

THE MOTHERFUCKER RAG

Ahabscribe

Mom & Son allow a radio contest to change their lives!

Incest/Taboo

4.67

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First story of the new year for me - hope you like it - a bit of silliness and a bit long, but I think it turned out well! Apologies up front for the lyrics - I can deal with prose pretty well, I think, but I suck at poetry/song lyrics!

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are simply figments of my imagination and exist solely within the confines of my mind and in this story.

Let me know what you think - negative or positive, your feedback is important to me! Enjoy

I've never viewed myself to be more than your average, slightly dull working mother. I've been divorced for nearly sixteen years and have raised my son, now an eighteen year old senior in high school, alone – his father left Chicago for Las Vegas before the ink was dry on our divorce decree and we've not heard from him since. I worked as an accountant in a local business firm and we've done well for ourselves.

It's been pretty much just John and me – I've had boyfriends from time to time, but none stuck with us – no one seemed to want the extra baggage I suppose. Still, I'm not what I'd call lonely and I've been very content. John has been the center of my life and I'm very proud of him and all that he's accomplished. He already has won an academic scholarship to a prestigious university here in Chicago and plans to stay at home while in college thus relieving me of any immediate anxieties over impending "empty nest syndrome."

John's a good son, stays out of trouble and helps around the house. He's dating a lovely young cheerleader named Kelly and while she and I have never hit it off (I think she's a bit jealous of any other woman around "her" John, including his mother), but I'm happy that he's happy. I'm sure they're sexually active as I've seen the signs, but he and I had that "talk" a long time ago and I'm sure he's taking all the necessary precautions.

If I had any complaints about my son, it would be limited to his choice of music – he adores "heavy metal" music, the louder the better. But, other than establishing some basic ground rules for volume levels in the house or in the car, I've adapted and have even become used to hearing the noise that passes for his music! I've even learned to accept the sometimes vile language that some of the groups pass off as lyrics.

I sometimes find it ironic that it was my son's love for his music that led to both our worlds being literally turned upside down for all time – well, his love for heavy metal and Dirty Davy and the Chimp! I'm sure you've heard of them – they're syndicated all over the nation now – two of those afternoon shock jock radio people. They are based right here in Chicago and run the late afternoon radio show for the Tri-State's most popular hard rock station.

I was only vaguely aware of them as I prefer the lite-pop stations and only then because of their outrageous stunts and penchant for sexually charged material – well, that and the fact that I think

they set a record for the highest FCC fine for obscenity a few years back, something they still brag about. Anyways, it was Dirty Davy and the Chimp who set things into motion that changed the lives of my son and me.

I had known that John's favorite band – some huge British or Australian heavy metal band was coming to Chicago this spring. It was constantly on John's mind. I had agreed to spring for tickets for him and Kelly, assuming he could get tickets. Alas, my poor baby never got out of the gate – the tickets getting snapped up by profiteers before the average Joe had a chance. John was disappointed when the tickets were listed for resale at prices that were way out of our league unless I wanted to take a second mortgage on the house.

That's where Dirty Davy and the Chimp came in. They decided to have a contest to give away a pair of first row seats and my son asked me for permission to enter. Not bothering to listen to the details, I gave him my blessing. I told him to not get his hopes up, that probably hundreds of thousands of other metal heads would be entering. Still, I knew the minute I walked into the kitchen one day that from my son's grin, he had won!

"Mom, I just talked to the Chimp himself! This is so cool!"

"I'm so happy for you, honey! Have you told Kelly? I know she'll be thrilled to hear you've won your big tickets."

My son laughed and said, "Yeah, I called her a little while ago, but Mom, we haven't won anything yet. They just drew our names so we can try and win the tickets. We have to um do it before we actually win."

I sat down at the kitchen table and eyed my son who was leaning against the counter. "Do it?" I replied, "Do what, son?" I kicked off my high heel shoes and crossing my legs, leaned over and massaged my aching stocking clad feet.

John's grin faded to be replaced by a somewhat embarrassed and guilty expression. "Um, you know, make out." He was avoiding my gaze, although judging from the direction he was staring, it was hard to tell if he was doing it out of guilt or was ogling my legs.

I started to pay more attention. "Make out? Like kissing and hugging making out? Don't tell me you and Kelly have to make out on those idiots' radio show."

John frowned and shook his head. In a voice now edged with caution, he replied, "No, Mom, remember? You and I have to make out on the radio show."

"WHAT!" I jumped to my feet, not quite believing what I just heard. I started to laugh, thinking John was playing a joke on me, but his expression was dead serious. "You're kidding me, John, right? RIGHT?"

John slowly shook his head from side to side. "I told you, Mom, remember? Dirty Davy and the Chimp have done this before – they love holding their "Making Out With Mom for Tickets" contest. The mom and son selected have to kiss for one minute to win." John could barely meet my gaze now and he added meekly, "Remember?"

"Hell no, I don't remember. I just remember you asking me could you enter their contest." I paused and tried to honestly recall him telling me the details, but I came up blank. I eyed my son who was

suddenly looking like I'd told him I was planning to shoot his dog. "By kissing, you're talking about French kissing, aren't you?"

John glumly nodded. I rolled my eyes and said, "Son, are you crazy? There's no way I'm going to French kiss my own son for an entire minute!"

"But Mom, it's our only chance! This is THE concert of a lifetime. Those tickets are worth like a couple of grand!" Part of me wanted to just laugh my ass off and the other part wanted to clout my son on the head for being so dense.

"I am not letting my son put his tongue into my mouth for an entire minute – not even for tickets to see Elvis if he were to come back from the dead! Sorry, sweetheart, no way, no how!"

John looked down at the ground, his lower lip pooched out like it always does when he's wanting something and my answer is no. "Jeez, Mom, it's just a stupid kiss."

I laughed and went over and hugged him. "No," I replied and started out of the room.

"You know, I aint exactly a loser, Mom," John called after me, grasping at straws. "I've been told I'm a real good kisser!"

I paused in the doorway and looked back at my son. He is definitely not a loser. John is a handsome young man, standing just a hair over six feet tall and slender and wiry. His dark brown eyes and matching shaggy head of hair drew more than his fair share of young ladies stares when we are out in public and he'd had no trouble getting dates before he and Kelly hooked up.

"I know you're not a loser, sweetie, you're a handsome young man, and I'm sure you're a good kisser – hell, I'm a good kisser, but I'm your mother. It aint going to happen!" I turned and headed down the hall towards the stairs, John trailing behind, still pleading his case.

"Cmon, Mom. Just one kiss, Mom. It'll be fun. I'm a good looking guy and you're a beautiful woman...how bad can one kiss be?"

My son's words stopped me in my tracks. A sudden thrill ran through me, beginning between my thighs and traveling upwards to make my nipples tingle. John has complemented me many times, but there was something more in his voice this time, something that made my pussy a little more than damp. I turned and faced my son. "I'm your mother, John. A mother and son shouldn't ever kiss that way." I reached out and patted his cheek. "But thanks for the compliment, son. That was very sweet of you."

John's face reddened and he shrugged in a bashful manner. "One kiss, Mom, one kiss with a little tongue. What could it hurt?" he said softly. We stared at each other silently for a minute and then he added, "Just a little tongue kiss, Mom," and then he stuck his tongue out at me and blew me a raspberry. It broke the tension and suddenly we were both laughing.

Somewhere in the midst of that laughter, I suddenly realized that I was about to change my mind and I said, "Am I really beautiful, John?"

It was my son's turn to roll his eyes and he replied, "Are you kidding me, Mom. You're freaking gorgeous – one of the sexiest Moms in the neighborhood!" I blushed even as his words served to fuel the growing heat between my thighs. I could feel my labia swelling and growing slick. I was amazed that I was hearing my son talking like that and even more amazed that I liked hearing it.

"Well..." I paused, John's eyes growing wide with disbelief like a condemned prisoner seeing the warden waving a pardon in his face after already being strapped in the electric chair. It would have been cute if the whole thing wasn't so ridiculous. Still, he was my only son and I confess to finding it hard to ever deny him anything. "Alright, if it won't gross you out Frenching your mother, I'll do it!"

"YES!" John crowed and he picked me up and spun me around, making me giggle like a school girl. He set me down and then to my surprise, kissed me right on the lips – chastely, but firmly, his lips pressing against mine. The heat smoldering within my pussy turned to liquid fire in the blink of an eye.

"Hey now!" I said, laughing and backing away, feeling my face burn. "I said I'd do it, but no practicing. This is a one time deal! Don't forget, I'm not some easy lay, I'm your mother!"

"Yes, you are and I love you, Mom!" John exclaimed, holding out his arms and heading towards me like he was about to hug me and kiss me again.

I squealed and giggled and ran for the stairs like my life depended on it. "Behave, buster! Remember, its just one kiss!" I hurried upstairs and into my room, slamming the door behind me, hearing John's happy voice still thanking me and telling me how, much he loved me!

I leaned against the door and caught my breath and as I calmed down, I began to wonder what in the hell was I doing. From the door, I could see my reflection in a tall mirror across the room. "What in the world were you thinking, Carol?" I asked myself. To be honest, I wasn't sure why I had agreed to do it. Maybe it was as I have already mentioned – that I have never been able to really say no to my son about anything. Maybe it was that he called me beautiful and sexy in a man's lusty voice and that's something I don't get to hear much anymore and I really like hearing him say it.

I looked at my reflection. I have never really considered myself beautiful – not even really all that pretty. My face has too many sharp and harsh angles – the best feature being the dark brown eyes that I've passed onto my son. My hair, dark brown and starting to be streaked with gray at age forty-five, is unruly and coarse and I generally wear it pulled back into a pony tail or like today, just let it hang to my shoulders and hope for the best.

I know I don't have a Hollywood body – I stand five foot, five inches tall and weigh around 145 pounds. I'm just a bit stocky – no flat stomach for me and plenty of tits and ass with measurements of 38D-28-40. My legs are still in good shape and I am never ashamed to wear a dress. I'm no raving beauty, but damn it feels good to be told I look sexy, even if it's my son saying it!

