

THE I-ROOM

Ahabscribe

Held captive, mother & son confront their hidden desires.

Incest/Taboo

4.66

7.9k words

As always, this is a work of fiction and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is coincidence. All characters exist only within the realm of my imagination.

I hope you enjoy...this came about as a silly daydream, perhaps after watching old episodes of Fantasy Island and more recent Criminal Minds. I got a kick out of it and I hope you do too. There is a sequel already completed and you can expect to see it soon! Enjoy!

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Prologue:

Some would call me mad or criminal or both for my actions. I do not. Instead I see myself as a liberator or an illuminator, allowing people to shed their archaic beliefs and their outdated morals, freeing them to fulfill their destinies...to find their true loves and soul mates...to allow them to live fully realized lives. To this purpose I have committed my great wealth and resources. To this noble end I attempt to save not mankind, but a few souls who might otherwise be denied the happiness and joy that is theirs by right.

Picture if you will a twelve foot by twelve foot room. It contains a queen sized bed, a simple wooden chair and a small refrigerator. It is adjoined by a small alcove containing a shower and a toilet. There is nothing else...no windows, only walls of concrete two feet thick and a steel door. This is my forge...my crucible where I take lost souls and re-forge them into human beings. I call it "The I-Room."

The First: Joanna and Danny

They wake slowly from a long drug induced sleep. Kidnapped in the eyes of the law, their car is in storage elsewhere on the grounds. Joanna G. and her son, Danny...my first challenge.

Joanna is thirty-eight years old, Caucasian, with a mane of reddish, dark brown hair. She is in a word, beautiful. Through my cameras, I watch as she begins to stir. I admire her lush body. There is nothing little about Joanna...a tall woman, maybe five foot, nine inches tall. Medium weight, I know she fights a tendency towards fat by vigorous exercise. Her magnificent breasts are barely retained by her bra...bountiful mounds of flesh...40 DD's capped by quarter size nipples thickened by nursing. When released, I have no doubt her breasts will sag somewhat from gravity and age, but they will give her an even more motherly beauty. Her waist is barely termed slender, her hips shapely leading into long, athletic legs. White cotton panties hide her neatly trimmed V-shaped bush. She is clothed only in bra and panties. I anxiously await the moment she opens those beautiful brown eyes. Joanna is married...one husband for twenty years. He is a hard worker who has sacrificed family for financial success.

Her only son rests beside her. Just turned eighteen and four inches taller than his mother with sandy hair like his father. Slim as a rail, all arms and legs, his muscles wiry from running up and

down a basketball court. He wears only white briefs concealing a respectable man sized bulge.

Joanna awakes. She yawns and opens those lovely eyes, dark lashes complimenting her brown eyes. Joanna frowns and sits straight up, her head swinging about. "Where...where am I?" she turns and realizes Danny is next to her. "Danny? Honey, wake up!" She shakes him lightly. Her son wakes up.

"Mom?" He takes the room in and is standing up in an instant. "Where are we, Mom?"

Joanna's voice is edged with hysteria. "I don't know. Hello! Where are we? Anyone there?" She climbs off the bed and moves to the door and bangs on it with a fist. "Hey! Let us out of here!"

She turns with fear in her eyes and then realizes her teenage son is standing clad only in his underwear. Danny stares back at his mother and then turns away, blushing. His morning erection is noticeably harder. Joanna realizes for the first time that she is only in bra and panties. I idly wonder if she regrets wearing the push up bra this morning. I smile as I watch her try to cover up only to realize it is useless. I wonder if it is my imagination or do her eyes linger on her son's bulging crotch.

Joanna turns away from her son. She strikes the door again, tears in her voice as she yells, "Help! Let us out! Help!"

I flick a switch, "CALM DOWN. YOU AND YOUR SON WILL NOT BE HARMED."

She glances wildly around the room. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"YOU ARE SAFE. YOU ARE SIMPLY MY GUESTS FOR A LITTLE WHILE."

"You've kidnapped us? We don't have any money, but we'll pay whatever we can."

"NO...NOT RANSOM. I SIMPLY REQUIRE YOU TO STAY HERE FOR AWHILE."

She begs me for a while, promising me anything I want, bargaining to allow her son to be set free. I have respect for Danny as he comes over and puts his arm around his mother, insisting that he would never leave her alone. They both cry for a while and cuddle up on the bed. I choose not to speak and they fall asleep. I dim the lights to half strength.

Two hours later, Danny gets up and goes to the toilet. His cock is iron hard even when he is finished urinating. I am thrilled to see him looking over at his partially clothed mother, stroking his dick twice and sighing before lying back down.

They sleep through the night and in the morning discover breakfast has been slipped through a slot in the door. They spend most of the day fretting about what has happened. I ignore their questions for several hours. Joanna cries twice and I again respect Danny for comforting his mother. The second time, she puts her head against his chest and I watch as the effect of being able to see most of his mother's breasts causes Danny's cock to swell. I suspect that by the time it reaches its considerable full length, Joanna is watching his bulge as well.

