

I was on cloud nine as I rode my bike in through the gates of my home. Valentine's Day had gone better than expected. Anu had loved the chocolates and the necklace I gifted her. We had sneaked in to the chemistry lab of our college to exchange gifts. She loved the necklace so much that she gave me a kiss on my lips... my first kiss.

I parked my bike to one corner of our parking area leaving enough space for dad to park his car when he came home later. I hurried inside looking for mom. I owed her a 'Thank You' and a hug for she was the one who helped me pick out the gifts for Anu. Mom was my Guru when it came to girlfriend matters.

"Mom?" I called out as I ran in to the kitchen. She wasn't there.

"Mom?" I called louder coming back to the living room.

"I'm up here." She responded aloud from her bedroom on the first floor. I rushed up the stairs and was at her door in a few seconds.

"Open the door mom, I have something to tell you." I said as I knocked on the closed door.

"Not now." She said. I could hear her shuffling from inside.

"Why not?"

"I'm not decent." She said.

"Okay... so wear some clothes and let me in... I have something important to tell you." I said impatiently.

"Wait a second." She said. I heard some rustling of clothes and then her footsteps. The door opened and I stepped inside with the intention of lifting her up in a hug and turning her around in the air... but I stopped in my tracks the moment I saw her. Then I laughed.

"What fancy dress competition are you going to?" I asked in between laughs seeing my mom wearing a flashy red saree. She had wrapped a shawl on her upper body but even that couldn't hide the bling on the saree cloth. She had even put on some light make-up.

"Shut up Idiot!" she scolded... but I couldn't help it. I broke out laughing again. My mom was the antithesis of the clothes that she now had on her. Her wardrobe consisted entirely of sober colours and minimalist, practical clothes.

"Mom do you know that the Great Wall of China is the only man made object visible from space?" I asked her, controlling my laughter.

"So what?" she asked, annoyed.

"If you step out wearing that, they'll be able to see you too... so flashy." I teased her... but I regretted it immediately when I saw her face fall, disappointment written large on it.

"I knew this was a terrible idea... your father bought me this... he wanted to do something special for valentine's day... maybe go out to a nice restaurant or something," She explained as she sat down on her bed, "you know me... I don't ever wear flashy stuff... I agreed to this only because your dad begged me so much."

I felt terrible now having ruined mom's mood. I felt obligated to make things right for the sake of dad. For mom too... both of them worked so hard to provide for me and look after me all these years. They deserved a date-night.

"I'm sorry mom... I was just teasing you... I didn't think you'd feel so bad." I said, sitting on the bed beside her. Her face was still sad.

"I look terrible in this don't I?" she asked.

"No mom... I was just teasing coz I've never seen you wearing such stuff," I tried to reassure her, "you know I think you're the prettiest woman on this planet." She smiled at that.

It was an old joke we used to tell each other all the time. In primary school I had gotten into a fight with a classmate on "whose mother is the prettiest?" Mom had trouble keeping a straight face when the school principal had revealed the reason for the fight. I had won the fight hands down that day... and in all honesty the question was not even worth debating... his mom did not even come close to my mom. Instead of punishing me for getting into the fight, mom had bought me an ice-cream that day.

Ever since that day, "you know I think you're the prettiest woman on this planet" was my go to phrase any time I needed to butter mom up to get her to agree to something or just to cheer her up when she was sad. It always worked.

Mom's face relaxed considerably, but still she was not convinced about the saree.

"Why do you have this shawl around you?" I asked.

"No... I am not telling you. You'll laugh again." She said.

"Mom... I promise I won't laugh," I told her. But she wouldn't budge.

"Tell you what... if I laugh, hit me on the head with this." I said pointing to the fat photo album on the table beside the bed.

"With full force?" she queried.

"Yes."

"Okay." she said standing up from the bed. She faced me and gently removed the shawl and threw it on the bed.

I didn't laugh. I couldn't... for she looked really pretty. The red saree was matched with a red sleeveless blouse. Mom had worn the saree pretty low on the waist and was showing considerable skin on the belly and waist on her left side.

She looked at me expectantly.

"I still stand by my old statement." I said.

"What?" she asked.

"That you are the prettiest woman on this planet!" I told her and I meant it.

"Really? You don't think it is too much?" she asked.

"No... it's for a special occasion... it looks great." I assured her. She looked happy at that.

"Prettier than Anu?" She asked me teasingly.

"I will neither confirm nor deny that!" I said mimicking some Hollywood actor I'd heard deliver this dialogue.

"Smartass!" she said and laughed.

"But still there is a problem." She said after a while.

"What? I told you it looks pretty on you." I said.

"It's the back."

"What about it?" I asked.

"Well..." she said and turned her back to me briefly. I saw the issue. The blouse was pretty low cut at the back and the wing bands of her black bra were showing.

"Oh." I said. My mind immediately raced back to the College Arts Day function last year when Anu had worn a similar blouse cut low at the back. I had been really curious all day on how the bra straps weren't showing despite her back being mostly bare. She had caught me staring many times that day.

'I know what you're wondering... this blouse doesn't require a bra,' she had told me later. She had explained to me how there was padding in the blouse itself.

I smiled internally at how out of touch mom was with fashion.

"Mom... I don't think these kind of blouses require a... uh... bra." I said, a little embarrassed.

Mom looked at me as if I'd mouthed blasphemy.

"How can I wear the blouse without a bra?" she exclaimed.

"Mom... I think it will have some... uh... padding... inside," I struggled to explain, "why don't you just try it... you know... without the... uh... bra?" I suggested.

Hesitantly, she went into the attached bathroom. I waited in the room, sitting on the bed.

A couple of minutes passed and she still didn't come out.

"Everything all right?" I called out.

"It feels awkward." I heard her voice coming from the bathroom.

"What? Just come out." I said. She opened the bathroom door and stepped into the bedroom. She did a small twirl showing me 360 degree look. Nothing seemed to have changed outwardly.

"Mom... nothing looks awkward." I said, and I was right... nothing seemed out of place or amiss.

"Really? I just feel so... exposed." She said.

"You've tried it for the first time... you'll get used to it in some time." I tried to reassure her. In that instant, I heard dad's car pull in. Mom went to the window and peeked out.

"Your dad's home," She said coming back towards me, "oh... I don't know if he'll like the saree on me."

"Mom... don't worry... you look beautiful." I said.

She took a deep breath and said, "okay... go to your room... and don't come out for some time."

I grinned naughtily at her as she shooed me out.

"Okay... I'm going." I said and left her room. I went into my room and closed the door. I heard dad's footsteps as he climbed up the stairs. I lay on my bed and started browsing Instagram.

A few minutes later I started hearing noises from Mom and dad's room. I went towards my door and opened it slightly. I tiptoed out. The noises got louder as I got closer to their room. Standing right outside their door, I couldn't help but grin as the unmistakable sounds of sex emerged from inside.

I decided to give the old lovebirds some privacy. I came downstairs and sat outside, in the verandah. I couldn't stop smiling at the thought of My 50-year-old dad and 45-year-old mom being freaky inside their room. I lounged there for a while.

Around 20 minutes later, I got thirsty and went into the kitchen. I opened the fridge and bent down to take a bottle of cold water. As I straightened up with the bottle and closed the fridge door, I saw mom standing in the kitchen doorway wearing the same red saree. She tried to avoid my eyes.

She came forward as I stepped away from the fridge. She opened the fridge and took out another bottle of water. She opened the lid and took a gulp from it.

"Sounded like you two oldies had fun!" I teased her. Her face blushed red.

"I guess dad really liked the saree on you." She blushed even deeper as I teased her again.

"Shut up, you brat!" she scolded me, "teasing your mother without shame." But she couldn't keep a straight face and burst out giggling. I laughed along.

"By the way, how do you know so much about such designer blouses?" she asked with an interrogative stare.

"Because I'm not ancient like you and dad... I know stuff... and I have a girlfriend." I said. She smiled.

"Oh I forgot to ask... Did Anu like the Valentine's day gifts?" she asked.

"Oh she really liked the gifts... that's what I came to tell you in the first place... but then your film heroine avatar made me forget." We both laughed.

Afterwards, mom and dad went out to some fancy hotel. I teased them about their 'date night' as they were leaving. It was fun to watch my old man blush hearing it.

I woke up late next morning as it was a holiday for my college. I found Mom sitting on the dining table cutting vegetables when I came down. Dad had already left for office.

"There's tea in the flask," mom said as I sat down opposite her, "and I made dosa for breakfast."

I poured a cup of tea from the flask and sipped it.

"When did you guys come in last night?" I asked as the hot tea made my throat come alive.

"Late." She replied.

"Had fun?" I asked.

"Yes... Your dad took me to Taj Hotel... it was so fancy... I couldn't even pronounce half the items on the menu." She laughed as she spoke. I smiled, happy that my parents had got this opportunity to loosen up and enjoy.

"Oh... before I forget, can you ring up Anu? I want to ask her something." Mom said as I put two dosas and chutney on a plate. I didn't think much about it at the time. Mom had spoken to my girlfriend many times before. I dialled Anu's number and gave my phone to mom. She held it to her ear and walked away into the kitchen with her plate of cut up vegetables. I stayed, relishing my dosas with thick coconut chutney.

After the late breakfast, I went back to my room to play games on my computer. Fifteen minutes later, mom came in to hand me back my phone.

"I'm going out for a few hours... lunch is ready... eat it when you're hungry." She said and went out.

I played video games all morning. It was 2 PM when I started feeling hungry. I came downstairs. Anu called while I was having lunch.

"Hey... did your mom come back from shopping?" she asked.

"What shopping?" I asked, while chewing a mouthful of Rice mixed with Sambhar and fried beans.

"Your mom asked me in the morning where I usually go to shop for sarees. I gave her the address of the place." Anu explained.

"Oh, so that's where she went." I said as realization dawned.

I finished lunch and lay on the sofa talking to Anu. At around 3 Pm, mom walked in with a big shopping bag and went straight into her room without even saying Hi to me. I quickly hung up on Anu and followed mom. I reached before she could close the door behind her. I went in and sat on her bed, staring at the bag in her hand.

"So... secret shopping huh?" I inquired. She didn't say anything.

"What did you buy?" I prodded.

"Nothing much." She said.

"Let us see then?" I went towards her and made a move to take the bag from her hand. She hid it behind her out of reach.

"Why are you being so shifty?" I asked as I tried to grab the bag stretching my arm around her. She tried to evade me, but I was quicker than her and snatched the bag from her.

"Give it back!" She said, a little too late. I had already emptied its contents on the bed.

Fabrics in various colours fell out of the bag and onto the bed. Most prominent among them were a shiny blue saree and matching blouse with exquisite detailing on it. But that's not what caught my eye.

On the bed lay tangled lingerie... four pairs... in Red, Blue, Yellow and Green colours... made of sheer material. I had expected some Sarees or Kurtis. Seeing the kaleidoscopic array of innerwear splayed out on the bed, I did not know how to react.

"Wow... did you two decide to make every day Valentine's day?" I blurted out. I had a habit of resorting to humour whenever something made me tongue-tied.

Mom rushed to the bed and stuffed everything back into the bag.

"Have I not taught you to respect privacy?" she asked me, embarrassed.

"Actually no... You or dad never cared for my privacy when you barge into my room." I continued joking uncomfortably. She didn't respond.

"I'll pretend that I did not see the other... uh... delicate stuff... but the saree looked nice." I tried to diffuse the embarrassment. Still she didn't speak.

"Mom... I'm sorry... I'm sorry for being nosy... and seeing stuff I was not supposed to," I apologized, "please don't be angry with me."

Her face softened a little... but her usual friendly demeanour was still elusive.

"You know I think you're the prettiest woman on this planet." I parodied my childhood self praising her as a last resort. That got her. She smiled. I knew she couldn't be angry when I brought out the memory of her young son who fought with his classmate for bragging rights on prettiest mom.

"Idiot!" she called me lovingly and smiled.

"There's that smile." I said. Mom's smile was really gorgeous. There has never been a worry in my life that her smile couldn't solve.

"Can I see the saree now?" I asked.

"Only if you promise not to tease me."

"I swear on you I won't tease." I assured her.

She inserted her hand into the shopping bag and deftly pulled out the saree and blouse without spilling the other stuff in there. She placed the saree on the bed and unfolded it. The shiny blue fabric was really eye-catching. The intricate detailing of the patterns and motifs on it made the saree even more gorgeous. I ran my hand over the fabric. It felt so silky smooth.

Then mom showed me the blouse. It was made of nice velvet material. It had a netted design on the entire back and also a little on the chest area.

"Looks expensive." I told her.

"Is expensive," She corrected me, "but your dad was adamant... told me to buy a saree even better than the one I wore yesterday."

"Well... let's see it on you." I said.

"Later." She said dismissively.

"Mom... come on... Now." I pestered her. It took some nagging to get her to agree.

"Okay... wait here." She said and went into the bathroom taking the saree and blouse.

Minutes passed. I could hear mom shuffling about in the bathroom.

"Mom... what's taking so long." I asked after a while.

"The material is slippery... it'll take some more time." She answered aloud from the bathroom.

I was bored sitting on the bed beside the shopping bag. That's when a thought struck my mind. An image of Anu wearing sheer lingerie of the kind that was in the bag popped into my head. I felt a stirring in my groin.

I looked at the bag beside me. I pulled it towards me. I glanced once in the direction of the bathroom. I could still hear mom shuffling about in there. I figured she'd take a few more minutes to wear the saree. I put my hand into the bag and grasped the first thing that my fingers touched. I retrieved my hand and along with it came a red sheer bra. I lifted it to the front of my face. I studied it as it dangled from my right hand. The floral designs on the lace material was really pretty. I tried to imagine Anu in the bra. The picture my mind painted was hot... Anu's ample breasts ensconced in the bright red lace material. My cock started growing in my pants. I imagined resting my face on Anu's bra clad breasts. As I imagined this, I brought the outer side of the bra's cup near my face. It felt ticklish when the material made contact with my cheek. My cock went ramrod straight at the touch.

Just then I heard a creaking noise and footsteps coming up the stairs. My ears also picked up a familiar voice humming a song... My dad's voice. A jolt brought me back to reality. I panicked when I realized I was holding

mom's bra against my face and I had a raging hard-on quite conspicuous at the front of my pants. I got really scared when I pictured how it would look to dad if he saw me like this. Then I heard his steps approaching the door. I reacted without thinking, falling on the floor and rolling underneath the bed just a couple of seconds before the door opened and dad walked in.

I slowed down my breathing so as not to make any sound. I saw dad's polished black shoes come near. The bed made a noise when he sat down. The he raised one leg up. When he kept it down a few seconds later his feet was bare. He kept the shoe down beside his bare feet. He then removed his other shoe and kept it down. He pushed both shoes under the bed with his feet. The shoes stopped just an inch before my face. I scrunched my nose as the nasty smell of his worn socks inside the shoes wafted towards me. It was hell. I had to move his shoes away from my face.

Suddenly I realized that I was still clutching the red bra in my right hand. I let it go and ever so slowly moved my hand towards the shoes. I pushed it millimeter by millimeter with my fingers, as away from my face as possible under the claustrophobic setting. Just then I heard the bathroom door open.

"This blouse is so..." mom trailed off as she saw dad sitting on the bed.

The next voice I heard was dad's, "Wow."

"You look amazing Shanu."

"I didn't... hear you come in." Mom said.

"Come here," dad said, "let me see you properly."

I saw mom's pretty feet as she approached the bed.

"Gorgeous... this one looks sexier than the one I bought you." Dad said. I listened with dread as I got a hint of where this was headed.

"Did you see our son when you came up?" mom asked.

"No," he answered shortly and continued with his lustful praise.

"Come closer Shanu."

I saw mom's feet come closer and stop right in front of dad.

"Just seeing you in this saree has given me an erection." My dad spoke.

"Didn't you have enough of me yesterday?" Mom teased him.

"Dressed like this I could never have enough of you." Dad said.

Then I saw mom's pallu drop on the floor.

"Aah... be gentle Ram... you mauled them so much yesterday, it's hurting a little bit."

My cock jumped at mom's words. Dad was squeezing mom's breasts. A perverted excitement gripped me as I listened to my parents.

"Take this off! Let me suck your tits." I could tell from his tone that he was getting hornier. Shortly, mom's designer blouse hit the floor. I then heard the sound of dad's smacking lips.

"Yes Ram... suck my tits husband... suck them hard like yesterday."

Mom was really getting into it now. I could hear each little movement of my parents as if through a microphone. I could hear the moist sounds dad's tongue made against mom's nipples. My cock was straining against my tight pants as I got more and more turned on with each passing second.

"Flick your tongue on my hard nipples." Mom let him know what she wanted. By the sounds of her moans, it seemed like dad did exactly what mom wanted.

"Mmmm... Ram! Your tongue feels amazing." Mom moaned.

"I can't wait any longer Shanu... I want to see your pussy." Dad spoke. The vulgarity of my parents' passionate intimacy amazed me. I couldn't have imagined that the people who ate with me at the dining table downstairs everyday had such a dirty side to them. But as I heard them utter these crude words, I found myself getting more aroused.

I heard the rustling of clothes and yard by yard mom's long saree fell on the floor. Her petticoat followed shortly. Then I saw a black panty slide down to mom's ankle. She lifted one foot out of it and used the other to fling it aside.

"Your pussy is so pretty and neatly trimmed," dad continued the sex talk, "I'm so lucky I get to come home and have this pretty pussy wet for my cock."

"Yes Ram... my pussy is yours... it's so wet for you right now." Mom was talking like the sluts I had seen in porn. I couldn't control my urge anymore. Gently, I slid down my fly and pulled out my cock. I wrapped my palm around my throbbing member and jerked it slowly.

"My fingers can feel how wet you are for me," dad spoke, "I can't wait to put my cock in your pussy... but before that... I want to feel your mouth on my cock."

I jerked my cock as I saw mom's knees bend slowly. A second later, her knees touched the floor and her wet pussy was right in front of my eyes.

I couldn't believe it... my first time seeing a pussy... and that too my mom's. Dad was right. It looked so pretty... the way her legs were splayed out... the way her pubic hair was neatly trimmed... the way her fair skin darkened towards her pussy... the beautiful crease in between her fat pussy lips. My cock head tingled at the sight.

I could hear the wet smacking of mom's mouth on dad's cock as I jerked myself looking at mom's pussy. Suddenly mom's right hand came down to her pussy. Her middle finger parted the pussy lips and started rubbing... down and up.

When the finger came up, I could see it slide over her clit. Then the finger rubbed back down over it. The tip of her finger glistened with pussy juice. I jerked as fast as I could without making sound.

"Yes Shanu... suck my fat cock... suck it into your mouth... run your tongue over the tip." Dad commanded.

"Mmm... Mmmm." I could hear mom's moans muffled by dad's cock. Mom started rubbing herself faster. Her palm slapped against her pussy lips on each downward rub.

My cock was oozing pre-cum hearing my parents' dirty foreplay.

Just then mom lifted her knees from the floor and sat on her haunches, her butt hovering inches above the floor. Her knees were red from keeping on hard floor. Her legs were still open and offered an even better view of her pussy as she continued masturbating. I saw the opening of her vagina below her clit... the place I was born. A shiver ran through my body at the thought.

On one downward pass, I saw her finger enter the vagina. She repeated the move every few rubs.

Inches below her vagina, I could also see her asshole at the centre of her meaty buttocks.

I had been really close to cumming when dad spoke, "come up here... my cock wants your pussy now Shanu."

Immediately, mom stood up and got on the bed. The bed creaked.

"Yes... lower yourself on my hard cock." Dad guided her.

"Uhhmm." I heard mom and dad gasp together. I closed my eyes and imagined dad's cock impaling mom's pussy.

Shortly, the bed started making creaky noises as my parent's fucked. In my mind's eye, I pictured mom riding dad's cock.

"Fuck me Shanu... ride my cock like you did yesterday." Dad said.

"Mmm... mmm... mmm" I heard mom's rhythmic moans as she settled on a nice fast pace of fucking. The slapping sound of her ass bouncing on dad's hips and the creaky noises of the bed synced up with mom's moans.

"Go faster Shanu... fuck me faster." Their fucking gathered to a frantic pace. I could tell that both of them were close to cumming.

"Mmm... mmm." mom's moans reached a fever pitch.

My balls felt like they were about to blow. I felt ticklish at the tip of my cock and the next second erupted with milky white cum.

"Oh Ram... I'm cumming... I'm cumming." Mom almost screamed.

"Yesssss!" dad followed suit as they both climaxed together.

The bed creaked a few more times as their bodies spasmed while cumming. Then the room went silent except for my parents breathing deeply.

I struggled but succeeded in breathing soundlessly.

We lay like that for a while... my mom on my dad's chest, his cock still inside her... and me under the bed with my cock sticking out of my fly and cum-stained pants.

After five minutes or so I heard movement again. Then I saw mom's feet touch the ground. Her feet started moving away.

"Where are you going?" dad asked.

"To take a bath." Mom replied.

"Then I am coming with you." Dad said and jumped down from the bed. I saw his feet land on the floor. Mom giggled as dad followed her into the bathroom. I heard the bathroom door close.

I waited for a few more seconds. When I heard the shower running, I rolled out from underneath the bed and tiptoed to the door, cock swinging free out through my fly.

"We just had sex... why are you hard again?" I heard mom's voice from the bathroom just before I sneaked out and closed their bedroom door.

I went to my room and undressed. I threw my cum-stained pant and shirt in the laundry and wore some fresh clothes. I then plonked on the bed, tired from all the effort to stay quiet under my parents' bed.

As I went to sleep, a dream started playing in my mind like a movie... my mom and dad fucking under the shower.

The white noise like quality of the shower sprays hitting the bathroom floor discomfited me as it filled my ears. On top of it, the noise of water that collected on the floor swirling down the drain echoed in my head. Steam emitted by the warm water that sprayed out through the shower wafted towards me through the slightly ajar door of my parents' bathroom. I stood outside the bathroom door peeping in at my Mom and Dad being intimate while they showered together. They were in a tight embrace of each other's arms... fully naked... feasting passionately on each other's lips. Mom's breasts were squished on dad's chest as they embraced. Dad's hands travelled down Mom's wet back and stopped on her thick ass. His palm squeezed Mom's butt cheeks and she moaned into his mouth. Then Dad turned Mom around and pushed on her back making her bend at her waist. Mom braced herself by placing her palms flat on the wall and spread her legs. Dad's hard penis wobbled as they broke the embrace. He now grabbed it in his palm and directed it to the centre of Mom's spread legs. Once in place, he thrust his hips forward sharply his hips slapping on mom's ass. Mom screamed in pleasure as Dad's cock slipped deep into her waiting vagina.

"Aah!"

Just then the bathroom door creaked as my hand slipped on it unknowingly. Mom and Dad froze in their mid-fucking pose and turned their heads towards the direction of the door where I was spying on their carnal moments. Their eyes bore into me and I felt my skin burn. Their white of their staring eyes turned black before me... as if black ink was poured into water. Their stare became more intense with each passing second... but they made no move to uncouple their joined genitals. Their zombie like stare felt like red hot coal thrown on me. I couldn't bear the pain any longer. I screamed at them to forgive me.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to."

The scream started in the throat of my apparition who was peeking into the bathroom and ended in my throat as I woke up sweaty and scared on my bed, ending the nightmare. It took some time for me to find my bearings as my eyes adjusted to the darkness in my room. I searched around my bed for my mobile phone. When I found it I tapped the lock screen button and the screen came alive with its multichromatic wallpaper illuminated my near surroundings. My mind came awake slowly and brought with it visions. The visions jogged my memory and suddenly I felt a crushing sense of guilt and shame.

As the visions played on of me hiding under Mom's bed and bearing witness to their frantic lovemaking unknown to them, I felt debilitated. I fell back on the bed and shrunk into a crouched position. The god fearing, temple going Hindu that I was raised to be found the shame that was rising inside me overwhelming.

'What if mom or dad found out?' the thought made me paranoid. I grabbed the crumpled covers and pressed it onto my face.

I didn't know how much time had passed when I heard a knock on my door.

"Ajjju?" I heard mom's voice calling me. I didn't move or make a sound. My heart was beating out of my chest at the thought of how I was going to face her.

"Ajjju?" she called again. I then heard the door handle turn and the creak of the door swinging open. The light from the corridor invaded the darkness in my room vanquishing it. Through the covers that I had held to my face I could see a silhouette coming towards my bed.

"Ajjju?" she called again. I was too scared to respond.

"Ajay!" she shouted at last. My full name 'Ajay' was reserved only for when she was angry. I lowered the covers from my face and looked at her nervously.

"How many times have I been calling you?" she admonished me, "Come and have dinner."

I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I lay there helplessly, trying to fight off the demons of guilt and shame gnawing at me from inside. I turned my gaze away from her for even though she'd changed into a fresh maxi dress, my mind was picturing her body parts naked. Her presence inflamed my feelings. It felt like my heart was on fire.

"Aju... there's another thing," she suddenly began speaking again, "I had bought... four... uh... bras from the shop. Now I can't find one... uh... tell me... when you snatched the shopping bag from me earlier and the clothes in it fell on the bed, weren't there four bras?"

I didn't respond... but a flash of an image appeared in my mind... of the red bra that I had left under Mom's bed. I felt bile rising in my stomach as I forced myself to hold the truth in. In my hurry to get out from under their bed after mom and dad went to the shower, I had forgotten to place the Red bra back in the shopping bag. I started panicking.

"I doubt if the salesman missed to pack the fourth... a red one." She said.

I started shivering as scary thoughts spread through my brain.

'Wouldn't she realize that I was under her bed when she finds the bra there?' I thought. My brain was too overwhelmed to give me a rational answer.

'You are right on the edge... you can't escape... you will be caught!' the demons inside my head screamed menacingly.

I felt the truth rising from within me wishing to find expression. I tried to bite my tongue... but the more I tried to withhold the truth, I felt like vomiting. My mind was spiralling out of control. It was getting unbearable.

