

# MOM'S GAME OF DARES

*Ahabscribe*

*Two horny moms on the internet = an incestuous good time*

Incest/Taboo

4.76

15.1k words

*Well, this story has a different genesis than most of my work. It is based on an online chat conversation that an internet friend/reader of mine shared with me. You can, like me, speculate on whether this was fantasy or real -- she swears it is, but as with most things on the internet, you either have faith or you do not -- the great thing is, you get to chose whatever works for you. I have embellished it somewhat, adding the aspect of a webcam and any technical errors are solely my fault. I have never owned a webcam nor do I have time to chat (when would I have time to write?).*

I will be interested to get your feedback, not only about the story, but about how I structured the story as well. And yes, somewhere down the line, there will be a more conventional sequel. This is a work of fiction, all characters are imaginary and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental. I look forward to hearing from you -- enjoy!

\*

Isn't the internet a wonderful thing? I mean, you have all this access to all kinds of information and entertainment and so many ways to communicate with people. I was pretty much computer illiterate until my son taught me and now I don't know how I ever got along without it. My favorite thing is the chat sites. I joined one of the major chat sites and it was as if the whole world opened up for me. All these interesting people out there to meet and talk with -- I quickly became hooked on chat and eventually it would change my life forever -- but I'm getting ahead of my story. Let me introduce you to myself.

My name is Carmen and I'm 41 years old. My husband and I divorced many years ago and he left the area and we lost touch with him, which is no loss for me, but has been hard on our son, John. He missed having a father dearly, but I did the best I could to be a mother and a father to my son and I think he's turned out okay. At the time of the events I will relate, John was a senior in high school, just turning eighteen. We live in a nice, but small house in a rural area of Indiana. I work as the manager of a flower shop and while we're not rich, we do get by okay.

As I already said, I love the chat sites and came to make many friends online over the last few years. The best friend I ever made online is a woman named Donna from California. Like me, she is divorced and raising a son who was the same age as John. In our first conversation, we both laughed over and over as we kept replying to each other's responses, "Me too!"

We kept tripping across each other in different chat rooms and just enjoyed talking to each other about everything (in between fending off the underage boys and the dirty old men that keep pestering us for cyber-sex). We found that we shared the same tastes in movies and music and that we had shared many of the same experiences growing up, despite me being from Indiana and her from California and Nevada.

It was like I found the sister I always dreamed of. Donna and I shared our relationship triumphs (far too few) and our relationship disasters (way too many). Through the ether of the internet, we wiped

each other's tears and cheered each other's triumphs.

We were also proud mothers, bragging about our sons and their accomplishments as they made their way towards graduation and laughed and fretted about their own adventures with love as they went through puppy love and then first serious crushes and heartbreaks as well as their misadventures -- Donna and I consoling each other when we had to punish them for some silly thing or another.

As time went on, Donna and I became so close in our internet chats, we found ourselves able to talk about the intimate details of our lives -- almost no detail of our sex lives were kept back from each other, as we described the rare occasions we had lovers as well as what we liked sexually. We even admitted to becoming aroused talking about such things with each other and like a couple of giggling teenagers at a slumber party, we would masturbate together, describing our naughty fantasies as we fingered ourselves.

Late one night as we came down from mutual orgasms, Donna first broached a subject that would set our course towards a life changing event. As I slowly stroked my still throbbing pussy, my leg draped over the side of my chair, Donna asked me, (forgive me if this is awkward, but I'm not sure how else to write this).

Donna: WHEN JOHN HIT PUBERTY, DID HE EVER PEEK AT YOU?

Me: LOL, OF COURSE -- HE'S A BOY. YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE WHEN PUBERTY HITS THEM -- LOL!

Donna: OH YES, SHANE WAS THE SAME WAY. I COULDN'T CLIMB OUT OF THE SHOWER OR CHANGE CLOTHES WITHOUT HIM BARGING IN!

Me: LOL, OH YES AND ALWAYS PEEKING AT ME WHEN I WAS OUT IN THE BACKYARD, SUNBATHING!

Donna: LOL -- BET THAT WASN'T ALL JOHN WAS DOING!

Me: LOL -- YOU KNOW IT! AND I IMAGINE SHANE WAS DOING THE SAME!

Donna: OMG! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIS CUMRAGS! I BET THAT BOY SHOT OFF FIVE TIMES A DAY!"

Me: SAME HERE LOL!

I felt my pussy tingle afresh as we talked about our boys peeking at us. This was naughty talk and it felt like nothing had before. Then Donna pressed me for more information.

Donna: DOES HE STILL PEEK AT YOU, CARMEN?"

I moaned a little, and a fresh trickle of juices oozed from my cunt as I slipped a finger inside, shivering a little as my labia clasped my probing digit. I remembered a moment a few weeks ago as I was drying off in the bathroom and John has walked in unexpectedly, finding me fully naked. We had gaped at each other for several seconds as he gawped at me. Then I managed to wrap the towel around me and told him I'd be finished in just a minute if he needed to pee. My son had fled the room, but not before I could make out a discernable bulge in his cutoff jeans.

It wasn't the first time my son had "accidentally" walked in on me in the shower -- over the years, he had caught me naked many times, but I wrote it off to a typical boy's case of raging hormones. I paused before I continued to type. This was a little beyond anything we'd ever discussed before, but I considered Donna a good friend and I wanted to be honest.

Me: YESSSS. JOHN CAUGHT ME NAKED COMING OUT OF THE SHOWER JUST A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.

Donna: SHANE STILL PEEKS AT ME TOO. LAST SATURDAY I SAW HIM IN MY BEDROOM MIRROR PEEKING AT ME WHILE I WAS GETTING DRESSED.

Me: LOL -- WHAT DID YOU DO??

Donna: YOU'RE GOING TO THINK I'M TERRIBLE!"

Me: WHAT? TELL ME, DONNA!

Donna: (BLUSHING HERE!) I GOT A LITTLE TURNED ON AND DECIDED TO TEASE HIM. JUST AS I FINISHED DRESSING, I ACTED LIKE I DIDN'T LIKE THE OUTFIT I PUT ON AND I SO I STRIPPED IT OFF.

Me: OMG! YOU DIDN'T!

Donna: I DID! EVEN CHANGED MY PANTIES AND BRA AND GAVE HIM A LITTLE SHOW WALKING AROUND THE ROOM NAKED!

I groaned a little and plunged three fingers into my pussy. I know I should have been horrified, but her words on the computer screen had me as wet as I could be. I was terribly aroused at the thought of my friend teasing her son. I guess I got focused for a moment on my own gratification because Donna had to prompt me.

Donna: CARMEN? ARE YOU STILL THERE? HAVE I OFFENDED YOU?

I hastily pulled my fingers from my throbbing cunt and without thinking, typed a response with my free hand while figuring out what to do with my dripping fingers. I giggled as I impulsively stuck them in my mouth and sucked my own cream off.

Me: I'M STILL HERE! NOT OFFENDED, DONNA, BUT A LITTLE TURNED ON!

Donna: WHEW -- BREATHING A SIGH OF RELIEF HERE! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE STOPPED TALKING TO ME. THIS TURNED YOU ON, CARMEN?

Me: OH GOD YES! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW WET YOU JUST MADE ME!

Donna: REALLY? BE HONEST NOW. DOES IT TURN YOU ON WHEN JOHN PEEKS AT YOU?

I shivered as I considered her question and was faced with the realization that I was about to confess to something that would be considered terrible by most people.

Me: MY TURN TO BLUSH, BUT YES, I GET EXCITED WHEN HE PEEKS AT ME! HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO RUNS OFF AND MASTURBATES!

Donna: LOL GLAD TO KNOW ITS NOT JUST ME! ARE WE A COUPLE OF TERRIBLE MOMS OR WHAT?

Me: I DON'T KNOW -- MAYBE A COUPLE OF HORNY MOMS! LOL! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS I GUESS WHEN YOU'RE AROUND A GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MAN ALL THE TIME!

Donna: CARMEN, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED TEASING HIM?"

Me: MMMMM JUST IN MY FANTASIES!

I could not believe I just told her that! After the last bathroom incident, John had fled to his room, no doubt to masturbate, and I had done the same. I remembered lying on my bed, knees drawn up and spread wide as I finger fucked myself as I dreamed of parading around in front of my son in all sort of nasty ways.

Donna: I CANNOT BEGIN TO DESCRIBE HOW HOT IT MADE ME TO SHOW OFF LIKE THAT! I DON'T THINK MY PUSSY HAS EVER BEEN SO WET AND HOT! THERE WAS A RAGING INFERNO BETWEEN MY LEGS!

Like the one between my legs that was growing now. I gave up trying to type with both hands and returned two fingers to my sopping pussy.

Me: HAVE YOU DONE IT AGAIN SINCE THEN, DONNA? HAVE YOU WANTED TO?

Donna: I HAVEN'T, BUT YES, I HAVE WANTED TO. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD TEASE YOUR SON?

Me: OMG! I DON'T KNOW. I WISH I COULD BE THAT NAUGHTY AND BRAVE.

Donna: I WILL IF YOU WILL!

Me: WHAT! YOU ARE SO NAUGHTY, DONNA!

Donna: WHY DON'T WE BOTH BE NAUGHTY MOTHERS, SWEETIE! I KNOW YOU WANT TO!

Me: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M EVEN TALKING ABOUT THIS! WHAT WOULD WE DO?"

Donna: I DON'T KNOW -- MAYBE WE SHOULD BOTH FIND A WAY TO TEASE THE BOYS BETWEEN NOW AND TOMORROW NIGHT AND WE'LL TELL EACH OTHER WHAT WE DID. AGREED?

