

RETRIBUTION

Ahabscribe

Mother and son get even for a lifetime of abuse!

Incest/Taboo

4.61

10.3k words

Here's a story that's been kicking around in my head for many years and finally decided it had to be written. I'm not sure what to make of it other than my reoccurring oedipal issues are back...lol.

I look forward to hearing your comments and criticisms, both positive and negative. As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters exist only within the confines of my imagination. Enjoy!

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Maybe it's my Irish blood that makes me an optimist -- that helps me believe that no matter how bad things can get, there is always hope for a better day. I'm sure my Da would disagree. He was always a dark soul -- morose and brooding and wishing he could return to the "Old Country" one more time. With his dying breath, he was grouching and complaining about the raw deal that life dealt him.

Maybe that's why I married, Jimmy Halloran. He was the exact opposite of my father -- a happy go lucky charmer and an up and coming police officer in the small city I grew up in on the Northeast Atlantic coast. He was always smiling and laughing and his brilliant blue eyes and easy smile literally charmed me out of my panties and off my feet. Alas, Jimmy was no great lover -- I enjoyed the sex, but I always felt it was missing something and my orgasms were far and few between -- not that I ever let him know. I made him think he was the finest lover in the world. In my optimism, I always thought he would get better at it.

I remained an optimist even when the marriage went sour. My Jimmy lost interest in me sexually after I gave him his long desired son, the apple of my eye, James. I think Jimmy had mother issues and gradually could not bear to be with me sexually after I gave birth and became a mother. In the end, when he was with me, he was completely impotent. He blamed it on me of course. I wasn't woman enough anymore -- I'd let myself go, were his accusations. I'd stand naked in front of my bedroom mirror and know that that charge was a bald lie!

I'm not an immodest person, but I know that I am a good looking woman that got as many longing glances from a man when I was thirty-five as I did when I was twenty! My bright red hair betrays my Irish heritage, red as a fire truck and hanging down in wavy tresses past my shoulders -- a thick mane of red hair and my best feature. My face is pleasant enough, with brown-green eyes and pale skin and a wee, button nose. I've got a luscious figure that would tries to run to fat, but with lots of work and a hard life, I've kept the same twenty-six inch waist I had before I gave birth to my James. I am amply endowed in the tit department -- with my heavy, teardrop shaped 38D breasts being what attracted my husband to me in the first place! I stand five foot, nine inches and I'm not ashamed of my legs, although Jimmy forbade me to wear a hemline above the knee.

All in all, I'm a fine looking woman most of the time. Of course, as things went bad between Jimmy and me, there were times I dare not leave the house for fear of someone seeing just how rough Jimmy treated me. Jimmy changed. His happy go lucky attitude vanished to be replaced by

something angry and hard bitten. Maybe it was the job -- I've no illusions about police work -- Da was a beat cop for thirty years and many's the night I sneaked out of bed and heard him pouring his pain out to my mother. What I didn't know then was how bad a cop Jimmy had become...but that's getting ahead of myself.

Maybe it was me -- that having given him a son and now being a mother, he couldn't bring himself to fuck me and he could never ask for a divorce and that in the end he was disappointed by James, a quiet and sensitive boy who was totally uninterested in his father's obsessions with football and boxing. Jimmy declared his feelings often, "The better part of you, boy, ran down your mother's leg!" The gulf between Jimmy and James widened over the years as James realized what his father was doing to me and resented it. Whatever it was that created Jimmy's anguish and anger, it provoked in him a terrible hatred and when the hate grew too strong and he was liquored up, well - I wore a lot of sunglasses and long sleeve shirts and stayed indoors for days or weeks at a time.

By the time, James turned ten things seemed to grow worse with each passing day. Jimmy would stay away for days, even weeks at a time and then show up drunk and pissed and oh, Jesus, how he could make me hurt! One would think I'd relish his absence, but James and I lived in constant fear when he was gone of finally hearing his footsteps on the porch, the creaking of the front door opening and what he'd be angry about this time. I found no solace in the Church -- my priest admonishing me to "Be a better wife to the man, Charlene! He deserves that much doing the job he does."

I pressed charges once, after a brutal beating landing me in the emergency room with three cracked ribs, a sprained wrist and a bruised kidney. For one fleeting moment, I thought I might be free of the man -- but that was the day I learned of the "thin blue line" where the police force protected their own. All that came of that was Jimmy getting a stern reprimand from his precinct commander about minding his personal life with more discretion and Jimmy teaching me that there is lots of ways to inflict terrible pain without leaving marks...at least those that could show. They say the police are better about dealing with spousal abuse these days -- I hope so.

Still, I believed that someday, somehow, things could and would change for the better. James was fifteen when I first thought this happened. Jimmy was off duty and sitting in his favorite bar when one side of his face began to sag and he fell off his stool with a massive stroke. The doctors told me he would never completely recover -- that he was likely remain paralyzed completely on one side, bedridden for life. Despite all the beatings, it broke my heart to see him so and I accepted my new role as his caretaker, one I would have worked at to my grave, but my troubles were just beginning.

Three months after Jimmy's stroke, the city prosecutor announced the findings of a police corruption probe and at the heart of it was a small cabal of cops including my Jimmy. He had been neck deep in drugs, gambling and protection scams. He lost his pension/disability and his insurance. We lost our house and our car to something called the RICO statutes. Then it was revealed that Jimmy was also involved in prostitution, running a small string of women out of a sleazy apartment in the worst part of the city.

To add to my humiliation, it was to this apartment that Jimmy had leased for a year in advance where we were forced to retreat to when they seized our home. Can you imagine how it felt to clean that pit up? It was a miserably small one bedroom walk-up apartment on the fourth floor of an apartment building that we shared with drug dealers, hookers, and more roaches and rats than I ever dreamed could exist.

