

To the Highest Bidder

**A**udrey Brandt panned her eyes from her husband cleaning the BBQ, to her son rising from the pool. Their bodies couldn't have been more dissimilar, Dane's 18-year-old frame toned and tanned, Stephen the polar opposite. Though who was she to judge? She thought to herself as she scanned her own appearance laying upon the banana lounge. Swimming shorts over her wide hips, a tankini to cover the extra weight around her middle. How long had it been since she'd worn a regular swimsuit, she wondered?

Dane went through a series of stretches to loosen his joints, water flicking from his fingertips as he swung his arms, twisting his torso. His back to her, his mother allowed her eyes to slowly rise up his legs finally to settle on his ass, the tight black Speedos clasping his muscular buttocks.

"Well is it yes or no?" She asked, recalling an earlier conversation, aware he would know as to what she referred.

He turned his entire body to face her and behind her sunglasses, Audrey retained her level of sight. So heavy his balls hung behind the thin layer of material. His cock

positioned horizontally across his groin, she needed no imagination to gauge her son's size and shape.

"I don't know Mom," Dane groaned. "A bachelor auction? Not very PC in this day and age!"

"Oh, it's all harmless fun," Audrey struggled to wrench her eyes from his crotch. "Your father's agreed," she added. "And he's not even a bachelor!"

Dane looked across to his father who stopped scraping the hotplate to scratch his ass.

"It's for charity Buddy," he argued. "We just strut around for the geriatrics and whomever has the most money to waste, we do some odd jobs for."

"They're not all 'geriatrics' Stephen," Audrey protested. "They're my women's group; I hope you're not bundling me in with that term?"

"Well you're no spring chicken Darl'," Stephen scoffed and although she assumed he was joking, Audrey couldn't but feel some slight at the jest.

"What would I even offer?" Dane questioned at the suggestion of 'odd jobs,' looking back down at his mother. Was she looking at his dick!? He asked himself in puzzlement. Her eyes, though shrouded by the sunglasses, seeming to rise as he questioned her. Why would she? He quickly dismissed.

"Well you ARE captain of the swim team," Audrey made a gesture towards the pool with her hand. "What about offering some free swimming lessons, or some coaching?" She suggested.

"Or just pool cleaning," Stephen threw in. "Could be less work."

"Or that!" She agreed, dropping her sunglasses down her nose to look him in the eye. Had she picked up some suspicion on his behalf as to where she'd been looking?

"I don't know," Dane turned once more and prepared to dive into the pool. "I'll think about it."

She watched his shaved smooth legs enter the water and replaced her glasses, closing her eyes as she enjoyed the warmth of the sun on her body. It wasn't long before she allowed the thoughts to materialize. The ones that came to her late at night. That had a hand between her legs as her husband lay snoring beside her. The forbidden ones. He was at her feet; his fingers massaging the soles before his lips peppered her skin, kissing his way up her legs. Her thighs parting for him, welcoming his breath upon her sex, his tongue between her folds. On this occasion he mounted her, knees astride her torso as he stroked his erect cock inches from her mouth. She begged him to cum. To release his incestuous seed upon her face. Her son's cream filling her awaiting open mouth.

So real was the fantasy she sensed his presence above her, could feel the spray of semen coating her chest, her neck. She arched her back and sighed as the cum rained upon her flesh.

"Are you alright?" Dane chuckled as she opened her eyes to see him above, purposefully allowing water to drip from his hair upon her as he stooped over her. "You sounded like you were in pain!"

"Oh, no. I'm fine," Audrey straightened up, feeling herself blush at being caught, struggling to leave the fantasy behind with his presence so close.

"I'll do it!" Dane proposed and for an instant Audrey imagined (hoped) it was her daydream to which he referred.

"Oh, wonderful Honey," she composed herself, placing a hand upon his in response. "I'll be ever so grateful."

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Dane shuffled up beside his father amongst the throng of men behind the curtain. All topless wearing merely black satin boxer shorts and bow tie. To say Dane felt ridiculous

was an understatement but looking at his father who'd donned suspenders over his shoulders to hold up his shorts, he took some solace in his own appearance.

"You ready to go Buddy?" Stephen grinned at his son.

"No! Not at all," Dane smiled nervously, hearing the inebriated screams of the women from the other side of the curtain at the next bachelor's appearance and beginning to feel like a chunk of meat.

"Hah!" Stephen scoffed. "You'll be alright. Just do as your mother directed. Walk out there, flex your muscles and hope for the best."

Audrey downed the last of her Champagne and a waiter was quick to refill her glass. The music blasted as the next bachelor came from behind the curtain and awkwardly strode the stage. No models these men. All beer guts and hairy backs. But at least they tried, Audrey thought.

The MC touted the current bachelor's credentials as a familiar presence sidled up beside Audrey, the reek of too much Chanel No. 5 pervading her senses.

"Miriam," she nodded as the women surveyed the man upon the stage.

"Audrey," the well-dressed middle-aged women responded. "I see Stephen's going again. Still offering to mow lawns?"

"That's right," Audrey smiled, eager to extract herself from the conversation. Being 'frenemies' with Miriam Hollander since high school, she was well aware of the woman's attraction to her husband.

"Well I'll see if I have any money left over after I make my purchase. There's another Brandt that's caught my eye this year."

Audrey turned to her peer and searched her eyes.

"You wouldn't," she challenged. "You don't even have a pool!"

Smiling, Miriam took a sip from her champagne flute.

"Oh, you know how these things work Audrey," she attempted to grin. Botox and far too much makeup fighting against her change of expression. "There's always something else we get them to do!"

Backstage, Dane watched his father pass through the curtains to a muted yet still enthusiastic response from the women.

"First time?" A voice spoke from beside and Dane looked to the owner.

"You can tell?" He chuckled.

"Don't worry about it. Enjoy yourself. Relax and hope for a hottie," the roughly thirty-year-old responded.

"What's that got to do with it?" Dane questioned.

"Are you serious?" The man laughed. "You do know these old birds expect a little more than just pruning the hedges. Especially if the bidding goes high!"

"What?" Dane asked.

"Ah, yeah. I went for \$200 bucks last year. You can bet I had to work hard for that. My dick was red raw after that old chick was done with me," he laughed.

Another name was called and passed through the curtain as Dane's new acquaintance found someone else to harass.

Was that true? He asked himself. Was his mother aware? Why would she encourage such a thing?

His thought process was interrupted by an announcement.

"...and now making his debut. At only eighteen years of age. Captain of his school's swim team. Dane Brandt..."

To an almost overwhelming barrage of whoops and catcalls from a warmed-up crowd of approximately one hundred middle aged and senior women, Dane passed through the velvet curtains and paraded the runway under a harsh spotlight. Walking the length of the catwalk as his resumé was read aloud, he turned to present his ass to an equally enthusiastic cheer as the bidding began.

Audrey scowled at Miriam when she opened with a bid of \$300, the crowd gasping in response to the figure. Her husband having been just sold for a mere \$75 and the record for the night only \$250, the opening bid was bold and seemingly an attempt at a winning gambit.

"\$320," another voice was heard, quickly followed by a counter by a third party.

"What am I, chopped liver?" Stephen commented to his wife as he joined her, beer in hand.

The bidding rapidly approaching \$500 and not slowing, Audrey turned to Stephen.

"I didn't expect this!" She admitted before catching the eye of Miriam, a wicked expression on her face. "She's doing it to spite me."

Dane began to enjoy the moment. Stopping to flex his arms in a bodybuilder pose at the behest of the crowd, receiving more encouragement from the women at the act. \$600 was the current bid and although slowing, the offers kept rolling in.

"\$700!" Miriam made a \$50 advance and it seemed to wipe out most of the other women in the running. A counter was made at \$720 which Miriam quickly matched followed by seeing each incremental offer as they became less and less.

"...at \$749.50. Do I have any other bids?" The MC questioned the crowd and Audrey scanned the room, anxiously

searching for sign of a latecomer to the auction, anyone but Miriam.

Stephen sensed his wife's angst and pressed a hand to her forearm.

"It's a good outcome," he reasoned. "Think of the charity."

"But it's HER Stephen!" She countered. "I know exactly what her motives are. And they're anything but charitable."

"... \$749.50 going twice," to a silent room. "Going three times...and...sol..."

"One thousand dollars!" Audrey heard herself shout over the auctioneer's final word and the room erupted in gasps."

"Mom!?" Dane lifted a hand to shield his eyes from the spotlight.

"The fuck?" Stephen's hand tightened around his wife's arm.

Audrey looked immediately toward Miriam whose lips pursed at the audacity of the offer.

"I have a bid of \$1000," the auctioneer exclaimed. "I throw it back to you Madam," he gestured toward Miriam who clearly frustrated, managed to shake her head in response. "Then \$1000 going once, twice and three times. With no further bids..."

