

Lily worked on the dishes in the kitchen. Her plan was to put everything back to normal and doing routine chores normally helped her calm down. She'd dressed as she used to when doing kitchen duties, even wearing panties and a bra underneath her apron and heavy clothes. She vowed to give Harry a stern lecture as soon as he woke up and came downstairs.

But while she waited for him, she began thinking more fondly about all the sexual things that had just happened. I can't believe how I transformed into a shameless cock-er, member sucking hussy in the span of a single hour! True, it was fun, but it has to stop. But before long, she was daydreaming about sucking her son's penis even more, and mentally made plans to do it again that very evening. The truth was, now that the dam had broken, she was insatiable. She was still riding an erotic buzz that overrode her second thoughts.

More time passed, and she came to a conclusion. Okay, I lost control there for a while. But as Narcissa tells me a couple dozen times a day, it's not sex, it's a medical treatment. It's saving him from sin, too. I have to push my reservations aside and try to be a good mother.

About a half an hour after Lily went to the kitchen, she heard Harry clomping down the stairs. She flew into a panic. Her mouth practically began salivating as she imagined sucking on his erection again. The strength of her lusty reaction to his arrival shocked her.

At the same time, she belatedly realized that her outfit was downright frumpy. It was too late to change, but she quickly reached underneath her long dress and slipped her panties off. With Harry about to come into the kitchen at any second, she quickly stuffed the panties in the first drawer that she could reach. She turned her back away from where Harry was coming in so he wouldn't see her flustered expression.

Harry was apprehensive about how Lily might react now that she'd had some time to think about what they'd done. When he walked into the dining room and saw her in the kitchen wearing the same kind of prudish outfit she always used to wear, his worrying greatly increased. He even started to feel guilty about what they'd done. Oh shit! Mom's gonna hate me now for sure. I'm gonna get a big lecture about the evils of loose living and the fires of Hell. The thing is, I deserve it! I should have stopped. I practically raped her!

He tried to find the right words to apologize, but he was having trouble. "Um, Mom? Uh..."

Lily didn't turn around but just spoke straight ahead, pretending she was still the only one in the room. "What was that? I must be imagining things, 'cos I almost thought I heard my son speaking. But that can't be, because I'm the only one here. It's a good thing, too, because if he were to come near me, I don't know how I could resist putting that fat, thick thing of his back in my mouth."

Harry was extremely confused. It was obvious Lily knew he was there, but he couldn't understand her unusually oblique manner. At first he thought she was so mad at him that she was refusing to even acknowledge his existence. But there was an unmistakable eagerness and happiness in her voice.

She continued, "Yep, Griffin's gonna need a lot of help getting rid of all that nasty cum, if he's going to make his daily target. I'm sure he's going to need more help tonight, and since I'm the only one home, he's probably going to coat my throat with more of that yummy sperm of his. I might just have to swallow a couple of loads before the night is through!"

Lily's excitement was so obvious that Harry wasn't confused any more. In fact, within seconds of realizing that she wasn't mad at him, his urge to apologize and just about all of his guilty feelings went right out the window. He found himself with a new and very urgent erection in about the amount of time it takes to flick a light switch. He drew closer to her. She said with even more obvious arousal, "My only worry is that my Griffin won't realize that his mommy's mouth is ready, ready to feel a warm hard, um, member, slide between her lips. He might get the wrong idea from my outfit. I just hope he'll realize that I'm not wearing any panties. Maybe he'll check, while maintaining the proper boundaries." She reached around and pulled her dress nearly up to her ass.

Harry was confused again, because it seemed like his mother was inviting him to touch her ass, but earlier she'd also explicitly prohibited him from touching her in any sexual way. He crept up to her silently until he stood right behind her. He sensed she didn't want him to talk, so he just stood there hoping she clarify what she wanted him to do.

Lily was feeling nervous, but she relaxed considerably as she realized he was waiting for more explicit permission before doing anything. The one thing she didn't want was for him to get out of control like he almost did earlier. "Is there someone there?" she asked innocently, still without turning her head. "I can almost sense there's someone here. Someone who wants to touch me in very private places. But I must be wrong, as I'm here all alone. Someone who needs to touch my ass to see that I'm not wearing panties..."

Harry slowly lifted her dress up until he could see her pale ass. Her legs were closed together, but nonetheless he could easily see that in fact she wasn't wearing any panties. Hearing no objection to the exposure of her butt, he reached out and put one hand on her upper thigh right next to her ass.

He brushed her skin so lightly that at first she wasn't even sure if she was being touched.

She just felt the tiny hairs covering her ass tingle. She let out a happy "Mmmm..." to let him know she approved. Otherwise, she kept perfectly still, to make it easier for him to continue.

Harry raised his hand so it was resting on her left ass cheek. He thought, Holy cow! I'm fondling my mom's butt! And I thought I was gonna get the big lecture. This has to be the greatest day in the history of the universe!

He brought his other hand up and began caressing her ass more firmly with both hands. He lovingly ran his hands over her cheeks and then sent a hand exploring down into her ass crack.

Luckily for him, her ass crack had been very thoroughly cleaned when Lily took a shower right before coming to the kitchen. In fact, about the only things she'd gotten clean during her

twenty minute shower were her ass, pussy, and tits as she'd masturbated herself into a frenzy.

While she thrilled to his touch, she recalled the shower and thought, I've probably had more orgasms today than in the past ten years combined! And most of those were in the past week or two. I never knew what it meant to really live until I fell in lust with my son! And God forgive me, but I'm already on the verge of another big one. What he does to me!

The index finger on Harry's right hand had somehow found its way to Lily's pussy lips. As good as it felt to Lily, she couldn't ignore such a clear violation of the boundaries.

She said, "I must be dreaming, because it seems to be I'm feeling the hands of a young man. A young man who knows better than to put his hands anywhere else, including my special place. He knows the meaning of boundaries, and also knows not to kiss my butt, or stick his finger into any forbidden holes."

At first Harry thought she was encouraging him to do more, but then he realized she was making the limits to their game clear. He quickly withdrew his finger, and in fact took away both of his hands altogether. Breaking his silence, he said, "Sorry, Mom..."