Me: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING YES. SHOULD THIS BE NUDITY OR WHAT?

Donna: UP TO YOU, CARMEN, BUT I THINK WE CAN BE NAUGHTY TEASES WITHOUT GETTING BUCK NAKED, DON'T YOU?

Me: I WILL TRY. TALK TO YOU TOMORROW NIGHT THEN?

Donna: OKAY. GOOD LUCK, CARMEN. I HAVE TO GET OFF HERE AND MASTURBATE FOR A WHILE! LOL!

Me: WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SUGAR! LOVE AND KISSES!

I clicked off the internet and focused on fingering myself. I felt like a wanton slut as I threw my other leg over the arm of the chair, leaving myself spread wide as I plunged three fingers in and out of my pussy while my other hand feathered over my swollen clitoris. I moaned through clenched teeth as I began to orgasm, trying not to get too loud and disturb my son who I hoped was asleep in his room next to mine.

I shivered and jerked as spasms of pleasure rippled through my body and a part of me wondered what my son might make of the new stains I was leaving on the cushion of my office chair. I was absolutely dripping wet -- my cunt cream literally pouring out of me. When I could finally get up, I stumbled on to bed on shaky knees and fell asleep wondering what I had gotten myself into.

The next morning, I woke up after a night of strange, troubling yet arousing dreams -- sex dreams of vague bodies joined together, my son's face shifting in and out of view as I engaged in carnal act after carnal act with some unknown person. I felt like I hadn't had a good orgasm in a month and that everything I did or touched triggered a sexual response, be it the pulsing energy of the shower or the way my skin felt as I slipped on a pair of plain cotton panties and a bra as I dressed.

As I raced around getting ready to go to work, I pondered how I was going to "tease" my son before ten o'clock tonight. I saw my son off to school, driving away in his second hand beater of a car and then racing off to work myself. I was preoccupied with the problem all day and kept screwing up flower orders and having to redo them.

When I walked into my house that afternoon, I was worn out. Who knew that being naughty could be such hard work? I trudged up to my room to change before cooking dinner. I shed the skirt I had worn and started to unbutton my blouse, but stopped halfway when I glanced in the mirror.

Now I think I'm pretty good looking for a woman of forty-one. I'm five foot, three inches tall, and maybe I could lose a few pounds, but I had a great little figure -- my breast size being 36d, my tits look larger on my little frame and my legs are good. I wear my blonde hair long with just a hint of curls and I have blue eyes. I know my son loves to peek at me and who could blame him, I thought to myself. I'm still a cutie!

I took off my blouse and undid my bra, admiring my still relatively firm breasts, cupping them as I looked at myself in the mirror, my large button nipples getting hard as I brushed them with my fingers. I shed my plain cotton panties and slipped on thong panties, turning to admire my firm tush and giving my butt a little shake as I looked at my bare cheeks. I slipped back into my blouse -- a dress shirt really, leaving my bra on the floor. The bottoms came down to about mid thigh, exposing plenty of leg. I left several buttons undone and bent over to experiment, looking into the mirror to confirm that in that position, anyone could look right down my blouse and get a great view of my tits hanging down. "I can't believe you're doing this, Carmen!" I muttered to myself, giving myself one last glance in the mirror.

I went back downstairs and got started on dinner. Overall, I wasn't dressed that differently than I might have been usually. I often ran around the house in a blouse or nightshirt and panties. Of course, I usually had a bra on as well as plain and functional white cotton panties. It would be interesting to see how long it took my eighteen year old son to notice.

John came bounding in a little before six o'clock from baseball practice. "Hi, Mom! Wow, something smells great! What's for dinner?"

I felt my heart begin beating a little faster as I turned from the sink and faced my son. I know I'm not objective about my own flesh and blood, but I think John is a handsome young man. He towers over his short mother, standing just a hair shy of six feet and has lost most of his youthful slimness, his chest and arms becoming that of a man. He has an unruly shock of black hair that he inherited from his maternal grandfather and my own blue eyes.

"Hey, sweetheart. Got a pot roast cooking in the oven, it will be maybe another thirty minutes. Why don't you go clean up, grab a shower and I'll have dinner on the table when you get back

downstairs." I walked up to him and kissed him on the corner of his mouth, aware that he was staring intently at me as I crossed the room. I wondered how visible my nipples might be against the white material of my blouse as I leaned into him and stood on tip-toe to kiss him, pressing my unfettered breasts against his hard body. He had been practicing hard and I felt a little dizzy as I smelled his sweat and musk.

He seemed a little flustered as I moved away and without looking back, I could feel his eyes crawling over my body. "Um -- yeah, sure thing, Mom."

I walked to the stove and bent over to open the oven door, knowing full well that my blouse would rise and expose my practically naked ass cheeks. I turned and smiled at my son, who stood rooted in the doorway, half in and half out of the room, staring at my ass. "Hurry up, John. You don't want to keep your mother waiting!" I turned my attention back to the roast in the oven, not hearing the floorboards creak for several more seconds and I knew my son's eyes were glued to my ass. Only when I closed the oven door did I hear him walk away.

I leaned against the counter top, my whole body shaking from the tension. I felt like a hot furnace was between my legs and I could barely stand. The crotch of my panties was absolutely soaked and I was sure that if I looked down, the light blue of the material would be completely dark with my juices. I so wanted to touch myself, but I think I would have had an orgasm on the spot.

John returned downstairs just as I pulled the roast out of the oven. His hair was wet from his shower and his t-shirt and gym shorts molded against his still damp skin, showing off his muscular body. I told him to have a seat while I fixed our plates. He sat at our kitchen table, his chair against the wall so he was facing the entire kitchen. Again, I could feel his eyes on me as I moved around the room. I fixed him a heaping plate of roast, potatoes and vegetables that would match a hungry man's appetite. I took a deep breath, turned around and brought it to the table. The easiest thing would have been to move to his side and set the plate down, but I came to the side opposite my son and leaned over the table to hand him his plate.

I could see his eyes widen in surprise as I leaned over and let him see down my partly unbuttoned blouse. I took my time, setting his plate down with deliberate slowness and then fiddling with his cutlery while letting my son eyeball my heavy breasts, hanging down like full milk udders, nipples swollen and long.

"This looks great, Mom!" John sighed as he took in the view, his eyes never straying from my open blouse.

"I'm glad you like it, son," I said quietly back, feeling my face burn. "I hope it tastes as good as it looks."

John smiled and nodded, saying, "Oh yeah, Mom, so do I." I wanted to giggle so badly from our double entendres. I stood up and returned to the counter to fix my own plate. We both ate in silence, giving each other odd looks as we cleaned up our plates. I wondered what was going through my son's mind after my little display.

I was scared and aroused all at the same time, and struggled to keep my composure. I was also curious as to the effect that I was having on my son and when I was finished, I "accidentally" dropped my fork and leaned over to pick it up, glancing under the table where I was rewarded with a good view of the enormous lump in John's gym shorts.

John offered to help me with the dishes afterwards, but I said, "Do you have homework?"

My son nodded resignedly. "Oh yeah, Gilbert is killing us in Literature class and I have a Calculus quiz tomorrow."

I told him to get to his work, but agreed to let him do his work at the kitchen table when he suggested it. "If you're sure I won't be bothering you while I clean up in here." I said.

John smiled and shook his head. "You will never be a bother to me, Mom!"

So, while my son spread out his work on the kitchen table, I did the dishes, foregoing the dishwasher and doing them in the sink. As I cleaned up, I found several reasons to bend over to put this away or check for that in a bottom cupboard. I stood on tiptoe to set the dishes in their place, well aware that John was eyeballing my ass cheeks and wondering if he could see the wet crotch of my panties.

I doubt my son got very much studying done while I slowly straightened up the kitchen. I paused at one point when he asked for help on a calculus problem and leaned over next to him, well aware that, while my eyes were on the textbook page, his eyes were focused on the gaping front of my blouse. I hadn't a clue about how to help him, but lingered beside him for a few minutes, making stupid suggestions and savoring the sinful sensation of exposing myself to my son.

I finally left him to his studying, but not before one last naughty tease. I poured him a glass of soda and put a few cookies on a plate and as before, leaned across the table and set them in front of him. "Just in case, you wanted to nibble on something, John." I said, taking my time and giving him one last long look."

My son's eyes gleamed with lust as he replied, "Thanks, Mom. This was the best dinner ever!"

I hurried upstairs and behind closed doors, I masturbated furiously while I thought about my son, his cock and all the wonderful places he could put it in. My panties were a dripping mess- I could have wrung my juices out of them I was so turned on.

I tried to wait till ten o'clock, but I found myself online an hour earlier, hoping that Donna might try and log in early and I almost shouted with glee when I saw her nickname surface in the chat room.

Donna: CARMEN! YOU COULDN'T WAIT EITHER! LOL!

Me: GOD NO! HOW DID IT GO! WHAT HAPPENED?

Donna: IT'S YOUR FIRST TIME, YOU GO FIRST! WERE YOU A NAUGHTY MOM?

I proceeded to tell her what had transpired in just the last few hours, feeling my pussy moisten and heat up again as I saw my recent memories replayed in my head. My comments were interspersed with Donna's comments.

Donna: OMG!!! YOU DIDN'T! YOU ARE MAKING ME SOOO WET!

When I was done, my fresh panties were again wet, soaked with my cream as I rubbed my pussy through my panties.

Donna: I LOVE IT! I LOVE YOU, CARMEN! GIRL, YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO COCKTEASE!

Me: AND YOU, TELL ME WHAT YOU DID!