"It's under your bed." I heard myself say to Mom. Immediately after I said it, I vomited. Half-digested items from the afternoon's lunch emptied out of my stomach onto the floor. Mom quickly stepped back avoiding the projectile.

I fell back on the bed once my stomach had heaved enough. Mom looked on with concern... but me vomiting had not distracted her enough from my statement. I saw her eyebrows rise in confusion.

"Under my bed?" she asked. I stared at her like a deer caught in headlights.

"How?" she added. Seeing no other way, I decided to lie in the grave I dug for myself.

"I put it there." I said. Her confusion increased.

"Why?" she asked, "Why did you put it under my bed?"

"I was under your bed." I said, defeated. I saw confusion morph into horror on Mom's face as her brain worked out what I was trying to say.

"I was under there the whole time... that you and dad were on it." The moment I finished saying it Mom's right hand landed on my left cheek. She followed it up with a flurry of slaps all over my face and chest. I tried to block her hands but to no avail. My body pained with the impact of her blows.

"You shameless pervert!" she yelled at me as she hit me. Her eyes filled up with tears.

"Wait till I tell your father." She threatened once her hands were tired.

I don't know what came over me. My hopelessness fell over the edge into an abyss and I didn't want to live anymore. I jumped off my bed and ran out of my room leaving mom there. I ran down the stairs and out of the house. I didn't look back. I kept running... not really aware of which way I was going. The gravel on the roads came under my bare feet and hurt me. I kept running despite the exhaustion my body and mind felt. One foot in front of the other I kept on moving.

When I stopped finally feeling fully depleted, I felt sand beneath my aching feet. The wind that caressed my face brought the smell of salty water to my nose. I looked out to see a half moon over the Arabian Sea at Calicut beach. I sat down on the sand unable to move or think or feel anything.

I don't know how long I sat there. I hadn't worn a watch to keep track of time.

So I had no answer when the man in Police uniform asked me, "Kid, what are you doing here at this hour?"

My face remained blank as he asked me more questions. Another policeman was saying something into a walkie-talkie a few metres away. A few minutes later, he walked towards us and joined his colleague.

"Come with us!" he instructed me and held me by my arm. I walked as he pulled me. He took me to a Police Jeep parked by the road running parallel to the beach.

"Sit here!" he instructed. I sat at the back of the jeep. He brought me a cup of tea from the roadside street food vendor. I took the cup from him and brought it to my lips. I took a sip. As the hot tea travelled down my throat into my stomach, I realized that I was hungry. My stomach was empty. I had vomited out the lunch that I had eaten in the afternoon. I drank the tea slowly. As I finished the cup and handed me back to the policeman I saw a familiar Honda Jazz pull up near us. The doors of the car opened and Mom and Dad got out of it.

"What were you thinking?" dad asked me while he drove us back home. I was sitting alone in the backseat, silent. I had no energy left to submit myself to more humiliation and beating.

"Ram, you leave it... I'll talk to him." Mom told him from the front passenger seat. The rest of the journey was eerily quiet.

I went straight up to my room once we reached home. I didn't want any more confrontations tonight. I just wanted to go to sleep... but that was not to be. I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. One set of footsteps came closer towards my door. I heard a knock and then Mom entered my room. I remained on the bed as she approached and sat at the foot of the bed.

"You have grown up so much that I can't hit you?" she spoke softly, her voice full of emotion, "You'll just run away like this?"

I could tell that she was close to crying.

"I thought dad would kill me... when you said you would tell him what I did." I said, not looking at her face. She did not say anything for a while... just sat there on my bed looking at me.

"I didn't tell dad." I heard her say a moment later. I looked at her unable to believe her words... but her face told me that she was telling the truth.

"But then, why does he think I ran away?" I asked, confused.

"I told him Anu broke up with you... and you got really upset." She said.

"You're right though... he would've have beat you to pulp if he knew the real reason," she said.

I heaved a sigh of relief at the prospect of dad's beating eliminated... at least for now.

"But you owe me an explanation... why? Why in the world would you hide under the bed while we were..." she trailed off. She was right. I owed her that much for not telling dad.

"I didn't mean to." I said.

"Then why? Help me understand." She implored.

"I... uh... when you took time to change into the saree... I... uh... I pulled out the red bra from the bag... I wanted to look at it more... coz I was imagining Anu wearing it... I don't know then... I got lost in my thoughts... I had... uh... an erection... thinking about Anu in the red bra... I didn't hear dad come up... when I heard his footsteps right outside the room I was holding the bra to my face to see how smooth it felt." I said and stopped to take a breath.

"When I heard dad right outside, I panicked... In my mind it looked like he would see me holding your bra to my face with a visible erection in my pants... I got scared that he would think I was being a pervert over you... and I had no time to think... I hid under your bed without thinking... and then you came out of the bathroom and..." I trailed off, leaving the story off where they had started their sexual foreplay. She remained quiet after listening to me.

"I was not being a pervert... hiding under your bed and spying on you... I just... didn't want to get caught with your bra in my hand," I added, "I swear I was thinking of Anu... please believe me Mom."

Again she was silent. My heart was beating out of my chest waiting for her to say something.

"I believe you." She said... but her face looked into the distance... tired and distressed.

"But how do we move on from this? Are we just supposed to forget this happened?" She spoke again, more to herself than to me.

Then she turned her face to look at me.

"I realize you must have heard everything... but what did you see?" she asked. I swallowed the saliva that collected under my tongue, hesitation written large on my face.

"I need to know Aju." Mom said.

I weighed my words carefully as I tried to reveal the truth, "When you knelt on the floor... I..."

I stopped to look at her face. I saw the conflict on her face... wanting to know everything on one hand... but still averse to the consequences of knowing. I searched within me for strength to say the next words.

"I saw your... vagina." I said.

She closed her eyes at that. The torment her mind was suffering evident on her face. She buried her face in her palms in anguish.

"How do we go back to being Mother and Son now?" she spoke, her voice muffled by her palms.

"I don't know Mom," I said feeling the same way, "My mind is torturing me with visions of you... I can't stop it Mom."

We remained like that for a long time... distraught with the situation we found ourselves in.

"There's Chappatis and Egg curry on the dining table downstairs... eat it." Mom spoke as she stood up and walked away from me and out the door. My mind pictured her naked ass jiggling as her hips swayed while walking away.

I had very less sleep that night. Every time I closed my eyes and fell asleep, I dreamed about Mom's naked body embracing dad's. I was awake when my parents woke up and started going about their day. I was aware of my Mother's movements in the kitchen with the sound of various utensils. I lay there on my bed with eyes open staring at the ceiling.

Around 9 in the morning dad knocked on my door. He came in and sat on the edge of my bed. I continued staring at the ceiling, unable to look at his face. He placed a hand on my leg as he spoke.

"Son... I can see that you're heartbroken... and I don't know if what I say can be any consolation." He paused searching for words. I lay motionless listening to his awkward attempt to ease my hurt at the break up that he believed I was upset of.

"You're young... and at this age things like these feel enormous... you feel like you can't get past this... but give it some time... you'll be okay." He said. I forced my face to not betray any emotion.

"Remember... you'll always have mom and me." Dad said before getting up from my bed. Few minutes later, I heard dad's car as he left for work.

Around an hour later I heard Mom's footsteps come up the stairs. I was still in my bed, not yet having gathered enough courage to go down. I braced myself for another painful conversation with her... but the footsteps did not approach my room. It faded as she went into her room. Then everything was quiet for a while.

It must've been around five minutes before my ears picked up another familiar sound. The sound of a running shower. My mind was suddenly alert. I listened carefully to the sound of water hitting the bathroom floor. No matter how much I tried to resist, my mind conjured the image of Mom's naked body under the shower.

I found myself getting out of bed like something had taken possession of me. I felt a strong pull from the source of the sound. The urge was too powerful to fight against. My feet took steps out of my room and towards hers. The sound of the shower grew louder as I approached her door.

I placed my right hand on the doorknob and twisted it ever so slowly. The latch released and the door slid open as I pushed gently. The hiss-like sound of the shower held my attention completely and I moved towards its source. I encountered the closed fibre-door of the bathroom. It was the only obstacle in the path of my mind's vision actually occurring in front of my eyes.

My eyes scanned the door upwards from the bottom. At the top, they saw a solution. There was a gap... at least 10 inches wide, at the top between the door and the wall frame. My mind worked like a problem solving robot unaware of the consequences that would arise at the end result it sought to achieve. I surveyed the room. A chair... a chair... my mind instructed. I found one near dad's work table. My feet worked on their own accord as I went towards it and brought it back to the bathroom door, careful not to make any sound.

I climbed up on it placing my feet on the cushioned seat. My eyes rose to be level with the gap. I peered in. I saw the showerhead shooting thick sprays of water... but my vision stopped at the top of mom's head. I lifted myself up few more inches, standing on my toes. I saw mom's thick black hair sticking on the wet skin of her slender neck. The side of her face came into view. Water ran down her head and trickled down over her pretty ear. But still the top of the door limited my vision to her shoulders.

Obsessed with her nakedness, I placed my right foot up on the right side wooden armrest of the unsteady chair without thinking. The chair tilted dangerously to the right and I lost my footing. Both the chair and I fell crashing on the floor. The thud of my body hitting the floor and metal clanging of the chair was heard louder than the sound of the shower. A sharp pain shot up from my left thigh which had taken most of the impact. I lay on the floor in pain. My head felt light and my vision blurred like an out of focus camera.

The blur image in front of my eyes moved as the door opened and a white silhouette stepped out. I blinked rapidly trying to regain focus. Slowly my vision cleared and I saw Mom standing in front of me with only a white towel wrapped around her. The towel wrapped above her bosom reached down only till her mid-thigh.

As my consciousness came back to reality I saw mom look at me and then the fallen chair. I witnessed the realization dawn on her face that I was trying to peek on her showering. I saw anger seethe in her eyes.

"You perverted dog!" she screamed at the top of her voice. I tried to lift my body and sit up as she screamed abuses.

"How can you be so shameless... peeping on your own mother's nakedness... you dog... I can't believe this! The child that I gave birth to has grown up to be a shameless pig." I stared in disbelief at the enraged curses she spat at me. My eyes started tearing up. Though wet with tears, my wide eyed stare infuriated her further.

"What are you staring at!" she yelled. Her eyes burned red with fury as her hands came up to her bosom and pulled the towel unwrapping her body from it. The towel fell on the floor and mom stood naked, cursing me further.

"Is this what you wanted to see pig!" she yelled her arms gesturing towards her bare breasts. My teary eyes hooked on the two big mounds of flesh swaying on her chest. My mind dissociated from the hurt my heart was feeling from mom's curses. Two conflicting feelings inhabited me but the fascination on seeing mom's tits soon overpowered my sorrow. The way mom's fair skin darkened into pink at her nipples captivated me. Her body glistened with drops of water.

Her hands now dropped towards her hips and gestured at the junction of her legs.

"Is this what you wanted to see?" she asked again. My eyes followed her hands and rested on her vagina.

"Did you not get enough of a look yesterday when you hid under my bed and spied on me and your dad?" she continued yelling.

I looked on, scared at the complete meltdown mom was suffering... and excited at the same time at the glorious nakedness in front of me.

"Why is your mouth shut? Tell me... is this what you wanted to see!" Mom's voice broke reaching a crescendo. Her eyes suddenly seemed vacant. Her pupil touched the roof of her eyes and she swayed unsteadily. My lust was extinguished by concern as I jumped up on my feet. I closed the distance between us as mom's body wobbled precariously. I grabbed her putting my left arm around her bare back just as

she was about to fall. My hands slipped on her wet body and I struggled to get a good grasp on her. Once I got a firm grip, I brought my right arm behind her knees and cradled her up into my arms. My bruised thigh hurt as I took steps towards the bed. I laid her down in the middle of the bed and climbed up beside her.

"Mom?" I called. Her body lay motionless.

"Mom!" I called louder. I held her face by the chin and shook her. Still there was no response. I could hear the sound my heart pounding inside my brain alarmed at the state mom was in.

"Mom!" I shouted, panic-stricken by now. I slapped her cheeks trying to get her conscious. The view of her seemingly lifeless body terrified me. I jumped down from the bed and ran down to the kitchen. I filled water in a jug and rushed back. I climbed back on the bed and splashed her face with water.

"Mom... Mom!" I kept calling. A few splashes later, signs of life came back in her face. Her pupils started moving side to side and her head shifted. Tears trailed down my eyes as I tried to revive her.

"Mom? Are you ok?" I slapped her cheeks some more while I called.

"Mmm... Mm..." I heard her voice. I splashed more water and wiped her face with my palm. I kept caressing her face and calling her for a few minutes till it seemed like she was conscious.

Her eyes weak with exertion shifted to the right as she looked into mine. Her frail right hand reached up and cupped my cheeks.

"My child... my baby," she spoke with feeble voice, "I carried you in my womb for nine months... I suffered through unendurable pain to bring you into this world and all the pain vanished when I saw your face... I fed you the milk from these breasts to make you strong... tell me... how am I supposed to accept it when my child has grown up and started lusting after these same breasts... I feel like I've lost my child."

She sobbed, tears trailing down her eyes and mixing with the water that was splashed on her face. I couldn't bear the sorrow anymore and my eyes poured little rivulets of tears.

"I'm still your child mom." I said with broken voice. My tears ran down to my nose and hung from the tip of my nose. The drop grew in volume and separated from my nose. The heavy drop of tear fell through the small distance and landed on mom's pink right nipple.

"I'm still the child that suckled on these breasts." I spoke and lowered my mouth towards the tear coated nipple. The salt from my tears touched my taste buds as my lips wrapped around the nipple and I sucked using my tongue. Mom's body shivered with the contact. In a moment I was transported more than twenty years back when I used to feed like this... the only difference now being the slight tingling I felt in my semi-hard cock as I sucked on Mom's tits. Curiously, I felt no incongruity between the twenty-year-old memory and the tingling in my cock. The love I held in my heart for my mother as a son and the lust I felt as a young man towards the woman that my mother was... both amalgamated, birthing something even more potent and intoxicating.

As I suckled on mom's pink nipple, the saltiness of my tears unexpectedly turned into a sweetness as something creamy coated my tongue. Confounded, I withdrew my lips from mom's nipple. My eyes found stray droplets of a white liquid coated on her light pink areola. I looked up at mom to see the same astonished look on mom's face as her eyes stared at the white droplets.

"I haven't lactated in twenty years!" I heard her dazed whisper.

I lowered my mouth and resumed sucking. Creamy breastmilk streamed into my mouth. I relished its sweetness and swallowed it. Mom's right hand came under and around my head, cradling it. I adjusted myself lying sideways resting my head on her arm while I suckled. Her hand caressed the side of my head and running her hand through my hair. I fed on her right breast for many minutes enjoying the closeness of her body. My semi-hard cock was mere inches away from touching her hips.

I spied white droplets leaking from her other nipple out of the corner of my eye. They were trailing down the underside of her breast.

"You're leaking mom." I said, my speech muffled by mom's nipple. She heard me and twisted her body, lying sideways facing me. I uncoupled my mouth from mom's right nipple and moved to the left one. The white droplets that trailed down had reached the top of her ribcage. I pushed out my tongue and traced a path from the top of her ribcage to her nipple, licking the droplets into my mouth. Mom shivered.

Mom's free hand came up and cupped my right cheek as I started emptying her left breast. I placed my right hand on her bare hips in response. We lay swaddled by each other as she breastfed me. I spent long minutes sheltered at mom's bosom sucking sweet mil from her tits. Somewhere along, I started feeling drowsy. The sweetness of mom's milk remained on my tongue even when I finished feeding and snoozed right there on her bosom.

I was woken up later when mom shifted, gently trying to extricate her hand from under my head. I held my eyes closed even though I was awake. I lay on my back as she slithered around me and got down from the bed. Gently she tiptoed towards the head of the bed. Even though I couldn't see her as my eyes were closed pretending to be asleep, I could hear her breath. I could imagine her nakedness in my mind's eye. I heard her breath come closer to my face and realized that she had bent to bring her face closer to mine.

When I could feel her breath on my face I heard her voice whisper, "You're still my child... my baby boy."

I then felt her soft lips place a kiss on my lips.

"My baby boy." She whispered again before moving away.

"You're still my child... my baby boy." Mom whispered before bending down to plant a kiss on my lips. Pretending to be asleep on her bed, it took all of my strength to stop myself from responding to the contact of her supple lips on mine. Reigning in my urge to open my eyes and look at her naked body was equally challenging. To compensate for the lack of visual stimulus, my mind replayed what had happened just minutes ago.

I could not believe that I had been so reckless as to climb on an ill-balanced chair to spy on my mom taking a shower in the bathroom through the gap at the top of the bathroom door. It wasn't my nature to be so impetuous. I had always been cautious and risk averse... but something had changed in me. The pull of the sound of running shower had been too strong. The naked image of mom that my mind had flashed as prospective reward was too enticing to ignore. However, all worked out well in the end, with me getting reacquainted with the source of nourishment from my infant days. It had felt amazing latching onto Mom's nipples and suckling.

"My baby boy!" mom whispered again, bringing me back to the present. In a second, I heard her soft footsteps moving away. Unable to hold back any longer, I opened my eyes in a narrow slit. The narrow vision filled up with the sight of mom's heart shaped ass jiggling as she walked towards her almirah, with the towel that she had worn earlier clutched in her hand. With the kind of loose clothes that she usually wore, one could never guess that she had underneath them such a curvy body. I watched as she dried her body and hair with the towel. Once done with the towel, she opened the almirah and searched for clothes

to wear and I stared at her back. I traced my eyes over the long crevice separating her bulging ass. It ended at the small gap between her thighs, where I could glean a hint of her pussy lips. My cock jumped in my shorts. She threw certain items in a bunch onto the table beside the almirah before closing it.

She then picked up a grey panty from the bunch and bent down to put her legs through it. One after the other her put her legs into it and then straightened, pulling it up over her butt. I shifted my attention to the side of her meaty tits. Her nipple was just out of my view. She picked up a black unlined bra and put her arms through it. She adjusted its cups over her tits and then reached behind to hook the straps in place. I kept watching as she put on a fresh white kurti and pyjama. I enjoyed for the first time the pleasure of watching a woman going through her fresh out of bath routine. She looked at herself in the mirror for a few seconds once she finished dressing up.

I closed my eyes before she turned her head towards me. I heard her footsteps approaching. In a moment I felt her cool fingers caress my face. I acted as best as I could of waking up groggily. I smiled as I saw her pleasant face.

"Come with me and have breakfast." She spoke softly, still caressing my face.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth before going down. It was half past eleven when I went down and I was famished. I sat down at the dining table waiting for mom to bring me breakfast. I heard her shifting about in the kitchen. My head felt heavy and I sat hunched, feeling quite lazy from the sleep hangover. However, my thoughts were occupied with what had happened minutes ago... specifically the sweet breastmilk that leaked from my mother's breasts into my mouth. I didn't know women could lactate at Mom's age. Even mom seemed surprised with it.

"Sit straight Aju," I was startled by Mom's voice as she came holding a plate, "how many times have I told you this... bad posture can have severe consequences."

She admonished me probably for the thousandth time. Mom had had some back issues a few years ago. For a few weeks she was in so much pain. It had taken a few physiotherapy sessions and religious adherence to proper posture since then for her back to get better.

"Sorry... I'm just tired." I said, but I straightened my back. She placed the plate in front of me. My face fell visibly seeing the contents... vermicelli upma. I was not particularly fond of this breakfast item, but it was a regular at our breakfast table since dad liked it. Reluctantly, I started eating it. Mom brought a cutting board and sat down on a chair beside me. She started cutting vegetables for lunch.

The only thing I liked about vermicelli upma was the roasted cashew nut pieces mom sprinkled in it. After I had finished half the contents on the plate, I started picking apart the noodle-like strands of vermicelli apart searching for cashew nuts. As I found them, one by one I put them in my mouth and chewed.

"Stop picking at your food... finish the plate." Mom told me.

"I'm done... You know I don't like this." I said.

"Don't waste it." she said and moved her chair closer to mine. When she sat back down her legs touched mine. She picked up my plate with her left hand and used the right to scoop up a morsel from it.

"Here," she thrust her hand out to my mouth. I parted my lips, distracted by the touch of her legs on mine. Her fingers pushed inside my mouth feeding me. As they moved out, the underside of my lips grazed against her fingers. She waited a few seconds to let me chew it down. She then repeated the motion, bringing another morsel to my mouth. I felt the side of her little finger touch the tip of my tongue as the morsel was left on it and as her fingers retreated, they again grazed against my lips. However, a

strand of vermicelli dangled from my bottom lip down onto my chin. Her hand stopped midway and reached back towards my mouth. With her thumb, she pushed the dangling piece into my mouth over my thick bottom lip.

"Some things never change." She said. Her face bore an amused smile as her right hand went back to the plate to pick up another morsel.

"What?" I managed to ask before she fed me another mouthful.

"You never quite got the hang of getting handfed," she said laughing softly, "Every time, either curry or rice would fall out of your mouth and drip onto your chin... sometimes on my lap."

"Once... I was feeding you rice and fish curry and by the time the plate was empty, you looked like you'd grown a red French beard... it was so funny."

"Little guy with a curry beard... if only I had taken a picture then." She added, still laughing. I couldn't help but smile at the thought of me as a child sitting on mom's lap, curry dripping from my chin.

As I chewed and swallowed the mouthful of upma, she brought another morsel to my mouth.

"In many ways, you're still a baby." She said, almost as an afterthought.

I didn't know if she'd want to talk about what had happened earlier... but I felt like it was somehow the perfect time to give voice to the puzzling question inside my head.

"Mom," I started, "earlier... uh... how did... uh... breastmilk... uh..." I trailed off feeling awkward at the way the word sounded in my voice. She looked at me as I struggled to find the right words... patiently listening to me. A tender look of understanding adorned her face and gave me the push to finish the question.

"Why did you lactate earlier?"

"I don't know for sure." She answered and then carefully considered her next words.

"I will have to ask my doctor... but I have a fair idea, and I don't know how you're going to feel about it." She added.

She wiped the plate clean and fed me a last morsel. I chewed it down, running mom's vague answer in my head.

"What is it?" I asked with mouthful of upma. She sat before me with eyes cast down. It looked like she was weighing the decision of whether to tell me or not. Many seconds ticked by while she made up her mind.

"Dad and I... we're trying to get pregnant," The words dropped like bombs on me. Instantly, my mind started picturing myself holding a baby brother or sister in my arms. It evoked a strong reaction within me... but I couldn't put my finger on its nature. More images flashed in my mind haphazardly... my mother's belly ballooning... a cradle with toys in it. I swear I could also hear and smell weird things... like the cries of a baby and the smell of hospital disinfectant. I was getting overwhelmed.

"and at my age, it's rare for it to happen," she continued as I struggled to come to terms with the information, "so I have been having hormone treatment... to increase the chances."

"Doctor had told me there might be some side effects." She added.

The explanation for why she might have lactated fell on deaf ears as my mind worked up various scenarios with the information it was struggling to process.

What would I tell my friends... what would our relatives say... hell what would the neighbours say... an endless loop of questions spawned.

"Say something aju." Mom spoke unable to bear my silence. Out of the numerous questions swamping my thoughts, none were forthcoming. Instead another surfaced.

"Why?" I heard myself say, "Why now?"

A brief silence ensued. Mom sighed deeply before answering.

"We always wanted a second child... but then a couple of years after you, I had a miscarriage... a bad one... I was too heartbroken to try again... I decided that you were enough for us." She stopped and swallowed.

"But your dad never stopped wanting another child... he never told me, but I could sense it always... how his face fell every time his mother or someone else asked him why we stopped with you."

"Why now?" she spoke after a brief pause. It sounded like she was talking to herself.

"I don't know why now... even after all these years your dad still wanted a second child... and I just didn't have the heart to say no this time." She crossed her arms on the table and laid her head down on them.

With her face hidden, I could only hear her voice now as she spoke, "we didn't really think it through... the more we thought about it, the more impossible it sounded... but the thought of a baby just didn't leave our minds this time."

I saw beads of perspiration at the back of mom's neck as she lay quiet, her head cradled on her arms. I didn't know how to respond to what I'd heard in the past few minutes. My feelings were too muddled to find expression... but I felt bad at the helpless apologetic tone mom's voice conveyed.

"Are you upset?" I heard her voice again. I didn't know for sure if I was... but what was sure was that I wasn't going to give mom any more grief after everything that had happened in the last two days.

"No." I said. She raised her head and straightened at my response. Her eyes stared searchingly into mine.

"I'm not upset," I spoke, "I'm just... overwhelmed, I guess... it was so... unexpected." She placed her right hand softly over my forearm.

"It's just a bit strange, imagining how big your belly will swell... imagining myself holding a baby brother or sister in my arms... don't you feel that way?" I added.

Her face brightened as she replied lovingly, "I can only imagine a tiny baby nuzzled against me as I feed her from my breast... and I can't tell you how amazing it feels to picture that... to have a tiny life that was born out of me close to my heart."

She lifted her hand up from my arm and caressed my face, stroking my cheek with her thumb while the other fingers rested under my chin. Mom's smile was too pure to elicit anything but happiness in me. I closed my eyes and leaned my head to the left nestling my head against her hands.

A few happy seconds ticked by before I opened my eyes. As an unintended consequence of my leaned head, my line of sight rested on her bosom where a curious patch of dampness had formed on the kurti... precisely over the nipple. My cock tingled in my shorts as I realized that there could only be one cause for it. I felt my tongue salivate as I thought about the sweet milk that was leaking from mom's breast. The damp patch was growing and becoming transparent, displaying the black colour of her bra.

"Mom!" the word left my mouth almost as a breathy sigh. Drawn by my voice, her eyes followed my line of sight and found what they were focused on. She removed her hand from my face and brought it to her bosom. She pinched the cloth of the white kurti and pulled. The black colour of the damp patch vanished as the kurti pulled away from the bra.

"Again?" I found myself asking aloud.