I got my act together and put the naughty thoughts flitting around inside my head away and got on with my evening. After dinner, I got the particulars from John and Kelly who'd showed up for a study date. Our "make-out session" was to happen in two days – Friday afternoon – a week before the actual concert.

I began to regret agreeing to do this the more I thought about it, although my resolve was strengthened when Kelly told me with a smirk that she never thought I'd have the nerve to go through with it. As I mentioned already, my son's girlfriend and I are not exactly close and the only thing her snarky attitude did was piss me off.

And so it was that my son, his girlfriend and I walked into the radio station that Friday afternoon to be led with some smirking and tittering by the employees to the radio booth of Dirty Davy and the Chimp. It was a warm April day and both John and Kelly were casually dressed in T-shirts and jeans

while I was wearing a pair of dressy slacks and a light sweater with a mild scoop neck, just enough to hint at cleavage and the very upper swells of my breasts.

Dirty Davy and the Chimp lived completely up to expectations. Dirty Davy was a middle aged man, wearing a Cubs jersey and cap and greasy jeans, his cap hiding his almost bald head. He was leering at me from the moment we walked in and were introduced. The Chimp was a short man with more facial hair than I have ever seen on any human, his dark eyes staring beadily from his hirsute face. His voice had an animal quality and I had a sudden unsettling vision of him naked, his body covered with a thick mat of dark hair with a long, uncut cock protruding from the jungle of animal hair between thick and meaty thighs. I shivered when I was introduced and he reached out and took my hand. He was scary in a sexually arousing sort of way. I could envision myself being ravaged by him and almost enjoying it!

They wasted no time getting us on the air, handing us headsets and explaining the booth operations and then chatting us up as soon as an Iron Maiden song faded away. Forgive me if the following is awkward, but I'm not sure how to put what happened down into words.

Dirty Dave: "All right, Chicago. Lets give a big WFUK welcome to Carol and John – our lucky mother and son going for the tickets to the big concert next Friday night!"

The Chimp: "Oh yeah and if I may be so bold, John my man, your mother is smoking hot!" He gave a little woof and then pushed a button setting off loud wolf whistles. I felt myself blush.

Dirty Davy: "Yes indeed, John – you definitely have a fox for a mom!"

John: "Um, yeah, my Mom is beautiful!"

Dirty Davy: "Sexy is the word I would use, dude and Chicago, you can check her out yourself if you just go to our website – we have the Chimp Cam up and running – so check delicious Mom Carol out!"

I stiffened up at that comment and stared daggers at my son. "You never said anything about this being on the internet, John!" I hissed. The shock jocks began hooting with laughter.

Dirty Davy: "Uh oh! I think John's going to the wood shed after this! The only question is, Mom, are you still going to go through with it?"

The Chimp: "Bet she does, bet she does!"

I started to get up and walk, but caught a glimpse of Kelly smirking knowingly at me and again she just pissed me off! "You betcha, Davy! So are we gonna do this or not?" I replied, my voice nervous and tight. Somebody pushed another noise button and the booth filled with the sounds of a crowd cheering.

The Chimp: "Aw man, Why couldn't I had had a Mommy like yours, John? She can't wait to get going!" I heard wet, breathy noises echoing through my headset. The Chimp grinned evilly at me.

Dirty Davy: "You are definitely Mother of the Year material, Carol. Now – you know the drill right?"

I nodded and replied, "Yes, my son and I have to kiss for a full minute in front of you pervs!" This seemed to crack both guys up and my ears were filled with the sounds of hooting, screaming monkeys.

Dirty Davy: "You're close, Mommy! Me and my brother perv are going to watch you and your son swapping spit for a whole minute – a full on French kiss complete with tongues for sixty seconds."

The Chimp: "Or longer if you feel like it – we like to um, encourage close family relations. We consider it our sacred and privileged duty!"

John and I were sitting on adjoining stools in the booth, and we turned to each other and then I eyed the Chimp and asked, "So, should we start now?"

The evil looking little man held up a stopwatch and said, "Time starts as soon as I see tongues touching!" As way as example, he stuck his tongue out – why did it have to be so freaking long – at me! I shivered a little, maybe from the air conditioning turned on high in the booth, maybe from the tingling warmth growing between my legs. Omigod, I was about to French kiss my son!

I turned to John and said, "Are you ready?"

My son nodded, grinning and for the radio audience's benefit replied, "Oh yeah, Mom! I've been dreaming of this moment!" He paused as his own words sank in and then hastily added, "I mean, getting the tickets!"

Dirty Dave: "This is it – the moment the question 'Would you make out with your mother for free concert tickets?' is about to be answered! They're leaning towards each other. I see Mom's tongue – omigod, I think I'm in love. Closer, closer. Oh WOW!"

The Chimp: "And the clock's running, Mom and son are locking lips and look at them go!"

On some level I was aware of the shock jocks yammering, but mostly the world suddenly winnowed down to my son and myself as I pressed my open mouth to his, tongue extended and totally unprepared for the almost electric shock I felt when John's tongue first brushed against mine. Lips pressed together and we were doing what came naturally. Our tongues played and danced and the longest, sweetest minute of my life began!

John's arms came up and around my shoulders and pulled me close even as I slipped my arms around his waist, resisting the desire to pull him even closer as I gave an unexpected little sigh as we kissed.

The Chimp: "Fifteen seconds gone and Lord Jesus don't strike me blind now! This is so hot, folks!"

Time seemed to pass so slowly and I was amazed that I was able to take so much sensory information in – like the fact that John tasted so clean – part mouthwash, part gum and somehow part himself. I swirled my tongue around my son's mouth, just enjoying how he tasted and enjoying the playful pursuit of his own tongue. I shivered as I felt his right hand on the back of my neck, fingers intertwined in my shaggy hair. I imagined I could feel his pulse through his lips, his heart racing to keep time with my own rapidly beating heart.

Dirty Dave: "We're coming up on thirty seconds and I don't know about you, Chimp, but I'm getting excited!"

The Chimp: "My tongue is hard, dude...among other things!"

John and I both took a half step off our stools and pressed against each other more firmly, my heavy breasts flattening against his strong chest as our tongues curled around each other. I opened my eyes and looked into my son's eyes which were wide open and filled with love and amazement.

The Chimp: "Approaching forty five seconds, folks. I think this Mom and Son are having a blast!"

Dirty Davy: "Yes they are! But I'm not sure about John's girlfriend here. Kelly, hon, what's wrong? You look like you've been sucking on lemons!"

A perverse thrill went through me and as much as I was enjoying my son's naughty kiss, it was all the sweeter knowing that it was pissing off his girlfriend. I sighed happily, my breath whistling through my nostrils as with time running out, both John and I seemed to be increasing the intensity of our kiss, tongues pressing and roiling into each other.

The Chimp: "Almost there...almost there. Five...four...three...two...that's it! Mom and Son frenching for a whole minute! Um, plus five seconds...um, coming up on plus ten seconds. Um, Dirty Davy, where's the fire extinguisher – we may have to hose them down!"

My son and I both heard the countdown, but for several seconds, could not break our intimate contact. I was enjoying myself and my entire body was flushed and heating up rapidly. John seemed to have no desire to end the contact either, but finally I regained my senses and pushed him away, a little sliver of spit hanging for a second and then breaking apart to splatter against his chin.

The Chimp: "Oh my God – Mother and Son French kissed for a record one minute and twelve seconds! I cannot freaking believe it!"

Dirty Davy: "Now that was what I call a special mother and child moment! Chicago, lets give John and his mom a great big hand!" The air filled with the canned sound of people clapping, cheering and car horns honking!

I felt my face burning with embarrassment even though I took a lot of enjoyment at Kelly's sour face. Both the Chimp and Dirty Davy were applauding – the Chimp's eyes burning with excitement. John was grinning at me and with a flick of his tongue seemed to lick off the saliva on his chin. Even though I was already more than a little aroused, that sight seemed to double my sexual excitement all in itself. My head roared as blood rushed through my veins, making me feel a little dizzy.

Dirty Davy: "Wow, wow, wow! Man, I would pay to watch that over and over again. That was hot. Was that hot, Chimp?"

The Chimp: "That was the single sexiest thing I've ever seen in my freaking life, Davy!" He let his tongue hang out of his mouth and panted like a dog.

Dirty Davy: "Oh yeah! So, Mom...what'd you think? On a scale of one to ten, how does your son kiss?"

I laughed nervously and opened my mouth, but for a few seconds, could not find the words. I waved my hands aimlessly and shrugged my shoulders in bafflement before I finally managed to gasp, "Uh – Thirteen?" The shock jocks hooted their delight and I added in a slightly steadier voice, "That was the best kiss I've had in a long, long time!"

The Chimp: "Outfreakinstanding! I know you must be proud of your boy, Mom! Hey, John – so how does your Mom rank...who's the better kisser, your Mom or Kelly?"

John was by now blushing a deep shade of red too, although he looked pleased by my answer. He grinned at me and then at his girlfriend who was looking extremely pissed. "Well, um, dudes, I'm going to plead the Fifth Amendment here. What can I say – it's a toss up." The shock jocks howled

with laughter and both turned to see Kelly, lips pressed tightly together, the anger evident on her face!

Dirty Davy: "So, Kelly, girlfriend, what did you think? Your bf and his mom making out – hot or what?"

Kelly rolled her eyes and her face frozen in a frown and staring at me, replied, "I think this whole thing and you guys are sick!" Again, the two radio jockeys howled with laughter.

Dirty Davy: "There you have it, Chicago, Kelly says we're sick! Chimp, what do we have to say to that?"

The Chimp pushed a button and then a deep voice like the guy who does Darth Vader's voice boomed in our headsets, "YOU'RE DAMNED RIGHT, WE'RE SICK AND PROUD OF IT!"

The Chimp: "And we're just getting warmed up! Tell 'em, Dirty Davy!"

