their departure with skepticism. Why would they give up? She asked herself. How have they allowed me to leave? She crawled backwards through the mud into the water, pushing her body with her feet buried in the sludge. Her ankle snagged. No held. The bog enveloped her leg, the other, and rose before her. The thing ascended from the filth. The mud flowing from its corrupt body with the sheets of rain.

'Arabella's face caught in a rictus of fear, aghast at this new horror to emerge from the earth. Its form was undefined, one moment that of a man, the next a maze of appendages, hands arms and she saw them, phalluses. Her legs forced apart, her sex, although obscured by the corruption about her, open for the demon. They descended upon her, pawing and mauling her flesh. Hundreds of penis-like

tentacles wrapping her limbs. Her scream was silenced by penetration. A thick cock filling her mouth, her throat..."

"Oh, I see what you mean." Darlene paused.

"Mom you don't have to read it!"

"No I want to find out what happens." She raised her legs up and noticed her short satin robe fall along them to her waist. Her yellow underwear visible, she was about to cover herself when she remembered it wasn't necessary. Tyson's arm remained by her side, his hand so close to her now bare leg. If he moved his fingers he could touch my panties she thought. He's not touching your panties Darlene; she told herself and concentrated again on the book.

'Arabella raised her hands to the phallus in her mouth, wrapping her fingers around its girth in an attempt to remove the beast. This seemed merely to swell the appendage further as it drove in and out of her. She was pulled towards the horror. The penises growing as they caressed her breasts and almost sensually teased her womanhood. Shamefully she became aware of her own arousal as her clitoris was stimulated. How does it know? She asked herself.'

Tyson, soothed by his mother's voice was half way between sleep and consciousness. He had a vivid image of Arabella naked in the mud, violated by this cock monster. He looked into the face of the heroine and he saw his mother. Darlene looked below the book to her chest. The tie of her robe had loosened allowing it to open at her

breast, she moved slightly and half her breast exposed. From Tyson's position he could see her nipple, she thought. If only he could!

'The penetration when it came was welcomed, her vagina accepting and embracing her monstrous lover with wanton abandon. Arabella sought out a penis with each hand from the hundreds available, masturbating them furiously as the beast fucked her. Her mouth now willingly sucked the cock it enveloped. She needed more and as if the entity read her mind her buttocks were lifted from the mud and her fundament infiltrated.'

"Oh my god. It's in her bum!" Darlene exclaimed, only then noticing the difference in her son's breathing, obviously sleeping. It wasn't all she noticed. Covered only by a thin sheet she saw the long hard ridge jutting from her son's groin. His erection clearly outlined beneath the white cotton. She stared at it as if captivated before placing the book back on his nightstand. It's not about me, she again told herself. It was the story. It was the reason her own underwear were now saturated at her crotch. It was the story. I could just pull the sheet down and I'd see it she thought, I'd see my son's hard cock. As if under some spell her hand slowly moved towards the sheet. Stop it Darlene. What the hell are you doing?

Easing herself off the bed she turned off the light on the nightstand and exited the room. In the bathroom she looked at her reflection. "What is wrong with you?" She asked the woman in the mirror and no reply was forthcoming. After removing her makeup and brushing her teeth she turned the light off to leave. It was then her question

was answered. A small voice inside her head. You know fully well what's wrong with you. You want to fuck your son!

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Tyson awoke to the sound of birds. Thinking how strange to hear the sound in the dark of the night he immediately remembered his condition. I can't even tell the time anymore, he lamented, his hunger informing him it was indeed the morning and judging by the sound of traffic, well advanced.

He felt his way along the hallway to the kitchen and with muscle memory managed to prepare himself a bowl of cereal. Darlene was soon to join him, praising his independence. "Any improvement with your eyes honey?"

Tyson shook his head. "I could see pinpricks of light last night but this morning, there's nothing." As he took a mouthful of cereal, he misjudged his mouth and milk ran down his chin. Darlene was quick with a tea towel, placing a hand on his before wiping his face. "Thanks Mom, I'm a klutz!"

Darlene ran a hand through the hair on the back of his head. Her breast was level with his face. She looked down at his crotch, the fly of his boxer shorts. I could slide my hand in there while he sucks on my boobs! She allowed her red satin robe to fall open, her bare breasts only inches from Tyson's lips as he took another mouthful, this time more successfully.