It was a crowded existence too. We had Jimmy in a hospital bed situated in the living room and I would sleep on the couch while James slept on a small bed in the one small bedroom. James and I learned to co-exist within the crowded place and of all the things I think I missed the most -- it was having my own bathroom.

Medical bills drained what little savings we had left and we barely managed to scrape by. Jimmy needed around the clock care that we could not afford once his pension and insurance were lost and I couldn't leave him to take a job to make ends meet. Thank the Lord Jesus for my son, James.

My sweet darling son, James -- as good and smart and brave boy as ever lived. He bore the shame and hardship stoically, never speaking a word of complaint, never crying or whimpering. Even when he had to leave his good school and dear friends behind and move into another world of slums and poverty with a joke of a school, he was there for me, helping me deal with it all. And as we faced total and complete poverty, without a word, my sixteen year old son became the man of the house and went out and found a job. He stayed in school -- knowing I could never bear it if he dropped out, but at four in the afternoon, he rode a bus down to a local textile mill and using a fake ID, got himself hired out as a common worker on the second work shift.

I honestly don't know how he did it, but he did. James was a student by day and a factory worker by night, coming home to sleep for a few hours and then do it again. On Friday nights, he'd bring his check home and drop it on the kitchen table. Saturdays and Sundays, he found pick-up jobs to do to bring in much needed cash. And we needed the money. Jimmy was anathema to the city and any hopes from aid and relief agencies were dashed at every turn. When the system turns it back deliberately on you, there is no hope from that end. We barely had enough to pay the rent, buy Jimmy's medicine and eat, but somehow we did it.

One might think at least with Jimmy being incapacitated, at least there was relief in one sense, but, now we had Jimmy with us 24/7 and his anger was still there, still palpable in his presence. His face was locked into a perpetual sneer and hatred blazed in his eyes. His ability to speak was almost gone, but he could make noises that we quickly were able to interpret as anger or annoyance and I swear upon my soul, a vindictive and self satisfied expression at us being trapped with him in this life.

Feeding him, cleaning his messes, showing him every kindness, it all seemed to enrage him further. He was like a cancer in our lives, slowly eating away our spirit. Over the next two years, my eternal optimism began to fade, especially as I watched my son sacrifice his youth for our well being. It broke my heart to see him come in night after night, exhausted and dirty and yet find the strength to smile at me, kiss my cheek and whisper, "I love you, Mom," before collapsing into bed.

Jimmy slowly got worse -- another major stroke rendering him completely incapacitated. His mind was intact and full of the hate that was so evident in his eyes as he angrily glared at me all the time. Still, I persevered and tried to hope for a better life. All that sustained me was the love I had for my son and the love I knew he felt for me. The world might kick us down, but we clung to each other as we struggled to rise back up.

Things changed one Friday night in May, shortly after James turned eighteen. It had been a long day. Jimmy had discovered he could still spit and had spent most of the day amusing himself by trying to spit at me while I fed him or to let it drool from his mouth so I had to clean it up again and again. It was after midnight and having finally seen Jimmy off to sleep, I had changed into my ratty old nightgown when James came through the door, carefully and quietly setting his lunch pail

down at the small table in the kitchenette. Not sparing his father more than a cursory glance, James made his way to me and gave me a quick hug and a kiss and whispered, "How are you, Mom?"

I gave him a weary smile and shrugged my shoulders as I replied, "I'm fine, sweetie -- he was the usual."

James nodded, he understood. He tried to give me an equally weary smile, but it only flickered across his lips before disappearing. His eyes stared into mine for a moment, glanced downward quickly and then back to meet mine -- his eyes seeming to be so much older than a young man should be. I stiffened suddenly as I realized his downward glance was at my chest and I blushed as I realized that my gown was gaping open and my tall son could look down at my exposed braless breasts. I quickly moved to pull the nightgown closed and whispered, "Sorry, James," in an embarrassed tone.

My son sighed and nodded. "It's okay, Mom." He started to say something, but stopped and said, "I'm whopped, Mom -- I'm gonna rack out."

As he passed me, I reached out and touched his arm. "Son, are you -- is everything alright?" My fingers closed and not for the first time was I surprised at how muscular he was -- his arms were well defined -- not simply the well toned muscle of youth, but the hard muscle of a working man. I felt him shiver slightly.

"I'm fine, Mom -- just a long night at work. All I need is a good night's sleep."

He leaned over and kissed me on the forehead and whispered, "I love you, Mom." and slipped off to his room, pulling the door shut behind him. My heart ached for my son and I felt so helpless to ease his weariness and pain. I went about finishing getting ready for bed.

I was about to turn out the light when I heard a commotion outside down in the street. From my window, I couldn't see anything and I moved to James's bedroom door and knocked quietly. "James, is everything all right?" I said as I opened up the door. My son was sitting in the window, his room dark. From the dim light from outside, I could tell he was wearing only his boxer shorts. Even though he was partially in shadow, I could see how my son was indeed a man -- a well muscled man. I confess my heart beat a little faster and why not. James was handsome and I was still a relatively young woman of forty-three and it's only reasonable to have a slight physical response to a beautiful, barely clad man...even if it was my son.

"James, what's going on?" I said softly as I crossed the room coming to stand by his side. "Who's making all that ruckus?"

I peered over his shoulder and saw three young couples dancing and laughing their way down the street -- the young men in tuxedos and the ladies in long formal dresses complete with corsages. The answer hit me like a blow to the stomach even before James could get the words, "It's Prom night," past his lips.