"Jesus, Audrey, what are you doing?" Stephen questioned her sanity, searching the room himself for a savior to their bank account.

"... sold!" Was stated to a round of applause from the crowd.

"Oh shit!" Stephen exclaimed, his shoulders slumping. "I need another drink."

Dane climbed down from the stage as the next bachelor was introduced to a lackluster response, "...ah do I have any raise

on \$5?" Weaving through the women before finally approaching his mother.

"Mom, what the hell?" Dane questioned.

"I know, I know, I'm sorry if I embarrassed you," Audrey attempted to right any perceived wrong.

"I'm not emb...I mean I just don't...WHY?" Dane managed, confused more than anything.

"I don't know. I mean I do, but. Oh, it's a long story," Audrey rambled suddenly feeling uncomfortable in her son's presence, dressed how he was, with all the eyes upon them. "I'll explain when we get home."

Dane looked to the bar where his father had taken up residence with his buyer and a line of shots.

"Well looking at Dad, that 'aint gonna be any time soon," he remarked.

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It took the both of them to wrangle Stephen from the Uber to and through the house when they returned home, Audrey falling upon the bed along with her husband when they finally reached the bedroom. For not the first time that night, Dane's eyes were drawn to his mother's attire. The red dress that he'd never seen her wear prior, hugging her body hermetically. He accepted she wasn't the most lithe of women, her ass especially showing the fruits of the sedentary (not that he was prone to look, he reminded himself.) However, as she rolled from her position face down under his father's arm, he did allow his eyes to linger. The black pantyhose he assumed she was wearing were nothing but; instead, with her dress riding up high on her hip, the lace tops of stay-up stockings came into view, closely followed by black satin panties.

Amid her slightly inebriated laughter at her tumble, Audrey herself became aware of how much she was showing and upon extracting herself from her dilemma, turned to see her son's eyes clearly lift from the exposed flesh between

stockings and underwear to focus on her face. No obvious sign of lust behind them she noted and immediately scolded herself for even contemplating it. Why would he? He's my son!

A hand was offered and Audrey rose from the bed, adjusting her dress in the process.

"Should we get him into bed?" Dane questioned, Audrey rolling her eyes.

"I'll worry about it later," she dismissed her already snoring husband. "...when I go to bed. I was thinking of having a hot chocolate. Join me?"

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They'd not spoken of the night until now and there was a certain awkwardness enveloping the impending conversation, though neither could pinpoint why, finally the silence broken by both simultaneously.

"Why did yo...?"

"It was because of Mir...!"

Before both laughed and Dane signaled for his mother to go ahead.

"It was my friend Miriam," Audrey explained. "I'm sure you've met her. I've known her since high school."

Dane looked confused and Audrey went on.

"She was the one bidding on you and she was determined to win."

His confusion didn't abate.

"But if she's your friend, what was the problem?" Dane asked and saw his mother blush.

"She thinks I stole your father from her."

"What!?"

"In high school," Audrey explained. "I mean I sort of did. They were dating and, well..."

"Oh," Dane was now the one to blush, learning of his parent's first meeting.

"Well she's had it in for me ever since."

"But it's just a charity thing. What did it matter if she bought me?"

"Honey. She doesn't even have a pool."

Immediately Dane thought of what he'd been told backstage. The implication sex was part of the trade.

"Oh. So, you, what? Spared me from something?"

"Possibly. Oh, I don't know. I was just being an over protective mother, I think. You don't hate me, do you?"

Dane took the last sip of his chocolate and sat back in his chair.

"Why would I hate you?" He smiled. "You got me out of doing any work."

"What do you mean?"

"Well YOU bought me. You don't need swimming lessons. I already clean our pool. You pretty much paid all that money for nothing."

"Ah not so fast Mister," Audrey smiled. "I expect something for my payment."

Ridiculously Dane's mind went where it hadn't ventured before, the vision of her stockings, her upper thighs, the briefest glimpse of panty, all contributing to unwholesome fantasies. No, he quickly chased the thought away. Not that.

"I want some coaching!" Audrey acknowledged.

"What?"

"That's right," she blushed. "You're the expert. I want you to train me to be a better swimmer."

"You're serious?" Dane laughed. "You hardly even get in the pool anymore."

"Well maybe that's because I'm not a very good swimmer," Audrey countered.

"Fair point," Dane agreed. "Do you even have a swimsuit?" He blushed as he said the words, not sure why.

"I was wearing one by the pool the other day," Audrey declared, incredulous.

"That!?" Dane frowned. "I thought they were shorts."

Audrey pictured the baggy pants, the unflattering tankini. He noticed what I was wearing, she thought!

"I have a swimsuit," she stated. "I think," she added, imagining the rear of her underwear drawer.

"Alright," Dane rose from the table and took his mug to the dishwasher. Turning back, he was once more able to view his mother's body in its entirety, her legs crossed, again the hint of her thigh high stockings. What would she look like in a bikini? He foolishly asked himself and was shocked at the reaction he felt in his groin. "Well if we're doing this, we'll start in the morning. First thing."

It felt like a date, Audrey thought. Strangely she was already feeling nervous. Why? She was just going for a swim with

her son. Something they'd done hundreds of times. Why did it all of a sudden feel different?

"Okay, I'll be ready," she agreed. Were his eyes upon her legs once more? "Your father's playing golf in the morning so we'll have the house to ourselves," she added, not quite sure as to why.

"Oh, okay," Dane acknowledged, strangely enthused by the revelation. "Well. I'll see you then."

He almost felt like they should kiss each other goodnight for some reason, entirely out of character though it would be. Instead, they merely said their goodbyes.

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In the shower, a soapy hand between her legs, fingers running through her pubic hair, she'd contemplated shaving her bikini line. Now standing before her mirror, the red one-piece with its high cut on the hips, hid nothing. The skin of her pelvis pale, the pubic hair protruding either side

of the swimsuit was clearly unacceptable and hurrying into the bathroom she took Stephen's razor and dry shaved the problem away, hoping it wouldn't leave a rash.

"He's not going to be looking at your vagina anyway Audrey," she told the mirror when she once more looked at her reflection. God she'd put on weight since last she'd worn it, she observed, noting how her breasts bulged against the thin material (not unhappy with the result.) She turned to look at her ass and was disheartened at the cellulite on her upper thighs yet loved the way the swimsuit cut across her cheeks. Men like big butts, don't they? She asked herself. Does he?

Dane wasn't disgusted with himself, but he wasn't thrilled either. A morning erection that was fueled by fleeting images of his own mother had led to jerking off in the bathroom imagining her spreading her legs and purposefully showing him her panties. When the cum hit the basin of the sink and the cleanup began, he was more confused than anything else. What was wrong with him? He certainly wasn't a virgin. Had never had a problem finding girls, even had an on again off again girlfriend. What the fuck was making him lust after a woman out of bounds?

Unobtainable. And when he thought about it further, illegal. It suddenly hit him. It was BECAUSE it was wrong. It was illicit. It was taboo. And it was hot as fuck.

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Audrey was thankful Stephen was long gone as she padded her way barefoot through the house. A towel wrapped around her waist in some way protecting her modesty, even so it was clear something was up and he'd certainly notice. But what was up? Audrey contemplated. She was merely going for a swim with her son. Nothing was out of the ordinary.

Dane swam to the edge of the pool and rested his arms on the deck, chin on his forearms as he watched his mother leave the sanctity of the house. Their discussion the night before on swimsuits obviously had him noting what she wore but would he have been so focused had they not? Some part of his brain recalled it but he couldn't remember the last time he'd seen her wearing it. Red, similar to a lifeguard, if they were acting in a porno however! Her boobs were literally bulging around the material and in the

crisp morning air, he spied his mother's nipples, standing to attention.

Audrey smiled nervously as Dane looked up from the edge of the pool. Was he looking at her breasts? Her nipples hardened under his gaze as she moved to undo the towel.

"Thought you'd chickened out," Dane proposed.

"Ha ha, you wish," Audrey chuckled awkwardly, turning her back to her son as she let the towel unravel and revealed her bottom to him. Dropping it upon a banana lounge, she could feel his eyes exploring her body.

Oh shit! Dane thought as he devoured her ass. One side of the swimsuit had crept further across an admittedly large buttock, almost losing itself in her crack, and he watched fixated as his mother tucked a finger beneath the material and plucked it out, righting the wrong. Was it a wrong? In Dane's incestuously delirious mind he felt he'd like to see both sides disappear between her buttocks, reveal her wondrously beautiful ass in its entirety. And then she turned.

The untanned skin on her upper thighs and pelvis made her bulge of pussy even more pronounced, an obvious padding of pubic hair filling out the crotch. In the milliseconds he allowed his eyes to take in his mother's sex, the only blemish he fathomed was a reddish hue either side of the material. A rash? He asked himself. A shaving rash?