Darlene left his side, buttered her toast and brought her own breakfast back to the table, her robe falling off her shoulders to her elbows. It was wrong, she knew. Essentially dressed only in her underwear. Parading before her oblivious child for her own sexual satisfaction. At least she was now admitting the fact she thought. That it was turning her on. That it was thrilling and liberating to be half naked before him. Oh to be fully naked, she thought. No. I couldn't, could I?

"So what do we do today?" Tyson asked causing Darlene to jump.

"Well I have some gift baskets to put together and you young man have to rest."

Tyson pushed his chair back and made to take his bowl to the dishwasher.

"Oh honey, just leave it." Darlene suggested. "I'll take care of it. Why don't you take a shower then we can do the eye drops."

"Yeah good idea. I probably smell like hospital."

Darlene finished her toast and took her and Tyson's dishes to the sink. "Come on I'll help you get organized."

Darlene took Tyson's hand and in her eagerness led him quickly out of the kitchen. In the bathroom she placed his towel closest to the shower on the rail and handed him his toothbrush. Her hand brushed his cheek and the growing stubble. "Yeah I know. I'm not looking forward to doing that." Tyson admitted.

"I'll do it for you baby. Whatever you need me to do, I'll do O.k!" Darlene proclaimed. "It's what I'm here for."

"Thanks Mom," Tyson stated. "Maybe tomorrow." He held his toothbrush up to his face and stalled and Darlene realized he was waiting for her to leave.

"Oh so, O.k. I'll leave you to it. Um, your shampoo is the one on the right and the soap's in the middle," she stated, loitering by the door. "You know which one's your sponge of course; it's hanging from the cold faucet."

Tyson was smiling broadly now, waiting for her to leave. "Mom. It's all good. If I have any problems I'll just yell out."

"Alright honey, you do that," She held the door as Tyson turned to the sink and began to brush his teeth. What was circling in her head was unthinkable only a day before, the plan that was formulating wasn't in her makeup, would never have come to mind if events hadn't transpired as they had in the last day. She began to close the door and it was her last chance to abandon her idea. "I'll just turn on

the fan for you." She stated before closing the door. With her still inside the room.

Tyson brushed away, before rinsing and cleaning the brush. Placing it against the splashback and not in the cup he shared with his mother for easy identification. He could still smell her perfume in the room and he wondered again if it was his senses improving. Not just her perfume he added. He'd noticed it at the breakfast table. The unmistakable smell of a woman. He'd been with girls; he knew the scent of aroused pussy. The very thought it was his mother's pussy had him feeling light headed.

Lifting his t-shirt off over his head he cautiously felt his way to the bath and found the clothes hamper beside. Depositing his shirt he grasped the waist band of his shorts and lowered, stepping out and adding them to the dirty laundry. Naked, Tyson thought he heard someone breathing. He stopped momentarily and cocked his head listening over the noise of the fan. "Mom?" He quietly asked the supposedly empty room. No response forthcoming he shook his head and reached out for the shower door.

Darlene stood frozen with a hand over her mouth, her back pressed hard against the door. The gasp couldn't be restrained as her son removed his underwear and revealed his butt, his cock, to her. She held her breath as he spoke. How could she reveal herself? Already ashamed at her actions, to admit she was still in the room with him? It was unthinkable. She relaxed somewhat as he entered the shower, obviously satisfied he was alone.

Finally adjusting the water to the correct temperature, Tyson entered the flow, the water soothing his muscles. He allowed the water to run over his face, the reddened skin. I could smell her pussy, he thought to himself. My mom's pussy. He thought of her sitting upon his lap, touching her breast, reading the erotic novel to him. As he lathered the soap into his sponge and ran his hands down his body, the inevitable occurred. His cock hardened.

Darlene hadn't moved. Dared not. The shame she felt at spying on her son however was quickly being replaced by lust. The hand at her mouth, stifling the sound of her breathing now lowered down her neck. Her fingertips caressing the space between her breasts as Tyson lathered soap into his chest.

Tyson soaped his balls feeling the beginning of stubble. They'd need shaving he thought. How the hell am I going to do that? Mom could do it, he quickly reasoned. She'd offered to shave his face. Yeah! He thought. I'm really going to let my own mother shave my balls! He couldn't deny his erection any longer, abandoning the sponge he wrapped his hand around his shaft and squeezed, further swelling his engorged penis.