Dirty Davy: "Alright, John and Mom, again congratulations for that outstanding display of family affection. You've won your tickets, John for making out with your mom." He slid an envelope over his work station to my son who looked absolutely delighted. Then with an evil grin, Dirty Davy continued. "Now, me and the Chimp have been thinking about what actually makes up, well, making out! Now, Mom, do you think a hot, sexy kiss is 'making out?'

I wasn't actually expecting that question and I fumbled for an answer. "Um, well – yeah. It's been a few years since I've made out, but yes, sexy kissing is 'making out.'"

The Chimp: "Yeah, kissing is great, but is that all that 'making out' is? Hey, Kelly, when you and John make out, is kissing all you do?"

Kelly: "Ewww, gross!"

The Chimp: "Okay...sorry I asked. Hey, John, when you and Kelly are making out, is all you do is kiss?"

All eyes turned to my son and he laughed and shook his head, "Um, I'm sticking with pleading the Fifth."

Dirty Davy: "Okay, Mom, back to you. Now when you were growing up, was kissing all there was to making up?"

I wasn't sure I liked where this was going, but I stifled an urge to giggle like a teenager and said, "No, that was considered um, getting to first base!"

The Chimp: "Bingo, Mom. And what is second base?"

I did giggle then, wishing silently that I'd kept my mouth shut. Both the shock jocks were looking at me expectantly while John was grinning like an idiot. I promised myself I would make him pay dearly for this. My hand came up involuntarily and I almost cupped my own breast as I stammered, "Well, you know – um, oh hell, guys getting their hands under the sweater and um, under the bra or undoing it and touching...you know!"

The Chimp giggled and pressed another damned button and that deep voice announced, "BOOBS! MMMM, AINT NOTHING LIKE 'EM!'"

Dirty Davy: "See how it is, Chicagoland? If in doubt, go ask your Mom! You're batting a hundred, Mom. Now howzabout telling John and us what third base is?"

Again, I wondered how the hell I got myself into this situation but at the same time, I found my mouth working and replying, "You know – when a guy puts his hand between a girl's leg and touches her, um...um."

The Chimp came to my rescue with another sound effect – a cartoon voice screaming, "IT'S PRONOUNCED VA-JAY-JAY, YOU MORON!" I groaned as I wondered who was actually listening to this and I put my head in my hands.

The Chimp: "And this instructional moment was brought to you by MOM, the one more perverts recommend you go to with questions of a..." He paused and lowered his voice to a mock whisper. "A sexual nature!"

Dirty Davy: "Right you are, Chimp. Now, Mom and son, I'm sure you're wondering why you're still here talking with us and not running for your lives. The Chimp and I have a little proposition for you two!" A musical fanfare broke out as Dirty Davy brought out several envelopes and laid them on the table between us.

Dirty Davy: "In the interest of pushing the envelope of fine public broadcasting..."

The Chimp: "And maybe setting a new record fine with the FCC!"

Dirty Davy: "We would now like to offer John and his Mom a chance to play the advanced player's version of 'Making Out With Mom!'"

John and I looked at each other warily – the apprehension in my face no doubt equaled by the interest in my son's face. "Why am I sure I'm not going to like hearing this?" I replied, my voice full of doubt.

Dirty Davy: "Here's the scoop, Mom. Although I'm sure our sponsors are no doubt regretting putting up the prizes, you can win some serious cash and stuff if you and your son are willing to really make out on the air!"

"WHAT!" John and I both cried out together. I felt a little dizzy and was wondering when and how I had gotten so far over my head with this silly shit.

Dirty Davy: "Give with the details, Chimp!"

The Chimp: "In envelope number one, there is a five hundred dollar gift card to _____, the leader in fine women's fashions! It's yours, Mom if you and your son will French kiss for another full minute."

Both the shock jocks found it somehow hilarious when my son said, "Freaking awesome – Mom loves that place, but she says it's so expensive!"

Dirty Davy: "Is there more, my horny little friend?"

The Chimp: "We're just getting started, Dirty Davy! In envelope number two, are weekend reservations for the _____ Hotel, Chicago's finest Hotel, known world wide for its luxurious accommodations. It's a thousand dollar a night suite and reserved for next Friday and Saturday nights and it's yours if Mom lets John get to second base and the kiss goes to two minutes!"

I felt my mouth drop open in shock and I gasped in a small voice. "You have got to be kidding me! That's insane!" Even John looked stunned, but the interested smile never left his face and it's hard to describe how that made me feel.

The deep voice boomed into my ears, "WE MAY BE INSANE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE NOT DEAD SERIOUS!"

Dirty Davy: "We wouldn't be offering it, if it wasn't true! Finish it off, Chimp!"

The Chimp: "In envelope number three there are ten, count em, ten one hundred dollar bills! That's a clean one thousand bucks if John is a lucky enough son to get to third base while the kiss goes to three minutes!"

Kelly jumped up, a look of utter horror and disgust on her face. "This is freaking sick. I can't stand this. I'm waiting outside!" and she fled the booth, her hand over her mouth like she was going to be sick." The shock jocks thought this was particularly hilarious and stood up and high-fived each other. A woman's shrieking and hysterical voice screamed into the headsets, "I'M LEAVING THIS HELLHOLE AND I AIN'T NEVER COMING BACK!"

I stood up, thinking it was time to leave, but wondering why I didn't find their proposal as disgusting as my son's girlfriend did. I tried to laugh it off and said, "You guys are so weird! There's no way any mother would do this with everyone watching on the internet. We'd all go to jail!"

The Chimp cackled and flipped a switch and I saw a little red light go off a web camera on his desk. "Oh no, this will be a radio exclusive – no webcam! And you can't go to jail if they got no proof!"

"But...everyone would hear us – er, hear you guys talking about it!" I turned to my son, expecting him to be on his feet to walk out with me...or already on the move to catch up with Kelly, but John was still sitting there, a silly grin on his face and a more than obvious bulge in his blue jean covered crotch.

Dirty Davy: "Well yeah, but again, no proof! And as everyone knows..."

"DIRTY DAVY AND THE CHIMP AREN'T ONLY PERVERTS, THEY LIE!" intoned the deep voice.

Dirty Davy: "Aint it the truth! Well, Chicagoland, we're gonna break for a few really important commercial ka-kas while John and Mom talk it over." He hit a switch and a car commercial came on and the On-Air sign went dark. Grinning he said, "We're dead freaking serious, folks, what do ya say?"

I was laughing and shaking my head and started for the door, but John reached out and took my hand. "Mom – what have we got to lose?" he said. He grinned at the shock jocks. "It's a lot of money and stuff and you deserve it for all this crap I've put you through! Besides, everyone will think it's just a fake-out by these guys anyway!"

"John, I'm your mother. French kissing you was bad enough and we can't fake that. I'm betting these two freaks will insist on us actually doing um...it."

"You bet your sweet ass, Mom," chortled the Chimp. "Other than our on-air commentary, there'll be no evidence – no harm – no foul, but we wanna see you two really make out!"

"And you better make up your mind quick," added Dirty Dave. "We got about five minutes of air-time left and we're back live in thirty seconds."

John squeezed my hand and leaned in close. "Mom, it's just a bit of kissing and touching – just for fun and money. Tell me a thousand bucks wouldn't come in handy?"

I replied, my voice barely a whisper, "But you're my son. I can't let you touch me like that!" I could hear my voice speaking the words, but deep inside my heart, part of me didn't believe a word I was saying.

"Three minutes, Mom – that's all," hissed John, his eyes bright and eager. "C'mon, Mom – it aint like we're going to have real sex or anything."

"Although, as far as we're concerned, go as far as you want, Mom!" urged the Chimp, a big, toothy grin peeking out from all that hair. I just grinned back and rolled my eyes.

"Five seconds and we're on the air," intoned Dirty Davy. "What's it gonna be?"

John just kept looking at me and I was struck not only by his eagerness, but by his confidence – the pussy warming confidence of a man who knows what he wants and knows he's going to get it. A shiver ran through me as I threw all good judgment to the wind and went with what I was feeling in my heart...or maybe a place a little lower. "I'll do it," I said with a shaky whisper! Both the shock jockeys cheered and then we were back on the air.

Dirty Davy: Alright Chicagoland, we've got a hot and sexy Mommy ready to make out with her handsome son. Grab a soda and some hand lotion and let's have some fun. Are you ready, Mom...John?"

I nodded and when the Chimp rolled his finger and moved his lips without moving, I remembered it was just radio and I said, "God...I don't know. I suppose so."

The Chimp: Well – the clock's running and we're almost out of time – so Mom and John...GET IT ON!"

I looked at John, realizing he was leaning towards me, smiling – his mouth opening up like a tiger's maw about to devour me. My wits seemed to desert me then, but my instincts were working just fine. Our lips pressed together and I let out a little sigh as our tongues joined again in a wet, sloppy soul kiss, while the idiots watching us began to report.

Dirty Davy: "And here we go – Mom and Son are kissing and oh man, look at them use those tongues! Do you think they're going to go for the gold, Chimp?"

The Chimp: "Absolutely – oh man, they're looking so hot. Honeywife of mine, if you're listening, you better be waiting in bed when I get home cause I'm raring to go!"

Dirty Davy: "And so are our Mom and Son. Uh, oh – I think John is making his move on second base. Stand by for updates. We're at thirty seconds and counting!"

John was indeed, making his move. I felt one hand on my waist and the other on my thigh. Slowly, I felt his fingers sliding along my leg towards the bottom of my sweater. I felt dizzy as I wondered if he was actually going to do this! Our tongues curled around each other, dancing and taunting and again I found myself savoring the taste of my son, feeling my body respond – the heat and wetness building between my legs.

My son's hand crept further upward and under my sweater and I jerked as I felt his fingers, cool against my hot skin, sliding around and slowly making their way up my back. I was puzzled for a

moment and then moaned into his mouth as I realized he was making for my bra. His fingers stopped and ran across the seamless band of the back strap of my bra and I started to break the kiss and whisper that it was a front loader, but John's fingers began to slip around to my front and I realized that my son had a lot more experience than I thought and knew what to do.

