

# INSTRUCTION

## *Ahabscribe*

*Mother is seduced by son and they cuckold his father!*

Incest/Taboo

4.63

18.7k words

*Well, I think it's safe to say, my oedipal issues are back. I think you're going to enjoy this story...the climax is based on one of the most vivid dreams I ever had. Be forewarned however, cuckolding is involved in a big way and if that's not your thing, I'd give this story a pass. For the rest of you mother-son fans, enjoy! Please let me know what you think!*

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are fictitious!

There are quiet moments in my life where I reflect about the strange, wonderful and terrible twists my life has taken in recent times after a life of quiet, meek frustration. Sometimes, I wonder if perhaps I shouldn't feel at least a modicum of shame for what has happened, but when I search my heart for such feelings, they are not there. Maybe, instead of shame, I should feel guilt, but I do not. All I find is the joy that was missing for so long, a joy that brought with it a feeling of wholeness and happiness for the life I now lead. Perhaps others can judge me, but even then, who knows what longings and desires lay within their hearts?

#

It began when the power went out in Champion Hall early one Wednesday afternoon during Spring Semester. I was the executive assistant to the Chair of the English Department, a position I have held through the tenure of three different people. To most, I was a glorified secretary, but I am the glue that kept the University's English Department together and running at peak efficiency. Unfortunately, with the power out and my trusty computer dead, there was little I could do. When the maintenance people pulled the long face and said it would be late in the evening before the problem was resolved, Dr. Lane told me to take the rest of the day off.

I did a little grocery shopping on the way home, wondering if my son would be home for dinner. My husband was a given, Paul was a very regimented data manager at a major bank and did everything out of habit...the most punctual man I have ever known. My son, John, on the other hand, a grad assistant at the University was much more unpredictable...in part due to his ever changing work schedule – he worked in the Chemistry Department – working towards an advanced degree in Bio-chemical studies and helping with research and development of new pharmaceuticals.

I was a little surprised to see John's car in the driveway along with a small, sporty looking car parked right behind it. I presumed that my twenty-three year old and one of his buddies were hanging out – probably playing video games as we hadn't gotten the pool up and running yet...the weather while pretty had remained stubbornly cool,

I came in through the kitchen and put the food away, not hearing my son or his friend. I assumed they were up in his bedroom killing monsters on his X-box. It was only when I was passing through the living room returning from retrieving the mail from the mailbox that I heard them, the noise stopping me dead in my tracks.

A woman's voice cried out in something close to a scream, "YESSSSSS, JUST LIKE THAT, JOHN! FUCK ME HARD!"

It took my mind a moment to get my head around what was happening. If I had not been able to hear her words clearly, I would have thought someone was being murdered upstairs, but she had left little to the imagination, confirming my suspicions when she cried out, "YEAAHHHH, FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG DICK, BABY!"

I went a little weak in the knees and turned left and made a beeline for the den, suddenly needing a drink and Paul's well stocked bar being close by. That proved to be a mistake as I realized that I was now directly over John's bedroom. As I poured myself a brandy, the woman's cries now competed with the noise of box springs being tested vigorously and the thud of the headboard hitting the wall again and again. I overfilled my glass unintentionally and carried the large snifter to Paul's favorite overstuffed leather chair and sat down before my legs gave out.

As the woman's screams grew louder, I couldn't help but wonder what in the world he was doing to her. I was a little stunned. In twenty-seven years of wedded life, I had never once been made to scream like that by my husband. I took a long sip of the brandy and gazed up at the ceiling, mouth open in slack-jawed amazement that a woman could make such sounds.

Now, I never reckoned myself to be a prude...just inexperienced. I was raised in a religiously conservative family and had married an equally religiously conservative man. Paul was a good man...a faithful man in all his duties to me, although not very imaginative, in bed or out. We had been each other's first and only partners and even in the beginning, the passion and the magic that I had expected from sex wasn't there.

Paul, like every man in his family had been raised to treat sex more or less as either a chore of procreation or as a release when the pressures built to too high a level. At our best, we'd made love about twice a week and I can't honestly say I've ever had an orgasm with Paul. It felt good, sure enough, but with him it was basically two minutes of foreplay and then him climbing aboard and when he got his nut off, climbing off me and going to sleep.

A red letter event was when he deigned to let me ride him, but those moments were far and few between. Oral sex was outside his comfort zone and had only come into play the last few years when he'd begun having trouble getting it up and it had been totally one-sided, me sucking his cock because he believed that cunnilingus was nasty.

"CUM-CUM-CUMMMMMING, JOHN! FUCK ME, FUCK ME HARD, MAKE ME CUM HARD!" I had listened to the woman sobbing and screaming for nearly twenty minutes with short pauses between her cries of passion and I was now completely freaked out. Twenty minutes was close to three times the amount of time Paul and I made love and as near as I could tell, my son wasn't done yet.

Her orgasm came and went, but the bed's creaking and slamming continued as did her moans which gradually grew louder again until perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six minutes had passed at the very least. "OH GOD, JOHN! FUCK ME, BABY! GIVE ME THAT BIG DICK FOREVER! CUMMING BABY! MAKE ME CUM!" Her screams of pleasure escalated even as I finished the last of my brandy and then I heard my son bellowing like a bull moose, nearly dropping my brandy snifter as it hit me that I was hearing my son climax. I sat my glass down and for a moment placed my hands over my ears, trying to drown out the noise of my son and some girl having an orgasm, the likes of which I had no experience.

When silence finally ensued, I struggled to my feet and shakily poured myself another overfull snifter of brandy, scarcely collapsing in the chair again when I heard giggling from upstairs and the shower go on in the upstairs bathroom. I shifted nervously in my seat, wondering if I should try and slip out – pretend not to have stumbled on my son's afternoon tryst with...whoever it was that was upstairs.

My thinking was just cloudy enough for me to realize that I had already drunk too much to get back in my car and drive away. I decided that the best thing to do was sit here in the shadows of our shadowy den and let them slip away. Silly me, I didn't even consider that my car that I knew I shouldn't drive was sitting in the driveway next to John's little Toyota. Then the noise of sex began again.

Though I couldn't hear them as loudly as I had in my son's bedroom, clearly my son and his friend were having sex in the shower. She seemed to be incapable of words, but her screams were loud and clear and again, I wondered what my son was doing that could make a woman make noises like that. I felt feverish, perhaps in part from the unusual amount of brandy I had downed, but also from a warmth that was spreading through my body, especially between my legs and across my chest and face. I didn't have to look under my blouse to recognize see the sexual flush spreading across my upper chest, neck and face.

It occurred to me in my suddenly slightly intoxicated state that I was turned on by the noises I was hearing along with the sudden graphic images of my son and his mystery woman and what they might be doing that were passing through my mind. Idly, I wondered if they were face to face or was my son taking her from behind...something Paul had never done with me. My free hand slid slowly down across my wool skirt to press between my thighs only to jerk back as I felt a powerful burst of sexual pleasure from caressing my covered mound. My heart was pounding wildly and my head was buzzing from alcohol and amazement.

The screams reached a fever pitch and again I heard my son bellow like a rutting animal and then only the shower could be heard, continuing on for a few more minutes. It stopped and I peered owlishly up at the ceiling, trying to track movement from the little noises that came now and again. Finally, I heard voices and the footsteps as they came downstairs.

I was silent as a mouse as they passed the den and they never noticed me. I saw John and a quick glimpse of a young woman...a few years younger than himself – tall and slender, with auburn hair and jeans that looked painted on. I felt a twinge of jealousy deep inside and wondered why.

I heard the front door open and then her exclaim, "Omigod! Is that your mother's car? Is she home? Do you think she heard us?"

There was some amusement in John's voice as he replied, "I doubt it. It's no big deal though...I am twenty-four after all. C'mon, Kelly, I'll walk you to your car."

The door closed and I was alone again. I discovered in the following silence that my brandy snifter was empty again and I rose and wobbled unsteadily to the bar and poured another drink, this one more reasonable than the others. I returned to my seat, not turning on any lights, suddenly appreciating the dimness of the room.

A few minutes passed by as I imagined John and his red-headed friend kissing passionately in our driveway – the images in my head showing them lip-locked while John groped her perfect, denim clad butt. Then the front door opened and closed again. There was a moment of silence and then

my son called out in a tentative voice, "Mom? You home?" I heard footsteps and saw him pass the den and as he neared the kitchen, he called out louder, "Hey, Mom...where are you?"

I cleared my throat and said a bit hoarsely, "In the den, honey."

John returned and stood in the doorway, his tall build blocking what little light was in the windowless room. "What're you doing sitting her in the dark, Mom?" he asked slightly amused.

"Just having a bit to drink, dear," I replied, trying not to slur my words.

John said nothing, but slipped into the room to the couch and turned on a lamp next to it before sitting down. I smiled at him, trying to reconcile the man sitting there with the little boy he'd always been to me. His longish brown hair was wet and combed back out of his face. He was wearing a Red Sox jersey and blue jeans, battered sneakers on his feet. At six foot-one and nearly two hundred pounds, he was borderline stocky, resembling my brothers and my father more than his own father – Paul being a skinny fellow who was five inches shorter than his son. His dark brown eyes stared at me with amusement and curiosity. I stared back, not knowing what to say. As fearless as he'd always been, John leaped right into it.

"So, I guess you heard Kelly and me going at it, huh?"

I nodded and trying to smile, replied, "Uh...yep." I felt lightheaded as the alcohol began to really hit me.

John smiled just as he had as a little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "Are you mad, Mom?"

I slowly shook my head which made my head spin. "Nooo," I finally responded. "You're a grown man. I wouldn't recommend letting your father catch you like that." I sighed and said, "I'm not mad, but I..."

John leaned forward, his brow wrinkling with curiosity. "What, Mom?"

I knew that this was inappropriate – that a mother shouldn't discuss such things with her son, but between the alcohol and my own need to know, I replied, "I um, was just wondering how you made...Kelly, was it, how you made her scream like you did?"

My son's mouth fell open in surprise, his eyes widening before he leaned back and laughed. "You're not serious, Mom!"

"Yes, I am!" I answered, the alcohol lowering my inhibitions. "I've been married to your father for twenty-seven years and he's never...I've never screamed like that when we made love. Never!"

John laughed again; not seeming to mind hearing his mother's complaining confession. "Well, then, Dad's not doing something right."

I took a sip of my brandy and sighed, "Maybe I should have you give him some pointers." I laughed, amused at my own awful comments.