Now I thought I knew what was bothering James and I felt the guilt flood over me. I'd been so focused on dealing with my husband I'd forgotten all about what should have been one of the most special nights for my son before he finished school. The tears began streaming down my face as I wrapped my arms around my son from behind and hugged him as I sobbed, "Oh my darling boy. You've missed your Prom! I'm so sorry!" I hugged him tight to me, pressing my aching bosom against his bare back.

James let out a sigh as I cried, ashamed of myself and hurting for my son. "Damn your father for all he's done! You don't deserve this. I shoulda done something!" I sobbed, hunching myself against him.

My son sighed again and slowly turned in my embrace and I became acutely aware of my breasts, nipples hardening, sliding across his body, his flesh separated from mine only by a thin, threadbare cotton gown. It sent a shiver through my body -- a sensation I rarely felt anymore...a sensation that ended in a growing warmth between my legs. James put his arms around me and hugged me back and we embraced tightly there on the window sill, James's face pressed into the soft pillows of my tits, murmuring in a strained voice. "I don't mind, Mom. It's okay. I love you and I'll do whatever it takes to take care of you!"

My son raised his head and I could see the tears in his eyes as he continued. "I don't care about all that stuff, Mom. All I want is to take care of you, Mom!"

"And you do, James, my dear son, you do," I whispered. "But you've had to sacrifice so much." I leaned down and kissed his forehead. "I love you, too!"

Suddenly it seemed much warmer in the room and despite the heat, I shivered again. It dawned on me that a handsome, strong man had me in his arms...and a barely clothed man at that. It felt good to press myself against all that hard, warm flesh and I had a terrible urge to look down between my son's legs and see if he was responding the same way to his mother's embrace and the thought stunned me! I let my arms fall away and slowly stepped away from him, now incredibly embarrassed. My arms went up and crossed as I didn't want my own son to see his mother's thick nipples hard and trying to poke through her thin gown. James let me go reluctantly, a frown crossing his face as he stood up, his arms still momentarily held out.

I trembled as I saw it then. Partly in shadow, but distinct nevertheless, my son's erection stood out in his boxer shorts! I started to speak and stopped and then whispered in a voice full of strained lust. "You are all a mother could ever hope for, James, my sweet. I'm so proud of you. Get some sleep, dear." I turned and fled the small room, rushing to the little bathroom and locked myself inside.

I felt all churned up inside -- angry at Jimmy for our situation and ashamed at myself for not figuring out a way for James to have a better childhood and aroused as I hadn't felt in a long time and ashamed of that since it was my own son that had turned me on! I could hardly believe the sudden urges wracking my body, spreading my legs wide as I sat on the toilet and finding my hands down between my legs, rubbing my suddenly wet pussy for several seconds before I realized what I was doing. Fresh tears streamed down my face and I silently cursed Jimmy for putting us into this terrible situation that could lead me to such lurid thoughts.

I had myself a good, long cry and then wiped my eyes and got up. I hurt and ached for my son's plight and my own lonely existence, but knew there was nothing to do but go on. Life is what life is, all we can do is try to survive it day by day!

I came out of the bathroom and as I passed by my son's room I heard him cry out, "Oh, God, Mom!"

I responded completely on motherly instinct, hearing pain and distress in my son's voice and burst into his room without knocking. "James, what's wro-..." I stopped, stunned by the scene before me and rooted in place from shock.

James was stretched out naked on the bed, his boxer shorts on the floor. His right hand was wrapped tightly around his cock...his hard and bigger than I would have ever believed possible, cock! My son's eyes were closed and he was covered in sweat and his fist was stroking that long shaft and squeezing that huge, plum colored head and he groaned, "I love you, Mom! Fuck it...fuck me, Mom!" It wasn't pain I heard, but passion! James was so deep into his fantasy that he didn't realize I was even in the room.

At that moment, understanding and revelation exploded within me -- I suppose it was what they call an epiphany. My head spun as I let the truth burst free within me and assimilated what I had forced myself to never acknowledge.

My son and I had been thrust together into this hostile and crowded environment for two years and in my loneliness and misery, I had denied what should have been obvious. In the span of a heartbeat, a million images of my son looking at me...not just as his mother, but as a woman, a weary, but attractive woman...seeing me in that threadbare and worn nightgown night after night or in a slip and bra as we wiggled past each other going to and fro that tiny bathroom, or asleep on the couch, gown accidentally pulled up, exposing my long legs and God knows what else, returned to my mind and I realized with amazement that each glance had been filled with love and more...with a young man's hungry lust.

And now a million returned glances exploded in my memory -- a million moments of desire and longing for my son's ever maturing and handsome body, a hard and chiseled body that housed a heart that put me first above all else -- a heart that truly and completely loved me! And I knew...I knew the real truth -- the truth that I had denied every single day for years while I toiled to take care of the sorry son of a bitch I had married, the truth that was real source of my optimism, the wellspring of hope that allowed me to get up everyday and keep going. I loved this boy, my son. I loved him as a mother and I loved him as the man I wished his father had been. I loved James and I wanted and needed him.

"James," I said softly as he masturbated, still moaning "Mom," over and over.

My son's eyes opened wide and he saw me in the doorway, light from the window spotlighting me. His mouth worked and nothing came out and he sat up, his hand releasing that magnificent penis and reaching for the blanket to cover up. In a panicked, wet voice, he sobbed, "Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...I'm sorry, Mom!"

"No," I replied sternly, taking a step towards him. "No, don't you be a bit sorry, my love!" My hands reached down and I pulled the worn gown up and over my head, revealing my naked body to my son. I threw the old garment aside and climbed up on the bed.