Donna: WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING, I DUG OUT AN OLD CAFTAN OF MINE THAT ZIPS UP THE FRONT. I KINDA HAD THE SAME IDEA AS YOU. I WORE IT WITH THE ZIPPER DOWN FAR ENOUGH THAT SHANE WOULD GET A GOOD LOOK WHEN I BENT OVER AND DURING BREAKFAST THAT NAUGHTY BOY LOOKED DOWN A LOT! SHANE HAD TO CHANGE HIS SHIRT BECAUSE HE SPILLED SO MUCH CEREAL WHILE TRYING TO EAT AND STARE AT MY TITTIES AT THE SAME TIME! LOL!

I felt my pussy go from hot to molten as I read my friend's account of exposing herself to her son. I was typing one handed again as I replied.

Me: AND WAS THAT IT? DID NAUGHTY MOHTER DO ANYTHING ELSE?

Donna: AFTER BREAKFAST, I GOT INSPIRED WHEN I WENT FOR MY SHOWER. I HAD STARTED TO FINISH UNZIPPING THE CAFTAN AND I GOT THE NAUGHTIEST IDEA. I SNAGGED THE ZIPPER AND PRETENDED I COULDN'T GET IT UNDONE. I CALLED TO SHANE TO HELP AND LET HIM FIGHT WITH THE ZIPPER. I TOLD HIM TO PULL HARD ON IT AND HE OUTIDID MY BIGGEST HOPES. HE ALMOST FELL OVER, HE TUGGED SO HARD AND BAAM, HE HAD ME UNZIPPED AND WAS INCHES FROM MY NAKED BODY! I COULD FEEL SHANE'S BREATH ON MY TUMMY AS HE GOT A GOOD VIEW OF MOMMY'S GOODIES!

Me: OHHH WOW! WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

Donna: LOL -- I APOLOGIZED AND SO DID HE AND AFTER TAKING A LONG LOOK AT MY PUSSY AND BOOBS, HE WAS OFF TO HIS ROOM LIKE A SHOT! WHEN I CLEANED UP LATER, I FOUND NOT ONE, BUT TWO FRESH LOADS OF CUM IN HIS LAUNDRY!

Me: MMMMM -- SOMEONE'S HAVING NASTY THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS MOMMY!

Donna: I BET SHANE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE. AND I BET THERE IS MORE THAN ONE MOTHER HAVING SEXY IDEAS ABOUT HER SON!

Me: LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S MAKING THAT BIG BULGE IN HIS SHORTS SO BAD!

Donna: OH YESSSS, SAME HERE! THIS HAS ME SO HORNY, IT'S A WONDER I JUST DON'T GO GRAB HIM AND DRAG HIM TO BED AND HAVE HIM FUCK ME BLIND!

At her written expression of our mutual fantasies, I had to pause for a moment as I felt myself plunge into orgasm, managing to type a little "brb" before turning into a quivering mass of aroused motherhood. I had four fingers plunged deep in my pussy as I envisioned my son driving his cock deep into me and giving him my seed as I screamed out in pleasure. When I recovered, I sucked on my own juices while typing.

Me: SORRY. I HAD TO CUM AFTER YOU SAID THAT! THIS WAS SOOO HOT AND NASTY!

Donna: OHHH, ME TOO, CARMEN! I JUST KNEW THAT WAS WHAT YOU WERE DOING! I BROUGHT MY DILDO WITH ME TONIGHT AND RIGHT NOW, IT'S BURIED IN MY SNATCH!

Me: OMG!!!! I LOVE IT WHEN YOU GET SEXY LIKE THAT! DONNA, CAN I ASK YOU AN AWFUL QUESTION?

Donna: YOU KNOW YOU CAN!

Me: IF THE CHANCE EVER CAME, WOULD YOU FUCK YOUR SON?"

There was a long pause and I held my breath as I waited for an answer from my friend. Part of me couldn't believe I asked the question and part of me wondered if I asked it hoping that someone else really shared the same sudden fantasies that I found myself obsessed with.

Donna: I DON'T KNOW. YOU JUST ASKING ME THAT QUESTION MAKES MY PUSSY THROB! HOW ABOUT YOU, CARMEN -- WOULD YOU FUCK JOHN?

Me: I DON'T KNOW EITHER. I DON'T THINK I CAN EVER LOOK AT HIM AGAIN THE SAME WAY. I KNOW HE'S HAD SEXUAL THOUGHTS ABOUT ME FOR YEARS, BUT NOW -- NOW I'VE RESPONDED WITH MY OWN SEXUAL DESIRES.

Donna: DO YOU THINK THIS MAKES US BAD MOTHERS, CARMEN?"

Me: NO, DAMMIT -- I KNOW YOU AND I ARE GOOD MOTHERS. WE BOTH HAVE RAISED TWO FINE MEN! WE ARE JUST TWO WOMEN WITH NEEDS OF OUR OWN AND WITH TWO YOUNG HUNKS JUST A FEW FEET AWAY, WE'D BE NUTS NOT TO HAVE THESE FEELINGS AND DESIRES!

Donna: WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

Me: LOL! I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS WE FANTASIZE AND MASTURBATE A LOT AND KEEP EACH OTHER SANE!

Donna: LOL! WELL, DO YOU THINK IT'S OKAY IF WE KEEP TEASING OUR BOYS? THIS HAS DONE MORE FOR MY LIBIDO THAN MY LAST THREE BOYFRIENDS!

Me: THIS MAY BE AWFUL OF ME, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA STOP RIGHT NOW. THIS WAS A LOT OF FUN AND I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER CUM AS HARD AS I HAVE THIS LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.

Donna: MMMMMM! THESE BOYS OF OURS HAVE NO CLUE HOW LUCKY THEY ARE TO HAVE TWO SUCH SLUTTY MOMS! LOL!

And so it began. We talked way into the night, discussing our new fantasy outlets and whether it was right or wrong, but neither of us willing (or maybe able) to give up our new found game of teasing our sons. We tossed naughty ideas around and agreed to steal each other's plans and to report back our deeds whenever possible.

For a long time I would wonder what my son was making of his mother suddenly being much more careless in her dress and appearance around the house as I was constantly coming up with ways to expose myself to him.

I found myself in an almost constant state of arousal as just being in the same room with my son made me wet. I came to feel as if there was a constant cloud of sexual pheromones surrounded me -- I would swear I could constantly smell my wet cunt, it was so strong and intense. John too, seemed to be in a constant state of erection and spent a lot of time in his bedroom and judging from the cum I found in towels, his shorts and even my panties, he was jacking off two or three times a day at least.

I took delight in coming up with new ways to tease my son. I took a day off from work and drove into Indianapolis and splurged on some new lingerie. Some evenings I would wear short baby dolls that my tits almost fell out of and some evenings you would find me wearing diaphanous gowns that while they covered me, they barely concealed any part of my body. Other times I resorted to

the tried and true blouse and thong (I spent a small fortune on thongs, my cotton panties consigned to the back of my underwear drawer).

Once, feeling especially daring, I finished my shower and peeked out the bathroom door to confirm his bedroom door was open and called out, "Honey! We're out of clean towels. I'm going to run to my room, so don't peek!" I knew full well that he would and as I paraded by his room in my birthday suit, I glanced in and sure enough, he was sitting on the edge of his bed, staring out the door intently.

I stopped, grinned and shook my finger at him, teasingly chiding him. "Shame on you, young man!" I gave him a long look at my fully naked body, wondering what he thought of his mom's big tits and trimmed pussy, before I fled to my bedroom.

Donna reported much of the same fun and games. She had the distinct advantage of the beautiful California weather and was able to tease Shane with a number of scandalous and skimpy bikinis that were "at least a size or two too small for me, Carmen. I am practically falling out of them every time I move!" as she worked on her suntan.

We became so curious as to what each other really looked like that we sent our sons off to the nearest electronic stores to buy and hook up web cameras. I was anxious to the point of insanity the first time I logged in knowing I was going to see Donna in the flesh.

It took us a few minutes to work out the kinks, but then there she was. She was beautiful and not at all what I expected. I had an image of a typical California beach bunny in my head, but found instead a lovely woman my age. Donna had short, brown hair in a pixie cut and a slender body. In the sleeveless blouse she was wearing, I judged her breasts to be the size of grapefruits and her nipples round like quarters (she was obviously not wearing a bra!), and I envied the way they seemed to be a whole lot perkier than mine. She had big brown eyes and an elfin look about her.

Donna smiled at me and I felt a little sliver of heat travel through me.

Donna: OMG CARMEN! YOU ARE LOVELY!

Me: YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL TOO!

Donna: I WAS SO WORRIED THAT THE CAMERA MIGHT COME ON AND THERE WOULD BE A 55 YEAR OLD GUY IN A DIRTY T-SHIRT AND SHORTS!

Me: LOL! I USED TO WONDER THAT TOO, BUT I JUST KNEW YOU WERE WHO YOU WERE, I JUST DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO GORGEOUS!

I blew her a kiss and she responded in kind.

Donna: LOOK WHO'S TALKING. I DON'T KNOW HOW JOHN CAN KEEP HIS HANDS OFF YOU AND THOSE BIG BOOBS!

Impulsively, I lifted up the T-shirt I was wearing and flashed Donna. She laughed and responded by flashing her lovely pert tits at me and then blew me a kiss which I returned.

Donna: GOOD GOD, LOOK HOW WE'RE ACTING! YOU'D THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF LOVE STRUCK GIRLS INSTEAD OF TWO NAUGHTY MOMS!

Me: CAN'T WE BE BOTH? LOL!

That comment led us down a new path about any woman to woman experiences we might have had. I admitted I had never made love to a woman, but had fantasized about it from time to time (and yes, I admitted that I had fingered myself while imagining Donna as the quintessential California beach bunny).

