

GAMER MOM

Ahabscribe

A mother & son become closer through roleplay games!

Incest/Taboo

4.62

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Okay...here is the re-edited version of this story and if you're reading this, it passes muster. Categorize this in my "fun" incest stories...inspired by some real-life folk I met once upon a time. I look forward to reading your thoughts both pro and con!

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are fictional, existing solely within the story and my imagination. Enjoy!

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The crowd parted easily before us, everyone's eyes on me, appraising me appreciatively, or hungrily. Even those others who were wearing costumes akin to mine were pausing amidst their own posing and posturing to stare wide eyed at me. As scanty and revealing as some of their outfits were, I knew that few could compare to mine or showed as much flesh.

A faint, but pleasurable flush spread over my flesh as I watched lips being licked at the sight of my breasts spilling out over all sides of the raggedy and slight halter of a barbarian slave, offering the slightest teasing glimpse of the edge of my aureoles. I could feel eyes crawling over my bare belly, not fat, but not absolutely fat either and then pausing to appreciate the tiniest of loin cloths, again offering the briefest glimpses at the upper edges of my heavy but trimmed bush before finally sliding down my full and shapely legs to find me barefoot.

We walked down the long corridor, he tugging at the leash around my black, studded dog collar, past the thick crowd of convention goers, many of them young men whose expressions betrayed their appreciation of seeing a mature woman paraded by them barely clothed. Some fit the stereotype of the prototypical gamer nerd or geek -- overweight or skinny as a rail, toting backpacks stuffed with gamer stuff and dice bags hanging off their belts, some were older than me, many were younger and whether they were handsome, plain or homely, all of their staring eyes made me wet.

A more forceful tug at my collar made me move a little more quickly now, making the greatly exposed flesh of my large and heavy tits bounce more, emphasizing my near nakedness with each shake and shimmy of my tits -- causing eyes to go wider in anticipation of all that mammary flesh spilling out. My nipples already swollen and stiff ached sweetly at the notion.

Past the dealers' hall I strutted, receiving more than my fair share of good natured catcalls and wolf whistles while more people emerged from game rooms and the dealer's hall to stare appreciatively at my exposed butt cheeks in my furry g-string thong. We boarded a crowded elevator and as the doors closed, I was pulled by my leash into my master's arms and we kissed wetly and lewdly amid murmurs of surprise and approval. My stomach fluttered with excitement as the elevator car began to move swiftly upwards while strangers' hands caressed my nearly naked ass. I moaned happily as my tongue dueled with his, his arms holding me tightly, making my breasts mash against his chest.

I staggered down the hallway to our hotel room, past amused and interested gamers, breasts bouncing, only a nipple hooked on the edge of my halter keeping one cup covering any of my right breast. He deftly unlocked the door to our room, kissing me as his hands ripped my top off so fingers could cup, caress and knead my big knockers...making me squeal with delight as he brutally pinched my swollen, nickel sized nipples.

He walked us into the room, spun me around against the back of an oversized, leather chair and tugged my thong down. Using his right leg, he spread my legs until I was leaning over with my legs far apart. I heard a rustle and then his cock, long, thick and hard was pressing against my wet labia, parting my flesh and then thrusting into me even as he jerked my head back with a quick yank of my leash.

My cunt was a sopping wet mess and he slid deep inside me, making me sob, "YESSSSSS!" my shrill cry quickly becoming a scream. One scream became many as he fucked me fast and hard, burying himself inside me as I clawed the leather of the chair, fingers digging deep to gain purchase to keep upright as I was fucked so wonderfully and well. His breath came hot on my back and then he was kissing my shoulder and then playfully nipped at my flesh, teeth leaving what I knew would be a tremendous hickey where my neck and shoulder met. The brief pain only added gasoline to the fire that was my building orgasm.

I felt so wet and so full and so loved as he plowed into me again and again. Then I was gasping to breath as spasms of intense ecstasy exploded in my cunt and spread through my body, trying to find escape as my heart seemed to swell along with my nipples. My screams grew louder and then diminished into a husky whimper before becoming shriller as he thrust upwards into me and with a triumphant howl of his own began to cum inside me, filling my quivering cunt with hot semen.

I'm not sure how long we stood there reveling in our mutual pleasure before he slowly removed his monster from inside me, making me groan with lusty bliss as I felt him slowly escape my grasp. He kissed me again on the shoulder and then I leaned my head back and he kissed me lovingly on the lips, his tongue dancing with mine as he continued to hold me close, his hands cupped around my large breasts.

When our kiss finally ended, he whispered into my ear, "I think the barbarian costume was a hit, Mom. What say we try out the Vampira costume tomorrow?"

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By now, I'm sure everyone is wondering what the hell a mature woman was doing prancing around practically naked at a gaming convention and fucking her son? Well, it's a long, but interesting story and although it could be said that it began three winters ago during a blizzard, the truth is, it really began a long time before that.

My son, John and I have been on our own for a long time. His father divorced me when our son was four and dropped out of sight. It was a struggle, but I raised John on my own, working as a secretary until I was able to turn some part time seamstress work into a full blown business as the owner of a local women's dress store. I didn't date much, preferring to dote on my son -- the absolute light of my life. Maybe I sheltered him too much -- maybe he inherited more than his fair share of my family's genes -- becoming a shy and gentle lover of books and games as had his grandfather.

My father had been an early gamer -- loving military and strategic games and then pursuing his love of fantasy and strategy when that whole D&D role playing craze began. I grew up in the early

eighties watching with amusement and wonder as my mother and father played role playing games with their friends -- even dabbling in them myself when I reached my teenage years before I lost interest and moved on to more "adult" interests.

Before he passed away, my father had taught John the joys of role playing games and a love of literature. John became a younger version of my father, more interested in gaming and Tolkien and Star Trek and Star Wars than in baseball and football. I didn't mind that my son was as he himself described it, a gamer nerd. He was and is a loving soul and that he reminded me of my father -- one of the finest men I've ever known, was just an additional bonus.

By the time he reached his teens, John had formed a gaming group with a few classmates and many Friday and Saturday nights were spent in our kitchen role playing adventurers exploring Elvish woods, Dwarvish mines and dark, forbidding dungeons. I didn't mind. It made my son happy and I knew he was safe and not doing some damn fool thing like getting drunk and driving his car off a bridge.

Yes, my son was a nerd and his friends were nerds, but it didn't mean they weren't interested in girls -- in truth, they were madly obsessed with girls, but were -- John especially -- very shy around the opposite sex...his few dates being just short of disasters. Still, I knew he was interested in the female form because all through his teenage years, my son spied on me constantly.

I tried to never let on that I knew, but I would constantly catch him checking me out whether I was decently clothed or in some state of undress or in the shower. I think a mother develops a sixth sense for these things, although unlike most mothers who would grow angry and take steps to stop it cold, I instead found myself pleased by the attention and did nothing to prevent or end it. In fact, by the time my son was eighteen, I found myself growing excited and aroused by his attentions.

I didn't date much, but not because of my looks. I'm not a movie star, but since my own adolescence, I've been blessed with a very womanly figure. Standing five foot eight inches tall and with a weight that seems to hover between one hundred sixty and one hundred seventy pounds, I am blessed with large and prominent breasts, barely contained by a 42DD bra, an excellent ass kept toned and trim with miles on a treadmill and full and curvaceous legs. Add big brown eyes, a sweet smile and long black hair to the mix and you have an understandable attraction for a teenage boy.

I will confess that I probably primed the pump for what happened later by not only allowing him to peek at me, but in time, increasing my...visibility by rarely closing my bedroom and bathroom doors. In fact, just after John turned eighteen before the beginning of his senior year of high school, I replaced the opaque glass door of my shower with a clear glass door, not quite admitting to myself that it was for my son's benefit. My being in bras and panties were a common sight as was walking from my shower to my bedroom wrapped in a small towel. Many a sunbathing episode was done in skimpy bikinis knowing that somewhere inside our house, my John was peeking out at his mother. In short, I delighted in teasing my teenage son.

I also confess that many nights I masturbated myself to sleep, aroused by the knowledge that across the hall, my son was also likely masturbating. I would get incredibly wet between my legs just seeing his eyes gazing hungrily, lustily at me -- far more intense than from any man on the few occasions over the years that I took a man into my bed. Just to see the bulge in John's jeans or pajamas was such a thrill. Part of me knew it was immoral...at least by the standards of society, but it felt so sinfully delicious and aroused me so much I could not bring myself to stop.

Nearly as scandalous was knowing that his friends admired me in much the same way -- eyes always feasting on my voluptuous figure as I fixed them snacks during their games or came in to kiss my son goodnight while wearing a semi-opaque nightgown, often with a plunging neckline that advertised how blessed I was. All behaved around me, but I knew they too had their fantasies and that made me so fucking horny.

Other than my less than innocent teasing, we continued to be a very normal mother and son. I'd ground him if he did something bad, loved him always and knew that he loved me and that he'd do anything to make me happy.

Early in his senior year of high school, his friend Lewis got a part-time job that prevented him from making many gaming sessions. I volunteered to run a character to take Lewis's place when he was absent. John, who was the group's dungeon master was a bit dubious, but when I pointed out that I had been playing role playing games before he was born, he relented and allowed me to sit at his table. Thus, Catalina was born, a female Ranger/Barbarian from the Northern Wastes who would wreak havoc with her +2 Greatsword and her mighty +1 Longbow.

Over the next several months, I spent many enjoyable nights gaming with my son and his friends fighting orcs and dragons and the occasional undead thing. The boys became comfortable gaming with me and soon were just themselves with the usual fart jokes and testosterone fueled imaginary violence being dealt on the kitchen table. Of course, I usually wore loose fitting shirts and in warmer weather, shorts and knowing that several young men were constantly ogling my tits and legs, usually had my pussy dripping wet by the time the game ended. I brought myself to many a tremendous orgasm while imagining that in my son's room and in several other bedrooms across town, my sexy gamer geeks were one and all stroking their cocks to images of little ol' naughty me!

Maybe things would have worked out the way they did or maybe not, but there came a night in late February of my son's senior year, that with the coming of an arctic blizzard out of Canada, in twelve hours managed to drop seventeen inches of snow on all of Wisconsin. It began snowing on a Friday morning and by early afternoon, my son took phone call after phone call from his gaming buddies, all informing him that they couldn't make the usual Friday night game.