As I swung my leg over my son's body, his thick, erect and hard cock brushing my thigh, leaving a warm trail of precum, James's eyes widened in shock and maybe fear and he gasped, "Mom -- what the hell? Mom -- you can't..."

Then I was on top of him and lying down, trapping his swollen, throbbing meat against my crotch and stomach while my heavy breasts flattened against his strong chest and I said, "I can and I will! You want this, James, darling. I want this." I teased him with a kiss, soft and loving and ending with a wet lick of my tongue across his lips before I added, "Momma's gonna make all your dreams come true!"

James stared at me in wide eyed shock for a moment and then I was engulfed in his embrace as he kissed me, his tongue hungrily slipping into my mouth and finding my own for another taste while

his hands roamed over my flesh, squeezing my ass cheeks and stroking my back before intertwining in my hair and holding me firmly in place as we kissed like lovers for the first time.

I had grown up a relatively good girl. I confess to having performed oral sex on two boyfriends after high school and before I met Jimmy. I was still a virgin when Jimmy laid me on our wedding bed and until now his was the only cock I'd ever had inside my pussy. Now I was consumed with a sudden terrible need and desire to know the sinful sensation of having my son's huge dick inside me.

Jimmy hadn't been a good lover all those years before, but I was sure that it wasn't just poor memory that told me that his son's lovely cock dwarfed his own and I wanted it right now! I broke our kiss, saliva splattering over both our chests as I sat up. I felt like I could barely catch my breath as my meaty tits heaved, the nipples swollen up like ripe berries. I ran my hands slowly down James's chest, his muscles now engorged and swollen in his arousal. I could hear my father's lilting brogue in my husky voice as I rasped, "I'm gonna fuck ya now, my son! I want that fine man's cock buried deep in my pussy!"

I rose up on my knees, stretching high as I wrapped one trembling hand around my son's big dick and brought it between my legs where the thick red pelt of my bush was now split by my swollen and slick lips. It had been better than ten years since I'd known a cock and now...now my son was coming all the way home to relieve me of all I'd missed.

"I love you, James," I whispered as I felt his head spreading my pussy. "Momma loves you so much!" I sobbed as I slowly lowered myself, pleasure mixing with pain as my son's thick cock went deeper and deeper into my tight hole -- spreading my cunt wide and never stopping, never pausing, just creating one sweet and continuous sensation of becoming filled with something wonderful!

As I impaled myself on my son's cock, I reached out and took James's hands and placed them on my breasts, guiding him and urging him to sink his fingers into my tit flesh, showing him how to tease his mother's hard and sensitive nipples with his palms, his work roughened flesh delightfully scratchy against my blood engorged nubs. "Oh Mom, I can't believe it...I've dreamed and wanted this." Tears of joy flowed down my son's face as he sobbed, "I love you!"

After what seemed to be an eternity, James's cock was in me to the root -- his reddish blonde wiry pubic hair entangling itself in my thick red bush. I had never felt anything like it. He was so big, I felt stuffed and my son was incredibly long, his cockhead nestled in placed that his father had never touched. I felt dizzy as the erotic bliss of the moment almost made me swoon. I ground my crotch against him and arched my back and stretched, letting my weight settle more on James's body -- seeking to somehow drill a little more of my son's penis inside me.

A blazing fire of lust erupted between my thighs and I began to ride James -- slowly at first -- he felt that big and I felt so tight, but with each incredible up and down motion, we began to move easier -- still tight and delicious, but wetter and slicker as I coated his cock with the creamy juices of my cunt. The fire spread outward from my loins until I felt I was being consumed by flames of incestuous lust and desire. My hair was whipping wildly around as I continued to piston up and down on my son's cock, sweat falling from my body to splatter on James's slick skin, his hips thrusting upwards to meet my downward slide in an almost bone-jarring collision of bodies.

I heard a keening wail a long time before I realized it was me, crying out in orgasmic pleasure as for the first time in years a hard cock made me cum! My pleasure turned white hot and increased a

thousand fold as my orgasm swept me up and I surrendered to this incestuous love body and soul, continuing to fuck my son as I quivered and shook with unbelievable pleasure.

With his cock buried deep inside me, James sat up, his mouth coming to cover one of my nipples and sucking on it like a hungry babe, his teeth making me moan lewdly as he nipped and teased my sensitive flesh. As my orgasm waned, I was helpless in his arms with barely enough strength to kiss him and stroke his back. With a hungry growl, James took a firm hold on my body and literally flipped us around in midair and I found myself landing roughly on my back on that narrow bed, my breath whooshing from my body as my son's hard cock still deep in my cunt drove itself a little deeper with the impact.

I shivered as I looked into James's eyes and saw in them more than just love and lust. There was a hunger in his brown-green eyes that promised never to be sated...that demanded to be compensated for all that had never happened before and an insistence that this would never end. I shivered from the intensity I saw there and because I felt welling up inside my soul the same hunger and insistence. What my son and I did here and now could not and would not ever stop!

James ran his hands over my heaving tits and down my sides, stroking my thighs and then my ankles which he then took hold of and then my son lifted my legs and spread them as wide as he could while he began to thrust into me. I flung my head back as I felt him stroke deep inside me, opening me up to more and more of his long, thick penis. James fucked me like a madman for what seemed an eternity and while part of me reveled in the seemingly endless flow of orgasmic joy that washed over my body, another part of me marveled at the amazing control my James seemed to possess.

He let my ankles go suddenly and I somehow managed to wrap my legs around his thrusting hips, digging my heels into his tight ass cheeks while he eased his body lower onto mine and showered me with wet, sloppy kisses -- our tongues dancing and flirting and making love on their own.