"I don't know why this is happening..." she spoke.

I was as mesmerized as I was perplexed at what my eyes were seeing.

"Arrrgh!" she groaned in frustration and stood. She turned and walked away leaving me alone at the dining table. Her hips swayed womanly as she climbed the stairs and disappeared into her room.

I witnessed my body respond like a moth drawn to a flame. My legs carried me up the stairs following the path she had taken. I was at her door soon. It was wide open. I could not see her from the doorway.

"Mom?" I called, not wanting to commit the same mistake of invading her privacy a second time today.

"Mmm" I heard her murmur. I took it for permission and entered. Her figure appeared on the right periphery of my vision. I turned my head right and saw mom pull her kurti up and over her head. She stood before the mirror on the almirah with only the black bra covering her bosom. I stood transfixed as my eyes were drawn to the front of her bra. The fabric of the black bra was considerably darker near her nipple. She lifted her hand up to her breasts and felt the dampness at front.

I watched in awe as her hands then went behind her and snapped the hooks of the bra open in a quick motion. Her hands gripped the fabric and pulled it away from her breasts, revealing her gorgeous round breasts. My eyes focussed on the tips of the mounds and saw the milky white liquid smeared on her areola and drops of it trailing down from her nipple. My cock lurched as one drop made the downward journey over the meaty underside and ran down to her belly.

She picked up the discarded white kurta and dabbed it on her breasts soaking the breastmilk... but where some droplets got soaked, new ones were produced at the tip of mom's nipples. She dabbed again with a little more force and more drops were produced at her nipples. It was an incredible sight.

"It won't stop." She said, exasperated as she continued wiping her breasts with the kurti.

Her voice brought me out of my daze. I didn't know how much was permissible under the new yet blurry boundaries that now existed in our relationship... but I found myself moving towards her.

"Come here mom." I spoke in a loving yet firm tone as I caught hold of her arm. I pulled her gently along as I moved to the bed. I gestured for her to sit near the footboard of the bed. While she sat, I picked up a pillow and placed it on her lap.

"I want it." I said and plopped down, resting my head on the pillow atop her lap. It had happened too quickly for mom to respond. I looked up at her face expectantly. She sat motionless, a hint of hesitation playing in her eyes. Even though I'd suckled on her tits only an hour ago, it was in a tender moment

overwhelming maternal affection. Now, she had to make a conscious decision and I could see it was weighing on her mind.

"Feed me like you did before... please." I pleaded. The final reserves of her hesitation melted at my words and she leaned forward a bit. She placed her left arm beneath the pillow and raised it a little. I opened my mouth as my head rose and my lips enveloped the areola of her left breast. I pushed my tongue forward and sucked. A slow stream of sweetness emerged from the tip of her nipple and started filling up my mouth. I gulped it down and sucked more. I turned sideways facing her to gain better access. As I turned, I shifted my arms and wrapped them around her waist. My fingers interlinked at her back and I pressed my face into her bosom while I continued feeding. I heard her chuckle softly and saw her lips curve up in an angelic smile.

"What?" I removed my mouth from mom's nipple and asked. She smiled again.

"Nothing... I just remembered something... from when you were a baby." She said.

"How was I... did I give you a hard time then?" I asked her, trying to picture myself twenty years ago. I wish I remembered all the things from that time. My memories went no farther back than kindergarten.

"No... you were an angel," She said, "but a rather clingy one." She chuckled again.

"What?" I reacted to the amusing accusation.

"Well... you were always clinging to me... you would not go to anybody when they tried to pick you up... you would start crying for me to take you back from them." She was smiling as she spoke.

"And when I breastfed you, you would always put your hands around me like a hug," she sighed, "but your hands weren't so long as to wrap around me like now... they only reached till the sides of my breasts... it was like you were holding me back while I held you in my arms."

I could feel a happiness sprouting inside me as she painted a picture of the past and I smiled looking up at her face. It felt amazing to be in this cosy cocoon of love with mom... but something caught my eye. A bead of breastmilk had grown big at the tip of her nipple fighting against gravity. In the split second before it fell, I pushed out my tongue and licked it. Mom shivered at the sudden movement. I latched onto the nipple and resumed feeding. Her hands responded instinctively swaddling closer to the source of nourishment. It felt like heaven, surrounded by softness all around... mom's breast at my mouth, her soft arms sheltering me and the pillow under my head. I tried to imagine myself as a baby the way she described it... holding her back while she held me. My left hand retreated from behind her delinking from the right one and grazed her skin as it came around her. It stopped at the side of her right breast and held it gently... like she said I did as a baby. I kept on suckling at her tit, eyes closed, lost in the warmth of her body and the sweet smell of the nectar that filled my mouth.

It was only when the liquid sweetness stopped streaming into my mouth that I opened my eyes. I realized that I had emptied her left breast. I looked up at her. I was surprised to see a grimace contorting her gorgeous face. Her eyes were shut.

"Mom?" I called parting my mouth from her breast. She opened her eyes at my voice.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Mmm... just my back is straining from leaning forward." She said.

"Oh... sorry... do you want to lean against the headboard... or lie down?"

"Let me lie on my back for a few minutes." She replied. I lifted my head up from her. I picked up the pillow under my head and returned it to the head of the bed for her to rest. She lifted her feet up on the bed and shifted herself, reclining and resting her head on the pillow.

"Better" she sighed once she settled. I remained seated concerned about her back issues.

"You could've told me earlier if it was paining." I said.

"It's okay Aju... I'm fine."

"Come here." She said when she saw the look of concern not leaving my face. I scooted close to her and reclined on my left side facing her. I propped my shoulders up supporting myself using my elbow. She lifted her right forearm and caressed my chin looking deep into my eyes. I brought my free hand toward my face and grasped her caressing hands. With her palm turned downwards, I lowered my head and placed a soft kiss on the soft skin above her knuckles.

"I love you mom... always." I said, in all honesty.

"I love you too baby." She whispered back, smiling at me. She stared lovingly into my eyes.

"Mom?" I spoke again drawing her attention to the question forming in my mind, that I was about to ask.

"Do you... like when I suckle on you like this... now?"

The smile never left her face as she answered, "Yes... my heart feels... content when I have you at my bosom. All those feelings I had when I held you in my arms for the first time all those years ago... they are coming back... I remember thinking, even if no one... even if nothing remains by me, this child will always be mine."

My eyes became moist at her words as my heart welled up with emotions. I kissed her hand again before speaking.

"I will always be yours mom... I will always be your baby." I gave her hand a few more kisses. Her eyes were welling up.

"Oh baby... you don't know how relieved I am to hear that... I was so scared that I had lost your love for me to the lust had appeared in your eyes... after the other day."

Her words took me back to the unresolved and confusing emotions in my mind towards her. It might have reflected on my face for she spoke.

"But... do you still have thoughts about what you saw and heard the other day... when you were under the bed?"

I searched within myself for the answer. Over the past few hours the dangerously unrestrained out of control urges had been tempered by mom's loving words and the comfort of her bosom... but I would be lying if I said no such thoughts remained. They were there beneath the surface... but were they lust... I couldn't tell. The tingling and the hardness in my cock whenever I saw her naked seemed to suggest that... but I couldn't bring myself to think that I was lusting after my own mom. What I felt seemed different somehow... I was in awe over the act of intimacy... the sex that I'd witnessed happen between my parents... and I was mesmerised by mom's nakedness... and my hardening cock was not just a response to a generic female nakedness... it was specific... it was mom's nakedness and it was thoughts

of mom having sex that obsessed me... but I had not yet pictured me with her doing what dad did with her. My mind was all muddled.

"I do." I answered truthfully.

"But it's not like you fear... I still love you as I did before all this happened, and I promise you that it's never going to change... but... but now there's more that I feel for you... I am mesmerised by your body... You are so beautiful... I keep getting urges wanting to see your body... and I swear I don't mean to hurt you... but these thoughts in my head, it doesn't feel like perversions... it feels... it feels natural... I don't know... it doesn't feel like lust... I'm rambling now... I don't know mom... did anything I just said make sense?"

She had been listening closely to what I had said... but her face didn't betray any emotion. However, there was a softness in her face unlike the frustrations my actions had elicited earlier. She was trying to understand me... she was keen to understand what I was feeling... and she seemed to want to help me deal with it.

Tears were trailing down my face by now.

"Don't cry Aju." Mom said.

"We'll get through this... I promise I'll be there for you... I'll listen to you with an open heart... but you have to promise me something in return." She added. I nodded at her conveying my willingness to whatever she wanted.

"You have to promise me... the respect you held in your heart for me, your mother... you cannot let it get distorted... no matter what, you will treat me like your mother... promise me."

"I promise mom," I replied, "I will not let anything affect the love and respect I have for you."

"Promise me you will respect my privacy... promise me you'll not let these urges control you do reckless things... promise me you'll talk things out with me first and let me help."

"I promise mom." I said in all earnestness. Her face took on a content-for-now expression. We stayed like that for a while, with me holding her hand resting my face on it. I was happy that mom now knew what I was struggling with and had chosen to be kind instead of getting angry... by I winced at the thought of dad and how he might react if he came to know.

"Mom," I said, "please don't tell dad."

"I won't." she spoke, but removed her hand from my grasp. I watched her hand go to her right breast and rub over the areola. I noticed that her nipple was expressing tiny droplets of milk. It must have made her uncomfortable. I had suckled her left breast empty but not the other.

"Mom?" I spoke a little nervously, "May I?"

Her eyes fell on mine registering my request. They showed a shade of appreciation that I had asked her permission with respect, like she wanted. She removed her hand from her breast and beckoned me softly with her eyes. I lowered my mouth towards the beautiful breast and placed my mouth around her nipple. I stuck my tongue to the base of my mouth to create pressure for milk to flow out from her nipple. The familiar stream of sweetness flowed filling up my mouth. I swallowed and sucked again, repeating the motion over and over again. Mom placed her right hand on my head and tousled my hair affectionately, savouring the maternal warmth generated by feeding me her milk. I draped my right hand across her waist and rested it on her hips. I resisted the urge to move it up and rest it at the side of her breasts. I

don't know how she discerned the unspoken desire for her left hand came to rest atop my hand and gently pulled it upwards stopping once it reached the soft skin at the side of her left breast. She let my hand rest there and kept her hand on it throughout the time I spent feeding on her right breast. Once the stream of milk ended I rested my head right beneath her breast and closed my drowsy eyes.

I hadn't felt any movement and hence was surprised to find myself alone in mom's bed when I woke up two hours later. Groggily I sat up on the bed looking around for mom. I stood up when she was nowhere to be seen and made my way downstairs. On the dining table, I found two bowls, one filled with rice and fish curry in the other.

A note beside the bowls read 'Going to see my gynaecologist... Will be back by evening' in mom's petite handwriting. That was all that was written, but I realized she must have wanted to consult the doctor about the lactation.

I grabbed a plate and filled it up with rice and curry. I took it to the sofa and sat down after switching on the TV. I ate while watching football.

Afterwards, when I went to my room and checked my phone there were ten missed calls from Anu. I called her back and lied that I didn't go to college as I was sick. It was lunch hour at college and I had to listen to her drone on for twenty minutes before the professor came to class and she had to hang up. I then lounged on my bed, undecided on how to spend the afternoon. My mind kept replaying the conversation I had with mom, specifically the part where she told me how I was as a baby. It made me curious. I rang mom's number.

"Ajjju?" her sweet voice answered.

"Mom?" I spoke, "Are you still at the doctor's?"

"Yes... I just came out of the consultation room. Why did you call?"

"Oh... I was thinking of looking at our old photo albums... where do you keep them?"

"In the cabinet under the TV unit."

"Okay... but Mom, is everything okay... what did the doctor say?" I asked concerned for her health. I could hear the buzz of city traffic around her as she replied.

"She said not to worry... it's a side effect of the hormone treatment... she told me to buy a breast pump, for if it happens again... I am to see her again if I have any pain in my..." she left the sentence unfinished.

But my mind was stuck on two words, 'breast pump' and what it meant for me. I feared that I was going to lose my new privileges if she bought one.

"Are you... going to buy... the breast pump?" I asked, dreading the prospect. The line was quiet for a few seconds.

"Why?" she asked.

"If you buy it... does it mean... I won't get to do it again?" I asked, feeling my heart pounding in my chest. I had started loving the renewed closeness with mom and feared losing it. I could not imagine being denied the warmth of her bosom. I could hear her breath on the other side.

"If you don't want me to buy it, I won't." she said after a few seconds of painful suspense.

"Don't buy it."

"Okay" she agreed. She hung up a few seconds later when she boarded a bus.

With my hope intact, I proceeded to search for the old photo albums in the cabinet under the TV unit. I found a bunch of them. They smelled old and looked discoloured. I dusted them off and sat down on the sofa. I opened each of them and flipped through the photos. They took me back to my childhood.

I spent close to half an hour looking at old photos. I was halfway through the last of the albums when I came across a few pictures of me painting... on mom. In one, I held a paint brush to her arm painting a butterfly... a moustache on her face in another... stars on her feet in another. It stirred something in me and memories of those instances came rushing into my mind... memories which I didn't know existed buried in my mind. I could almost hear mom's giggles as I put the tip of the brush coated with cold water colours on her feet... I could almost see her flinching at the touch of the cold paint. I realized that I had never lost those memories... I had only lost my way to find them.

The main door opened and mom walked in, finding me engrossed in the photos. I smiled seeing the lovely face of my favourite person. She was wearing a pink saree and blouse. How she changed into it earlier without waking me up was a mystery. She discarded her purse on the coffee table and joined me on the sofa.

"Oh these!" she said and laughed when she saw what I was looking at, "you were around four I think... you had gone through a cute phase of painting these masterpieces on me... you were so good at drawing, always winning prizes at school competitions." She flipped back to see the other photos of me drawing on her.

"Why did you stop?" she asked.

"What? Drawing? I never stopped... I still draw... wait, I'll show you." I said and fished out my phone. I opened phone's gallery and swiped through the photographs. I showed her a few of the pictures I had drawn recently. Though only rarely, I still drew. I showed her the floral carpet that I'd designed for last year's Onam celebration at college. I showed her some graffiti I'd done for our college fest. Finally, I came to a photo of Anu's hand.

"Me and Anu got first prize for this in the hand painting competition." I'd painted a peacock on Anu's hand.

"Is this her hand?" Mom asked.

"Yes"

"It's good." I'm not sure if I was just imagining things but the way mom spoke, I sensed a faint dash of jealousy in her tone... as if slightly miffed at Anu replacing her as the canvas for my art.

"Did you have lunch?" she asked and then stood.

"Yes." I replied. She walked away and climbed the stairs to her room.

"I'm going to change clothes." She said as she went.

I was left with a distinct impression of mom having not liked the idea of me painting on Anu's hand. It seemed like she thought I'd shared something special just between the two of us, with a third person. I felt like I had to make amends. I ran up the stairs and went into my room. I opened my table's drawer and

pulled out the pouch containing my art supplies. I made my way out and stood outside mom's closed door.

"Mom?" I called.

"Can I come in?" I asked when there was no reply. I had promised her that I would respect her privacy. So I stood outside waiting for permission. It never came verbally... but I heard the latch being loosened and saw the door open slightly. I held the pouch behind me and entered her room. I found mom in the exact position I had walked into in the morning... undressing in front of the almirah mirror. The saree lay discarded on the table beside her.

"Are you upset mom?" I asked tentatively. She didn't reply, but proceeded to undo the hooks at the front of her pink blouse. She had on a white underskirt below.

"It was just for a competition mom... It was nothing special." I offered. She remained quiet and continued to undo the hooks slowly, one by one.

"It wasn't like when I used to paint on you... those times were special... I still remember your giggles as I put the tip of the brush coated with cold water colours on your feet... and your flinching at the touch of the cold paint on your skin." I added. That brought about a change in her expression. It softened. The coldness thawed as warm memories filled her.

"You remember?" I heard her voice.

"I do... I do mom... one look at those photos and it all came rushing back to me... I was so happy then, painting on you... I'm always happy when you are around." I said. All hooks came undone and she took off the blouse, revealing a red bra. It caught my breath... the same bra that I had in my hands while I had been under mom's bed the other day. She turned to face me. My words had brought the motherly smile back on her face.

I brought the pouch I was holding to the front and asked, "Will you let me paint on you?"

Five minutes later, she sat on a chair... still wearing the red bra and white underskirt... her right arm draped on the armrest. I sat on a stool on her right side, holding a palette in my left hand and a brush in my right. The clock on the wall showed 2.45 PM. I started painting on her arm, starting with a school of small silver colour fish on her arm. Mom paid close attention to the movements of the brush, flinching sometimes at the delicate touch of the brush.

As I moved up painting more fish mom asked, "They look like they are swimming up my arm." We both laughed at her comment. I filled the skin around the silver fish with blue... like ripples of water created by the swimming fish. Mom lifted her free left hand to her shoulder and scratched gently. Her bra clad breasts shifted underneath with the movement of her arm. Her cleavage deepened as the arm pushed her left breast.

"Don't move... I'm working here." I said.

"I can't even scratch an itch?" she protested.

"No... keep your arm still." I said and continued painting.

"You painted smaller pictures back then." She spoke after some time. I had almost finished painting till the top of her arm.

"I've grown... so have my drawings." I offered with a chuckle. My right arm was uncomfortable, not having anything to lean on.

"There's more?" she asked when I moved past the curve of the shoulder towards the clavicle.

"Yes... do you want me to stop?"

"What exactly are you painting?" she asked.

"I'm not telling you now... but you'll see if you let me finish." I said. I had a bigger vision for this art.

"You are going to get paint on my bra." She complained.

The moment had come. The request that I'd been putting off till now had to be made. It wasn't like it hadn't happened before... but it was the first time that I had to ask.

"Could you take it off?" I went ahead and asked. She considered the request for a while.

"Are you going to paint on my breasts?" She asked. Her tone conveyed that she already knew the answer was yes.

She was hesitant. It was one thing to let me suckle at her breasts and a whole another thing to let my hands run over them while painting on them.

"If you'll allow me... Yes." I said nervously. I could see her mulling the ramifications of letting me push boundaries like this.

"Please... Mom, you promised you'd keep an open heart... I want to do this... and I'm asking your permission... please." I added.

Slowly she stood up. She started to bring her arms to the back.

"Wait," I spoke, "It'll ruin the already painted portion on your arm if it slides down."

"Let me." I requested.

Mom had her back to me. I placed the palette and the brush down and stood up behind her. I brought my hands to the middle of her back where the hooks lay holding the fabric firmly to her body. I pinched the two wing bands with the fingers of my two hands and pulled them closer. The hooks slipped out of the eyelets. I held the free wing bands firmly to prevent them from snapping out and leading to the straps sliding over the painted portion.

"Hold the left side to your breast." I said. Mom lifted her left hand to her breast and held the cups of the bra firmly. I let go of the left wing band and slowly pulled the right strap off her arm without it touching the paint. It took some time to carefully remove her bra. Once it was done, I placed it on the chair. Mom turned around to face me, her bare breasts right in front of me. My cock tingled and lurched in my shorts. Thankfully, the tent at the front of my shorts weren't too obvious.

"It will be easier for me if you lie down... I'll spread some newspaper sheets on the bed." I managed to say. I took the lack of protest as consent and went about spreading newspaper sheets to shield the bedsheet from any accidental spilling of paint.

"Come mom." I called her. She climbed on the bed and lay on the newspapers.

"Here." I said picking up a pillow and placing it under her head. I then picked up my tools and joined mom on the bed. I scooted close to her right side and resumed painting. I travelled down from her clavicle covering the skin with thick wide strokes of blue. When my arms cramped, I rested them gently in the valley between mom's gorgeous breasts. The underside of my forearm came in contact with mom's soft skin and I got goosebumps. Mom had her eyes closed.

As my painting arm travelled down her shoulders and started climbing the upslope of her breasts, the brush moved in careful delicate strokes creating an intricate pattern. The brush travelled up and around each of her breasts completing the pattern. Many a time, the bottom of my palm brushed lightly across mom's nipple eliciting a shiver in her body. I could swear her nipples looked longer than when I started painting. I filled the empty spaces in the pattern with pink being careful not to spread into the borders. I left her areola untouched by paint and filled the outer border of the pink pattern with a shapely circle in green. The two green border circles intersected at her cleavage. My palm grazed all around her breasts as I painted and the softness of her breasts was incredible... they felt like clouds. I then proceeded to paint her left hand in a mirror image of the right. I took my time to ensure symmetry.

When her left arm too was done, I returned to her torso filling light blue on the bare skin down to her navel. I made quick work of it with wide long strokes of the brush. When that too was completed, I moved on to the final touch. I mixed dark green on my palette and made two elegant strokes, both starting at her navel and diverging to reach the underside of her breasts.

I straightened my back and looked down admiring my work displayed on mom's naked torso. I climbed down from the bed and placed my tools on the chair. I resumed running my eyes over mom's body... from her navel and upwards... over her breasts and shoulders and down round her arms. Mom still had her eyes closed.

"Mom?" I called. She opened her eyes slowly and looked down on her coloured torso, studying the picture.

"Do you see it?" I asked.

"What? I don't get it." Her face was perplexed.

"Come I'll show you." I said and held out my hand. She took it and lifted herself up. I supported her as she swung her legs down and stood.

"come." I said again as I led her towards the mirror. When we reached in front of the mirror, I stood behind her and watched her expression change as she realized drawn what I had drawn. I enjoyed watching confusion change into appreciation in her eyes.

"It's beautiful." She whispered.

The art on her body didn't need any explanation, but being the artist I believed I was entitled to do it... even if it was merely to bask in its beauty. I moved closer behind her and hovered my hand close above her arm.

"The silver fish are swimming up toward this colourful thing they see," I spoke moving my hovering hand over her arm, coming up and around her shoulder and then hovering over her bosom.

"Two lotus flowers floating on blue water." I hovered my hand around her round breasts emphasising the art.

"Two beautiful pink flowers with an infinite number of petals spiralling inwards... ending where the nectar lies." I explained hovering my index finger over mom's pink nipple, almost touching it.

"The source of the flowers' life being here." I said hovering my fingers over the two elegant green brush strokes signifying the stem of the flowers.

"Do you like it?" I asked, once I had finished my exposition.

"It's beautiful." She spoke, captivated by the image on her body.

"It's beautiful Ajjju," She said turning around to face me, "Truly."

"Only compliments...? Doesn't the artist deserve any special reward?" I asked.

"He does." She said and in a split second closed the gap between us and lifted up on tiptoes plating her lips on mine. My lips parted catching hers and they locked tightly for a brief few seconds.

It was not a lustful kiss. It was a kiss of love... of adoration. It was a manifestation of the promise she had made me today... that she'll be with me and help me get through my muddled emotions.

It was brief... yet it was infinite. It was a mother kissing her son... and yet also a woman kissing a man.

She broke the kiss and stepped back. I stood in a daze, having received a reward more special than what I had in mind. I had wanted to take a picture of the art on her.

The sound of vehicle horn from the road outside jolted mom into reality and mom looked up at the clock. It showed 4.30 PM.

"Dad will be here soon... I have to wash up and change." She said. Her face showed obvious reluctance. It was clear that she wanted it to remain on her body for a while longer... but it couldn't be helped. I too was averse to watching my work being washed off. However, it had to be done.

"Can I take a picture?" I asked, "A souvenir to remember this moment... please." I pleaded.

The sadness at having to watch such a painstakingly made masterpiece must have been evident on my face for she didn't protest.

"Make sure my face isn't in it." Was her only condition. I made her stand near the window, through which slivers of the evening sunrays had come in. I pulled out my phone and opened the camera app. I focussed the camera on mom's breasts, navel and arms and clicked a few pictures.

While I checked how the pictures had come out, I saw mom walk into the bathroom out of the corner of my eyes. The pictures had come out well and had captured the beauty of the art exquisitely. The sound of a running tap distracted me from the phone screen. I followed its source and saw the bathroom door open. The white underskirt lay outside the door.

I went closer and looked in. I saw mom standing in front of the bathroom wash basin in just a red panty. splashing water on her breasts and rubbing the paint off them. The neat brush strokes on her body got warped as water mixed with paint and the creamy white of her skin started becoming visible. Blue and pink and green and silver splashed down in the washbasin and spiralled down the drain.

I stood outside Mom's bathroom and watched sadly as my painting got disfigured. The blue of the water, green of the leaf and pink of the lotus fell on the white ceramic of the washbasin as Mom splashed water on her breasts and wiped the colors off. The two colors mixed in the water and dark purple droplets trailed down Mom's breasts and belly. The droplets reached her red panty and got absorbed by the cloth.

While I was sad that I didn't get to watch my painting on Mom's body as long as I wanted to, I was mesmerized at the effect created by the mixing of colors on her torso. The carefully painted borders between blue, green and pink disappeared and my painting morphed into wild splashes of a mixture of the three... like an abstract modern painting.

The noise of Dad's car pulling into our parking shook me from my trance. My heart sped up and my toes twitched, for my mind was warning me... to get the hell out of there before dad came up. But my feet didn't move. My heart beats sounded like explosions in my head as I heard the main door open downstairs and dad's footsteps in his hard office shoes. Mom seemed unaware of dad's arrival. She continued rubbing and wiping the paint off her body.

Close the Bathroom Door! a part of my mind was yelling at me. As dad's footsteps approached, getting louder by the second my body leapt in action.

Instead of closing the door, I entered the bathroom and closed the door behind me. Mom was startled by the sudden movement. I closed the distance between me and her and held up two fingers on her lips shushing her.

"Dad's home," I whispered and witnessed her face contort in panic. We stood close to each other, our ears sharply focused on the sounds coming from the bedroom. We heard his footsteps as he walked inside the bedroom. His briefcase landed on the bed in a thud.

"Shanu?", he called for Mom. I felt Mom tremble with fear. She was too scared to answer.

"Shanu... are you in the bathroom?" Dad called again. I took my fingers off her lips and shook her gently by the shoulder.