My son licked his lips and a thoughtful expression crossed over his face and he said in a lower, teasing voice, "Well, I could always show you a few things and you could teach them to Dad."

I nearly dropped my glass as I gasped, "John, I'm your mother! That's not funny!"

John scooted a little closer to me, sliding along the couch. "I'm serious, Mom. You deserve to be treated right and if Dad isn't doing his job, maybe I can help!"

I drained my glass, although whether to avoid answering him or to find some liquid courage, I wasn't sure. "What could you show me anyways?" I finally said in a strained but curious tone.

John moved to the edge of the couch, his knees almost touching mine. Grinning like the cat that'd caught the canary, he said, "Lord, Mom...where do I begin?" He mockingly stroked his chin as if in deep thought and then snapped his fingers. "I know, tell me about Dad's oral technique."

I felt that warm blush on my skin begin to burn as I snorted derisively, "What technique? Your father has never..." I stopped, my embarrassment temporarily overwhelming my alcohol spurred brazenness.

"Oh, Mom," John gasped with maybe actual disbelief in his voice as his hand dropped onto my knee – gently squeezing it through the cotton of my dress... "You're telling me that Dad has never gone down on you? He's never licked your pussy?"

I fell back into the big chair like I had been slapped. "JESUS CHRIST, JOHN!" I yelled, partly out of fear and partly from anger. "I am your mother. You don't...we don't discuss such things. You're my son for God's sake!"

John didn't remove his hand and he seemed to ignore my ire as he calmly replied, "Yes, I am and it pisses me off to think Dad's not doing right by you. I mean...hell; eating pussy is one of the essential keys to good orgasms. What's a man's tongue good for if not to slowly slide up and down a woman's lips, curling around her clitty and diving deep into her sweet flesh, making her wetter and wetter for the..." He paused and rubbed his crotch which I suddenly noticed had quite the lump. Suddenly, I realized that somehow, John's fingers had slipped under the hem of my dress and were now resting on my bare skin...

John was suddenly was on one knee, his hand still on my leg. "I mean, a woman deserves a little orgasm from her man's tongue alone...it helps prime the pump for the really big orgasms later!"

I shuddered and closed my eyes as I whispered, "Did you...did you lick Kelly's pussy before you fucked her today?" I was desperate to hear his answer and yet frightened at the same time.

My son chuckled as he slid his hand forward a little and brought his other hand to my other leg. The hem of my modest dress had somehow slid above both my knees. "Until my tongue and jaw ached, Mom. I bet she climaxed twice before we fucked. She loves my tongue." He flicked it out in an obscene way that reminded me of that snake-tongued rocker from my teenaged years – the one the preacher had said was a knight in Satan's service. "You're telling me that you've never had your pussy licked?"

Slowly, I moved my head from side to side, barely able to whisper, "Never."

John leaned forward, his hands sliding up my upper thighs even as his forearms slid back my dress nearly to my crotch. "That's just so wrong, Mom," he said, his voice both sad and serious. He licked his lips and said, "I know you'll think this is an awful idea, but Mom, I would love to show you how wonderful it is. I would love to eat your pussy."

I moaned, feeling something wonderful spurt inside me, making my panties wet underneath my dress. "Oh, that's...incest, son. That's so wrong. I – we can't...um, no!"

John moved in a little closer and I felt terrible embarrassed as the scent of my aroused cunt suddenly wafted up into my nostrils and if I could smell myself, I knew my son could smell my wet pussy. "I can't see how it'd be wrong if you and I did something out of love. You always taught me that love was the most important thing a man and a woman could share. You know I love you. Do you love me, Mom?"

I shivered as I felt his hands atop my thighs began to slip slowly downwards, his thumbs and a couple of fingers resting lightly on my inner thighs. "Don't you love me, Mom?" John repeated softly, his gaze so intense I couldn't meet it.

"Of course I do, I'm your mother," I replied faintly, but then tried to put iron in my voice as I added, "I am your mother, John and that's why we can't do this! It's wrong!"

John gave me that reckless grin of his and said, "Maybe it's wrong, but I think you like the idea. You're turned on right now thinking about it aren't you?" He leaned closer, his face hovering over the hem of my dress so close he could have snagged it with his teeth. He inhaled deeply and said, "I can smell how turned on you are, Mom. I can smell your pussy."

"N-no, I'm not!" I moaned.

John's fingers slipped further up my thighs and he shook his head teasingly as he said, "Yes, you are, Mom. I bet you're sopping wet right now. I bet you're creaming in your panties." I jerked as a spasm of pleasure exploded between my legs as suddenly his thumbs stroked up and down my mound, tracing over my swollen lips plastered against the cotton of my panties.

My son's eyes widened with pleased surprise as I moaned, "Please..." as he stroked them again. Then I felt his fingers hooking over the waistband of my panties. I moaned, "Please, son...you can't..." even as I raised my hips and my son peeled my panties away and proceeded to slip them off my legs.

John raised my wet panties to his face, pressing his nose against the sopping wet spot in the gusset. "You smell lovely, Mom," he said and then he confidently ran his tongue over the soaked material. Grinning, he said, "Just as I expected, you taste wonderful."

"Oh John," I sobbed as I had a little orgasm burst between my legs and spread throughout my body...my nipples now so hard that they hurt, scraped against the fabric of my bra and I was helpless to stop myself from running my hands over my covered bosom.

My son flipped my dress up, revealing my pussy, naked and flowered below my neatly trimmed 'V.' John literally licked his lips as he glanced up into my flushed face, his eyes locking on mine and said, "Mom...you're going to love this!" He shifted on the floor, his hands spreading my thighs wider to give himself more room and as he stuck out his tongue, a car horn blared outside and we both froze as it blew again...Paul's signature and habitual way of announcing he was home.

"Dammit," I said out of frustration, a little flame of shame deep within me recognizing that I wasn't the least bit relieved that my husband's arrival home had prevented me from doing something unnatural with my only child. I tried to stand, but the room was spinning somewhat and I knew I was drunk. John reached out to steady me and I clung to him like a piece of driftwood in a flood. "Get me upstairs, honey," I moaned. "Get me up to my bed."

John nodded, pausing only to snag my panties off the carpet and stuff them in his pocket. He then surprised me by scooping me up in his arms and quickly hauling me down the hallway and up the

stairs, moving swiftly and gracefully as if I weighed nothing and not stopping until he gently set me into bed.

"Tell...tell your father that I'm lying down with a headache." I saw my panties hanging out his pocket and said, "Give those to me and don't say anything about this to Paul."

I could hear the front door opening and my husband calling out, "I'm home!"

John shook his head and said, "Agreed – we won't mention this to Dad, but we will finish this conversation later!" He pulled the panties and gave them another sniff. "I'll keep these to remind me that you and I have unfinished business." He glanced at his wristwatch and shook his head. "Aw, hell. I'm late for the lab."

My son leaned down and gave me a quick kiss smack on the lips. "I'll be home late...gotta lot of lab work tonight." He winked at me and turned and went out the door, stuffing my panties deep inside his pants pocket.

As he went down the stairs, I heard his muffled voice and then his father's. With my head still spinning, I crawled underneath the covers until only the top of my head was exposed. In a few minutes the door opened and I heard my husband murmur, "Cathy? You okay, hon?"

"Headache... lemme sleep," I groaned softly, hoping I sounded sleepy and not drunk.

A long silence ensued and then Paul whispered, "Sorry, honey. Get some rest."

The door closed and I was left alone...just me and my guilt and my sudden lust. I had been scant seconds from letting my own son put his mouth on my cunt and I was still wet at the thought! My body quaked with unrelieved need and I squirmed and pulled up my dress under the heavy blankets, momentarily stunned to find myself without panties, but then plunging my fingers deep into my pussy, aching to be loved by someone. I shut my eyes and tried to picture Paul touching me, but he kept morphing into our son, that awful, carefree grin of his on his face as his tongue emerged snakelike to pleasure me.

Like a wanton slut, I fingered myself, rubbing my swollen clitoris and swirling three fingers inside my pussy, creating pleasure, but never enough...just getting within reach of orgasm, but unable to make that last bit of distance and then...

The bed swirlies suddenly hit me and as the room began to spin, picking up speed with every revolution, I staggered from the bed and barely made it to the master suite bathroom before I was on my knees before the toilet. I heaved and heaved, all for naught – caught up for agonizing minutes with the dry heaves, knowing that I would feel so much better if only I could throw up.

Eventually, my need to vomit faded, much like my desire to orgasm had in the moment of extreme distress. I climbed to my feet and rinsed my mouth off. Suddenly, feeling hot and tired, I struggled out of my dress, tossing my bra on top and turned to return to bed. I paused and looked at myself in the full length mirror hanging in the bathroom, my own nakedness giving me pause.

I looked at myself and tried to see what my son saw...what would cause him to be so daring with his own mother. At first, I was repelled, but then I tried to see it from his point of view and it was illuminating. True, I did not have the tight, firm body of his sexy young girlfriend, Kelly, but for a forty-seven year old woman, I had nothing to feel ashamed of.

I ran my hands through my short, tousled black hair, still happily pleased to see no gray streaks yet. My face was still unlined and my dark brown eyes still clear. My body, while not young and tight was still good for a woman my age or even a woman ten or fifteen years younger. My breasts were still pert – small melons with the nipples still pointing slightly upwards...with a 36C cup, there was still more than a handful, but not too much. My tummy had a slight pooch to it, the one that nearly every woman who's had children would recognize. I was actually proud of it, my small belly giving me a more womanly aspect. My hips were a little larger than when I'd been eighteen, but my cheeks hadn't sagged too much and I'd seen more than one college boy sneak a peak on the rare days I wore slacks to the university.

I slid hands through my neatly trimmed bush, taught by my mother to keep things neat between my legs. Speaking of my legs, they were still shapely and toned. I turned and looked at myself from different angles and suddenly felt a little better about myself. True, at five foot, two inches, I could have stood to lose ten or fifteen pounds, but I suddenly realized I wouldn't be ashamed to show my body off to a lover. Or my son as an image of him between my legs popped up.

I walked unsteadily back to bed and crawled beneath the covers, suddenly feeling weary and afraid. Realization of how close I had come to committing incest with my son washed over me and part of my dismay wasn't over that as much as how willing I had been in the moment.

Struggling with those thoughts I fell asleep – my dreams a strange mishmash of being lost and alone and wanting something I could not identify, but which seemed to be just beyond my reach. Often, I could hear my son's voice calling to me and saying, "I can help, Mom...you know I can!"