I was curled up on the couch, watching the weather report, dressed warmly in a pair of gray sweat pants and one of John's older flannel shirts. John sighed as he set the phone receiver back on the hook and shrugged. "Well, that was Mark...he's the last one. Guess there's no gaming tonight."

"Sorry sweetie...I know how much you were looking forward to gaming this weekend. You've been working on it so much!" I shrugged my shoulders in commiseration and wondering how such an inconsequential thing could make my heart ache when I saw his disappointed face.

"Hey, how about you run Catalina through some solo adventures tonight? I've got a pot of chili simmering and we could eat and game...just you and me!"

My son smiled weakly at me and said, "I don't know...I had this cool dungeon crawl through the drow caverns planned."

I stood up and crossed over to John, wrapping my arms around his shoulders and said, "Oh, c'mon, it'll be fun. I -- Catalina is still a couple of levels lower than everyone else anyway, it would be a chance for me to get caught up a little. I tightened my embrace on my son a little and leaned more forcefully into him and said playfully, "Please?" as my unfettered breasts under the soft flannel flattened against his chest.

I wasn't sure if it was my semi-lewd feminine charms that worked on him or his desire to game, but John slowly grinned and nodded and said, "Okay, you're on. Give me an hour or so to get things pulled together and we'll get rocking." He bashfully wriggled out of my embrace and headed to his room, spurred on by a playful swat on the butt by me, blushing as he glanced back at me. I'd swear on a stack of bibles that at that moment I wasn't planning what was to happen, but rather, I was just pleased to have made my son happy.

As the snow fell and the wind blew and the lights flickered once or twice, amidst bowls of chili and cans of soda, John ran my character Catalina through a solo adventure where she tracked down and slew a Yeti-like creature in the Northern Realms that had been terrorizing several mountain villages. Along the way, she fought a small band of Snow Claw orcs and a couple of human bandits. We had great fun, laughing and talking smack to each other amidst opposing dice rolls.

As I was gleefully adding the treasure I'd found in the Yeti's lair to my character sheet, John leaned back and said, "So, what are Catalina's plans now?"

I looked and grinned and said, "She's going back down into the valley country and find herself a good tavern."

I stood up and walked over to the refrigerator and was reaching for a beer when my son said, "Is Catalina planning to get drunk?"

I reached back in and got another beer, suddenly feeling naughty and strode slowly back to the table and set a beer in front of my son, leaning in as to let my shirt gape open to offer him a clear view of my unfettered breasts. I winked slyly at him and replied, "Hell no, I...um, Catalina wants to get laid."

I'm not sure what surprised John more, my comment or that I was letting him have a beer which despite having turned eighteen back in July, was still illegal for him to have. In retrospect, I'm sure it was my teasing comment. My son's face quickly reddened and he sputtered, "Haw, haw...very funny, Mom."

I returned to my seat and grinned over the table at John and said, "I'm totally serious. Catalina hasn't been with a man or a woman for that matter, in like forever. She's been fighting monsters and bad guys and she needs to get fucked in the worse possible way!" I couldn't believe what was coming out of my mouth. My skin was tingling from the top of my head to the tips of my toes with excitement, both suddenly scared to death and incredibly aroused.

"You want me to role play you getting um...screwed?" My son's voice was suddenly full of uncertainty.

I licked my lips slowly and still grinning, said a bit huskily, "What's wrong, sweetie -- is this too tough for the mighty dungeon master?"

John's face reddened. He picked up a handful of dice and his eyes went vacant for a moment as they often did when he was creating a response to something unexpected that his players threw at him. Then, still blushing, he said, "Five days after slaying the Mountain Yeti, Catalina will find herself walking into the small city of Hallz and will quickly make for the Drunken Eagle Tavern." He looked at me with an uncertain smile and added, "What do you do?"

I squelched a delicious shiver and said breathily, "I...Catalina strides purposely into the tavern and walk up to the bar and demand ale. Once I have it, I'll slurp it down greedily and check out the

room. What do I see?"

John rolled some dice and said slowly, "You are in the main room. It's early evening and there are maybe twenty people in here. Mostly humans...locals, a few dwarves and Halflings, two elves sitting away from everyone else -- all minding their own business. The mood is subdued, but um...jovial. It's a quiet tavern with locals going about their business."

"Okay, among the humans, are there any good looking males...somebody that looks like they'd like to have a merry romp with a sexy barbarian lass?" I sat up and worked my shoulders, making my breasts roll about under my flannel shirt.

My son rolled more dice and said, "Several human men are scattered here and there -- most are elderly and seem to be having an intense discussion about...goats." John took a deep breath and continued. "But...at the other end of the bar from you is a younger man...younger than Catalina. He's wearing the tunic of the City Watch and he's nursing a mug of ale. He's handsome in a rugged way -- stocky and rather muscular with a shock of black hair."

Another thrill of pleasure coursed through me. My son had just described himself. Standing six foot, he had my father's stocky build and he had built up his physique using Dad's old weights that had been passed down to him after his grandfather had died. I could feel my heart racing as I said, "Does he notice me...um, I mean Catalina?"

John rolled a twenty-sider and nodded. "He glances at you now and again."

I giggled and said, "I try advertising my um...assets by subtly undoing the top laces of my bodice." As I fingered open a button on my shirt and spread the flannel cloth a bit to offer up a better glimpse of my cleavage, I said, "We've never discussed it, but how large are Catalina's breasts?"

John's face turned a deeper shade of red, but he recovered quickly and said, "Roll a four-sider and an eight-sider."

I followed his instructions and came up with a '3' on the four-sided dice and an '8' on the eight-sided one. Looking up at him, John grinned and said, "You...ah, Catalina have size 38 breasts." He tossed another die and laughed and said, "Double-D."

I laughed and playfully cupped my own breasts through my shirt and lifted them up, momentarily exposing more of my tits to my son as I replied, "Humph...Catalina doesn't have anything on me in the tit department." My son's mouth fell open in amazement as I pressed on. "I get two more mugs of Ale from the barkeep and walk down to that city guard and say, 'I'm Catalina and I'm looking for a man.'"

John rolled a reaction roll and said, "He nods at you and replies, 'Well, you found one.'"

"I'm not just looking for a man, I'm looking for a MAN!" I put a loud emphasis on the last word and then as I reached up and undid another button on my flannel shirt said, "I undo a bit more of my bodice to make my point."

My son goggled openly at my exposed breasts -- my shirt now spread almost to the point where my auroles were exposed and then after rolling some more dice said in a voice that was close to wheezing, "He takes in the offered view and smiling, replies, 'I think you've found him. What exactly do you have in mind?'"

I could feel my panties becoming soaked as my son was managing to keep up with my teasing, loving every moment of this and wondering how far I could or should take it. "I've been up in the mountains alone for weeks. I need a real man to remind me that I'm a woman. I want to be taken. I want a man with something that will make me howl at the moon!"

John stared at me for a moment, his eyes wide at the intensity of my voice. He looked away for a moment and then said in a voice that looked more confident than it sounded, "The city guard motions for the bartender and whispers something in his ear. The bartender whispers back and nods. The guard slides a silver coin across the bar to him and turns to you and holding out his hand says, 'I'm Sergeant Husterson...Johann Husterson. Come with me.'"

I was surprised to hear myself answer a bit shakily, "I take his hand and follow him." Johann and Calista...John and Cassie. Coincidence or was my son now flirting back?

John said, "He leads you upstairs and down a long corridor to a door." My son paused as if steeling his nerve and then plunged on hurriedly as if trying to get it out before I put a stop to our not so innocent game. "Johann turns to Catalina...to you and rips your bodice wide open, freeing your...um breasts while kissing you hard and firmly."

"Oh my!" I whispered, placing my hand above my nearly exposed breasts. "Is Johann a good kisser?"

John rolled a twenty-sider out in the open and it came up on a seventeen. He giggled and said, "Very good...you think he might have a talented tongue!"

If I wasn't blushing before, I was now, feeling my heart beating faster as my son threw out his own naughty innuendo. Determined to keep the advantage, I ran my hands along the edges of my shirt and unbuttoned the last two buttons and thrust my breasts out, my right tit emerging completely while the shirt hung on my left nipple which was hard to the point of bursting. "I...um, Catalina will break the kiss and press his face against my breasts, urging him to kiss them. At the same time, I run a hand between his breeches. What do I find?"

My son stared at my bare breast for a long moment, seeming to be stunned by my brazenness. His lips move wordlessly for several seconds as he seems to focus on my swollen nipple. Finally, "Something seems to be throbbing between his legs....hard and very big."

I wriggled in delight in my seat. "Oh boy, how big is Johann?" In writhing in my seat, my left breast broke free of my shirt and I was bare-chested in front of my son, my big tits bouncing in my excitement.

John took his time looking at my breasts before picking up two ten-siders and rolled, bringing up a '6' and a '5.' He chuckled and said, "Eleven inches, Mom." I groaned at the thought of eleven inches of hard cock swinging between my fantasy son's legs but before I can make a comment, John continues saying, "Johann rises up, pressing his mouth on yours somewhere between a kiss and a lick and takes you...um, Catalina by the shoulders and somehow gets the door open and moves you inside, kicking the door shut behind you."

"Oh, Johann, I like a man who takes charge," I groaned in response. "I kiss him back, almost biting him in my hunger."

John let out a small moan at that image and said, "As you two kiss, his hands roam over your breasts, pinching those hard nipples and um..." He broke off for a moment as I couldn't help but lift

up my hands and cup my breasts, fingers flicking and pinching my throbbing nipples. John rolled his tongue over his lips like a starving man staring at something sweet just out of reach. He shook his head and continued. "Johann's right hand travels further down, working between the ties of your leggings, fingers wriggling until they find your pussy, Mom...er, Catalina. What does he find?"

With one hand I scrabbled to find a twenty-sider while my other hand is squirming under the waistband of my sweats. Even as my fingers swirl around in the sopping wet morass that is my cunt, I tossed the d-20 and let out a cry as it came up a natural '20' -- a critical success and I said, "I am so fucking wet!" as I pulled my hand free of my crotch to show my son my fingers dripping wet with my pussy juices. "Oh sweet, fucking Jesus, fuck me right the fuck now!"

For a moment, my words echoed between my son and me, both of us unsure if I was speaking as Catalina or as Cassie -- imploring Johann or my son to fuck me. There was a second of perfect silence amidst the sexual tension that hung thickly between us and then with a cry, my son and I moved as one, up from the table and into each other's arms.