"Y... Yes," Mom stuttered, "Just taking a bath." Mom's brain seemed to have restarted. Her left hand reached out and turned on the shower knob. The spray of cold water hit the floor tile and splashed onto our feet. Thankfully, we were not standing under the shower.

"What all this? Paint and brush?" We heard dad's voice again and realized that he was talking about the brush, palette and the paints that I mixed to paint on mom. My eyes locked with mom's, nervously waiting to see what she'd say.

"Oh that... Aju was here earlier doing some painting." I couldn't help but look at the splotches of color that still remained on Mom's torso.

"Why can't he paint in his own room?" dad said, sounding a bit annoyed.

"Ram, why don't you change and go down... I'll come down and make you some tea in a few minutes." Mom spoke, desperately trying to find a way out of this sticky situation. She was breathing heavily.

"No... I'm really sweaty... I'll take a bath first." Dad replied. Mom's eyes met mine again and I could see the panic written large on her face.

I gently shook her again and whispered, "Mom, don't panic!" I was surprised at the unnatural calmness in me given the situation. While mom spoke to dad, my mind was working on a solution.

However, mom had started to hyperventilate.

"Mom... Mom! Calm down!" I whispered again but she continued breathing heavily. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead and she seemed unsteady on her feet. Seeing no other option, I pushed her under the shower to bring her back to her senses. The shower spray hit her head and water flowed down her body. In a few seconds, the cold bite of the water brought mom back.

"Mom... listen, wait for five or ten more minutes... when dad asks again, ask him to shower in my bathroom." I whispered to mom. The plan took a couple of moments to register in her mind due to the nervous state that she was in but her breathing slowed down once she considered what I'd said.

By this time mom was completely wet from the shower and her red panty was soaked through. However, the paint still remained on her body. Stuck as we were inside the bathroom with dad right outside, there was nothing to be done but get the paint off her body.

I reached over to the little compartment in the wall where the soap was and picked it up. I handed it to her and gestured to clean herself. She took the soap and standing out of the shower spray, started rubbing it on her breasts and belly, her eyes vacant in a fear induced trance.

I stood back, away from the water splashing from the floor, and watched mom. Flesh on her large breasts rippled as she dabbed and rubbed the cake of soap on them. The flowery scent of the soap spread through the small damp bathroom. There is something ethereal about the smell of soap on a woman's body. It never smells so alluring on a man. My cock hardened in my shorts.

With every breath I took, the heavenly mixture of the soap and the scent of mom's body exhilarated my olfactory sense. Time seemed to be stuck for us inside the bathroom. I was seeing each minute move of mom's body in a much pronounced manner as though in a movie. In a few seconds her entire torso was covered in frothy white lather. I extended my hand to take the soap back. She gave it to me and then stepped under the shower. Water fell on her body and washed off the soap revealing her fair and smooth skin devoid of the splotches of paint. She remained under the shower for a few more seconds to thoroughly wash off the soap. By the time she was done cleaning herself, I had put away the soap and picked up a dry towel. I extended it to her. She took it from me and stepped away from the shower spray.

While mom dried her body with the towel, we could still hear dad pacing about in the adjoining room. We could not turn off the water and give him the impression that mom was done with her shower. So we let the shower run.

Once her upper body was dry, mom turned her back to me and wrapped the towel around her waist. Even while doing this, I could tell that a hundred percent of her focus was in the sounds coming from the other room. With the towel wrapped around her waist and her back to me, she inserted her hand inside the wrap. When her body bent and hands started moving downwards, I realized that she was taking off her wet panty. The vision aroused me immensely. She took the wet red fabric off her. I felt my already hard cock lurch.

Conscious of my erection, I suddenly felt an unexplainable urge to expose myself to mom and let her see the effect she has started to have on me. With her back turned to me, it gave me the perfect opportunity. I pulled my t shirt up and over my body and placed it on the clothes hanger. I then unbuttoned my shorts and removed it. The last item of clothing, my underwear soon followed and I stood there naked behind mom. My hard cock stood up proudly in front of me. She had no idea about it.

It was ridiculous... what I was doing. Making a bad situation worse. The danger of dad finding me and mom naked in the bathroom receded into some corner of my mind. Instead, my mind was conscious only

of the mom's nakedness and proximity to my naked body. Gently I stepped under the shower. The cold water hit my head and flowed down my body. Small sprays of water hit my cock. It tingled when water fell at the tip of my engorged cock.

The slight modulation in the noise of the shower spray as I stepped under it didn't escape mom's ears. Curious, she turned around. Her eyes bulged big like saucers at the unexpected sight in front of her... her son, naked. Her eyes darted down to my cock. The red panty fell from her hand in shock. Her shocked reaction did not induce any response from me. Holding my stare on her despite the shower water falling on my face, I took the soap and lathered myself as if I was alone and enjoying a pleasant unhurried shower. I applied soap on my chest and under my arms covering every inch of my torso. I soaped every body part gently. Her eyes ran over my nakedness and there was no sign of aversion in them at seeing me naked. She didn't look away.

A subtle change came over mom's expression. The fear filled vacant stare vanished and was replaced by something equally intense... yet I sensed they were distinctly different. She was simultaneously fighting the temptation of a new emotion and also being consumed by it. She never looked away. Her eyes were frozen on my nakedness.

Once my upper body was done, I spent considerable time lathering my groin carefully wrapping my hand around my cock and running my hand up and down its length. It was a struggle to restrain myself from jerking off while looking at mom's naked body.

When I was satisfied with my shower and with mom's reaction to my nakedness, I washed myself clean and stepped away from the shower and towards mom. With water dripping all around me I stood in front of her. The one wrapped around her waist was the only towel in the bathroom. She seemed unaware of it.

The cold water was sending chills up my spine. I stretched out my hand asking for the towel. I stood shivering a little waiting for her reaction. She took a few seconds. I saw goosebumps on her hand as she brought her hands down and unwrapped the towel from her waist.

To me it felt like a present was being unwrapped. Her pussy came into view as she handed me the towel and stood completely naked. I did not make any effort to hide my stare on her pussy and I took the towel. While I used it to dry myself, I glanced at her pussy a few more times. Every time I did that, I saw her shift her feet and squirm. I looked up at her breasts and saw that her pink nipples were hard as a bullet.

The time-freeze sort of bubble Mom and I were in was broken by dad's knock on the bathroom door, "Are you almost done?"

It jolted fear back into mom's eyes. I held up my arms gesturing to her to remain calm. She replied a couple of seconds later.

"No."

"Make it fast please!" dad said, a tinge of annoyance in his tone. Again, mom took a couple of seconds to compose herself.

"Go to Aju's bathroom if you're in such a hurry! Don't bother me like this!" she spoke in an irritated tone, the lack of genuineness in which was apparent only to me.

We waited in silence, except for the noise of the shower, for any response from outside the door. We could hear dad pace around a little and then stop. A few seconds later, his footsteps moved resolutely away from us.

After about a minute, Mom opened the door a crack and peeped outside. With an audible sigh she turned to me.

"Go!" she spoke with a relief as well as an urgency. I hung the towel on the hanger and retrieved my clothes from it. Before leaving mom in the bathroom, I couldn't help but take one last look at her pretty pussy. When I looked up at her face after a couple of seconds, there was the unmistakable recognition in her eyes as to where exactly my stare had rested. Abnormally content even in the middle of such a volatile situation, I walked out of the bathroom and then out of mom's room. I was still naked and clutching my clothes in my hands.

I wore my clothes and left home. My T shirt and shorts were a little damp from the shower sprays. I walked aimlessly along the neighborhood streets. My mind was in disarray. The farther I walked from home... from mom, the more I realized how reckless I had been. If dad had caught me and mom in the bathroom, that would have been the end for our little family. I think I knew that very well even when I decided to go inside the bathroom with mom, but there was some inexorable force deep within me pushing me... making me want to be closer to mom. What was curious was how strong the force had become when I heard dad come up the stairs. More than being naked with mom, what was infinitely more exciting was the fact the dad was right outside. The fact that I was doing something forbidden aroused me immensely.

As far as I could tell Mom was starting to feel a similar pull towards me. It was not just a rekindling of the mother-son closeness of my childhood. The way her face changed after seeing me naked... after seeing my hard cock, the sexual undertone was unmistakable despite her obvious effort to mask it. The way her eyes had caressed my body and especially my cock, I could sense that her feelings for me were undergoing a transformation in her mind.

It was dark when I reached back home. I slipped in without being noticed by dad. He was watching TV. I went to my room and lay on the bed. I closed my eyes trying to clear my mind but soon I was interrupted by a knock on my door. I opened my eyes and saw Mom come in. She locked the door behind her and leaned back on it, as though keeping a safe distance from me. She had changed into a yellow color churidar. We stared at each other, neither of us speaking for a while. I could see she was forming words in her mind.

"What were you thinking Aju?" she asked me finally. I remained quiet. I honestly had no idea what I was thinking. I could not explain my actions.

"What would have happened if dad had seen us like that?" mom continued. Her tone revealed that the question was meant for herself as much as it was for me.

"I can't even think about it!" she said. Her mind was in turmoil.

No matter how much I tried, I couldn't form the right words to put her mind at ease. Only if there was a way to let her into my mind and reveal how exactly I felt about what had happened.

She looked at me expectantly. The room fell quiet except for the noises coming from the TV Dad was watching downstairs.

Dad... thinking about him stirred something in me. It made me aware that Mom and I were together now, while he was downstairs... only a few steps away. I looked at Mom... at her bosom rising and falling with her breath, the yellow fabric of churidar contouring her curves.

Dad is right downstairs! I heard my own voice in my ears. My cock started to grow in my shorts. I stared at Mom, trying to imagine her body underneath the churidar. I wanted to know what bra she was wearing.

Dad is right downstairs! The voice kept repeating... but instead of dissuading me, the fact only served to excite me. My cock became rock hard.

"Mom... I can't explain what I was thinking when I came into the bathroom with you," I started speaking while I sat up on the bed, "it was reckless... it was dangerous... but I couldn't help it... I just... just wanted to keep watching you... watching your body for some more time."

I stood while continuing, "I can't help that I'm starting to see you more as a woman than my mother... you are beautiful mom... your body looks amazing."

I walked towards her with a tent at the front of my shorts. Her eyes became fearful as I approached.

"And... and that dad was right outside, while we were both naked inside the bathroom... it aroused me greatly," Mom's eyes were wide open, struggling to comprehend what I was saying.

"Even now... thinking that dad is right downstairs, while you and I are together here... I'm getting an erection." Her eyes quickly darted down. Her breathing quickened seeing my cock stretch the cloth of the shorts.

I stepped close to her and unlocked the door. I then gently grasped her wrist and led her out of my room. We stopped right outside my door. If we took a couple more steps on the corridor towards the railing, dad could see us if he looked this way. We remained just outside that zone.

I then turned to mom and whispered, "I want to see your breasts!"

She was shivering like a scared dove.

"He can't see us here... show me!" I repeated quietly. She was still shivering but made no move to stop me as I grabbed the hem of her churidar at the sides. I pulled them up and over her. As I discarded the churidar top, my eyes bore on her large breasts ensconced in a pretty black bra. Meaty flesh of her breasts were oozing out of the bra cups. I brought my hands up and cupped them. She had goosebumps all over her body as I felt her soft tits.

Looking deep into her eyes I spoke aloud, "Dad!"

She flinched in fear hearing me call Dad. She tried to retreat into the room, but I held her in place.

"He can't see us!" I whispered to Mom.

"Dad... what are you watching?" I called out again.

"What? Where are you?" he replied aloud. Mom was still very scared but I caressed her breasts gently, trying to distract her from the fear.

"In my room... what are you watching?" I asked.

"A movie... why?"

I kept fondling Mom's breasts and the stimulation started to have an effect on mom. I could feel a slight poke on my palm. Her nipples were becoming hard inside the bra.

"Whose movie?" I kept up my conversation with dad.

"Dileep's" he replied.

I slid my palm outwards from Mom's tits and going between her arms, reached behind her. Almost in a hugging position, my fingers unhooked her bra.

"Is it any good?" I asked dad as I pulled the bra away from mom's breasts. I could see a pool of lust fill and dilute the fear in her eyes.

"Yeah... it's a comedy... come down and watch with me."

I cupped her bare breasts in my palm as I replied, "Oh... No, I don't like him."

I squeezed mom's breasts before continuing, "But... could we go see the new Mohanlal movie at the theatre tonight?"

"Tonight? Uhh... I guess we could catch the 9 PM show... but ask your mom first," dad said.

"Shanu?" dad called out for mom. Mom almost jumped, startled by his booming voice. She froze like a deer caught in headlights.

"Answer him." I whispered to Mom, but her mouth remained closed.

"She's here." I said aloud, trying to spur mom to answer.

"Yeah," she suddenly found her voice, "uhh... yeah I want to watch it too. Let's go tonight."

I couldn't help but smile deviously. I then decided to add to her trouble by lowering my head towards her right breast.

"Mmm" she let out a breathy moan as my lips enveloped her pink nipple.

"Alright then... it's 7.30 now, there's still some time... we'll leave at 8.30 PM." Dad said and continued watching TV.

Sensing the end of the conversation I focused entirely on Mom, sucking her nipple into my mouth. In the last few instances, I had only sucked on her tits for the breastmilk. Now, I sucked single-mindedly to give her pleasure. I ran the tip of my tongue around the nub of her nipple and wetted her areola with my saliva. I then used my tongue to flick the nub around.

"Oh!" mom moaned again, a little louder than a whisper this time. I kept using my tongue on Mom's nipple as she squirmed with pleasure.

"Mmm" she moaned once more quite loud.

"Shanu?" Dad's voice from downstairs startled us and I froze, with my mouth on Mom's nipple.

"Uhh... I'm here!" Mom took a couple of seconds to find her voice and reply.

"We better have our supper now." He said.

"Yeah... okay." Mom replied. Reluctantly, I straightened up. I stood back and watched as she hurriedly picked up her clothes and wore them. I stared at her shapely ass as she moved past me and went

downstairs to serve supper. I stayed in my room for a few minutes and waited for my hard-on to go down. Then I joined Mom and Dad at the dining table.

It was 8.50 PM when we entered the dark movie hall. Dad walked ahead searching for the seats corresponding to our tickets. We found our seats on the top right corner of the hall right above the entry way into the hall. There were only four rows of four seats each in that zone. Ours seats were in the penultimate row. Dad sat down on the seat next to the aisle, Mom on the next and me on mom's left.

Soon the movie started and all three of us focused on the screen. The last seat beside me remained unoccupied. As minutes went by, I was the first one to lose interest in the oft repeated plot of the movie. I glanced at Mom. She had worn a nice purple saree and blouse. Seated right next to me with her sling bag on her lap, I couldn't help but admire her beauty as the flickers of the movie screen painted her face in different hues. I wanted to touch her body and feel her breasts but with dad seated right next to us, I had to bite down my urges. Minutes went by painfully slow. Thankfully, the intermission came as a respite.

"I'm going to the washroom." Mom announced before standing up.

"Me too." I said and moved out. Dad remained seated. I remained close behind me as most of the audience slowly filed out of the hall.

"Mom?" I whispered into her ear.

"Mmm." She murmured.

"Are you wearing the same bra from earlier?" I whispered as we took steps one by one down to the exit. I was surprised by the boldness of my question. As was she. I could tell from the sudden quiver on her neck. She didn't respond.

"Are you?" I repeated.

"Take it off before you come back." I said when she didn't respond. As the crowd exited the hall, I couldn't catch up with her before she reached the women's washrooms. Somewhat disappointed at her lack of response, I went to the men's washroom to take a leak. A while later, I came back and took my seat.

"How's the movie?" dad asked me.

"Not that interesting." I said. Dad and I chatted for a bit till Mom returned and sat down between us. Dad then fished out his phone and started browsing. There were still a few minutes left in the intermission... but I couldn't wait.

I leaned close to Mom and whispered, "Did you do it?" My cock was already hard with anticipation but she stayed silent.

"Mom?" I nagged, a little louder. Spurred by my insistence, she turned toward dad.

"Could you get us some popcorn Ram?" she asked him. He was a little miffed at having been asked that when the intermission was almost over. Still, he got up and rushed out. Once he was out of reach, mom turned to me.

"Yes." She said. A smile adorned my face at her confession and my eyes instinctively trailed down from her face to her bosom. I stared hard at the side of her blouse with lust but Mom took it for doubt.

"Here!" she unzipped her sling bag and pulled it open. Inside, I saw I saw the black fabric of her bra. It felt amazing, my own mom taking off her bra for me. My cock lurched in my underwear. My excitement knew no bounds, but at the same time Mom's action had caused an insidious effect. I now faced a powerful urge to want to see her pink nipple.

"Mom... I want to see your nipple." I whispered. She was scandalized by my request. The light inside the hall was still on, but most of the audience had returned to their seats... except dad.

"Please Mom... show me!" I pleaded. Seconds ticked by as she considered my impossible request. Dad was still nowhere to be seen. Then the lights turned off and the movie resumed on the screen. In the dim light of the screen, I saw Mom pull aside her pallu and unhook her blouse. My eyes widened with each hook undone.

When all but the final hook was undone, I sensed Mom's body freeze. I followed her line of sight and saw dad just having entered the hall with a bucket of popcorn. He was still far and would have to climb all the way up to the back.

"Mom... please!" I urged her.

With only one hook holding her blouse together, she pulled the left half of the blouse aside, exposing her nipple. She kept an eye on dad while I admired the blue hue on her nipple caused by the flickering screen. When dad reached just a few steps below us, she quickly straightened her pallu over her bosom, hiding her exposed state.

Dad sat down panting, having run up the last flight of stairs. He handed Mom the popcorn and focused on the movie. Mom was stiff for a few seconds but relaxed when she was sure that dad was engrossed in the movie. She kept the popcorn bucket on the armrest between us and we started eating.

My interest having completely waned from the movie, I busied myself with the caramel popcorn. Mom took a few bites regularly while she tried to focus on the story line. This went on till the bucket was empty. I tried hard to will away my erection, but Mom's presence right beside me wasn't helping. Neither was the knowledge that her blouse was still almost undone under her pallu. My cock was really uncomfortable constrained in my pants. I tried to adjust my underwear a bit but it didn't help. I pulled my underwear again trying to loosen it but something caught my eye. Though mom was quick to look away, there was no denying that she had been looking at my crotch as I tried to adjust the tent I was pitching. I remained still for a while.

Minutes later, I tried again to pull my underwear and surely enough Mom glanced. It aroused me further causing more discomfort. To ease it, I gently pulled the zip of my pant down. The head of my hard cock stretched my underwear and it protruded through the opening of the zip. With my discomfort somewhat resolved, I looked at Mom. Her repeated leftward glances caused my cock to pulse.

A familiar reckless urge seized me and I gently inserted my finger inside the zip and pulled my underwear off my pulsing cock. The head of my hard cock peeped out through the open zip once it was freed from the constrain of the underwear. I heard a quick intake of breath from Mom. Thankfully, Dad was focused on the movie. I looked at Mom's face.

There was no pretence of mere glances now, she was ogling at my exposed cock through the corner of her eye. Her reaction added fuel to fire. I decided to take it further. I pulled out my tucked in shirt for safety... just in case dad looked this way.

It's not too risky, the popcorn bucket will block his view... I tried to convince myself.

Ensuring that dad was still engrossed in the movie, I leaned towards Mom. I extended my left hand and touched hers. Her arm stiffened. Slowly I exerted some force and tried to lift it, but she resisted. Even after two or three tries, mom still resisted.

"Please!" I whispered. When I tried again there was less resistance. Two more tries later, I managed to lift her hand off the arm rest and maneuver it down onto my lap. I held her hand on my right thigh for a few seconds. Dad was laughing along with the jokes in the movie. I then slowly moved mom's hand towards my crotch.

An electric shock like energy surged through me the moment her finger touched my cock. I am sure she felt my cock pulse. I pushed and guided her wrist further along and before long, her fingers enveloped the girth of my cock. The skin on my cock could feel the nervous perspiration on her palm as well as the coating of caramel on her fingers. I left my hold on her hand and let her touch me.

For the first few seconds, her palm remained still on my cock. Later, when dad's laughs to the movie's jokes got louder I felt a slight movement in her hands. If she jerked me, it would only have taken a couple of tugs for me to cream my pants... but her movements were different. It was more of an exploration. Looking straight ahead at the screen, she caressed every inch of my cock with a deliberate slowness... as if committing the shape of my cock to memory. My cock lurched when her finger touched its tip. A while later, she inserted her fingers inside the zip hole and caressed the thick base of my cock. Then she went further and tried to feel my balls but my tight underwear wouldn't let her.

I was enjoying every moment of her caresses but the movie was reaching its climax and mom reluctantly pulled her hand off my cock. I pushed my cock in and zipped up. I focused on the screen for the last ten minutes of the movie so my hard-on would subside. It was 11.30 PM when the movie ended. We hurried out of the hall and made our way to the parking. All the way home, while dad voiced his opinion on the movie but Mom and I were quiet.

Once we reached home, Dad headed straight up to his bedroom.

"I'll just finish the dishes and come up." Mom said and went to the kitchen. I rushed up to my room and changed into comfortable loose shorts. I checked on dad before heading down. He had gone to bed. I went down the stairs and into the kitchen. I stood at the doorway and looked at mom. While enjoying the view of her curves, I felt my cock harden once again. I had had too much sexual stimulation all through the day and had blue balls.

Mom finished the dishes and turned around. Startled to see me, she remained at the kitchen counter and kept her eyes down. We remained silent for a while. The air was thick with tension. It was me who spoke first.

"Did you like touching me?" I asked as I moved closer. Mom shifted nervously.

"Did you?" I asked again when I was right in front of her.

"Mmm" came her reluctant yet honest reply. I wanted release and I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled my shorts down and exposed my engorged cock.

"Touch it." I said in a commanding tone. She shivered in nervousness but made no move.

"Touch my cock mom." I repeated. Slowly her right hand came forward and took hold of my cock.

"Do you like my cock Mom?" I asked and started moving my hips prompting her to jerk me. She got the message and started gently moving her hand back and forth pulling my foreskin along.

"Say it... say you like my cock Mom."

"Yes!" she said in a breathy voice, "It's beautiful. I like it... your cock!"

I was getting dizzy with desire. I grabbed her pallu and pulled it off her chest. I then grabbed her blouse and quickly undid all the hooks. I pulled the lapels aside and saw Mom's braless breasts. I fondled her breasts while she masturbated me. I leaned on her causing her to put more weight on the kitchen counter. The tip of my cock sticking out of her hand poked at her navel.

"Oh Mom! I love you... I love your breasts." I moaned quietly and moved my hips against her hand to speed up the process. Dad's sudden voice frightened us both.

"Shanu?" he called from upstairs, "Are you almost done?"

Mom tried to wriggle away from me but I held her in place.

"Uhh... Almost... just a couple more minutes." She replied. Seeing no way to escape from me, she gripped my cock firmer and jerked faster.

"Oh Mom!" I moaned breathily.

"Do you need help?" Dad asked.

I replied before mom, "No dad... I'm helping her. We're almost done."

I couldn't believe I was talking to the man while his wife was giving me a handjob. I humped her as she jerked. The tip of my cock poked repeatedly in her deep navel tickling my cock.

"Okay then... you guys finish up." Dad said.

We heard his footsteps go back into his bedroom. That unintended double entendre was the final push I needed, I couldn't hold it any longer.

"Finish me Mom... make me cum!" I whispered in her ear as I fucked her hand and navel. It seemed Mom too was at a precipice for she started speaking freely.

"Oh Aju! Yes son... cum for mom... Yes... give it to me... son give it to me, give mom your cum." Mom whispered in my ear.

I almost blacked out with pleasure. My knees went weak as cum surged up from my balls and shot out towards her creamy navel. Mom held me as my body convulsed multiple times shooting cum. It took ten seconds for my body to relax. By the time I had painted mom's navel milky white with semen. Both of us remained in that hug like pose for a while, panting. When I found my footing and stepped back, she quickly wiped her navel with her saree and then got dressed.

"We'll talk tomorrow." She said before walking away from me.

"Will you wake me up tomorrow?" I asked, but she disappeared without answering. I heard her footsteps climb the stairs and enter her bedroom.

Before long, I went up to my own room. While my mind fell into the spiral of sleep, the last thought in my mind was, 'Would she take a bath... or would she go to sleep with traces of my cum still on her... while dad slept beside her?'

Morning rays of the sun slipped in through the narrow gap between the curtains and my eyelids struggled to remain closed against their luminance. My eyes blinked open into a narrow slit, taking time to adjust with the light.

"Ugh... should've closed the curtains properly!" I cursed myself as I saw the time on the clock, 6 AM. I propped my pillows up higher against the headboard of the bed and lay back down. I heard faint sounds of utensils coming from the kitchen downstairs and realized that Mom was awake.

Mom! Oh My God! I gasped as the memory of last night trickled into my groggy consciousness.

"Did it really happen?" was my first thought.

Did mom really touch my cock at the theatre? Did she really jerk me off afterwards in the kitchen?

Oh God! My breath quickened as my mind recollected in vivid details our illicit encounter from last night. My cock twitched, setting off a shiver that ran through my entire body as I remembered that I had cum all over her navel.

I had asked her to wake me up in the morning. Alas! I was already awake. It would have been lovely to wake up to her sweet voice and then open my eyes to see her gorgeous face... her angelic smile.

All of a sudden, as I imagined Mom's smile, worry seized me.

How would she be feeling today... about what we did together?

Over the last couple of days, I myself had contended with the forbidden nature of what Mom and I were doing. While I had struggled initially with guilt and shame, those feelings had progressively lessened in intensity. I had made my peace with it... sort of. Though it was wrong, I had realized that I wanted it too much to be worrying about the morals of it.

But Mom... how was she dealing with this taboo relationship? I had no idea.

She liked touching my cock and jerking me off. I knew that much. The look in her eyes was unmistakable. There was lust for my body. But for sure, there was another part of her mind that was pushing against the idea of acting on that lust.