Dirty Davy: Yes, yes yes, sports fans. John is making his move on second base – hand is under the sweater and definitely in search mode. Man, I envy this young man – his mother, Carol is definitely blessed with motherly mammaries. Big 'uns at that! I'm guessing 36D!"

The Chimp: "I'm betting they're closer to being 40Ds, Dirty Davy and if there's anything I know..." The deep voice boomed out, "THE CHIMP KNOWS HIS BOOBS!"

John found and deftly undid the clasp holding my bra together and I felt my breasts shift as their support slipped away. I groaned against my son's mouth as I felt his palm slide between my breasts, my heart pounding faster and faster under his touch. OMIGOD, my son was about to fondle my breast! I put my hand against his chest, meaning to push him away and end the kiss and this whole crazy, twisted game...but I didn't. I held my hand in place, feeling his heart pounding in his chest and allowed my son to slide his hand over my left breast, palm scraping over my hard and long nipple!

The Chimp: "Good God, John's doing it, I do believe! I see his hand moving under his Mom's sweater!" I heard a chair leg scrape and footsteps and then felt more than heard the Chimp's presence behind me, knowing without looking that he was peering over my shoulder. I started a bit when he leaned against me, a definite throbbing bulge pressing against my hip and then I felt a finger scraping skin as he pulled my sweater out and peered downward. "Yes, yes – OMIGOD, YES!" he crowed. "Chicago, I am blessed to see and report that at fifty-seven seconds in, this son's hand is cupping his mother's lovely boob! Oh yeah, John – give it a squeeze for me!" And Lord, help me, my son did!

I was terrified and excited as I don't think I'd been since I'd lost my virginity so many years ago. My John – my son was massaging my breast, his palm maddeningly rubbing and teasing my hard nipple. Spittle ran down my chin as I cried out from the crazy pleasure rippling through me before John sealed his lips against mine again. My hand resting on his chest began to curl, my long nails scraping against his T-shirt clad chest! John made an approving growl against my mouth, his fingers digging into my fleshy tit in response.

Dirty Davy: "Chicagoland, we are definitely moving into a new frontier. Let's give a big cheer to John and his Mom for making it to second base as we pass the minute and ten second mark!"

My mind reeled with the realization that for the first time since John had been weaned, he was touching my breast and for a long, crazy moment, I wished that I could feel his lips on my tits as well – almost a hunger to feel my nipple being sucked by my son once again. Seconds ticked by as we kissed and with his touch, it seemed as if I had an even greater clarity of senses. The taste of his tongue, the feel of his breath from his nostrils, the touch of his hand on my breast, all seemed to intensify with each moment that passed.

I knew I should stop, that I should try and regain some resemblance of respectability, but I didn't and a part of me began to cheer as I felt John's left hand leave my waist and travel downwards to rest on the top of my thigh.

The Chimp: "We're at a minute and thirty seconds and is he, OMIGOD, yes, John is going for gold, folks. He's got his hand on the inside of Mom's thigh and heading towards heaven's gate!"

John's fingers trailed over and down between my legs, scratching softly on the inside of my right thigh and I couldn't stop myself from slowly spreading my knees apart and then I groaned against my son's lips as his palm was suddenly pressing against my crotch! I shivered with delight as I felt the weight of his hand against my pussy – my son's flesh separated from mine only by my slacks and panties. I wondered if he could feel the heat from my aroused pussy. I wondered if he could detect how wet I felt. John began rubbing my mound as I clung to him, fingers digging into his shoulders.

Dirty Davy: "Please, God, don't let me have a heart attack now! John's definitely loving up his mom as we approach two minutes! Uh oh! His hand is on the move...up he goes...fingers sliding into Mom's pants!"

John indeed was slipping his hand past my waistband and while part of me was absolutely horrified that I wasn't putting a stop to this insanity, part of me was rejoicing that I'd worn dress slacks with an elastic waist band, making it easier for John to slip his hands inside. I rose up off the seat of the stool, trying to make it easier on my son.

With the sure movements of an experienced lover, my son slipped his hand into my panties as well, his fingers feeling sinfully sweet as he slipped through my thick, crinkly mat of pubic hair. I stiffened and squealed into John's mouth as pleasure as intense as an electric shock tore through me as my child's, my son's fingers slipped between my swollen and sensitive labia, encountering my wet and slick cunt!

I felt my head begin to spin and I clutched my son tighter, our tongues feeding on each other in a frenzy of lust as John's forefinger and middle finger slipped inside me, gently stirring around – exploring my motherly pussy even as his thumb slowly stroked my flesh, teasing my clitoris. I think I was making all sorts of little animal noises as I fought not to surrender completely to the incestuous pleasure of the moment.

Dirty Davy: "We're at two minutes and ten seconds and Mom looks like she might be getting her rocks off while her son's hand seems to be awfully busy in her panties! Chimp, do you think we have penetration? Chimp? Hello, Chimp? Um, Chicagoland, I believe this naughty display has rendered my partner in perversion catatonic...in a good, deviated way!"

I was all but ignoring the idiot shock jocks. My world was now focused on my son and his very talented fingers. All sorts of nasty, evil thoughts filled my mind as any sense of restraint or decency was on the verge of being swept away. I was consumed with sudden desire to let my son take me right then and there. I was wiggling on his fingers and wanted more, much more – I wanted to feel his hand, his fist – NO! I wanted to feel my son's cock inside me. I had a sudden vision of my son naked, his cock, huge and long jutting out at me. Before I realized what I was doing, my right hand began to move south, my fingernails making ripping sounds as they dragged across his t-shirt.

Dirty Davy: "Jesus Christ Almighty! Mom's making her own move! Is she...SHE IS! MOM IS COPPING A FEEL OF HER OWN!"

I palmed my son's crotch, feeling the magnificent bulge that was pulsing with power and lust under his blue jeans! I felt my pussy clamping tightly around John's fingers as I began to comprehend just how well hung my son was! John groaned into my mouth as he responded to me rubbing his erection through his pants.

John suddenly curled his fingers upwards, triggering a response from my g-spot even as his thumb began to firmly massage my clitoris and orgasmic pleasure exploded in my pussy and spread as fast

as lightning through my entire body. Our kiss became a kind of carnal combat – tongues dueling viciously as my orgasm intensified and then it was too much and I broke the kiss and screamed, "OH GOD...NO...YESSSS!" and somehow managed to break the embrace, pushing back from my son, his hand slipping from my pants, fingers thickly coated with my juices, gleaming in the harsh lights of the radio booth.

I felt another scream rising in my throat but somehow managed to contain it as my son and the two other men watched me with thunderstruck awe. I don't know how long it was before I could breathe again and the incredible pleasure had receded to a point where I could put more than a single thought together at a time.

"Did we...was that three minutes?" I asked Dirty Davy. I ignored the Chimp who was standing there, motionless, his mouth hanging open and appearing to be drooling like an idiot.

Dirty Davy: "Who cares? You get all the prizes. I wish I had more stuff to give you. That was without a doubt the single greatest moment of my career. I might as well retire cause I aint never topping this!" A soft chime rang out and a light began to flash on his control board.

Dirty Davy: "Oh hell. Folks, we're out of time here. Tune in tomorrow as the Chimp and I will probably be arrested for extremely naughty and indecent behavior. John, any last words?"

My son was staring at me like he was seeing me for the first time. He glanced down at his wet fingers and then back at me and a strange smile crossed his lips. "Yeah, I'm so lucky to have such a cool and hot mom!"

Dirty Davy: "Yes, you are. Be looking for John at the concert next Friday night, Chicagoland. Be sure and shake his hand and hope his karma rubs off on you because this is one lucky motherBEEP" He deftly pressed a button to bleep out the rest of the word. He turned and grinned lasciviously at me and added, "Mom – care to have the final word?"

I grinned at him and then at my son and said, "Um, wow...just um, guess this just goes to show you the sacrifices a mother will make for her son!" I started giggling, sounding I'm sure, like a woman losing her mind.

And then, just like that, we were off the air and Dirty Davy was shaking John's hand, gave me a big hug and began slapping the Chimp back to consciousness. John and I hurriedly exited the radio studio, our tickets and prizes in hand, both of us I think, in a state of shock and disbelief. We left the radio offices amid scattered applause and or stunned and speculative stares from various employees who'd heard the show over speakers stationed everywhere.

Kelly wasn't in the reception area so we moved on outside towards the parking garage we'd left my soccer mom van in. John and I had barely said a word since leaving the radio booth and we didn't speak now. Hell, I could barely meet John's eyes. As the excitement wore off, the realization of what I'd done was sinking in. My son had just been fingering my pussy. If I were to smell his fingers, I knew they'd reek of my juices!

Oddly enough as I was thinking that, John reached out with the hand he'd touched me with and took my hand and we walked on, silently, hand in hand, his fingers still a bit tacky with my cream. His touch still felt electric and I wondered if somehow this had changed things for us. I felt so much more aware of him...aware of him as my son, but also as a man...a very attractive man.

He tightened his grip on my hand and I felt a corresponding tingle between my legs, my still sensitive labia pulsing with need and for a moment I had a flash of that almost overwhelming desire to have my son's big cock buried deep in me. I felt my face burn again, skin blushing and was thankful that we were entering the dimly lit parking garage.

There we found John's girlfriend. Kelly was red-eyed and pale of face and her mouth was puckered into a disapproving frown. When John climbed into the back seat with her and showed her our prizes, she just shook her head and snarled, "I know – I was listening. I can't believe you did that! What's wrong with you people?"

John laughed and tried to kiss her. "It's no big deal. Just acting stupid for a bit and we're a hell of a lot richer because of it!"

"Did you really do it? Do you feel up your mother?" She turned away from John and said, "You're fucking sick. I can't deal with this shit!"