Part of me was conscious that I'd passed some lewd point of no return as I pressed my lips against John's and for the first time, slipped my tongue into his mouth. My hands clawed at his flannel shirt, freeing his young and well defined chest before caressing his firm but soft skin. I felt my son's hands slip underneath the waistband of my sweats to cup my asscheeks and then his arms were moving, pushing my sweats down, slowly slipping to pool around my ankles.

I groaned as I slipped my hand inside his sweats to discover he was going commando as my fingers wrapped themselves around a huge erection. Maybe it wasn't Johann's mammoth eleven inches, but it felt like more than I had ever experienced. My other hand flashed down and yanked his sweats down to fall at his feet and then I felt a tremendous need to have him in my mouth and I broke the kiss and shoved him down into a vacant kitchen chair, squatting as I stroked my son's erect penis and then I was sloppily licking and kissing my child's huge cock before finally wrapping my lips around the dark, purplish head and sucking him furiously, tasting his pooling precum and quivering as that forbidden sensation triggered a mild orgasm between my legs.

I bobbed my head up and down several times on my son's cock before he growled, "No!" and pushed me off his cock and onto my ass. I looked up at him in surprise, a little disappointed as I had a sudden and intense need to know what his spunk tasted like, but before I could say anything, he reached out and yanked off my sweats and was suddenly kneeling between my legs. "I...I want this, Mom!" he stammered as he reached out and palmed my panty covered crotch.

An incredible bolt of sheer pleasure coursed through me as I thrust up my pelvis to press my mound against his hand, feeling him rub my sopping wet pussy through my juice stained panties. "I'm all your's darling." I whimpered. "I always have been! Mommy loves you, John!"

My son's lower lip trembled as he reached down and tugged off my panties, flinging them over his shoulder to land atop a figurine of the Yeti, no doubt drowning the beast in the wetness of my sodden cotton panties. John's hand returned to my crotch, first palming my hairy pussy before slowly rotating it about, rubbing my flesh as it flowered and spread, labia swollen and slick, to reveal my glistening wet cunt.

John lunged forward, placing himself atop me and I spread my legs wider as he hunched against me, his hard cock dragging along my left inner thigh before suddenly finding home and with a triumphant howl, thrusting his long, thick cock into his mother's wet pussy! A tremendous shock of

pure carnal ecstasy galvanized my body, making my limbs spasm even as I screamed, "FUCK ME, JOHN! FUCK MOMMY HARD!"

With the awkward enthusiasm of the never been fucked, my son began hunching into me, driving his cock deeper inside me before withdrawing completely and then fumbling for a few frustrating moments before I reached down and guided him back in. "YESSSSSS!" John cried triumphantly as he again began to fuck me furiously and anxiously. I raised my trembling legs and hooked them around his back and amidst my own expanding lust, worked to moderate his thrusts and keep him inside me.

With my assistance, my son began fucking me more steadily, his eyes boring into mine with a loving intensity and I began fucking him back, flinging my hips upwards to meet his downward thrusts, a low keening sound building in the back of my throat to become a shrill cry of perfect pleasure as we began to move like lovers, perfectly in synch with each other. Ecstasy coursed through every cell in my body, building with each sweet moment my child's immense cock filled my cunt, the swollen head pushing against my cervix to fill me as no man ever had.

Too soon, I heard John moan, "Mom! LOVE YOU! CUMMING, MOM!" and for a split second feeling terrible disappointment before my body exploded with incestuous pleasure as I first experienced the sinfully sweet sensation of my son's hot semen flooding my womb. My previous understanding of pleasure was obliterated in a heartbeat as the greatest orgasm I had ever had claimed me. As I writhed and bucked with pleasure, impaled by my son's ejaculating cock, I was also consumed with the sweet realization that my entire life had pointed me to this moment, this perfect moment of love and lust when I finally understood that my sole purpose of existence on this planet was to have my son's lovely, hard cock inside me.

John howled as he drove himself deep, pumping an immense flood of his scalding sperm into my motherly cunt, returning his seed to the womb he had emerged from. My cunt walls tightened around his long shaft, kissing and milking his hard pole for its life giving seed. Our orgasms melded together, wrapping us in heated lust as I reached out and pulled his mouth to mine and kissed him, my tongue curling possessively around his as he just kept on cumming inside me.

Like a lewd magic spell, we were caught up in something beyond human understanding and time seemed to stand still as we rode out our mutual orgasm, being consumed and reborn with every linked heartbeat. When at last my orgasm began to recede and I felt John instinctively began to withdraw, my mind turned to carnal flame as I moaned, "No! I want more, son. Fuck Mommy more!"

I tightened my legs around my son's hips and then somehow rolled us over, crashing into a leg of the kitchen table, precipitating a shower of dice and pencils falling down around us. From farther away, I heard a can clatter on the kitchen floor, beer fizzing on the tiles as I found myself sitting atop my son, staring down into his lust filled face. "Stay hard for me, John! Keep that cock hard inside your mother's pussy and I'll fuck you forever!"

"I'm yours, Mom!" my son gasped as I ground my cunt into his groin, his still erect cock poking me in places never before touched by a man. I leaned down, my meaty breasts pillowing out on his chest as my dark hair fell over both our faces.

With our lips touching, I moaned, "Stay inside me, son! I love you so much and I want to fuck you for the rest of our lives!" We kissed then, wetly and sloppily, tongues dueling for mastery, neither of us submitting an inch. I worked my cunt muscles around his cock, massaging and squeezing his thick flesh, feeling his slowly softening penis firm up again as I whispered filthy promises to my son

between loving kisses. Finally, I sat up triumphantly, my large breasts rolling heavily as I proclaimed, "Son, Mommy's going to fuck you so good. I love your cock, John! I love fucking my son!"

I began to ride my son, reaching out with my left hand to the table to steady myself as I bounced up and down on his cock. I had never felt so free and so wild -- John's cock seemed to be perfect for me...filling me completely with just the feel of his shaft sliding along my sugar walls keeping me on the edge of orgasm and the places his swollen cock head were touching exploded with ecstatic delight and triggered cum after cum inside me.

I worked myself up and down my son's thick dick, wailing and then sobbing and then laughing hysterically as orgasms came and went, making me nearly crazy with desire and lust. My breasts bounced wildly about, restrained only when John would reach up and cup his mother's tits, fingers pinching my blood engorged nipples, creating pain that quickly exploded into additional lusty pleasure.

I lost count of the orgasms that swept over me, but after an eternity of incestuous bliss, finally sank slowly down atop my son, impaling myself on his long, thick penis. I stretched out atop his body, grinding my crotch against his, moaning as I kissed my way up his chest and neck before finally slipping my tongue into his mouth to dance with his.

As we kissed, our bodies rocked slowly together, hunching back and forth triggering little bursts of orgasm as his cock pulsed angrily inside my tight, slick cunt until finally I broke the kiss and whimpered, "You feel so good inside me, son -- no one has ever fucked Mommy better." His eyes glowed with prideful pleasure as I added, "I never dreamed my little boy's dick was so fucking big!"

John grinned up at me like the little boy I remembered from so many Christmases and replied, "I can't believe I'm fucking you, Mom. I keep thinking it's a dream and I'm going to wake up at any moment."

I kissed him again, playfully licked his lips, tasting him and sweat and my own saliva. "If it's a dream, then we will never wake up, sweetheart. We'll make love to each other forever! I love you, son!"

John moaned, "I love you too, Mom...now and forever!" His face grew dark with lust and he continued, "I need to fuck you, Mom. I can't get enough!" He wrapped his arms around me and rolled us over again, yelping as he must have rolled onto a four-sider. He swept the kitchen floor beneath me clear of debris before he put me on my back, his cock still throbbing inside me. "I'm going to fuck you, Mom! I'm going to fuck my mommy hard and make her scream!"

Just the demanding intensity of my son's voice nearly sent me back into orgasm. As it was, with his cock inside of me already, probing deep, I barely managed to stammer in reply, "Y-y-yessss! Fuck me, John, fuck Mommy and make me cum!" My orgasm exploded inside me almost immediately as my son, grunting with effort, suddenly raised my legs up and draped them over his shoulders and then he began thrusting into me hard and fast with the vigor that only a teenager could muster.

My fingernails clawed at the kitchen floor tiles and scattered spilled dice as I flailed under my son's carnal assault, my body aflame with incestuous ecstasy. I had a few good lovers in my lifetime, but nothing...absolutely nothing in my experience compared to the sheer deliciousness, the pure rightness of feeling my son's cock filling my pussy -- fucking me. Just the touch of his flesh against mine took me to a level of ecstasy unlike anything I had ever encountered. I never felt more completed -- as if with each thrust of my son's cock, our bodies become one, beautiful and glorious in our lusty love.

John continued a steady thrusting while leaning in to kiss me and then nuzzling my heaving breasts pillowed against his chest. Each kiss, each touch of his tongue...even the feel of his burning gaze aroused me, adding fuel to the fire that was my love and lust for my son. Our bodies moved slickly together, sweat covered and quivering flesh contributing to a sinful sensation that I wanted to drown in.

Orgasms washed over me, taking me to screaming heights and swoons of joyful delirium, each building on the previous one, each becoming more incredible than the one before. Sweat from my son splattered on my face as he increased the tempo of his wonderful thrusts and I could see his impending climax in his expression which aroused me even further with the realization that my own son was about to cum in his mother again!

A low growl built up in John's throat to become a fierce roar as he drove his cock deep into my claspings pussy and again began to cum -- shooting white hot semen in thick streamers inside me and then I was swept away -- an orgasm so intense I thought my heart might explode, filling me with so much incredible pleasure that my body seemed to burn away, leaving only my soul writhing in carnal ecstasy.

I felt the tears running down my face and could hear myself sobbing, "I love you, John! I love you so much son!" over and over again. The pleasure grew even as the world seemed to grow dark, the intense ecstasy overwhelming me until I had one last glimpse of my son's beautiful face and then I was drowning in delicious carnality emanating from the huge cock buried inside me until everything except an unconscious sensation that I had been magnificently fucked remained...surrounding me in a loving blanket of pure ecstatic warmth....

...I awoke in my own bed, recognizing the almost abstract patterns in the ceiling drywall. I felt wonderful...still on the verge of orgasm and quickly realizing that the origin of my pleasure were fingers, gently and loving exploring my incredibly sensitive pussy. I turned to see John lying beside me, his eyes devouring my hairy muff which was wide open as he slowly stirred three fingers inside me.