Donna owned up to a few trysts in college with two sorority sisters, but nothing since then. I could see her blushing as she too admitted masturbating a few times about an imaginary version of me.

We proceeded to update each other on our latest teasing of our sons. Donna recounted a night of constant peeking by Shane when she "forgot" to close her bedroom door and slept in the nude with the covers kicked off.

Donna: THAT HORN DOG CAME AND PEEKED AT ME FIVE TIMES BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND TWO IN THE MORNING! I WOULD FINGER MYSELF IN BETWEEN VISITS AND PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP WHEN I'D HEAR HIS DOOR OPEN.

Donna leaned into the camera, her face filling the screen.

Donna: CARMEN, THE LAST TIME, I GOT TO WATCH HIM JACK OFF. SHANE'S COCK IS HUGE! HE STROKED OFF FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES AND WHEN HE CAME, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO NOT TO JUMP OUT OF BED AND GO LICK HIS SPUNK OFF HIS FINGERS!

Me: OH MY GOD! THAT IS SOOO HOT, DONNA! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

Donna: SIGHHHH. WE WERE BOTH EXHAUSTED, SO I MASTURBATED AFTER HE WENT TO HIS ROOM AND THEN PULLED THE COVERS UP AND WENT TO SLEEP.

I groaned and instinctively leaned back in my chair and let my hand trail down to the waistband of my panties. Donna grinned and licked her lips. I jerked my hand out as I realized what I was about to do!

Donna: DON'T STOP ON ACCOUNT OF ME, SUGAR! WE BOTH KNEW WE BOTH FRIG OURSELVES WHEN WE TALK ABOUT THE SEXY STUFF. I DON'T MIND YOU FINGERING YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T MIND ME DOING THE SAME!

She moved back and I saw a long, shapely leg appear on the computer table she was sitting at. Her crotch was now visible and I could see she was wearing lacy white panties. Donna grinned and unashamedly slipped her hand inside her panties.

Donna: I'M GOING TO MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE WHILE YOU TELL ME YOUR LASTEST TEASE WITH JOHN!

Me: MMMMM, YOU'LL LIKE THIS, DONNA. LAST NIGHT I JUST CAME OUT OF THE SHOWER AND HAD ON A THIN BATHROBE THAT I BARELY HAD TIED TOGETHER. I HOPED TO LET IT ACCIDENTLY OPEN IF I ENCOUNTERED JOHN, BUT HE WASN'T UPSTAIRS. I FOUND HIM DOWNSTAIRS WATCHING AN OLD JIMMY STEWART WESTERN. NOW YOU KNOW I LOVE HIMMY STEWART AND SO I SAT DOWN ACROSS FROM JOHN AND PUT MY FEET UP ON THE OTTOMAN.

I QUICKLY BECAME AWARE THAT JOHN WAS SNEAKING GLANCES AT ME AND I WAS WORKING THE TOP OF THE ROBE APART TO GIVE HIM A PEEK AT MY TITS. LOL! I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT FROM THE ANGLE I WAS SITTING, HE WAS GETTING A PERFECT BEAVER SHOT!

Donna: LOL! I LOVE IT!

Me: I HAD ONE TIT COMPLETELY IN VIEW BEFORE I REALIZED HE WAS LOOKING AT MY PUSSY. IT MADE ME WET AND I'M SURE MY PUSSY BEGIN TO BLOOM RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. I ACTED LIKE I WAS COMPLETELY IMMERSSED IN THE MOVIE FOR LIKE TWENTY MINUTES AND DIDN'T NOTICE HIS STARING AT ME. OHHH, DONNA -- I WAS SO EXCITED. MY NIPPLE LOOKED LIKE A RIPE OLIVE ABOUT TO SPLIT AND I WAS SO WET I COULD BARELY KEEP MY HANDS OFF MY PUSSY. MY SON GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH. I'M SURE MY LIPS WERE SPREAD WIDE AND HE WAS ABLE TO OGLE MY PINK PUSSY MEAT!

In the camera, Donna had one hand in her panties, squirming something furious and her other hand was playing with her right breast. Somehow, sometime while I was typing, she had lost her top. She saw me watching her and ignored her breast long enough to type a message.

Donna: HOW DID IT END? WHAT HAPPENED? GIVE ME DETAILS, GIRL!

Me: I THINK HE STARED AT ME FOR ALMOST THIRTY MINUTES. I WAS SO HOT, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO CUM WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING MYSELF AND I GUESS HE WAS TOO. JOHN COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE AND SAID HE WAS GOING TO BED. HE RACED OUT OF THERE WITH A HARD-ON I THOUGHT WAS GOING TO SPLIT THE SEAMS OF HIS JEANS WIDE OPEN! AS SOON AS HE CLOSED HIS BEDROOM DOOR, I HAD MY WHOLE HAND IN MY PUSSY. NO WAY COULD I HAVE MADE IT TO MY ROOM!

That was enough to send us both into furious masturbation, spurred on for each of us by the image of the other mother furiously fingering themselves. We didn't have audio, but facial expressions told the story as we watched each other's passions rise and rise and then almost as one began to cum and cum. In the aftermath of our orgasm, I licked my fingers clean, enjoying the sight of Donna's eyes widening and then following suit.

Me: THIS IS GETTING REALLY INTENSE, ISN'T IT? I'VE NEVER BEEN INVOLVED LIKE THIS BEFORE.

Donna: YES. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER OUR SONS CAN STAND IT AND TO BE HONEST, I'M FEELING THINGS FOR YOU I NEVER FELT BEFORE.

My heart beat faster just hearing her speak the words that I felt in my heart. This was all unfolding in ways that I never expected.

Me: I KNOW -- I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU. WE'VE STARTED SOMETHING WILD AND CRAZY HERE. DO YOU THINK WE ARE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FINISH IT?

Donna: I DON'T THINK WE HAVE A CHOICE. I CAN'T GIVE THIS UP, CAN YOU?

Me: NO, I DON'T WANT TO EITHER.

We talked a little more and then decided to call it a night. There was a few minutes of silly chatter as neither of us wanted to sign off and we mostly stared at each other. Finally, I knew we had to quit, but I knew there was something left unsaid that needed to be said.

Me: I GOT TO GET TO BED, SO I'M GOING TO CALL IT A NIGHT, DONNA. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT AND I'LL TALK TO YOU -- SEE YOU TOMORROW. DONNA, I LOVE YOU.

Donna's face softened at my words and she looked at me with such loving tenderness.

Donna: OH CARMEN. I LOVE YOU TOO. GOODNIGHT DARLING.

We blew each other kisses and finally signed off. I was trembling as I shut down my PC. I had never expected to feel like this. I never expected to have emotions like this for someone I had never met or for my son. In some ways, I felt like I was spiraling out of control, but in a way that was exciting and refreshing -- a way that gave me new purpose. I hadn't a clue what was going to happen but I was sure anxious to find out.

The next couple of weeks just flew by as almost nightly now, Donna and I were teasing our sons in some lewd way or another. My evening attire grew skimpier as the weather warmed. I was still so envious of Donna's California sun and her ability to tease Shane while sunbathing, but early April in Indiana just doesn't allow for outdoor sunbathing.

I consoled myself by again taking a shopping day and splurging on several bathing suits that I modeled for my son (wanting a man's opinion being what I told him). John sat happily in the living room, ogling me openly as I would parade down the stairs in one outfit after another, pose for him and then strut back up the stairs, the whole time feeling his gaze on me.

I'm not sure which ones John enjoyed most. I had taken my cue from Donna and had opted to buy suits a couple of sizes too small and the effect was incredible. I bought a little black bikini that I was simply overflowing. My tits were almost popping out and once or twice when I would bend over, I expected the weight of my breasts simply to snap the bikini top open. I asked John, "Do you think it's too small on me -- maybe I should go back and get a bigger size?"

He responded with an exaggerated look of disbelief and said in an urgent voice. "Oh no, Mom -- I think it fits you perfectly! You look sexy!"

I blushed a little, but rushed over and bending over so he could get a really good look at my tits, I kissed him on the nose and whispered, "Thank you, honey! Every girl likes to hear that from a good looking man!"

I think that the black bikini was his favorite until I came down the stair in a scandalous string bikini that was little more than three tiny swatches of cloth held together by a few stringy lines of fabric. It was red in color and complimented my fair skin tones well I thought. It also covered primarily my nipples and barely kept my mound covered (just by a hair -- a little of my trimmed bush was visible at the top), and left my ass cheeks absolutely bare.

"Um, wow, Mom -- that's some bathing suit," John breathed. "I don't think we can let you wear that to the lake."

I struck a cheesecake pose and replied, "Why not, son? I thought you said I look sexy?"

John nodded vigorously. "Oh yeah, you look hot, Mom, but I think that suit would be illegal in Indiana! I'd hate to see you get arrested." There was an intense look in his eyes that seemed filled with lust and desire and I doubt that he was aware that his fingers were literally digging into the fabric over the overstuffed chair.

I knew I was flirting with danger, but madness overtook me and I turned away from him and with my legs spread apart, bent over to touch my fingers to the floor. I looked at him from between my legs, well aware that my tits, ass, and barely covered pussy were all on display -- I even thought I could feel one of my swollen labia lips beginning to tug free of the darkening swimsuit material. In a sultry voice, I said, "Well then, I guess I'll have to wear this bikini just around the house and it will be our little secret.

