

## Grimoire: Mother's Madness

Too long. It'd been too long since I'd felt this way.

Aroused. Hot. Horny.

How long *had* it been? Months? Years?

My asshole, cheating husband had stopped showing any interest in me so long ago. Our sex, which used to be so constant and fun, dried up some time after the kids were born. We started fucking less and less, the actual act growing ever more tedious and boring when we *did* do it.

It'd been so long, I was half-surprised I could even feel like this any more. Warm and tingly and excited.

I tried to ignore it at first – push the feeling and desire down.

But the arousal flared, became even more intense. My body trembled with it, my skin prickled. Between my legs, I could feel a small puddle beginning to form. And my head...

When you haven't been aroused for a long time, you forget just how much it effects your brain. The desires are like a drug, wiping away all other thoughts until that need to climax consumes every single moment. That sensation of your brain shutting off, of your animal instincts taking over. The irresistible urge to fuck and be fucked.

I pushed myself up and out of bed, walked to my underwear drawer and pushed the pile of panties aside, retrieved the dildo I kept hidden in there. A long, curved cock – black and beautiful. Big and smooth to the touch.

How long had it been since I'd used *this*?

Too long.

It happened again. My son's image popping into my head as I played with myself.

So frustrating. And so fucking *weird*.

Here I am, trying to relieve some stress and have a nice time, and my brain decides to throw pictures of my son at me. At first, it'd been an oddity. I'd felt uncomfortable, stopped masturbating and put my dildo away. Then it happened again and again, each time preventing me from experiencing that sweet release.

How could I touch myself while thinking about my son?

My surprisingly handsome son. Dorkish and slim, sure. But cute, too. For a brief moment, I found myself wondering what Jake's cock looked like – if it was big like his father's. Then I caught myself, shocked and appalled that I'd even consider thinking about Jake that way. My son, of all people!

And yet, when I tried to masturbate, it was his face I saw.

When I knelt on my bed that evening, my big black dildo between my legs, eyes closed, it was my handsome son who forced his way into my thoughts.

Release. I needed release.

Weeks. It'd been weeks of this. Of pressure building up with no outlet. So much heat, but never a climax. It was maddening.

I was losing my mind out of sheer desperation.

When Jake entered my thoughts again as I was readying myself for my toy, my thumb on my clit and my middle and ring fingers inside myself, my eyes snapped open. I stared at my bedroom wall. Could almost picture my son though the walls, kneeling on his bed just as I was, jacking his cock to a porn-star or some girl he had a crush on.

My pussy quivered around my fingers.

And, for the first time, I didn't stop.

I continued, eyes intent on that wall while images of Jake bombarded my mind.

And, for the first time in far too long, I climaxed.

And it felt *good*.

A line had been crossed. There was no going back. I couldn't unthink the things I'd thought, couldn't undo the orgasm I'd had thinking of Jake. It was done, a simple fact.

I'd fucked myself silly with a dildo, thinking of my son the entire time. I'd orgasmed, his face in my mind. And it'd felt *amazing*.

I couldn't go back and undo it.

So I had two options before me: Either I could regret what I'd done, beat myself up over it and stress out about how bad a mother I was, how disturbed and messed up my brain was. Or I could not do that, and continue on indifferent to the fact my son was the man I apparently wanted to fuck me.

I could either worry and doubt and tear myself apart, or I could enjoy myself and leave it at that.

I'm nothing if not pragmatic. A realist. When my husband had started cheating on me, I knew it. I might not have called him out on it until much later. But I knew. I knew the entire time. And I didn't hide from the fact. I was just *preparing* myself.

What was the better way to live? In self-loathing, or enjoying a naughty kinky in the privacy of my own bedroom?

Was masturbating to Jake hurting anyone?

No.

Some people might think there was something wrong with it. That it was disturbing and disgusting. A few weeks ago, I'd have thought the same. But, at the end of the day, it wasn't like anyone was getting hurt. There was no crime. Fuck, no-one would even *know*. It was a kinky, odd, harmless fantasy. Nothing more.

The next time I touched myself, I didn't wait for images of my son to bombard me out of no-where – as they usually did.

This time, I was the one to summon those pictures – imagining Jake beneath me as I took care of his needs.

I embraced the fantasy, held nothing back.

And was rewarded with several earth-shattering orgasms.

"Mom, can I talk to you?" Jake asked softly.

Aching pain pulsed beneath my skull. I did my best to ignore it, give my son my full attention. Drinking so much last night had *not* been a good idea in retrospect. But then, that was *always* the case, wasn't it? It certainly wouldn't stop me from drinking excessively again in future.

"Sure," I said through a forced smile.

Jake paused, shifted nervously. Something was making him uncomfortable, awkward. Every part of his body screamed nervousness. Every part except those piercing eyes of his.

"The, uh, messages you sent last night," my handsome son said in a near whisper. "I didn't look at them or anything. I know you must've sent them to me by mistake. I'll delete them and stuff, you don't need to worry."

I raised my eyebrow at him.

What messages?

"The, umm..." He shifted nervously. "Photos."