"See," Audrey exclaimed as she noticed his eyes for a second hover on her groin. "I told you I had a swimsuit." She did a 360° turn for him, unsure why but feeling it appropriate.

She's modeling for me, Dane acknowledged. What do I say? Tell her she looks fucking hot? That I think my own mother looks... fuckable?

"I didn't doubt it," Dane said, his groin pressing the wall of the pool. "Looks good," he admitted, immediately questioning whether he should've said it? She doesn't want you rating her appearance you idiot, he told himself.

He thinks I look good! Audrey beamed, barely able to contain her grin.

"So, what's first?" She asked, tentatively dipping a toe into the pool. "Ooh, it's cold!"

Dane treaded water backwards, thankful the cold was keeping his cock from hardening.

"Well, let's see your dive."

"Don't laugh," Audrey smiled, pointing her arms and taking the plunge. The water even colder than she'd expected, she came up in the middle of the pool an arm's length from Dane's smiling face, gasping. "Oh Jesus, it's freezing!" she spluttered.

Laughing, Dane agreed. "It's like this every morning, you get used to it."

"How did I go?" She asked.

"Not bad actually, we'll work on it. How about some laps?"

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Serious coaching devolved into leisurely paddling, eventually succumbing to playful splashing before Audrey, exhausted and with teeth chattering, hugged the edge of the pool.

"I have to get out Honey," she panted. "It's freezing."

"You sure?" Dane asked, keen to spend more time with her.

"It's too cold. Maybe next time we don't choose the morning?"

"You want to do it again!? Another coaching session?"

"Of course," Audrey managed to smile. "I've paid for it haven't I?"

Dane watched as his mother attempted to exit the pool from the deep end, he assumed much as he would do, using his arms strength to lift his body from the water. She however wasn't so graceful, having to raise a leg out to the side to gain leverage, her foot up on the pool-deck. She began laughing as her arms gave way, leaving her hugging the edge, one leg out, one in. The bottom of her swimsuit wedged between her buttocks, leaving her far more exposed than modesty allowed. And Dane noticed.

He swam to her instantly and helpfully aided in her exit by seizing a hip and lifting, the first time his hands had touched her naked skin, so close to her ass, he acknowledged. So close to her vagina. Despite the cold of the water, the thought, the action, had his cock swelling. More so as she finally made it out of the water and knelt above him, the bulge of pussy clearly visible from his vantage and pressing hard against the wet shiny fabric between her thighs.

Still laughing Audrey made it to her feet and turned to look down at Dane.

"Thank you, Baby," she chuckled. "Not very graceful, am I?"  
She echoed his thoughts.

Not answering either way, Dane lifted his body from the pool, intentionally flexing every muscle as he rose, knowing full well he looked good, hoping she would be impressed.

Audrey forced herself to look away as his muscular body stood to attention, water cascading his rippled form. Even as her eyes left the spectacle, she noticed his crotch. The mass of flesh filling his tiny Speedos. He's bigger than the other day, she told herself, amazed.

"Oh no," she looked at the lounges still sitting in the shade.  
"I was hoping to warm up in the sun."

"That's alright," Dane brushed past her, his hip connecting ever so slightly with hers. Was it intentional? She asked herself before dismissing the notion as she watched him take the towels from the chairs. Her eyes fell to his ass, the black material hugging his buttocks. To bite into his bum,

she thought, the idea running from her brain straight to her loins, her nipples hardening further as she dampened. "We can lie on the grass." Dane proposed as he spread their respective beach towels upon the sunny lawn.

"Good idea," Audrey agreed, following him to the grass, her body dripping with water, her sex dripping from an altogether different reason. Thank god I'm wet, she thought, the slipperiness already evident as she walked. He'd surely notice if not, she added. Would that be such a bad thing? She wickedly wondered.

Dane was first to lay upon a towel, on his back, resting up on his elbows, his rapidly drying body spread out before his mother. She moved to her own and as she knelt down Dane finally noticed she'd not corrected her wardrobe malfunction. Laying down beside him on her front, the swimsuit remained wedged between the cheeks of her ass, the whiter skin of her buttocks exposed to the sun. To the son. And he took in his fair share of the vision.

Audrey's eyes focused on the long stalks of grass she absently played with as Dane stared directly at her ass. She

wasn't perfect. There was cellulite. Something not seen on the girls of his age but that wasn't to say it was unattractive. She was real. She was a real woman. A mature woman with the ass of a housewife. The ass of a mother. His mother. Throwing in that minor detail had him once more hardening, a twitch of his cock as it filled with blood. Jesus, he thought as his eyes quickly flicked to her face, making sure she hadn't noticed. Would it be so bad if she had? He wondered before chastising himself. Of course, you idiot, he told himself. She doesn't want to see your erection!

Audrey could feel his eyes on her. Almost palpable was the route his gaze took. He's looking at my ass, she thought. Purposefully leaving her swimsuit wedged between her buttocks, knowing it would catch his eye. But what does he think? She knew the girls he dated. Swimmers, cheerleaders. With their perfect bodies, tight asses. Is it with lust he's looking at me? Or disgust?

All of a sudden self-conscious, she rolled onto her side, turning her bottom away from his critiquing eyes, now looking at him directly. He was the one that was perfect. He raised his chin up to the sun and she scanned her gaze down his throat across his chest. The ripples of his abdominal

muscles and finally the bulge of his groin. And what a bulge it was. The outline of the head of his cock clearly visible through the thin drying material. So large. So defined. Was he erect? No, clearly not. But he was at least swollen. For me, she wondered?

"What?" His voice startled her, Dane breaking into her daydream as he wondered as to what she was staring. Not his cock surely?

"What?" Audrey felt herself blushing. "Oh," she fumbled, straining for a cover story. "I was looking at your abs!" She declared, the lesser of two evils. "That's not a six pack," she marveled. "There's eight of them!"

Dane laughed, looking down at his stomach.

"There's not an ounce of fat on you Honey!" She flattered.

"Well swimming helps," he stated.

"Can I touch them?" She heard herself ask before coyly covering her mouth with a hand, stifling a laugh. "Oh, you probably don't want to hear your mother ask that!"

"Hah, no, um. If you want," he smiled. "It's no big deal."

Clenching them further to accentuate the washboard effect, Dane watched entranced as his mother tentatively reached across and lay her hand upon his stomach. The feeling was unlike a connection with other girls. He'd been caressed before, massaged by girlfriends and of course touched sexually. This was different. Intimate. It shouldn't have felt sexual. It was merely his own mother touching a distinctly non sexual part of his body. But his body, his mind, chose to differ.

Instantly goosebumps rose on his flesh, sending a pleasurable shiver up onto his scalp. So softly her fingers began on his uppermost abs at his ribcage and rode the undulations ever so slowly downwards. He looked at her face, her eyes intently watching her hand before he was drawn to her chest, her breasts bulging around her swimsuit. Nipples harder than when she'd exited the pool,

he left them and focused on her groin, the mound of pussy behind the fabric. His mother's cunt, he acknowledged. It was going to happen, he knew it. His already semi-erect cock was out of his control and wanted to be noticed, pulsing, and with her hand getting ever closer to its housing, a full-blown hard-on was imminent.

Audrey lazily lifted her eyes from her hand up over her son's chest to his face, happy to see his gaze climb from her body. The swelling in his Speedos was a sign, the lust in his eyes, a giveaway. He wanted her; she was sure. As much as she did him, no doubt. It was normal for a son to desire his mother. She'd read about it. Seen movies. And now as their eyes locked and her little finger hovered just above his swim trunks, they'd enact it.

"Finished your swimming lesson?" The voice came from the end of the garden as the gate to the garage closed noisily and Stephen signaled his return from golf.

Lightning quick, Audrey removed her hand from her son's body and rolled, removing the swimsuit wedged between her buttocks in the process, Dane noting the action.

"She knows how to swim Dad," Dane laughed. "It's coaching to better her style." He watched his father's eyes evaluate his mother's appearance, noting curiosity, almost suspicion.

"You haven't worn that in years," Stephen nodded towards Audrey's swimsuit.

"Oh this?" She said, feeling her face and neck flushing. Was it out of embarrassment at her appearance or being almost caught on the verge of touching her son's cock? "Well I want to take it seriously. I'm paying for these remember."

"Ugh, don't remind me," Stephen managed to chuckle before stretching his back. "Well, it's nearly lunchtime. You two coming inside?"

"Uh-huh," Audrey quickly agreed. "Just drying off."

The 'two' watched Stephen walk toward the house and safely enter before they once more acknowledged each other.

"Mom?" Dane awkwardly remarked in response to whatever had or was about to happen between them.

"What?" Audrey deflected, kneeling and brushing blades of grass from her elbow.

"I mean..." Dane struggled to voice what he was thinking, feeling. Instead just looking down at his stomach.

