

Oedipus Speaks

by Tiffany R. White

I don't know what happened. One day I was in her room, groping the various drawers for hidden condoms, glimpses of women's undergarments and I found a spectacular pair of blue lace panties. My mother is a short woman, petite, with large firm breasts, no waist and dirty blonde hair. I imagined her in black heels, thin and pointy, with nothing on but those lace panties, the buoyancy of her breasts making them bounce as she strutted in those heels, a small, snubbed finger pointing at me, directing me to come near. My mother is not a beautiful woman, by any means. Several dark hairs spring from in between her blonde brows, a point of interest for all my friends. "Dick's mom's got a unibrow! Is her name Eleanor or Igor?" They laughed. I always laughed too until I got home and watched my mom's breasts flap up and down while she chopped vegetables in our kitchen. I always sat down at the dinner table with my hands pressed firmly between my legs.

That day I was in her room, I couldn't help it. Those panties were tiny and I could imagine any small girl wearing them. Gymnasts and figure skaters. Muscular girls, with twisted mouths and hungry thighs. I wrapped the panties around my penis. They were soft and the way the material ran slight across my skin made me moan. I gripped my penis hard, the material easing the friction and I began to think of my mother in those pointy black heels, mouth wrapped firmly around me.

I left my release on her underwear. I didn't know what to do. Panicked, I set them in the hamper in the bathroom, underneath layers of my sister's clothes. When she came up to get the laundry, I followed her. This wasn't unusual for me. To follow my mother around.

"Dick, could you get the door? I don't want your little sister in here, messing with the toilet paper again," she said. My

sister was 3 and had a thing for the rolls of toilet paper. Sometimes I think it would have just been better if dad had left us with a cat instead of another child. The budget for toilet paper would have been just about the same.

I grabbed the door and followed my mother into the basement. I paced the floor, trying to devise a way for me to put the clothes in the washer. But it was too late. She grabbed the underwear and held them up to the yellow light. She fondled them, flakes of the crust my seed had left fell to the floor.

“Mom, I-“

“I think you should spend some time with your father,” she said without looking at me.

“Mom,” I said.

She closed the lid to the washer without putting all the clothes in and went upstairs without speaking. I put the rest of the clothes in the washer and washed them, trying not to let the tears fall on my hands as I took another pair of her underwear.