I waggled my ass a little for emphasis and then John's face turned blood red and he struggled to stifle a harsh moan and he shivered and jerked slightly. I felt my own face begin to redden as I realized John was having an orgasm -- my son was ejaculating into his jeans! The fire that had been smoldering between my legs since I'd started the show now burst into a raging inferno. I shivered as I recognized the warning signs of my own impending orgasm. I has just made my son cum!

Sure enough, as I slowly straightened up, I could see a dark blue spot grow in his jeans. Part of me wanted badly to run over, pull his pants off and clean up the mess with my tongue, but part of me was scared and skittish and wondering if I finally had gone too far.

I stood up and winked at him and said, "Well, that's the show, honey. Thanks for your input and your compliments." I hurried towards the stairs, but looked over at my son, now looking like a love struck puppy. "You know how to make an old woman feel good about herself."

John sighed as I ran up the stairs, tits bouncing. "You're not old, Mom!" he called after me and as I closed the bedroom door, he added, "I love you, Mom." I lost it right then, collapsing just short of the bed, driven to my knees by my own orgasm. I stuffed my right hand in my mouth to muffle my scream while my left hand sought out my pussy, already exploding with pleasure. I don't know how long I lay there on the floor, but my orgasm seemed to go one and one, visions of my son, naked and beautiful doing all sorts of things to me. My orgasm carried me into sleep where my dreams continued my wonderful and incestuous visions.

That night I recounted my day's adventures with my son to Donna and we both watched each other masturbate using dildos (On my last shopping trip to Indianapolis, I had braved one of the larger adult stores and picked out a lifelike rubber cock), after I described my afternoon fun and games.

Me: I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I CAN TAKE, DONNA. I'M THINKING ABOUT FUCKING JOHN ALL THE TIME -- I'M EVEN DREAMING ABOUT BANGING MY SON!

Donna: I KNOW, BABY, I KNOW. EVERYDAY, I WONDER IF THIS IS THE DAY, I EITHER CLIMB INTO SHANE'S LAP AND FUCKING HIS BRAINS OUT OR HE GRABS ME AS I'M PRANCING AROUND HIM HALF-NAKED AND FUCKS ME SILLY!

Me: YESSSS! JOHN JUST STARES AT ME AND I CAN IT IN HIS EYES THAT HE IS SEEING US FUCKING LIKE TWO SEX CRAZED ANIMALS. WHAT SCARES ME IS I THINK HE SEES THE SAME THING IN MY EYES!

Donna: YOU ASKED ME A WHILE BACK THAT IF THE CHANCE EVER CAME, WOULD I FUCK MY SON. REMEMBER?

Me: AND YOU ASKED ME THE SAME THING. YES, I REMEMBER.

Donna: I THINK WE'VE CREATED OUR OWN CHANCE, CARMEN. I DON'T THINK WE CAN TURN BACK NOW. OUR CHANCE IS HERE.

Donna and I stared at each other via our webcam link. Neither of us moved, we just studied each other's faces for a long time. Despite the distance, I could feel her need and desires which matched my own struggling to win her over. Finally, I lifted my fingers to the keyboard.

Me: WE'RE GOING TO FUCK OUR SONS, AREN'T WE?

Donna: YES, BABY, WE ARE.

Again, there was a long pause in our conversation as we stared into the PC screens at each other. The reality of our mutual situation was setting in and suddenly, I couldn't contain myself. A huge smile broke out on my face. Donna licked her lips and smiled back at me.

Donna: I GUESS WE ARE A COUPLE OF NASTY MOTHERS, AREN'T WE?

Me: WE'RE GOING TO BE THE MOTHERS OF A COUPLE OF SOON TO BE MOTHERFUCKERS IS WHAT WE ARE! THE QUESTION IS, HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?

Donna: I'M NOT SURE. I SUPPOSE WE COULD GET UP RIGHT NOW, WALK INTO THEIR BEDROOMS AND CLIMB ON TOP OF THEIR BIG DICKS AND THEY WOULDN'T STOP US -- LOL!

Me: YES, WE COULD, BUT MAYBE I'M NUTS, BUT I WANT TO BE ABLE TO SHARE THE MOMENT WITH YOU TOO.

Donna: MMMMMM, BUT HOW CAN WE DO IT?

Me: I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA, BUT I WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT FOR A BIT. TOMORROW IS FRIDAY. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP SHANE AT HOME TOMORROW NIGHT?

Donna: LOL! BABY, I CAN BARELY GET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE ANYMORE. HE'S AFRAID HE'LL MISS MOMMY DOING SOMETHING SEXY!

Me: OKAY, LET'S SET THINGS UP SO THAT BOTH OUR BOYS WILL BE HOME AND UM...IN A STATE OF AROUSAL TOMORROW NIGHT AND LETS YOU AND I MEET ONLINE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK YOUR TIME?

Donna: SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, BUT WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND, GIRL?

Me: SOMETHING FUN AND NAUGHTY, BUT I NEED TO THINK IT THROUGH A LITTLE. GET SHANE ALL HOT AND BOTHERED AND I'LL DO THE SAME WITH JOHN AND WHEN YOU GET ON LINE, I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN.

We talked a little more, but I resisted giving up any more of my idea. We signed off with our now customary "I love you" to each other and I tried to get to sleep. I tossed and turned for a long time as I played my ideas out in my head. I was sure it would work. Of course at this stage of the game, I knew it wouldn't take much to get my son into my bed.

The next day crawled by, taking what seemed forever to get to 4:00 P.M. I ran several errands and then went over to the high school to watch John and his team play their county rivals. I sat with several other parents and watched the boys play hard -- John playing third base and on top of his game that night. He made two diving catches that saved his team runs and drove in three runs with two doubles. I'm sure I made a spectacle of myself, jumping up and down and cheering him and the other boys on. I noticed that there were several other mothers there alone and I wondered to myself if I was alone in desiring my son -- that there might be other mothers who fantasized about making love to their sons or maybe were already doing the deed. Just thinking about it made me wet. I could feel my panties moistening and by the time the game was over, I could feel that my inner thighs were slick with my juices.

Our boys won the game by a score of seven to four and John came running up to me afterwards and gave me a big hug! "We won, Mom!" In his exuberance, John wrapped his arms around me and picked me up and swung us around in a circle. "I could hear you up the stands, cheering me on!"

I laughed and demanded him to set me down, even as I relished the sensation of him pressing my pelvic region against his chest. Once I was on the ground again, he asked me if he could go out for a pizza with the guys. I told him that it was fine and gave him twenty dollars and said, "I don't want you out late tonight, honey. Be home by..." I glanced down at my watch. It was seven P.M. Donna would be expecting me at ten o'clock. "Be home by nine-thirty."

John rolled his eyes in exasperation, but before he could argue, I reached out and took him by the hand and locked my eyes on his. "I want you home early, son. I miss you when you're gone and I'm never sure when I might need you. Understand?"

John's face grew pale then turned a bright red. He swallowed a few times before answering. "Yes, I'll be home by nine, Mom."

I watched him leave with his buddies, he seeming a little more subdued than his teammates. He kept glancing back at me as they moved towards the locker room. I stood there and smiled, waving and occasionally blowing him a kiss. I wished I had been dressed in something more than a long denim skirt and blouse, something that would remind him of my naughty antics, but the expression on his face told me I needn't worry about my son coming home on time.

Back home, I took a long leisurely bath, washed my hair and put just a hint of perfume on. My own sexual scent quickly began to waft in my nostrils and even though I appeared calm and serene on the outside, my every thought was centered on how this night would end and the thought of it ending in my son's loving embrace had my pussy absolutely dripping.

I debated on what to wear -- considering several negligees, but in the end, I settled for a cute little belly shirt with shoulder straps and a thong bikini. I studied myself in the mirror and liked what I saw. I'd worked to lose a little weight, but still had just a bit of a belly, but I thought it looked sexy on me. Exercising had tightened my butt cheeks a little and while the shirt concealed my breasts, without a bra on, the material molded itself to my tits, the material so thin you could see the bumps of my areolas.

I reflected on the thought that the last several weeks had at least one positive aspect beyond turning me into a horny woman. As I stared at my reflection in the mirror, I smiled at myself. I am sexy! If nothing else, my son's stares and erections and compliments had made me feel sexy and attractive. I had reacquired the confidence in my own sexuality that most women lose the first time the crow's feet begin to appear or when they perceive that their tits have begun to lose their eternal war with gravity. I am a forty-one year old mother -- I'm not some perfectly sculpted actress or model, but I am a by-God, sexy, gorgeous woman!

I was still reflecting on that as I heard my son's car pull up at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. When John came in, I was curled up on the couch, watching television. My son looked handsome. He had showered after the game and was wearing these big Bermuda shorts that are now the craze and a school T-shirt. He joined me on the couch, sitting on the far end so as to get the best view of my scantily clad body.

We chatted for a while, me doing nothing to tantalize him other than sitting there in what little clothing I had on. We talked about the game and what a great job he had done, both in the field and at bat and about school in general. He asked me how my day had been and I went through the highs and lows at the florist shop. The entire time, I could feel my pussy dripping and tingling and a quick glance down confirmed my nipples were trying their best to poke holes through the satiny

material of my top. I could smell my arousal and from the way John's nostrils were flaring, so could he. There was a definite tent in his shorts that to his credit he was doing nothing to hide.

Our chat wandered aimlessly from topic to topic as we discussed possible plans for Saturday -- maybe going to a movie or out to dinner. I kept glancing up at the clock and when it was ten minutes till ten o'clock, I stood up and stretched, letting my arms go as high as I could manage, my shirt lifting until the lower part of my breasts were visible. I was also aware that the crotch of my panties was visibly wet, a dark blue spot spreading outward on the light blue material.