Hating herself for doing it, Audrey frowned before shaking her head and not even offering a verbal response before rising and taking the towel with her, quick to wrap it around her waist. In her mind and she assumed his, removing any incestuous temptation.

"Ready for lunch?" She smiled down at her son as she followed her husband into the house.

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"It was great," Audrey replied to Stephen's question as to how the swimming coaching had gone? "My second lesson's tomorrow afternoon. When the water's warmer!" She added.

Sitting across from her at the dinner table, Dane removed the fork from his mouth, eyebrows raised at her statement in that it was news to him. He and his mother hadn't spoken since the morning, an uncomfortable silence between them lasting through lunch, awkward interactions during the afternoon. That she'd decided to schedule another coaching session with him was surprising and possibly a sign what had almost taken place could happen again.

But what had taken place? She'd simply touched his stomach. Yes, her fingers had crept ridiculously close to his dick all the while their eyes locked. But was he reading way too much into it? He wasn't even sure she'd noticed his cock's swelling. Had she even seen him looking at her breasts, her pussy? No. The more he thought of it, the more implausible something sexual had even been about to take place. More likely he was just horny in general. Projecting on to the only female present. The fact it was his mother

was weird and if he admitted it, a but disturbing, but just his adolescent hormones working overtime.

It WAS hot though. He had to acknowledge.

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"You're not thinking of wearing that one!?" Stephen nodded toward Audrey's hands deep in the middle drawer of her dresser, as she absently caressed the one bikini she owned.

"What? Oh, no," she withdrew her arms, slamming the drawer shut behind her as she turned to face him. "Just going through my things," she needlessly defended her actions.

"Because that swimsuit you had on today..." He paused. "...I mean it didn't leave much to the imagination."

"What are you saying?" Audrey frowned, making her way to the bed and joining her husband.

"Come on Audrey," he scoffed. "You were hanging out all over the place. I'm amazed our son kept a straight face."

To her surprise, his words didn't hurt her. If he'd meant them to cut deep it had failed. She HAD been 'hanging out all over the place,' to use his words. And she'd loved every second of it. Had Dane?

"Oh, I doubt he'd have even noticed," Audrey said climbing into bed, barely able to contain her grin. He'd noticed. And to answer her earlier question, she thought. Yes. He'd loved it.

\*

Monday's day of schooling was a waste of time. Dane couldn't concentrate on his studies; even what would've been a mind-blowing highlight of Miss Connolly wearing tight flesh toned leggings during English hadn't captured his attention. His mind was solely occupied on another woman, one far closer to home. The more he thought of

her the hornier he got. It was a revelation. Much like porn, not understanding what actually turned you on until you saw it. He'd never even fantasized about her before now. Of course, he'd come across incest in film, in literature; they'd studied Hamlet in that previous semester for God's sake, but the idea hadn't taken seed in his brain, in his life.

The bell rang to signal the end of class and he finally spied Miss Connolly's ass, the material getting lost between her buttocks. What would Mom look like in those leggings? He asked himself.

\*

Audrey turned to look at her bikini covered ass in the mirror. It would've been a nightmare if she was in public, at the beach, or even her own pool with others around. But as Dane would be the only witness, the problem she faced with the bottoms was merely comical. She'd clearly not worn the orange swimsuit for years. How old was it, she wondered? Older than even her son? Possibly. Her body had obviously changed. Hips wider. Boobs bigger. She once more pulled it up on her bottom to cover her butt crack and as before

she felt the front hug her mound, looking to see the large expanse of her dark pubic hair exposed.

She smiled at her reflection, even blushing somewhat and pulled it up at the front. And there was the problem, the bikini sliding between her already slick labia, her ass crack once more on display. She couldn't help but laugh.

When she heard the telltale signs of Dane's return home from school, she made her way through the cool house to the backyard. It was the perfect time for Audrey, always home early from work on Mondays. Dane free of swim team commitments and Stephen forever working overtime. The perfect time for what, she wondered? To have sex with her son? It wasn't going to happen, was it?

\*

Dane heard his mother pad down the hallway past his room and wondered why she hadn't poked her head in to say hello? To reconfirm their appointment? When he heard the back door open onto the pool deck however, he assumed everything was still going to plan.

He was naked in seconds, and taking the red Speedos from his dresser, his cock was already hardening. Pulling them fully up he looked at his reflection and was aghast. No way could he present to her like that, his cock standing proud, a tower of desire. Rub one out? He thought to himself, before dismissing the notion. That would defeat the entire purpose. Wasn't this all about fucking his mother? And then reality kicked in. Honesty. It wasn't going to happen. He was kidding himself if he thought his mother innocently touching his stomach was a signal of potential incest. No. It would remain on celluloid, in literature, in his imagination. But it would never happen in real life.

\*

And then Dane left the cool interior of the house.

This was a dream. A goddess knelt at the edge of the pool leaning into the water, possibly testing its temperature. Bare feet, bare legs and thighs and a barely covered ass greeted him, almost as if presenting. Half his mother's butt

crack projected above her orange bikini bottoms, the cheeks themselves swelling around the minimal fabric.

His towel strategically positioned before him, obscuring any remaining hardness, Dane allowed the screen door to slam behind him to signal his arrival and his mother turned and rose to her feet.

"The water's so much warmer," she beamed, taking the opportunity to take a hair tie from her wrist and secure her dark locks in a tight ponytail.

Dane watched her breasts lift in the process, bounce without much support from the two triangles that just managed to cover her nipples. No, they didn't! The dark of her areola protruded around the edge. He forced his eyes up and found her returning the gaze.

"I told you," he confirmed the state of the water. "It stays warm well into the night," he added, hoping she'd suggest a nighttime swimming session in their future.

It was then he noticed another aspect of her appearance. Was she aware? Should he say something? Careful to not let his eyes linger, he flashed them across her groin as he went to a lounge to deposit his towel. He could see her pubic hair. Not mere strands either. An exposed lawn of pubes above the triangle hugging her pussy.

"What!?" Audrey asked, noticing as to where he'd looked.

"What?"

"What were you looking at?"

It was just like the day before. He'd known his mother was looking at his dick, disguising her indiscretion with a discussion about his abdominal muscles. Now the shoe was on the other foot.

Deflect. He told himself.

"Oh, it's just your swimsuit," he kind of lied. "I thought you'd wear the red one again," he dropped his towel to reveal his Speedos. "I tried to match."

Audrey dropped her eyes to her son's groin, his cock, not fully erect but bulging out the front of his Speedos like the bend of a banana. The red color made the pronounced head even more noticeable than when in black and she felt herself moisten even further.

"Oh, sorry," she looked down at her own body, taking the string sides of her bikini in hand and adjusting much as she'd done in the mirror, pulling up on the front. She felt it slide between her folds, her swollen clitoris pressing hard into the material and making her knees weak before looking back at Dane. "I can change if you think it's not right for training?"

"NO!" Dane blurted out, blushing at his insistence, clearly giving too much away. "I mean, it's fine. You look good," he admitted. Tell her, he yelled in his head. "You look pretty."

He could feel his face burning and wanted to turn away. To jump in the pool and escape her gaze now that he'd gone too far and admitted his feelings. To his surprise she wasn't horrified. In fact, she seemed embarrassed.

"Oh. Thank you," she herself blushed and as if mimicking his escape plan, made to enter the pool, turning back only as she reached the edge. "Are you going to watch me dive?"

He wasn't planning on ever taking his eyes off her.

\*

There was a halfhearted attempt by both of them to maintain professionalism. Dane suggesting a more economical kick, a tip to look at the bottom of the pool as she free-styled to stay higher in the water. Audrey welcoming his touch as he manipulated her arm to achieve a more correct stroke, inevitably leading to further incidental touching on both their behalf's. A brush of her thigh against his hardening cock, a slip of the hand by Dane, the firmness of nipple in his palm.

"That looking down as you swim thing really stops my hips from sinking," Audrey puffed as she tread water before him. "I thought I was going to have to plug my holes!" She spontaneously joked before realizing what she'd implied. "Oh God, did I just say that?" She laughed and floated onto her back to no longer see his face, practicing her back stroke in the process. It was then Dane saw her nipple. Her top misplaced, the cup had slid below her breast leaving the whiter area of untanned skin exposed, her dark areola and nipple revealed. Sure she was unaware, Dane allowed it to remain so, floating backwards as he watched her swim and eventually coming upon the steps at the shallow end.

Without letting his eyes leave her body, Dane climbed and leaned back on the dry uppermost steps, his legs remaining in the water before his mother reached the opposite end of the pool and made her way back towards him. She turned as she neared and her feet finally making contact with the bottom, she waded the rest of the way to her son.

He didn't speak as she reduced the distance between them, her chest leaving the water, her hips. So graceful she

attempted to stride, her hands sweeping the water around her gently. She wondered if she looked as sexy as she felt? Probably not, she conceded but as her eyes traversed her son's torso, falling upon his groin, the hard-on he clearly sported was satisfaction enough.