As I drove us away, I looked at her in the rearview mirror and said softly, "It didn't mean anything, Kelly." She rolled her eyes at me and gave a contemptuous snort and said nothing the rest of the long drive back home. We all rode in silence, the tension so thick you could cut it with a knife, but...every once in a while I'd check on both my son and his girlfriend in the backseat using the rearview mirror.

Kelly was always pouting, her usually pretty face all scrunched up as she stared out the window, but John was always looking back at me, a knowing and unsettling smile on his face. I smiled back knowing that it was more than a sweet, motherly smile. We exchanged the smiles of a man and a woman who had shared something important, something intimate. That knowledge kept my pussy moist and tingling all the way home.

Over the next few days, nothing was said between my son and me about what had happened. Oh, what we had done was still hanging about between us. I would catch my son looking at me with unfeigned interest and I was repaying him in kind. I would catch myself reliving those sweet short minutes – reliving the sensations of John's hands on me...in me. It made me wet and it made me hornier than I've been in years. My bedside vibrator and dildo got a good bit of work at the end of the night, when things settled down and got quiet and I was alone with my thoughts.

Images of my son, naked and proudly erect ran amuck in my mind, spurring me on to masturbate furiously, cumming and cumming over and over from fantasies of John going beyond touching and taking me, making me his woman...his lover.

John seemed to spend a lot of alone time in his room too and I was sorely tempted to check his laundry for tell-tale signs of jerking off, but I reasoned that a healthy young man like him would be masturbating a lot anyway. Still, I didn't shy away when I knew he was watching me and I'd be fibbing if I didn't dress a bit sexier because I wanted my son to look at me. I loved the frank, lustful way John would just stare at me.

When I returned to work that following Monday, I tried to prepare myself for any fallout from our radio stunt, but other than a few smirks and giggles, very little was said. I guess most of my co-workers were my age or older and didn't listen to Dirty Davy and the Chimp. I did sign autographs for two mail-room boys, both of whom informed me that I was their hero. I found them sweet and amusing and a bit silly and from then on, I always made a point to be a little flirty with them both.

We were also lucky in that during the weekend, one of Chicago's prominent sportscasters made a nasty racial comment about a local athlete and in the ensuing furor over that incident, Dirty Davy's and the Chimp's stunt was forgotten by the media.

The only real negative event to come out of what we'd done was that Kelly broke up with John...or John broke up with Kelly. Apparently, she couldn't get over it, acting snotty and hateful with my son and I heard from others later through the neighborhood grapevine, she supposedly called me a whore to his face. In any event, the following Tuesday evening, John came home a little downcast and pissed and announced that he and Kelly were through. I suppose I'm terrible, but deep down, that part of me that was fantasizing over my son was absolutely ecstatic!

Wednesday evening as I was going to bed, I had just stopped and gave John a goodnight kiss on the cheek (and gave him a big eyeful of my meaty breasts through the gaping neckline of my blouse and yes, it was sort of intentional), when John turned around in his chair and asked me to wait as I was climbing the stairs.

"Mom, you know the concert's this Friday, right?"

I nodded, "Yes, sweetie – I know."

John squirmed awkwardly in his chair and for the first time in days, looked at me with something other than utter confidence. "Well...you know Kelly and me are quits and we have those free nights at the _____ Hotel and well, I was wondering."

I felt that smoldering warmth between my legs begin to grow. "Yes?" I said, urging him on.

"Mom, I was kinda hoping that you'd be my date Friday night. I know you hate my music, but I thought we could spend the weekend downtown at the hotel. You know, just hang out and stuff." His eyes glowed as he said, 'stuff.'

In the time it took me to reply, "Yes, I'd love to," my nipples went completely erect and my pussy was dripping wet. I'd been hoping John might ask me to the concert and even though I knew it was wrong and dangerous, I was thrilled that he'd ask me. I went to sleep that night with my fingers still buried in my throbbing pussy, having fantasized about my son and me just throwing self control to the wind and succumbing to incestuous lust.

Now, I knew that nothing would happen between us, but it was a whole lot of fun thinking about it and we both enjoyed flirting and teasing each other about our big upcoming weekend date. John would take me in his arms and ask if I was his girl now and I would giggle and cover his face with chaste kisses and say "Yes," before pushing myself out of his arms before things got too physical. The naughty part of me always checked to see if holding me inspired his manhood to grow and not once was I disappointed. It didn't seem fair in a strange, nasty way. I could see the huge bulge of his cock straining to get free, but my son didn't know how wet he made me each time he held me in his strong arms.

As Friday rolled around, I decided to take the naughty flirting a little further. I took a personal day from work and went downtown for a makeover and a new outfit. I wanted my son to be proud of his mother when we showed up at the concert! I had my hair done and burned through the gift certificate for the women's clothing store that we'd won.

When John came storming through the door after school, hollering, "MOM, I'M HOME! ARE YOU READY TO GO TO THE SHOW!" he came to a dead stop, mouth gaping open as he stared at me

standing in the middle of the living room.

"Well, what do you think, son?" I said, spinning around in a circle to show off the new me. My hair was hanging in a long, tightly curled perm, still dark brown with streaks of gray running through it. My hair-dresser called it the ultimate MILF 'do! I was wearing a black satiny bustier that barely covered the lower half of my breasts, the built in cups lifting my slightly sagging tits up to a level they'd not been in a long while, my breasts jiggling with every move I made. A short and tight black leather skirt and stockings and stiletto heels completed my naughty ensemble. I felt like a fashion statement for lewd mothers everywhere. Just knowing my son was going to see me in this slutty outfit had my thong panties soaking wet long before John got home.

"OMIGOD! Mom you look so freaking sexy!" John finally moaned, rushing to me and scooping me up in his arms. "You are fucking hot, Mom!" he said as he spun me around while I blushed and laughed.

"Well, I can't let my son be embarrassed at his big metalhead concert, now can I?" I giggle as he sat me down, his eyes roaming lustily over my body, eyeballs bouncing as my tits jiggled! "I'll be your rock goddess MILF tonight!"

John's eyes grew wide and he grinned happily over my words and said, "Mom, I'll be the envy of every would be mother-fucker there!"

I felt my face blush and I playfully slapped him on the arm. "Now, hush with that nasty talk!" I rose up on tip-toe and kissed him chastely on the lips. "Go get ready and we'll head downtown and check in at the hotel!"

Kissing my son on the lips for the first time since the radio station pleased him – chaste kiss or not and he gave me another strong hug, mashing my barely contained breasts against his chest so tightly I could feel his fast beating heart. "I love you, Mom!" he sighed and then raced upstairs to get changed. When he was out of sight, I sank down onto the couch, trembling something awful. I could feel the sodden material of the crotch of my thong panties. I was so aroused, a state confirmed by looking down at my nipples jutting out against the silky material of my bustier.

I could not remember ever wanting someone as badly as I wanted my son at that moment. It was all I could do to not play with myself while waiting for John to come back downstairs. My pussy ached and cried out for stimulation...in truth, it cried out to be stuffed with my son's cock. My thighs were growing slick with dripping juices from my excited cunt and I fancied I could even smell my arousal. I knew I was playing a dangerous game, but I couldn't seem to stop myself. I was very pleased with my son's reaction to my outfit. It had been a long time since a man looked at me like that.

I let John drive us downtown and he got us there in one piece despite the distraction of his mother sitting with her dress pulled up to almost her crotch, showing off the tops of my black thigh high stockings. My son's cock was swollen and strained for release against his jeans. John looked good in a black concert T-shirt and tight blue jeans, showing off his tight ass. We didn't talk much, but the glances going both ways were full of passion and desire.

We arrived at the hotel and got checked in. The young clerk let his eyes roam over my exposed flesh while I filled out the registration card. John stood right behind me and with every little shifting of my feet, my ass brushed against his crotch. The naughty little bastard was doing it intentionally.

When I slid the card back across the desk, the clerk passed me our card keys and said, "Very good, ma'am. The bellhop will see your bags to the suite. Please let us know if there is anything you need.

The um, radio station has set up an expense account if you need room service and – oh! We'll call up to your suite when the limo arrives."

I looked back and John and he shrugged in puzzlement and I turned back to the clerk and said, "I'm sorry...limo?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. The radio station has taken the liberty of providing you and your friend here a limousine to take you to tonight's concert!"

Well, I was completely non-plussed, but John stepped in and said, "Absolutely freaking cool." He took my hand and said, "Let's go check out our suite, Mom."

The suite was fabulous – like something out of an old movie. A sumptuous lounge area complete with leather sofa and chairs, a bathroom with a sunken tub bigger than most swimming pools and a monstrous bed that would put a king size bed to shame.

John and I stared in awe as we walked around after the bellhop left. We stood in the doorway of the bedroom and my son leered down at me and said, "Well, looks like there's only one bed, Mom. Guess I know where I'm sleeping tonight."

I laughed and turned around and walked back towards the lounge area, trailing fingers teasingly across my son's chest. "That's right, baby. But don't worry, I bet that couch will be plenty comfortable." I winked playfully John and tried not to laugh at his suddenly crestfallen face.

Before he could rally, the front desk called up and announced our limo was here. We are both again wowed by the long, white stretch limo as we boarded out front, a very good looking young woman in a crisp black jacket and miniskirt, opening the door and nodding to us. I could see people on the street craning their necks to get a peek at us and asking each other who we were. It was both embarrassing and thrilling to be a kind of celebrity...even if it was only for a moment!

The young driver leaned in and gave us both an appraising look, her gaze lingering on me longer than on John before she finally said, "I am assuming, ma'am, that you're not Kelly."

I laughed and shook my head, replying, "No, I am definitely not!"

She smiled and said, "Then I assume you're this young man's mother, Carol?"

"Yes," I replied.

The female driver nodded and said as she took a thick envelope from her jacket pocket, "I think that Dirty Davy and the um, Chimp were hoping you would be accompanying your son to the show and I was instructed to give you this." She handed it to me and then quickly walked around the limo and climbed behind the wheel.