James began to fuck his mother with mad abandon and I held on to him for dear life, trying to thrust back even as I slipped into yet another orgasm and then my son howled like wolf and thrust deep one last time and I screamed in passionate delight as I felt his cockhead swell and then he was flooding me with hot, thick cream and I was insane with pleasure as my son filled my womb with his semen, searing my insides with more of a man's seed that I would have thought possible. Heavy jet after jet of sperm burst forth from his cock -- so much I wondered if it would ever end...not that I minded. It was hot and beautiful and in the haze of my incestuous orgasm, I wept with the beauty of the moment and of the unbelievable sensations.

The world went away for a bit, leaving only sweet and incredible pleasure that was my entire world and then I was back and in my son's arms and his lovely cock still inside me as he kissed my face tenderly, whispering over and over again, "You, Mom, you are all I ever wanted or will ever need...just you, Mom. I love you."

I kissed him back, somehow finding the strength to raise my hand to stroke his cheek. "I love you, James, my dear sweet boy. Your mother will never let you go -- it's you and me, now and forever!"

We fell asleep then in each other's arms and for the first time in longer than I could remember, I had a good night's sleep, feeling safe in my son's arms. My last conscious thoughts were of how good and warm he felt, the light hair on his chest tickling my nose as I pressed my face to his body, smelling his earthy, sweaty scent while his arms held me close in a strong embrace.

In the light of a reddish colored dawn, we both seemed to awake together, James's cock still in me and growing long and hard again. We both looked at each other, the hope and joy that it all wasn't just a wonderful dream evident in both our faces. We were cuddled on our sides and my son rolled us so that he was more or less on his back and we had a long, slow fuck with his hands cupping my ass and moving me back and forth on his stiff dick -- neither of us in a hurry, both of us just enjoying the moment.

It was lovemaking as I'd never known before. With Jimmy it had been straight up, let's get going sex -- good in a basic way, but this was more...this was what it meant to have someone make love to you who truly believed you to be the end all and be all of their world. As my son fed me his sweet, fine cock we whispered our desires to each other, bared our souls to each other and with each long, drawn out thrust I fell more and more in love with my beloved James, my heart swelling and breaking as he gently told me of his secret longing for me for several years and how it grew with each passing day. James told me how he had longed desired to see me treated like the wonderful woman he knew I was deserved to be treated.

It eased my guilt for his lost youth with James telling me of how it had made him so happy to be my man in so many ways and I wept with joy as he confessed his dreams for us -- a world free of his father and this sad, decrepit place, someday making a home for us where we could live happily ever after. This last part he told me in a strained voice amidst my escalating cries of pleasure as he brought us both to an exquisite orgasm that seemed to go on and on...carrying me to heaven's door as his cum filled my pussy amidst his soft whispers of, "We will live happily ever after, Mom. I swear it!"

It seemed like we lay there basking in the golden glow of the newly discovered depths of our love for an eternity, but all good things seem destined to end and so did that wonderful moment as I heard Jimmy's demanding noises from the living room...noises that indicated that he needed to be cleaned and fed.

With great regret, I left my son's bed and dressing quickly, I began another day's chores -- cleaning Jimmy up and seeing to his breakfast. Cleaning him was always the biggest chore, but as I rolled him over on his side to wash him, I felt a hand on my shoulder and there was James, a smile on his face as he moved to help me -- a smile unlike any I'd seen in years -- a happy, hopeful smile and one that prodded a similar one from me. As my husband glared at me and his son, we finished him quickly and I sat about fixing our breakfast.

In our financial state, all we really could afford was plain oatmeal which while nourishing, was as bland as cardboard. Because I felt so happy that morning, I splurged and added a bit of my hoarded coffee to our meal...Jimmy loved coffee and was spiteful when he didn't get it. This morning he was spiteful despite getting his favorite treat.

His eyes seemed to convey a deeper level of hate this morning and it dawned on me that he might have heard us in the night or this morning making love. In any case, while James washed up in the bathroom, I tried to feed Jimmy, but he was angrily spitting food at me after the first few swallows. "You need to settle yourself down and act right, Jimmy," I begged, wiping spit and oatmeal off my gown. "What's wrong with you this morning, anyway?"

By way of answer, my husband turned his eyes towards the bathroom door and then spit at me again. "Damn your soul you hateful bastard!" I cried as I looked at my now filthy gown. Jimmy's eyes were full of fire and hatred and he mewled something almost indecipherable...but it sounded like he called me a whore.

He knew then. There was no doubt about it -- Jimmy knew that our son and I had fucked each other like mad lovers in the night. Jimmy trembled with effort and he managed to mumble, "Cunt...Whore," and spit at me again. And for the second time within a few hours, I had that perfect moment of clarity and all the years of abuse and neglect came to the forefront of my consciousness and my anger welled up as I stood up and said, "That's enough, you son of a bitch." I raised my fist back to strike him, but I caught myself as I suddenly realized that there was a better way to get my revenge...no, my retribution for all the years of hell my husband had put me and my son through.

"James," I called out loudly. "Come here!"

There was a momentary pause and then my son emerged from the tiny bathroom -- a threadbare towel around his waist. "Mom, are you alright?" he said.

There was a fine razor edged quality to my voice as I replied, "I am absolutely fine, darling. Please bring Momma a chair from the kitchen." I pointed to one of the plain, wooden straight back chairs that we used at the tiny round table. "Set it here directly in front of your father."

James obeyed me quickly, a confused look on his face. I centered it, facing towards Jimmy at a distance of five feet -- making sure to be outside my husband's spitting range. "Mom?" James said softly. "What's going on?"