She sat beside him on the steps, leaning back to allow the mottled sunlight coming through the trees to caress her body and finally looked at her chest.

"Oh my god Dane!" She remarked at her exposed tit, though slow to cover it up. "What, you didn't notice?"

Laughing Dane turned to lean on his side facing her. "Yeah I saw it. Figured you didn't care."

"Ugh, I'm so embarrassed," she playfully slapped at his shoulder before once more looking down at herself.

"Are you?" Dane questioned and Audrey lazily raised her eyes to meet his.

"I mean I guess it doesn't really matter. We ARE family, right?"

"That's right," Dane agreed, studying her lips, her small nose, her eyes, mascara and eyeshadow smeared from the water. She was beautiful. Imperfect, yet somehow the most perfect woman he'd ever seen. His cock no longer twitched, no more blood could flow into the granite-like obelisk that stood proud through his Speedos, erected for her alone.

"I mean it's not like I'm that well covered to begin with," she admitted, her heart racing. Hoping he'd follow her eyes as she looked down at her groin, adjusting her bikini once more to pull tight against her pubic mound, loving the way it looked, it felt against her body.

Dane swallowed hard as she tugged her brief against her sex. Her labia bulging out the wet orange material, the thatch of dark hair above the triangle. He could've just dived in then. Lunged down face first into her crotch and lavished her pussy with kisses. And he was sure she'd have accommodated it. But there was that doubt. That final barrier that prevented him from declaring his lust vocally,

his body having already given away his secret. He looked back into her face.

"You know Mom," he began. "When I was backstage. At the bachelor auction. A guy told me what the women were really paying for. That it wasn't just about the charity and odd jobs."

"Oh really?" Audrey whispered, watching her son's lips. Wishing they were upon her body. Kissing her everywhere.

"Yeah. He said that they expected..." he paused. "Well, they were paying for sex."

"Okay," she breathed.

"Well..."

"Yes?"

"I mean if it's just a transaction, there'd be no harm in..."

"What Baby?" Audrey sighed, her chest rising dramatically with each breath.

"I mean, if you wanted me to...I mean we could...you and I."

"Yes?"

"We could..."

"Oh yes."

And there it was. Dane took the invitation with gusto, leaning in and kissing her on the neck, her skin still wet from the pool. A hand upon her hip, the string of her bikini under his palm before she forced him onto her pussy. His lips met her cheek, then her mouth, accepting him as he felt fingers upon his cock. She breathed out deeply as he slid aside her bikini and met her slick labia, one, two fingers sliding between her lips and effortlessly entering her body.

Tongues entwined as she tugged his cock from his Speedos. Her small hand wrapping his girth, a hot column of flesh, incestuous evidence of a son's love for his mother. "Are you sure?" She managed to breath into his mouth as they kissed.

"Yes," he sighed.

"Just a transaction..." Audrey panted as he expertly finger fucked her, a thumb upon her clit, somehow just the way she liked it.

"Nuh uh," Dane refuted, pulling away and moving his body over her, his cock slipping from her grasp. "This is on the house."

Her pussy already exposed, legs spread, nothing stood in the way of his mouth meeting its target. Audrey watched captivated as he slid into the water and buried his face between her legs. Was she dreaming? Fantasizing? No snoring husband beside her. No darkened room, careful to stifle her orgasm with the pillow lest she wake him. This was real. Her son's tongue inside her body, kissing her thighs, her clitoris. He slid a finger inside her as he sucked her clit,

another as she pulled aside her top and massaged her breasts. His nose buried in her pubic hair, lips around her sex, she closed her eyes and arched her neck as the pleasure increased.

The taste of chlorine overridden by the unmistakable taste of a woman. Not any woman; his mother, Dane noted as he looked up over her wet pubic mound to her face, head thrown back, eyes closed as he did his best work. His lips around her clit, sucking. His tongue flicking, slurping at her little button as his fingers fucked her as all his girlfriends had seemed to love. His mother no different. There was a difference though. That bush. Her thick coat of fur. He buried his nose and mouth into her locks, kissing and massaging her hairy mound with his lips. Girls his own age were bare, waxed smooth and as bald as the day they were born, and up until then he swore he preferred it. Not now. His tastes had changed. Grabbing his cock below the surface of the water, Dane allowed himself some pleasure. The Speedos below his balls, his cock about as hard as was possible, mere strokes and he found himself on the edge, such was his arousal.

Audrey could feel it approaching. How long since someone else had made her cum, she wondered? Sex with Stephen was no longer a regular event, and on those rare occasions, it was over before it began leaving her leaking his sperm and completely unsatisfied. Leaving her nipples erect, she reached with both hands to take the back of Dane's head, her fingers combing through his wet hair, guiding his face back and forth over her pubic bone. She needed to kiss him.

"I have to..." she panted. "I'm gonna cum Baby..." she admitted as Dane looked up. "...kiss me."

His fingers not leaving her pussy, Dane rose from the water immediately and dutifully fell upon her body, cock pressed hard into her side. Her mouth open in expectation, a vacant stare on her face as he felt her vaginal walls tense and quiver around his ever-pumping fingers.

"Don't stop," she managed as their mouths came together, Dane thrusting his tongue between her lips, receiving hers back. "Oh God," she breathed into his mouth as her thighs locked around his hand, her own gripping his forearm and wrist to use him as her own personal dildo, taking charge of

the penetration. Her mouth once more fell open and Dane watched as she tensed all over, an orgasm clearly sweeping her body.

"I love you," he pressed his cheek to hers and whispered in her ear as she convulsed.

It was all she needed to hear. Her son's fingers inside her, his erection against her body and a declaration of love. The orgasm. Was it the most intense of her life? She once more sought his mouth as her breath came in gasps with each wave of ecstasy, the taste of her own vagina in his saliva. She needed to taste him.

"Give me you cock Baby," Audrey unclasped her thighs, allowing Dane's saturated fingers to slip from her grasp. "Let Mommy taste it."

Had Dane moved quicker? He doubted it as he climbed over her and she took hold of his erection, pulling it toward her mouth. The head engorged, he doubted it'd even fit in her tiny mouth as she milked pre-cum from his length and watched it glisten as it ran.

Her tongue was quick, and greedily Audrey lapped at her son's clear fluid, taking it into her mouth before allowing his dick to follow. So big, so warm. His head filled her and she amazingly felt disappointment she couldn't handle more. I'll have to practice, she told herself as she stroked his length.

It was too much. Dane had never been particularly proud of his stamina but this was ridiculous. Her eyes looking up at him as his mother sucked the head of his cock and pulled his shaft, he felt the cum surge. "Oh shit, no..." He gasped as he pulled backwards. Surely it was impolite to cum in your mother's mouth without warning he felt, managing to make a gap of inches before his cum shot from the eye.

Her initial dismay at losing his cock from her mouth was replaced with elated surprise as her chin and cheek were showered with a blast of her son's hot cream. A shocked gasp escaped her before the excited laughter.

"Awh fuck," Dane moaned as she furiously jerked his length amid her chuckles. Cum spurted in bursts down her neck

and across her chest, her hand coated and lubricating his cock with his own jism. "I'm so sorry Mom," he finally managed to offer as she milked the last of his seed upon her breasts.

"What for?" She smiled before amazing him by taking her hand from his still erect cock and licking the cum from her palm and fingers.

"For...I mean, I couldn't hold it any longer," he explained, climbing off her body and slumping down beside her, legs below the surface of the water.

Audrey was beaming as she scooped the cum from her face and shoveled it into her mouth.

"Can you stay hard?" She asked, smiling as she looked down at his cock.

"I...yeah, I think so," Dane confessed. "To be honest Mom, I don't think it'll ever soften," he giggled.

"Good. Then you can make amends by fucking me!" She grinned and Dane immediately made to climb back upon her.

"Oh. I can do that!" He confirmed before the familiar noise of the back-gate closing stopped his progress.

Their respective eyes wide, equaling each other's shock, Dane silently mouthed 'Dad' as Audrey replaced the bikini over her breasts. Dane stuffed his erection back into his Speedos and followed his mother's lead by diving back into the water just as Stephen rounded the hedge and came upon the pool.

"You two still at it?" Stephen looked skeptically as Audrey paddled to the edge of the pool, a hand pulling her bikini bottom over her pubic bone. "Are you...? Oh. Jesus, it's alright. You're wearing the orange one," he squinted. "For a second there I thought you were nude!"

"Oh," Audrey forced a laugh. "Yeah, no."

"Think of that Dane. Your mother, nude!" Stephen laughed. "Sorry to ruin your appetite," he joked and Dane wanted to leave the pool and punch him.

"You're home early," Audrey commented, quick to change the subject and she noted a change in his demeanor, even the slightest of blushes.

"Oh, yeah," he fumbled. "Change of plans at work."