The part of her that loved me immeasurably as her son would be afraid of losing the meaning of life that she had hinged to being my mother. She seemed terrified of losing her maternal claim over me if she gave herself to me as an object of lust. The more I thought about it, the more clarity I gained... that she was finding it difficult to reconcile conflicting emotions of being my mother and being sexually attracted to me.

At the same time, it was clear that she got really excited when I made her undress herself unbeknown to dad who was busy watching TV just a few meters away from us. Even in the theater last night, she had taken off her bra in the washroom during the interval because I asked her to. Once she came back, I had asked her to show me her breasts, and she had done that. Later, despite dad sitting right beside us, she had caressed my cock after I placed her palm on it. All this told me that I had discovered an exhibitionist

streak in Mom, that had been hidden all these years... something even she wasn't aware of. She seemed to get really excited when I asked her to expose herself to me when my oblivious dad, her husband, was nearby. This idea suggested a lot of possibilities to me.

I decided that it wouldn't be a good idea to push the boundaries too far too soon. All that had happened till now was us seeing each other completely naked, me touching her breasts and her jerking me off. Though I really wanted to be more intimate physically with Mom, it might scare her off even the established boundary. It wasn't worth the risk aiming too high now.

As I was lost in my thoughts, I heard dad's voice downstairs.

"Shanu, I'm leaving for my morning walk." He told mom. Couple of minutes later, I heard Mom's footsteps coming upstairs. She was coming to wake me up like I'd asked her to.

I would have to reassure her that no matter what happened, I would always be her loving son. I would also have to be careful to convey that I didn't intend to push her to be more intimate... at least for now. But I would have to continue little acts of persuasion to keep her invested in our intimacy. As I summarized my thoughts Mom slowly opened my door and stood there, not entering. The moment she saw that I was awake, her eyes went downcast... apprehension written clearly in her face.

"Morning Mom," I said in my cheerful voice to allay her worry, "I woke up just a few minutes ago."

"Oh... okay" she said. She stood silent and still for a few seconds. Her feet fidgeted as if the floor tiles were hot. Then she made as if to go back down.

"Mom," I spoke. She stopped and looked at me, a hint of fear in her eyes as to what I was about to say.

"Mom, I love you... with all my heart, as my mother above all else... you know that right?" I asked.

Mom's face, which had been hard like a stone, slowly changed. A warm color spread on her cheeks and a hint of a smile appeared on her face.

"I really love you Mom... I have... for my entire life till now, more than anything or anyone else in this world... and nothing is going to change that, do you understand?" I said meaning every word of it, "you will always be my mother first and foremost!"

Mom seemed to be struggling against her emotions which threatened to come out any second now. Then it happened. The dam that was holding back tears burst open and Mom's eyes became moist. Her palms went up to cover her face as she sobbed.

I couldn't stay away seeing her like that. I slid down from the bed and ran to her. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her in a warm embrace.

"Oh Mom, don't cry!" I said. Slowly, her palms slid down from her face and came around me in a hug. Her maternal bosom pressed against my chest and I felt her beating heart. I could tell that she felt my heart beats too. No matter what our brains thought and prompted us to do in the future, we knew in that moment that our hearts spoke to each other in a language only they understood. We knew that that bond between the mother and son's heart would not break no matter what.

Her sobs died down in a couple of minutes but we still remained in the embrace. It must've been around five minutes before we let each other go. Mom then went downstairs to the kitchen and I joined her after a short visit to the toilet.

She brought two cups of tea and we sat on the dining table drinking it. Two three sips of tea later, I put the cup down on the table and cleared my throat.

"Mom, can I ask you something? Will you answer honestly?" I asked. She nodded.

"Do you regret anything we've done over the last couple of days?" There was a strange flash in Mom's eyes. It seemed she was recollecting our encounters from the last few days.

"Ajjū," she started, "I... uh... I..." She couldn't find the right words to answer. I decided to break it down for her.

"Do you regret letting me see you naked or watching me naked?" I asked.

She took her time thinking about it.

"No. I don't." she said. My heart jumped in elation.

I waited a few seconds to calm down and then asked, "Do you regret touching me... or the fact that I touched your breasts?"

This time a conflict of emotions was evident on her face. It took her a few seconds to make up her mind.

"Ajjū... I was up thinking about this most of last night. The truth is, last night I did regret touching you down there... I regretted it instantly. I cried over it this morning too." She stopped to take a few breaths. I extended my hand and placed it over hers on the table, trying to say without saying that I understood what she was going through.

"I was so scared that I had ruined the special bond that I have with you... my son," she spoke again, "but... this morning... what you told me put my heart at ease. I know now that I'm never going to lose you. I could feel that our love for each other is stronger than ever." She looked deep into my eyes.

I felt such a surge of love from her eyes that I pulled my chair closer to her and held both her hands in mine. I raised her hand up and kissed the top of it.

"I will always be your son Mom... your Ajjū. Nothing could ever change how much you mean to me." I said.

"Oh my baby boy." She said as she pulled me into a hug.

"Finish your tea before it gets cold." She said when we broke the hug a few seconds later. I picked up the cup and downed the rest of the brown liquid in one gulp.

"You didn't really answer me mom," I spoke then, "do you regret touching me or letting me touch you?"

She too finished her tea in a few sips and then spoke, "Ajjū... I don't know about regret, coz what I feel overwhelmingly is fear... that if your dad found out, it would destroy him. It would destroy our family."

She paused for a few seconds before continuing, "My mind can handle regret. I know it will fade away with time. But this concern of being caught is too much... but... but there's something else, something I don't understand. I uh... I am getting excited... way too much, whenever you ask me to do something in the presence of others, particularly your dad. It's really confusing, the fear and excitement."

She looked into my eyes to gauge my reaction.

"I feel the same way too Mom." I said, "I love looking at your body. But knowing that dad's so near and so oblivious to what going on makes me so aroused. I can't explain it either."

Just then, dad came back from his walk interrupting our conversation. He plopped down on the sofa and asked Mom for a cup of tea. Mom stood up and took the two used cups and walked into the kitchen. I followed her.

Once inside the kitchen, she put the kettle with left over tea onto the stove. As the tea heated up, I became aware of the opportunity to create some excitement. I could picture it perfectly. Fooling around right now with Mom and I in the kitchen while dad was sitting so close but out of view. Mom had her back turned to me. She was wearing a saffron kurta and loose white leggings. I could make out the shadow of her bra on her back.

Just as I was about to put that thought into action, another thought popped into my mind. How would dad react if Mom took off her kurta in front of me with dad seeing? It was such a strange thought, but it made my cock hard. I decided to act on it. I went near Mom and whispered.

"Mom," she turned to face me as I spoke, "Will you do something now if I asked?"

Mom's eyes registered alarm at my words.

Before she could say anything I told her my idea, "Mom, I just want to see how dad would react seeing you take off your kurta in front of me."

"Wait Mom. Listen," I continued, "it's not so crazy as it sounds. Think about this... you accidentally spill something on your kurta, you take it off in front of me and dad coz it's wet... and I, I will behave like it's nothing extra ordinary, seeing you in your bra... I, I will then bring you a towel to dry yourself off. The whole thing will take hardly a minute. Dad will be none the wiser."

I stopped once I finished explaining the spur of the moment plan. I then saw the kettle on the stove. I reached over and shut off the stove.

"Tea!" I exclaimed, "People spill tea all the time, and see this is not too hot as to burn you." I looked at Mom.

She was staring at me in shock. I knew it sounded outrageous, but the excitement was in the outrageousness. My cock was rock hard just thinking about it. Thankfully I was wearing tight underwear and so it didn't show.

When Mom didn't respond I said, "Mom please, just thinking about this has made me so excited." I placed my palm at the crotch area of my shorts and felt the warmth emanating from it.

"Just see for yourself." I said as I caught her hand and touched it against my crotch. It happened so fast that Mom seemed to be in a daze as I let her hand go. She had felt the warmth at my crotch and she was breathing excitedly. We spend a few seconds looking into each other's eyes and then she made the decision.

I went back and sat opposite dad on the other sofa. The seconds ticked away like bombs in my head. After a while, Mom walked in with measured steps holding a cup of tea. Dad was reading the newspaper.

A couple of steps away from dad she said, "Ram... here."

I watched with satisfaction as the cup slipped from the hand that she'd held a little high and spilled the tea all over her chest. The cup hit the floor and scattered into a few pieces.

"Ah!" Mom cried in a high pitched voice that only I could tell was fake. Dad looked up from the newspaper at the commotion.

"Ah! It's burning!" Mom cried out again and shook her hands frantically for dramatic effect. Then with both dad and me looking, she hooked her fingers at the bottom end of the saffron kurti and pulled it up over her head. In a matter of seconds, the plan had worked just right. Mom stood there in her blue bra and loose white leggings. The bra as well as Mom's cleavage was wet with the tea that had seeped in through the kurti by now.

Immediately after Mom took off her kurti dad's eyes flew to her bra covered breasts and then a split second later to my face. I looked straight at Mom's chest with the best look of concern I could put on. I let dad watch me looking at Mom's bra covered breasts for a couple of seconds and then I jumped upright.

"Did it burn Mom? Wait... I will bring you a towel!" saying this I ran to the kitchen and then out to the backyard where a dry towel was hanging on the clothesline. It took me about ten seconds to return. Mom was still standing there in her bra and dad had a scandalized look on his face. I handed the towel to Mom. She took it while giving me the wet kurti.

"Run this under the tap water... go, it will stain." She told me as she dried her cleavage with the towel. I turned to go to the kitchen like she asked.

"Ram, can you please clear this while I go change? I will make you tea then." I heard her tell dad. I heard Mom climb the stairs as I ran water over her kurti. My cock was so hard, it was paining from being constrained in the tight underwear. I stood at the sink rerunning the scene again and again as water flowed over the cloth. The bewildered and scandalized look on dad's face was the outcome I was looking for from this outrageous plan.

A minute later dad came into the kitchen to discard the broken shards of the cup into the waste basket. He looked at me with a weird expression. I smiled inwardly as I acted out noticing the odd look on dad's face.

"What happened dad?" I asked innocently.

"Nothing," he said trying to soften his expression, "it was just odd... Mom taking off her kurti in front of you."

"Mmm? Why dad?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I don't know... you are not a kid anymore. You are an adult man. Mom shouldn't expose herself like that in front of you." Even when he said it, there was visible conflict in his face on having turned what apparently was just an accident into this awkward conversation with me.

"And you didn't avert your look too." He added. He regretted saying it immediately.

"God dad! She is my mother!" I said.

"I was concerned for her that she had burned herself. If you remember, I brought her a towel while you just sat there seeing her in obvious discomfort and pain. Now you accuse me of leeching on Mom!"

I could see that my words triggered that right buttons of shame in dad, at having even thought so inappropriately of his son.

"I can't believe you!" I added.

"I'm sorry son. I don't know what I was thinking. Shit!" He apologized, "I'm really sorry... please don't tell your Mom."

There was genuine shame and regret in his eyes as he left the kitchen.

I hung the wet kurti on the clothesline and went up to my room. In the shower, I blew a giant load of cum over the images of Mom's bra and dad's scandalized face.

When I got ready for college and came down, Dad was ready as well and was having breakfast. Mom had changed into a blue kurti and was serving dosas. I took my seat on the dining table opposite to dad. An awkward silence played between us. Mom brought me a plate of dosa and chutney.

"Are you okay Mom? No burns no?" I asked and saw a naughty twinkle in her eyes.

"Thankfully no. I took off the kurti immediately so it wouldn't burn." She said.

"You brought me a towel, that was lovely Aju.... And Ram, thanks for clearing the pieces." She added.

Dad smiled at her. Soon we finished breakfast and it was time for dad to leave for office. I too had to leave for college. I was putting my shoes on when Mom handed dad his lunchbox and he left.

Mom had that twinkle still in her eyes when she handed me my lunch. I took it and kept it in my bag. The door was open and I saw dad's car pull out of our gate and go.

I turned to Mom and said, "That was amazing Mom. You won't believe how aroused it made me."

She only smiled. Then without bothering if someone walking on the road might see through the open door, I leaned over and kissed Mom on the lips. Her lips were welcoming and we smooched for a few amazing seconds.

"I wish I didn't have to go to college today." I said once we broke the kiss.

"Me too baby." Mom admitted shyly, "but you have to."

"See you in the evening Mom." I said.

"And Mom, wear a saree in the evening... wear it low on your waist and greet me at the door when a reach." I added before riding away in my bike.

In college, attending lecture after lecture, I kept having a hard on every half an hour or so thinking of Mom. It was difficult to focus in class but I willed myself to take lecture notes of important subjects. Anu, my girlfriend, was acting extra touchy feely since she hadn't seen me for a few days. At lunch hour, I had to struggle to keep up the appearance of being attentive while she droned on about something or the other while my mind was focused on the rice and ladies finger curry mom had packed in my lunch. Each morsel of rice reminded me of Mom... a warm feeling emanating from my stomach.

In the evening, I rode my bike rather rashly trying to get home as soon as possible. It was 4.30 PM when I rang the calling bell at home.

After a few seconds I heard Mom's voice, "Aju?"

"It's me, Mom." I confirmed.

Then Mom opened the door. My jaw dropped at the sight before me. Mom had worn a gorgeous red saree and paired it with a blue blouse. But what caught my eye was the fact that the pallu of the saree had shifted to her right side exposing a generous expanse of Mom's midriff. She had worn the saree really low like I had asked her to. Her deep navel looked extremely sexy and my cock started to harden instantly.

Mom closed the door behind us and we went in the living room. She sat on the big sofa and I sat on the smaller one opposite her.

"Do you like the saree?" she asked me when I didn't say anything.

"I love it." I said, "All day, I have been imagining what saree you'd wear and how you'd look in it. This is more beautiful than what I imagined."

I had to adjust the tent in my pants. She saw me doing it and a flash of lust flitted on her face.

"Mom, I've had a hard on almost the entire day thinking about you." I said, now rubbing the tent on my pants. She held my eyes for a long minute in an intense look.

"Mom," I said and gulped at the perverseness of what I was about to ask her.

"Mom, can I... uh... jerk off to you... here?"

Mom gasped at my words, but didn't respond. I waited a few seconds. Then, taking her silence for consent, I unzipped my pants and pulled out my hard dick. I wrapped my hand around it and started jerking it slowly.

Mom's eyes were riveted to the action of my hand moving on my cock. Gently, I moved the skin on my hard cock up and down all the while looking at Mom's exposed navel.

"I love that you wore this saree for me Mom." I talked while jerking off.

"Have you been waiting long for me to come home?"

"Yes son," she replied and bit her bottom lip once before continuing, "I showered after lunch and wore this saree. I tried on three sarees before deciding on this one. I have been waiting right here on this sofa since 3 in the afternoon."

"Oh Mom," I moaned, 'you tried on three sarees? Just to look perfect for me?"

"Yes son, I wanted to look my best. I wanted to look just like you wanted."

"You look sexy Mom!" I said, "I can't believe how much of your midriff is exposed... oh God... tell me Mom, what were you thinking when you were wearing this saree?"

I increased the pace of jerking slightly. Mom noticed it too for her breathing quickened.

"I was thinking about what you said son... you wanted me to wear it low on my waist. So I wore it below my navel... and then I kept pushing it a little lower... all I thought was how you'd react seeing me... so I kept pushing the saree a lower... do you like it son?"

"Oh Yes Mom... you look gorgeous with the saree so low on your waist." I said. A small glob of pre-cum formed at the tip of my cock. Mom looked mesmerized by it.

"Mom, I want to know what you're wearing underneath." I pleaded.

"Oh Aju!" she moaned quietly, "Son, I'm wearing a black bra."

"Oh Mom, I can see the shadow of your bra at the side of your blouse... Mom it looks so hot... can you move the pallu off from your chest?"

Slowly she did as I asked and slid the pallu off her chest. It fell beside her on the sofa exposing Mom's ample breasts ensconced in the tight blue blouse. I was nearing the verge.

"Oh God, you look amazing Mom... can you... can you unhook your blouse?" I asked.

Seeing the urgency on my face, Mom's hands reached up to her blouse and undid the hooks one by one. Her black bra became visible more and more with each hook undone.

With the last hook undone she parted the labels allowing me a full look at her bra covered breasts. Her tit flesh was spilling out at the cleavage. I beat my meat furiously at the scene in front of me.

"Oh Mom... I'm going to cum soon... Mom are you wearing matching panties?"

"Yes son, I'm wearing a black matching panty." Saying this she reached down to hold the hem of her saree and started pulling up. The saree along with the petticoat inched up Mom's legs. Shortly, her milky thighs came into view. As the saree rose upwards she spread her legs and let me look at the dark juncture of her legs which was becoming more visible with each passing second. Finally, her saree was lifted so far up that I got to see her pussy mound covered in the black fabric of the panty. One look at the puffy mound and I couldn't hold it any longer. I closed my eyes. My cock exploded, spraying cum on the floor between the two of us.

It took a minute or so for the pleasure waves in my body to subside. When it did, I opened my eyes to see Mom smiling at me. A smile that told me she was slowly getting past the regret and shame part of these taboo acts.

She put down her saree and did up her blouse. Putting the pallu back on her chest, she walked to the kitchen and came back with a rag cloth. Bending down in front of me, she cleaned up the mess that I had made on the floor.

I put my now limp cock back into my pants and zipped up. She put away the rag cloth outside on the clothesline and came back. We then moved to the kitchen where she made us a cup of tea.

Just as we finished up the tea, Mom's phone rung. It was dad. She answered the call and they talked for a bit.

"What?" I asked when she hung up.

"Dad isn't going to be home till late night." She said.

I couldn't have been happier at the news.

I cheered up and said, "Let's do something Mom... let's go out."

"What? Now?" she asked.

"Yeah, let's go to the beach." I said. It took some convincing to get her to agree but I promised that we'd be back before dad comes home.

We left home at 5.15 Pm and was right in time at Calicut beach for a beautiful sunset. Mom had sat behind me on my bike holding me tight by the waist. At times, when I had to brake her boobs pressed on my back. It felt a hundred times better than riding with Anu. I realized that Mom was the perfect woman for me.

At the beach, we walked along the promenade to the far end where it was less crowded. We sat on an empty bench and savored the picturesque sunset. Mom sat close to me and I had put my arm around her pulling her close. I couldn't say what was more beautiful, the sunset or the glow of our warm hearts.

At 6.30 PM, we stood up to walk back toward where I'd parked the bike. Mom was still wearing the saree low on her waist. I could help but steal a few glances at her navel. She caught me looking and smiled.

As we walked back I saw a young man walking his dog, coming towards us. The pathway was not that wide. I perked up at the sudden thought that he was going to walk past close to mom and in all probability he was going to check Mom out, dressed as she was.

"Mom," I called her attention, "there is a guy coming towards us walking his dog."

She looked straight ahead and saw him.

"I have a feeling that he's going to check you out... you're dressed too sexy to ignore, and I'm getting a tingling in my crotch wanting to see it." I said.

"You want to see another guy perving over me?" she asked, mischievously.

"Kind of... I'm aroused by the fact that while he gets to see only this much, I get to see all of you." I spoke, "Why don't you give him a little show?"

The mischief spread from Mom's voice to her expression. While we continued to walk, I saw out of the corner of my eye Mom pulling her pallu to expose her navel. My heart was pounding as the guy got nearer.

When he was just a few meters ahead of us, I saw that he had noticed the exposed state of mom's attire. I pretended to look straight ahead but quick glances confirmed that he was stealing quick looks at Mom's navel. About five meters ahead of us, he stopped and bent down making as if his shoe laces needed tying. The dog sniffed around the ground.

"Look at the sneaky bastard... Mom, why don't you bend and pet the dog... let him have a good look." I suggested.

"Mmm" Mom nodded.

At two meters' distance Mom spoke loudly, "Aww, you have such a cute dog!"

She bent down as she said this and petted the dog. The guy was caught in surprise. His eyes were riveted to Mom's fully exposed navel. Not just that, due to Mom's bent state a big part of her blouse covered side boob was also in his line of sight. I saw his face freeze on Mom's exposed skin.

"What's its name?" Mom asked as she continued to pet the dog.

"Uh... name, yeah... This is Lily." Mom didn't bother to cover up as he answered the question looking at her navel. The guy didn't even care that I was there. His eyes were drawn like magnets to Mom's body.

Mom and I laughed about it afterwards as we got on the bike. It was only 6.45 PM and we still had a lot of time in our hands. Dad had said that he'd be back late at night. So we decided to visit a friend of Mom who lived near the beach.

Beena auntie's face lit up as she opened the door and saw mom. They cheered and hugged like young school girls. I hung around in the kitchen while aunty made tea and they gossiped about old school friends. Unlike Mom, the years hadn't been so kind to auntie. She had put on a bit of weight and looked plump as a result.

Later, once I finished my tea I asked aunty if I could go rest for a bit. What I really wanted was to blow a cum load in the toilet. Seeing Mom expose her body to a stranger had primed my cock again.

"Go lay down in the upstairs bedroom." She said. I got up and climbed the stairs.

However, just as I was out of sight, I heard Mom and auntie's voice go low in a conspiratorial mode. So I hung back just within earshot to eavesdrop.

"Shanu, you've changed so much since the last time I saw you. Look at what you're wearing!" aunty said and giggled.

"Oh stop Beena. I'm wearing a normal saree." Mom shot back.

"The saree is normal I agree... but the way you've worn it, My God... if it slips any lower your panties might show." Aunty giggled again.

Mom joined in the giggles but said, "This is nothing. You should see stuff young women are wearing nowadays... You know, Ajju has a girlfriend. Her name is Anu. The kind of sarees she wears for college events...I mean low waist, low cut at front, backless, transparent... my God. So I thought I shouldn't be so out of league compared to my future daughter-in-law. Is it too much?"

Aunty laughed heartily at Mom's reasoning and then spoke, "Don't get me wrong Shanu... you look amazing in this. You've still got the figure to pull off the low waist look. But don't people stare? I mean your son is a young man now... won't he feel odd?"

"What?" Mom exclaimed. Only I could pick up the fake tone.

"Ajju? No! He's not a pervert like most young men who stare at women in streets. He's a good boy. Actually, he likes that I'm starting to look modern. He only chose this saree for me today. He has good fashion sense."

"Really?" aunty exclaimed, "Ajju doesn't mind you wearing the saree so low and your navel getting exposed?"

"Not at all... If you got it, flaunt it... that's what he tells me. It's probably something that girlfriend of his taught him." Mom said.

"I wish I still had the figure to try something like this." Aunty said with a hint of sadness. Mom tried to cheer her up.

"But you have a great collection of sarees Beena. Just wear them however you like. Don't think what others will say."

"Speaking of my collection, come... let me show you my new sarees." Aunty said and took mom's hand leading her upstairs. I made my way quietly into the bedroom and lay on the bed facing away from the door.

A few seconds later Mom and aunty stepped into the room. Aunty tried to be quiet as she opened the wardrobe near the door and started showing Mom all the different sarees she'd bought recently. I feigned to be asleep and listened to them.

As luck would have it, there was a dressing table opposite to them and I could see Mom's reflection in the mirror on it. As I peeped at them, I caught Mom's eyes glancing at the mirror. She gave me a slight wink to let me know that she knew I was looking.

"These are all so gorgeous!" Mom praised aunty's collection, "I wish I had some of these."

Aunty's face beamed with a proud smile. Mom sifted through bunches of neatly folded sarees and came upon a red saree.

"This one looks amazing Beena. You know I had this same dark red colour in mind to match with this blouse... but I couldn't get it. So had to settle for this somewhat lighter shade." Mom said gesturing to the red saree she was wearing.

"Oh try it on then... let us see." Aunty prompted.

"Really?" Mom smiled. Then she stood up and pulled the pallu off her chest.

"You're going to change from here?" aunty asked, "Aju's right there!"

"Oh he's fast asleep. He won't wake up even if a bomb explodes." Mom replied and continued undressing. She unwrapped the saree from her waist and threw it on the bed.

My eyes were focused on the mirror, unbeknown to aunty, watching Mom stand there in just her blouse and petticoat. I got the real measure of how low Mom had worn her saree. Aunty was right. A small bit of Mom's black panty was peeping out of the petticoat.

"Ha-ha!" aunty laughed, "I told you, if it slipped any lower, your panties would pop out... see."

Aunty pointed at the part where Mom's black panty was sticking out.

"Oh shut up. Don't laugh. It's not like we haven't seen each other naked." Mom shot back.

"Oh... Don't remind me of that! That was so long ago. I was so embarrassed at being the only girl in our group whose tits had not come out yet." Aunty giggled.

"Well... they did come out well eventually, didn't they?" Mom said, pointing out aunty's now huge boobs.

"Yes they did, and I'm glad. But in school you had the biggest tits among us Shanu... and to tell you the truth they still look as perky as they did back then. You are lucky yours haven't started sagging like the rest of us."

My cock was hard as rock listening to this conversation about Mom's boobs. I wish I could have seen Mom's boobs when she was younger.

"You think?" Mom said mischievously while toying with the hooks of her blouse. She undid one hook.

"Shanu stop!" aunty said scandalized by Mom's suggestive action.

"What? You can talk about my perky tits... but you're scandalized by the thought of seeing them!"

They both giggled at that.

Thankfully Mom did the hook back up and started wearing the dark red saree from Beena auntie's collection. If she'd done any more mischief, I would have creamed my pants.

Seconds ticked by as Mom wore the saree. Mom was right. This dark red saree matched the blouse better.

"Stay for dinner no Shanu?" aunty asked.

"No Beena. I have to get back and prepare dinner for Ram."

"I will pack some food for your husband. You're staying. Don't argue now." Aunty insisted.

"Okay, but we can't stay for long. Let's go down. I'll help you with cooking." Mom suggested.

"Alright." Aunty agreed and made to go.

"You go ahead. I'll just change back to my saree and come down."

Aunty went out and I could hear her steps going down the stairs.