I glared down at Jimmy and then as I turned towards my son, I quickly pulled my gown over my head and again tossed it aside. "Retribution, son!" I hissed and then I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him hard as I pressed my naked flesh against his hard body. James stiffened in surprise as I pressed my tongue into his mouth, but as our tongues danced together, I felt him relax and he didn't resist as I reached down and tugged his towel free and tossed it away to land next to my soiled and discarded gown.

I moaned appreciatively as my son's hands began to roam over my back and hips, slowly stroking me one moment and kneading handfuls of flesh the next. I heard an indignant snarl of sorts from across the room, but ignored it, losing myself in the embrace of my loving son. I could feel James's cock growing against my belly, its inevitable rising up evoking a delicious sensation as it moved against my skin.

The kiss ended with us both practically breathless and I turned to Jimmy, savoring the anger in his eyes now and I ground myself against James as I said, "Doesn't our son have a fine body, Jimmy. He's got the body of a real man..." I slipped my hand downward and wrapped it around his erection and continued, "And our son has the cock of a real man...a fine, big cock, much bigger than yours ever was, don't you agree?" I slowly stroked it, feeling its pulse in my hand. "And Jimmy, it feels so good inside me -- so much better than ever your puny little thing did!"

I felt James's cock swell at his mother's words and while facing towards Jimmy, I rubbed my cheek against our son's chest. "And Jimmy, he makes me so wet just thinking of him inside of me, fucking me, Jimmy -- cumming in me and making me cum harder and better than you ever did."

I slipped in front of James, shivering as I felt his erect cock nestle itself in the crack of my ass. My son pleased me by instinctively joining in on the torture I wanted to inflict on my sorry spouse. James's hands slipped up and cupped my heavy breasts, kneading and bouncing my plentiful tit flesh and pinching and tugging on my swollen nipples till I was ready to scream.

"Isn't Mom beautiful, Dad?" James chimed in. "She is absolutely fucking gorgeous!" I sighed happily as my son ducked his head and kissed me softly on my shoulder. He looked down at his father and

continued, "You were a fucking idiot not treating Mom like a queen, Dad." Then, even without seeing his face, I knew my son was displaying a wolfish smile as he said, "But don't worry, Dad. I'm taking care of Mom now...and I'll fuck her like she deserves whenever she wants it!"

I giggled and as I wiggled my ass against my son's erection, I said, "Mmmmm. I want you to fuck me right now, James. Will you fuck your Mom good...right now, son?"

James's fingers intertwined in my hair, both between my legs and on my head. He leaned my head back and kissed me while running his fingers through my thick, red bush to find my slippery wet labia and split them, revealing my sodden, pink flesh.

As the kiss ended, he eased himself down onto the wooden chair, pulling me towards his lap, but I had a sudden new inspiration. I knelt at his side, glancing at Jimmy whose face was almost as red as my hair and I gave him a sweet smile as I again took our son's cock in my hand and slowly stroked it up and down.

"Isn't it lovely, Jimmy -- hard and long and thick!" I moved my head towards James's lap, planting little kisses on his thigh. "I've been dying to taste it, but I've been enjoying our boy's cock in my pussy so much." I paused with my mouth hovering over James's cock, feeling the warmth coming from the swollen head and smelling his scent -- his musk mixed with the smell of semen.

I reached out and flicked James's cockhead with my tongue and said, "You always said I wasn't much of a cocksucker, Jimmy. I wonder if your son will agree?" I ran my tongue up and down James's shaft and licked his large balls and added, "I'm out of practice of course, but I'm going to be getting lots of practice with our son from now on!" I rolled my tongue up the length of James's penis and then took him in my mouth -- never taking my eyes off my husband as he glared at us. I sucked my son deep, taking as much of his length as I could before letting him slip almost completely free, my lips holding him while my tongue busily explored and washed his crown.

James groaned and sighed as his mother went down on him, murmuring to his father about how good I was. I would occasionally take my eyes off Jimmy and look to our son and we would share a moment of perfect bliss flavored by the sheer perversity of the moment. I suppose we should have been ashamed at torturing Jimmy like that, but to this day, I've never felt any guilt -- remembering only the sheer lewd excitement of not only making love to my son, but rubbing my bastard husband's face in our incestuous passion.

Finally, I could take waiting no more and I let James slip from between my lips and with his help rose to my feet. "Now's the moment you've been waiting for, Jimmy," I hissed as I moved to straddle our son's lap facing my husband. I felt completely liberated as I felt James's wet and hard cock press against my cunt flesh as Jimmy stared deadly daggers at us. "Your son is going to fuck your wife, Jimmy. Your son is going to fuck me better than you ever dreamed of doing and your son is going to make his mother -- your lawfully wedded wife cum her brains out!" I began to lower myself onto my son's thick penis and as it disappeared inside me, I moaned, "And you can't stop me, you limp dicked bastard!"

I'm sure we looked incredibly erotic and lewd with my legs draped over James's thighs, my feet barely touching the ground, levering myself up and down on my son's cock by my toes, while he groped my bouncing tits and nuzzled my neck and ear, both of us grinning and moaning while staring at Jimmy -- humiliatingly cuckolding him while he helplessly watched.

"Oh God, Mom," James groaned as he pinched my nipples and planted kisses on my shoulder and neck, his lips making me quiver almost as much as that thick penis buried in my cunt did! "Your

pussy is soooo fine, Mom! I love it! I love you, Mom!"