There was something up, Audrey was aware but was happy to just see him turn away from the pool.

"What's for dinner?" Stephen asked before heading inside the house and not waiting for a response.

Audrey and Dane looked at one another and despite their shared panic were barely able to contain their laughter.

"That was close Mom," Dane stated, holding the edge of the pool. He reached out and wiped up a deposit of sticky cum still clinging to her chest.

"Exciting though!" Audrey admitted to his surprise, and her own if she was honest. "Don't worry Honey," she added, reading his thoughts. "Well get another chance to do that thing," she leaned in and risked a kiss, her hand below the surface finding his cock, now soft in his swimsuit. "We're going to do everything!"

\*

Monday nights usually saw Dane studying in his room, but whether it was the game playing on the television, or more likely his desire to be around her, Audrey was delighted to have him sitting in the living room, an armchair away from his father. After her shower, Audrey hadn't dressed. Settling on merely a long dressing gown to cover her naked body. It wasn't planned, but now seemed the perfect attire for the occasion.

Sitting on a stool at the kitchen bench and midway through a crossword puzzle, she looked across to see Dane's eyes on her exposed leg. His vantage was ideal, the slightest turn of his head from the tv to her. She crossed over her legs, allowing the gown to slide further off her body, much of her upper thigh now revealed. It wasn't enough, she thought. Casually she loosened the belt and without making it obvious she was aware of Dane's observing, let the gown come apart at her chest.

In the dim light of the living room, Dane was getting a hard-on. Uncomfortable as it was with his father a mere arms distance away, it was now the inevitable outcome of looking at his mother. Was it on purpose, he wondered as she re-crossed her legs, the white dressing gown sliding off and revealing her entire upper thigh? When she moved and exposed much of her inner boob and a slight smile came to her mouth, he knew she was in on the act.

Finally acknowledging Dane, Audrey turned on the stool and uncrossed her legs. Dane's attention now solely focused on her, she undid the tie of her gown and opened it up completely, revealing her naked body to her son. The shock on his face was evident, though cautious to not give

anything away, he responded to something his father noted about a play in the game, making the appropriate comment before once more devoting his attention to his mother.

And was it worth it! Audrey spread her legs wide as Dane's eyes focused on her vagina. She ran a hand down from her bare breast across her belly and onto her pubic hair, combing through her locks until she buried a finger between her labia. In the armchair, Dane risked a stroke of his cock, pressing his fingers hard into the erection bulging the front of his pants. He watched as his mother lifted her hand from her crotch and placed the finger that she'd inserted between her folds, into her mouth, sucking it like a small counterfeit cock. Was this HIS mother? Was it possible she'd been replaced by a 'pod person,' he wondered?

"Would you boys like some snacks?" Audrey out of the blue rose from the stool and without re-tying her gown moved through the kitchen.

"I'm fine," Stephen responded. "Another beer'd be good though," he suggested, holding out an empty bottle.

"What about you Honey?" She looked at Dane, his eyes struggling to lift from her hairy thatch. Post shower, now dried, the hair was fuzzy, a rich down of pube that beckoned to be lain upon.

"Yeah, I'll have whatever you're offering," he confessed, hoping she understood his not so subtle double meaning.

Audrey took down a packet of chips, emptying into a bowl and once collecting Stephen's beer walked confidently into the living room, Dane amazed at her audacity. Accepting the bottle as it was handed to him, Stephen paid no attention to her appearance, Audrey admittedly careful to keep her back and side to him. To Dane she showed everything. His expectant eyes looked up at hers, a dramatic swallow lifted his Adam's apple as she held out the bowl of potato chips.

"Take what you want Baby," she cheekily smiled down at him and Dane, with a shaking hand, raised it between her legs.

Her upper thighs wet, she parted her legs enough for him to cup her vagina, overcome as he gently inserted a single digit inside and wiggled. She let out a sigh and felt her knees wobble, not expecting how dramatic her body was reacting. Taking the opportunity, Dane reached up with his other hand and cupped a breast, her nipple hardening further at his touch and Audrey forgot where she was.

"Oh God," she sighed as his finger found her 'spot' and she felt any longer and she'd cum right then and there. In the living room, she remembered. In front of her husband.

"What's that?" Stephen asked, Dane immediately withdrawing his hands, Audrey passing the bowl of chips to him and exiting as fast as she could.

"Oh nothing," she covered. "Just a pain in my neck," she lied.

"Maybe too much swimming," Stephen noted. "You'll have to go easier on her Dane," he added looking at his son. "She's an old woman."

Dane lifted his hand from the bowl of chips and took one into his mouth, the scent of his mother's vagina on his fingers.

"Nah, she can take it," he smiled.

\*

He lay in bed in the dark, intermittently checking the time. 'Midnight,' she'd said. 'At the latest.' It was well after and despite his cock being hard and ready for her visit, he felt it was probably time for him to sleep. 'As soon as he falls asleep,' Audrey had promised and Dane reluctantly let go of the hope he'd fuck her tonight. He wasn't dissuaded. The anticipation would remain. His hunger would grow.

Had he fallen asleep? He wasn't aware, but the rustle of his sheets stirred him, followed by the warmth of a body, a naked body against his own.

"Mom," he sighed, his cock immediately rousing. "You came!"

"Not yet," she giggled, her mouth finding his in the dark.

Their tongues danced. As passionate a kiss as separated lovers reunited. For they almost were. One final hurdle, sure to overcome. To complete their union.

Audrey ground her groin on her son's stomach as she mounted him, feeling his growing erection against her buttocks. Her soft breasts rubbed across his skin, the tickle from the stubble of his shaved chest giving her goosebumps and she giggled into his mouth.

"What?" Dane asked her and she whispered 'nothing.'

"I waited so long," he confessed. "I thought you weren't coming."

"He took forever to fall asleep," she kissed him. "I'm sorry Baby."

"It's alright," Dane forgave her. "It IS alright...what we're doing...isn't it?"

Audrey broke their kiss, looking into his face in the darkness, understanding to what he referred.

"We're family," she suggested. "It's just a mother and son bonding. I'm not cheating on him!" She stated with conviction and Dane believed it. It was no different to him playing ball with his father. To a swimming lesson with his mom. They were spending time with each other. Quality family time. Sex was no different. It was acceptable simply BECAUSE they were family.

"Will you do something for me?" Dane tentatively asked and for a moment Audrey thought it related to his earlier doubts.

"Anything."

He paused as he built up the courage.

"Mom..."

"Yes Darling?"

"Will you sit on my face?"

Audrey contained the laugh to a stifled chuckle. "Is that it? Of course!" She agreed, immediately rising from her position to her knees and shuffling up her sons' body, careful not to knee him in the process. "Forwards or backwards?" She asked.

"I don't mind," Dane confessed as his mother lifted a leg over his head and settled down on his face. "Oh fuck..." He managed to voice before he was muffled by muff. Wet thighs against his cheeks, his nose buried in dripping pubic hair as his mouth was smeared with hot vulva. Her scent was intense. He'd use it as a cologne from now on, he joked with himself as he took his cock in hand and stroked. This was the only way he'd masturbate from now on, he thought. My mother's cunt smothering me, her ass. Her asshole! He thought. Was that what was against his chin? He managed to open his mouth and poke out his tongue as she ground

herself atop him, apparently pleased with the way it felt. His tongue slid inside her body. Was it her asshole he entered? He hoped it was.

How much time she was atop him, he had no idea. She could've stayed there all night for all he was concerned. For as long as he had a face, his mother would have somewhere to sit, he mused. It wasn't until he felt her thighs shaking beside his head, the walls of her pussy quiver around his tongue and her weight press ever more onto him did he realize she'd cum.

Her fingers gripping the headboard of his bed, Audrey wanted to scream out her pleasure as she climaxed on her son's face. If only they were alone. If only they could go to bed and wake up together. With weak legs, she slid her vagina off his face and fell upon him, her tongue seeking his slick juice drenched mouth. Kissing him, tasting her sex, the flavor of her own orgasm. A hand between her legs to find his cock standing almost vertical. He's as turned on as me, she thought as she lifted her hips and guided its head between her velvety folds.

And they were one. Naked. Mother and son finally joined at the sex; an inseparable bond now forged. He would never need another woman. What woman could ever compare with she who knew him the best? Whose vagina seemed perfectly molded around his penis. Whose mouth he felt he could kiss forever. Audrey broke their lips' lock to kiss her way to his ear as Dane thrust up into her. Deep. Pelvis slamming into hers as she clenched her vagina around him, never to let him go.

"Yes Baby," Audrey panted into his ear, both aware the mattress was squeaking noisily, neither concerned. "Fuck me Dane. Fuck me hard lover. Fuck my pussy Baby. Fuck Mommy's pussy."

She bit into his earlobe as Dane clutched her ass, his fingertips digging into her fleshy buttocks, pulling her onto his cock with each thrust to further the penetration.