From outside the shower and even through the steamed and water speckled glass, Tyson's movement was unmistakable. Darlene was watching her son masturbate. His back pressed to the far wall, his legs slightly spread. With one hand cupping his balls he rhythmically jerked his cock with the right at a slow and steady pace. Both her hands had moved to her own crotch. With the left she pulled aside her sopping yellow panties, exposing her pussy to her blind son.

With her legs bent slightly at the knee she used three fingers to stimulate her clit, pressing and circling in time with her son's up and down movement.

In Tyson's mind his mother pushed her ass back onto his cock in his bed. He spread her cheeks and looked into her little brown asshole, opening and closing with each thrust. Fuck me Tyson, fuck your mother, he imagined her commanding and he felt his orgasm approach. You want it Mom? You want my cum? He asked her in his fantasy. Yes baby. Cum inside Mommy's pussy. Tyson squeezed his balls as his semen left them. Furiously pumping his cock he began to cum under the shower. "Oh Mom!" He gasped as shot after shot of cum surged forth, landing who knows where?

Darlene almost collapsed as her orgasm swept over her body. Her hand pressed harder onto her clit, her middle finger sliding down and entering her vagina to be flooded in her own climax. As she watched Tyson straighten in the shower and return to washing himself, her ecstasy turned to shame. My god, she thought. What kind of person am I? Ogling my own son, masturbating in front of him like a common pervert. Her face already flushed, turned an ashamed crimson. She needed to extricate herself from the room, recover some dignity for them both. Silently she clasped the doorknob and opened the door slowly. Ever so stealthily she slid through the gap and closed the door behind her.

Tyson felt the change in air pressure and a slight variance in temperature within the bathroom. The door had obviously been opened and closed but why? "Mom?" He asked the empty room to

no response. Why would his mother do that? Just to check on him? To be sure he was O.k? As he rinsed the shampoo from his hair he thought of another reason. What if she hadn't left? What if she'd been in there the entire time watching him masturbate? His cock swelled again at the possibility.

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Darlene stood naked before her dresser contemplating what to wear. Do I have to wear anything? She thought then quickly rebuked herself for the notion. Still ashamed at her behavior in the bathroom she reached for a pair of large unflattering cotton panties. That's it Darlene, time to act like a mother, not some dirty whore. Its jeans and a sweater for you today. As her hand removed the panties her eyes strayed across her underwear drawer. So many sexy items, most unseen by another's eyes. They wouldn't be seen would they? She thought. She didn't have to be wearing them for him; she could put them on for herself. For her own satisfaction. So much for being the good girl she mused, the whore wins again. Releasing her grip on the panties she reached for another item, this one delicate and far less motherly.

Tyson had found his IPod and lay back on his bed listening to music. Post shower he was pretty sure he knew what he was wearing though the color of his t-shirt was a mystery to him. Even over the staccato riff of System of a Down's, Toxicity, he heard his mother's high heels clicking along the hallway. Removing his earbuds as she reached his doorway he called out to stop her progress. "Are you going out?"

Darlene hadn't expected to make her debut so soon. As she stopped in Tyson's doorway her breath was momentarily taken away as she presented herself to him. Yes, he was blind, he couldn't see the sheer black crotch-less bodystocking she wore, yet her heart raced nevertheless. Panty-less, her thatch of pubic hair framed by the nylon, she placed a hand on the doorjamb to steady herself in her four inch heels as he blindly gazed upon her essential nudity. Her nipples hardened under his vacant stare. Her upper thighs slickened. She only realized she hadn't answered him when he asked the question again.

"Mom? Why are you in heels, are you going out?"

He knows I'm wearing heels, Darlene thought. Is he imagining what else I'm wearing? "Oh, no honey, just wearing these shoes in." She ran a hand casually over her breast and caressed the nipple under the thin material. "I was thinking of making a fruit platter. There are strawberries and some melon. You interested?" Tyson admitted he was and they agreed to meet in the living room shortly.

Leaving the music off Tyson lay back on his bed a few moments longer enjoying the sound of the heels on the floorboards. He'd always found the sound alluring, now more so as he imagined her feet in those heels. What was she wearing, he wondered? "Just wearing them in," she'd stated. Did that mean she wasn't wearing matching clothes? Not the short mid-thigh business skirt over her long legs he imagined. Not the white satin shirt, with a black bra showing at her cleavage. Not her hair in a bun with black rimmed

glasses. His cock was straining against his pants and he placed a hand upon his length. No she's probably just in her gym gear, he reasoned. A thought equally as attractive. Were they the pink tights he'd once accidentally spied her cameltoe in? The matching top, so thin he could see the darkness of her nipples beneath? His fingers ground down into his cock, the feeling exquisite. He resisted the urge to keep pressing, feeling on the brink of cumming. Reluctantly he left the bed and still hard, felt his way along the hall to the living room.