"I love you, James, my sweet motherfucker!" I crooned back to my son as I rode him -- savoring every moment of his thick meat slipping deep in. "You're a fine lover, son -- much better than your daddy ever was!" I twisted and writhed in my son's lap, taking his hands and helping them squeeze my tits, urging him to pinch and pull on my nipples ever more roughly.

Our bodies were soon covered in sweat and the room quickly reeked of our scent - fuck sweat and hot pussy. I could feel the pleasure roiling inside me, becoming more intense with each passing moment, threatening to explode into orgasmic fire and I was bucking and bouncing on James's cock as I screamed, "He's wonderful, Jimmy -- a real man fucking me -- making me cum like a man should. Your son's a better man than you, a better lover...a better fucker than you ever were!" Then I was screaming with the overwhelming joy of orgasm as James pulled me down hard on his cock and with his fine penis buried deep in my womb he began to pump his hot seed inside me!

Jimmy in his bed seemed almost to vibrate with impotent fury and in the midst of my son induced orgasm, I found myself laughing -- the first full bodied happy laugh I let out in longer than I could remember. After all these miserable years of suffering and abuse, I was happy again!

As I felt James's cock begin to shrink in the aftermath of our lovemaking, I stood and turned around and began to shower his face with kisses -- his father now the farthest thing from my mind. "Take me to bed, darling," I gasped between kisses. "Make love to me again!"

"My pleasure, Mom," James replied as he stood up, bearing my weight easily and carried me into his small bedroom where for the next few hours, I forgot all about the bad part of our lives while my son made me remember all that is glorious about being a woman in love. I marveled at James's endurance and ability to recover. Perhaps it was simply his youth, but I think that there was a lot of wished for loving that inspired my son to continue to perform and please his mother.

Later in the day as we took care of Jimmy's physical needs, I felt enveloped in a cocoon of love unlike anything I'd ever experienced -- one that shielded me from my husband's ever present hate. Now he was something more or less to be pitied. Filled with my son's love (not to mention his hot semen), I could face any thing.

I also discovered that while I savored every moment James and I shared in the bedroom, I also was enjoying every moment that we could rub Jimmy's face in the fact that our son and I were now unashamedly lovers. That Saturday night as we watched television on the little black and white set we'd found in a second hand store, James and I were sitting on the couch holding hands as a Red Sox game unfolded. It was a hot night with no wind and the box fan on the fritz so my son was wearing only his boxer shorts and I was in a ragged slip. Jimmy was oblivious to the game, instead looking angrily at us.

Perhaps I am a terrible person, but I couldn't help myself. "You hoping for a little more of a peek, Jimmy?" I asked in a sweet voice. "It'll be my pleasure!" Winking at James, I slid to the floor and moved between my son's knees. I sighed with pleasure as I reached out and palmed his crotch, my heart beating faster as I felt James's cock pulse and grow.

"Ah, Jimmy -- you should be proud of James. He's already cummed in my pussy at least four times today and our fine man of a son can still get hard for his mother!" I said in a happy, laughing voice that I scarcely recognized as my own. I looked up into James's eyes and felt the heat again grow in my now well fucked pussy and said, "Would you like Mommy to suck your cock, sweetheart?"

James sighed happily, his face smooth and clear of many of the premature lines that the recent years had marked him with and he replied, "I would love that, Mom!"

It was with great relish that I fished his cock from his shorts, once again marveling at its girth and length and I leaned in and kissed the head tenderly before taking him in my mouth and letting my tongue roll slowly over his swollen glans, savoring the taste of the precum already building in his slit. I glanced over at Jimmy and saw his face, red and infuriated as he stared at me orally pleasing our son.

It thrilled me to humiliate him so -- not as a sadistic thrill but as retribution for all the pain and anguish he'd inflicted upon us. Satisfied, I turned my gaze again to James and held his gaze as he watched me suck his cock. All my energies turned to pleasing him and I tried to note which movements of my lips and tongue seemed to make him happiest. It took a little doing and I thought I would choke once or twice, but I managed to take all of him in my mouth -- doing that deep throat thing and reveled as I watched my son throw his head back in sheer ecstasy as I sucked him and sucked him and sucked him some more.

The day's events left him with considerable staying power and with nothing better or more enjoyable to do, I tried to give him the blowjob of a lifetime. When he would approach climax, I would back off, letting his blood swollen penis slip from between my lips to cool off a bit. I would fill these moments with pointed comments at Jimmy, asking him if I was sucking our son's cock correctly and informing him of how superior James's cock was to that of his father. "Don't you wish, Jimmy, that it was your wee little cock I was sucking?" I said tauntingly. "All your cruel words to me now, I bet you're wishing you could take back."

I licked the head of James's dick and smacked my lips as I grinned up at my husband, his anger almost turning him purple and then I added, "But from now on, the only cock these lips will taste is that of our son!"

Again and again, I took James deep in my mouth and throat, my tongue licking and exploring every ridge and vein of my son's wonderful cock until I was almost shivering from exhaustion. Finally, I could wait no more -- I began vigorously sucking James's cockhead, urging him with my eyes to cum for his mother and after a few minutes of exquisite torture, James moaned, "Mom, I'm -- I've got to cum!"

I sucked all the harder and was immediately rewarded with a tremendous blast of delicious, hot semen. I almost choked from the quickness and amount of sperm as my son shot streamer after streamer of thick and hot salty semen into my hungry mouth. I held off swallowing so I could let my son slip from my mouth, long and messy strands of spunk extending from his cock to my lips and show my husband how much seed our son could produce.

James's hands were intertwined in my hair and he was gasping, "That was incredible, Mom. I love you so much," while trying to catch his breath.

"I love your cum, James," I replied, licking a glob of his sperm from my lips. I turned and grinned at Jimmy who looked near enough to having another stroke. "And we're going to do this a lot from now on, I promise!"