"Does it..." Audrey puffed. "Does it feel good Honey?"

"I love it!" Dane confessed. "I love your pussy Mom. It feels so good...so tight," he sighed.

"It's yours Baby. I'm all yours," she whispered. "You can have me whenever you want. We can do anything," she added despite an image of Stephen appearing in her head.

"All I want is this Mom," Dane proclaimed. "I love you," he hissed as he wrapped his arms around her torso and using his strength, turned her over onto her back.

Her head on his pillow, Audrey wished the lights were on. To look in his eyes as her son fucked her the way a husband would his wife. The way she'd not been in years. He kissed her neck and bent his back to take a nipple into his mouth. More than 16 years since she'd breastfed him as a baby. Now a man, gorging on the same tit. She came. The orgasm creeping up out of nowhere, a wave of ecstasy from her head to her cunt and back. She shivered under him and she knew he knew. His arms embraced her as he once more fell upon her, his cock jack hammering, the bed banging against the wall.

"C..c..cum in me," Audrey managed, her nails raking his back, thighs wrapping his pumping buttocks. "Fill me with your cum Baby."

The words were a blessing. The thought of a condom had run through his mind but was chased away by lust. And why not? Nothing should come between a mother and son and Audrey had silently agreed. He enveloped his mouth around hers, sharing a breath, saliva. Their tongues copulated as his balls slapped against her buttocks. And then he came.

He held his breath as it approached. Never ceasing his thrusting as his cum exploded from his shaft. How much was there? It felt like gallons, a fire hose emptying as the friction decreased with the excess fluid, her vagina like a pool of satin. She felt it. Every surge of cum as he flooded her cervix. Every pulse of his glans as he released his love inside her. And it WAS love. She knew it. The purest love of a son for his mother mixed with the lust of a man for a woman. It couldn't get any better than this.

"I love you," Dane finally gasped as his mouth fell from hers, his body slumping atop her, exhausted.

Audrey didn't need to respond, hugging her boy tighter, kissing his forehead as his comforting weight crushed her.

And there they lay. Was it minutes, hours? They didn't sleep. Dane remaining inside her, gentle movement, the squeeze of her pelvic floor keeping him hard. The two luxuriating in the afterglow, loathe to part, unsure of their next opportunity.

\*

Fear of sleep had seen Audrey leave his room. Sliding back beside her husband in the early hours, content to feel her son's cum slowly oozing into her cotton panties. In the morning Stephen was none the wiser and Audrey admitted to herself there was some guilt she was feeling. Guilt that quickly evaporated when Dane stole a kiss in the hallway. Dangerous, with his father still in the house and preparing for work. Audrey felt her son's erection pushed against her

through his grey school pants, his tongue searching her own. What husband? She asked herself.

Dane gone, home late with swimming training Tuesday nights as was normal. Stephen finishing his breakfast as he read the paper, a coffee before him, at least twenty minutes before he would leave. Audrey, hurried makeup, tucking her blouse into her skirt before heading to the laundry to put on a wash before leaving. Heels over her panty-hosed legs. She imagined Dane kissing her toes; working his way up her legs to press his mouth into her crotch. By the time she opened the hamper, she could feel the dampness beginning to soak her panties.

Separating the colors. Dane's red Speedos. She looked to the laundry door to know she was alone as she raised them to her face and inhaled the crotch. No scent of him of course but the act itself just fueled her hunger for her son. How could she last all day? Would they be condemned to nighttime visits? Silently fucking like teenagers in a parents' house fearful of discovery. She cast them aside and added Stephen's similarly toned golfing pants to form a pile. His polo shirt.

The scent hit her immediately. Feminine. Unmistakable. Chanel no 5. Okay? She asked, told herself before creating a separate pile of whites. His business shirt. Again the smell, and examining it further, a smudge of makeup on the collar. Could it have been more obvious?

There was a moment where she felt lightheaded. Mere days before and this moment would have been devastating for her. A Chanel scented hand grenade thrown into her life. Now, it was an opportunity.

\*

"How long?" Audrey lay the shirts down upon the table before her husband.

A look of confusion came upon Stephen's face as he eyed his clothing before Audrey noticed his 'tell.' A hand leaving the newspaper to push his glasses up on his nose, something he always did when nervous. Had done since high-school.

Had done when she watched him tell Miriam Hollander he was leaving her for Audrey all those years before.

"What?" Stephen stalled. "How long what?" He looked incredulous, his Adams apple bobbing as he swallowed.

"You know what. I can smell her on them," Audrey challenged.

"Smell who?" A terrible poker player, his face began to blush. "What are you talking about?"

Audrey calmly sat opposite him and looked him in the eye. "This is your chance Stephen. Be honest with me now and we can work it out. Lie and I'll never forgive you, I'll never trust you again."

Stephen finally placed the newspaper down upon the table, looking at his shirts, realizing the jig was up.

"Since the auction," he stated, a held, almost relieved breath leaving his lungs. "We met up the next day."

"When you said you were playing golf?" Audrey calmly inquired.

"Uh huh," Stephen admitted.

"And you've...you and her have...?" She didn't need to finish, Stephen guiltily nodding. Acknowledging the affair with Miriam Hollander though her name had yet to be spoken.

"What now?" Stephen asked after a moment's quiet contemplation between them.

Audrey took a deep breath, amazed at her composure.

"Now you make a decision," she proposed on the fly. "We're both adults. We're going to deal with this with level heads. Where do you want to be? You can go now and be with her

and I'll not stand in your way, we can settle this cleanly. Or you can stay and I'll try to live with it."

"Just like that?" Stephen questioned. "No tears, no yelling?"

"I'll not give you the satisfaction," Audrey bluntly stated. "If you go, you go now. You take your things and you don't come back."

"You're serious?"

"I am," Audrey retained her composure though inside she was breaking. 26 years of history between them all hinging on this conversation, his one decision.

The clock ticking the only sound in the house, a full thirty seconds passed before Stephen rose from his chair and headed toward their bedroom, a moment later Audrey hearing the sound of him packing a suitcase.

\*

She stood before her closet eyeing the empty space on Stephen's side. There was pain, she could acknowledge that. But ultimately there was joy. She imagined Dane's clothes beside her own, his shoes on the floor. Something Stephen had said before he left, immaturely attempting to hurt her in his retreat. 'Good luck finding someone else at your age,' his words still hung in the air. She HAD found someone else though, hadn't she? How long could she keep him though? Her eyes caught an item hanging from a clothes-hanger. Something purchased long before in an attempt to spice her marriage but never worn. She took it from the wardrobe and called work to say she wouldn't be in that day.

\*

The sun was low on the horizon when Dane returned home. Having just spent more than two hours in the school pool, he was still eager to possibly take another dip with his mother. Even with Dad home he thought, there was at least the chance of a sly hand-job in the pool. The possibility of touching her below the surface. Could they even fuck without Dad discovering? The thought had his cock

hardening as he walked the hallway from the front door toward the kitchen. What he saw threw all that out the window.

His eyes were drawn to her black heels, standing out starkly over the knee-high white socks she wore. The majority of her thighs exposed, an incredibly short navy-blue pleated skirt barely managing to cover her buttocks, white satin panties peeking out beneath. His breath was taken.

"Oh, you're home," Audrey turned from where she'd been standing before the kitchen bench, revealing her breasts unsupported by a bra and exposed behind the see-through top. Her hair in pigtails, she walked toward him to close the distance, awkwardly playing with the hem of the skirt and all of a sudden feeling foolish in the schoolgirl outfit. His face blushing, she wondered if he in turn found her ridiculous?

"Mom!?"

"Yes Honey?" She nonchalantly replied.

"What the fuck?" Dane whispered, looking over her shoulder in the expectation his father would appear. "I'm guessing Dad isn't home."

"No," Audrey admitted beginning to wonder what effect their separation would have on their son. "...and he won't be coming home," she added.

"What happened?" Dane asked wondering why they were talking when her outfit suggested other actions could be taking place?

"We'll talk about it later," she mimicked his thoughts. "Just know that I'll be wearing things like this more often around the house if you don't mind?"

Dane took a step back to admire her appearance from top to toe, finally looking back in her eyes with a frown, Audrey for a second questioning his demeanor.

"There is one change I'd make," he smiled, breaking the act.  
"If I may?"

Audrey nodded at her son, wondering indeed what he found to be a problem. Was it the pigtails?

Dane dropped to his knees and took hold of her white panties, sliding them off her hips and down over her pubic bone. Not stopping there, he pulled them down her thighs, the satin rolling into itself and by the time he reached her knees, the wet gusset taut and exposed between her legs. He resisted the urge to press his lips to the dampness on display, instead focusing back on her skirt. Rising, he took hold of the waist and lifted it further up her body, standing back to see her luscious bush on clear display.