A pang of fear cut through me. Some voice whispering at me from the deepest recesses of my mind. I'd been drunk last night. Very drunk. Wasted, even. I couldn't remember anything. Whole hours were an empty blur.

I'd sent Jake photos?

My son plucked his phone from his pocket, tapped the screen a few times and handed it over to me.

I stared in muted horror at pictures my own body. Naked. Standing in risqué poses,

cheeks flushed and tits exposed. Two big breasts hung on the screen, *my* breasts. On my son's phone.

I'd been so wasted, I must have sent nudes to Jake.

"You should delete them," my blushing son told me. "I shouldn't be looking at that stuff..."

Why did he sound so unsure?

Why did it sound like he *wanted* to look at those pictures?

Without thinking, my eyes flickered to my son's crotch. To the very visible bulge there. A hard-on. Jake had a hard on over me. His mother. Who fucked herself silly at night thinking about him.

Silently, I deleted the pictures – mind reeling.

When I handed the phone back to my son, he pocketed it and fled to his bedroom without saying a word.

A week later, I went out drinking again.

This time, I *did* remember sending him pictures.

Horny. I was so *fucking* horny. Horny in a way I'd *never* been before.

I stumbled into the house, panties drenched.

Not even drunk. I wasn't even drunk, barely had anything to drink at all. Yet here I was, thinking bad thoughts. *Really* bad thoughts. Thoughts I couldn't – shouldn't – act on.

Yet, when Jake appeared before me, I couldn't resist myself.

I pounced, forced my lips onto his. Before the poor boy even knew what was happening, his mother's tongue was half-way down his throat and her hand was on his crotch. My hand. On Jake's crotch. His *cock*.

Somehow, in the hazy heat that followed, we ended up in my bedroom. I pushed my son down onto my bed, climbed on top of him like a woman possessed. I tore at his clothes, tugged off my own. And, when we were both naked, I pushed away from my son, straddled his waist and looked down at him, a hungry smile on my lips.

"I'm sorry baby," I said, my last embers of resistance dying out. I was as powerless to stop what was about to happen as my son was. "It's been too long. Mommy needs cock."

And a moment later, a real cock was exactly what I rode.

I'd done it. Something that no mother should ever do.

I'd crossed a line. One that I could never uncross.

Months ago, I'd thought masturbating was as far as I'd ever go. Yet I'd fucked him. My son. My beautiful, handsome Jake. And it'd been the best fuck of my life.

I couldn't go back. I couldn't undo it.

All I could do was go forward. Deeper down the rabbit hole.

So when, many more months later, the first images of Jess popped into my head one night while I was pleasuring myself, I hesitated for only a moment before continuing. Before long, my daughter joined her brother in my fantasies. Making out with her while one of us rode Jake's cock and the other rode his face. Eating her out while she did the same for me. Experimenting with toys together.

It wasn't hurting anyone. There was no crime, not really.

How could something that everyone enjoyed be considered bad?

Soon, though, just thinking about Jess wasn't enough. Fuelled by the same intense, overwhelming lust as the day I'd first fucked Jake, I made my way to my daughter's bedroom. My beautiful, sexy daughter with her huge, heavy tits and her so very pretty face.

Perhaps I was a freak. A monster. Perhaps there *was* something wrong with me. But I didn't care.

I let myself into my daughter's bedroom.  
And found her playing with herself, quietly moaning one magical word.  
Our eyes met, and we shared a moment. A long, intense stare.  
I moved, allowed my robe to fall from my shoulders – exposing the nudity beneath. I smiled, gazing at my daughter's beautiful lips.  
And Jess let out another moan, repeating the same word as before.  
“Mom,” my daughter breathed, eyes inviting.

“Well?” I asked with a smirk. “How does your sister's mouth feel?”

I reached down, planted a firm hand on my daughter's ass and gave her a long, hard thrust. The strap-on hit deep inside Jess' cunt, sending shudders of pleasure trembling through her body.

“I didn't tell you to stop,” I told Jess – who currently had her brother's cock in her mouth. “Keep sucking.”

When Jess was done lubricating her brother's cock, I'd make her mount him.

His cock would fill her delicious pussy, while my strap-on ravaged her tight little ass. I wasn't sure which I felt more intensely; arousal at destroying my daughter like that, or jealousy over it not being done to me.

Interestingly enough, Jake didn't seem shocked or surprised that it was his sister deep-throating his cock. If anything, he looked pleased. No hesitation or panic or discomfort.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

I couldn't help but wonder if Jake had ever fantasised about his sister. Thought about fucking her the same way he fucked his Mommy.

A silly thought.

Of course he had. How could he not, with such a pretty sister?

I smiled, squeezed Jess' ass.

This was it. The bottom of the rabbit hole. I'd seduced both my son and daughter, and manoeuvred them both into this situation – one where they'd both be experiencing the other's body. There couldn't *possibly* be any deeper perversion for me to drop down to. This was it. The peak. A threesome between mother and son and daughter.

After this, nothing would ever be the same again. We would never be a normal family again.

But that line was crossed long ago now. Back when I'd first orgasmed thinking about my son. Ever since that blissful moment, *this* had been the destination.

After all, what was the point in settling for a fantasy when I could make that fantasy into such a wonderful reality?