I gave John a curious glance and then tore the envelope open. Inside were two laminated cards on leather straps that had in big letters, 'VIP.' A note fell out of the envelope and John leaned down and picked it up off the floorboard. "Read it, honey," I said.

John held it up and read aloud the following,

Dear John & Mom!

Somehow we just knew that your Mom would be coming with you to the show, dude! HI MOM! The band loved the video of your time with us and passed along these passes to sit in the VIP area of the show. We're all be thrilled to see you and you should expect to get introduced during their show. They tell us they have a special surprise in store for you! Lord knows you gave us a surprise and a half last Friday. In thanks, the limo ride is on us!

Love (and a lot of lust)

Dirty Davy and the Chimp!

"There's champagne if you care to partake," our limo driver said, looking back over her seat. "My name is Linda. If there's anything I can do for you, please just push the call button – otherwise, I'll let you two enjoy your ride!" She smiled at us in such a way I felt as if she could see every lusty, incestuous thought in my mind and then she ran a privacy screen up, leaving John and I alone. A moment later, we felt the limousine pull smoothly out into traffic.

John seemed to quickly recover from my teasing him about the couch, his eyes roaming speculatively over my scantily clad body and although the limo was a smooth ride, I knew that John was taking in every little jiggle of the exposed portions of my breasts. We sat facing each other for a minute and then John slid down to the bar and asked me, "Champagne, Mom?"

I giggled in amusement and nodded and John worried the cork out of the bottle and managed to pour a glass of champagne and then paused over another glass and gave me a questioning look. "Hmmm – just a little, you are underage and all," I said in my best mothering voice.

John poured himself about half of what he gave me and then carefully moved to cross over and sit next to me, his blue jean clad leg brushing my stocking clad thigh. He was looking down and I peered down and felt myself blush as I realized my crotch was exposed and I was inadvertently showing my son my soaked panties, wet spot vaguely visible. "Here you go, Mom," John said, his voice suddenly a bit hoarse.

I lifted myself up and nonchalantly scooted my miniskirt down as much as possible and then took the proffered champagne from my son, trying to act as if I hadn't noticed my son staring at my cunt. Just the thought of it made me a little wetter.

"Well, here's to you, Mom," John said, raising his glass up. "If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't be here right now." He smiled at me in such a brazen, confident way, I felt like I ought to be either sliding the hell away from him as fast as possible or tearing my clothes off...as fast as possible.

We both took a sip of the champagne, its bubbles tickling my nose. It was very good, but I was amused to see John make a face. "Not to your taste, huh?"

John sipped the rest of his drink and shook his head, "Beer's better – um, not that I drink., Mom."

I laughed and finished off my drink. John moved to refill my glass and as he did, I teasingly said, "Trying to get your old mother drunk?"

My son smiled and said, "Well, whatever it takes to not be sleeping on the couch, Mom."

"You're a naughty boy, John." I looked around the limo and at the note from the shock jocks, lying on the opposite seat and then again at my son, catching him staring down at my tits and legs and after shaking my head and taking another long sip of champagne, continued, "This whole thing from the beginning has been awfully naughty."

John grinned evilly and replied, "Well, Mom, naughty can be nice, right? It's not like we've done anything really wrong."

I let out a harsh laugh and said, "French kissing my own son – letting him feel me up, letting him f-finger me, isn't wrong?" I slugged back the rest of my champagne...feeling very warm all of a sudden.

John was frowning and in a suddenly uncertain tone said, "So do you regret doing it, Mom?"

I know I should have told him that, yes, that it was wrong – that being dressed like this and feeling sexually aroused by my own son was wrong and that we should turn this limo around, check out of the hotel and go home and back to my safe, middle class life. But I didn't. Maybe it was the champagne which was already giving me a buzz, maybe it was just me, not wanting the naughty feelings to end, I'm not sure, but what I did was scoot a little closer to my son, my breasts brushing his arm and resting my free hand on his blue jean clad thigh, I said, "Not one bit. I'm having fun, sweetie!"

I rose up, my left breast almost popping free from my bustier as it dragged along my son's upper arm and pecked a kiss on his cheek. John shivered a bit and then grinned the same grin he always got whenever he'd gotten away with something as a boy and said, "But, I'm still on the couch, right."

I winked at him and replied, "You betcha," I giggled as he rolled his eyes.

A few minutes later, we arrived at the concert. Linda opened the door for us and after making sure we had our passes, told us, "I'll be here whenever you wish to leave."

After walking past a line of photographers and feeling like a celebrity for a moment as cameras flashed, I had my ego deflated a little as I heard one of the photographers say, "Who was that?" only to get a reply from another, "Nobody."

We were guided to our seats, spacious things unlike anything I had experienced at a concert before. There was an open bar and beautiful young women in short shorts and tight tank tops waiting on the VIPs that included at least two Chicago area pro-baseball players, a pro-hockey player, a local anchorwoman and amazingly, us! We both felt a little out of place, but wound up chatting with several of the others in the VIP seats and I even gave an autograph to the hockey player who'd apparently heard us on the radio.

Then the lights went down and suddenly it sounded like World War Three had started as the whole place went up in explosions and fireworks and flames and my entire body seemed to be vibrating as John's favorite band began playing...something. It was loud and apparently good considering the audience's reaction. We were all on our feet and as time went by, I began to catch the lyrics which seemed mostly about sex and drugs and sex and fast cars and last but not least, sex. People were moving in time to the music's beat, shaking their heads violent and many including my son were dancing to it.

The first song led into another, this one louder and faster than the first and I was laughing as John tried to get me to dance to it, bouncing up and down like we'd gone insane. John's eyes were locked onto my body as I tried to dance to it, not laughing a bit, but staring at me lustfully and I realized that my partly bare breasts were no doubt quite a sight, jiggling and jumping up and down and it was a miracle they hadn't bounced right out of the bustier.

My head swam from the noise and music and from the evergrowing presence of smoke in the air – not just from the special effects, but with an aroma I'd not really experienced in several years. When I screamed to John that I suspected someone was smoking pot, he just grinned and pretended to take in a great lungful before continuing to dance.

The third song was even more thunderous and exhausted from the last one, I just stood there while my son did the headbanger thing wondering how long his brain could stay intact doing that. As the raucous noise washed over me, I suddenly looked down and had to laugh – as the waves of sound washed over us, my tits were literally jiggling on their own with no movement from me.

I tugged on John's arm and screamed into his ear, "Just how loud is this music going to get – I'm afraid I'm going to vibrate right out of my top!"

John stopped shaking to the music and watched my breasts move all on their own to the music and then shrugged and screamed back (I think), "So what – check it out, Mom – a lot of women are already topless!"

My son pointed towards the main crowd away from us and I gave them a good long look for the first time as my mouth sagged open. John was absolutely correct. Scattered through the crowd were several woman, breasts out and bouncing as they danced.

The fourth song was a change of pace – a bluesy number, slow and it seemed to me, very sexually charged. The head banging stopped and everyone began swaying in time to the music while the singer (who sounded as if he had his balls caught in a meatgrinder began to screech sexually suggestive lyrics which periodically seemed to be urging some woman to "lick me."

John slipped his arm around my shoulder and began swaying, taking me back and forth with him as he sang along, somehow always managing to be grinning down at me when the "lick me" refrain came around. I shivered each time he said it, feeling the moistness of my pussy increasing and my nipples hard and long, trying to break free of the bustier. By the time the song ended, I was so aroused, I was almost ready to rip John's clothes off and fuck him right in front of the thousands of folks in the arena. My head spun – maybe from the drinks, maybe from the contact high I was getting from the marijuana cloud floating about, or maybe from the sexual desire I was feeling for my son.

As the song ended, I skittered out of my son's embrace and started to walk away and find a women's room to calm down, but before I could do anything, I heard the voice of Dirty Davy echoing through the place.

"ALL RIGHT CHICAGO! IS THIS FUCKING PLACE ROCKING OR WHAT?" He proceeded to welcome the band to Chicago and then to thank the concert sponsors. He began introducing various special VIPs and I suddenly wished I was somewhere else as he said, "AND LAST AND CERTAINLY NOT LEAST, THE CHIMP AND I WANT TO WELCOME WFUK's WINNERS OF THE 'WOULD YOU MAKE OUT WITH MOM FOR TICKETS' WINNERS – JOHN AND HIS MOM CAROL, GIVE THEM A FUCKING BIG HAND!"

A spotlight touched down on us as the arena erupted in loud cheering that seemed to go on and on. I stepped back to my son, my left arm going around his waist as we waved to the crowd, my face red as could be. As the cheers just kept coming, the Chimp suddenly appeared on stage, another microphone in his hand and he started shouting, "WE WANT A KISS! WE WANT A KISS! WE WANT A KISS!"

The crowd went nuts and started taking up the chant. I suddenly felt very dizzy and warm as we stood in the middle of that spotlight, our ears echoing with the screams of maybe thirty thousand people demanding that my son and I kiss, urged on by both Dirty Davy and the Chimp and then the band, all demanding, "WE WANT A KISS!"

My son turned to me, a silly grin on his face and over the din, he hollered, "So, what are we going to do, Mom?"

My heart was pounding, I could feel my blood pulsing in my brain and between my legs and I felt like I might just swoon and could barely believe my own voice when I replied, "I guess we're going to kiss, idiot!"

My son and I came together in a passionate embrace, our arms wrapping around each other, pulling our bodies tightly together and as our lips met, I admitted to myself that I'd truly been aching for this all this past week! The crowd went nuts as we kissed and although I didn't notice at the time, cameras were on us, transmitting our kiss to huge monitors on stage, giving everyone a good look at our mouths hungrily working as our tongues greeted each other like long lost lovers.

We gave the kiss all we had, both of us grunting and sighing with contentment as our tongues danced and curled around each other. God, I liked doing this with my son. The crowd roared its approval as my son brazenly slid his hands down my back and cupped my ass cheeks through the thin material of my miniskirt while the crowd chanted, "DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP!"