Suddenly I came out of my sleep, a hand on my shoulder, shaking me. "Cathy? Hon, are you okay? You've been out for hours."

The dim light of the bedside lamp was on and my Paul was sitting on the bed in his pajamas looking at me with some concern. I coughed and replied in a raw voice, "What time is it?"

My husband yawned and said, "It's ten-thirty – time for bed. How's your head?"

"Better," I murmured and then on a sudden whim of lusty desire, I shrugged off the blankets, exposing my naked upper body to my husband and caressed his crotch. "Make love to me, Paul."

My husband nearly jumped off the bed at my touch, looking shocked at my nakedness. "What are you doing without any clothes on, Cathy?" He said in a voice that was mixed with both surprise and irritation.

"Waiting for my husband to get naked too," I giggled as I sat up, trying not to wince as my hangover announced itself. "Let's make love, darling. I need you!" I kissed him on the face, trying to wrap my arms around him even as he raised his arms to block me. My head felt like it was about to explode, but my horniness overrode my hangover.

"Cathy, good lord. It's Wednesday for crying out loud!" He moved away, sliding away from me and removing his glasses. "I've got a ton of work tomorrow. We're bringing the new client banks on line in a few days."

As my husband rambled on, I scrambled to my knees and tried to kiss him and entice him with my nakedness, rubbing my medium sized breasts against his pajama clad body. "Make love to me, Paul, please!" I moaned, my tongue brushing against his closed lips.

"What's got into you, Cathy? It isn't Saturday night and you know I need my sleep to stay sharp." He pushed me away even as I cupped his crotch again, confirming his lack of interest. I fell back onto the bed, feeling embarrassed, ashamed and frustrated. I rolled up in my blankets and rolled away from my husband, blinking back tears. I felt Paul settle into the bed and the light went out. He leaned over me and kissed me on the cheek and said, "Get some sleep, Cathy; I'm sure you'll feel better in the morning."

He flopped down on the bed, pointedly ignoring me and turning away, depriving me of any last chance of enticing him if he'd snuggled up against my naked body. As I lay there in my humiliation and anger, I could hear his breathing quickly slow and then Paul began snoring. I tried to get back to sleep, but my frustration kept me wide awake, helped along by my pounding hangover.

Finally, I rose, finding a nightgown in the dark – an old flannel granny gown that zipped down the front and fell to my ankles. I slipped quietly out of the bedroom and went downstairs, pausing in the kitchen to find some aspirin and then wandering dissolutely through the house. I peered out the living room window to confirm that my son's car wasn't there...both relieved and disappointed that he wasn't around. Finally, I made my way back to the den, intending to watch a little television, but I couldn't get into anything so I turned it off and decided to have another brandy...a little hair of the dog as my grandfather used to say.

I sat in the den, occasionally sipping at my brandy, but not getting drunk again. A small lamp provided light as I sat there and thought about my life and Paul and my son, John. I was tired, the day's strange events wearing on me, but I didn't want to return to bed. I was waiting for something...waiting for my son to come home, even if I didn't want to admit it.

Just before one in the morning, I heard a car pull into the driveway. A few minutes later, the door opened and closed quietly. Footsteps walked past the den, then halted and returned, John noticing the light. Then my son was standing there, smiling down at from the doorway. "Hi, Mom," he said softly. "Couldn't sleep?"

I shook my head and said, "Got a lot on my mind."

John snorted and stepped down into the den, pulling off a light jacket and tossing it aside as he replied, "I guess so. Things got kinda heated this afternoon."

"And then some," I said as John sat down on the couch, sitting close as he did earlier. "We're not going to get carried away like that again. I am your mother after all."

"We're not?" John replied, reaching out to again put his hand on my knee. "I thought I promised you we'd finish this conversation later. It's later, Mom."

I pushed his hand off my knee and hissed, "Stop this, John! You're my son, goddamnit and we're not doing any of this!"

Undaunted, John knelt at my feet and placed both hands on my knees. "Are you sure, Mom? You look pretty...I don't think the word frustrated does you justice right now. Did Dad leave you hanging again?"

I looked away as I muttered, "He'd have to start in order to leave me hanging!" I immediately regretted saying it. Paul was my husband and deserved some respect. "John, stop it!" I snapped as my son's hands encircled my exposed ankles and slipped underneath the hem of my nightgown

which had enough play to allow him to raise it up. I locked my knees together, but he suddenly had my nightgown lifted up enough to expose my legs above the knees.

"Dad is a fool, Mom," John muttered with a knowing smile on his face as he rubbed the tops of my thighs. "Maybe I will give him a few pointers on how to please you. Of course, I need to find out what pleases you first, Mom." He slid his hands up under the gown, trailing his fingers along the tops of my thighs.

I made as to get up, but put up no real fight as my son again slipped his hands onto my inner thighs and pushed them slightly apart. "Don't do this, son. I'm your mother...respect that."

John looked into my eyes with a wolfish expression. "Oh, I plan to respect you, Mom...I expect to show you how much I really care before I'm finished...if we ever really are finished." My son licked his lips and smiled almost hypnotically into my eyes. "I've been thinking all night that making you happy could be the work of a lifetime."

"Please, John...don't." I tried to push my gown down and his hands off me. I managed to get his right hand free of me, but quickly realized that he'd moved it of his own volition.

He looked at my flannel gown with some distaste. "I know this is comfortable, but it's sort of in the way, Mom. What say we at least open it up some?" He reached up and hooked his index finger into the metal pull ring at the neckline attached to the zipper. I moaned as he gave it a yank, sliding it down enough to partially expose my breasts.

John arched an eyebrow in surprise, expecting, I suppose for me to fight him every inch of the way. "Let's start small, Mom. Let's just undo this gown and get a good look at your fine body." Slowly, he began to pull it down as he stared intently into my face. "You want to stop, okay by me, Mom, but you have to do it."

"Please, son...don't," I whimpered.

John laughed and shook his head. "Not good enough, Mom. Words are easy – you want me to stop, put your hand on mine and stop me." He pulled down on the zipper, taking his time. I watched, seemingly helpless as it descended towards my stomach. He brought his other hand free and tugged my gown down to keep the path of the zipper straight. As he unzipped me, my gown began to spread wide, exposing my naked body. I suddenly realized my hand was softly caressing the skin above my breasts and that they were completely visible. Had I pulled the gown apart?

My smallish breasts heaved with excitement, my nipples, erect and sticking out prominently like two extended eraser nubs, pulsed almost painfully with blood. The zipper steadily descended, the gown now spreading with a little help from my son's free hand, past my belly and then my son sighed as he spied the crest of my trimmed bush. "Lovely, Mom, just lovely!" Helpless and unwilling to stop him, John finished unzipping me and after spreading the flannel cloth back to reveal me, my son placed his hands on my knees and spread them, revealing my pussy, wet and dripping since the moment I'd heard his car come up the driveway.

John ran his hands along my inner thighs, only pausing as he brushed my outer lips, making me quiver. "Mom, your pussy is...well, beautiful. I cannot understand how Dad refuses to eat this pretty thing."

His touch on my skin, so close to my pussy was maddening, but I still made a feeble attempt to dissuade him. "John...son, your father is upstairs. If he found us like this..."

"He can sit down, shut the fuck up and take notes," John interrupted me in a harsh, forceful voice that somehow made me even wetter than before. My son looked up at me, intently staring into my eyes. "You need this, Mom. You want this. I want this too." He paused and grinned at me. "I want this because you're my mother and I love you and because you deserve it and because I just can't pass up the opportunity to eat a good looking woman's wet pussy!"

John winked at me and then without warning, mashed his face against my pussy, making me cry out as I felt his mouth on me and his tongue rolling up my slit, plowing between my labia and tasting me. I clamped my hand over my mouth, fearing I would wake Paul up as for the first time in my life, I felt someone's mouth on my pussy...the strangeness...the wonderfulness of it sending spasms of unsuspected pleasure coursing through my body!

There was something wicked and alien as John rolled and spun his tongue around in me, over me, like some mad and curious creature...alive and seeking something that it craved. Carnal joy swept crashed over me as John growled approvingly and I realized that what it craved was me.

My son rose up suddenly, his face dripping with wetness...my wetness hovering scant inches from my own mouth. I felt his hands on my breasts, covering them and squeezing as he hissed, "My God, Mom, you're delicious!" Then John kissed me, his tongue assaulting its way into my mouth to find my tongue which responded out of instinct as much as desire, sharing with me my own taste. Fingers pinched at my nipples, clamping down hard as I moaned into John's mouth. Passion I had only dreamed of swept me away as we kissed...passion I had never felt with my husband...passion that compelled me to abandon all restraint and unleash all my basest desires.

John broke the kiss and slithered back down my body, his lips planting kisses on my neck, breasts, nipples and stomach before he again assailed my pussy, licking and sucking my sodden flesh. I'd never felt so wet or hot between my legs. I wanted to open myself up wide and let my son worm his face back to the place it had originally come from.

My moans were getting louder with each lapping stroke of John's tongue and while I tried to keep one hand over my mouth, the other scrabbled frantically for something better to use. I snagged a corner of a decorative pillow and pressed my face into it, letting go with a terrible scream as my son's insatiable tongue swirled around my clitoris, mercilessly teasing it with the tip of his maddening probe.

I writhed about, mastered by my son's oral loving, utterly his. He lifted my legs up and draped them over his broad shoulders, giving himself a better angle to delve into my exploding pussy while his hands again sought out my breasts, pulling and twisting my nipples and kneading my breast flesh with an expert's touch.

Into the silky material of the pillow, I moaned his name again and again as he rolled that magnificent tongue up and down my slit, now delving deep inside me to lap up my flooding juices, then sucking on my pussy lips and again and again, returning to my clitoris to tease, lick and then ever so gently, to capture my swollen nub between his lips and suck.

I screamed into the pillow as my first ever true orgasm rocked my world, not caring if the pillow was muffling my cries or waking up the entire neighborhood. I was caught up in the rapture of pure sexual ecstasy, reveling in it and knowing instantly that I would be forever addicted to it, consumed with the need to recapture such joy and perfect pleasure again and again.

John masterfully rode my pussy with his face with the ease of a longtime practitioner, his tongue ever in motion as he slurped and sucked at my pussy, drinking of my creams as if they were the

nectar of the gods. My heart pounded wildly in my chest till I thought I was on the verge of a heart attack. I could barely breathe – the intensity of my orgasm producing black spots in my vision until I gave one last lusty scream and collapsed, nearly comatose as John made my body continue to shake and quiver as he continued to eat me...easing me back to Earth with his expert tongue.