"Did you enjoy that? You can stop pretending to be asleep now." Mom spoke after a few seconds. I turned to face her.

"God Mom... that was so hot... listening to you two talk about your younger selves and your breasts then." I confessed.

"I almost came in my pants when you made like you were taking off your blouse." I added.

"Really? Is my baby hard now?" Mom asked.

"Very!" I said and unzipped my pant. Mom unwrapped the dark red saree quickly as I pulled out my cock.

Without missing a beat, she undid all the buttons of her blouse and parted her blouse. I wrapped my hand around my shaft as Mom's black bra came into view. She walked towards me while her hand went behind her.

Before I could comprehend what was happening Mom had unhooked her bra from behind and pulled the fabric off her breast, showing me her magnificent breasts.

It was such a sensory overload that I could feel cum raise up from my balls.

"Oh Mom! I'm cumming!" I said.

"Ajj... baby don't spoil Beena's bedsheets!" Mom exclaimed, but it was too late for me to stand up. The bedsheet was bound to be coated with my cum.

But before I knew it, Mom lunged forward and bent her head towards my midriff. Before the first shot of cum erupted from my cock, Mom's warm and wet mouth enveloped my shaft.

I blew my load into one of the holiest of receptacles, Mom's mouth. She sucked on my member taking each rope of cum into her mouth. It was truly an otherworldly experience.

Four or five ropes of cum later, Mom still sucked slowly on my cock, milking it. As my orgasm subsided, Mom slowly pulled her mouth off my cock. Just as her mouth left the tip of my cock, a few drops of cum slipped out of her mouth and trailed down her lips. Mom held out her hands beneath her chin to catch them before the fell.

As the stray drops trailed down her chin, Mom gulped down what was left of my cum in her mouth. Then she scooped up the drops from her chin using her fingers and licked it into her mouth.

As we cleaned up and got dressed afterwards, I wanted to ask her if she had done what she did to prevent her friend's bedsheet from being spoiled or because she had been really wanting to do it for a while. I left the question for later when we would be alone in our house.

At 8.30 PM, we left Beena auntie's house with a pack of food for dad. Throughout the 20-minute bike ride back home, Mom sat close behind me, hugging herself to my body, pressing her motherly breasts on my back.

The ride from Beena auntie's home to ours had some pretty bad stretches of road. On any other day and with any other person behind me, I'd have been cursing the government for being so negligent on maintenance of roads. But my mind was focused entirely on the woman sitting behind me. Mom's right hand snaked around my torso and her palm rested on my chest above my heart. She was sitting sideways behind me and had rested her head on my shoulder. Her soft breasts were pressed against my back. The cool wind of the still young night caressed my face. I felt so at peace that I wished our home was farther. But we'd almost reached home.

However, as I turned left on to our street, the heavens ripped open in a thunderous moment and it poured down upon us. I revved the accelerator on my bike to get us both under the roof of our home. Within seconds, I stopped in front of the closed gate of our house. Mom quickly got down from the bike and went around to open the iron gate. Rain drenched us both as she struggled to pull open the rusting bolt of the gate. Mom's red saree and blue blouse was almost completely soaked through by the time the gate swung open and we took cover under the car porch. My shirt and pants were also wet through and through.

Mom went up to the door and keyed it open. I removed my helmet and followed her inside, closing the door behind me. The warmth inside did nothing to comfort us. Our wet clothes stuck against our skin. My head, at least, had been protected by the helmet. Mom, on the other hand, was wet from head to toe and

was shivering. Her lustrous black hair had become soggy. Few locks of her hair had come loose from her hair clip and stuck on her cheeks and neck like little black serpents. She took off the clip and shook her hair loose. As her hair swung free, stray droplets of water hit my face.

I didn't want her to catch a cold, so I ran to the kitchen to find a dry towel. Thankfully there was one on Mom's kitchen chair. When I came back, Mom was unwrapping the red saree from her waist. I don't know what it is, but every time this woman undressed I feel myself caught in a daze. I watched as the saree came unspooled and fell at her feet in a damp heap. Mom turned around and saw me staring.

"Don't just stand there... bring the towel here!" she spoke. I closed the distance between us and held out the towel for her. She looked amazing. The way the wet blue blouse clung to her bosom, revealing in stark detail the silhouette of the black bra underneath... the grey underskirt sticking to the skin on her thighs... the waist strap of her black panty showing at the tiny gap at the knot of her underskirt strings, Mom was a vision unlike anything I'd ever seen in my life.

She took the towel from me and immediately raised it over my head to dry off my hair. One can't help but love one's mother for the sheer selflessness. There she was, visibly way more drenched than me but making sure first and foremost that her son didn't catch a cold. I mean the woman is an angel... like every other mom.

"Mom! Dry yourself first... I was wearing a helmet." I protested. I had to grab her hands and place it on her head to make her prioritize herself. She bent her head down and rubbed the wetness off her hair with the towel. While she dried her hair, I took off my soggy shirt and dropped it on the floor and waited for her to finish so I could take the towel.

Seeing her wet clothes cling to her body, I said, "Mom, you should change out of these wet clothes."

She straightened up, almost done with drying her hair.

"Mmm." She responded looking at my topless body.

A strange glint flashed in her eyes and she added, "Why don't you help me?"

I couldn't help but smile at the naughty suggestion. She was getting bolder with each rendezvous.

I went closer to her. Both her arms were raised above holding the towel and drying her hair. I had unencumbered access to the hooks of her blouse. I tried and failed to subdue the shivering in my hands as they approached Mom's cleavage. My finger grabbed the lapels of the blouse at the top. Both my middle fingers rubbed on her soft upper tits as I undid the hooks. It was not easy, given as the blouse was wet. I had to put some force into my fingers to push the hooks off their eyelets. Slowly, as each hook came undone, the valley of Mom's cleavage got deeper. With the last hook undone, I pulled the lapels apart. As if on cue, Mom lowered her hands. I pushed the blouse over the curve of her shoulders. She did the rest, pulling her hands out of the sleeve and dropping the wet cloth on the pile on the floor.

Is it just me or is women's innerwear the most amazing invention by humankind? Seeing Mom stand in front of me in just her bra, with her tit flesh jutting out at the sides and at the cleavage, my dick lurched in my soaked pants.

"Come here." She said and pulled me by my arms. She started drying me off with the towel. She ran the towel over my chest and shoulders. By now the towel was damp and my man nipples became hard as the cloth rubbed over them. Mom was thorough, getting each droplet on my torso. While she was busy with this, my eyes were hooked on the juggling flesh of her breasts.

"Your bra is wet too." I said, a grin on my face.

"Mmm, and what do you want to do about it?" Mom replied, challenging me.

"This!" I said and put my hands around mom, reaching her back. Mom stopped what she was doing and dropped the towel. Her arms held me by my sides and I fidgeted with her bra hooks. It took me a few seconds to undo the hooks but when I did, the wing band straps snapped apart. I grabbed the now loose straps and pulled them down over Mom's arms uncovering her gorgeous boobs. I threw the black bra in the pile of wet cloths and pulled Mom into a tight embrace. Her breasts mashed against my chest as she melted into my arms.

"Ajj, my baby boy!" she sighed, basking in the warmth of our hugging bodies.

"Mom, oh God... I can't believe that I'm so blessed as to be this way with you. I couldn't ask for anything more." I spoke. I pulled mom tighter against me. She laid her head on my shoulder and accepted the love that was radiating from my heart.

My right hand then travelled down to her hip. Once the drawstrings of her underskirt were found, no time was wasted in pulling it loose. The wet grey underskirt peeled of Mom's thighs as it came loose. I broke our hug to push it down her legs. Just as it fell below her knees, she shook her legs to discard it. I reclaimed Mom back into my arms. This time my hands rested at the top of her panty clad butt.

I pushed my palms down on her ass making her crotch push against mine. Mom moaned as my palms groped her butt cheeks.

"Look at me." I said and just as Mom complied, I pressed my lips against hers in a deep kiss. Mom yielded to my probing tongue and opened her mouth. As my tongue entered her mouth, her body quivered. She pushed her body to mine. Our lips made smacking sounds as we got more passionate. Mom's quivering body caused her tits to mash against my chest.

I stopped kissing Mom when I felt a strange dampness where Mom's breasts were touching my chest. Looking down, I saw white droplets smeared on Mom's areola. She was lactating again.

"Oh..." mom whispered as she saw the milk droplets trail down her tits. It had been more than a day since I had a taste of Mom's breastmilk. So, I gave a quick peck on Mom's lips before lifting her up by her butt. Instinctively, she wrapped her legs around my waist. I adjusted my hold on her so that her tits came level to my face. Once it did, I lowered my mouth onto her waiting mammary glands.

Mom's right hand grabbed my hair from behind and pulled me down harder on her tits. I locked my mouth tightly around her areola and created pressure with my tongue. I didn't have to wait long to be rewarded with the elixir of life. Thick breastmilk rushed into my mouth. I gulped down mouthfuls and sucked again working diligently at Mom's left breast. All this while, her puffy mound clad in just the black panty rubbed against my lower abdomen. The warmth that emanated from Mom's vagina invigorated me.

I emptied her left tit soon and moved on to the other. As I shifted her body leftwards for easy access to her right tit, her panty clad pussy mound rubbed across my abdomen.

"Mmm." She moaned as I worked on her right tit. As seconds ticked by, my hands were starting to get tired from her weight. She was starting to slip downwards. At one point, she suddenly slipped a few inches down on my body and stopped just as her mound aligned to my hard cock. Her right nipple, stretched as I refused to let it go even when she slipped. But when I felt the warmth of her pussy on my cock, despite separated by three levels of clothing, my mouth let go of her tit. I strengthened my hold on her so she wouldn't slip further down. In the process I pulled her crotch tighter against my cock.

"Oh!" Mom gasped at the taboo contact of our genitals. Even though they were separated by her panty, my pants and my underwear, the heat that radiated of her pussy and my cock was immense. My cock yearned for more.

My palms holding Mom by her ass pulled again, making my cock hump against her mound. I repeated it again trying to press my cock harder on her mound. I kept doing it, dry humping Mom's pussy. I could feel the tip of my cock tingling.

"Oh baby... oh God" Mom moaned, keeping in rhythm with my thrusts. Just as I picked up the pace of humping, a flash of yellow light appeared on the window beside the main door. The sound of dad's car pulling into the car porch jolted mom's fear.

"Put me down!" she demanded.

I yielded and she immediately ran upstairs picking up the wet clothes from the floor. I looked after her as she took the stairs two at a time, her butt cheeks jiggling from the effort. I then took a few deep breaths trying to calm myself down. I could hear dad's footsteps approach the door. I adjusted my hard on and went to the door.

When I opened the door, dad walked past me without noticing my drenched state. But he noticed the puddle of water a few steps ahead and stopped.

"What happened here?" he asked.

"Oh... Mom and I got drenched in the rain!" I replied. He looked at me and saw the state I was in.

"Well... don't stand there dripping all over the place... go change!" he exclaimed.

I didn't need to be told twice. I rushed up the stairs. I pushed past my door and went straight to my bathroom. Discarding my wet clothes, I stepped under the shower and turned it on. My cock needed immediate relief. I wrapped my hand around it and jerked.

"Oh Mom! Your pussy feels so warm!" I talked to myself as I closed my eyes and replayed the scene that took place a few moments ago.

"Rub your pussy mound against my hard cock Mom!" I continued as I jerked my cock. It didn't take long. Hot cum from my balls found their way out through my cock as jerked it furiously. Shot after shot of milky liquid exploded from my cock hitting the floor and swirling down the drain along with the shower water.

After the shower, I put on fresh clothes and went back down. Dad was seated at the head of the dining table eating the food that Beena aunty had packed. I pulled a chair beside him and sat down.

"Why were you late today dad?" I asked. He chewed down the morsel of chapatti that was in his mouth. As I waited for him to answer, I saw Mom peep her head out from the kitchen. She was dressed in a green kurti and leggings.

"Long story!" dad said, as he put another morsel in his mouth.

"I've got time." I joked, and waited for him to swallow food.

"Okay," he said and added, "Shanu... come and sit down."

Mom came and sat on his other side, right opposite me.

"Okay... so I have to go to Murudeshwar for a work conference." he started, surprising us, "I tried my best to get out of it, but boss was insistent. It's a two-day event, starting day after tomorrow."

Dad looked tired as he said it. I looked over at Mom. It seemed like a spark flashed in her eyes. Then it dawned on me. Dad going away for a couple of days meant that Mom and I would get the alone time we really wished for. My heart leapt with excitement at the realization.

"Oh... do you really have to go?" Mom asked, feigning disappointment.

"I have to." Dad said, and got up from the table. He had finished eating and went to the kitchen to keep his plate in the sink. The moment he left the room, Mom reached her hands over and held mine. She squeezed my palms letting me know how excited she was at the prospect of getting to spend two days alone with me. Our hands parted just as dad came back to his seat after washing his mouth.

"But I booked hotel rooms for the three of us. We need a vacation!" Dad said, his face mischievous with the surprise he just gave us.

Actual disappointment descended on me and mom. Our momentary euphoric bubble of future intimacy was popped.

"What!" Mom exclaimed, a bit too shocked for dad's taste. She quickly toned it down.

"Ram, I'm not really up for travel." She said.

"Oh come on! It'll be fun." Dad tried to persuade her.

"But won't you be busy at the conference?" Mom asked. It was clear to me that she was clutching at straws trying to make some excuse to pull out of the trip. I on the other hand, knew that I being the offspring would have no say in the decision. I pulled out my phone and googled Murudeshwar, wanting to know where it is. Google maps opened up while my parents debated about the trip.

"I'll be busy the first day only. We can go sightseeing on the second day." Dad was persistent.

On the map that finally loaded on my phone, I saw Murudeshwar a few hundred kilometers above Mangalore. I was scrolling around to see the nearby attractions when my eyes fell on something a little far up north... Gokarna! I clicked on the place and viewed the photos and 360-degree view that Google Maps offered.

White sandy beaches, clean blue waters, mangrove forests, green grassy mountain cliffs overlooking the ocean... the place looked amazing. A sudden image crept into my mind... of Mom... wearing a bikini and frolicking on the beach.

Snap! My mind had made its decision... not that it would matter to dad.

I tuned back into the debate that was going on between Mom and Dad. Mom was still keeping up a spirited argument against the trouble of travelling. I tried to catch her eye, but she was too immersed in the arguments forming in her mind.

Under the table, I extended my left leg and touched hers with my toe. She stopped mid-sentence to look at me. Her eyes bore a confused look at what it was that I was trying to communicate.

Dad grabbed the opportunity of Mom's silence to launch on a monologue of how long it had been since we'd been somewhere on vacation.

I answered Mom's questioning eyes by tracing my toe up her leg. With my eyes, I tried to tell her that I wanted us to go. My toes went past Mom's knee and travelled up her thigh. Without missing a beat, my feet advanced to the junction of her legs. It went under the hem of her kurta and closed in on her pussy. I saw Mom lift her right hand and place it on her thigh, under the table. But she was a little late to respond. My toe touched her puffy mound before her hand could stop me. Her hand instead held my feet in place over her pussy. She closed her legs, tapping my feet in place.

I pressed my toe down on what seemed like the hood of her clit. She gasped at the touch.

"What?" dad stopped his monologue. Mom looked like a deer caught in headlights.

I cleared my throat to take dad's attention away from Mom.

"Okay dad, let's go then." I spoke.

"Mom, it'll be fun!" I added, looking at Mom. I stressed on the word 'fun' and Mom seemed to understand that I had something planned.

"Okay" she said tentatively. That prompted dad to start on the awesomeness of the temple town and the giant Shiva statue on the cliff overlooking the Arabian sea. The way dad described it, it seemed to me that what he had in mind was a pilgrimage rather than a vacation.

However, me and Mom agreeing to dad's plan was successful in distracting him from the sudden gasp that had escaped Mom's lips in response to my toe on her clit. Above the dining table, while I pretended to be interested in what dad was saying, below it I rotated my toe in a tiny circle on Mom's clit. I could feel her starting to get wet. The wetness was seeping through her panty and leggings.

Mom had her look fixed on a point on the table between me and dad. The sensations that were being created by my toe on her clit were making it difficult for her to pretend to be listening.

"Are you listening Shanu?" Dad asked, pausing to take a sip of water from the glass in front of him.

"Yeah... yeah... Uh... I was... uh... just wondering how long the drive to Murudeshwar will be." Mom said and then discreetly pushed my toe away from her pussy. Slowly, I pulled my leg down from between her legs.

Dad then laid down the plan for us. We would leave at 4 AM tomorrow. The drive would take around 9 hours. We'd check in, rest and then go for some local sightseeing in the evening. Mom and I would have the next day to ourselves. Dad would come back from his conference late in the evening and then we'd visit the temple. Next day, dad would be done with the conference by noon and we'd start our drive back home.

Except for the one full day that I'd get Mom for myself, the rest of the trip sounded tiring. The nine-hour drive was for sure going to be taxing for dad and boring for us, but the prospect of that one full day with Mom kept my spirits high.

Dad had never been comfortable with letting me drive his car, but what he doesn't know won't hurt him... for I planned to drive up from Murudeshwar to Gokarna the day after tomorrow to fulfil my fantasy of seeing Mom wear a bikini at the beach. One hurdle remained though. I'd have to convince Mom to go along with my plan.

Shortly after his supper, dad switched on the TV and plopped down on the single seater sofa. Mom went to the kitchen to do the dishes. I waited for a couple of minutes and then went to the kitchen. A cricket match was on and Harsha Bhogle's voice boomed from the TV giving me the perfect sound cover to have an intimate discussion with Mom. I lifted myself up and sat on the empty space of the kitchen counter beside the washbasin.

When she acknowledged my presence with a smile, I spoke, "I had the distinct impression that you wanted to sit out this trip and 'hang out' with me at home."

She couldn't help but smile at my teasing tone and my stress on the words 'hang out'.

"And I was under the impression that you'd want the same." She replied.

"I did, in the beginning... but then I had an idea." I said, with a hint of mischief.

"What idea?" she stopped washing the dishes and looked at me.

"Well Mom, it's more fun to... uh... 'hang out' with you in public... and I realized that Gokarna is only an hour and half drive from Murudeshwar."

"What's special in Gokarna?" she asked.

"Gorgeous beaches... some of them a bit isolated, so no crowds... and..." I paused, trying to find the right words.

"and what?" she pressed.

"and... I was wondering if you'd wear a bikini for me at the beach." I just blurted it out.

"A bikini! Are you mad?" she exclaimed. Her face wore a scandalized expression at my suggestion.

"It's not as crazy as you imagine Mom... a lot of women wear it at beaches in Goa and Gokarna." I offered.

"Foreigners maybe!" she shot back.

"No Mom... a lot of Indian women do too." I tried to placate her.

"Indian 'girls' you mean! I'm not some 20-year-old girl to be wearing those kinds of things."

I remained quiet for a few seconds. It didn't seem like Mom would be persuaded tonight.

"Okay... if you're not comfortable, leave it... but I was really excited for it, and trust me you'd have looked gorgeous in a bikini..." I said.

"But you have to agree to wear shorts and t shirt... please!" I implored.

She finished the dishes and straightened. She didn't reply, but something told me she was agreeable to shorts and t shirt. She wiped her hands on a wash cloth.

I saw her place her hand on her back like a support before turning around and leaning back against the kitchen counter.

"I just can't imagine sitting in the car for a nine-hour drive tomorrow... with this back pain." She sighed.

"What happened?" I enquired. She had a mildly annoyed look.

"You! That's what happened... you didn't think twice before grabbing me and lifting me up by my... uh... by my butt earlier."

She blushed right after she said it.

I felt a bit embarrassed that I treated her a bit roughly ignoring her age. I made a mental note that I'd have to be careful in the future not to cause stress on her back.

"I'm sorry Mom... I just got a little too excited!" I said sheepishly. We both laughed.

"I could give you a back massage, you know, to compensate." I suggested with a wink.

"You're just finding excuses to touch me." She teased.

"Be that as it may," I added, "How about it? a back massage?"

"No Aju!" she protested.

"How? Your dad's watching TV... and we can't upstairs either, he might come up suddenly."

She nodded her head side to side rejecting the idea.

"How about on the big sofa? Right behind him... I mean what's wrong about a son giving his mother a back massage? You only have to raise your kurti up at the back." I reasoned.

"But..." she started to protest again.

"But what? There's nothing wrong! Just go out and sit on the big sofa... I'll wait here. Call for me after five minutes and ask for a back rub. Okay?"

Saying this, I grabbed her arms and pushed her gently out of the kitchen.

I must've waited about 3 minutes when I heard Mom call out loud, "Aju, come here please."

"Yeah Mom." I responded and walked into the living room. Dad was immersed in the cricket match.

"My back is paining son... could you be a sweetheart and give me a back massage?" she asked.

"I keep telling you not to stress your back, you don't listen." I said. Mom was amused by my over acting.

"Now scoot forward a little and let me sit behind you." I said.

She moved forward and sideways offering me access to her back. I took my place beside her but kept my left leg behind her along the length of the sofa. I was now half behind Mom in dad's line of sight if he looked back.

And he did look back just as I sat down. He looked a bit annoyed too.

"Don't bother the boy," he told Mom, and then looked at me.

"Don't you have anything to study?" he asked me.

It looked like the events of the morning, Mom taking of her kurta in front of me and me not looking away, was still gnawing on his mind.

"I'm not bothering him!" Mom sternly replied to dad.

"Didn't you hear me say that I'm having back pain? Do you want to come here and give me a back massage?" she challenged him.

Dad's features softened at Mom's stern voice. Also, he had the cricket match to watch.

"I thought so... thank God my son isn't lazy like you!" she added salt to his wounds. He remained quiet and turned back to his TV Screen.

The coast was clear now. I picked up the hem of Mom's kurta at the back and raised it, loosening it on her back. I then inserted my hand inside the green kurta and started rubbing the skin on her lower back. Her shoulders were stiff, focused as her attention was on dad's chair.

I started gently, pressing my thumb down in the middle of her back and sliding it outward with light pressure. A few iterations of this and Mom's shoulders started to relax. So I continued the rubbing motion.

I could hear quiet sighs of contentment as I continued with the massage. After five minutes or so of massaging her back, Mom was so relaxed that she started to nod off.

I lowered my hands and pinched her butt cheeks to wake her up. Her eyes opened at the sudden shock.

"Don't fall asleep on me." I whispered.

"Mmm" she responded.

"No... you're gonna have to be kept on edge!" I whispered and started raising my hand up slowly inside her kurta. My hands encountered her bra straps at the middle of her back. Her back straightened and stiffened at my advance. Quietly I pulled the two straps together at the hook and unsnapped it. I peeped over Mom's shoulders at dad. He seemed still immersed in the goings on in the match.

"Take off your bra." I leaned forward and whispered in her ear. Shocked, she turned her head looking at me in an 'are you kidding' sort of look.

"Take it off." I repeated.

"No!" she nodded her head side to side emphatically.

I knew she was mortified that dad could look back any moment. I was acutely aware of that risk, but that's what made it exciting. The match on the TV was getting to its final overs and I felt that gave us a window of few minutes where dad was unlikely to take his focus off the TV.

I pulled my hands out from inside Mom's green kurta and held her arms above the elbow. I squeezed her arm to let her know that I wouldn't accept 'No'. Again she turned her face to the right and nodded 'No'.

I made up my mind that if she wasn't going to do it, I would. My cock hardened as I raised my hands up her arm and inserted it inside her sleeve. Her kurta was almost loose enough to accommodate my encroaching fingers. Mom's body flinched in surprise. At the same time, I saw goosebumps form on her forearms. My fingers reached up to the shoulder straps of her bra with much difficulty. Once my

forefingers reached the target, they pulled the straps down her arms. The grey straps peeked out of her sleeve. Now I used both hands at her right side, one hand pulling the elastic strap downwards and the other hand guiding her elbow back and out through the strap. I did the same with the left side. Now both straps hung loose through her sleeve.

Again, I squeezed her arm. Unencumbered by the shoulder straps all she had to do was to put her hand inside the kurti at the cleavage and pull out the bra. The window of opportunity was closing. The batting team needed 16 runs and the bowler was running in to bowl the last over.

However, Mom's arms remained frozen, resting on her thighs. She was breathing heavily from the taboo excitement... but her excitement had overwhelmed and paralyzed her arms. Seeing that it was now or never, I lifted my right arm over her shoulder and slid it down her neck. I pushed the neckline of the kurti up and off her chest and inserted my hand inside. My fingers went down the valley between her breasts and till it encountered the grey fabric. Then I pinched it between my fingers and pulled out. The cups of the bra peeked out of the cleavage area... but the straps or hooks had snagged somewhere and the bra refused to come out. I pulled with more strength. Still it didn't budge. My hand started shivering in panic.

The bowler on TV was running in to deliver the penultimate ball of the innings. The batting side needed 7 runs from two balls. The ball was a full toss and the batsman lofted it straight down the ground. Dad jumped in his seat in response.

That shook Mom from her excitement induced paralysis. She put her hand inside the kurti and unsnagged whatever that was keeping the bra inside. I immediately pulled and the fabric came sliding out of her kurti. Quickly I placed it on the sofa behind Mom. My cock was ramrod straight by now.

"Did you see that!" dad exclaimed and turned around. We were saved in the nick of time.

"What a shot... what a player!" dad continued excitedly, turning back to the TV screen.

Quickly, I grabbed the bra again and dropped it behind the sofa, in the tiny gap between it and the wall. Then I put my hand on Mom's back and resumed the massage. Her skin felt warmer than before. I guessed that the thrill that my wicked ideas were giving her was the reason for the temperature rise.

The batting team won the match in a nail-biting finish and dad watched the team's celebration with satisfaction. A few seconds later dad switched off the TV and stood up.

"I'm going to bed. Are you coming?" he asked Mom as he started walking to his bedroom. I had pulled my hand out of Mom's kurti and was massaging over the cloth now.