"I think I'm going to go up and get on my computer for a few minutes, John," I said glancing over at my son, his gaze fixated on my crotch. "Maybe chat a few minutes with my friend, Donna, before I call it a night."

"Okay, Mom," John replied, sounding seriously disappointed. I guess he was hoping for more than just a show. "I guess I might watch the sports channel and see how the Cubbies did today."

I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Sounds good, I'll come back down and give you a goodnight kiss before I go to bed." I smiled at him, stroked his cheek and said, "I love you, John. You are a good son." I turned and walked away, up the stairs, feeling his eyes on my naked cheeks like they were his hands.

Upstairs, I got on line and then had to try twice to get into my usual chat site -- my fingers were trembling so badly that I clicked on the wrong bookmark. But right on time, I was logged in and connected with Donna and immediately after that, our webcams were linked and I was looking at my partner in incestuous lust and love. Donna looked beautiful and nervous. She was wearing a tube top that left the upper portion of her firm tits exposed and stood up to show me a pair of thong panties that appeared to be an exact duplicate of the ones I was wearing, right down to the visible wet spot in the crotch. I stood up and showed off my own and she immediately typed in a brand name and I nodded.

We both began to laugh and couldn't contain ourselves for several minutes, unable to type or do anything other than look at each other and then breaking up in giggles again and again. When we finally could act normal, I was delighted to realize all the tension I had felt was gone. As if she could read my mind, Donna nodded and then began to type.

Donna: WE'RE REALLY GOING TO DO IT, AREN'T WE, CARMEN? WE'RE GOING TO FUCK OUR SONS.

Me: WE'RE GOING TO FUCK THEM TOGETHER, DONNA. WHERE IS SHANE?

Donna: LOL! HE'S IN HIS ROOM STUDYING. HE BLEW AN ENGLISH QUIZ AND I'VE BEEN PRETENDING TO BE MAD AT HIM. HOW ABOUT JOHN?

Me: HE'S DOWNSTAIRS WATCHING SPORTS AND WAITING FOR ME TO COME DOWN STAIRS TO KISS HIM GOODNIGHT. ARE YOU READY TO HEAR MY PLAN?

Donna nodded vigorously and I quickly typed out the details, enjoying the delicious grin that spread across her face.

Me: DO YOU THINK IT WILL WORK, DONNA?

Donna: ABSOLUTELY! THE BOYS ARE GOING TO LOVE IT! SHOULD I CALL MY SON UP NOW?

Me: YES AND I'LL CALL JOHN UP TOO. TIME TO LET THE GAMES BEGIN!!!

I turned in my chair and hollered, "John, can you come up stairs for a minute"

I heard a quick thump of feet on the stairs and then John was there. "Is everything all right?"

"Oh yeah, I need your help with something, but first let me introduce you to Donna. I beckoned him forward and he peered into my computer screen. Say 'hello' to Donna."

John leaned in and peered at the screen, his eyes roaming appreciatively over the sexy mother's image. Donna waved at him and my son laughed and waved back. A moment later and a handsome young man, looking every bit the sun-bleached surfer boy came into view. I let myself savor his fine figure in his tight T-shirt and jeans while Donna spoke to him. It was easy to read her lips and now that she was telling him to wave 'hi' at John and me. He gave us a friendly smile and waved, giving John a nod in that language that boys around the world share and gave me a long, appraising glance. "His name is Shane, he's Donna's son," I said to my son. Donna pointed to the keyboard.

Donna: I GUESS WE'RE READY, CARMEN. YOU WANT TO DO THE EXPLAINING?

Me: SURE. SHANE, YOUR MOM AND I HAVE BECOME GOOD FRIENDS OVER THE LAST SEVERAL MONTHS AND WE FEEL LIKE WE CAN SHARE OR SAY ANYTHING WITH EACH OTHER. NOW YOU AND MY SON HAVE PROBABLY NOTICED A CHANGE LATELY IN HOW YOUR MOMS HAVE BEEN ACTING AND...DRESSING, YES?

I could feel my son stiffen a little beside me as I said to him what I had typed for Donna and Shane. Shane visibly blushed and glanced down at his Mom's half naked body and then looked at me and slowly nodded.

Me: YOUR MOM AND I HAVE BEEN, WELL EXPLORING THINGS ABOUT OURSELVES AND WE'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WE ARE BOTH NAUGHTY MOMS, AND WE LIKE BEING NAUGHTY MOMS! AND JUDGING FROM THE EVIDENCE, BOTH OUR SONS LIKE US BEING NAUGHTY MOMS TOO!

"Oh wow -- hell, yeah," I heard my son mutter even as my words registered with Shane. Donna looked up anxiously at her son for his reaction and then smiled as he reached out and squeezed her bare shoulder.

Me: WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO DECIDE WHICH OF US IS THE NAUGHTIEST MOTHER OF ALL AND SO WE NEED YOUR HELP TO DECLARE A WINNER! SHANE, YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GOING TO PLAY A GAME OF DARES. YOU AND MY SON ARE GOING TO BE HELPING US WITH THAT, OKAY? SOMETIMES YOU BOYS WILL GET THE DARE AND SOMETIMES IT WILL BE US MOMS, UNDERSTAND? FIRST ONE TO REFUSE THE DARE, LOSES!

Both my son and Shane look like they'd been hit with baseball bats, but I could see a visible lump in Shane's jeans and with a quick glance to my right I could behold the huge tent in John's shorts that told me he was up for my game of dares.

Me: EVERYBODY READY? WHO GOES FIRST?

Donna: IT'S YOUR GAME, CARMEN, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE THE FIRST DARE.

Me: OKAY. HMMMM, THIS IS TOUGH. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SHANE IS A LITTLE OVERDRESSED AT THE MOMENT. MOM, I DARE YOU TO TAKE YOUR SON'S JEANS OFF.

Donna never flinched, but gave me an evil smile and turned in her chair and began unbuttoning Shane's jeans. She eagerly tugged them down to reveal his boxer shorts, a huge tent pressing out of the front!

Donna: I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS GAME! MY TURN!!! JOHN, I DARE YOU TO KISS YOUR MOM FOR THIRTY SECONDS -- JUST A KISS -- NO TONGUE -- LOL!!

I felt John move and I looked up to see him staring back expectantly. I smiled and nodded, taking his hand and squeezing it. John took that as encouragement and leaned down, pressing his lips to mine. His lips felt wonderful pressed against mine and it was difficult to not open my mouth and offer him my tongue. Too soon, I felt my son pull back. I didn't want to stop and he left me there in mid pucker.

Me: OMG!!! THAT WAS GREAT. LET'S UP THE ANTE A LITTLE. SHANE, I DARE YOU TO FRENCH KISS YOUR MOM FOR THIRTY SECONDS!

Shane wasted no time, bending over and pressing his lips to his mother's. John and I watched in awe as they passionately kissed, Donna's arms coming up and embracing her son, pulling her to him as their tongues danced and rolled together. When Shane pulled away, Donna gave her son a last, loving lick across the lips and then turned and grinned at us as she began to type

Donna: YOU EVIL BITCH!! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THAT WAS! CARMEN, STAND UP AND BEND OVER. JOHN, I DARE YOU TO RUB YOUR MOM'S ASS CHEEKS FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS!

I gasped as I realized we were about to take this to a point there was no turning back from. I stood up and turned and leaned over, using the chair for support. I looked over at my shoulder and looked back at my son. He had the look of a little boy wanting so bad to stick his hand in the cookie jar and not sure if he'd be in trouble. "It's okay, son." I said reassuringly.

John moved up and put his palm on my butt cheek. He slowly ran it over my ass cheek and back again, his fingertips making me shiver as they brushed along the crack of my ass. "So smooth," he sighed. His touch sent shivers of pleasure coursing through me and I gave a quiet curse when my time was up.

Me: I AM FEELING SO HOT. SHANE, ARE YOU FEELING LUCKY? I DARE YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND INTO MOM'S TUBE TOP AND FONDLE HER TITS FOR THIRTY SECONDS!

Shane looked stupefied for a moment as what I imagined was one of his life-long fantasies was being offered to him. He sat his hand on his mother's shoulder again and she turned her head and kissed it before he slowly slid his hand downward and under the tube top, cupping Donna's lovely breast. His mother closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as his hand moved over her tit and I envied her the sensation of his palm rubbing against her hard, erect nipple. I don't even think Donna realized she was doing it, but she reached up with her hand and tugged the tube top down, exposing both her beautiful tits. "So lovely," I breathed in a quiet voice.

"Your's are more beautiful, Mom," John said in an equally awed voice.

Donna: TIME TO GET NASTY! JOHN, I WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND UNDER YOUR MOM'S TOP AND FONDLE HER BIG TITS WHILE YOU FRENCH KISS HER FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS.

"Fuckin A!" my son muttered and he leaned down for another kiss. My mouth was open and welcoming as his tongue met mine. At the same time, I felt his hand move under my belly shirt and grasp my breast. I moaned into John's mouth as he let his fingers sink into my soft, meaty tit, raising up to force his palm against my throbbing nipple, so badly in need of stimulation. My hand came up and cupped the back of my son's head, keeping him in place, not wanting him to pull away as we kissed like the lovers we were on the verge of becoming! Its end came too soon and we both broke away the kiss gasping, almost blushing as Donna and her son applauded us on the screen. I turned to face the screen, savoring the look of anticipation on Donna's face.

ME: THAT WAS SOOO INTENSE. SHANE, I DARE YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND DOWN IN YOUR MOM'S PANTIES AND GIVE ME A REPORT!