I was crying a little when my son rose up to smile at me and then leaned in and kissed me again. With what little strength I had left, I kissed him back and with trembling arms, hugged him to me as fiercely as I could. "T-thank you, s-son," I stammered between gasps of breath. "I-I n-n-never knew...it w-was w-w-wonderful!"

My son kissed me again and again, kissing away my tears, lapping up the smears of my own creams his face had pasted over mine. Kissing me softly on the lips, he finally replied, "Mom...this is just the beginning. You've just experienced the tip of the iceberg as far as to how wonderful I'm going to make you feel."

His words, coupled with the absolute conviction in his voice, sent a delicious tremor of anticipation through my aroused body. I was about to reply when suddenly from above us came the unmistakable sound of Paul's cell phone, the tone an annoying electronic song set at high volume that I recognized immediately. It was Paul's company. They only called when something was wrong.

The noise abruptly stopped as Paul must have answered it. A minute or two of silence was followed by a loud, "DAMMIT!" and then we could hear my husband stomping about upstairs. By the time he came downstairs, John and I were sitting at the kitchen table, our faces scrubbed, my gown back in place, although the soft flannel felt sweeter than ever against my aroused flesh.

Paul was wearing sweats and toting his briefcase and a suit on a hanger. "I told them that Connors was an idiot when it came to writing code," he barked, accepting a car mug of coffee from me with nary a thank you.

"What's wrong?" I asked as John watched bemused.

"Oh, the new client's system up and collapsed. I have to go in and find the damn problem," my husband grumped back. "I'll just catch a nap in my office if I can get it fixed. No sense driving there and back twice even if I can get it fixed before the presentation meeting at ten o'clock!"

"Sorry, honey," I replied.

Suddenly, Paul seemed to be aware that we were both up in the middle of the night already.

"What's wrong, Cathy? Why are you up at this hour?"

I shrugged and replied, "I couldn't get back to sleep after being in bed all afternoon and evening. John got in from his lab about a half hour ago." I could feel the sudden guilt crawling all over my face as I said, "We were sitting here talking."

Paul nodded absently and leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. He drew back and frowned at me and for a moment, I feared that he had tasted or smelled my pussy juices on me, but then he said, "You still feel a little warm. Might be you have a fever. Maybe you should stay home tomorrow."

I nodded, feeling my face blushing, whether from grief or relief, I wasn't sure. "I'll see you tomorrow night, honey," Paul said. He started to head towards the door, but paused to stare disapprovingly at

John. "If you can spare the time between chasing skirts and playing in your lab, maybe you could hang around and keep an eye on your mother," he stated flatly.

John gave his father a shit-eating grin and replied, "It would be my pleasure. Don't worry, Dad. I'll take good care of Mom!" Paul stared at him a moment longer and then nodded wordlessly and was out the door.

I sagged against the kitchen counter, letting out a relieved sigh and then found myself in my son's arms, his mouth pressed against mine and his tongue swirling and dancing with mine, my flavor still present. His hand came up and again tugged down the zipper of my gown, this time pushing the flannel garment off my shoulders which he then began to kiss as the gown fell to my feet.

"Baby...John, I, oh, son, your father hasn't even pulled out of the driveway yet," I managed to stammer between his touches and kisses.

"Don't care, Mom," my son replied in a matter of fact tone. "I want you and I know you need this!" John kissed his way down from my shoulders, planting kisses on the swells of my breasts and then muttering, "I love your tits, Mom!" before wrapping his lips around my left nipple, his tongue rolling over it voraciously as he began to suck it.

I moaned, barely able to stand, so great was my arousal as it hit me again and again that this was my grown son making me feel so good. As I reveled in the sensation of my son nursing at my breast for the first time in over two decades, he slipped a hand between my legs, fingers slithering through my trimmed bush and between my swollen labia. "Omigod," I cried with pleasure as John's fingers slid inside me, curling upward expertly as they did to suddenly press against a sweet spot I'd scarcely knew existed.

"OH YES!" I sobbed as I felt myself ejaculating pussy juice to wetly and loudly splatter on the kitchen tiles as an orgasm exploded from my hitherto mythical G-spot. I convulsed in my son's grasp, sobbing and then screaming from a climax for the first time in my life. My hand which had been tenderly stroking my son's long hair suddenly twisted the long strands around fingers and I jerked him up off my breast, his teeth scraping painfully against my nipple which enhanced my sudden orgasm and mashed my mouth against his, muffling my loud cries of pleasure.

His other arm wrapped around me, keeping me upright as he continued to finger me, teaching me more about my body that a lifetime of sexual ignorance had provided. The whole time, John's tongue danced with mine, his sweet kisses making me nearly as dizzy as his fingers.

At some hazy time in the near future, John withdrew his magic digits from my pulsating cunt and held them up for me to see – two fingers thickly coated with my pussy juices which he loudly and lewdly sucked clean before pronouncing them, "Absolutely fucking delicious, Mom!"

I sobbed and threw both arms around him and hugged him tight. Suddenly, I hated the way John's clothing felt against my naked skin and I feverishly set about disrobing him, jerking his Sox jersey over his head and flinging it blindly away and then I was clawing at his belt and in frustration, simply jerked his pants down, palming the huge bulge there in his shorts and then yanking them down, halting as I beheld my son's erection for the first time.

Somewhere between kneeling and crouching, I reached out and almost was able to wrap my hand around it, marveling at the heft and length of his huge cock. "Oh, John...you – it's lovely and so big!"

John snorted with amusement and replied, "Bigger than Dad?"

Later, I would more fully realize the implications of his question, but at the moment, blurted in reply, "Oh, God, yes...he's tiny compared to you!" Suddenly, I was on my knees and my lips were kissing the swollen head of his cock, tasting his pre-cum that oozed thickly from his pee-slit. A streamer of it stretched out from his cock to my tongue and then snapped and I think I impressed us both by deftly gobbling it up, not letting even a drop splatter in waste.

I awkwardly sucked on the head, trying to take more, but with little experience and imagining his Kelly as an experienced cocksucker, suddenly felt nervous and embarrassed, although my lusty desires for him were growing exponentially. I gave his shaft a long, loving lick and after swirling my tongue over his magnificent cock head once again, I leapt to my feet and looking into my son's eyes imploringly, moaned, "Please, John, will you fuck me and make me scream with that big dick?"

There was a gleam in my son's eyes that made my knees weak as he said, "I'd love to, Mom!" I was about to suggest we go to his room when he surprised me by moving closer, pushing me up against the kitchen counter, his knees pushing in between mine and spreading them. As I watched in stunned silence, John put his hands on my waist and bent his knees and then came up, deftly planting his cock head between my swollen labia.

"I love you, Mom. Let me show you how much!" A bolt of pleasure rocked me as my son thrust upwards into my cunt, impaling me on his cock as his hands came down my flanks to cup my ass cheeks and my moan of pleasure extended into a sob of lewd satisfaction as I both felt myself being lifted up and then lowered on his long, so very hard cock!

Feeling off balance, I threw my arms around my son's neck even as my legs instinctively wrapped around his hips as he settled me on his big dick. I felt his wiry hairs scraping my sensitive flesh and the room spun as I fully realized my son was now fucking me and that I stood on the precipice of a massive, undreamt of orgasm!

"Hang on, Mom!" John grunted as he hefted me again, his hands sliding slightly to more firmly grip my ass cheeks and making me whimper as I felt his cock jab a little deeper. He turned and walking slowly and carefully, marched us out of the kitchen and down the hall towards the stairs. Each step jolted his cock inside my cunt and it was all I could do to cling to him while beginning to moan and sigh almost continuously.

By the time we reached the staircase, I was in utter heaven, orgasmic pleasure lighting my entire body in a carnal inferno of ecstasy. When I could, I kissed his face and neck and bit his shoulder at least twice as my moans grew louder. My pussy was beginning to spasm around his cock, trying to trap it deep within me, but every time he took a step, bursts of pleasure undid me, my juices gushing wildly around his massive pole, dripping from me and leaving splatters on the floor as I hooted and howled.

Then my son began climbing the stairs, taking care with each step and trying not to be distracted as my fingers clawed at his back and I began to shriek like a banshee in the throes of orgasm. I now thought I fully understood why his redheaded girlfriend, Kelly had screamed like she did as I could hear echoes of her pleasure in my own screams. Each step up the stairs added fuel to the fire, reminding me of just how big he was in comparison to his father and forcing me to acknowledge that with just a few minutes taste of being fucked by my son, that I was hopelessly addicted to our incestuous sex!

My throat was raw by the time we reached the second floor, my head thrown back as I sobbed and twitched on his orgasm. John's body was covered in sweat from his labors and my legs slipped

useless to dangle along his thighs as I hadn't the control to keep them wrapped around him any longer. His fingers dug deep into my butt and his biceps bulged with strain as he pushed us through the partially open door to my bedroom.

Somehow my son managed to climb up on the bed my husband and I had shared for more than twenty years and walked on his knees until we were in the middle of the king sized bed. John kissed me then, passionately, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he gently eased me down with himself atop me. We both lay there, me quivering and shaking from orgasm and he breathing heavily and trembling from his efforts. His cock throbbed wonderfully inside me, buried to the hilt in my womb, touching me in places that were hitherto virgin to the touch of any man including his father.

When I collected enough of my senses, I whimpered, "If we never fuck again, son...thank you for this. I've never felt this wonderful – this full – this complete!"

John had been resting his head in the crook of my neck and he raised his hand, a look of amusement on his face. He kissed me again, his tongue roiling around mine before he finally said in a still breathless voice, "I told you, Mom. This is only the beginning!" I felt him begin to withdraw from my pussy, my flesh trying to wrap around him, trap him and never letting go. Then he slammed deep into me again, provoking a scream of pleasure from me and I barely heard him add above my shrieks of delight. "I'm going to fuck you like you deserve as often as I can from now on!"

I could only sob and moan as my son began to fuck me, showing me all that I had suspected but had never experienced before. I had no words, my mind surrendering all higher function to my baser instincts, utterly and completely focused on mating with my child, wrapping myself – my existence around him and focusing only on his manly and loving talents as he fucked me and fucked me hard.

My son rode me hard and I slipped in and out of orgasm for what seemed an eternity, lost in a haze of incestuous lust and pleasure, never wanting it to end and then as I peaked one last time, my back arching violently and nearly throwing him out of the saddle, John thrust deep inside me one last time and gave that bull's bellow I had heard earlier in the day and began to cum in me.