Darlene finished cutting the melon and added it to the platter. Satisfied with her endeavor she carried the tray into the other room, feeling more than a little like a servant girl serving her master. The feeling aroused her.

Tyson sat on the couch looking into space. As Darlene placed the tray down on the coffee table she allowed her eyes to travel to his crotch. There was a bulge there, possibly an erection but it was the spot of dampness that drew her attention. Pre-cum, she wondered?

"O.k. We have the aforementioned strawberries, grapes, melon and some pineapple," Darlene proclaimed. "Do you want to help yourself or do you want me to help you?"

Tyson believed he knew exactly where the platter was and reached out. Wrong again. His hand came into contact with Darlene's leg, the palm touching the inside of her knee. They both reacted to the contact, Darlene with an intake of breath and Tyson with an awkward apology. "I guess that's not the fruit platter. Maybe I do need some help."

Darlene was aware he hadn't removed his hand as quickly as when he accidentally touched her breast the day before. In fact he left it there on the inside of her knee for seconds as if enjoying the feel of the nylon. She willed his hand to rise up her thigh, to touch her pussy afire but he pulled back and the moment was broken. "Well I'd be happy to assist sir," she offered playfully.

"Sir?" Tyson laughed. "What's that about?"

"Oh nothing," Darlene giggled. "Just playing up the servant girl thing."

The playful manner of her speech wasn't lost on Tyson. Nor was it that he'd discovered she was wearing pantyhose. How short was the skirt he wondered? He'd definitely felt her knee. Oh to run his hand up between her legs. A thought came to mind of his first girlfriend out of high school, Becky-Anne Palmer. Making out in her bedroom and sliding his hand under her skirt. Up along her inner thigh and just when he was about to reach her pussy finding her pantyhose had fallen and causing his hand to just follow the curve and back down the other leg. He couldn't restrain the laughter as he recalled their combined embarrassment.

"What are you laughing at?" Darlene inquired as she sat her bare bottom down on the cold glass coffee table.

Tyson composed himself. "Oh nothing, just something from the past."

"Tell me."

"No Mom, I really can't," Tyson admitted.

"O.k." Darlene smiled slyly back at him, wondering indeed what he'd recalled. "Well what would you like first?"

"Surprise me," Tyson replied enthusiastically.

Taking a grape from the platter, Darlene reached towards her son's face. "Open up."

Tyson did as told and accepted the grape in his mouth from his mother's hand. Her fingertip momentarily touching his top lip.

"Mmm, grape." Tyson purred.

Darlene waited for him to swallow and again offered another grape. Her finger this time touched his bottom lip. She imagined both of his lips encircling her finger. Pushing in and out as he sucked on her digit. She felt the dampness at her crotch increase and spread her legs before him.

Eating some grapes herself, Tyson listened to his mother chew and swallow. The sound was somehow satisfying and he experienced a case of ASMR, a brain orgasm. Tyson had read about it, autonomous sensory meridian response, the tingle started on his scalp and goose bumps broke out down his body. The feeling was wonderful, he wanted more.

"Another grape honey?" Darlene offered.

"Nah not yet, you eat them."

To his delight, she did. Biting and chewing, swallowing. His dick swelled and needed readjusting. If he shuffled in his seat, he could do it quickly, surreptitiously, and hope she didn't notice, he reasoned.

She did notice. Her eyes were on nothing but her son's growing erection. His attempt to move it to a more comfortable position was clumsy. Just take it out, she whimsically thought to herself. Another thought came to her as she looked at his cock. He wants me. The cock that was hard for her, obviously sharing in their unspoken lust for each other. She picked up a strawberry and about to offer it, changed her mind, instead lowering it between her legs. Leaning back slightly she used one hand to part her labia and pressed the red berry against the entrance to her vagina. Slowly she slid it up between her moistened lips to her clit and removed it, damp, coated with her juices.

Erotically charged, not thinking rationally, Darlene lifted the marinated strawberry to her son's mouth. Tyson smelled the scent of the fruit and something else. He knew the source but it was so much stronger now. Was it on her fingers, he wondered? Unmistakably the smell of pussy. The same as in the bathroom. He could smell his mother's pussy, her cunt. The words made him giddy. His mom's wet pussy. He opened his mouth and took a bite of the strawberry, the best he'd ever tasted. "Is that nice baby?" Darlene purred.