Abruptly she stands up and walks to the door and hits it with her fist. "Why are we here?" she screams.

"TO LEARN," I reply.

Joanna screams in frustration. "What do you mean, dammit?"

"YOU AND YOUR SON ARE HERE TO LEARN ABOUT YOURSELVES AND EACH OTHER."

"Learn what?" growls Danny as he adjusts his waistband to accommodate his still erect penis.

"YOU WILL DISCOVER THAT FOR YOURSELVES," and I cut the speaker off.

They spend the rest of the day trying to make sense of my words and trying to pretend neither is affected by the almost naked presence of the other. They sleep, both restlessly.

Morning finds Joanna having discovered that the shower works and that I have provided both soap and shampoo. She keeps glancing around nervously over at Danny, making sure he doesn't awake and find her naked. She stares at the swollen lump in his shorts and shakes her head. I can't help but be pleased to see her nipples harden.

She stands still afterwards, using her fingers to comb out her hair while her body air dries. As she starts to slip on her bra, I open up my microphone. "WHY BOTHER? YOUR UNDERWEAR IS SOILED. IT WILL ONLY SMELL AND CHAFE."

My voice wakes Danny up and he groggily stares at his naked mother in the entrance to the alcove. "No! Danny, close your eyes till I'm dressed," Joanna exclaims. She spins around, inadvertently mooning her son as she struggles to get dressed.

"YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF, JOANNA."

"Give us some decent clothes, damn you!" she replies.

"NO. TAKE OFF THOSE DIRTY CLOTHES. YOUR BRA IS ALREADY CHAFING YOU."

"Leave Mom alone," says Danny. His eyes widen as his mother steps into her panties, flashing her hairy muff at him.

"WHY SHOULDN'T YOU GO NAKED? THERE ISN'T ANYTHING WRONG WITH HUMAN BODY. AND JOANNA, YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY."

"I can't go naked in front of my son," Joanna screams back at me.

"WHY NOT? I KNOW HE THINKS YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, DON'T YOU, DANNY?"

Her son blushes and turns away, saying nothing.

"AND DANNY NEEDS TO STRIP DOWN AS WELL. THOSE SHORTS ARE CHAFING HIM AS WELL."

"Are you some sort of pervert? You want us to go naked around each other?" Joanna snarls up at the ceiling.

"WHY NOT? YOU BOTH ACT LIKE IT WOULD BE A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE, BUT YOU BOTH LOOK AT EACH OTHER EVERY CHANCE YOU GET."

"That's just not true!" cries Joanna, her face flushing red.

"YOU'RE LYING TO YOURSELF, JOANNA. DANNY'S COCK ISN'T ALWAYS HARD BECAUSE HE ENJOYS MY VOICE. AND YOU WERE STARING LONG AND HARD AT YOUR SON THIS MORNING WHILE HE SLEPT." Danny spun around and stared stupefied at his mother. I flicked off the mike and let them think about things for awhile.

The next couple of hours are tense within the room. Both act like they're ignoring the other, but both mother and son sneak glimpses when the other isn't looking. Joanna catches her son staring at her and snaps at him. "Damn it, Danny, stop that. I'm your mother!"

Danny slaps the wall in frustration. "Where am I supposed to look, Mom? We're stuck in here!"

"But I'm your mother...an old lady. You're not supposed to have a hard-on...um, erection over my old body."

Danny blushes anew, but stands his ground. "That's not true! Whatever else that creep says, you're beautiful, Mom! I can't help getting a stiffy. You have a great body!"

"Ohhh, God, what are we going to do?" moans Joanna, sitting heavily down on the bed and burying her face in her hands.

Danny sits down beside his mother. He puts an arm around her shoulders. Joanna flinches, partly because he brushes a sore spot where her bra is chafing, partly because of his touch...contact with her son taking on a new meaning.

"The creep is right about one thing, Mom," Danny says. "We can't keep wearing this stuff. I'm hurting bad and your bra strap is almost cut you to where you'll be bleeding soon."

Joanna sighs. "I know, I know, but knowing you'll be seeing me. I'm so embarrassed. It's not right."

Danny nudges her. "Yeah, but how do you think I feel? My mom seeing me with a hard-on."

His mom stands up. "Well, maybe if we just get it over with, we'll get used to it and it'll wind up being no big deal."

Danny agrees and they stand facing away from each other. On the count of three, they both shuck their underwear off. Joanna takes off her bra and rubs the bra lines on her breasts. They both turn at the same time and take their measure of each other.

Joanna's nipples are hard in the cool air and she stands awkwardly, her hands nervously idle at her sides. Her eyes widen as she stares at her son's hard cock. His seven inches are pointing at her, but as he is allowed to openly stare at his Mom's naked body, it swells even more and slaps against his stomach and then erupts in a geyser of sperm!

Joanna's mouth gapes open as the mere sight of her naked body standing less than three feet away causes her son to cum. The first burst shoots up and splashes onto Danny's face, the second splatters against his chest...thick wads of semen. His cock, still hard, bobs and aims at his mother's nude form. Danny's balls jerk and then a jet of thickish, white semen shoots across and splashes on his mother's belly. Subsequent bursts fall short of Joanna and land on the floor between them.