Feeling my son filling my cunt with his hot semen and knowing that it was my only child's seed gushing inside me, sent me to new and unsuspected heights of orgasmic pleasure and I bucked and writhed underneath his strong body as he shot fiery streamer after fiery streamer of sperm into my womb. My body was burning with sexual pleasure, propelling me into a realm undreamed of – one that only my son and I inhabited, wrapped in nothing but our love and lust for each other, consuming me heart and soul until the ecstasy of our incestuous passion rendered me insensible – my mind overcome with pure and perfect and unrelenting pleasure that I was lost amidst in, everything fading to black, leaving only a remote sense of consciousness adrift in a sea of our lust and joy.

It was dawn when I regained a sense of myself, suddenly conscious and remembering each delicious moment of my son first making love to me. Grey light peeked through the windows of my bedroom as I found myself astride my son – riding his cock as if my life depended on it. John's hands cupped my breasts, pinching and tugging my swollen and aching nipples as he looked blissfully up at me. I was again approaching a climatic explosion and I had no idea how long I had been fucking my son, but my hair was plastered wetly to my scalp and my body was slick with sweat. My pussy ached with what I could only suspect was the sweet pain of being well fucked over and over again.

Hours had passed since my son had first fucked me and I tingled with sensation that the time had not been spent being completely asleep. My mouth tasted of sperm and pussy and I could only moan with wonder at what I had been doing in a state of unconscious sexual frenzy. "I love you, John. Mommy loves you so much!" I croaked, amazed at the harshness of my voice and instantly realizing that I had screamed myself hoarse, nearly into laryngitis amidst our ardent fucking.

"I love you too, Mom," John gasped, his hands sliding from my tits to my waist, just above the swell of my hips and yanking down, forcing me to become completely impaled on his long dick, "Let me show you how much!" and he began to cum again, making me sob as he again flooded my womb with his thick, hot semen. My orgasm took me over as I screamed in carnal pleasure until my voice gave out completely. In the aftermath of my orgasm, I collapsed on top of my son's athletic body, cuddling with him until I fell into a satisfied sleep and a big smile on my face.

The rest of the morning passed in a dream like blur. I remember calling out sick, my voice unable to rise beyond a hoarse whisper. I remember being on my knees between my son's legs as he sat on the side of the bed, me sucking a real man's cock for the first time and enjoying the experience of making him cum and feeding on a real man's load. I remember being fucked doggy style as John called it, me clinging to the carved wood headboard for dear life as my son gave me a seemingly endless and brutal fuck.

I woke up in his bed, confused for a moment until my son came in and tenderly kissed me and then carried me into the shower where he lovingly cleaned me and gave me one last delightful pussy licking – my well fucked cunt so sensitive and tender, I was writhing with pleasure from the moment his wicked tongue began lashing my pussy. Then John carried me back to the bed I shared with my husband, having changed all the bed linen which no doubt reeked of the greatest sex I had ever experienced.

I slept well into the evening, finally emerging from my bedroom to the smell of vegetable soup, discovering to my delight that John had prepared dinner. Paul was home and I felt a little guilt as he expressed his concern over my "illness."

"Don't worry...truth be told, I feel like a new woman," I told him in a froggy voice while John beamed at me proudly. "Our son took very good care of his mother while you were gone." I felt my face and chest grow warm as I began to flush – not from embarrassment or shame, but from the sexual desire inside me to be with John again.

Paul nodded, barely acknowledging my compliment to our son and went on about his regular routine until it was time for bed. I was more tired than I expected and John had left to go and check on his lab work which he'd neglected all day; I went to bed when my husband decided to turn in. As we climbed into our bed, I had a sudden concern that maybe my husband would want to make love to me, wondering what he might make of my still very sore and abused cunt that his son had spent so much time in over the last day, but Paul kissed me chastely on the cheek, murmured, "Good night, Cathy," rolled over with his back to me and promptly went to sleep.

I lay there awake for a long time, my hand slowly caressing my panty covered pussy as it throbbed and ached from its delightful workout. My thoughts were filled with the new memories of making love with John and wondering what lay in store for my son and I. I knew that what we'd begun...his seduction of his mother was only the beginning and I went to sleep with the last words he's said to me before I'd fallen asleep earlier that afternoon, "This is only the beginning, Mom. I have so much to show you!"

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As it turned out, my son spoke nothing but truth as he and I began an incestuous affair that made me dizzy in its intensity and happier than I had ever been in my life. Upon my return to work the next day, I was delighted to receive a dozen red roses with a brief note that read, "Dreaming of you and what lies ahead. Love, J. P.S. Be thinking about the meaning of the number '69!'"

My boss, Dr. Lane, gave me several curious glances during the day as I was constantly blushing and smiling at the thought of what my son was suggesting. I'm sure she'd have been even more curious and shocked if she had seen us that following Saturday morning as we lay in my matrimonial bed while Paul was out golfing, me atop my son with his mouth glued to my cunt while I discovered the inherent difficulties of trying to suck cock while simultaneously cumming my brains out.

Being on the same campus with John proved to be advantageous as we often took lunch together, usually forgoing a meal rather than to dine on pussy and cock in his lab or in my car and at least once a week, spending the noon hour in an old fashioned motor inn just off campus fucking each other madly and ferociously.

At home, we could barely keep our hands off of each other. Whether Paul was home or not, we were constantly engaged in some sort of sexual activity, whether it was me sucking my son's cock in the kitchen while his father was watching the nightly news in the den or me bent over the bathroom sink while John slammed his cock into me while his hand covered my mouth to muffle my screams or deep in the dead of night when my husband was sound asleep, creeping into John's room and letting him fuck his mother nearly senseless.

Despite the near constant and wonderful sex I was having with my son, I still tried to initiate lovemaking with my husband, but as weeks and then months rolled by, he seemed less inclined and even happy as I simply quit making overtures to him. Although, any guilt that might have been lingering was long gone, it still made me sad that he wouldn't allow me to pleasure him with my new found knowledge and that to him lovemaking was something left behind with our own youth. For me, I felt younger than I had in a very long time, simply feeling as if I was alive and awake after a long hibernation.

Often as I lay next to my son after a rousing sexual encounter, my body glowing with satisfaction, John would sit on one elbow and study me and shake his head. It became a common joke that he would say at some point in the aftermath of our incestuous lovemaking, "It's a damn shame Dad didn't see this. He'd have picked up some really good pointers in how to please his wife."

I would usually struggle up, little aftershocks of orgasmic pleasure making me shiver as I moved, and wrap my arms around my son's neck and before I gave him a long, slow kiss, murmur, "I may be his wife, but I'm my son's woman now!"

That seemed to please my son, but there was this look in his eyes, a small, but smoldering fury about his father's lack of interest in pleasing me...a look that made me realize that Paul's indifference offended him nearly as much as the joy he took from pleasuring his mother. I realized that it was a dangerous look...a look that I had seen before in my son since he was a little boy, pushing and shoving against the limits and boundaries around him – a look that had gotten him in trouble with his parents and the local authorities several times as he defied rules, sometimes laws and convention in order to satisfy his sense of right and wrong.

That being said, I wasn't totally surprised when after we'd been lovers for maybe four months, as we lay cuddling naked together after making love, his semen slowly dripping from my well fucked cunt,

John sat up and looked down at me and said, "I have a plan on how to maybe finally get Dad to pay attention to you, see you as the sexual beast you are and show him some pointers.

When he told me his plan, I was at once horrified, intrigued and to perfectly honest, so turned on that I sucked my son's cock back to life and fucked him again on the spot. I agreed to his plan despite my better judgment, knowing full well how erotic the possibilities were and surprised that the potential humiliation of my husband was making me so wet.

John implemented his plan on a Friday evening, staying in instead of going out with friends...not that he did that as much as he had before we'd become lovers. I had mixed Paul a drink at his request...nothing complex, just a rum and coke, but before I brought it to him, our son sitting at the bar, had held up a small vial of clear liquid and with a little boy's naughty grin, poured it in his drink.

"Are you sure this won't hurt him?" I had asked earlier for maybe the twentieth time before Paul had arrived home from work.

"Not a chance. It's a hypnotic with sedative, paralytic and some mild hallucinogenic properties. Homeland Security uses it for interrogating subjects. Most subjects think they're having dreams." My son grinned evilly and said, "Dad's gonna get the dream of a lifetime!"

Twenty minutes after beginning to sip at his drink, Paul was looking around at us owlily, nodding off again and again. Finally, John said in a commanding voice. "Dad, go upstairs and get ready for bed."

Paul nodded and said, "I'm going upstairs and getting ready for bed." He stood up, a little off balance and suddenly our son was at his side, saying, "Let me help you." With his hand at Paul's elbow, he headed for the door to the den, pausing once to look back and smile as he said, "Mom, give us about fifteen minutes, will you?"

I nodded and replied, "Yes, love." I fidgeted around the downstairs for a few minutes and then went upstairs. I undressed in my son's room, putting on a long, white, fluffy robe. Finally, I went and knocked on my own bedroom door, opening the door when I heard my son beckon to me. I stepped in and immediately gasped as the scene was far more shocking than I had envisioned it being.

My husband was sitting in a cushioned upright chair that I usually used at my makeup vanity. He was wearing only his pajama tops, his lean body showing age with a growing pot belly pooching out from underneath. His hands were tied to the back rails of the chair and his feet were tied to the legs. John had used silk scarves to restrain his father, tying them with knots he'd learned as a child during scouting. His cock, small and limp rested slightly amidst a graying mass of pubic hair. Paul's head was down and he was softly snoring.

John came out of the bathroom, smiling at me as he approached and took me in his arms. "Are you ready, Mom?" he asked, that arrogant tone of confidence thick in his voice.

I took a deep breath and said, "I guess so. Are you sure he's not going to go nuts. Can he get out of his restraints?"

My son kissed me, his hands roaming over my robe clad body as he did. "I'm sure, Mom. Oh, Dad might get a little upset when he sees us, but it will be alright. The bonds probably aren't necessary –

while he's under the influence of the drug, he'd stand there on one foot and watch us if I told him too."

I nodded and kissed him again, feeling a little sinful for French-kissing my son in the same room that my husband was in. A little breathlessly, I said, "I'm ready to go!"

John laughed and then clapped his hands together loudly and bellowed, "Wake up, Dad! It's time for school!"

Paul's head snapped up, his eyes going wide, but clearly a bit unfocused. "What...what is it? What's going on?" He looked curiously at John and I, our son's arm around my shoulders.