"Good morning, sweetheart," I purred.

My son stiffened up and looked at me a little guiltily as if I'd caught him with his hand in the cookie jar. "Um, morning, Mom." He glanced back down at his hand and said, "I'm sorry...I should have asked first."

John began to withdraw his hand, but I clamped my legs together and dropped my hand atop his. "Son, when it comes to making me feel like you did last night or how I feel right now..." I wriggled to show how good it felt and continued, "You can whatever you want whenever you want!"

My son's face glowed, very pleased and excited by my answer. "I can't believe I...um fucked you, Mom...that you let me fuck you.

I reached out and stroked his face, offering him a motherly, loving smile as I said, "I can't believe it either, but I think it's something that we've both wanted for a long, long time."

John licked his lips and said, "You really knew I've fantasized about you for all these years, Mom?"

I giggled and replied, "Surely, you didn't think you just got lucky all those times you peeked in on Mommy, did you? Knowing I made my son hard has kept me wet and horny for years. I'm just glad we finally did something about it."

"I never want to stop, Mom!" my son blurted out, almost shouting it. "Tell me we will fuck...be lovers forever, Mom!"

I sat up, moaning as my movement allowed John's fingers to slip a little deeper inside my sopping wet cunt, and kissed my son, cupping his face in my hands as I kissed him passionately, my tongue seeking to dominate his, and then kissing him more tenderly, straddling that line between a mother's and a lover's kiss. "John, know that your mother's legs will forever be open for you. I don't care how many girlfriends you have or whether you get married...know that I will always want to fuck you."

I kissed my son again, our tongues curling around each other while I reached under the covers to discover his cock was hard and throbbing. I felt my cunt pulse around his fingers as I realized he was every bit as long and thick as I remembered from the night before. I ended the kiss with a playful lick and in a wicked tone, said, "Son, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you." I paused and repeated in a hissing whisper, "Anything!"

I reached down and slowly pulled John's hand from my pussy, his fingers glistening with my juices. I brought his hand to my mouth and again whispered, "Anything, son!" and then proceeded to suck my own juices off his fingers -- not the first time I'd tasted my own creamy cum, but now there was remnants of my son's semen mixed in, creating a wonderful nectar. I finished with a loud and lewd sucking noise and then climbed out of bed and slowly strolled around to John's side of the bed, brushing his left leg to have him turn and sit up, his legs hanging over the side.

I knelt between my son's legs and took hold of his swollen penis, precum dripping from the tip. I brought my lips just shy of the dark, purplish head, breathing softly on his throbbing flesh. Never taking my eyes off my son's face, I whispered once more, "Anything my son wants!" and took him into my mouth, my tongue lashing his soft, yet turgid flesh as I began to suck my child.

John groaned as his hand cupped the back of my head, fingers just cleaned by me entangling in my dark hair as he urged me to take more of his cock. "I can't believe this is happening, Mom. It's like this is a dream and I never want to wake up!"

I took him deep, old reflexes coming into play as I slid my lips down his shaft, feeling his swollen knob journey deep into my throat as my tongue danced and tasted him, tasting sperm and pussy...my pussy on his manhood. Slowly, I let him slip from my mouth, precum hanging from the tip of his dick to my lower lip which I flicked up with a quick lap of my tongue and I smiled lovingly up at John and said, "It is a dream, son...a dream come true for both of us!"

I took John back into my mouth and summoning everything I had learned in my forty years about sucking cock, proceeded to give my son the blowjob of a lifetime. Using my tongue and lips, I brought John to the precipice over and over again. Each time I swirled my tongue over his throbbing knob, my son gave a pleased and delighted groan which sent nasty thrills of joy through me which competed for attention with the evil, carnal thoughts racing through my mind.

Even though I had enjoyed teasing John for years, reveling in the naughtiness of the reality of the situation, a part of me was stunned by how easily I had took that final taboo step and had now sworn to be my son's lover, surrendering myself to his every whim. I knew in my heart that I meant every word I had spoken. I was more than happy to submit to my son's will and desires and I would never go back on my word. In less than a day, I knew I was addicted to John's cock and I knew that I wanted my only child inside me, fucking me with that lovely meat, whenever possible. This knowledge was reinforced as John began to mutter, "Oh fuck, Mom...Mom...I'm gonna cum, Mom!"

I could feel his body tensing as I took him deep in my mouth one last time and then slipped my lips back to be wrapped around the swollen cock head, feeling his erect penis swelling and then as my tongue slithered over his sensitive flesh, my son began to cum -- ejaculating huge spurts of hot semen into my mouth. I'd had hints of his semen earlier, but now, for the first time, I was tasting John's spunk in a pure and unadulterated form and it was salty and sweet -- thick and creamy and I moaned around his cock as I had an unexpected orgasm, my own juices splattered against my thighs and the bedroom carpet. I almost swooned as I fell in love with the taste of my son's seed, redoubling my resolve to spend as much time as possible as my son's lover!

Scarcely had John finished cumming and I was still swallowing his magnificent load of semen when he pulled me to my feet and was kissing my sperm smeared lips and vowing his undying devotion to me. As our tongues danced and I shared the last remnants of his own seed with him, we both kissed with our eyes open and something in me fell totally and completely in love with my son as I saw my love for him reflected in his eyes. I was his woman now and he was my man.

#

Of course things changed after that...mostly for the good. It was with awe at his energy that I welcomed him into my bed on a permanent basis -- reaping the benefits of having a big dicked, young son fucking my brains out night after night. Everyone at work noticed that I was walking around with a happy, well fucked glow on my face and a renewed bounce in my step -- and sometimes a little bow-legged on those nights when John seemed to never be sated. Of course, no one knew who my lover was, but most of my employees and friends approved of me finally getting back into the game.

John's gaming changed as well. Oh, he still loved to play his role playing games with his friends, but instead of games going long into the wee hours of Saturday and Sunday mornings, he would wrap up his adventures by midnight and by twelve-thirty be cock deep in my wet pussy.

At my son's insistence, I kept up my teasing with his friends with occasional forays into more scandalous attire. It wasn't long before all three of his closest pals -- fellow gamers since junior high had seen more than a glimpse of my body. By John's decree, bras and panties were abandoned on gaming nights and I was required to flash tits or pussy or both at his friends at my son's whims.

I was amazed at the intensity of my orgasms as my son fucked me afterwards, playfully describing how hard I had made his friends and how amongst themselves they voiced a strong desire to fuck my brains out. In the end, as I sobbed and screamed in incestuous pleasure, John would have me gleefully confessing how much I would love to be fucked by each and every one of his friends, my orgasm fueled to new heights as he told me that someday he might just command me to do it!

Another change in our gaming was that Catalina's solo adventuring continued as well -- each session ending with my character finding herself in a sexual situation, be it a repeat fuckfest with Johann (who was now a semi-regular in my adventures), or something original that John had thought up reflecting his horny desires.

One of the most memorable was the conclusion of an adventure that had consisted of Catalina being chased through a mountain chain by a warband of orcs as a snowstorm approached. After several clashes, a blizzard struck and my Barbarian/Ranger had taken shelter in a cave only to be joined by one of the surviving orcs. A temporary truce was struck and then the tension turned sexual...

"Jogruk appears to be even more tense after you shared your food with him," said John. "He can't seem to keep his eyes off of you, especially as the cave heats up from your small fire and y'all's body heat, you begin to shed your outer garments."

I wiggled in my chair as I wondered where my son was going to lead the story. "I strip off my armor and undo my bodice, revealing much of my breasts." What does...um Jogruk do?"

John grinned and said, "The orc does the same, stripping off his cloak and chainmail, leaving him in a rough animal skin tunic that ends about halfway down to his knees. His skin is dark with patches of thick black hair here and there. He is heavily muscled. The more clothes you both remove, the more agitated he seems to get."

"Jogruk, is there something the matter?" I say in character.

"He just grunts and paces back and forth, his gaze never leaving your body." My son licked his lips and said, "Roll a spot check."

I rolled a twenty-sider and added my bonuses for a total of 28. "What am I seeing?"

"You notice that Jogruk's tunic is tenting and then he moves to um...adjust himself and you see something...a thick knob of flesh peeking out from under his tunic and getting longer and thicker!"

I giggled and replied, "Catalina tries not to show her interest, but she's trying to assess how big it is."

John rolled two ten-siders, but hid the result, just arching his brow before saying, "It's bigger than any human cock that Catalina has ever seen. Are you getting wet?"

I rolled a dice and came up with another natural twenty and answered, "I am soaking!" I stood up and slipped off my gym shorts, revealing my bare pussy and ran my hand through my thick bush, my fingers spreading my slick labia to reveal how wet I was. "I spread my legs and reveal my sex to Jogruk, fingering myself in way of invitation."

John was up and moving, shoving me roughly backwards until I ran into the kitchen counter. His hand was rubbing my pussy, fingers quickly slipping inside my cunt and fingering me aggressively while he said, "Jogruk pounces on you, working his fingers into your cunt." John went from one finger to three in a swift motion, twisting his wrist about and making me moan. "Before you know it, Jogruk is fisting you!"

I yelped with both surprise and a little pain as suddenly John pushed his entire hand inside me, fingers wriggling about before he made a fist and began fucking me with his hand. My hands skittered against the counter before moving to his shoulders for support as his sexy assault made my knees weak."

"YESSSSS!" I moaned, flexing my hips forward to meet my son's hand, loving how that thick mass felt as he pressed it against my sweet spots. I suddenly noticed that John was naked from the waist down, his cock long and hard.. "Take me, Jogruk! Fuck me....make me your human whore!"

John's free hand flashed out and roughly yanked my T-shirt up and over my head. "Jogruk strips your shift off your body and bites your swaying tits. I cried out as again pain and pleasure mixed as my son ducked his head and began nipping at my nipples, his teeth tugging sharply at my thick, rubbery nubs, almost drawing blood."

"I, Jogruk will show you how orcs fuck their human bitches!" John growled, raising his head. He began to step backwards, drawing me after him, led along by his fist still buried in my pussy. When we reached the kitchen table, he swept aside dice and miniatures and paper and then without warning, yanked his hand from my convulsing cunt, creating an intense burst of painful pleasure as he popped his pussy crème covered hand free.