Danny is momentarily caught up in orgasm, unable to do anything but maon with pleasure as he gazes at Joanna's naked body. I can't blame him. His mother is gorgeous. Her large, heavy breasts sagging just a little...a thick, rich mat of curly hair covering her vagina and I think I can even see a glint of moisture in her bush, indicating she too is aroused. I watch captivated as her son's sperm slowly oozes down her belly and into her hairy bush.

Joanna just stares as the last spurts of cum flow from her son's dick, finally just a long streamer slowly descending from the tip of his still erect cock. Her hand idly runs across her stomach, trailing across the top of her pussy hair until she touches Danny's still warm jism. She lifts her fingers up

and stares at his whitish sperm smeared there. For a moment, I believe she might lick her fingers clean.

But Joanna stares over at her naked son who is realizing he just cummed in front of his mother or more precisely, cum on his mother. As he gasps, "Oh, Mom! I'm sorry, I couldn't help it!" Joanna screams up at the ceiling, "DAMN YOU! Let us out of here!"

Joanna looks down at the jism smeared on her belly and pubic hair and then over at her son...his cock still dribbling semen. "Oh my god!" cries Joanna and she flings herself down into the bed and starts sobbing.

Danny looks aghast and reaches down for his old underwear and uses it to wipe off his cock, jerking a little as he strokes the last drops out, all the while staring at his mother curled up in a fetal position (which nicely exposes her moist slit). As his mother cries, Danny works hard to wipe up his cum from the floor while saying, "I'm sorry, Mom! I didn't mean to...I'm so sorry, Mom!"

My heart aches as he sits down next to his Mom, still apologizing. Danny begins to cry. "I'm sorry, Mom. Don't hate me, please! Please don't be mad at me!" His pain reaches his mother and Joanna rouses herself up and they are both crying and hugging. I smile as I watch Joanna's thick nipples dragging across her son's chest.

"Ohh, baby. I'm not mad at you. Mommy's mad at the...creep. I know you can't help it." Joanna results to almost baby talk to comfort her son. She kisses Danny on the forehead and cheek.

"I couldn't help it, Mom. You're just so pretty! I didn't mean to be bad!"

Joanna cries for a different reason...her love for her child breaking her heart. She wraps him in her arms, inadvertently pressing his face to her heaving breasts. "You're not bad, Danny! Mommy knows that," Joanna exclaims. She kisses her son on the forehead and then placing her hands on his cheeks, raises his head to look him in the eye. "I love you, Danny! Mommy loves you!"

Danny's chest heaves for air and he replies, "I love you too, Mom!"

Joanna smiles through her tears and kisses Danny on both cheeks. Mother and son stare at each other for a second. Joanna leans in and kisses Danny on the lips. It is a chaste kiss that lasts and lasts. I think they are about to touch tongues when Danny's erection rises proudly and pokes his mother in the belly.

Joanna scoots back away from her son, eyes on her son's hard dick. Her nipples are long and stiff and a sexual blush spreads across her chest. We...uh, just have to get used to each other, honey," she says. She lies back and pats the mattress. "Come lie down and try not to think about me...um...it."

Danny does so and they lay side by side, holding hands. "Try and get some sleep, Danny," his mother whispers.

Danny sighs and closes his eyes, "I'll try, Mom. I really am sorry about...well, you know."

Joanna sighs too and replies, "Its okay, son. You couldn't help it...and I guess I should take it as a compliment...an old lady getting a...um, rise out of a young man."

She squeezes his hand as he murmurs, "You ain't old, Mom. I think you're beautiful."

I dim the lights, but not so dark as to make it difficult for Joanna to discretely stare at her son's erect penis, standing up proud and straight...hard as steel. She takes her fill, memorizing every inch of his thick erection. Her nipples swell even more and there is a distinct aroma of wet, aroused pussy in the air. Joanna's hand flutters back and forth across her belly and I know she is aching to soothe the yearning between her legs, even as she stares at the glistening drops of pre-cum oozing from the piss hole of her child's cock.

Finally, mother and son fall asleep. It has been a good day and much progress made. I am pleased. Joanna and Danny are one step closer to their moment of enlightenment.

The next day passes quietly with much tension in the air. Danny is in perpetual horny teenager mode as his eyes follow his mother's every move and he is well aware of her watching his hard cock which always seems to be pointed in her direction. His need is palatable. He can barely keep his hands off his dick, struggling with the desire to stroke himself off.

Joanna is in a struggle herself...aware that everything she does, every movement exposes herself to her son...offering him new views of her lush naked body. Both are in heightened states of arousal. Pheromones are thick in the room as they pace and stretch and pretend not to stare at each other.

That night, they finally fall asleep, both moving restlessly about, trying to avoid direct contact. When Joanna is finally snoring softly, Danny eases from the bed and stares down at his mother. Joanna lies on her back. A hand has dropped between her legs, fingers intertwined in her pubic hair and splicing through her vaginal lips. In the less than dim light, her son can see more than a hint of glistening, pink pussy meat.