"Mmm, beautiful Mom," he admitted.

Darlene couldn't help it; she ate the rest herself, tasting her own vagina in the mouthful.

Tyson was on the edge. The sound of her eating was causing such strange reactions in his mind, the delicious smell of her body, her closeness. His cock pressed so hard against his pants, much more of this he felt he'd cum even without manual stimulation. It was too much. To just break the spell he leaned forward in an attempt to find the fruit platter. His aim off again he placed his hand on his mother's hip at her waist. He recognized the place on her body immediately but couldn't rationale the fact he still felt pantyhose material under his touch. He should be feeling her dress, her shirt. He quickly pulled his hand away. "Sorry, that's becoming a habit!"

"It's alright baby, I'm your mother. It's O.k. for you to touch me." Darlene wasn't concerned how the words came out, she was too far

along. Gone was the earlier shame she'd felt in the bathroom. Gone were any doubts she'd had about the morality of incest. She needed to fuck her son, the only question was when and how to instigate it.

The when was obvious. Looking at the bulge in his pants, it was now! The how came to her immediately as she looked at his stubble. "Let me shave you!" She blurted out.

"What, now?" Tyson asked. "I just showered!"

"That's the best time; your stubble will be softened."

"Well, alright. What about the fruit?" He asked but his mother was already pulling him up by the hand and leading him out of the room.

Darlene began filling the sink with hot water as Tyson waited in the center of the bathroom unsure of what to do. When satisfied with the volume of water she turned to again lay her eyes upon her desire. His cock still erect. "Well come on, off with your t-shirt," Darlene instructed. "You don't want it to get all wet!"

As Tyson lifted the shirt over his head there were again the specks of light as he'd seen that morning.

"Might as well take off your pants while you're at it," Darlene added.

"Mom!"

"I just mean your pants, not your underwear!"

Her clarification was a disappointment to Tyson. He'd have gladly taken off his boxer shorts. Let her see the reaction she was having on him. It mattered not. He knew his erection would be clearly obvious once he removed his pants. He heard her soaking and wringing out a face towel to press to his skin. He welcomed the coming closeness.

"Just sit on the bath behind you darling," Darlene suggested and Tyson felt her hand on his forearm to guide him. As he bent at the waist his cock found a way to reveal itself on its own volition, proudly breaking through the fly of his boxer shorts. Silence. She must see it, he thought. Maybe she's facing away? He then heard the face towel again being wrung out and waited for her reaction as she turned from the sink. Still nothing and then her body close to him, directly in front of him. He could smell her pussy again stronger now, so close to his face. He felt as if he could only lean forward and his mouth would be upon her, his tongue inside her. His cock swelled further, rigid, harder than he felt he'd ever been.

Darlene's mouth fell open as her son's penis poked through the front of his boxer shorts. It was all happening as she'd imagined. Without even a word to each other about it, she felt their consummation was now imminent. She didn't dare take her eyes from him as she soaked and wrung out the towel for fear he'd disappear. That this wonderful dream (if that was what it was) would end. She approached him

front on and stood a moment looking down at it, at him. She could smell her own sex, feel it dripping down her thighs.

After a moment of inaction as she stood before him, Tyson felt her leg press against the outside of his right, quickly followed by the other. His knees together, she was essentially straddling him, her pantyhose pressing to his outer thighs. Only his imagination could tell him how the scene must have looked. He needed to know what she wore. As Darlene placed the hot towel on his face the means to discover how presented itself. He moved back purposefully at the touch of the towel and to stop himself falling backwards into the tub raised his left hand to steady himself, clutching his mother's side. As before he knew exactly where he touched her, his hand landing again on her hip.

"Careful honey," Darlene whispered. "Here, hold on to Mommy." She lifted his right hand to join the other and he now held her firmly before him, her legs still either side of his.

Satisfied with the warmth of his skin, Darlene abandoned the wash cloth and took up the can of shaving crème, filling her palm with a decent sized spray and applying it to her son's jaw, lips and cheeks.

The feeling of being shaved was pleasant but nothing as pleasant as the feeling of his mother's body beneath his hands. As she moved before him he allowed his hands to innocently caress her hips, exploring the curve of her waist from her rib-cage to her buttocks. Still he felt only pantyhose material or was it lycra? No dress, no

separate items. It was the not knowing that was killing him, he needed to find out. "Mom."