I could barely stand, so turned on and shaken I was by my son's aggressive actions. I cried out in surprise when he stepped around me and pushed me against the table and bent me over, one hand again slipping into my pussy, fingering me in such a way as to make me lift up my ass, standing almost on tip-toe. I glanced over my shoulder and saw that my son was now stroking his cock with the hand he had fisted me with, lubricating the swollen head and long shaft with my juices. I shivered with the first foretaste of orgasm and I began to suspect his purpose.

"Fuck...John, no -- you're too big. It's been nearly twenty years since I've done..."

"Jogruk does what he pleases and what pleases me is to fuck the human bitch's ass!" John snarled in a hoarse, gravelly voice. He leaned into me, using his weight to keep me pinned down as his hands spread my ass cheeks wide and then I felt his erect flesh slide up and over my puckered asshole and I was scared and excited, both fearing and suddenly needing my son's cock to be buried up my ass.

"J-John...oh, fucking God...I'm not sure about thi...OH, FUCK!" My son pressed the head of his cock against my buttock and began pushing and aided by the lubrication of my cunt crème. It felt immense, but somehow seemed to worm its way through my tight bunghole and then suddenly, there was a relaxation in my sphincter, accompanied by an incredible burst of carnal pleasure still flavored with a light sprinkling of pain.

"Oh, fuck yeah, Mom!" growled John in his Jogruk voice. "Your asshole is so fucking tight!"

I could only babble in reply as I was already cumming, my moans and sobs growing each time my son worked his cock in and out of my ass, somehow going deeper with each thrust, filling me, making me impossibly full with his cock. So caught up in orgasm was I that I almost didn't register it when he sank fully inside me, his wiry pubic hair tickling the inner halves of my ass cheeks.

I lost track of how long my son fucked me up the ass. I seemed to cum and cum for hours as he wrapped one arm around my chest, hand clamped over one meaty breast while the other reached around and rubbed my wet, gushing pussy, teasing my swollen clitoris to take my orgasms to another plane of existence.

When John grunted loudly and buried himself deep and began cumming, I flung my head back and screamed shrilly, overwhelmed by the anal orgasm -- my cries only becoming squelched when he placed his pussy creamed fingers against my lips and I began sucking on them like a babe at her mother's breast, sucking for comfort. My final memories of the moment before collapsing in my son's arms were of one last cry of ecstasy as John withdrew from me, bringing one last explosion of pleasure and pain from my cum filled asshole.

The next few years passed quickly -- our memories a wonderful blur of sex and love and gaming. John's game fell apart as his long time school buddies moved on to college or jobs in other cities or in Brian's case...joining the Marines. John attended a local college, working his way towards a degree in Literature along with teacher certification. He and I still gamed, my son running Catalina though one erotic adventure after another.

At college, John joined another gaming group, rotating in and out of the dungeon master's chair. To my surprise and sometimes envy, a couple of the players were females, one who John began dating off and on, eventually developing a relationship somewhere between bf/gf and fuck buddies. Her name was Stephanie and although there was a part of me that was terribly jealous of her, especially when John told me they were sleeping together, my fears were quickly abated as I discovered that whenever John had sex with his kinda-sorta girlfriend, he would come home and fuck me silly.

I loved knowing that as he sank his cock into my pussy that his need to be cum had been tempered by screwing Stephanie and that I would be in for an extreme fuck with all the orgasms that always accompanied it. Further, I began to anticipate sucking her juices and his cum off his cock before he would climb between my legs and fuck his mother -- often teasing me with bringing her home and taking us at the same time. Lusty feelings I never knew I had would burn through my envy and I was often wet at the prospect of fucking my son and his gal pal at the same time -- imagining her naked body, essentially a shorter and more buxom version of myself as he described it, against mine, both of us full of John's cum.

One other development grew out of our incestuous love and gaming. John and I began going to gaming conventions, traveling all over the Midwest. At my first con, I was amazed at all the creative costumes worn by men and women alike, especially becoming intrigued by some of the scanty costumes worn by the more "developed" women.

On our drive back home from a convention in Illinois, I broached the subject by asking, "Son, would you be embarrassed if I worked up a fantasy costume...maybe dressing like Catalina, the next time we go to a convention."

John just gaped at me, swerving a bit over the center line before regaining composure. "Omifuckinggod, Mom! That would be so hot. You have the sexiest body -- dudes would be jacking off in the hallways if they saw you!"

I giggled, suddenly feeling a heavy gush of hot juices between my legs as I imagined all those young and old men gamers from the convention paying homage to me by openly masturbating. Glancing down at my son's crotch, I saw his own reaction betrayed by the suddenly large lump in his jeans. We actually got home late as we had to find rest stops twice so I could suck his cock and then later, climb into the back of my motherly minivan so he could screw me senseless.

So it was that my convention reputation was born. We didn't make every gamer con, but I have been told that many gamers, both young and old and of both genders always keep an eye out for our appearance...the woman known variously as Catalina or Cassie and her young boy toy, dressing up with an emphasis on showing off my immense tits and my voluptuous ass and long legs. I made a silly but sexy chain mail bikini, my famous barbarian slave bikini and thong inspired by 'Nova' from the original "Planet of the Apes (only skimpier), and my very risqué Vampira outfit consisting mostly of two narrow strips of silk that tied behind my neck and ran downwards, barely concealing my nipples before converging at my crotch to mold around my mound while failing to hide the fullness of my bush before sliding up between my ass cheeks to rejoin the front..

A simple search on the computer would probably reveal many pictures of me, posing and showing off at various conventions and I've lost count of the number of times my tits and ass have been groped and the number of pants covered erections that have rubbed up against me. John became a bit of a celebrity himself by association and while we took care never to reveal our relationship as mother and son, he was looked upon with envy and speculation as only he would enter our hotel

room and be the one to cause the screams of passion that would no doubt disturb the sleep of those in the surrounding rooms.

And that brings us full circle and my story is almost complete, but for the last night of this last big convention...

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As it always was on the last day of the great con, the main halls were packed, many eager to peruse and go insane in the dealer rooms while others were there for the big costume parade with oh so many creative costumes, some silly and some sexy. Of course, some like mine were slutty as hell.

I had on my Vampira outfit, what little there was of it, along with four inch black stilettos. I had my dark hair teased and coiffed perfectly and with makeup and some expensive fangs expertly applied, I was one obscene looking vampire strutting myself up and down the halls of the con. John always hovered nearby, but often drifted a little ways away to watch his fellow gamers drool over me, barely able to keep their hands off me.

For my part, my barely there outfit had little, um...costume malfunctions as I made my way through the crowds, exposing a breast here and there, my thick nipples standing out hard and proud. I made the day of a young man working in one of the larger booths when he suddenly realized that between my legs, my costume had rolled inward, captured by my thick labia, leaving them exposed and glistening wet. I followed his stare and giggled, slowly and teasingly tugged them back into place while accidentally fingering myself in the process.

I raised my index finger to my mouth and winking at him as I showed off the shiny fluid coating my finger, said, "You know, sometimes these costumes are more bother than they're worth. Some days, I wish I could just go naked." Then, I slowly sucked my own pussy juices off my finger, I watched him grunt and sort of hunch over, his hands feathering over his crotch where I thought I saw a dark spot begin to appear. I leaned in to him, letting my breasts quiver and roll and nearly escape their slender hold and said, "Thank you -- that's quite a compliment!" I then strolled away feeling sinfully victorious, hoping he was making the most out of my jigging and naked buttocks.

I know I violated the morality clauses for costumes, but for some reason, I was never challenged on what I was wearing. I prided myself that if one gives the people what they really want, no one is going to complain.

As I strolled back out of the dealer room and into the central hall, I heard John call my name and then felt his hand on my shoulder as he said, "Mom, I have a surprise for you!"

I turned around and gasped as I saw several familiar faces -- their eyes bulging with amazement and delight as in older times. Standing before me were three of John's old gaming group -- Lewis, the slender and industrious worker who's nearly terminal acne was gone, now replaced by a trim goatee of reddish gold hair; Mark who was still fighting his weight, portly with a perpetual five o'clock shadow and big black eyes behind thick frames that moved hungrily over my nearly naked body; and finally, Brian -- who three years into his enlistment as a Marine had the body of a Greek God, his T-shirt and jeans molded tightly against his form.

"Oh, my lord!" I gasped, suddenly pleased and shocked and a little unnerved. I glanced at my son who was standing there with an evil leer on his face. I wasn't sure what to say or do, feeling suddenly almost naked in front of these boys...no, men, who I used to tease so shamelessly.

It was Mark who broke the silence as he spoke in an almost croaking voice. "Mrs. H. You're looking fabulous...still the hottest, sexiest mother I know!"

Brian and Lewis mumbled agreement as John joined in with, "It's taken a lot of planning behind your back and they all could only make it for the last big day of the con, but we all thought it would be cool to surprise you, Mom!"

I nodded dumbly for a moment and then I tried to recover and conceal my embarrassment by throwing my arms wide and saying, "Well, come here, boys. I want a hug!"

I moved forward and Brian caught me in a sweeping embrace, hugging me to his rock hard body and lifting me off the ground. As he squeezed me against him, I had a moment's flash of fantasy as I envisioned him naked and on top of me, his muscular arms swelling as he did his pushups while fucking me hard. "You are a sight for these poor old eyes, Mrs. H." he breathed into my ear. "You look fantastic!"

I was passed off to Lewis who also hugged me tight, although I could feel him tensing up as my breasts spread against his chest. He kissed me quickly on the corner of my mouth, his beard and mustache tickling. I shifted as we hugged and my right thigh moved between his legs. Under his khakis, I could feel something snaking down his thigh. "Wow...seeing you brings back a lot of great memories, Mrs. H.!"

Then Mark stepped in and wrapped his arms around me and pulled me tight against him. I could feel his heart pounding wildly against my chest and he gave me a quick peck on the lips, his face blushing as he ended it and pulled his head back. I wanted to laugh as the Mark of old asserted himself and I saw his eyes continually being drawn down to my nearly naked tits squashed against his chest. Then I felt his hands slide down my back and he cupped my butt cheeks for a quick moment before he stepped back and sighed, "I've really missed you, Mrs. H.!"

I laughed and looked at them all in turn again as my son slipped up beside me, his arms going around my waist. Each young man was staring at me with unadulterated lust, the bulges in their pants betraying their arousal. "I can't believe you're all here...it almost seems like old times -- doesn't it, John?"