Danny begins to stroke his cock. Slowly, then more quickly, Danny masturbates while staring at his mother's nakedness. Joanna moans in her sleep and spreads her legs, sighing, "Dannnnnyyy," as she reveals more of her wet pussy. Her index fingers slips into the wetness and that's enough. Danny moans and begins to cum, catching his sperm in his cupped free hand, but he can't quite muffle his moans of excitement and his cum grunts cause his mother to open her eyes.

"Danny! Oh MY GOD! STOP, STOP, STOP!" Joanna leaps from the bed and slaps her son's face. "You have to stop doing this! Control yourself, Danny...I am your mother!"

"I don't care!" Danny yells back. "I love you, Mom! You're so beautiful and I wanna do..." His voice trails off and he turns away.

Joanna is furious now...embarrassed and confused. "Do what, Danny?" she demands, reaching out to spin her son around to face her. She stands just inches away from her son. Her nipples are engorged and will brush her son's chest if she moves any closer. "What do you want to do, Danny?"

"I want you, Mom!" Danny sobs. You're so pretty! I love your tits and your body and I want to fuck you, Mom!"

Joanna makes as if to slap her son again, but stops. She sits down on the bed and she puts her face in her hands, stopping to curiously sniff her fingers that smell like pussy. "This can't be happening. It has to stop." Joanna looks up at her son. "You have to control yourself, Danny. We both do. We can't let the creep mess with our heads...that's what he's doing."

Joanna apologizes for Danny for hitting him. She tells him not to think about her...to keep his thoughts elsewhere. Joanna tells her son to stop masturbating, period. "I love you, son, but you can't think of me like that...I am your mother. There will be girls someday soon, but it can't be me."

The next two days are long, especially for Danny. His cock is perpetually hard. Joanna tries to keep his mind off it by doing other things. She runs him through math problems from his senior math class. She quizzes him about History, Science, and other subjects. It doesn't help much. Danny sees her beautiful body and he is mesmerized and aroused. Every bounce of her meaty tits as she moves captivates him. The pressure builds.

Toward the end of the second day, Joanna is in torment as she watches her son suffer. Danny has taken to standing facing the concrete wall, trying not to look at her. The past twenty minutes he is slowly and lightly banging his head against the wall while he struggles to keep his hands from stroking his aching cock. Tears run down his mother's face and I sense she's about to make a decision.

"Danny, come here," she says softly. Danny turns and looks at her. His face is a study of torment and frustration. Joanna points to the wooden chair. "Sit down, son." Danny does so.

Joanna takes a deep breath, starts to speak, but is speechless as her son faces her, seven inches of thick, erect penis pointing directly at her. She tries to look away, but is drawn back to the stiff log rising out of her son's lap. I smile. She has made a decision.

"I'm so sorry I hit you, Danny. I'm sorry I didn't accept that you are a young man with new needs and desires...especially with all that has happened to us because of the Creep." (I have accepted my new title with some amusement.)

Danny looks confused and miserable. "What are you saying, Mom?"

"I'm saying...oh, God, this is hard. I'm saying I'm sorry I didn't understand the effect my body had...is having on you. I suppose I should be flattered." Joanna stops and hugs herself, inadvertently ballooning up her cleavage which causes her son's cock to rise a little more. Joanna's gaze lingers on his erection a little longer before she continues. "I'm saying, Danny, I know you are terribly horny...sexually aroused and I'm saying..."

I lean forward in my seat and say a silent prayer. Joanna smiles, embarrassed at her words. "Go ahead and masturbate, Danny. Mommy understands."

Danny looks as if he's been hit with a large stick. "Really, Mom? Um...right now?"

Joanna sighs and scoots back on the bed, her back against the wall, well aware that her body is on display for her son. She sits primly, her legs together, bush visible, but not her tender, wet flesh. Still, by any measure, Danny's mother is an erotic sight...her breasts proud and firm, nipples thick, long and erect. "Go ahead, Danny. I'm ready. I think."

Danny looks embarrassed and excited. His hand is on his cock in a blink of an eye and he begins to stroke it. Joanna tries to watch his eyes, but she is continually drawn down to the seven inches of meat rising up from her son's crotch. Her nipples swell even more and the flush of arousal is creeping across her throat and chest. She squirms uncomfortably as if she has an itch she cannot scratch. Danny's gaze roams freely across his mother's nakedness; admiring the soft heaving of her breasts and peering closely at her thick bush of pubic hair.

Too soon, Danny erupts, blurting out, "I love you, MOM!" as he begins to cum. He catches his ejaculating sperm in his free hand, thick wads of creamy semen. Joanna's mouth opens in surprise as she is amazed by how much her son cums. Panting and shaking a little from the intensity of his orgasm, Danny repeats himself. "I love you, Mom!"

"I love you, Danny," Joanna replies, climbing off the bed. She picks up her old, discarded panties and cleans her son's hand off.

"YOU ARE A GOOD MOTHER, JOANNA." I tell them.

"Go to hell, Creep!" Joanna snaps back.