"In a minute... I'll put some things away in the kitchen and come up." Mom said and stood up. I was a bit disappointed. I was planning to fool around some more.

"You too, go to sleep. We have to wake up early and start for Murudeshwar." Dad told me. He then climbed the stairs and disappeared in his bedroom while Mom made a beeline to the kitchen.

I waited on the sofa till I heard the light switch go off upstairs in dad's room. Then I knelt down on the floor looking for Mom's bra under the sofa. I picked up the grey colored fabric and straightened up. Going to the kitchen, I had a feeling that Mom would not be up for any risky business tonight.

'It wouldn't hurt to try' I told myself as I approached Mom. Her back was turned towards me as she tidied up the kitchen. I sneaked up behind her and wound my free left hand around her waist. I brought my right hand, which held the bra, to the front.

"Don't forget this!" I said.

Though she took it from my hand, she didn't say anything. I stepped back to make space as she turned around to face me.

"That was dangerous... what you did back there." She said. Her expression was serious.

"But..." I tried to speak.

"No... No buts. That was dangerous... you can't pull stunts like that again!" she admonished me. My face fell.

"When dad's in the same room I mean." Mom added, seeing my disappointment. It was a reasonable precaution, and sulking wasn't going to do me any good.

"If he's not?" I asked, "in the same room..."

"We'll see about that." She said with a hint of smile.

"Well he's not here right now." I suggested. I caressed the conspicuous tent on my shorts with my right hand. Mom's eyes dropped to my crotch.

"I did put considerable effort in taking that off" I gestured to the bra in her hand and added, "it's only fair I get to see them."

"You're incorrigible!"

Though her tone suggested that my request was preposterous, her body language conveyed that she was not opposed to a little bit of fun, given a right amount of pleading on my part.

"Mom please!" I begged her, "I'm so hard."

"Not my problem." Mom teased, laughing quietly.

"But you caused it." I shot back.

"Just look at it," I added, pushing my shorts down and pulling my hard member out, "I won't be able to sleep like this."

My hard cock pulsed as it swung free. Pre-cum had already formed at its bulbous head and the tip was tingling.

"Please let me see your breasts." I pleaded.

She considered my enlarged cock sympathetically for a brief moment.

"Okay, but make it quick!" she said. She threw the grey bra on the kitchen counter and in a quick motion pulled the green kurta up and over her head. The kurta too was discarded on the kitchen counter as Mom stood topless before me.

"Beautiful" the word escaped my lips softly. My right hand flew to my cock and grabbed it. The tingling in my cock had an urgency to it. I tugged gently at the foreskin. I could feel the cum buildup reaching a

threshold. I jerked my cock gently. The sensations it generated in my body made my knees go weak. I wobbled on my feet as the sensations swept over me.

I extended my free left arm as I started losing my balance. Mom stepped forward in time and I supported myself by keeping my left hand on her right shoulder. I kept jerking all the while.

"Careful" Mom said. She kept her right hand over my palm which was on her shoulder. With her left arm, she grabbed my arm near the elbow attempting to stabilize my wobbling body.

"Oh God... I'm going to cum Mom." I spoke in a throaty whisper. I could feel my balls start to pump a big load of cum.

"Don't do it on my leggings... I can't go sleep beside dad wearing smelly clothes." Mom said, frantically trying to shift her legs out of the prospective trajectory of my cum shots.

But the throbbing in my body was too strong and I had to lean more of my body weight on Mom to stay upright. The added weight caused Mom to bend at her knees. It all happened in a matter of seconds and I found myself shooting hot semen from my cock while Mom was forced down on her knees by my weight.

The first rope of cum hit just above Mom's right areola. The sight of my milky cum falling and spreading over Mom's tits was so overpowering that my knees went weaker. I bent a bit at my knees and aimed the next rope of cum at her cleavage. Mom grabbed me by my thighs to stop my legs from swaying.

The second rope hit Mom a bit to the left of her cleavage. I leaned forward, still in the sway of the sensations, and the tip of my cock poked Mom's cleavage as the third rope of cum shot out. Mom straightened her torso in response and my cock slid along her cum coated cleavage. The fourth and last rope of cum shot out and fell just below her neck. It started to drip down from there.

"Hold your breasts together Mom" I commanded, as I started to regain my balance. I grabbed her hands and placed them at the side of her tits.

"Push them together" I told her. She complied, resulting in my cock being ensconced between the mountains of Mom's tits. I thrust my hips gently, sliding my cock up and down in the valley of her cleavage, smearing cum all over her chest. Her tits glistened in the wetness of my semen.

"Oh Mom... rub your tits on my cock" I moaned, continuing to enjoy the unplanned titjob. From my point of view, when I thrust upwards and the head of my cock peeped out of her boobs, it looked like a train coming out of a tunnel. Though a train might have left a trail of smoke, my cock left a trail of whatever was left of the cum from my cock.

A few seconds later, my cock started to soften and I pulled it out of her cleavage. My calf muscles were starting to cramp up, but before standing upright I grabbed my cock and pointed it at Mom's left areola. I ran the loose foreskin of my uncircumcised cock around her pink nipple. I then did the same with the other nipple too.

Spent, I then stood upright. Mom remained kneeled catching her breath. When she looked up at me, her eyes reflected a mixture of wonder and disbelief at the amount of cum I had shot on her chest. She extended her right arm and pointed to the fridge. I looked over and saw a box of tissues on top.

I got it for her and kneeled down in front of her. She picked a few wipes of tissue and started cleaning herself up. I picked a few myself and helped her. I placed the tissue on her tits and rubbed around, letting it absorb the dampness. Around twenty wipes later, the mess on her tits was cleaned up. Exhausted, I sat my bare ass down on the floor.

"That was amazing!" I said.

Mom made as if to get up, but then kneeled back down. She took a couple more wipes and scooted closer. She then grabbed my soft cock and started cleaning it up with the tissues. Though gently, she took her time to thoroughly clean my cock. I kept staring at her face as she did it. The mixture of spent lust and motherly love in her eyes elated me. Being the beneficiary of both maternal protective love and sexual pleasure from the same woman felt phenomenal and overwhelming.

I held Mom by her shoulders. She looked up from cleaning my penis. I don't know if I pulled her to me or she came on her own but when her lips touched mine, every sound and sense faded and we drifted into a warm place of our own. I took Mom into my arms and made her lay on her back on the floor. Leaning over her, I pressed my mouth on hers. Her lips melted like honey on mine as we kissed.

"I love you Mom" I said, breaking the kiss. I had to let her know how much I did. Her pupils dilated and swelled in big black pools in her iris, making it known to me that her love for me was boundless and immortal.

When I kissed her again, my tongue found its way into her mouth. I tasted the sweet nectar of Mom's saliva as we kissed with passion. I wanted to kiss her the entire night and I would've if not for the early start for our trip tomorrow. Mom stood up and put on her bra and kurta. She held my hands as we walked up the stairs. Outside her bedroom, she gave me one last peck on my lips.

"Good night darling." She whispered before tiptoeing inside.

I could hardly sleep in the night. It was frustrating... wanting more and not having the opportunity. All night, I tossed and turned dreaming of Mom. When the morning alarm rang, I had a bitch of a headache. Shortly after, dad came in and hurried me along to get ready. We got dressed quickly and loaded our luggage into the car. Mom sat in the front passenger seat while dad drove. By the time dad pulled onto the highway, I had already dozed off in the back seat.

Dad drove for four hours straight till we reached the Kerala Karnataka border. There, he pulled into a decent looking highway restaurant and woke me up. The four hours of sleep in the car had cleared my headache. The sun had started to climb in the sky and I was hungry. I ordered a Masala dosa and wolfed it down quickly. Mom was amused at how quickly I wiped my plate clean. While dad finished his breakfast and went to the washroom, Mom fed me a few morsels of vada from her plate.

"Eat some more, you seem hungry" she said as she placed a piece of vada dipped in sambhar into my mouth. It was remarkable how the mood lightened whenever dad left us alone for a few moments. But dad's constant presence offered us very little opportunity to be close.

When Mom and I finished breakfast and came out, dad was in the parking of the restaurant taking pictures of the surrounding scenery in his phone. When he saw us coming, he handed me his phone.

"Take a couple of pictures of me and Mom." He told me. He then grabbed Mom's arm and led her to the front of our car. He leaned on the bonnet and held Mom close. I was annoyed, but didn't let on. I clicked a couple of pictures of them. Dad was holding Mom close to him and it made me frustrated.

'It's his wife,' I tried telling myself to calm down, but I couldn't help it. The possessiveness which had risen up was not taking the name of going down.

While dad was all smiles for the pictures, I could tell that Mom understood my jealousy. Her smile looked forced.

"Okay, done" I handed the phone back to dad in a hurry to get him away from Mom. Dad and I were about to get back into the car when Mom spoke.

"Ram... take a few pictures of Aju and me" she said.

"Come here darling." she called for me. I went and stood next to her in front of the car.

While dad was taking his position to take our picture, Mom surprised me by throwing her arms around me and striking a cozy pose for the camera. To dad, it must've looked like a motherly hug... but I understood that she was assuaging my jealous male heart. Behind us, unseen my dad, I placed my right palm squarely on Mom's butt. I felt her body quiver at the brazen contact. Though dad couldn't see it, there was a risk of a couple of other tourists beside us seeing us. But I wanted to let Mom know that I considered her as mine and mine only. I squeezed her butt cheek a little as the camera clicked our picture. Mom was wearing a sandal colored saree and blouse. I was sure that the picture would come out cute.

Soon we resumed our road trip. Dad played some music on the stereo. I remained quiet in the back seat, looking out at the passing scenery. Hours passed as we passed town after town. The drive was proving to be boring just as I expected.

It must've been around 12 pm, when my phone buzzed in my pocket. I fished it out and read the notification. Mom had sent me a message.

"I'm so bored. I wish we could talk. Tell me what you're thinking."

I looked up at her. Though she was looking straight ahead, a smile appeared on her lips as she felt my eyes on her. As I was seated behind dad, I could look at her without getting caught by dad by avoiding the rear view mirror.

"I wish we could talk too... but I couldn't say what I am thinking in front of dad." I texted back, with a wink emoji.

Mom giggled as she received the message and read it.

"What is it?" dad asked suddenly.

"Oh nothing." Mom dismissed it.

Another message popped up in my phone.

"Why? Are you having naughty thoughts about me?"

"Yes... all the time." I texted.

"What is it that you're thinking of now?" she enquired.

"Sure you want to know?" I challenged her. She turned her head sideways and looked at me. She looked deep into my eyes and nodded, an almost imperceptible nod for dad to notice.

I typed, "I am thinking of your lips wrapped around my cock... just the way it was last evening at Beena aunty's house."

I could see an inaudible gasp on her mouth as she read it.

"Your lips felt so soft on my cock... I want to feel it again." I added.

Mom read it and quickly kept her phone aside. I could see a sudden quickness in the gentle rise and fall of her chest. She looked tense for the next few minutes. She did well to mask it.

Suddenly she spoke to dad, "Ram, can you pull over... I'm drowsy, do you mind if I lay down in the back for a while?"

Dad slowed down and pulled over.

"Al right then, Ajju you come in front." Dad said.

Before I could answer, Mom spoke again, "I was thinking of laying my head on his lap for comfort."

"Okay," dad said.

"But you better keep an eye on me... that I don't fall asleep at the wheel." He added, specifically for me. I nodded in agreement.

Mom then got out at the front and came around to the back. She laid her head in my lap and settled down. Dad resumed the drive.

My body was shivering slightly at the excitement caused by the sudden turn of events. The way Mom was positioned, her tits were so near my hands reach but alas I couldn't touch them for dad might see it in the rearview mirror. So I kept my left hand on her shoulder and my right hand on her head.

My cock was already hard in anticipation. I was sure that she could feel it poking into the side of her neck. I waited for her to initiate what I hoped she had planned to do for me. But minutes ticked by without any movement.

Except for the music from the system, there was absolute stillness inside the car. Then as if it was an omnipotent being, the stereo started playing a new song.

"Zara Zara Behekta Hai Mehekta Hain, Aaj To Mera Tan Badan, Main Pyaasi Hoon, Mujhe Bhar Le Apni Baahon Mein..." Bombay Jayashree's sweet voice sang. The lyrics of the song reflected the longing for each other's body that coursed through us at the moment.

I felt gentle movements. Mom moved her head back and placed it on my abdomen. Her movements were slow and inconspicuous. The fingers of her left hand came to the zip of my pants and ever so slowly pulled them down. My cock lurched.

She then slowly inserted her fingers in and with the patience and precision of a surgeon managed to get my cock free. It poked out like a flagpole out of the open zip. My heart started pounding.

Her mouth was so close to my cock that I could feel her breath on it. I held my breath and waited. My cock was radiating heat from the unbridled lust. Then, like a rain in a desert, the touch of her soft lips started cooling the heat.

At first, her lips placed a peck at the base of my cock. Then slowly, her mouth enveloped the base sideways. Mom ran her lips slowly over the base like she was playing a harmonica. Her tongue then joined in, wetting the taut skin of my hardness.

Mom then used her fingers to tilt the flagpole towards her open mouth. A second later her mouth enveloped the head of my cock like a popsicle. She moved her head forward taking almost half the length inside her mouth. Then she stopped moving.

I couldn't blame her. I had only asked to feel her mouth on my cock again. She could hardly give me a blowjob in the kind of situation that we were in. Fast and gyrating motion, even if of only her head on my cock, might cause clothes to ruffle and make sound. There was no way she could suck my cock without risking attracting dad's attention.

I desperately wanted to thrust my cock in and out of her mouth, but that too was not an option. Mom did the only thing that could be done safely. Keeping her mouth still, she moved her tongue inside it, running it along and around my shaft.

The car sped along towards Murudeshwar. Whenever a bad stretch of road came along, it accorded me some action of mom's mouth on my cock. Other than that, she kept it low key... relishing the taste of my cock like it was a toffee to be melted down with saliva. Unfortunately, it made me hover at the edge of an orgasm... never pushing me over.

Suddenly, our car encountered a massive pothole and the resultant jerk caused Mom's tongue to press hard at the tip of my cock, right on the tiny hole. That did the trick and it erupted.

I don't know how Mom kept herself from gagging for I came profusely in her mouth. Thick cum, rope after rope, was swallowed by Mom in silence. Once my cock stopped pulsing, she ran her tongue around collecting whatever was left of the cum.

Then, slowly she propped herself up using her elbows for support and sat up straight. I stuffed my softening cock inside my pants and zipped up.

She was smiling at me when I looked up, but to my horror there was a small trail of cum at the right corner of her mouth. I panicked and looked at the rear view mirror. Dad had noticed mom sitting up.

"Had a nice nap? We're almost there... just a few more minutes." Dad spoke.

Before Mom could answer I spoke, "Mom... you drooled in my lap!"

"Haha" dad laughed as Mom's face registered the danger. She quickly wiped off the trail of cum from the corner of her mouth. Thankfully, dad was none the wiser.

The next few minutes passed by in silence. I really wanted to hold Mom's hand but she was lost in thoughts. Shortly after, dad pulled into the parking area of our hotel at Murudeshwar.

"I have a buzzing headache," dad said, "let's have lunch and then check in. I need some shut eye."

45 minutes later, with our stomach's full from a sumptuous lunch, we proceeded to check in. Mom and Dad in one room and me in a separate room, directly opposite their door.

Once, inside my room, I undressed and plopped down on the cushiony bed. I too needed rest, but not as much as dad.

While Dad was sure to be passed out till late evening, Mom, like me, was not much tired. I closed my eyes and rested with the conviction that Mom would come to my room once she was well rested... and that we'd have some alone time before dad woke up.

I kept drifting in and out of dreams as I lay comfortably warm under the soft blanket. Though the hotel dad booked at Murudeshwar wasn't great, it had a comfortable bed and a working AC. I had a buzzing in my head from the long hours in the car. I would've fallen into a deep sleep, if not for the pain in my penis.

Don't misunderstand me. I used the word pain for lack of a better word. It didn't hurt. It was the sweet pain after having received a tight blowjob from Mom earlier in the car. Imagine an ant sting at the tip of your penis... not the monster red ant... the tiny black ant. It was like that.

Almost an hour had passed since we checked into our hotel rooms. Dad must be asleep by now. I expected Mom to come to my room once Dad fell asleep. But she hadn't come. Was she tired too?

I picked up my phone from the bedside table and texted her.

"Are you awake?"

After a minute, my phone pinged with her reply, "Yes"

"Dad?"

"Snoring" she texted.

"I can't sleep... can you come here?" I asked.

"I'll shower and get changed first. 10 minutes."

"You can shower here" I suggested.

"What will I tell your dad if he wakes up and comes looking for me?" she asked.

I thought for a minute and texted, "Tell him you couldn't figure out the geyser or something."

There was no reply from her. I thought she had considered my suggestion ridiculous.

But there was a soft knock on my door soon. Naked, I walked to the door. I opened it a little and peeked to make sure it was Mom. It was her. She pushed the door open and came in. I closed the door behind her.

She went straight to the bed and dumped the change of clothes she's brought. She was wearing a light blue maxi.

I went to the bed and got back under the blanket. Before I pulled the blanket over, Mom acknowledged my nakedness with a glance down my body. I would have loved not to cover myself up and let her stare at my body, but I'd put the AC temperature rather low and the room was cold.

"It's freezing in here" Mom said.

"The blanket's warm" I shot back, with a grin. She couldn't help but laugh at my terrible flirting.

"I'm going to take a shower" she said. But she made no move to go into the bathroom. The fresh set of clothes remained where she put it on the bed. The light blue maxi remained on her body. She seemed reluctant to leave my presence.

"Wait," I said, "stay with me for a while."

It wasn't obvious on her face, but I could tell that I had said exactly what she wanted to hear. She stood hesitant a couple of feet away from the bed.

I beckoned her, stretching my left hand out.

"Come here Mom" I called, my voice tender with yearning.

She took the hand. I opened the covers and scooted aside a little to make space for her. She slipped under the covers close to me and I pulled the covers back on us.

Both of us lay facing each other, the space separating us hardly a foot. Our heads propped up on our elbows, we stayed like that staring into each other's eyes.

"Is this why you wanted me to stay? To stare at me?" she asked after a while.

"No" I replied. But I offered no explanation. My heart was beating as if I had just run a mile. There was something I wanted to say but I didn't know how Mom would react.

"Then why?" she persisted.

"Because..." I stopped. I felt a little breathless.

"Mmm?"

I took a deep breath.

"Because... I wanted to hold my woman in my arms." I confessed.

Her irises fluttered like she had just felt light headed. Her bosom heaved. It was her turn to feel breathless. My words had had a profound impact.

"Your woman?" she asked softly, confirming with me if she had heard me right... that I had indeed called her my woman.

"Yes," I said, "That's how I feel... it has been growing inside me for a while, but now... with you laying with me like this, I'm sure of my feelings Mom."

I paused for a breath. Mom's pupils had expanded like an endlessly deep black pool.

"You are my woman. I love you more than anything I've ever loved... and now I can't separate my love into two... I can't compartmentalize anymore... I love you as my woman and I love you as my mom, but it's no longer two distinct feelings. It's fused together into one... and in doing, it has become more powerful than my heart can hold."

A small pearl of a teardrop was forming at the corner of mom's eye.

"And I need you to accept it Mom," I continued, "I need you to accept my love for what it is now. I need you to open your heart to it."

"Oh my baby!" mom sobbed softly, "I will!"

With that, she accepted my love... sealed with a kiss of the souls. She reached forward and her lips took mine. It was less of a physical act and more of the soul. At that moment, it was impossible to tell where I ended and where she began. I can't possibly explain the enormity of the moment with common words.

It felt like a star had exploded, leaving blinding light for miles around. It felt like my entire existence's worth of happiness was filled into me in that moment. It felt like heaven.

Nothing can top the moment when a woman gives herself to you... body mind and soul.

I am not sure how long our lips remained locked. What brought me back to reality from the surreal moments was the dampness my nose felt on Mom's cheek.

Once we broke the kiss, I brought my fingers to her cheek and wiped the little droplets. She was still sobbing softly.

"Mom?" I called, lifting her chin up by my fingers.

"Stop," she said, "don't say more... my heart's too full now!"

It brought me so much joy to hear her say that. I waited her to regain her composure.

I placed my right hand over her hips and caressed her. I witnessed her sobs slowly die down as I stroked her hips. Ever so slowly her body started to respond.

Then I started to hike her maxi up a little on each stroke. Inch by inch, it rose up on her legs. My eyes were riveted at the junction where the blanket enveloped her body... just below her hips.

I was eager to see her skin... but the slower I went, the more my desire welled up. My cock was already semi-hard from the kissing. Finally, on an upward stroke of my hands, the light blue cloth of the maxi came above the blanket exposing a narrow strip of Mom's skin on her thighs. I planted my palm firmly on the exposed skin and pulled my hips closer to hers. I could feel the warmth radiating off her.

I then inserted my hand inside the maxi and pushed it upwards. I left the maxi bunched above her hips and moved my hand around to her ass, fondling a handful of soft flesh in my palm. She hadn't worn a panty. My cock so hard, it was literally begging to be enveloped by something warm and soft. I pushed my hips against hers and placed my right leg between hers. The top of my thighs pushed up as high as it could go... till my skin came into contact with a damp warmth, Mom's vagina. The contact caused a shiver to go up my spine.

"Ahh!" I heard Mom moan. I pushed my thigh harder against her sex. She in turn grinded herself down on my thigh. Her hips started to move as she slid her wet pussy up and down my thigh. Imagine a wet sponge being rubbed on your skin. That's how it felt.

Her pussy was leaving its wetness on my skin. I fondled her ass forcing her to grind harder. I tried to push the maxi further but it would go past her belly button. The bottom part was snagged under her ass.

Acting on an incredible urge to claim her boobs, I pushed her down on the bed, moved down and inserted my head inside the maxi. Snagged as it was under her ass, the maxi was just about loose enough to accommodate my head. In the semi darkness, my head slid up her belly inside the maxi. My eyes quickly adjusted to the reduced light and I saw the two mountainous curves and the valley between them. Mom hadn't worn a bra either. It was like crawling through a dark cave.

Mom's body suddenly went still. As I listened, I heard a soft laugh.

"What?" I asked from inside the maxi. I couldn't see her face from under there. I imagined the upward curve of her smile.

"Just remembered something..." she said.

"Mmm?" I queried.

"When you were small, you used to put your head on my tummy and pull the pallu of my saree over your head when you were shy or embarrassed around strangers." She explained.

I laughed along with her. I didn't remember doing that, but her memory of it sounded lovely.

"But what are you doing in there now?" she then asked.

"Though I'd do a little hike up these mountains" I said, grabbing a boob for effect.

"Hey!" she said in an admonishing tone and smacked me lightly on my head.

Being inside the maxi, that smack caught me by surprise.

"Oww!" I whined, "Just joking, why did you hit me?"

"You deserve that for calling them 'mountains'" she said.

"Okay sorry... but don't attack a blind man, I couldn't even see your hands coming for my head."

"Then again, do not disturb me when I'm in the boob room!" I added, fondling her soft tits.

"In the what?" she asked.

"The boob room... My boob room!" I repeated.

"You're so weird" Mom said. A moment later, the neckline of the maxi rose and I saw Mom's face through the gap of her cleavage. She tried to insert her head inside the maxi to get a better look at me, but I stopped her.

"Hey," I said, "no females allowed in the boob room!"

I pulled the maxi down isolating myself in the 'boob room' and went back to enjoying her breasts. I laughed inwardly at what I had said. It was something funny I had read in reddit once... 'boob room'. Guys come up with crazy terms when it's related to sex.

There was not enough space inside the maxi for me to suck on her nipples. So I fondled them and rubbed my face on the underside of the boobs. She let me play with her tits for a while.

After maybe 5 minutes she pushed me off.

"I need to shower and get ready" she said and slid off the bed.

Quickly she got on her feet. Then, facing away from me, she hooked her fingers under the hem of the maxi and pulled up. It rose up her body and came off over her head.

Mom was now gloriously nude in front of me. Her ass was right in front of my face and it was gobsmackingly amazing.

How can women have such big asses and mountainous tits and still weigh less than men? I don't understand.

But one thing was clear. Mom needed a voluptuous behind to balance out her bulging tits.

Without turning her body, she turned her head to the right... looking at me from the corner of her eyes... confirming her suspicion that my eyes were glued on her butt.

"You are becoming so bad!" she complained with a smile and threw the crumpled cloth on my face. By the time I removed it from my face, she had started moving towards the bathroom.

"Wait!" I said.

She stopped and looked back.

"Uhh... I want to... uh." I tried.

"Mmm?" she encouraged.

"It's my turn to pleasure you now" I said, nodding at her vagina with my eyes.

It took a second for her to comprehend that I was asking for a chance to repay the blowjob she had given me. Her eyes registered mild shock at my blunt request.

"Huh?" she mouthed, unable to find any other word. I waited for her to move towards me.

"But.." she started and I had a feeling she was nervous and hence looking for excuses not to comply.

"No buts... bring that pussy here Mom!" I commanded.

The commanding tone worked and her feet started moving towards me. In a couple of seconds. She was right beside the bed.

I looked up and met her eyes. Without breaking the eye contact I extended my right hand and touched her pussy gently with my thumb. The moment she saw my hand approach her, her eyes flew closed.

I looked down and inspected her sex carefully. I ran my thumb over Mom's labia. It was incredibly wet from the grinding earlier. In fact, a thick sticky liquid had leaked from her pussy and gotten smeared all around the opening. Some had trailed down to the top of her thighs.

My face was so close to her that my nose picked up a particular smell. I guess it could be described as a salty honey sort of odor. I had always wondered what a pussy smelled like. Now I got my answer.

I took a big whiff of the smell. When I exhaled, the air passed over Mom's labia and I saw her body quiver. I ran my thumb down spreading her labia and poking the opening of her vagina. I ran my hand back up the trajectory ending with my thumb on top of her bud. Her clit looked like the bud of a flower. I touched around the bud. Mom's quivers were staring to get out of control. It looked like she needed urgent release.

