



# A Son's Lust

A son fixates on his mother

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**A**lexis Prier seldom took time off work. The 42-year-old paralegal assistant followed a strict daily regimen. Her alarm rang at 6:30 sharp each morning. By 7:15, she was showered, dressed and made up without a hair out of place. She prepared breakfast for the two men in her life, kissed her husband off to work, dropped her 18-year-old son at Rimridge High, and made it to the office promptly by 8:15.

Brady Prier loved his mother and respected her tenaciousness. She was a devoted, caring parent whose demanding schedule had robbed her of numerous birthday parties, sports games, and other such milestones. Brady craved her attention as a child and would anxiously wait up until she tucked him in at night.

Eventually, he aged into adolescence and careened into puberty. After his last birthday, Ms. Prier realized her son was no longer a child. During one exceptionally humid day, she heard him scuffle into the kitchen as she was loading the lower level of the dishwasher. When he didn't say anything, she looked over her shoulder only to catch her son staring wide-eyed at her ass. She was wearing one of her tight, black work skirts, which must have unintentionally hiked up significantly based on his response. Straightening herself and pressing

down the creases of the fabric, she opted to ignore incident rather than risk embarrassing her son.

Brady's hormone addled brain was not sympathetic to the fact that Alexis was his mother. He knew it was wrong to fixate on a family member, but she was prettier than most the girls at school and sexier than any of his friend's moms. She always smelled amazing and her glossy pink lipstick looked so inviting, he often jerked off fantasizing how it would look around the head of his cock.

One recent night, he passed her room before bed and his stomach almost flipped. She was in a pink nightie with floss straps rubbing lotion down her thighs. Her radiant skin and shimmering legs hardened his cock on the spot.

Alexis grew concerned of her son's predilection for her after finding a cache of MILF and Incest porn on his computer's search history. She also noticed he refused eye contact in favor of staring directly at her breasts. There were men at work who did the same thing, but she didn't want Brady to turn into some sleazeball. Unfortunately, with work and her husband, there was never an opportune time to broach the uncomfortable topic with her son.

Brady's infatuation grew more aggressive and bolder over time. He liked to sneak up behind his mother in the mornings as she scrambled eggs and hug her from behind, making a point of digging his morning erection into the crevice of her ass. He was a senior now and headed to college in a couple months. No longer a scraggly teenager, but a handsome young man with an athletic build, Brady intended to seduce his mother under his father's nose.

"Morning, Mom. You look really nice today." He'd say kissing the side of her neck and then pulling away before she had the mind to reprimand him.

"B-Brady honey, you scared me." She'd respond as a shiver ran down her spine.

This became their routine morning greeting. It didn't matter what she was wearing, or if her hands were full. Gradually, his hugs became longer, and his arms would slide down her belly until she squirmed away.

"Behave yourself!" She snapped one Wednesday as his fingers grazed dangerously close to her crotch. The contact was enough to make her nipples pop.

Brady backed off, but Alexis recognized she'd let things to far. She planned to confront her son that night after work.

Unluckily, it was date night with her and husband. Alexis drew in a deep breath before rapping lightly on Brady's door. His father was showering, and she only had a few minutes to talk to him privately.

"Jesus Mom, you're stunning." Brady gushed as he opened the door.

The way he looked at her made her blush. She felt like a call girl in her silver cocktail bodycon dress and pointy stilettos.

"Brady, we need to..." Brady's arms wrapped around her and brought her in for a hard kiss. She froze, the rest of her sentence muffled. She had just applied a fresh coat of red lipstick and the thought of her husband seeing it plastered all over her son's face... she felt a naughty heat rush toward her cunt.