"Turn for me?" He asked, his voice quavering and Audrey confidently pirouetted, her bare buttocks exposed to her son's hungry eyes. "Now you're perfect Mom!"

Audrey's chest swelled with pride as she felt his eyes on her ass. She could feel the dampness of her pussy running her

inner thigh and looked over her shoulder to receive further instructions.

"And what would you have me do now Sir?" She asked in her most innocent of voice.

She was already doing all she had to. His cock bulging out the front of his pants, testament.

"Actually Mom," Dane tentatively began as she turned around to face him. "It's something I want to do..."

"What is it Baby?"

Dane blushed as he admitted his desire.

"Do you...do you mind if I jerk off?" He confessed, now feeling foolish. "Just for a minute...while I look at you?"

Audrey couldn't help but laugh. "On Honey. You don't have to ask. I want to see that cock out whenever we're together."

It was all Dane needed to hear, his fly down and erection in his hand in seconds. His eyes on her breasts as he stroked, drawn to her hirsute pussy, upper thighs glistening with dew as she moved toward the bench.

"Maybe I'll just lean against this while you play," Audrey proposed, bending forward to rest her elbows upon the counter. The skirt rising the rest of the way over her buttocks, it lay upon the small of her back leaving her ass completely bare. Dane watched enthralled as she spread her feet wider, stretching the panties between her legs. His eyes crept to her vagina, lips glistening, her asshole almost winking at him to give it attention.

"Oh, fuck this," Dane exclaimed and dove forward. Dropping to his knees he placed a hand on each buttock and like Moses, parted the sea. His tongue entered his mother's body to an accompanied squeal of delight from above, Audrey falling forward to lay upon the bench, the cold surface causing her nipples to further harden.

A nose pressed hard into her ass crack, pubic hair tickling his chin, Dane drank the excess fluid flowing from his mother's vagina. Like a fine wine, matured. Drunk on pussy juice, he smeared his face in her sex, Audrey obscenely grinding herself all over him, unsure if it was tongue entering her vagina or his nose, indifferent either way, just accepting the pleasure. He found her clit and locked on, lips wrapping her swollen button, tongue eager to work for its supper. And then it came. Audrey herself taken by surprise by the speed of her orgasm, her hands gripping the opposite side of the bench as her legs became wobbly, knees giving way to press her butt into him, half her weight resting upon his head, his face now her stool.

Dane was overwhelmed by his senses, the scent and heat of her sex, the taste of her flowing orgasm, so much wetness he could swallow. His hand back upon his erection, his own fluid leaking, coating his fingers, slick along his shaft. This was living, he told himself, pitying any other male to have not had their mother cum on their face. He wanted to tell her how thankful he was but his words came out only as a muffled mumble.

"What was that Baby?" Audrey panted, rising off the bench-top but still slowly grinding her vagina on his face.

Dane took a final lick of her dripping labia, kissing her inner thighs before he pulled his face from between her buttocks and looked up.

"I just wanted to say thank you," he grinned, cheeks, jaw, even forehead glistening with pussy. Audrey smiling in response as she turned. How easy to make her son happy, she thought. If only every mother knew the secret. Maybe she should write a book, she wondered?

"Oh Darling," she sighed, drawing him up from his knees. "I should be the one thanking you. How many times is that now?"

"Four," Dane was quick to respond, blushing that he was keeping count of her orgasms.

"Well that's four more than your father's ever," she admitted, looking down at his erection. "Time for me to repay the favor I think."

Dane was momentarily taken aback by her statement, was it true? His father had never made her cum? The question was lost as he watched her take his hardness in hand and seductively stroke his length.

"Is Dad gone?" He managed, waiting for her to find his eyes. "For good?"

Audrey, with her son's dick firmly in hand simply nodded.

"Then I want to do it in your bed!" Dane proclaimed and with a squeal from his mother as he took her hand, hurried her down the hallway.

She was laughing as Dane threw her upon the bed, her panties slipping down her legs to twist around her ankles, Dane quick to pull them off completely. His shirt was removed as Audrey watched on her elbows, her legs

suggestively spread, hairy pussy exposed and waiting. Out of his school uniform and he was climbing toward her, a perfect specimen of man. For a moment she felt unworthy. That he was akin to an escort, paid to pleasure an older woman, which in essence had been the catalyst of their relationship. But when he once more kissed her inner thighs. When he pressed his lips into her wet pubic hair and looked up with nothing less than love in his eyes, she at last felt at ease. They were equals. Lovers. He wanted her as much as she him. And as his cock descended upon her vagina, she knew they'd never part.

\*

"I'm cumming," Audrey gasped for the third time. She sat naked in his lap, legs around his body. The tip of his finger in her asshole. Stephen would never have done that, she thought. She wanted more and reached around to coax it further, Dane more than willing to oblige, feeling her sphincter twitch around his second knuckle, her vaginal walls quivering as she came.

She bit into the side of his neck, nails digging into his back, painful but pleasurable all at once. He hadn't even really done anything this time; maintained a hard-on (which wasn't difficult) and allowed her to ride it. Audrey had done all the work, grinding her pelvis upon his dick, clenching her pussy around him until she came, her son simply a pole to be mounted. She kissed his mouth once more and allowed herself to fall backwards, his weight atop, his cock so deep.

"It's time," she almost begged, desperate to have his seed once more inside her. "Fuck me hard Baby. Fuck me like a good son should."

"You want it Mom?" Dane asked, kissing her neck, whispering into her ear. "You want my cum?"

"I need it Baby," Audrey sighed as he fucked her, her legs locked around his ass, pulling him deeper with every thrust. "I need my pussy full of cum."

His chiseled chest ground upon her breasts, an arm secured behind her neck. Dane's cock a rock-hard statement of his

incestuous love, pounding, drilling as deep within his mother's body as was possible. Her sex welcomed him, embraced him. Her slick walls enveloped his dick in the warmest of hugs, the most intimate of cuddles that only a mother and son could understand. No other could share this moment, no other man could ever satisfy her womanly and maternal desires.

A son finally fucking his mother in what was now their bed, it rocked as it had never known. No need for discretion or stifled expression, Audrey voiced her ecstasy openly, screaming to her room. "Yes Baby, yes...fuck me lover."

Dane's cock right at home, doing his best work. His hips thrusting faster than ever before, pelvis pummeling against her groin. Audrey reached up to take her son's head in her hands and direct his gaze to her own.

"Look me in the eyes when you cum Darling," she gasped, feeling his dick so deep, relentlessly penetrating her welcoming womb.

"It's coming Mom," Dane declared, out of breath and amazed he'd lasted this long. "I'm gonna cum."

"Yes, Baby cum in me..." she panted, breasts wobbling upon her chest with the force of his intrusion. "...cum on me. Cum all over me," she begged.

He didn't leave her waiting. Pulling his knees up close to her body, his final thrusts had him exploding inside her. A fire hose of jism to douse her fiery housing. Surge after surge of sperm released inside her whilst she clasped him in a motherly embrace. Their eyes locked, a vacant yet almost agonized expression upon his face as he declared his love for her. And then he withdrew, his hand quick to wrap himself and further the orgasm. Great ribbons of cum across her pubic mound and onto her stomach, filling her belly button. She broke his gaze to admire his gift, her own hand just as quick to retrieve the blessing, scooping his love from her flesh to take into her mouth.

Dane kissed her. Regardless of her mouth awash with his semen. He kissed her like a son should his mother. Tongue deep, lips hermetically wrapping her own. This was what

love was. He'd found his soulmate and as he slid his cock back inside her to further the fuck, he swore to be with her forever.

\*

"So why the schoolgirl outfit?" Dane asked, shielding his eyes from the hot sun as he watched his mother kiss his cock. Her eyes drawn from the task, she looked up at Dane upon the banana lounge, her tongue sliding along his length before she answered.

"You won't laugh?"

"Mom, I'd never laugh at you," Dane confessed.

"It was something your father said about me before he left. It made me think of the girls your own age, their bodies, what they can offer you. I did it to compete I guess."

Dane looked down at her naked mature body between his legs.

"You don't have to you know, dress like that for me. I'll take you as you are right now," he stood up and lifted his mother from her knees, his erection pressing hard into her belly as he kissed her. "Don't get me wrong though," he quickly added, a sly expression creeping across his face. "I hope you do keep wearing that stuff around the house."

"I'll wear whatever you like," Audrey promised as she allowed herself to be lifted into his arms. "Are you taking me to the bedroom?"

Dane smiled, his cock helping to support his mother's weight as he walked to the edge of the pool.

"Nuh uh," he chuckled. "Remember, you paid for three coaching sessions," he stated as he leapt into the pool along with her.

Audrey came up spluttering and Dane was quick to once more take her in his arms, his erection finding her pussy below the surface and entering.

"The best money I ever spent," Audrey smiled as she welcomed his cock and kissed her son, forever her lover, upon the mouth.

**Fin.**