A wicked and insane impulse had me respond to my son's indecent embrace by lifting my left leg up and curling it around his thigh, exposing the top seam of my stockings and a large amount of thigh while rubbing my wet panty clad mound against John's thigh, hoping he'd feel the heat he was generating inside his mother! John pulled me tighter against him, making sure I felt his erection pressing into my stomach. I knew we were acting completely indecent, but suddenly I didn't give a damn.

The crowd loved it and cheered us on minute after lewd minute until finally we broke the kiss, gasping, our mouths wet with each other's saliva. We again waved to the crowd, both of us shaking with nervous energy. I looked up at my son and saw he only had eyes for me as he mouthed, "I love you, Mom!"

He hugged me tight against him, me shouting into his ear, "I love you, too, son!"

The band's lead singer, a scary looking man with long, greasy hair and a muscle shirt that showed off disturbing looking tattoos, took the microphone again and in his English or maybe Australian accent, growled, "ALL RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT WE FUCKING CAME TO CHICAGO FOR! LET'S GIVE ANOTHER BIG FUCKING HAND TO CAROL AND JOHN, YOU WANKERS!"

The arena's audience screamed in response and the band began to softly (for them), play another bluesy number. The lead singer leaned into the microphone and looked right down at us, flashing us a big, toothy grin and said, "ALL RIGHT, CHICAGO – THIS NEXT SONG IS OFF OUR LAST FUCKING ALBUM AND AINT ONE YOU'D BE HEARING ON PUSSY AMERICAN RADIO. WE'RE GONNA DEDICATE IT TO JOHN AND HIS HOT FUCKING MOTHER, CAROL – 'THE MOTHERFUCKER RAG'!"

The band brought it up a notch and John evidently anticipating the song, took me in his arms and we began to move to the music and then the lead singer began singing in a slow, booze-laden

voice and I couldn't believe the words I was hearing...and even more, that my son was singing along too.

The MotherFucker Rag

I see her walking 'round me,

Shaking that sexy body with all she's got

My naughty mind begins to dream naughty forbidden thoughts

Who would've ever imagined, who would've ever dreamed

My mother would be so fucking hot, she'd make me wanna CREAM!

MOTHERFUCKER!

That's all I want to be!

MOTHERFUCKER!

Please Momma, won't you please come satisfy me!

MOTHERFUCKER!

Oh Mommy, please let me be your one and only

MOTHERFUCKER!

Mom gives me that naughty knowing smile,

That makes certain parts of my body grow!

I dream of those long legs parting

Her juicy sweet treasures to show!

So I can climb back in and with a grin

Lose myself in incestuous sin!

MOTHERFUCKER!

That's all I want to be!

MOTHERFUCKER!

Please Momma, won't you please come satisfy me!

MOTHERFUCKER!

Oh Mommy, please let me be your one and only

MOTHERFUCKER!

Mom slowly walks up to me, her ass it sweetly shakes

Making me sweat and swell, while my entire body quakes

I can't believe it when she kisses me, slipping me a little tongue

And then Mom whispers to me, baby, please oh please,

Make your mommy cum!

MOTHERFUCKER!

That's all I want to be!

MOTHERFUCKER!

Please Momma, won't you please come satisfy me!

MOTHERFUCKER!

Oh Mommy, please let me be your one and only

MOTHERFUCKER!

My head was whirling so much that if I hadn't been in my son's arms, I think I might have fainted and collapsed, I was that close to swooning. The music seemed to invade my body even as the words seemed to echo the lust etched on my son's face. I felt like I was on fire and I was consumed by the sudden, overwhelming desire for John, and even if he'd let me go, I would have clung all the fiercely to him, feeling his strong arms around me and the heat and sweat for all the physical activity and as our bodies moved together with the rhythm of the obscene song, I felt my inhibitions melting away in the incestuous lust of the moment.

I began to respond to my son physically, rubbing against him as we danced, trapping his thigh between my legs and practically humping him while our faces grew closer and closer till I could feel John's hot breath against my face, my neck and my breasts. My hands rubbed and caressed his chest, his back and his butt while his hands again cupped my ass cheeks, sliding under my skirt – his fingers digging into the meat of my ass while he dry-humped his denim covered cock against me.

Remotely, I sensed the crowd roaring its approval as the band began to repeat the refrain again and again, each time with more intensity, the cheers growing louder as my son and I kissed again, still moving to the nasty music until finally, it ended in a crescendo of screaming, discordant guitars and insane drums. "NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, YOU FUCKERS!" growled the lead singer while John and I still were locked in our embrace, looking at each other as if seeing each other for the first time.

"Get me out of here, son," I moaned, pressing my head against his sweaty chest, feeling his heart pounding madly. "Take me back to the hotel...now!" I looked up into my son's eyes, confident he could read my feelings from the expression on my face and he just nodded and with his arm wrapped possessively around my waist, we fled the arena.

Linda, our Limo driver was right on the ball, spotting us exiting and had the limo door open for us as we approached, me still clinging to my son as if my life depended on it. "Is everything all right?" she asked. John nodded and I said, "Yes, thank you," shocked at the ragged tenor to my voice, full of need and desire. We climbed in and Linda closed the door and hurried around to her seat.

When she was on board and I could see her eyes on us in her rear view mirror, I said, "Take us to the hotel, please, Linda,"

"Of course, ma'am," she replied, starting up the limo and moving us swiftly away from the arena.

"Linda?"

"Yes, ma'am," she answered.

"Please get us there quickly and Linda, some privacy if you please." I saw her eyes widen a little in comprehension and she nodded and I paid her no more mind as even before the privacy screen slid all the way up, I was climbing into my son's lap and hungrily mashed my lips against his and forced my tongue into his mouth.

I savagely pursued his tongue with mine even as I worked my mound against the bulge in his crotch, savoring the delicious wickedness of feeling his denim covered cock rubbing against my sodden mound, pushing the soaked silk material of my g-string between my sensitive labia.

John's hands again were cupping my ass cheeks. I reached down and took one of his hands and brought it up to cup my breast, urging him to squeeze my fleshy, meaty tit as we kissed. I groaned into my son's mouth as he deftly used his thumb to push down my bustier just enough to free my swollen nub of a nipple and then using the pad of his thumb to rub and tease it.

Each minute locked in this passionate embrace was like a gift from heaven, yet I ached for it to come to an end and was so thankful when we came to a stop and over the intercom heard Linda say softly, "We're here."

By the time she had our door open, my son and I had pulled ourselves together someone. My nipple was covered again and although I'm sure the limo reeked of my juices, you could barely see the wet spots on the crotch of John's blue jeans. Linda squeezed my hand and gave me a knowing smile as she helped me out of the limousine.

I slipped her one of our radio prize hundred dollar bills and thanked her for getting us here so quickly.

The young woman smiled at us and said, "Thank you." She winked at us as I took John's hand and literally dragged him towards the huge revolving door and called after us, "I hope you two have a wonderful night!"

John and I hurried through the lobby, ignoring the stares that accompanied us. In the elevator, I again forced myself against my son, kissing him passionately as the lift took us up to our suite, my hands roaming hungrily over his body, pulling his shirt out of his jeans and caressing his chest and rubbing my palm against the rock hard bulge in his pants. After much frustrated fumbling with the key card, we pushed into the room, pausing only to hang the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door.

We'd scarcely closed the door when John literally slammed me against the door, pinning me there with his body as he kissed me, his hands scooping my breasts out of the bustier's cups, fingers quickly finding and pinching and pulling on my swollen nipples. My hands were busy too as I fumbled at his jeans, hands shaking as I finally got the button undone and then anxiously tugging down the zipper. I had forgotten how hot things can get in a man's crotch as my fingers slipped in, expecting to work my way into the folds of his shorts, but finding instead hot skin and crinkly hair

and a thick tube of pulsating flesh that I managed to get free, gasping into my son's mouth at just how big he really was.

As my hand tried to encircle the girth of his cock, John, his tongue busily dueling mine, slid a hand from my breast to under my skirt and then with a growl, he ripped my thong from my body and then his hand was palming my mound, fingers tracing paths through my thick and trimmed mat of pussy fur before finding my splayed labia and pressing into my liquid, syrupy heat!

An intense jolt of extreme pleasure tore through my, emanating outwards from my cunt as my son touched me, seeming to know my every secret spot. I clamped my thighs around his hand, not wanting to let him go...at least not until I found something better. Our kiss continued as we stroked and touched each other. Finally, John pulled his hand free and tugged on my miniskirt, letting it pool at my feet. I let go of his cock and wrapping my arms around his neck, literally lifted myself up, trying to wrap my shapely legs around his waist, trapping his long cock against my wet muff.

"Am I still on the couch, Mom?" John gasped, breaking the kiss – my mouth pursuing his, my tongue still seeking the sweet warmth of his mouth.

"Hell yes, you're on the couch, son – carry me over there and fuck me on that fucking couch, John!" I moaned before forcing my tongue into his mouth again. As we kissed, John began to move us that way, shuffling awkwardly at first as his jeans fell and threatened to trip him up. Each stumbling movement brought a muffled groan from me as his erect dick rubbed against my aroused pussy lips. Finally, John kicked free of his shoes and jeans and hurried the rest of the way across the room and then he gently deposited me on the couch.

I'm sure I looked like some crazed MILF whore, as I reclined back on the couch, wearing nothing but my stocking and heels and the bustier with my tits escaped. John stared down hungrily at me as he quickly pulled his T-shirt off and stood before me naked as the day he was born – his cock hard and long and almost lying upright along his flat stomach. I spread my legs, lifting one leg to rest on the top of the back cushions.

My heart was pounding as I said in a shaky whisper, sure that I was screwing up the lyrics, "Motherfucker! Wont you baby come satisfy me? Motherfucker, baby, please of please, make your mommy cum! Motherfucker!"

"I love you, Mom," sighed John as he climbed between my spread legs.