"Yes honey," Darlene replied, done with his cheeks and around his mouth, now only needing to complete the neck.

"What are you wearing?"

"What do you think I'm wearing?"

Tyson paused before answering. "Pantyhose and high heels. I can't imagine what else."

Darlene smiled. She looked down at herself, past her breasts and her pubic hair. Her exposed pussy only inches above her son's hard cock, a drop of pre-cum at the eye. "You're mostly right darling," she replied. "It's a body stocking."

"What color is it Mom?" Tyson asked, now recognizing the design.

"Its black darling," Darlene managed to reply; now so turned on she watched a drop of fluid drip from her pussy onto her son's awaiting erection.

In his mind's eye he could now see her, he could certainly smell her. "Mom."

"Yes darling."

The words nearly caught in his throat as he formed them. "Are you wearing panties?"

"No darling!"

And there she was, fully formed in his imagination. The black bodystocking hugging her body. Her nipples would be visible he reasoned, her pussy, certainly hairy, bare and only inches from his face.

"Now just hold still while I get this last bit under your jaw."

Tyson lifted his chin to allow her access, swallowing nervously as he felt his mother's breath on his neck.

"Actually honey it might be easier if I lower myself down here!" Darlene proposed and with her hands on his shoulders, his on her hips, she spread her legs and slowly descended.

Tyson felt her legs bend at the hip and guided her descent. Inches above his cock he felt the heat of her sex and then the contact. The tickle of her pubic hair and the warm wet softness of her labia. Magnetically, his cock found her vagina and ever so slowly he was

inside his mother. Just the head, her lips wrapped around and sealed in a heated embrace and then lower she sank, inch after inch penetrating until her pelvis joined his and they were as one.

Tyson didn't dare move, the situation so outlandish, for a moment he wondered if his mother even knew she had sat on his cock. He didn't dare speak for fear his voice would awaken her to the act of incest being undertaken between them. Both foolish reasoning he knew. She was aware, they were both more than willing. Without a word spoken between them Darlene finished the shave and wiped his face.

"There sweetheart, you're done!" Tyson's cock twitched inside her.
"Well not completely!"

"Jesus Mom. I'm. I'm inside you!" Tyson stammered.

"Yes you are darling. Does it feel nice?"

"Oh Mom, it feels beautiful." He paused as her hands came up to his face and held his jaw. He sensed her mouth not far behind. "Mom. Are we making love?"

"Yes we are darling."

And it was on. Tyson's hands were given free rein to roam, caressing her back from her shoulders to her ass. Their mouths came together and Darlene's tongue actively sought out her son's, entwining and sharing saliva. She leaned back as her pelvis thrust back and forth on her son's cock and lowered her body stocking beneath her breasts. Tyson could sense her actions and his mouth found her boobs, kissing between and working his way across to a nipple to devour between his lips.

With her hands on his shoulders for balance, Darlene rode her son like a cowgirl on the prairie. She closed her eyes to enter his sightless world and could see the two of them, mother and son fucking. The purest, most beautiful form of incest. Her orgasm approached. Never had she climaxed before a partner and yet here it came. Opening her eyes to not miss a thing she again returned her mouth to his this time not to kiss, merely to confess her orgasm.

"I'm cumming baby," she panted into his open mouth. "Mommy's cumming on your cock!"

The words sent Tyson to the edge and he followed her lead. As she came, her breath held, her teeth biting into his jaw, he released inside her. A pressurized flow of semen shooting from his cock against her cervix. Spurt after spurt mingling with her own fluid. He saw stars, no. He saw light. The pinpricks of light now bigger than before, actual vision partially restored. His orgasm ending, he remained hard inside her, he never wanted to leave.

Darlene kissed her way back to his mouth and again their tongues met. "Tyson, that was wonderful. Thank you so much."

"You're thanking me?" Tyson chuckled, his hands back on his mother's bottom. "Mom I should be thanking you. When I came inside you, my sight came back a little!"

Darlene leaned back to look him in the eyes. "Really darling!? That's wonderful news. Do you think it was the orgasm?"

"I don't know. It's like I can see stars in a night sky but now they're bigger."

"It must have been the orgasm! I'm certain of it. Do you think we should try again?" She smiled at him, knowing full well his answer, his hands already pulling her further onto him.

* * * * *

"I knew it!"

"You're not mad at me? You're not disgusted?" Darlene asked having confessed what she'd done with the strawberry.