"NEVERTHELESS, THAT WAS SOMEWHAT A LEAP FORWARD IN ATTITUDE FOR YOU, BUT I COMMEND YOU FOR PUTTING YOUR SON'S NEEDS FIRST."

"I hope this makes you happy, you pervert." Joanna is embarrassed, perhaps having forgotten that there is a witness to her actions.

"I AM HAPPY. HAPPY FOR YOU AND CERTAINLY FOR YOUR SON, BUT, JOANNA, DON'T FORGET YOUR OWN NEEDS."

Danny asks her what I mean, but she shakes her head and encourages him to take a nap. He does and she lies down with him. As he sleeps, Joanna stares at his still half erect cock draped on his thigh. Her hand idly trails over her stomach and into her bush. She uses a finger to trace the slit of her pussy, flowering her cunt open. She shivers with delight, but Danny shifts and rolls, his arm falling across her stomach, his plump cock plopping against her thigh. I see Joanna struggle with herself, tears fall down her face. She stops fingering herself and tries to fall asleep. It takes her a long time.

Later that evening, Danny approaches her again. His dick is once again hard. "Mom?" he asks.

Joanna has been pacing back and forth, trying to burn off nervous energy. Danny watches her every movement, ogling her breasts bounce as she paces and the cute wiggle of her ass as she walks.

"Yes, honey, what is it?"

"Um...should I...if I want to masturbate, how...um, do you want me to ask you first?"

Joanna stops in her tracks. "Already? Didn't you..." She eyes her son's penis. "I don't know if you're a horny teenager or if I'm really that good looking."

Danny blushes and says, "Maybe both, Mom. Don't you know how pretty you are?"

Joanna laughs somewhat bitterly. "Boys always say things like that when they're horny." She climbs onto the bed, lying on her stomach. Her heavy, full breasts flatten and spread from beneath her and her fleshy, but firm ass cheeks are proudly on display. She turns her head towards Danny. "Thank you for asking. I would like for you to ask first."

Danny waits uncertainly. Joanna smiles at her son and in suddenly husky voice, says, "Go ahead, son."

She watches as he strokes his pole. He watches her. Just before Danny cums, his mother murmurs huskily, "I love you, son." Her words seem to trigger his orgasm and he is almost caught off guard. Even so, the first streamer of semen shoots over his hand and plops wetly on his mother's left ass cheek.

When Danny is able, he says in almost a whisper, "I'm sorry, Mom."

Joanna sighs and wipes up the jism with her fingers. She glances at the thick wad of cock cream and as she wipes and rubs it into her thigh, replies, "That's all right...accidents happen." Danny doesn't notice that when his back is turned, his mother licks her fingers and smiles.

The next two days are hard for Joanna. Danny approaches her six times during the two days and each time she allows him to masturbate while she poses primly for him. It is becoming hard on her though. Now she is the one in a constant state of arousal...nipples swollen and aching, pussy wet and on fire. Despite several showers, she reeks of rut, causing her son to react even more, not understanding that he is instinctively reacting to his mother's desires and needs and her sexually charged body aroma.

Joanne is on edge, but manages to be supportive of her son, even teasing him at times about, "How much sperm can one man produce?"

It is the middle of the following day, she is allowing Danny to jack off while she poses as she did the first time, sitting up, her legs together. She squirms as if terribly uncomfortable. A hand strays to her right breast and she trails a finger around her heavy breast, finally rubbing a nipple. Joanna isn't even aware that she's doing it.

Danny groans as she plays with her breast. Joanna glances downward and realizes what she's doing. A hint of a smile plays across her face. I comprehend that another moment of decision is approaching. Joanna pulls her knees upwards slowly and then even more slowly spreads her knees apart, giving her son his first really unobstructed view of her hairy pussy. As she spreads her knees, she lets her legs slip down forming a diamond at which the top is her cunt. She slides a hand down her thigh, letting her fingers tangle in her bush and then uses one finger to spread out her pussy lips. Joanna is already aroused and it takes very little urging for her labia to flower out, revealing her wet, pink cunt meat, juices visibly oozing down to her ass crack.

Joanna looks up at her son, defiant yet shy, and smiles lovingly at him as he finishes stroking. Danny's cock jerks and erupts with a furious burst and Danny totally obsessed with ogling his mother's body, forgets to cup his free hand and catch his jism. Streamers of semen arch across the bed and splatter his mother's body. His first spurt splashes on his mother's left breast, a second streamer lands on her stomach, and a third shoots into her bush, clinging to her pubic hair.

As he winds down, he starts to babble an apology, but Joanna holds up her hand. "No, baby...Mommy's not mad. It was my fault. I was...teasing you. I can't get over you thinking I'm pretty and sexy." As his mother speaks, she is using fingers to wipe his sperm off her chest and belly, ignoring the wad of semen in her bush.

"But, Mom, you are hot and sexy!" Danny insists. He hesitates before speaking again. "Why did you do that, though? Uh...showing me your...um, pussy?" Joanna's legs are still spread and she shows no inclination to move.