"I love you too. C'mon, now – do what I've been dreaming of ever since that stupid radio show. Fuck me, son – make your mommy cum! John, be my MOTHERFUCKER!" This last ended in a scream of sheer joy as John moved upwards as I took his cock in hand and pressed the head against my quivering, juicy cunt and he thrust into me like he'd done it all his life.

John was big – bigger than his father had been, bigger than any man I'd ever been with and I could only scream and roll my hips to meet him as he sank slowly into my aching, wet pussy, relentlessly opening me up and touching me as no man has ever done before! It was almost too much – like a pleasure bomb going off inside me. My hands were scrabbling about, the fingers on one hand clawing the leather skin of the sofa while my other hand was flat against my son's chest as part of me wanted to stop the pleasure bordering on pain, but I found I couldn't give it up and my hand slid around John's waist to cup his taut butt cheek and urge him deeper.

After what seemed a sweet eternity, I felt John's pubic hair grinding into my muff and shaved parts of my mound and I opened my eyes and looked into my son's loving gaze and tried to speak, but

only a whimper emerged from my lips as I was overwhelmed by the sheer fact that my son's cock was buried in me and I was happier than I had ever been before. John nodded and I saw tears pooling in his eyes and he said in a choked voice, "I love you so much, Mom."

My sweet son began to fuck me then and for a brief insane moment, I felt my jealousy of Kelly swell to immense proportions as I begrudged her every moment John had ever spent with his cock buried in her instead of me, then I let the jealousy go, knowing he was completely mine now – that I was claiming my son as my lover, as my motherfucker and that I would never let him go! Never had I known such ecstasy as I did at that moment as John's cock, my cunt flesh clinging possessively to him, began to move in and out of me.

John ducked his head and began licking my nipples as his hips rolled, driving his cock in me again and again. The intense pleasure between my legs spread out and met the delicious feelings of John's rough tongue rolling over my hard, swollen nipples and his teeth nipping teasingly at my oh so sensitive flesh. My entire body seemed to go up in flames of incestuous pleasure and I writhed madly underneath my son's body as his cock filled me up again and again.

That lovely huge and long cock was touching places in me that were virgin territory and yet I wanted even more. I rolled my pelvis and spread my legs, pulling my knees back, doing everything possible to open myself up so my John could bury his cock deeper inside me.

John's arms came up under my knees and lifted, rolling me up like a ball of aroused flesh, each stroke of his stiff penis piercing me a little deeper than before while his mouth was kissing my body, tongue licking my throbbing nipples or rolling over my quivering tits or running up along my neck and stealing a sloppy kiss from me.

I seemed to have lost the ability to speak, but I filled the room with moans, cries and screams as my pleasure waxed and waned...never ending, but at times becoming more intense than anything I had ever experienced or dreamed possible! We were both covered with sweat, allowing our joined flesh to move more easily, yet almost gluing me to the leather cushions, providing purchase for me to accept my son's cock more completely.

Suddenly without warning, John's thrusts increased greatly and I began to scream as his cock's pounding of my pussy sent me to new heights of pleasure and then he stiffened, driving deep and I felt my insides flooding with his hot spunk – thick, steaming ropes of semen bathing my womb and my body responded in kind, triggering the greatest orgasm of my life and my screams went higher only to fade hoarsely away as I could only gasp for air as carnal ecstasy enveloped every fiber of my being! Time seemed to be suspended as I wallowed with my son in the incestuous joy of our mutual orgasm – the only coherent movement I made was finding my son's mouth and kissing him as his cock pulsed powerfully within my pussy, sustaining our pleasure for what seemed just short of forever.

When we came to our senses, John was sprawled on top of me, his cock still buried in me, his breath fast and hot on my neck and I was sobbing almost hysterically, having finally found my voice and saying, "I love you, son!" over and over again. As minutes passed, we both faced each other and I searched his face for signs of remorse or shame and was delighted to the core of my being that I saw none. John was staring intently at me as well, searching for any indication of regret on my part and I reassured him by letting my mouth turn upward in a loving smile.

"John," I said, the joy evident in my voice, "You can feel free to make out with your mom anytime you like." I worked my weary cunt muscles around his semi-erect cock and continued, "I love you,

son and I'm sorry it took those two silly DJ's to allow me to see the truth."

"I love you too, Mom," His face, already red with exertion, darkened a little more. "I gotta confess – I only entered that contest so I might get the chance to really kiss you. I've dreamed of loving you, Mom, like a man, for freaking ever."

"I don't care, baby," I replied, wrapping my legs around him possessively. "I just want you to know Mommy's body...Mommy's pussy...all of Mommy is yours for as long as you want me!" Already, my lust began to grow again and my mind reeled with all the secret desires and fantasies I wanted to make reality.

I began by urging my son off me. As much as I relished his big, long dick inside me, I had a sudden craving to taste his cock and I quickly found myself on my knees, between John's thighs, my mouth and tongue lavishly loving his cock, cleaning it of semen and cunt and returning it to lovely hardness. It had been a while since I'd pleased a man with my mouth, but I gave it my all and had my son squirming and bucking before too long as I made love to his magnificent cock.

Sometime that night, we made it to bed. My memories of that are fractured and overwhelmed by a recollection of incredible pleasure. I remember being carried to the bedroom, impaled on John's erection and beating his back as each jolting step touched me in ways I never conceived of. I remember riding my son, his hands trying to capture and contain my flailing tits as they bounced while I slid up and down on his cock, trying to go slow, but needing to be filled completely with my son's cockmeat. I remember being on my hands and knees, stroking John's cock off and like a cum crazed whore, taking his sperm in my face, my tongue lashing out to catch the spray of semen showering my face. Lastly I remember drifting off to sleep in a haze of sweet satisfaction, my son's strong arms wrapped around me, making me feel safe and oh so loved.

When morning came, we were awakened by an insistent knock at the door. John, swearing like a sailor, pulled a blanket around his waist and stumbled bleary eyed to answer it. I rolled over and stretched like a big, contented cat, smiling as I recalled the tremendous night that had just occurred. From the living room of the suite, I could hear my son's voice and other voices, loud and familiar.

Smiling, I rose and loosely wrapped a sheet around my now naked body. I grinned at the sight of my bustier lying across the top of a lampshade and my stockings, now torn and in tatters on the floor. I walked into the living room and as I expected, Dirty Davy and the Chimp stood there, bleary eyed, both trying to talk at once and handing several packages to my son.

"Can't a mother and her son get some sleep after a big night like last night?" I said, interrupting whatever the shock jocks were saying. Both stopped cold and stared at me, their jaws dropping wide as they took me in – an obviously naked woman – my hair bed tousled, with a sheet around me – my breasts partially visible and one shapely leg exposed as well.

The Chimp's mouth moved but nothing came out and he finally settled on just giving me a big, leering grin while Dirty Davy finally stammered out a reply. "Um, it was, um – we just wanted to thank you folks for coming to the show – you were a big hit and the band was really disappointed they didn't get to meet you." He just stared at me for a few moments as I tried to readjust my wrap and if I "accidentally" flashed the shock jocks a breast or a brief glance of my dark bush, well, I don't think they minded."

"Mom, the band gave us all this cool stuff," John said, showing me the packages in his hands. I saw several CDs and T-shirts and what appeared to be some silk baseball jackets.

"Um, yeah. They really hope you'll be at their show the next time they play Chicago," said Dirty Davy.

I nodded and smiled and said, "We'd love to be there – just let us know." I walked up and kissed Dirty Davy on the mouth, letting my tongue brush against his lips and then turned and did the same to the Chimp, who despite being speechless, had fast enough reflexes to manage a little tongue on tongue time with me before I slipped away from his embrace.

"Thanks for coming by," I said and then in a really heartfelt tone, I added, "Thanks for everything you've done for my son and I," as I herded them out the door. "We'd love to chat more, but John and I had a really long night and, well," I said, giving them a wink as I closed the door, "My son and I really need to spend some more time in bed!"

I closed and latched the door, ignoring the excited comments beyond. I turned, dropping the sheet and after John dropped the box aside, slipped into his arms and gave him a long, delicious good morning kiss.

"You are so naughty, Mom," John said, grinning from ear to ear when we finished our kiss. Somewhere along the way, he'd lost the blanket and now his cock was completely erect and trying to rise from between my legs.

"Mmmm, I'm just getting started," I replied, my hand already stroking that fine fuckpole of his. I nodded to the box. "Is that 'Motherfucker' on one of those CD's?"

John nodded, saying, "Yep, they gave us all their stuff."

I kissed my son again, grinding myself against him and when we came up for air, I said, "I'm sure there's an entertainment center in this place. Put that song on and come back to bed." I gave his cock one last slow stroke and squeeze and then turned and slowly walked towards the bedroom, feeling my son's eyes crawling up and down my swaying ass. When I got to the door, I turned so he could see my low slung breasts in profile and the dark forest emerging from between my legs. I gave him a come hither smile and said, "Hurry up. Mommy needs her motherfucker real bad!"

A short while later, I think I truly understood the attraction of hard metal rock. As my son fucked me hard and furiously while the 'Motherfucker Rag' rocked through the suite, I finally came to realize the inherent sexual power of the music. As we clawed and sucked and bit and fucked each other, holding nothing back, letting ourselves become absolutely intoxicated with each other, the music itself spurred us on and was in itself a part of our newly discovered incestuous love and lust for each other and as the lead singer screamed, we joined him in shrieks of absolute joy and pleasure...that song and others like it an anthem for our love and desire for each other.

John is now in college and still living at home. He dates now and again and I contain my jealousy so long as when he gets home and I lick him clean of those girls' creamy cunts, he follows up with demonstrating who his true love is and forever will be. He carries everywhere his cell phone with the song "Motherfucker Rag" downloaded as a ring tone that lets him know that his mother is home, legs spread wide and pussy soaking wet, hungry and anxious for her motherfucker to come home and make mommy cum!

The End