As I got off my knees, James reached out and took my hand. "You know, Mom -- turn about is only fair play."

I raised an eyebrow and cocking my head to one side, said, "Now, whatever do you mean by that, son?"

In reply, James placed his hands under my slip and between my legs, palming my tender cunt. "I haven't gotten to taste your pussy yet, Mom!" He said with a leering grin and licking his lips.

My hands flew to my mouth in shock and in a breathless voice, I answered, "You'll be wanting to lick my pussy, James? No one -- your father never did that!"

James stood and waltzed me around and sat me down on the couch. As he knelt, he looked over at his father and said, "Dad, you're such a fucking idiot. How could you not want to eat Mom's pussy?" He flipped my slip upwards, revealing my red bush and my now well fucked cunt, almost as red as my pubic hair, my labia thick and swollen, glistening with my juices. James ran his hands along my inner thighs and then rubbed both palms over my sensitive puss -- almost making me cum just from his light touch.

"Oh son, have you ever done this before?" I whispered in wonder. I had never been licked before! Jimmy had thought it a foul and dirty thing to do all those years ago and now my son was eager and drooling to put his mouth on me where not but a few hours before he'd pumped load after load of sperm inside!

The bravado in his voice faded as James said softly back, "No, I haven't, Mom, but I've dreamed of eating your pussy and I promise you, I will become good at it!"

I spread my legs wide as James plunged his face into my tender flesh, crying out in delight as his tongue, thick and warm washed across my pussy lips and delved into my cunt. It was wonderful and in just a few seconds I was on fire like never before and my head was swimming as my son's tongue just seemed to devour me.

I cried and squirmed as James's tongue seemed to be everywhere...probing deep into my cunt or licking up and down my labia or probing for my clitoris, urging it to emerge from its little hood. His breath tickled as it blew warm air through my thick mat of red hair. As my son sucked and chewed and licked my pussy, I felt myself cumming over and over again, my body jerking about and stiffening up as orgasms swept me up...I was even aware of a sudden and strange, but intensely pleasurable sensation of ejaculating pussy juices into James's face as the incestuous pleasure took me time and time again.

Through it all, Jimmy stared and fumed, his mouth working impotently to form incoherent curses as he watched his only son kneel between his wife's legs and devour her pussy, pleasuring his mother while his father could only helplessly stare.

The pleasure was so incredible, so intense that I think I blacked out at least once. I know I suddenly realized that I was naked and that while lapping my pussy, James was also mauling my tits, pinching them hard as his tongue brought me off again, intensifying my pleasure in ways I would never have dreamed possible!

I was in a daze as our first full day as lovers ended and James and I dutifully made Jimmy ready for the night. Having prepared Jimmy for bed, I turned to my son and wrapped my arms around him. James's hands found my asscheeks and he lifted me up so I could wrap my legs around his waist, his hardening cock trapped between our bodies and we both wished Jimmy sweet dreams before my son carried me to his bedroom to make love to me one more time before we fell headlong into dreams of what might be yet to come.

And just that quickly the world seemed to change. Life was no longer a continuous drudge of hopeless labor and poverty. Taking care of Jimmy was a breeze knowing that my James would be transporting me to another world of delicious, incestuous pleasure, both in the near privacy of that tiny bedroom and with our blatant and lewd exhibitions in front of Jimmy. His anger now was muted by his wife and son's lust and love for each other.

Economically, things gradually improved as well. When James graduated in May from high school, he began applying for better jobs and found one. We were still poor, but now James had a better paying daytime job and supplemented that with some part time work that allowed us to spend more time together. We all were eating better and James took great delight bringing me the occasional little gift -- a new negligee and my first decent dress in years and perfume!

The doctor at the free clinic noted that even Jimmy seemed better health wise. "Although his spirits seem in decline -- I'm not seeing that old fire of his anymore," remarked the doctor. I had no answer for him, but I smiled with the secret knowledge that my retribution against Jimmy was visibly taking its toll. His anger at being openly cuckolded by his wife and son was extinguished fraction by fraction with each act of fucking or sucking that James and I performed in front of him. You can call me a spiteful and callous bitch if you want, but never once did I ever feel any guilt or remorse over making my husband watch me being pleased by our son or making him witness my slutish devotion to James. Indeed, it made the sex special and delicious in its own way.

Life went on this way for the next two years until the morning I arose from bed, my thighs sticky with my son's semen from a night of passionate lovemaking, and found Jimmy dead. The doctor's opinion was that a final stroke had killed him and I imagine that it indeed was the physical cause -- but in my heart, I proudly know that with every son induced moan of pleasure and with every combined cry of incestuous orgasm that Jimmy endured, we killed a bit of his black soul. I feel no shame. It wasn't revenge we'd earned, but a just retribution for the long years of pain that man gave his wife and son.

It might be melodramatic to end our story with a revelation that after Jimmy's burial in the city's pauper's graveyard that we found Jimmy's hidden stash of ill gotten cash and that James and I lived happily ever after, but of course that's not quite the way it happened.

Freed of the obligation of caring for Jimmy, I found work for myself and at my insistence James enrolled in the local college and went back to work part-time. The next few years were a struggle financially although we were wealthy beyond measure in terms of love as my son and I truly became one. Finally, James graduated with a degree in business and today we live in the Midwest, with James rising rapidly within the banking industry.

We rarely speak of the old days preferring to savor the present and dream of the future...a future in each other's arms, free of reckless and futile hatred and filled with the love of a mother and son. I'm still an optimist -- I've been wronged, but I had my retribution and life is once again wonderful.

The End