My son nodded and said, "Yeah, we've been emailing and texting each other for months and we weren't sure if we could pull it off. Lewis is in town for a sales conference on Monday and Mark hitched a ride with him from the University of Wisconsin. He's going to ride back with Brian." He reached out and playfully punched Brian in the shoulder, "And speaking of Sergeant Rock here...well, he just got back two weeks ago from a tour in Afghanistan."

I was almost bouncing up and down with excitement for my son and his friends -- knowing how important all those weekend games had been years ago. "This is wonderful -- all of you together and at the biggest, best con of them all!" I looked up at my son who had a shit-eating grin on his face. "Do you think you can get tickets for a game you all can play?"

John shook his head and said, "No, but I had a better idea. Everyone is coming up to our hotel room later this afternoon and I'll run a game for everyone!"

All three of his friends nodded happily and Lewis said, "Yeah, it will be just like the good old days!"

My son laughed and said, "No, it will be even better...the best game I've ever run!" He pulled me a little closer and said, "And everyone wants Catalina to be there too!"

John gave me a sly wink that made me tingle between my legs and in my nipples and I wondered what my naughty son might have in mind even as I managed to keep my wits about me and reply, "Of course, I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

We continued to chat in the Great Hall for a while, catching up the lives of John's old friends. Brian, who'd come from a bad home, had seemingly found his place in the Marines and talked of making it a career. Lewis had worked his way up from a salesclerk at a local branch of a major retail outlet to becoming a regional sales manager and married to boot with a baby coming in December. Mark had already obtained his Bachelor of Arts in Literature and was pursuing a Masters, preparing his thesis on the lesser known but very influential fantasists of the twentieth century.

My reputation for my sexy costumes came up with all three young men confessing to have seen my pictures on various convention sites, but as Mark summed it up for everyone, "We all knew you were a sexy woman, but I never really believed it was you, Mrs. H!"

I shivered, inadvertently making my tits nearly escape from their thin coverings and said, "I know, I'm...shameless, but John doesn't mind and I really get a big kick out of it!" I ran my hands down along my hips, knowing their gazes followed to linger between my barely covered cunt. "I hope I'm not shocking anyone!"

All three guys slowly shook their heads as they studied me from head to toe, no doubt storing the memory of my whorish outfit for masturbating later. Finally, Lewis said very softly, "Mrs. H., I think I speak for all of us when I say you'll never hear a complaint pass our lips!"

Again, I felt myself getting red even as I could feel the already wet silk between my legs grown even wetter. I was afraid to look down, positive I would see my pussy juices trickling down my thighs. I was searching for a reply that didn't start with an impassioned sob for the ogling young men to fuck me where I stood when Mark changed the topic, trying to get John to offer up any helpful hints for the game.

Finally, we parted with a promise to rendezvous in our hotel room in one hour. John and I retreated to our room where I slithered out of my outfit, grinning evilly at my son. "That's quite a surprise you dropped on me, sweetie. I wished I'd known about this. I'd have packed a proper outfit to tease them with like I used to." I licked my lips and said, "Remember how wet I'd be by the time the game was over and they left...how badly I needed to be fucked by you?"

My son laughed at me and said, "So, what are you looking forward to the most -- gaming with the guys or getting fucked afterwards?"

I strolled up to my son, naked save for my stilettos and rubbed up against him. "What do you think, John? Matter of fact, I wouldn't mind getting in a quickie right now!" I rubbed my hand over the already growing bulge in his crotch.

John reached down and caressed my pussy, sliding his hands back and forth through my thick, but very damp bush and then expertly sliding his middle finger inside me and doing a slow, torturous stir. Just as I was getting into it, my hips beginning to roll in rhythm with his finger, my son withdrew and held his finger up, dripping with my cunt cream. As I quivered with need and anticipation, he slowly rubbed my juices over my lips while teasingly replying, "Sometimes, Mom, anticipation makes a thing even more wonderful."

I made a pouting expression and said somewhat unhappily, "My son...the cunt-teaser. Maybe, I'll just have to rape one of your friends."

John leaned in and kissed me, still grinning that evil, naughty grin and said, "You can dream, Mom...you can certainly dream!"

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The game started off as so many had before. Silly, gross jokes abounded amidst not so subtle glances at me as I made sure everyone had enough to eat and drink. I settled for wearing a cut-off T-shirt that only barely concealed my braless breasts -- the lower half of my meaty tits becoming visible whenever I stretched or sat up a little too straight. With the T-shirt, I had on a pair of silk shorts that molded themselves to my body, outlining my mound.

A flood of memories of so many gaming nights came back as each fellow re-introduced his character. Brian, ever the precise tactician played a hard drinking, hard battling dwarf fighter named Ezahk. Lewis ran an elf cleric called Lurwein and Mark played a human wizard/thief named Blue Nate. I, of course played Catalina, my naughty ranger/barbarian.

John indeed ran a memorable game in which our upper mid-level characters assaulted the cavernous stronghold of a lich in order to retrieve a long lost artifact that was needed for saving the world yet one more time. Our characters fought armies of undead, drow guardians, a beholder (which I freaking hate), and in the battle royal, the lich and his closest followers. It was a battered and bloody party that emerged victorious from the lair of the now destroyed lich, finding ourselves in the high mountains of the Northern Realms.

"Ezahk washes the beholder goo off his battleaxe, spits and declares, 'I need a drink!'" declared Brian in

His companions grunted their approval of his suggestions and John shot me a sly grin and said, "Well, you're in luck. You are maybe two days march from the small town of Hallz down in the valley."

A shiver ran down my spine as he named the town where my character had first experienced sex in the game and I raised an eyebrow in surprise, wondering what my son was up to. A few minutes of dice rolling later and John announced, "You find yourselves inside the Drunken Eagle tavern. You can smell the hops from their local brew as well as the aroma of deer and tater stew simmering from the kitchen."

"Innkeeper -- four tankards of your finest ale and keep them coming," bellowed Mark.

"You make your way to an empty table and a skinny waitress hurries over with four foamy mugs of ale," John said. "She winks at the elf and then after she serves you, smiles at Catalina and says, 'So good to see you again, M'lady.' She then gives Catalina a really weird smile and saunters off giggling."

"I slap the serving wench on the ass and tell her to bring us four bowls of that stew...heavy on the deer and then turn to Catalina and ask her, 'She seemed to know you -- you've been here before?'" Brian asked.

I felt my face reddening a little as I replied, "Oh, I pass through from time to time." All three guys looked at me oddly. I guess in all my years as the sexy gamer mother, they never saw me act embarrassed or off balance.

"The innkeeper hurries over with your bowls of stew and fresh mugs of ale, sitting it down with as much of a flourish as an ill bred oaf can manage," said John. "He turns to Catalina and says, 'M'lady, your room is being prepared as always and I took the liberty of sending a runner to Sergeant Husterson to let him know you are here!'"

I felt my face redden more and I gave my son another questioning glance, trying to figure out what he was doing even as I replied, "I thank him quietly and act as if his words are of no real consequence.

Not that it did any good. Brian laughed and said, "What's this...does Mrs. H...um, Catalina have a boyfriend in this little backwater?" He was joined by Lewis and Mark in good-natured catcalls of "Catalina's got a boyfriend...Catalina's got a boyfriend."

I tried to preserve my dignity and regain my balance while throwing them off their game by sitting up straighter and straightening my shoulders -- all of which made my tits bounce distractingly, and replied, "Not exactly a boyfriend...just kinda a buddy." I licked my lips and gave the young men around an evil grin. "You can guess the kind of buddy I mean!"

Lewis and Brian began to blush on their own and Mark nearly choked on a soda while John just chuckled and said, "You guys eat your stew, which is very good and keep the barmaid hopping with several rounds of Ale before your attention is drawn to a young member of the city watch who enters the tavern and marches straight up to your table. He studies you all and finally looks at Catalina and says, "You've really surrounded yourself with a sorry lot, darling."

"Do we know you...human?" intoned Lewis in his best cold and aloof elf voice.

"The human nods and says, 'Aye, you should, you bunch of sniveling bastards. I saved your lives in the Battle of Rocky Vale!'"

There was a moment of silence as everyone turned to look at Mark whose face had gone blank. It was a common and familiar sight indicating that he was accessing his encyclopedic gaming memory and then he began to grin and replied, "Why, it's young Johann Gusterson. It's been years!" He looked around and added, "That was the npc that John ran when that Orcish patrol we ran into wound up being an Orcish brigade when we were searching for the Lost Mine of Rocky Vale. Man...that had to have been when we were freshmen in high school!"

The next couple of minutes were filled with expletives and compliments as player characters from before my years of gaming began had a reunion. I was more than a little surprised...I had no idea that my Johann actually had a prior history with the gaming guys and now...here we all were -- gathered where both Johann and Catalina and in a very true sense, my son and I had first become lovers. I could feel my nipples throbbing in time with the electric tingles pulsating deep within my pussy as I wondered what John was up to.

I didn't have to wait long when as soon as one of the guys invited Johann to pull up a chair, my son said, "He pulls up a chair and sits down and looks over at Catalina and pats his knee and gives her a subtle come hither motion." John turned sideways in his chair so that his right leg was out in the open and patted his knee while winking knowingly at me.

My face was burning now and I opened my mouth, but didn't know what to say. My heart was pounding so loudly in my chest, and I was amazed to hear my son say as he continued to pat his knee, "Come, my love...no need to be shy amongst friends."

John's eyes gleamed with a powerful and dangerous light as he kept his gaze on my face. I felt as if I was having an out of body experience as I got to my feet, my legs feeling like rubber as I slowly walked around Brian and Mark and sat down on my son's knee. John causally put his arm around my waist, his hand coming to rest very close to the underside of my right breast. He looked around at his mildly shocked friends and said in character, "I tell you, lads, the Gods were shining their blessing down on me the day I first bedded this feisty lass."

Lewis, Mark and Brian looked at each other in confusion and wonder, almost as speechless as I was before John continued on in a chiding tone. "Now lads -- you've fought and adventured with Catalina for years...surely you sensed how passionate she was and the needs she had?" My son chuckled softly and said in a slightly deeper voice. "Don't deny that each of you has wondered what it would be like to bed her...to see her naked and glorious in carnal abandon?"

Even as my son brazenly slid his hand upwards under my cut-off T-shirt and cupped my breast in front of his hand, Brian coughed and said in a hoarse voice, "How...how long have you two been a...um, a couple?"