"Well, Dad...it's 'Learn how to please your wife Day.'" John said seriously. "Apparently, you've never figured out how to make Mom cum her brains out with that little willy of yours, so I'm going to show you how. Now pay close attention!"

Paul's brow furrowed in confusion and then he looked down at his bound arms and feet. "What the hell is this...what am I doing trussed up like thi..."

"Quiet, Dad!" John said loudly, interrupting his father. "You can ask questions if you want, but mostly you should keep your mouth shut and just watch!"

I watched, a little amazed as Paul fell silent, looking at us intently, but not speaking. John stepped behind me, his arms slipping around my waist while he nibbled on my neck, my short dark hair brushing against his cheek. John looked up at his frowning father. "When was the last time you just made out with Mom, Dad?" he asked. "When did you last kiss her sweet neck and run your hands over her gorgeous body?" His hands slid upwards to cup my breasts through the gown. I felt my skin burn as I felt my husband's eyes staring at his wife and son."

Looking like he didn't want to answer the question, but unable to resist, Paul replied, "I...I don't remember."

John sighed. "You need to be loving Mom up more, Dad. You won't believe how wet it makes her when you just run your tongue along the nape of her neck." He did exactly that and a little groan slipped from my lips. John chuckled and I felt his hands slid around my waist again, undoing the simple knot of my robe's belt. His hands slipped inside and pulled the robe wide, exposing my naked flesh underneath. "Check out this hot body, Dad. Isn't Mom sexy?" My son drew the robe back over my shoulders and then off my arms and tossed it away to be completely forgotten.

John's hands slipped around my waist again, quickly sliding upwards to cup and squeeze my breasts and I sagged back against him, his touch making me weak in the knees. Paul was frowning and he shifted restlessly in his seat, his mouth working for a moment before he muttered, "She's your mother, John. She shouldn't be naked in front of you and you shouldn't be touching her like that."

"Well, maybe I wouldn't be if her husband was doing what he needed to do!" John shot back as he caressed my breasts, sliding fingers between my hard nipples and pinching them. "Mom likes how I touch her, don't you, Mom?"

"I love how our son touches me," I said in a thick voice. I wiggled myself against him, feeling his erection underneath his sweats rubbing against my ass cheeks.

John squinted his eyes at Paul and said, "Why aren't you hard, Dad? Don't you think Mom's sexy? She's got me as hard as a rock. Do you want to see?" Our son stepped to my side and took my hand and put it against the bulge in his sweat pants. "Do you want to see, Dad? Show him, Mom."

I turned and rubbed the bulge in his crotch and then glancing at Paul, I pulled John's sweats down, his cock catching me in the face as I squatted and helped John get free of his sweat pants altogether. Rising back up, I caught his big dick in my hand and kissed my way up his chest as he pulled his sweatshirt over his head and casually threw it away. Looking at my husband, I stroked our son's cock as I hissed, "Isn't our son something...such a fine, big dick on our little boy!" I stroked it over and over as I added, "Our son is hard for me...for his mother!"

Paul glowered at me, but didn't say anything. His expression told me he wasn't happy and I could detect jealously burning there. Suddenly emboldened, I squatted down and said, "And his mother loves sucking his fine cock!"

My husband gave a little squawk of surprise and John said, "Isn't she lovely! And she sucks cock so fine...but then you should know that." Our son shook his head and said, "I can't believe that when Mom offers to suck your dick, you don't scream, 'YES!' at the top of your lungs. Shit, Dad, I can't believe you aren't asking Mom to blow you every morning when you wake up and before you go to bed at night."

Paul's eyes were wide as he watched me wrap my lips around John's big cock and take him into my mouth – showing him how well I had learned to deep-throat over the last several weeks. "Hey-oh!" exclaimed John. "Looks like Dad kinda likes that!" I glanced over and to my surprise; Paul was getting erect, his small cock rising up from his gray hair like a small animal checking out its surroundings.

John pulled me to my feet, kissing me passionately and sloppily, making sure his father could see our tongues rolling and curling around each other and not caring if he could taste his own pre-cum on his mother's lips.

Our son broke the kiss and he now squatted at my side as I moved my legs further apart at his hands' direction. "Now, Dad...pay attention because we're getting to the heart of the matter..." He paused and grinned up at me. "Or maybe we should call it the cunt of the matter." His hand slid over my mound, slowly rubbing it while parting my labia to reveal how wet I truly was.

"Now, Dad...after you've necked with Mom a while and got naked and maybe she's sucked your little cock a bit, you should be returning the favor, getting Mom ready for a good dicking!" John spread my pussy lips with his fingers, showing my husband my pink, dripping wet flesh. "I can't believe that you've never done Mom the courtesy of licking her pussy even one fucking time in twenty-seven years!"

"That's nasty," Paul intoned immediately.

"No, it's not, Dad," replied John. "Mom has one of the sweetest tasting pussies I've ever eaten and I've eaten a lot. Now watch and learn!" Our son turned and slipped his tongue into my spread flesh, lacing his meaty probe the length of my wet slit, ending it only after he rolled his tongue over my already swollen clitoris which had emerged from its hood.

I cried out in utter pleasure, scarcely believing it possible that John was licking me in front of his father. I cried out again as he swirled and danced his tongue over my labia before taking hold of one lip with his teeth ever so gently and then sucking on it. I had to reach out and steady myself on

his shoulder. "Soooo fucking good!" I moaned, staring into my husband's eyes. "You can learn from our son, Paul...John knows how to please a woman."

Paul just pursed his lips like he was sucking on a sour lemon and shook his head. "Nasty," he said again.

"You're a fucking idiot, Dad," John retorted after taking one last loving lick of my wet pussy. Then I was moaned again as he deftly slipped two fingers inside me. "You won't even finger Mom, will you?" he asked skeptically. "You do know that even if your little dick won't rise to the occasion, a man can still please a woman...make her gush and scream till she passes out if only you know how to use that tongue and a couple of fingers?"

"Ohhhhhm yessss!" I crooned as our son stirred his fingers around inside my pussy, teasing the nooks and crannies, so knowledgeable now to my most sensitive spots. "Yesssss," I sighed as I felt him curl the fingers upwards, reminding me of the first time he'd touched me. With practiced ease, John found my G-spot and massaged it and I unleashed my first scream of the evening as I exploded with orgasmic delight, pussy juices gushing from my cunt to cover John's hand and splatter his face as he moved in to add his tongue to his incestuous assault on my motherly pussy.

One hand dug into my son's shoulder while the other was tangled in his hair, not wanting him to ever move as his fingers touched my most secret and precious places while his tongue rolled up and down my lips and had its way with my clitoris! I wavered in place, wondering how long I could keep standing as my orgasm took me to pieces.

"Shame on you, Dad for never giving Mom cause to scream like that," John exclaimed in a heated voice after letting his tongue leave my mound. "I should have grown up hearing Mom screaming out in pleasure damn near every night of my life and you never gave her this much pleasure with all the times you poked her with your little dick combined!"

John stood up and walked me backwards towards the bed, me staggering as his fingers remained inside me, doing as much to hold up as anything and making me continue to gush pussy juices over his hand. When the back of my knees hit the bed, I collapsed into a sitting puddle of still quivering flesh, my legs all akimbo as John finally and slowly slipped his fingers out of me, my juices dripping from his hand.

"Mom tastes so sweet, Dad," John said, shaking his head. "You're an idiot for not wanting to taste her everyday of your married life. Nasty? You've never even tasted Mom's sweet cunt, have you?" Our son strode across the room and without warning smeared my juices over his father's mouth.

Paul jerked back his head, but his mouth and chin were shiny with my wet creams. His arms struggled to raise up to wipe his mouth, but he was too well restrained. Finally, tentatively, his tongue emerged and ran along his lips. He made a face and tried to turn his head and wipe my juices off on his shoulder, but couldn't do it. "Tastes awful," he muttered, glaring at us.

John gave a sigh and said, "You're a fool, old man." He returned to me and bent over and kissed me, sharing the taste of my pussy with me. I had become quite fond of it, especially knowing how he'd obtained it and the pleasure his efforts had brought me. Looking back at Paul, our son said, "Your entire mission in life should be to make Mom happy, hearing her screams of pleasure echoing in your ears all the time." He rose up and brought his cock nearer to my face and recognizing my cue, I opened wide and took the head of his cock in my mouth, rolling my tongue over the firm, but spongy flesh, loving the feel of how he throbbed.

"You need to prime the pump, Dad. Make your woman all hot and bothered with your tongue and fingers – get her squirming and anxious for some hard cock. It's true...size doesn't matter," said John with a bit of a smile. "But, it doesn't hurt either."

Our son motioned me to move back onto the bed. "Now watch carefully, Dad. Some of this might surprise you, but the whole point of the lesson is to show you how to make love properly to Mom." He climbed up on the bed and grinned at Dad as he moved between my widespread legs. "Our goal is for you to learn how to make Mom scream. Just watch and learn." He leaned into me, the head of his cock slipping perfectly between my pussy lips as if he was born to do this...and maybe he was.

John glanced at Paul whose eyes were opened so wide, I thought they might pop out of his head as he saw his son prepare to fuck his wife. "Don't worry if you can't see everything, Dad...before we get through, I expect Mom and me will fuck from every angle and position you could think of."

"No, you can't!" shouted Paul, but my husband's protests were drowned out by my own sudden screams as John sank his cock in me forcefully, mastering me with his wonderfully erection as he had for months. When I felt my son's hard penis was inside me, I was his...completely and willingly.

Paul rocked in his chair straining against his bonds as our son fucked me, his protests falling on deaf ears as John and I were totally consumed with each other – our bodies quickly moving into a mutual rhythm that was echoed by my cries of pleasure and John's pleased grunts of delight. I was a little surprised that during the infrequent moments that my husband entered my mind and I spared him a glance that despite his vocal objections and dismayed expressions, his cock stood tall and erect.

As promised, John led us on a tour de force of sexual positions spanning missionary to reverse cowgirl to side by side and doggie style – shifting positions every few minutes to provide Paul with various angles so he could see our son's cock slamming into my cunt and how I looked in the midst of orgasm.

I'd lost count of my orgasms and my voice was harsh from my cries and pleas for John to fuck me harder when he swung us around so that he was taking me from behind, the two of us facing Paul. Our son reached out and wrapped his fingers in my short hair and pulled my head up so my husband could see my expression as I moaned as John's short, brutal thrusts brought me closer and closer to another orgasm.