Joanna bites her lower lip (forgive me for forgetting to mention, Joanna has a cock hardening overbite!), and giggles. "I don't really know, son. I...uh, guess seeing you hard all the time has me worked up a little." Joanna shrugs. "I guess Mommy's horny too."

Danny's cock rises a little from its half erect state with this sudden frank talk with his mother. "Um, I guess...well, Mom, maybe you should do what I do...masturbate."

"I can't, Danny. Not in front of you like this."

"Why not, Mom? I've been jacking off in front of you for days. And...and I've seen you do it before."

Joanna looks up in surprise. "When? Certainly not here."

Danny shrugs his shoulders bashfully. "Last summer. Mrs. Brown gave me a ride home from the ball practice. I went up to my room and I saw you in the backyard sunbathing. I could see your breasts."

"Omigod, son. I was...I wasn't wearing that white bikini, was I?"

Danny replies, "Yeah. Only you had the top off. I watched you put your fingers down under the bikini and play with yourself."

Joanna sits up...her nipples so hard and long. "What did you do?"

"I, um...I jacked off watching you finger fuck yourself."

Joanna moans and falls back against the pillow. "I had no idea...the very thought of you masturbating watching me masturbate. It's sooo wicked, so...ohhhmmm!" Joanna can't take it anymore. She plunges her fingers into her pussy...the same fingers covered in Danny's semen!

Danny watches his mother's display of carnality for a few minutes as his cock quickly recovers and then he begins masturbating again. Mother and son masturbate together, watching each other as both build to climax. Danny shoots another load seconds after his mother begins cries out in orgasm, four fingers plunged deep into her cunt.

After catching her breath, Joanna looks at her gooey, cream covered fingers, pussy juice and sperm mixed together. "My God, son. What you must think of your mommy now."

Danny grins. "I think my Mom is the sexiest, most wonderful Mom in the world!" He climbs into bed and kisses his Mom on the cheek. They snuggle and talk lowly...mostly little endearments and "I love you."

That evening, I dim the lights, but neither Joanna or her son appear to be sleepy. They lay side by side holding hands, both staring up at the ceiling. Both are quiet for a long time. Danny's cock stands up straight, long and very hard.

"Danny?"

"Yes, Mom?"

"When you jacked off...watching me in the backyard, I wish I had known. I wish I could have watched you too."

Danny's cock head swells. He begins to stroke his penis. Joanna sighs and I see her free hand begin to finger her cunt. Their moans and sighs fill the air. Then...oh, then I see Joanna release her son's hand and slide it across his belly and Joanna wraps her fingers around her son's thick, erect dick. Slowly, she begins to stroke Danny's cock!

"Ohhh, Mom!" Danny gasps. Joanna reaches across with her other hand, fingers smeared with cunt cream and takes Danny's hand. She guides him to her breast, urging her son silently to knead her tit flesh...to toy and pinch her nipple. Joanna spreads her legs wider, draping one shapely leg over Danny's thigh and she guides her son's hand down across her belly, through her thick muff and between her legs.

"Oh, son...I love you!" Joanna sighs. Mother and son now masturbate each other. Joanna gasps for breath as she talks Danny through the process of finger fucking his mother. Danny's mom brings him to the edge of cumming again and again. Finally, both tumble over the edge and they orgasm almost simultaneously, the air thick with the smell of fuck sweat, jism and pussy juice. Mother and son roll together, embracing...Danny's fingers still in his mother's pussy and Joanna's fingers keeping a firm grip on her son's dick. They kiss, Joanna's tongue diving into her son's mouth, a passionate soul kiss.

I am overjoyed as they kiss and touch...delighted when Joanna licks her fingers clean of her son's semen. Danny responds by sporting another erection and licking his mother's juices off his own fingers. They fall asleep, hands on each other's sex, smiling as they slumber.

The dam is broken. A mother's and son's greatest, most secret desires have been released and having been unleashed, have no restraints. Morning finds Joanna kneeling in front of her son, jerking him off into her face. He explodes with thick streamers splashing across his mother's face. She laughs and wipes her face clean, licking her fingers hungrily. "Your father just doesn't understand how much I enjoy the taste of cum," Joanna tells Danny.

Afternoon finds Joanna flat on her back, legs propped up over Danny's shoulders as she instructs him on how to fist fuck her pussy. Her screams alarm her son as she orgasms, but he literally clamps her cunt muscles down around his hand, refusing to let him go. As evening falls, Joanna kneels between her son's thighs and sucks his cock for the first time. Danny actually cries as his mother drinks his semen and sucks him dry. They fall asleep that night, Danny's face still nestled in his mother's pussy after eating her cunt until she passed out from exhaustion.

The next morning finds mother and son locked in a passionate sixty-nine, arms and legs wrapped tightly around each other as they lick and suck each other to orgasm. Like newlyweds, they can't keep their hands off each other. When resting, they talk quietly, both confessing the unspoken desire for each other that has been building for a long time...the long repressed love they have both felt for each other.