"Four years," I murmured, suddenly finding my voice. We've been lovers for the four most wonderful years of my life." I followed with a quiet moan as John's fingers gently pinched and rolled my blood engorged nipple.

"Fuck me!" breathed Mark, his eyes wide with shocked awe.

"Well, if you play your cards right, lads...maybe," responded John. "Lads, you see before you the most lusty and insatiable woman alive. Many has been the night that she has fucked me until I couldn't move and even then Catalina...Mom was still ready for more. I've had my every fantasy fulfilled and now it's her turn." He slowly looked at each of his friends and said, "I propose we retire to the bedroom and make this wonderful woman's wildest dreams come true."

I could scarcely breath...my son had given his friends his blessing to fuck his mother...his lover...his wife in all ways that mattered. Feeling light-headed and excited, I turned on John's knee and looked into his eyes and said loud enough for everyone to hear, "I love you so much, son!" before I leaned into him and kissed him passionately and wetly -- leaving no doubt in his friends' minds that I was French-kissing my only child.

It was a long kiss and one that made it clear in the others' minds that John and I were lovers as his hands roamed over my body, pulling my T-shirt up over my breasts, kneading and bouncing my meaty tits. By the time we ended the kiss, a stringer of saliva hanging between our lips, one of my son's hands were between my now open legs, openly rubbing my wet pussy through my shorts.

I looked through hooded eyes at each of my son's friends and said somewhat in character with a voice filled with lusty desire. "What say you lads? I've never fucked a dwarf, an elf and a human all at one time before! Let's go to bed!"

John and I came to our feet and slowly sauntered across the large hotel room to the king sized bed. Silently, almost reverentially, Mark, Brian and Lewis followed. I leaned into my son as he yanked my T-shirt over my head, completely freeing my breasts in all their glory. "Here's the real treasure for this adventure," John chortled as he slowly pulled my silky shorts down, revealing my lack of panties and the extent of my arousal -- my labia blossoming like a rare lily amidst the forest of my trimmed, but thick bush -- a pinkish-red flower glistening with my arousal. My son's friends all moaned in unison.

I primped in front of the young men for a moment, playing with my breasts and running my hands through my hair, making my dark tresses appear more wild and unkempt, knowing how it made my heavy tits rise and fall for their enjoyment. I slowly sat down on the bed and placing my hands on my knees, spread my legs wide to more fully reveal the wetness of my pussy. "Why am I the only one naked here?" I purred. "Start skinning those clothes off." A glance at my son spurred him into motion and he pulled his own shirt off.

"Jesus Christ...we're really going to get to fuck you, Mrs. H.?" gasped Brian as he yanked his tight T-shirt over his head, revealing an incredibly muscled chest and abdomen.

"Absolutely!" I replied as I scooted back on the bed and pulling my knees up and then spreading them wider. All three young men were starting to shed their clothes. "Now, is anyone here still a virgin?" I said with a giggle.

Lewis shook his head and Brian just grinned at me, but Mark hesitated in unbuckling his pants and looked at me in blushing embarrassment. "Uh...I'm not sure, Mrs. H."

I laughed and then stuck out my tongue at the slightly overweight friend of my son's. "Honey, if you're not sure...then you're a virgin." I ran a hand between my legs, sliding fingers through my wet flesh and holding my hand up so all could see my juices shining and dripping off my digits. "Well, Mark, my lovely man -- you get to go first! Drop those pants and show Momma what you've got."

Mark couldn't get his pants down fast enough and then it was my turn to gasp as I saw a hugely thick penis spring free below his belly. "Omigod, baby...you're huge!" I moaned.

Mark looked as if he was on the verge of a stroke and nodded. "Yeah...the one time I was with a girl, she got scared and just jacked me off!" I understood why. My son's friend was maybe five inches in length, but his fully erect penis was every bit the diameter of a beer can...much thicker than my own darling John's cock.

I scooted back to the edge of the bed, leaning forward to hold his erection in my hands and pull him forward. "I'm not scared, Mark...but I am sure as hell impressed!" I leaned in, inhaling sweat and piss and that almost undefineable male thing that only young men possess and it only spurred on my need to lick it and I felt the young man tremble with excitement as I ran my tongue up the long shaft before opening wide to almost wrap my lips around his cock.

My mouth ached, but somehow I managed to get his cock head in my mouth, my tongue dancing over the huge plum-like crown, tasting precum and piss...the mixture making my pussy wetter than ever. As I sucked on the tip of his thick dick, I glanced around to confirm that Lewis and Brian were nearly naked with hard cocks jutting out from their bodies. Lewis was longer than Mark and not nearly as thick -- a classic example of lovely male dick. Brian, much to my surprise was longer than my son, but with a much thinner cock...my pussy quivered with anticipation as I imagined how it would feel plumbing my depths.

I let Mark slip from my mouth and then again scooted back on the bed, coming to my knees and said, "On your back, Mark. Momma will need to be on top if she hopes to squeeze that big monster inside my pussy!" Mark obeyed me without question, flopping over onto his back, his thick, squat tower of a penis standing straight up, precum oozing from the tip.

I moved to straddle him, throwing one long leg over him and then lowering myself until I could feel the massive head brushing my labia. I glanced around and found my son -- standing naked beside

the bed, his own cock long, thick and iron hard in his hand. He looked at me with love and desire and more than a hint of merry amusement. "Son...are you sure you're okay with this?"

John grinned at me and blew me a kiss. "I've been thinking about it a long time. I love you, Mom and these are the best guys I know. It's been their dream for years to get into your pants and I know you've fantasized about this a million times. You once told me you'd do anything I asked. Do this, Mom. Live out your fantasy tonight." He paused for a moment, seeming to think about his next words and then nodded and added, "I'll be honest, Mom. It's my fantasy too. So do it, Mom. Get your slut on and get the fucking of a lifetime!"

My heart seemed to swell with the love I felt for my son and for the second time in the last few minutes, I unashamedly professed my love for my son, sighing, "Oh God, I love you, son. The best day of my life was when I was first fucked by my son and his wonderful cock!"

We looked at each other for a moment and then I felt Mark's cock nuzzle my pussy as he flung his hips upward against my wetness. I looked down into his wide eyes and said, "You want it, don't you, darling? Patience, baby, patience." I reached down between my wide spread thighs and pulled my labia wide apart, slowly easing down and enveloping the young man's thick penis with my wet flesh.

I felt my sugar walls stretch and expand and I let out a loud wail as it felt as if a massive, blunt headed instrument was invading my cunt. I was wet and growing wetter as I was slowly impaled on Mark's penis, moaning as I raked his hairy chest, leaving claw marks as orgasmic pleasure began erupting inside me. I had nearly all of him inside me, feeling as if I was jammed full of cock, but for the longest moment, I couldn't take all of him. I squirmed atop him for a moment and then instinctively rolled my hips in a circular fashion and then let out a loud, but brief shriek as I somehow dropped the rest of the way, feeling his wiry pubic hair against my swollen labia and but cheeks.

Mark's hands came up to cup my breasts and as I sat there in orgasm with his cock buried inside me, he enhanced the pleasure by pinching and pulling on my nipples and by massaging my large breasts. His cock was a monster pulsing with life inside me and every time I thought I might have control of myself, he would throb angrily and send me back over the precipice. Long minutes passed and I was already wrung out with intense pleasure before I somehow mustered enough strength to begin to work myself slowly up and down, getting just enough movement to keep my pleasure level at near orgasmic levels.

My body quickly became coated with a thick sheen of fuck sweat, trickles of perspiration trickling off my face or down between my breasts to splatter against Mark's thick pelt of chest hair. Grunting and sobbing with ecstasy, I pulled my legs up into a squatting position and begin to more quickly ride his thick cock, worming up and down on his massive cock, feeling his thickness scraping my juices off the sides of my cunt.

Suddenly, Mark, who'd been virtually silent except for rapid breathing, moaned, "I-I gonna cum inside you, Mrs. H. -- fuck me, I love your pussy!" Suddenly, I felt my womb filling up with hot, thick seed -- Mark's lovely semen gushing into me as if a dam had broken. The heat of his wonderful jism triggered a new orgasm that had me sobbing with delight and my legs went out from underneath me, dropping me on top of him and somehow, managing to open me up a little more, his ejaculating tip continuing to spray my insides with his baby-making cream.

I collapsed atop him, my breasts mashing against his own fleshy chest as my lips found his and I kissed him like a man who's fucked a woman well, deserves. For several minutes it was all I could do

to get enough air into my lungs, but then it occurred to me that something unusual wasn't happening. I looked down into Mark's face and moaned, "Omigod, baby...you're still hard. You're not getting soft!"

Mark grinned and sighed, "You feel too fucking good, Mrs. H.! I love you...I love your tight pussy!"

I raised my head and saw both Brian and Lewis slowly stroking their cocks with expressions that were both awed and amused. I turned to look at my son who was now sitting naked in a chair, masturbating as he enjoyed the view of his mother impaled on his friend's cock. "I've got to fuck him again, son!" I sobbed.

I began to ride him, pausing whenever the ecstasy produced by Mark's thick penis pushed me over the edge, arching my back and pinching my own nipples hard to throw painful gasoline on the fire that was my pleasure. I guess I made a really erotic sight because Brian suddenly moaned, "Fuck! I can't wait...I'm going to cum!"

I whipped my head around and shrilly cried out, "Come to me, baby -- climb up here and cum on Mommy's face!" In one swift, assured motion, the young Marine was on the bed, his fist a blur streaking up and down his shaft as I leaned my face in -- an orgasm exploding within my cock filled cunt as I cried out, "C'mon, Brian...give me that spunk, feed Momma that hot sperm."

I extended my tongue and lashed it across his purplish head and he grunted loudly as if in pain and then I felt and tasted a thick spurt of young man's semen splatter across my tongue and into my open mouth. He was saltier than John, but equally delicious and as a bomb of pleasure detonated between my legs, Brian splattered thick streamer after thick streamer of fresh jism across my face, bathing my skin in his steaming seed before I screamed with need and as I convulsed from Mark's throbbing cock reached out and grabbed my young soldier's penis and took it in my mouth, sucking the last few ejaculations with a need and hunger I'd rarely felt before.