"Look at Mom...look at her expression, Dad," John said in gasping breaths. "In the twenty-seven years you've been married, have you ever seen her look so happy, so loved, so well fucked?" I could see over Paul's shoulder at my vanity mirror and look at myself, eyes hooded and slack-jawed with utter sexual bliss. Our son thrust deep in me, our bodies slapping wetly together and didn't withdraw, instead taking a loud and deep breath. "Do you smell that, Dad? That's Mom! That's Mom's wet pussy! This room should smell like this everyday after Mom has been fucked as she deserves! If you won't do it, I promise you, I will!"

John's words sent me over the edge and I began to howl as I came once again, more intensely than I had all evening, my pussy squeezing my son's cock and he bellowed and began shooting his hot semen into my womb. As I squalled with ecstatic pleasure, John growled harshly, "Listen to Mom...that's how you're supposed to make her feel! Mom has the sweetest, hottest pussy on the planet. Love her like she deserves!"

Paul made an odd squawking sound and suddenly exploded on his own, his seed shooting up weakly to splatter on the carpet and then on his thighs and crotch. As I gathered my wits together amidst the storm of incestuous pleasure, I raised my head and grinned wickedly at my husband. In a voice hoarse from screaming over being expertly fucked by our son, I gasped, "Did you cum because it excited you to watch me get fucked or because it was our son that was fucking me?"

John chuckled behind me as Paul fumbled for an answer. Finally, he shook his head and said almost too low to be heard, "I don't know." He stared at me with an odd expression. I could see the plainly disdainful frown he'd had so many times when I had begged him to be more open to bedroom play, struggling with what he'd just witnessed.

Before I could reply or ask him anything more, I had to moan as John slowly withdrew his still swollen cock from my battered pussy, evoking so much pleasure from my sensitive flesh; I just dropped my head to the mattress and whimpered with how sweet and right it felt. John reached out and taking me by the shoulders turned me around and guided my weak body to crawl upwards until we were cuddling naked against the headboard, our sweaty bodies bonding together, my thigh draped over his leg as I snuggled against him.

John and I stared down at Paul who was watching us with both disgust and envy. Finally, our son said, "Shame on you. This should be you, Dad, holding Mom in your arms and reveling in the wonderful sex you've just had. It should be you, Dad, but if you won't someone else will." John's voice deepened and he said sternly, "I will!"

I turned my head upwards to my son's face, his voice alone making me wet anew and kissed him, slipping my tongue into his mouth as I rested against him, our tongues languorously rolling over each other, allowing the kiss to roll on and on, pausing only to take a breath and say, "I love you," to each other while Paul glowered at us.

Finally, John looked at his father and said, "Watch your son and wife make out until you fall asleep and don't forget what you've learned, Dad. Remember how Mom should always be treated."

#

"CATHY!" Paul sat straight up in bed, his eyes wide in alarm. He was breathing heavily, his eyes wide with madness as he gazed around the room. It was Saturday morning, the sun streaming in through the windows so bright, I was able to read without the bedside light on. My husband was trembling as he stared at me and then slowly examined the room. He pulled the sleeves back on his pajamas and examined his unblemished wrists. His eyes lingered on the straight back chair parked in front of my vanity and then turned back to examine me.

I sat down the book I had been reading and said, "Paul? Are you okay...bad dreams?"

He reached out and pulled back the blankets, studying my bedclothes, a thin cotton gown with lace trim that while not exactly sexy wasn't quite hiding my better attributes. "Paul?" I asked again, reaching out to touch his hand.

Slowly, he nodded and said distantly, "Yeah...a bad, um, weird dream."

"Really," I asked, trying to sound concerned.

He nodded again and rubbed his jaw and then ran his fingers over his chin and lips that had been coated in my juices a few hours before. "Weird...weird dream." He looked around and asked, "What

day is it?"

I laughed and said, "It's Saturday, honey." I glanced at the clock on the bedside table, "Almost nine o'clock."

Paul ran his hands over himself as if making sure he was all there. Then, rubbing his head and wincing a little, "Did I get drunk last night?"

I laughed again and said, "No...just a couple of drinks before bed. Paul, what's wrong. What on earth did you dream about last night?"

My husband's face darkened and he shook his head. "Nothing." In a lower tone, he muttered, "Kind of a dirty dream, I reckon."

I scooted over a little closer to him and put my hand on his thigh. "Really? Tell me about it!"

Paul shook his head violently and then winced. "Don't remember much."

"Tell me whatever," I replied. "Was I in it?"

Paul hesitated but then nodded and said, "Yes," his face getting redder.

I wiggled excitedly and said, "What where we doing?"

"I don't um...remember," he muttered, looking down at his lap.

"Well, did you wake up horny?" I replied. Tugging up the hem of my gown to reveal a lacy pair of French-cut bikini panties, I said in a breathy voice, "I hear making love is a great cure for a hangover."

Paul looked at my crotch for a long moment and I wondered if he would crawl between my legs and at least look for sign of his son's semen dripping from me. I dropped a hand between his legs and searched for his penis, feeling disappointed as I found it limp and nearly lifeless. "C'mon, baby," I urged him in a breathy voice. "It's been a while, you know."

I leaned in close to kiss him, managing to brush his lips before he pulled out. I gently squeezed his cock through his pajamas and I could see in his eyes that he was thinking of John and me. For a moment, I thought I felt his cock come to life, but then to my disappointment, my husband removed my hand from his crotch, almost as if he were brushing a bug away. "C'mon, Cathy, let's be acting our age. Besides, I have a ten o'clock tee-off with the guys."

I sat back, feeling actually disappointed at being rejected yet again. "People our age do fuck, you know!" I said matter of factly.

Paul frowned at my language and said, "Not right now, honey. Not right now." He began to edge out of the bed, waving his hand and saying, "Maybe tonight...not right now. There's too much going on, you know." He beat a hasty retreat to the bathroom and the shower, leaving me to sigh with despair.

John didn't seem surprised when he called me from the lab later on in the morning. "Sorry, Mom...we tried." He tried to be encouraging. "Maybe Dad just needs to think about things for a bit, that's all."

"Maybe," I replied. "I don't think anything has changed."

"Well, you still have me, Mom," John said in a suggestive voice. "You can have me and my mouth, fingers and cock anytime you want!"

I sighed happily and said, "Yes, I know and thank God for you, son!"

Indeed, thank God that I did have a son who lusted for me since my husband's desires seemed to have been banked. Other than give John odd stares that evening, Paul showed no outward signs of being affected by our naughty little "lesson." He spurned an offer to make love again that evening, claiming to have worn himself out playing golf earlier.

I did a slow burn as he fell asleep and finally slipped from our bed to find our son downstairs watching an old Marx Brothers' movie on television. As my husband snored in our bed and Groucho and company carried on their zany antics, I rode my son's face while sucking his cock, happy and grateful to have such a loving child. There might have been a tear or two of disappointment amidst the tears of soul rendering passion and ecstasy as I orgasmed from John's loving tongue, but I was already consigning my marriage to oblivion.

As weeks progressed, John's feelings for me grew even as I let him get inside my heart and soul more with each passing day. It both troubled me and thrilled me that my son was spending more time with me than with any of his young girlfriends. I encouraged him to date and fuck Kelly and others, but more and more, John lingered about the house during his free time, his need to fuck me becoming nearly as great as my need for his wonderful tongue and cock.

I also grew angrier at Paul. As we walked through the ashes of a marriage, now more roommates than anything, it pissed me off that he had spurned me so. True, I should have felt guilt for cuckolding him with our son, but it was something that would have been inevitable. Perhaps not with John...I knew that he'd seized the opportunity that his father had provided in his neglect, but I knew in my heart that sooner or later, my needs would have forced me to seek relief from someone. I was just thrilled that it was someone I already loved unreservedly.

I also found myself getting tired of "hiding" our incestuous love around the house. Many was the time that I fumed waiting for Paul to leave the house or go to sleep so I could fall into our son's arms and experience his lips, tongue, fingers and cock. A little over a year after I first experienced the sweet pleasure my son offered, there came a warm spring day – the kind that makes your pulse race with renewed sexual desire that I knew for an absolute certainty that it was time to for all of us to move on with our lives. It wasn't fair to me or to John and it wasn't fair to Paul. He needed to face the fact that we were done and perhaps in the freedom that it would produce, he would find his own happiness, perhaps with someone new or perhaps alone.

I had arrived home before either my son or husband and I waited for both in the den, a glass of brandy in my hand just as when this had begun, but this time, I'd barely taken a sip, determined to be sober when I took action.

It was nearly five o'clock and I expected Paul to walk through the door at any second when I heard a car pull into the driveway. With no signaling horn, I knew my son had arrived home first, just as I had hoped. He came through the front door, tossing a book bag onto the floor and called out, "Mom....I'm home!"

"In here, baby," I called softly climbing to my feet. John came bounding into the den, pulling up short as he took in my appearance. I was dressed in a new outfit I'd bought a few days before.

John gave me a long once over and then let loose with a wolf whistle. I was wearing a strapless sundress with a thigh high hem. The neckline plunged in a sharp square shape, exposing my upper chest and the upper halves of my breasts. I had on three inch stiletto heels that accentuated my legs, making my calves appear even more toned and shapely. "Mom, you look gorgeous."

I grinned wickedly and began to slowly walk towards him. "Hot enough to make that big dick of yours stand up long and hard?"

John nodded and rubbing his crotch through his jeans, replied, "On your worst day, you'd make my cock hard, Mom!" I stepped into my son's arms and kissed him as I brushed his hand aside and began rubbing my palm up and down his crotch, thrilled to feel his penis grow and lengthen as our tongues darted and danced as we kissed.

I moaned appreciatively into John's mouth as I undid his belt and then deftly opened his jeans, allowing my hand to snake down under his underwear to wrap around his cock. I was pleased at how deftly I had gotten to my son's cock...months of practice paying off. Breaking the kiss, but with our lips hovering against each other, nearly brushing each other's mouths, I breathed huskily, "I want to suck your cock, son. Momma's hungry!"

I began pushing him backwards towards the sofa where he'd first gone down on me, ignoring his laughing protests that "Dad will be home soon, you know."

I shoved John down on the couch and squatted down between his legs, hissing, "I don't fucking much care, baby. I want to suck my son's cock now!" Roughly, I yanked at his jeans, pushing them and his sneakers off and tossing them helter-skelter behind me. My hand wrapped around my son's long, hard and thick penis as I said in a voice thick with desire, "I want to suck your cock, son and then I want you to cum on my face!"