"Mad! Disgusted! Mom, that is about the hottest thing I could imagine. I only wish I could have seen it. I could smell you, you know!"

"Oh." Darlene seemed taken aback by the comment.

"No in a good way!" Tyson quickly reassured her. "Your...well, your pussy. In the bathroom when I took a shower too. It's my senses, they've all improved."

Darlene had gone this far, she decided to disclose further. "I was in there."

"What?"

"When you had the shower. I was in there watching you. Watching you masturbate." She confessed.

Tyson felt himself go red. He remembered fantasizing about her, saying "mom" out loud. "Oh! Is that when you started feeling this way about me?"

For Darlene it felt good to finally confess her feelings. "No, it was after you got home from hospital. Something happened inside me when we hugged, when I saw what effect it had on you."

"Oh you saw that?" Tyson thought of his erection from his mother's embrace.

"Well of course! You're the one with the vision problem!" Darlene laughed. "Now forget about that, it's time for your medication."

"Ugh those eye drops again?"

Darlene ran a hand along Tyson's thigh and settled on his flaccid cock. "No the other therapy!"

* * * * *

Four times inside her vagina. Twice in her hand and a particularly messy facial that was supposed to be in her mouth. Two days on and still Tyson's vision hadn't returned. Yes there were signs of improvement with every orgasm, the star like pinpricks of light greater now in size and remaining longer but frustration lingered. In an antithesis of the old wives tale, 'stop it or you'll go blind,' Darlene encouraged Tyson to masturbate, providing him with all the stimulus he needed, both aural (he had confessed the sound of her eating had turned him on) and sensual (allowing his fingers and mouth to explore her entire body) and seeing to it that he was constantly hard.

The erotic novel came to Darlene's mind as she checked emails for her business, in particular the scene in which Arabella was

penetrated by the mud monster. "Anal sex!" She exclaimed and Tyson raised his face from between her legs on the couch.

"I'm sorry?" Tyson replied, the lower half of his face slick with pussy juice.

Darlene looked around her iPad placed on her chest as they lay together naked. "I was just thinking, it's the only thing we haven't done. Do you think it might be something you'd like to try? It could help!"

"If you're sure Mom. Have you ever, you know, done it?"

"No baby, you'll have to go gently with me," Darlene professed. "You might have to lick me down there a bit to get me ready. Would you be willing to do that baby?" She was being overtly coy; she knew her son was more than willing, having tentatively ventured there only moments before.

Tyson himself could tell she was putting it on and enjoyed the game she was playing, his cock hardening against the couch. "I'll do it Mom. If you think it might help me get better."

Without delay, Tyson rose up on the couch as Darlene disposed of the iPad. Grabbing herself behind her thighs she raised her bended knees to meet her armpits. Her ass lifted off the couch and she looked down between her breasts to her pussy. Tyson's cock was visible for

a moment before he lowered his face to her and he seemed larger than she recalled. Even blind he had an uncanny ability to find her asshole. His mouth descended on her little brown hole, kissing her sphincter as he would her mouth. First pecks then open mouth. His tongue came into play as he used his hands to spread her, licking around the rim, again tentatively tasting her entrance until finally French kissing her anus.

It was certainly working for Darlene. Her eyes fixated on her son eating out her asshole. "Oh yes Ty, eat my ass. Stick your tongue deep in Mommy's shithole baby." The feeling was wonderful, akin to having her pussy licked. She relaxed her sphincter and Tyson buried his tongue further into her, dribbling saliva to use as a lubricant.

Darlene let go of a leg, Tyson holding her in place and slapped her hand down on her clit, rubbing herself to increase the pleasure. It did the trick. Her orgasm approached. "Oh shit baby don't stop," she demanded as she increased her action on her clitoris. "Mommy's going to cum Ty. Keep your tongue in my ass baby."

Tyson hadn't dreamed of going anywhere. The pleasure he obtained from licking his mother's ass was unlike any he'd known. He'd glue himself to her asshole if she demanded it.

As she came, Darlene tightened her sphincter around her son's tongue, the action causing it to slide out of her with a trail of saliva. Tyson kept his mouth sealed around her hole until her body stopped shuddering and her breathing returned to normal. Finally she took her hand from her pussy and touched the back of Tyson's head with

her dripping fingers. "I'm ready baby. Time to fuck Mommy in the ass!"