Donna's eyes widened but she quickly lifted her hips off the chair to give Shane better access and to show off to me and my son. Shane's hand disappeared into his Mom's thong and she immediately jerked as if she'd received an electric shock. Her mouth opened to moan and I immediately wished we had thought to have added audio. The fabric of her crotch bulged with exploring fingers and Donna hunched herself against her son's probing digits. Sean grinned at the camera and reached out with his free hand and began to type.

Shane: WOW! MOM IS HOT AND CREAMY! DID YOU KNOW SHE SHAVES HER PUSSY?

When his time was up, Shane slipped his hand out of his mother's panties. I could see Donna cry out in protest, thrusting her pelvis upward. Her son held up two fingers to the webcam and we could see them glistening with his mother's pussy juices. Shane winked at the camera and then licked his fingers like they were an ice cream cone.

ME: OH YESSSS! FEEL FREE TO LICK HER CREAM OFF YOUR FINGERS!

Donna: MMMMMMMM -- JOHN, GIVE YOUR MOTHER THE SAME TREATMENT. I DARE YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND INTO MOM'S PANTIES AND COP A GOOD FEEL! TELL ME WHAT YOU FIND.

Like Donna, I raised myself up, throwing my legs over the arms of my office chair, gulping for air as I felt my son's palm press gently against my belly before sliding downwards and under my thong. "Ohhhh myyyy!" I gasped as I felt John's fingers slid across my trimmed bush and then into my wet folds of flesh, two fingers slipping between my labia lips. The sensation of contact was incredible as the realization that it was my son slipping his fingers into my pussy. A sweet, electrical shock detonated between my legs as John's index and middle fingers slipped inside me to swirl around, gently probing me.

"Mmmggaahhhh -- yesssss! F-finger Mommy's pussy, baby!" I stammered to my son, thrusting my pelvis again his exploring digits. John's fingers went deep and then curled upwards, seeking my pleasure points and finding them as I squealed with delight. I started to rise up out of the chair, but John used his other hand to gently press me down, then, much to my dismay, my son withdrew his fingers from my clasping pussy, fingers thickly coated with my cream. Donna and Shane never took their eyes off of us, his hand again on her shoulder and her hand on top of his.

"You are so fucking hot, Mom!" John moaned and then stuck his fingers in his mouth and sucked them clean as he leaned over me to use the keyboard.

JOHN: MOM'S HOTTER THAN THE FOURTH OF JULY! SHE IS ALL KINDS OF WET! EVEN HER LITTLE BUSH IS SOAKED!!! SORRY -- I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO TELL ME TO SUCK MOM'S JUICES OFF MY HAND!

Donna shook her head and laughed and licked her lips. I was now shaking so much with lust that I could barely hit the keys. My nipples were so hard and swollen, they actually hurt and my panties were a sodden mess, my juices again soaking and staining my chair.

ME: I DON'T THINK DONNA MINDS, DO YOU, SWEETIE? NOW, MOM, I DARE YOU TO REACH IN AND FISH OUT YOUR SON'S COCK! I WANT TO SEE HOW BIG IT IS! AND I DARE YOU TO STROKE IT, MOM!

Donna grinned and fulfilled a long time fantasy as she slipped her hand into her son's boxers and brought out his erect penis. Shane's mother turned and raised her eyebrows at me as she stroked it slowly, proudly showing off her son's cock. I gave a little eek as I saw how big and long it was. Donna then stared up at her son's face as she masturbated him for thirty seconds. When she reluctantly let him go, it slapped hard against his stomach.

Donna: I TOLD YOU IT WAS BIG, CARMEN! MOM, I DARE YOU TO PULL DOWN JOHN'S SHORTS AND GIVE HIS DICK A LITTLE KISS AND LICK!

"Are you ready for this, John?" I asked my son. "Can Mom touch your cock?"

"Ohhh yesss, Mom. I've dreamed of this!" John sighed as I tugged his shorts down, freeing his cock.

"Omigod, son, you are fucking huge!" I gasped as I took him in my hand. My pussy tingled in anticipation of being stuffed by my son's massive dick. I had known John was big just from the obvious bulges in his pants, but up close and now touching his stiff rod, I couldn't believe how big he was. If I had known what had been hanging between my son's legs earlier, I'm sure I would have already become his lover! I stroked my son and glanced back at the screen at Donna and her son. Donna was eyeing my son's cock with interest and I tried to compare Shane's cock with the one in my hand. It was hard to tell (and I was distracted by the throbbing meat in my hand), but I think Shane's cock was a little bit longer, but John's girth was greater.

I was so enthralled with my son's penis that I almost forgot to follow through with Donna's dare. I puckered up and planted a wet smooch on the crown of John's cock and then playing up to the camera, I moved my mouth downwards and then ran my tongue up the length of my son's shaft and finished by swirling my tongue over his swollen cock head. It took all my self control to not start sucking his lovely cock and return to the keyboard.

Me: OHHH MY GOD! MOM DONNA, I DARE YOU TO SUCK YOUR SON'S COCK FOR THIRTY SECONDS!

Donna: I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER ASK!

Donna turned from the keyboard and took her son's cock in hand. She flicked her tongue over the head, picking up a sliver of precum from his slit, then took him deep in her mouth, closing her lips around his meat and hollowing her cheeks, began to suck Shane.

Her son, bless his horny little heart, had the presence of mind to reach out and pick up the webcam, pointing it downwards so that my son and I could see Donna sucking his cock from his point of view. Her eyes had an expression of pure bliss as she slid her lips up and down on his penis, making it shiny with her saliva. Sucking her son's cock had Donna losing all track of time.

Me: I SAID THIRTY SECONDS YOU SLUT -- LOL!!

Shane laughed when he read my message and after setting the webcam back in place, he eased his mother's face out of his crotch. Donna looked distinctly unhappy as she turned back to face the PC.

Donna: YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT WAS TO STOP! JOHN, I DARE YOU TO GET BETWEEN YOUR MOM'S LEGS, PULL OFF HER PANTIES AND LICK HER PUSSY FOR THIRTY SECONDS!

John face was a bright red, but he looked eager and he moved down between my legs and pulled them together so he could remove my thong. As he pulled them off me, he brought the skimpy panties to his nose and took a deep breath. "God, I love your smell, Mom!" He then held up the panties to the webcam and squeezed the cream filled crotch so that we could all watch rivulets of pussy juice trickle over his hand.

John spread my legs, letting them again drape over the arms of my chair and then without warning, shoved his face into my flowered cunt, making me squeal with joy and surprise. His tongue shot out and roiled through my wet flesh expertly and I realized with a start that my son was not eating pussy for the first time. This was confirmed as his tongue washed over my swollen clitoris. "Ohhhh yesssss, sonnn!" I moaned as I bucked my pelvis into his face and let my fingers slip into his dark hair and pulling his face more firmly against my pussy. I picked up the webcam and pointed it downwards to let Donna and Shane watch my son work his talented tongue and mouth. Donna grinned evilly and began to type.

Donna: LOL! JUST THIRTY SECONDS, CARMEN, REMEMBER? LET HIS HEAD GO, YOU WHORE!

I moaned with frustration. I was so tempted not to let John stop. I could feel the beginnings of an orgasm growing deep within me as my son hungrily licked and nibbled at me -- his tongue lapping me and sucking on my pussy lips. I reluctantly let him slip from my grip and then pushed him back, mewling in delight as he kept sucking on my labia, stretching it out. I gasped in amazement! My son had me close to orgasm in just a few seconds with his tongue!

ME: OH DONNA, I ALMOST CAME! JOHN'S TONGUE IS SOOO SWEET! SHANE, I DARE YOU TO USE THREE FINGERS ON YOUR MOM'S PUSSY FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS.

Shane knelt down and his mother meekly let him pull her panties off her, leaving her virtually naked (her tube top was still on, rolled below her pert breasts now). She spread her legs wide and pushed her butt to the edge of her seat. Donna took hold of her labia and spread her cunt lips wide, giving Shane an easy and erotic target. Index, Middle and Ring fingers slipped into her and I could hear her lips move and almost read her pleas to fuck her hard and fast with his fingers.

Shane immediately obeyed his mother and began to rapidly plunge his fingers in and out of her wet, grasping pussy. The effect on his mother was immediate as she stiffened in her chair, her mouth gaping open as she relished the sensation of her son finger-fucking her. Donna's hands came up to pinch and tease her nipples as Shane worked his fingers in and out. John and I could see Donna's sudden cry of protest as Shane who was keeping count suddenly withdrew his hand. He immediately began licking his Mom's cunt cream of his fingers while Donna turned back to the keyboard, her body quivering with need.

Donna: WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE TOLD MY SON TO FINGERFUCK ME FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF MINUTES! CARMEN, I DARE YOU TO SUCK JOHN'S COCK FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS WHILE JOHN FINGERS YOU AT THE SAME TIME.

Later, Donna told me what an erotic sight my son and I made as he leaned down and fucked my pussy with three fingers while I leaned into his pelvis and took his cock into my mouth. My whole

body seemed to be on fire as my son penetrated my body with his fingers. I could feel my cunt muscles contracting, hungry for his touch, seeking to hold him inside me. My mind reeled as I processed the fact that I had my son's penis, hard, long and stiff in my mouth. My tongue fluttered madly over his velvety steel skin while I sucked him. This all was so right and so incredibly naughty at the same time. This forbidden contact, this violation of custom and law was so incredible -- I knew that I would never be the same -- that no other man's touch or love could ever make me the same way again. All too soon, I felt John withdraw his fingers and then gently withdraw his cock from my sucking mouth.

I looked up at my son with such longing and saw his lustful desire written on his face. I wanted and needed my son and he wanted and needed me and I knew that the game was over -- that all that was left was to commit the deep, utter, complete and beautiful incest with my son.