As Brian fell back spent, I felt my own desires and pleasure spinning out of control as I reached up with my hands and smeared his semen across my face, guiding thick clumps of it to my hungry lips and licking it from my fingers and palms. Mark crooned happily beneath me, steadily thrusting up in a nearly futile attempt to drive his massive wedge of a cock deeper inside me. Sucking a delicious dollop of semen from my fingers, I turned my head to gaze hungrily at Lewis and moaned, "Get up here, baby...let Momma suck that cock!"

Lewis obeyed instantly, clambering on his knees until he was next to me, groaning as I hungrily began to suck his cock, getting it slick and wet with saliva and remnants of his friend's spunk. When his penis had strands of saliva hanging off it, I sobbed in a demanding voice, "Get behind me and fuck Mommy's asshole. Do it Lewis, DO IT NOW!"

The young man's eyes grew wide in astonishment and for a moment, I thought the meek, but hard working young man would bolt in terror at the lustful demands of such a needy and wanton slut, but he simply nodded and in a serious tone, replied, "Yes, ma'am!"

In a crab like fashion, Lewis clambered awkwardly around Mark and me to kneel behind my bouncing ass -- taking hold of my butt cheeks with surprisingly strong and confident hands and spreading them wide. In my ear, I heard my son laughingly say, "Yeah, Mom...get nasty...get your slut on!"

I felt Lewis' hard cock press against my sphincter and then with a confident touch that made me think this wasn't the young man's first go around with anal fucking, he applied a steady pressure

with his cock until with a pop and a loud cry from me, his erect penis slid into me.

My body went rigid as more pleasure than I ever dreamed possible enveloped me as for the first time, I had two throbbing real penises inside me -- Lewis's lovely dick sliding up inside me along the thin sheath that separated my rectum and cunt. I clawed at the sheets, falling atop Mark's thrusting form with Lewis caught inside me, driving himself deeper up my ass with each thrust of his hips.

I babbled and moan wordlessly, a more or less continuous orgasm wracking my body and mind as if I was a helpless rag doll impaled on two very young and hard cocks. I felt fingers slid into my hair, intertwining in my dark tresses and then roughly yanking my head up. "Open wide, Mom! Time to make my gamer Mom airtight!"

I felt my son's so very familiar and wonderful erection slap against my face and I instinctively opened my mouth so that John could slide his hard and thick cock between my lips. My orgasms reached new heights as I sat there helpless, three wonderful penises assaulting my body and sending me into glorious oblivion...the only sounds being the creaking of bed springs, the gasps of my young lovers and my own breath whistling shrilly from my nostrils.

I suddenly felt Mark swell inside my pussy and then I was swept into near unconsciousness as his hot semen bathed my womb a second time and overwhelmed my nervous system with another nuclear level orgasm. I rode out that explosion of carnal bliss for what seemed nearly an eternity before I suddenly felt a terrible loss between my legs as Mark finally lost his erection. The world seemed to tilt suddenly as John's voice filled my ear -- demanding, "Roll her over, Lewis," even as he slipped from between my lips.

I was suddenly on my back, lying atop Lewis whose cock was buried in my ass and hands were cupping my large titties firmly. I flailed my legs wildly, wanting something or someone to fill the sudden void in my cum filled pussy. I heard my son call out, "Brian, you hard again, dude?"

The young marine's answer came as he suddenly towered over me and his muscled body eased itself down on me even as his long, thin cock slipped inside me, snaking deeper than Mark had probed, snaking past the thick wad of semen his friend had left inside me, snaking past the deepest that even my son had ventured with his cock to delve into virgin territory inside my pussy!

As I sobbed with pleasure, John again kneeled at his mother's head and then he leaned over me, his cock spearing down into my moaning mouth and then he was fucking my mouth, sliding back and forth between my lips while Brian began to thrust into my cunt, setting up an incredible rhythm of moving pleasure as he and Lewis fucked me front and back. I reveled in my ecstasy, awash in sweet, erotic joy throughout my body that eventually was enhanced by another mouth biting and tugging at my nipples and although I couldn't see who it was, my sight generally obscured by my son's hairy crotch, I knew that Mark was nursing at my meaty breasts.

Suddenly both John and Lewis began to cum, filling my asshole and my throat with hot, wonderful semen and I was cumming my brains out, perhaps fueled by being almost unable to breathe as my son ground his hairy pelvis against my face, moaning as my throat tightened around his wonderful cock, milking him for every drop of his sweet jism. I honestly don't remember my son slipping from between my battered lips or Lewis easing his temporarily spent cock from my butt hole as my world seemed to evaporate into a dark haze of pure carnal delight.

When I was conscious of my surroundings, I was still enveloped in rapturous pleasure, but I was on my hands and knees, Brian was still fucking my pussy and I was tonguing semen and my own juices

off of Mark's slowly recovering penis. My hair was hanging wild and wet around me until Brian finally reached climax and he roughly grabbed a handful of my tresses and yanked me back even as he added a new and heavy deposit of hot semen to my well fucked womb.

His strong arms pulled me against him, fingers digging into my meaty tits while he gently bit my shoulder as his hips plunged forward again and again to bury his ejaculating dick deep inside me. "Jeezus, that was a dream come true, Mrs. H.!" he gasped as he fell back onto the bed.

I collapsed onto my stomach, too winded to reply and before I could catch my breath to speak, I felt someone grab hold of my ankles and roll me over. As my legs were being spread, I looked up to see Lewis, again erect, with an intense expression of need on his face. "May I...may I please fuck you, Mrs. H.?"

I thought it was charming that after having fucked his childhood friend's mother up the ass, he was still bashful enough to ask permission to bang me and I held my arms out to him and said, "Come to Mommy, baby. Mommy needs a good fucking!" Why I was playing up the 'mommy' role in this crazy and insane scene, I wasn't sure, but I was quickly becoming convinced that the incestuous overtones related to having sex with these young men I had known since they were children played into how wonderfully sinful and delightful the sex was.

As Lewis began thrusting his cock into me, a shadow fell over my head and then Mark was straddling my face with his thick thighs, his cock, not erect, but still thick and I resumed licking and sucking on it, amazed at the heat his body was generating -- my entire body responding to the pheromones in his sweat. I rolled my tongue over his cock, cleaning it completely and then moving on to lick and tease his balls. I felt his penis begin to swell again, sliding across my lips and chin and I began rolling my tongue along his shaft, letting Lewis's thrusts determine the speed of my licking his friend.

My pussy seemed to be in constant orgasm and my voice soon became hoarse as when I wasn't moaning or sighing, I was screaming or shrieking in utter and complete ecstasy. Somewhere amidst the loving and fucking being lavished on me, my sore throat received a sweet balm as Mark gushed another tremendous load of semen into my throat, across my face and on my tits, the lewd sight of which quickly pushed Lewis over the edge of climax, pouring more of his hot seed into my hungry cunt.

John and Brian took me together, Brian deep in my ass and John, feeling so perfect inside my pussy. Even after having been magnificently fucked by multiple strange cocks, my pussy being so sweetly battered, my body still recognized the entry of my soul mate's cock, taking the level of pleasure I was experiencing to a special place that only my son's cock could produce.

Amidst the throes of orgasm, I had an out of body appearance. While never disconnected from the almost indescribable ecstasy of being brutally used by four young and very horny men -- in a sense, I suppose I was paying a sinfully wonderful penance for all my years of naughtily flashing and teasing my son and his friends, I nevertheless seemed to be able to take in the erotic sight of being gangbanged by such enthusiastic young lovers.

My mouth gaped open in a rictus of utter and complete carnal ecstasy, my eyes glazed in almost stunned awe from the orgasmic sensations that their cocks and mouths induced in me. My body swung and bounced as their big dicks impaled my semen soaked pussy and asshole, my skin shining with sweat and sperm and my legs and arms quivered and flailed as I was buffeted about by my young lovers.

I will carry to my grave the erotic sight of John and Mark standing beside the bed with me suspended between them -- Mark's thick dick throbbing inside my pussy while my son fucked my asshole. My meaty breasts rolled and swayed in rhythm to their concerted thrusts while I leaned to my left to suck the hard cock of Brian who was standing on the bed while Lewis leaned into me from the other side to bite and suck at my nearly bursting nipples. I was a mother lost in the lusty throes of erotic abandon, craving more and more cock and mouths and semen, knowing I could never get enough!

That one night was like a never ending celebration of incestuous tinged lovemaking. I quickly lost count of how many times I was fucked. I have no idea of how much hot sperm I drank or how many loads of sizzling semen was deposited in my cunt and ass. Time became a hazy thing in which I passed in and out of consciousness, often only aware that someone was always touching me...fucking me...making me cum until well after the sun had risen.

I awoke feeling incredibly sore and incredibly contented amidst four very weary and spent young men. As Mark, Brian and Lewis slept on, my loving son carried me into the bathroom and a waiting hot tub where the worst of my aches were soothed as John gently washed and cleaned my naked body. My only regret was that the Con had ended and it was time to go home.

Over a late breakfast in the hotel restaurant, my son and I shared how we became lovers with his friends, all of them expressing awe and envy at the now not so secret life that we enjoyed. Each young man and John could barely keep their hands off me, admiring my thigh high denim miniskirt and how my white tube top barely contained my meaty tits.

Our waitress, a lovely young blonde with a jeweled pierced eyebrow caught snippets of our conversation and was eyeing with a stunned and speculative expression, whispering to me as we left, "Lady, you're my fucking hero." Her comments and her gentle caress of my bare shoulder sent renewed shivers of pleasure racing through my body and my well abused nerve endings, nearly produced a new orgasm in the doorway of the restaurant.

Before we said our goodbyes, each of John's friends posed with me, holding my scantily clad body close to theirs so there was a lasting reminder of the greatest game any of them had ever played. All vowed to return to the Con the next year and John and I promised that there would be more than one evening of our special brand of role playing.

As John drove us home, I napped and dozed, occasionally awakening to caress or kiss my son, not coming completely awake until hours later as we were approaching home, when he casually told me that in addition to the guys returning for next year's big con, that his once in a while 'fuck buddy,' Stephanie had expressed an interest in attending.

That sent more delicious shivers of ecstasy through my well fucked body and as I leaned over and kissed my son while gently stroking his half-erect cock in his jeans, I whispered, "I like the sound of that, but before then maybe you should have her over to game with us so I can get to know her." I teasingly licked my son's ear and added, "I really like the way your cock tastes with her pussy juices coating it. I'd love to see how her pussy tastes when it's full of your semen!"

The End?