Quickly, I flipped to lay on my back, dangling my head a bit over the edge of the mattress. Then I stretched both my hand around Mom's hips and palmed her ass. Grabbing the plump flesh of her ass cheeks, I pulled her crotch down on my awaiting mouth.

Her knees bent from the force of my pull and her crotch lowered placing her bud right on my mouth. She bit down on her tongue to stop from screaming.

I puckered my mouth and sucked on her clit as a child would suck on candy. I could feel the trembling in her body from my palms which were fondling her ass. I created good sucking pressure in my mouth and pulled her clit down with my lips, stretching the skin. Again and again, I wound my lips around that tiny cute protrusion and sucked it into my mouth only to release a couple of seconds later.

"Ajj! Baby!" she started to moan loudly.

The way I was sucking, it was bound to happen. And her moans were only going to get louder. So I caressed upwards from her ass and ran my palms as high up on her back as possible. Then I pulled... making her bend at the waist. Her torso bent down upon mine.

Her mouth needed to be stuffed to stifle those moans and I had just the thing to stuff it with.

When her body was bent enough, I grabbed my hard cock and pointed it upwards searching for that damp opening that had been so familiar earlier in the car.

In a moment, Mom's mouth wrapped around my member and went down all the way till the tip of my cock felt the back of her throat. Then her mouth rose and quickly fell into a comfortable rhythm of sucking.

All the while, I never eased the pressure of my mouth on her clit. Now, I moved a bit more over the edge of the bed to get access to the opening of her vagina. When I found it, I inserted the tip of my tongue inside her. I reclaimed my hold on her ass and pulled down hard so that the tip of my tongue went as far inside her as possible.

"Mmmphh!" mom's stifled moans escaped along with sucking sounds of her saliva. Though it felt great to feel mom's mouth on my cock, she had already sucked my balls dry earlier in the car. So I knew I wasn't going to cum. So I focused on her pleasure.

The way my head was positioned between her legs, her puckered asshole was right above my nose. It looked really inviting.

'Another day' I thought to myself.

I then made my tongue stiff and rotated it around the opening her vagina. Going round and round, my tongue pleasure Mom's pussy. My palms felt the muscles on her ass flex.

I felt the onset of an immense orgasm. I promptly redoubled my efforts to get her off. My tongue lavished attention on her pussy. Her body trembled harder and harder with each lick of my tongue.

Then suddenly, her entire body convulsed in an earth shattering orgasm. Waves of intense trembles passed over her as the liquid that smelled of salty honey dripped on my face. It was like the spray from a deodorant. I stayed in position, giving her my tongue for as long as she wanted to prolong the orgasm.

And prolong, it did. It was a good 45 seconds when she fell to my side, completely spent by that thundering orgasm. Once she moved her crotch off my face, I saw light again and felt the breeze from the AC on my damp face. She had cum profusely all over my face.

I took in a lungful of air to make up for the limited air supply I'd endured for a while pleasuring Mom.

As I lay catching my breath, I realized that as great as it felt physically to get head from Mom, it felt even greater in my heart to give tongue.

I adjusted myself on the bed to place my head on a pillow. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the cool air... and just like that the sleep which had evaded me earlier hit me like a mothefucker.

When I awoke, my head was groggy from the deep sleep. I sat up on the bed to find Mom was gone. I looked at the window. It was totally dark outside. I sat there a while to regain my bearing.

When I picked up my phone from the bedside table, it showed time as 7.30 PM. I saw a message notification. I opened whatsapp.

Mom had texted.

"Dad wanted to go sightseeing. You looked so peacefully asleep that I persuaded him not to wake you. Have dinner from the restaurant if you're hungry."

After that there were a series of deleted texts, followed by two final texts which were rather long. I read it.

"My Baby. I love you... so much that it's suffocating at times that I have to keep away from you in front of your father. It is so hard to pretend to be just your mother when all I want to do is run into your arms and kiss you. These last few days, I have been in agony. The more of me I gave to you, the more I felt guilty about dad. I felt like I was being torn into two. But... today you called me your woman. It wasn't something I expected to hear, but the moment you said it... everything was clear again. Yes, I am your woman! And you my man! You opened to heart to me today and it has made me whole."

"For the eyes of society, I must continue playing the part of your dad's wife. You have to understand that. I know it is going to be difficult for you to see that, but we have no choice at least for now. But know this... my heart is completely and irrevocable yours now. So is my body. I promise you. I won't let dad have me, no matter how angry or frustrated that makes him. Let him believe that I'm not interested in sex anymore. I don't care. I don't care if he goes to another woman to fulfil his needs.

I'm yours now!"

I couldn't believe what I was reading. Though I had bared my heart to her, I did not expect it to be reciprocated so soon. I was willing to keep offering myself unconditionally to her and keep poking at the walls of her heart for as long as it took for her to come around.

But now, she was mine! She had promised that she would be mine and only mine. I couldn't have asked for anything more at this point.

I dressed up and went down to the restaurant. I ate alone but never felt lonely for I read and reread Mom's texts a hundred times and it made my heart swoon every time.

I came back up to my room. I willed myself to go back to sleep, for I was afraid that if I was awake when Mom and dad returned, I might go to her recklessly ignoring the risks.

Before closing my eyes, I wrote Mom a reply.

"Mom... you have made me the happiest man on this planet today. There is so much I want to tell you... but not like this. Not through a text. Tomorrow, we have the entire day to ourselves. So I'm going to sleep coz I want tomorrow to start as soon as possible.

I love you Mom"

I slept poorly in the night. Erotic dreams featuring entangled limbs and naked bodies kept invading my mind and often got so intense that it woke me up.

Finally, at about 5.45 AM I gave up going back to sleep and got out of bed. Dad's conference was to start at 9.30 AM. I had a lot of time to kill. I decided to take a shower and get ready.

By 7, I was ready, having finished the morning ablutions. Mom and Dad were probable awake too in the other room. I thought about my next step. I could wait in my room till dad left for the conference. Then Mom and I would have absolute privacy and the option of two hotel rooms to do whatever we wanted. The temptation was too much to follow this course of action.

But on the other hand, I knew that if I gave in to this temptation, Mom and I would end up spending all day indoors. It wasn't a terrible idea at all, spending the day in bed with Mom but it wouldn't be extraordinary. I wanted our first time to be memorable, and Gokarna and its beaches held the prospect of that.

I made up my mind and packed a small back pack with the essentials. I then went down to the lobby. I texted Mom to inform her.

"I'll wait at the restaurant. Come down after dad leaves... and dress light."

I then walked around the neighborhood asking around for bike rental shops. It took some time, but I found one and rented a Yamaha FZ for a day. It was around 9 AM, when I parked the bike at the hotel. I went into restaurant and waited.

5 minutes later, Mom and Dad walked into the restaurant. As they walked towards where I was sitting, I looked at Mom. She was wearing a yellow kurti and blue jean. The jean was a surprise. I didn't know she owned one. But it looked amazing. The yellow kurti had slits at the sides that went almost up to her hips. Though the kurti was bright colored, the material was thin and if one looked hard enough, the slight outline of her bra was somewhat visible.

"Did you wake up early?" Dad asked as he reached beside the table I was sitting at. Mom slid past him and sat down on a chair opposite me.

"Yes" I said.

"Okay... well then, I've got to get going." Dad said.

He then pulled out a few thousand rupee notes from his purse and gave it to mom before leaving us there.

A slightly awkward silence began as he left us alone. The last time I saw Mom, she had placed her bare pussy on my face hanging over the edge of the bed and let me suck her off. She had cum all over my face, leaving it smelling of her salty honey juices. And her mouth had been going up and down on my hard dick as we pleased each other in the sixty-nine.

Now we were seated opposite each other in the restaurant, unsure of how to begin a conversation. Thankfully, she initiated.

"Hope I'm dressed light enough" she said, and smiled. A shy smile that evolved into a radiant one as I smiled back.

"This will do," I replied, "for now."

Before she could ask what I meant, I called for the waiter to take our order.

As the waiter left after taking our breakfast order, I explained my plan to her. Though she was apprehensive, she didn't let it show much. She relegated them to the back of her mind for the benefit of my happiness.

Soon, we were off on the road headed for Belekan beach in Gokarna. I rode the Yamaha FZ at a fast yet controlled pace. As I pulled out of our hotel, Mom sat behind me leaving a gap between our bodies... but as we put some miles between us and Murudeshwar, the gap narrowed and before long Mom's breasts were pressed against my back and her arms were around me as we zipped past the slower vehicles on the highway. The roads were not that great and there were many occasions where gutters caused me to brake and Mom to press up harder against me. I disregarded the discomfort of the rising temperature as the pleasure of my woman's body against me was greater.

We made only two stops... first one to have some tea and the second one coz Mom had to pee. The second stop was at a highway hotel close to Gokarna. I was just walking around while Mom used the bathroom when I spotted a boutique beside the hotel. The owner was just opening the shop for the day and as the shutters opened to reveal the showpieces inside, what caught my attention immediately was the display of bikinis on the mannequins.

One caught my eye in particular. A white mannequin had on a pretty revealing golden bikini. Before I could second guess myself, I dashed to the shop.

"How much for that one?" I asked the surprised shop owner, pointing at the golden bikini display.

"Uhh... Rs. 3000."she said.

It was expensive. I'd be almost depleting the pocket money I had in my wallet.

'Fuck it... I need to see it on Mom' I thought and handed over the money to the shop keeper.

"Put it in here" I said, offering my open bag as she pulled the outfit off the mannequin.

I only just made it back to the bike in time. I don't know what Mom would've said if I suggested buying the bikini to her. She'd be opposed to it for sure. But now the bikini was already bought, and I had a whole day to convince her to wear it.

It took us around 1.5 hours total to reach the destination. Sandy grove beach resort did not have many positive reviews on google. The infrastructure was terrible. The resort had a few thatched cottages, few okayish bathrooms and a small restaurant. When I saw its pictures on the hotel booking website, I instantly realized the location would be the perfect place for privacy. Lack of good reviews meant that there wouldn't be many people here.

While Mom waited near the bike, I went to the reception. A man was sleeping on a bench beside the reception. He woke up groggily as I cleared my throat loudly.

Without waiting for me to speak, mechanically he pushed a register towards me and recited the charges. He didn't even check what I wrote in the register... just took the money, gave me a key and went back to

his bench. The key was numbered '7'. I didn't have much trouble locating cottage number seven. I fetched Mom and opened the door to the tiny cottage.

It was as minimalist as it could get. Just a small square room, with a bed to one side. A fan sat atop an old wooden table nearby and there was one chair.

I turned to look at Mom. She was clearly not impressed with the situation.

"It's just to keep our stuff while we go to the beach." I offered sheepishly. She didn't reply.

"Okay... I'm going to get changed then." I said to change the topic. I removed my t shirt and pants and stood in just my boxers.

It was the moment of truth now. I spoke to Mom.

"Mom... I know you said you wouldn't be comfortable wearing a bikini. I don't know if your decision has changed or not. I'm hoping it has... and so I bought something for you. It's in the bag," I pointed at my small backpack.

"I would absolutely love it if you'd wear it for me," I continued, "but I'll understand if you don't want to"

I looked at Mom. Her expression was ambiguous. I felt that I should probably not push the bikini idea further. I didn't want her to be upset or uncomfortable during our little escapade.

"I'll wait outside." I said and moved out. I looked at the beautiful scenery ahead of me as I waited.

As inadequate as the resort was, the beach located a couple of kilometers away from it was amazing. A path to the beach began at the resort. The narrow path ran along a beautiful green lagoon. A mangrove forest ran along the other side. Huge trees offered generous shadow on the path.

I turned as I heard movement behind me. Mom still had on her yellow kurti and I could feel my heart drop. But then I looked down and did not see the blue jean. An involuntary sigh left my mouth as I realized with joy that she had taken off the jean. It told me that at least she was open to playing in the water with me.

The slits of the kurti showed off Mom's shapely legs at the sides. It took some effort to tear my eyes off her exposed thighs. I felt a stirring in my boxer shorts.

Mom shifted nervously on her feet looking around her.

"Uhh... okay. Let's go." I said, not wanting to give mom time to change her mind. I took only my phone with me as I locked the cottage door.

I held Mom's hands as we started walking. We could hear the noise of waves crashing against rocks nearby. A gentle breeze caressed Mom's hair. It was so relaxing being in the nature.

For a few minutes, Mom was a bit shifty, glancing here and there to make sure we were alone. But as we walked further she visibly relaxed... mostly because we really seemed to be the only people there. Slowly she started to enjoy herself. Her hand that I'd held started to swing freely. She leaned her head back to let the wind blow her hair freely.

But it was not just her hair that the wind blew. The hem of the yellow kurta too was getting blown around and it offered me enticing views of her milky thighs.

I had already seen Mom naked quite a few times but there was something much more exciting about getting to see her body in the broad daylight amidst such a beautiful scenery. I guess it has something to do with the confidence a woman exudes in being undressed in the outdoor with you... and I could literally feel Mom's confidence rise. Her body language revealed that she was now at ease and enjoying herself.

A couple of minutes later, I saw that the path ahead was turning right onto a narrow bridge over the lagoon. AT the other end of the bridge, the mangrove forest parted to offer a pathway to the white sandy beach. It was picture perfect. Mom had seen it too and it had the same awe-inspiring effect on her. The location looked right out of a Bollywood movie song sequence. I wanted to preserve it.

"Amazing," I said, "Mom... I've got to take a picture of you on the bridge."

I was really excited that I hurried off.

"Come Mom!" I said dashing to the bridge.

I was on the bridge in a few seconds. Standing in the middle of the bridge and looking at the view of the beach through the gap offered by the mangrove,

I extended my hands trying to embrace the breeze that was caressing me.

"This is awesome!" I exclaimed and turned to see the best surprise of my life.

Mom was standing at the start of the bridge, the yellow kurti removed and dangling from her left hand, striking a pose wearing just the golden bikini. With her right leg placed a little in front of the left leg, her hips cocked slightly and her right palm resting on her hip, it was a pose that could give a statue a boner. It sure gave me one.

The bikini top barely covered Mom's breasts. They spilled out of the cloth at the cleavage and at the sides. The bottoms weren't any different. Except for the crotch area, the bikini bottom was string-thin elsewhere. Her hips bulged outwards from her waist and then narrowed slightly towards her ample thighs.

It was like the lewdest porn photoshoot had been tempered by the aesthetics of fashion photography.

"I thought you were going to take a picture." Mom said as I stood frozen at the sight.

Her words brought me out of the surprise induced reverie and I took out my phone. I snapped pictures furiously.

"Did I make my man happy?" Mom asked. Her voice was so sultry, that my boner was straining against the boxer shorts.

I could only nod in agreement.

'My Man!' She had called me that. It made my heart flutter.

"Did you get enough pictures?" she asked.

"Yes" I said in a breathy voice.

"Why don't we go and check out the beach then?" she suggested. She came forward and grabbing my arm, led me to the beach.

Clear blue water as far as the horizon... it was a sight of unbelievable beauty. Curiously, there was not a soul around. But we could hear sounds of music from afar.

We walked a bit on the beach. That was when our eyes caught a shack at the far end of the beach. It was so far away that we couldn't make out its name from the signboard. But the music that reached us from the shack's speakers told us that there were people there.

This beach probably had another entry point near that shack. This was welcome news to me. Nobody was going to come walking all this way from there. We had privacy. This was exactly what I'd dreamed of.

I grabbed Mom's hands and started running towards the water, pulling her along. She dropped the yellow kurti on the sand and I dropped my mobile too.

Water splashed at our feet as we ran into the mild waves. I kept going forward, and Mom came along with me. The waves made us drag our feet. Sand got in between our toes. We stopped only when water came up to our waist.

There I pulled Mom into my arms and embraced her hard.

"Oh Mom... this is so beautiful. Just you and me, in this amazing place. This is exactly how I dreamed it would be!" I said.

"Oh Baby... I love this!" Mom spoke, "being in your arm feels lovely."

Protrusions of Mom's hard nipples on the bikini top were jabbing at my chest and my hard cock was stabbing at her bikini covered crotch.

She looked up at me with those warm pools of black in her iris and I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled her up by the waist and locked my lips with hers. The sun beaming down on us, the wind grazing out hair, the water splashing at our bodies... everything faded one by one as I kissed my Mom with all the passion that had welled up inside me these past few days. Only the softness of her lips on mine remained.

We kissed like all we had was only this moment to let each other know how our hearts felt. In this moment, we did not have to pretend or hold ourselves back. We gave it our all.

My lips mashed against Mom's and my tongue slipped in through the gap between her lips. It found its counterpart in Mom's mouth and they dueled with each other, tasting each other's saliva.

I lowered my hands down her back and took possession of her ass. I squeezed the meaty mounds as our mouths hungrily explored each other.

I pulled her towards me to give her a proper feel of the hardness of my cock.

"Mmm" she moaned in my mouth. She moaned every time I pressed my hard cock into her bikini covered crotch.

I would've kissed her for eternity if I could, but we had to break for air. We walked back towards the beach. I was about to lie down near where we'd left our things but Mom spotted something and kept walking. I followed her.

Over Mom's shoulder, I saw that there was a hammock tied between mangroves a little distance away. There was calf-high water beneath the hammock, from the lagoon.

By the time I reached, Mom had spread the hammock and lay on it. Her feet dangled off the edge. I moved towards it, planning to lay beside her but she stretched out her feet and placed it on my abdomen.

"Don't... it will break!" Mom warned. She was right. It probably couldn't hold the weight of the two of us.

I held her feet and stood before her. I rubbed her feet on my abdomen. The underside of her feet were so soft, it felt like smooth marble. She smiled up at me as I did that.

Slowly, I rubbed her feet down from my abdomen and towards my hard cock. I enveloped my boxer covered cock with her feet on either side and rubbed.

"See what you do to me?" I said.

I witnessed lust well up in Mom's eyes as I kept rubbing her feet on my cock.

"Oh" she moaned.

"Oh Ajjju, it's so hard sweetie" she moaned again. That was inspiration enough for me and I dropped my boxer shorts down. The cloth fell in the water and I stood bare ass.

I resumed rubbing Mom's feet on the naked skin of my cock. Her moaning grew urgent as she felt the heat from my cock.

The hardness of my cock seemed to have made her really horny, for she put her hand between her legs and started rubbing. I parted her legs to my sides and stepped forward.

I pulled her hand off her crotch. She wasn't going to need her hands. I had what she really needed. It was time to return to my birthplace.

I grabbed her bikini bottom at the crotch and pulled it aside to expose Mom's vagina. Seeing it up close to my face last night, I couldn't really believe that 20 years ago I came out of it. But what I knew without doubt was that I wanted to get back inside it.

"Oh baby baby," she cried, "Ajjju my baby boy"

I lined up my hard cock and thrust. It pierced the folds on her labia and impaled her maternal pussy. I thrust in as far as I could go... till the sides of my lower abdomen pressed up against the underside of her thighs.

As I pulled out partially, I realized that the hammock was going to be tricky to control. I thrust my hips a few more times and saw that it was difficult to synchronize the swinging hammock with the thrust of my hips.

I stopped thrusting my hips and grabbed mom's thighs. I figured why put in additional effort when I could just use the swinging movement of the hammock to use.

I began pulling and pushing with my hold on her thighs. It caused the hammock to swing to and fro, aiding the movement of my cock in and out of Mom's pussy. Within a few seconds, I fell into a comfortable rhythm.

"Oh God Oh God Oh God" Mom moaned repeatedly as my cock dipped into her sacred orifice. The flabby bits on her tummy and bikini covered breasts rippled from the impact of the underside of her thighs slapping on my abdomen.

"Say my name" I commanded as I reached with my right hand towards her bikini top.

"Ajj... baby... uh uh ohhh" she moaned.

I grabbed the string of the bikini top at the cleavage and pulled. All this while I kept the fucking rhythm using my left hand.

As I pulled on the bikini with my right hand the fabric stretched taut and the cups of the top slid away from Mom's boobs. It stretched more as I pulled harder and then finally gave way as the knots at back came undone. I pulled it off her body and threw it on the sand behind me.

Then I grabbed her bare right tit and squeezed.

"Oh my!" she screamed like an electric shock had coursed through her.

Mom's nipples were hard like little oblong pebbles. I pinched it between my thumb and forefinger. When I rolled her hard nipple between my finger, Mom writhed and moaned even louder. I then pulled her nipple up, causing the skin of her boob to stretch upwards. It stretched only a little for Mom's tits were still perky and full. My fingers alternated between the left and right tit, squeezing them... pinching and pulling her pink nipples.

Many a time Mom turned her head suddenly to one side and the other, overwhelmed with the sensations coursing through her body. But her eyes were closed.

"Look at me Mom" I told her.

"Look at your son." I repeated.

Mom's eyes slowly blinked open and tiny teardrops of joy trailed down. She looked me straight in the eyes.

"Tell me what you want me to do... talk to me" I said.

"Oh my sweet baby," she moaned and whispered, "keep doing what you're doing... It feels so good."

"Yeah?" I replied, wanting to keep the talk going.

"Do you like my cock inside you Mom?"

"Oh baby please... I can't!"

"You can't what?" I pressed.

"I can't admit it... it feels so dirty!" she said.

"No... you have to say it. Does it feel good to have your son's cock inside you?" I asked again.

"Oh God Oh God" she continued moaning, "Yes! Yes! It does... I haven't felt this way in such a long time."

"Your cock is stretching my pussy son... my darling baby's cock is so big... it's stretching me out!" she confessed.

My 7-inch cock was ploughing her pussy so hard. Mom's pussy was flowing with juices. It was naturally lubed up so much that my cock was sliding in and out like a well-oiled piston in an engine.

When her thighs slapped on my abdomen, I was so far inside that the tip of my cock could feel the place where I'd spent 9 months... her womb.

When I realized that, in that moment, I knew one thing with absolute certainty. I was going to give Mom what she wanted. I was going to give her a child. Having made up my mind, I started fucking her harder and faster.

"Mom... I can feel your womb at the tip of my cock!" I said.

"Oh God... what are you doing to my body!" Mom moaned and writhed.

"You're going to get what you wanted Mom"

"What baby?" She moaned.

"Just that Mom... a baby! And I'm going to give it to you, not Dad!" I announced with such conviction that Mom's tummy quivered in response. I felt her pussy clench on my cock and started pulsing... quivering.

"Tell me you want that," I spoke, "Tell me you want your son's sperm... tell me you want me to cum inside you."

"Oh baby Yes! Please.... Do it... cum inside me" she moaned, "put a baby in your Mom!"

"Yes Mom... I'm going to... but once I do that, this is mine and mine only" I said cupping the top of her pussy mound.

"Once I give you my seed, I get exclusive and inalienable right to your pussy... you understand?"

"Yes son! My pussy belongs to you now... I'm your woman" Mom replied.

"Then here it is... take my cum woman!" I screamed along with the last few thrusts.

And then my cum exploded into Mom's pussy... my sperms swimming around searching for an egg to fertilize. I grunted with each shot of cum and then swayed unsteadily from the impact of that powerful surge of sensation.

Mom had responded my trusting up to take my cock as deep inside as possible and her body had trembled as the first shot of cum spewed inside her. Her orgasm was way more powerful than mine.

"Oh my fucking God... fill me up son... fill my fucking pussy up with your semen!" she had screamed.

My cock remained impaled in Mom while we both caught our breath and rode down the wave of orgasm. Then I pulled out of her, leaving a trail of milky white semen trailing down from her opening.

As I stepped back, Mom raised her legs up high and held it there. I was confused at first but then I remembered the scenes from many movies where women did this to increase the chances of pregnancy.

I left her in peace and walked away... towards the sea. In the nude, I went into the water and let it wash away the remnants of the mind-blowing sex off my crotch.

It was an amazing feeling. All through the day I felt euphoric... as if I had conquered something momentous. The glow enveloped us as we walked back to the resort an hour later. It was there when we ate our lunch from the resort's restaurant. It was still there when we rode back to Murudeshwar.

We reached back early and fucked again in the privacy of the hotel room. The euphoria was still alive when we took a shower together afterwards. It remained even when we welcomed dad when he was back from his conference.

I hoped and prayed that it would stay alive for the remainder of my life.

EPILOGUE

5 years later...

I held his tiny hands as we walked into the principal's office.

"Aww! Your son is so cute!" the principal swooned as Abhi tried to scale up one of the high chair opposite hers.

"Oh No... he's my brother" I said. It pained me to hold back the truth... but there was no other way.

"Oh," she replied, embarrassed "And your dad?"

"He had a stroke a few years back. It caused paralysis." I replied.

I didn't offer any more explanation. Instead of waiting for her sympathy, I focused on filling up Abhi's admission form. In the 'father's name' column, I grudgingly wrote in 'Ram'.

I had mixed feelings about him. I do love him. He is my dad. But his paralysis came as a blessing for Mom and I. We were able to live a semi-normal life as a couple now. Dad slept in his own bed and Mom slept with me.

We both felt guilty about it... about feeling happy on his misfortune. But life had turned out this way and we couldn't help but feel happy on now having the freedom to be with each other at least inside the house.

Focusing on the admission form, I filled in 'Shanu' in the mother's name column and 'Arjun' in the 'local guardian' column. I filled out other details in the form and handed it to Principal Madam. She went through it for a few seconds.

'Ha!' she chuckled lightly.

"Is something wrong Madam?" I asked.

"No, nothing's wrong." She offered, and added, "it's just, being a Hindu mythology fan... something just struck me."

"What?"

"Well... in the Mahabharat, Abhimanyu or Abhi," she nodded at my 'brother', "is the son of Arjun... and here you, Mr. Arjun are Abhi's brother."

She chuckled again.

"Oh, I didn't realize that" I said pretending genuine surprise at having been given this new knowledge.

It was difficult to hold my laugh inside. I had to admit... Mom was crafty.

This was her secret way of acknowledging Abhi's real parentage.

THE END