For two days, they continue to lick, suck and touch each other. They discuss whether they should go all the way...both aware of the consequences, both aware of me, both burning for each other. It is obvious though, that their need for each other, their desire to express the ultimate expression of their love will overwhelm them.

The next day I watch as mother and son pet and neck all day long. Joanna breaks down, telling her son how much she loves them and that though society may condemn them, she wants her son to make love to her. Danny and Joanna kiss and embrace. Joanna lies back on the bed and spreads her legs wide. Her son climbs between her thighs. His cock is more swollen than I've ever seen it...precum oozing from the tip. His mother guides his cock towards her wet and flowered pussy. It is time.

"THE MOMENT OF TRUTH HAS ARRIVED," I announce.

"Damn it, Creep," Joanna snaps. "Aren't you happy enough just to watch us? Aren't you getting your rocks off watching a mother and son have sex?"

"YOU HAVE BEEN EXCITING TO WATCH, BUT NOW...NOW YOU HAVE DISCOVERED WHAT YOU ARE TO EACH OTHER. NOW YOU ARE ABOUT TO FULLFILL YOUR DESTINY. BUT, YOU HAVE A CHOICE."

Both of them groan. "What choice, Creep?" asks Danny. His cock visibly throbs as it is so achingly close to his mother's flowered, soaked pussy.

I flick a switch and both turn and look as the door to their room opens. "WHAT IS YOUR DESIRE? YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE OR IS MAKING LOVE TO EACH OTHER, COMMITTING MOTHER-SON INCESTUOUS LOVE MORE IMPORTANT. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Total silence as mother and son look at each other, look at the door and freedom and then return to stare into each other's eyes.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Joanna looks intently into her son's eyes. In a loud, clear, determined voice, Joanna says, "I want my son to fuck me. Please, Danny, fuck me. Fuck Mommy hard!"

"I love you, Mom!" Danny moans and plunges his hips forward, sinking his hard cock into his mother's hot, steamy cunt! Joanna sobs as she flings her pelvis upwards to meet her son's thrusting cock. Her legs come up and cross behind Danny's back and she pulls her son to her as cock is buried deep within pussy until mother and son are joined as one.

Danny and his mother embrace as he lowers his head to kiss Joanna on the lips. Joanna grinds her pubic mound against Danny's crotch, his pubic hair entangling with her thick bush even as her heavy breasts crushes against her son's chest, nipples dragging deliciously against his skin. For long minutes, they move only subtly, each trying to get closer to the other to become one orgasmic organism.

Then with his mother whispering endearments and guidance, Danny begins to slowly piston his thick dick in and out of his mother's pussy. Joanna moans and coos as pleasure sweeps through her body. Mother and son move back and forth, driving into each other's body.

"Yessss, sweet Danny! Fuck Mommy long and slow," Joanna sobs. Minutes pass and their movements quicken. Danny is struck dumb by the incredible sensation of his having his mother's pussy wrapped around his erect penis. Joanna guides her son's lips to her rigid nipples and he bites and sucks them as he drives his cock into his mother's pussy with increasing force.

Arms and legs wrapped around her son's body, Joanna cries out, urging Danny to fuck her harder. "Yessss, son! Give it all to Mommy! Fuck me with your big dick! I want it all, Danny. Give Mommy all your fat cock loving!"

Covered with fuck sweat, their bodies slapping together noisily, both mother and son scream as they begin to orgasm. Danny pumping a monster load of hot semen into his mother's womb sends Joanna into an incredible orgasm, her body arching upwards as if she is being electrified. Both sob and groan and kiss. Exhaustion sets in and mother and son fall asleep, Danny's cock still buried deep inside Joanna's pussy.

While they sleep, I enter and leave them a gift, taking a moment to appreciate the erotic sight of a mother and son embraced in post-coital bliss.

The next morning, they begin the day with Joanna squatting on her son's ever hard cock, fucking him with breathtaking intensity. Joanna is an icon of motherly sexuality as she bounces up and down on Danny's stiff dick, her thick mane of hair whipping about as her meaty tits bounce up and down.

Later, they find the bottle of champagne with the note, "Congratulations. Consider the next few days as your honeymoon!"

And they do. For the next seven days, I am a privileged witness to an incredible exhibition of incestuous carnality as Joanna and her son fuck and fuck and fuck in every conceivable position. Danny prefers fucking his mother in the old fashioned missionary position while Joanna seems to favor taking her son's cock doggie style. Every morning seems to begin with a sperm facial as Joanna jacks and sucks Danny's cock until her son sprays her face with his jism. Once a day at least, Danny licks his mother's cunt clean of his semen and shares it with Joanna in a deep soul kiss that usually results in another incestuous fuck.

On the last evening of that seventh day, I speak to them for the last time. "HOW ARE YOU TODAY?" I ask this as they cuddle after a particularly intense bout of mother-son lovemaking.

"Perfect, Creep, even if you were watching us make love," answers Joanna.

"I CONFESS. I WAS WATCHING. YOU AND YOUR SON ARE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS."

Even lying naked in her son's arms with his sperm leaking from her pussy, Joanna manages to blush.

"ANY REGRETS?" I ask.