With John's mild protests about his father coming home ringing in my ears, I wrapped my lips around the swollen head of his cock and rolled my tongue over the firm, but sponge-like flesh. I moaned approvingly as I tasted drops of precum oozing from his pee slit while my son moaned and reached out to run his fingers through my short, black hair.

The next several minutes passed in a lust induced fog as I showed off my newly learned cock sucking skills, marveling how at nearly forty-eight years old, I could deep-throat my son's big, long cock with relative ease. My eyes never left John's face, his eyes gleaming with love, desire and appreciation for his mother's loving and very personal attention. I reveled in the feel of my tongue rolling up and down his long, hard shaft and how his plum sized crown tasted so delicious as I whirled my tongue slowly around it. I took all of him inside my mouth and throat, air whistling shrilly through my nose as I swallowed all of him, inhaling the aroma of his crotch – sweat, sperm, piss and the pheromones of a horny young man.

Beneath my short skirt, riding high around my hips, I could feel the gusset of my slinky G-string becoming sopping wet as my own arousal grew with intensity. My ears were open, wondering how long it would be before I would hear the dripping of my own juices from my sodden panties. "Mom...this is...you're mouth is so fucking awesome!" John moaned again and again as I studiously sucked his cock, wary for any signs of his orgasm...slowing down whenever I thought he was nearing an explosion.

Then we both heard it – two short blasts of a car's horn and then John was laughing and serious at the same time, gasping, "Mom...it's Dad! Dad's home and he's gonna catch us!" His hands pushed at my head, but I was resolute and clamped my lips tight around his cock, brushing his flesh ever so

carefully with my teeth to urge him to stop and subtly shaking my head to indicate that I didn't want or intended to stop.

So, that's how Paul found us, my husband coming through the front door and hearing noise in the den, following it to discover his son sitting on the couch, naked from the waist down with his wife's lips around the long, hard dick of their son. I was aware of him standing there in the doorway, turning my gaze from my son's stunned face to see Paul standing there gawping at us. I made sure that we made eye contact before I wordlessly returned to feverishly sucking John's cock, pointedly ignoring my husband for the present moment.

It was only when Paul took a step forward and bellowed, "What the hell is going on here?" that I paused and let our son's erect penis slip from between my lips.

"Exactly what it looks like, Paul," I said so vehemently that it checked his advance into the room. "I'm sucking our son's big, wonderful cock. I'm going to lick and suck John's cock until he cums all over his mommy's face!"

My husband's eyes went wide and he began to move forward again, his fists clenching at his sides as he said in a nearly a girlish squeak, "You fucking whore!"

I stopped him in his tracks with a finger pointed at him as I snapped back, "You're goddamn right, Paul. I'm John's whore and I love fucking and sucking him and him fucking and licking me and claiming me as his woman...something you don't know how to do anymore!"

My eyes on Paul, I ducked down and ran my tongue up the length of our son's cock as John muttered, "Fucking unbelievable, Mom." A quick glance at John revealed him smiling in disbelief at his mother in her rage and passion.

"I need a man to love me and fuck me and remind me every day that I'm a woman and you're just not up to the job, Paul so I belong to our son now. I'm his lover and whore and I love it!"

Paul worked up the nerve to take another step closer, his voice nearly strangled as he gasped, "I'll fucking kill the both of you!"

"You'll do no such fucking thing," I snarled. "You just stand there and watch how a man who loves his woman lets her suck his big dick." I resumed sucking John, never fearing for a moment that Paul would do anything other than watch us. I paused only for a moment to look at my husband one last time and say, "You can jack off if you like since I know watching me suck our son's cock makes you hard!"

John turned and looked at his father's crotch even as I resumed sucking his young and lovely penis, him laughing as he saw the tent rising in Paul's slacks. My husband moaned in a shamed voice, "It wasn't a goddamn dream."

I felt John's fingers running through my hair again, guiding me into a steady up and down movement on his erection, my lips slowly gliding around his pulsing shaft while my tongue rolled over his flesh hungrily. "Nope, it sure wasn't, Dad...it was us trying to work up some inspiration in you – to get you to treat Mom how she deserves, but it's your fucking loss, Dad." John's voice turned to iron as he said, "Mom belongs to me now, Dad. You'll never touch her again. I'm the only man who gets to fuck your wife!"

I convulsed with pleasure then, my cunt contracting in orgasm and then gushing pussy juice, flooding my panties and splattering loudly on the carpet as my son's words thrilled me – knowing that he had plainly claimed me as his own. I began sucking John harder, doing my best to reward him for challenging his father. I never felt more loved in my life.

My effort immediately paid off as John murmured, "I'm gonna cum, Mom!"

I let my son's cock slip from between my lips and I put my right hand around his long shaft and began stroking his saliva covered cock. "In my face, son! Cum in Mom's face and show your father how a real man cums!"

Paul and John both groaned simultaneously as my son's cock swelled in my hand and then began showering me in hot semen. Thick, steaming streamers of semen splattered against my face as John ejaculated again and again, splashing fresh sperm against my mouth and cheeks and forehead. I laughed crazily as I felt the warm, gooey fluid run down my face, my tongue searching for and scooping up globs of my son's sweet tasting spunk! As my son began to cum, so did his father, standing there shaking as a wet spot appeared in his slacks.

As John's ejaculations eased up – the last few splattering against the exposed portion of my chest and tickling down over and between my heaving breasts, I turned to look at my husband, proudly displaying a cum showered face as I exclaimed, "Now that's a man's cum, Paul! That's what a real man can inspire a woman to do. I dream of our son's cock and sperm day and night and he craves my pussy and mouth constantly! That's what I need, Paul...a man who loves to fuck me and give me his hot, delicious semen."

For emphasis, I brought both my hands to my face and brushed it over my skin to smear stringy gobs of semen over my mouth, hungrily and lewdly lapping it up from my palms and fingers while streamers of my son's seed dripped off my chin to splatter against my breasts, the whole time letting my husband see the fiery lust and love for John burn in my eyes.

The enormity of the moment almost overwhelmed me as I brought it to a finish. "I think we loved each other once, Paul," I began, my voice suddenly thick with emotion. "Maybe you still love me in your own way, but I need more...so much more than you can offer. You've made me feel bad about myself while our son makes me feel beautiful and sexy and desirable."

The room was thick with tension as a variety of emotions played across my husband's face. "You are still my wife, Cathy," he growled.

"In name only," I replied. "We've been roommates more than husband and wife for years...not even fuck buddies. I begged you for love...pleaded for it and you'd just tell me to act my age. Even when I do something crazy like setting it up so you might get inspired or at least jealous because of our son...you didn't follow up on the opportunity. I don't arouse you anymore...at least not unless you see me acting the slut with John."

I leaned against John's bare leg and shivered as he affectionately ran his fingers through my short, sweaty hair." I need more than you can offer me, Paul. I don't wish you any ill, but we're done. I belong to our son now...I'm his woman...his wife now." I raised my left hand, displaying my wedding ring smeared with John's seed and then worked it off my finger, our son's seed providing some lubrication to help it remove it once and forever.

I tossed it towards Paul even as I felt John move off the couch, his hands pushing me forward so that I had to shift to my hands and knees. "I fucking love you so much, Mom!" my son growled as I

felt his hands pushing up my short dress and spreading my ass cheeks, and tugging my sopping wet G-string aside. I gasped as I felt his cock, still hard and big press against my cunt and then I gave a loud cry as John shoved his cock inside me.

"You fucking whore...I'll divorce you and expose what you are..." Paul snarled, but his voice lacked conviction.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Dad," John said in a firm, calm voice, punctuated by his pelvis slapping against my ass as he speared me with his long cock again and again. "Mom's gonna divorce you quietly and you won't make a fuss. You know it and I know it." I didn't have to turn my head to see the sneer on his face...it was obvious in his voice. "You wouldn't ever be able to look anyone in this city in the eye again knowing that they know that your son stole your wife from you – that your son made your wife cum and moan like a whore when you couldn't get it up unless you were watching mother and son fuck." Our son drove his cock home and rolled his hips to make me scream to drive his point home.

Paul stood there, both appalled and aroused by what he was seeing. Struggling to speak between the explosions of carnal pleasure tearing me to pieces, I raised my hand and somehow moaned, "Our son is going to fuck me down here in the den for the next few hours. Stay and watch or leave, Paul, I don't care. You can stay in the guest room until we work things out, but when John and I go to bed tonight, I want your stuff out of the master bedroom. Our son is master now!"

"Oh yeah, Mom!" John laughed. "Tell Dad like it is!" I would have, but my son began banging me hard, fucking me fast and furious with that wonderful cock, showing his father one last time how to please a woman. As I screamed and clawed the carpet while John kept screwing me so masterfully, Paul stood and gazed at us in confused wonder for several minutes, but sometime between my first and second orgasm, he wandered off, leaving us to revel and lose ourselves in our incestuous delights.

Paul did stay for several nights in the guest room, usually gone before we rose in the morning and disappearing into his room in early evening, saying little to either of us. I know I should feel some shame and maybe even remorse at rubbing his face in his incestuous cuckolding with my nightly screams of orgasms, but I didn't. I could almost picture him, alone in the guest room, feverishly masturbating as he envisioned his wife and son locked in carnal lust.

The divorce, while a shock to all our friends and neighbors, was a quiet affair...granted for irreconcilable differences. I was generous in the settlement, keeping the house, but giving him almost all our savings and any possessions he wanted. Paul moved into an apartment downtown closer to his work, but within a year, requested and received a transfer to a city on the Eastern coast. I heard he remarried recently – a quiet woman he met in church. I hope he's happy. I hope for both their sakes that he learned how to make her happy.

John earned his doctorate and is moving steadily upwards in his department at the university where I still am the glue that holds the English department together and keeps it running smoothly. My son still lives at home with his mother, instructing me night and day in the art of making love and walking hand in hand with me in exploring the depths that a mother and son can share. At my son's insistence, we had a 'Vegas' wedding and I wear his wedding ring...a lovely gold thing with an Irish claddagh on it, symbolizing our love for each other. I insisted we have an open marriage, although I desire no other man and despite my age, John sees to have less and less interest in younger girls, although he still sees Kelly from time to time.

In the end, I have no regrets, feeling more loved, more fulfilled than I had ever dreamed was possible. In my son's arms, I have been instructed in possibilities of lust and love, instruction I will happily open my arms and legs and mind for until the end of time.

The End.