Me: TIME TO PUT UP OR SHUT UP! I DARE BOTH JOHN AND SHANE TO SIT DOWN AND LET YOUR MOTHERS RIDE YOUR BIG COCKS UNTIL YOU FILL US UP WITH YOUR SPUNK!

Donna stood up, a lusty smile on her face and began to type as Shane slipped behind her and sat down in her chair, his cock standing straight up.

Donna: ABOUT FUCKING TIME, CARMEN!! I'M GOING NUTS HERE. C'MON GIRL, LETS FUCK OUR SONS AND LIVE OUT OUR FANTASIES! LET'S MAKE OUR SONS MOTHERFUCKERS!!

I was standing up myself and I could my son saying as much to himself as he was to me, "Oh my god -- I can't believe this is really happening. I'm going to fuck you, Mom!"

I turned around and bent over as John sat down, my hand stroking his hard cock as I kissed him. "That's right, son. You're going to fuck your mother, so do a good job, honey!"

I turned to face the PC and the webcam and I hoped I looked calmer than I felt. All the teasing and fantasy were about to end. Donna and I had pushed and pushed our relationships with our sons to way beyond any conventional norms and now, we were crossing that taboo line. I felt no regret, only the anticipation that perhaps an aroused virgin might feel on her wedding night.

Donna and I were mirror images as we watched each other and moved almost as one -- both of us straddling our young stud sons. We gave each other reassuring smiles as we slowly lowered ourselves downward till our pussies were hovering over our sons' cocks. I could see Donna's cunt lips, swollen and spread, like a hungry mouth ready to swallow her son's long and hard penis. Between my legs, I could feel the immensity of my son's cockhead, brushing my wet flesh between my labia.

Donna and I nodded to each other and then almost reading each other's minds, we mouthed to each other, "One-Two-THREE." On the Three count, we both lowered ourselves onto our son's erections. Donna's eyes opened wide as she took his cock inside her and I sobbed out loud as I suddenly found myself being crammed full of cockmeat.

Both boys were big and despite my arousal and Donna's -- our cunts sopping wet, we both had to move slowly downwards, partly from their girth and partly from erotic sensory overload. These were our sons! This was the child that I had given birth to and now to realize -- to savor the sinful sensation of his flesh returning to its birthplace was almost more than I could deal with. It was beyond pleasure -- it was joy heaven sent!

Time slowed down, the universe centering around the slowing expanding sensation between my legs of immense, erotic pleasure as my pussy was crammed full of incestuous cock! I was aware that I was moaning, a low, soulful sound that was growing in intensity even as I watched Donna's reaction to having her cunt stuffed with her son's stiff dick. Erotic anguish was etched on her face and she was moaning, she was screaming with pleasure as she took all of him inside her, her body almost convulsing from the pleasure.

My labia scraped and then pressed firmly into John's wiry pubic hairs and I realized even as orgasmic pleasure wracked my body that I had all of him buried in my cunt. "Y-you feeel sooo good, J-John," I stammered. "You are sooo big, baby!"

"Your pussy is awesome, Mom -- you feel so wet and silky and so fucking tight!" gasped John, his arms wrapped around my waist. I could feel him kissing my back, little quick butterfly kisses that made me shiver with delight.

Like a helpless rag doll, Donna sat suspended on her son's cock, his arms wrapped around her and hands cupping her perky tits. Mother and son were slowly rocking back and forth, Shane's cock buried deep in his mother's pussy. As I watched their movement, I began to emulate them and groaned as the movement changed the points of pressure that John's cock stimulated inside of me. "Ohhh, Mom, that feels soo fucking good!" my son gasped as I moved back and forth. As we moved, I tried to type a message to Donna.

Me: OMIGODD! ITSSWONDERFUL DON'T YOU LUV YOUR SONNNS COCK, DONNNNA?

My writing became atrocious and can you blame me? Try trying to type coherently when you're stuffed with your son's cock and see how well you do. It took a minute or two before Donna even noticed my words and longer before she attempts a reply.

Donna: LLOVEMYU BABYS COOCCCCCK ABOUTT TO CUMMMM LOVE MY Y SONNNS LOVE FUK HIMIM!

We both typed a little more babble, but our need to mate with our sons took over and we devoted our attention to our sons' splendid penises. John's hands went to my hips and he began to slowly lift me up and down. I sobbed with delight, helpless to do anything but enjoy my son's cock as he slowly moved me up and down. I am so short, my feet dangled in the air and I was totally at his mercy. My pussy felt so full! Each up and down motion, I could feel his thick shaft scraping my sides, so tight was my cunt packed that I swear I could feel every vein and bump on John's cock.

On the screen in front of me, I could see Shane and Donna fucking. Donna's longer legs allowing her to control her movements and her calves bulging with strain as she bounced herself up and down on her son's long dick, her slick, glistening labia claspings at Shane's penis. My friend's lips were pursed and I could almost hear the coos and moans of Donna's pleasure piercing the silence of the internet. Shane's fingers were playing and pinching her swollen nipples, no doubt adding to the delicious delight his cock was giving his mother.

My pussy began to spasm as I felt my orgasm begin to build, my son's cock stoking the flames of my pleasure as he seemed to grow even larger inside me. His huge crown was pressing against my cervix, deeper than any man had ever penetrated me and the simple knowledge that my own son was about to deposit his youthful seed inside me seemed to intensify my pleasure all the more.

Movement on my computer screen caught my eye and I focused in to see Donna's body convulsing. Shane was thrusting his hips upward to drive deep into his mother's pussy and then

once buried, both seemed to stiffen and Donna's mouth opened wide as a silent scream of orgasm was ripped from her. The carnal vision on my PC sent me over the edge and I managed to whimper, "Oh God! I'm going to cum, John. Mommy's cummingggg!" before the world caught fire.

Orgasmic flames raced outward from my pussy which clamped tightly around my son's cock, my cunt muscles holding John in place and milking his cock for his sperm. All I could manage was a shrill scream as my son gave me my first incestuous cock induced orgasm. Pleasure so intense it bordered on pain seemed to overwhelm me, making me a reflection of Donna, helpless in the throes of her own incestuous orgasm.

"Mommm! I -- Your pussy is sooo -- I'm going to cum, MOM!" John wailed and I felt his cock swell inside me and then unleash a torrent of his hot semen, bathing my insides, coating my womb with his seed. My orgasm escalated to new heights and I babbled incoherently as wave after wave of pleasure seemed to tear my body apart and heal it all within the tick of a single second repeated over and over again.

I let myself become lost in the moment, aware of only my own pleasure and that of my son, allowing myself to be immersed in the carnality, the sweet incestuous sin and love we had created. For what seemed an eternity, John's cock pulsed and fed my pussy his sweet, steaming sperm while I baptized his cock with my motherly cunt cream. We seemed to drift in heavenly bliss forever.

At some point I returned to the universe, stirred out of my reverie by the sensation of my son's cock slowly shrinking while his hands caressed my body, fondling my breasts and stroking my pussy. "I love you, John," I sighed, my voice trembling with emotion.

"I love you too, Mom," replied my son in a quiet, happy voice.

I focused my eyes on my computer screen and smiled as I saw Donna and Shane smiling back at me. Donna's short, dark hair was wet with sweat and her body glistened from her exertions and I could see her breasts bob up and down as she still gasped for air. Still sitting in her son's lap, I could see her son's half-erect cock, covered in their mixed cum. Her wide spread pussy was dripping semen.

My cunt throbbed around my son's semi-erect cock, as yet unwilling to let him go. I felt waterlogged or maybe the word should be sperm-logged with my son's seed and I must confess that it was a sensation that left me both content and aroused. I felt John's hands close around my breasts, sending aftershocks through me as he rubbed his palms against my nipples. It was a lovely way to come down from an orgasm. I twisted around and put one arm around my son's shoulders and leaned in and kissed him, softly, slowly, conveying both passion and motherly love to my son and lover.

When I turned my attention back to my friend, she was typing,

Donna: SO -- WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU? LOL

Me: MMMMM, BETTER THAN I EVER DREAMED. AND FOR YOU? DID YOU LOVE YOUR SON'S COCK?

Donna: OHHH MY GOD! I HAVE NEVER HAD A MULTIPLE ORGASM BEFORE. AND WATCHING YOU AND YOUR SON MADE IT SOOO MUCH BETTER.

Me: SAME HERE -- YOU AND SHANE WERE SO BEAUTIFUL TO WATCH. IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS!

Donna: MMMMM, I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE THING THAT COULD MAKE THIS MOMENT ANY MORE INCREDIBLE.

Me: REALLY?!! PLEASE TELL ME!

Donna grinned evilly at me and I felt a tremor of anticipatory delight rifle through me.

Donna: THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE THIS NIGHT BETTER IS IF WE WERE ALL TOGETHER AND YOU AND I COULD LICK EACH OTHER'S SON'S SPUNK OUT OF EACH OTHER'S PUSSY!

John moaned as he read Donna's words and I felt his cock begin to stiffen inside my still wet and aroused cunt. I stared at Donna as she leaned back against her son, spreading her pussy lips wider and then used two fingers to spoon up some of her son's semen and then with a lewd smile, lick it off her fingers. I sighed and hurriedly typed a response.

Me: YOU KNOW, THE GAME HASN'T ENDED. DONNA, I DARE YOU AND YOUR SON TO COME VISIT US AND DO THAT FOR REAL!

Donna smiled and said something to her son who nodded eagerly. There was a carnal lust in her eye as her fingers quickly typed a response. She pressed the send key and then looked into the camera and mouthed the words, "I love you, Carmen!" And her message?

Donna: WHEN?

**The End (?)**