Joanna considers for a moment. "Only...I didn't know what I had right under my own roof. My husband hasn't really been a husband in many years and I'd forgotten how wonderful love can be."

"ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH DANNY?"

Joanna looks at her son with both the gaze of motherly love and carnal love...a delicious blend. "Oh yes! I'm head over heels in love with my Danny!"

"AND DANNY, ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH YOUR MOTHER?"

Danny smiles, hugging his mother to him possessively. "Yes, with all my heart." Joanna coos and kisses him.

"AND WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE, WILL YOUR RELATIONSHIP SURVIVE?"

Mother and son gaze at each other. I've heard them discuss this late at night. "We...we don't know how, but we both know there is no going back," Joanna says. "No matter what, we will be together."

"I HOPE SO. A LOVE LIKE YOU TWO SHARE IS A RARE AND PRECIOUS THING."

"I don't get you, Creep. Besides getting your rocks off, what do you get out of this?" Joanna asks.

"IT IS TRUE THAT I SAVOR YOUR EROTIC, INCESTUOUS RELATIONSHIP, BUT MY REWARD IS TO HAVE THE PRIVILEGE TO HAVE PLAYED A ROLE IN THE BIRTH OF SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL."

"Well, whatever your perverted game is...thank you," Joanna says. "I truly found my true love here," she adds as her hand fondles her son's growing cock.

"YOU'RE WELCOME. GOOD NIGHT."

And so their time with me ends. That night, sedatives in their food render them unconscious. They awake the next morning before dawn, in Joanna's minivan, parked in a deserted parking lot of a shopping mall. My devices implanted in their car provide me with their tale of astonishment and disbelief. They have been my guests for twenty days...or a lifetime, depending on your point of view.

They recognize their location and only belatedly realize they are now dressed. They decide to go to the nearest police station, but to my delight, Joanna suggests one last bout of lovemaking, "Before all the hoopla starts." They climb into the back of the van and Joanna spreads her legs for a tender bout of mother-son lovemaking until the sun rises. It gives me courage and hope.

Their return is greeted as a media sensation. For almost three weeks, the authorities have been searching for them, but to no avail. Joanna's husband was the police's number one suspect. For days, speculations abound. I am somewhat grateful that Joanna and Danny act clueless. They report being held prisoner in a windowless room, never meeting their captor whom they dubbed, "The Creep." The pallor of their skin bears out their imprisonment. In private, information not released to the press, they admit to the authorities that they were kept naked during their imprisonment. Only one FBI agent even hints at a sexual relationship between mother and son, but he is summarily shouted down by other law officers.

After a few days, things settle down. The media dogs pursue other, fresher stories. Joanna and Danny return home to a lukewarm welcome from her husband. Joanna and Danny can resist their needs and desires for only a day or so. My monitors show Joanna slipping into her son's bedroom and sucking his cock after her husband falls asleep.

While the husband is at work or out playing golf, Danny spends the time well, with his mother, pleasuring Joanna with his mouth and cock. It is a sad commentary on her husband's part that he shows even less interest in sex with his wife than ever before.

Mother and son steal every minute they can and I'm proud of their efforts. And then Joanna misses her period. "Their "honeymoon" proves to have been productive. Joanna is pregnant with her son's baby. Joanna decides the time is right. She files for divorce. Her husband, discovering his wife is "knocked up," takes almost everything. Joanna and Danny move into a rundown apartment, scared, broke, starting their new lives from scratch, but deeply in love and committed to creating their own family. It is time to bring them full circle.

I send one of my attorneys to visit them. He tells them that an old friend they might know as "The Creep" wishes to help. He hands them a savings account deposit book that has \$500,000 in it. The account is in both their names. He offers them round trip tickets to an island in the South Pacific. It is near Tahiti and has every modern convenience including a hospital.

"Our mutual friend would like to invite you to live on his island. He wishes you to know that all residents there appreciate and enjoy the lifestyle you have chosen for yourselves." My attorney smiles knowingly. "I live there and I hope you will visit my home. My daughter and I would love to get to know you both." He tells them the choice is theirs. Regardless, the money is theirs to keep.

To my delight, they come to my island within the month. Joanna is six months along by now. Joanna and her son marvel at the relaxed nature of my island's society. Many chose to go au-natural...it is law that clothing is optional. Not quite ready to go naked in public, Joanna favors a micro-bikini that barely contains her now even heavier milk swollen breasts. After meeting many couples,

(fathers-daughters, brother-sisters, other mother-sons, uncles-nieces and so on) and families (larger family groups that have embraced incest), Joanna and Danny decide to take the final step.

On a beautiful Sunday morning, Joanna in her white, almost transparent bikini and her son, Danny, are married...the lovely, incestuous bride radiant with a seven months pregnant swollen belly. They shed their last inhibitions by celebrating their joining by making love in front of all their new friends, including their minister and friend, referred to affectionately as "The Creep."

Two months later, Joanna delivers a beautiful baby boy. Today, mother and son and their toddler live happily amongst those they consider friends and family.

The I-Room has been a success. I look forward to future challenges.

The End?