Again Tyson wasted no time and straightening up allowed Darlene to once again lay her eyes upon his cock. It's so big, she thought, the head won't even fit in! Tyson used his hands to seek out her asshole and guide his cock to her entrance. Holding her legs, Darlene watched him bend his penis down towards its target. She relaxed her sphincter as he gently dabbed the head against it, coating it in saliva and excess pussy juice. "Just the head darling..." She directed, her mouth opening in sympathy with her anus.

And then it happened. Tyson eased the head of his cock inside his mother's butt, the sphincter allowing the penetration and closing around the swollen knob. "Is it O.k. Mom?"

"Oh yes baby. It feels beautiful. Go on; give me more of that big cock."

Ever so slowly Tyson eased his penis into his mother's ass. Two, three inches, more following. Darlene felt it would never end, didn't want it to. Let it come out my mouth, she mused. Finally Tyson's groin spooned against his mother's upturned buttocks, signalling his complete penetration. He gently fell forward atop her and found her mouth with his. The softest of kisses on her still open lips. Her tongue jutting forward to taste the lips that had been moments before, sealed to her anus.

Tyson's arms wrapped beneath her torso as he slowly withdrew his cock half way before sliding back in. Repeating the action with an increasing rate. "Still O.k. Mom?"

"Yes honey, harder. Fuck my ass harder baby."

"It feels so good Mom!" Tyson panted.

"Oh yeah baby? Is it tight? Is Mommy's ass tight enough for you?" As if to accentuate her words, Darlene contracted her sphincter, squeezing it around her son's slippery cock.

"Oh Mom, it's so tight. I love your ass Mom."

"Yeah? You love fucking Mommy's tight asshole? Are you gonna cum in Mommy's ass baby?"

"I'm gonna cum Mom. I'm gonna cum in your ass!" Tyson, spurred on by his mother's dirty talk in his ear, into his mouth was on the verge of orgasm. He closed his eyes as tight as his eyelids would allow and willed his eyesight to return. To see again his mother. To see her naked below him. To feast his eyes upon her breasts, her face, her mouth the source of such joy, her pussy and the asshole he was now fucking.

"Cum in me Tyson. Fill Mommy's ass with that beautiful boy cream."
Darlene begged and Tyson was ready to deliver.

Two more thrusts and it began.

"Mom. I'm cumming!" He managed. Tyson's balls pressed hard against his mother's lower back, his cock fully inside her rectum.

"Good boy," Darlene praised him.

Cum shot forth from her son's cock as Darlene tightened her sphincter around the base, feeling the pulse of semen as it flowed through. A cum enema filling her welcoming ass. Tyson buried his face into his mother's hair at her neck, his eyes still shut. If it wasn't the best orgasm of his life he couldn't remember the other.

"Look at me baby," Darlene whispered through her son's ecstatic exhaling.

Tyson lifted his head from her neck and with eyes still closed, faced her. Darlene's hands went to either side of his face, cradling his cheeks. "Open your eyes sweetheart."

Tyson cautiously raised his eyelids, fearful there would be no change. Gone were the stars in the night sky. Gone was the complete darkness. A flesh colored blurriness surrounded by a darker aura

greeted him. He blinked, it cleared. Blinked again and her face came into focus, her expression concerned and anxious.

"Honey?"

"Mom!"

"Yes?"

"I can see!" Tyson exclaimed. "I can see you. You look beautiful." Tears filled his eyes, again blurring his restored vision.

Darlene began to cry. "It worked baby. I just knew it would." She pulled him down onto her face and their mouths met in a kiss. Tears intermingled.

Tyson wiped his eyes as he broke their embrace, pushing himself off her chest. He looked down at her body beneath him, gorging on finally seeing her naked splendor. Her breasts were as he'd imagined, the nipples a slightly darker shade. Her pubic hair just as he'd envisaged, her pussy a thing of beauty. His cock, still erect within her dilated asshole looked better than any representation he'd seen in porn. "So what does this mean for us Mom? No more orgasm therapy?"

Darlene shifted her body, pulling into her ass the length of cock that had slid out as Tyson inspected it. "Oh no baby. I think we should keep it up. We wouldn't want you having a relapse," she smiled. "It's fortunate the anal worked though, you might not have liked my next suggestion."

Tyson leaned down and kissed a nipple, looking up into her eyes. "Oh, what was that?"

"I was going to squirt in your face!"

Amazingly, Tyson's already hard cock swelled at the proposition. "Maybe we should give that a go. Just to be on the safe side."

Darlene beamed. "Just to be on the safe side."

THE END