

THE NAUGHTY FAMILY CH. 03

Ahabscribe

Mom takes steps to win son to the family's new life!

Incest/Taboo

4.74

16.5k words

Here is the third chapter of this story - we will be shifting from Dad's p.o.v. to Mom's and I hope it's everything some of you have been hoping for! I'm pleased at the reception this series has received so far. Looking forward to your comments, be they negative or positive.

As per the usual, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are fictitious as well. Enjoy!

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As I pulled onto the campus of the state university, I could feel the anticipation of the moment tingling inside me, mixed up with the horniness I had felt since I'd woken up this morning and called home. There hadn't been much conversation -- it's really hard to have a phone conversation with people when they're fucking, especially when it's your husband and daughter gasping and moaning between "Hello" and "How are you?"

I had burned up the cell phone minutes, stroking my wet pussy while listening to Jilly and John being swept away by their morning fuck, my daughter nearly screaming into the receiver, "Yesssss! DADDY'S REALLY FUCKING ME GOOOOOOOD, MOMMMM!" As I plunged fingers in and out of my wet snatch, I listened as my husband pumped away with his cock, plunging it in and out of our little girl's cunt with total abandon pretty much as he had done since we'd broke through the walls of taboo and let our fantasies become reality back in early April.

I could almost see my handsome man on top of our tall, shapely daughter, ramming that long, thick dick of his into her wet, bald cunt over and over. It made me ache just a little that I couldn't be there, to share his big cock with Jilly, kissing him and kissing her, tasting him inside her pussy, tasting myself on her lips, abandoning all reason and conventional morals as we indulged in sweet incest over and over! But, I was on a mission...it was my job to bring our last family member into our new way of life. I needed and suddenly wanted to fuck my son, Scotty.

As I parked in front of his dorm, I reflected on how difficult this task might be. Scotty was our oldest child -- a near genius young man of twenty-three years old, due to finish his graduate degree in cybernetics in the fall. Spring semester was over and I was here to pick him up and bring him home for the summer. I was here for more than that though. I was here to seduce him and guide him into becoming more of a loving family member than he might ever have imagined. And I knew how difficult that would be. See, Scotty has a mild neurological condition -- a slight form of Asperger's Syndrome that had made socializing a bit more difficult for him than most.

Scotty required an orderly world -- one that was reliable and structured without too many deviations. It was a world of rules and process that did not change lightly from day to day. Whenever that world was disrupted, it threw him into a tizzy, manifested by tantrums or withdrawal. As a child, he would weep or rage at his mischievous little sister's "unauthorized" trespasses into his room or at any unexpected changes in school schedules or any other unanticipated events. But, as I had learned from long experience, my son could and did adapt to new situations and while

becoming sexually active within the family would be one hell of a new situation, I was confident that I could help guide Scotty through it.

I glanced at my wristwatch and seeing that it was nearly four in the afternoon, my late arrival would no doubt be seen as an unanticipated event. I should have been here before noon so we could make it back home before it would get too late. As it was, we would now have to stop for the night on the way. This would no doubt upset Scotty, but was part of my overall plan.

I climbed out of the minivan, feeling the breeze warm on my bare arms and legs. Most of the dorm's students had already gone home, but here and there were young men and their mothers and fathers loading packed boxes into cars or trucks or vans for their own trips home and I was aware of more than a few of them were eyeing me.

I was wearing a sleeveless summer halter dress, a floral print on white that contrasted well with my olive complexion. The short hem showed off my shapely legs well and the light cotton material clung tightly to my large breasts, scarcely contained in the lacy strapless half bra I had on. The halter dress didn't offer up too much cleavage, but it still accentuated the shape and heft of my breasts and neither my dress nor my bra did anything to conceal my nipples, thick and erect in anticipation of seeing my son. High heeled sandals completed my ensemble as I strutted up the steps of the dormitory. My shoulder length black hair framed my green eyes that my cat's eye glasses seemed to accentuate.

I grinned and somehow managed not to blush as I heard a couple of faint wolf whistles as I climbed up the two flights of steps and walked down the long hallway to my son's dorm room. I was proud of my zaftig figure, all tits and ass as my husband liked to proclaim. I sometimes envied our daughter, Jilly's taller and more slender figure, but I was comforted by the fact that I had been turning heads since I was a teenager. While my normal dress was more modest, since becoming incestuously involved with my daughter -- in certain situations, I was enjoying dressing up much more sexily and to be honestly, dressing more like a slut. Certainly, showing up with seducing my son was such an occasion to dress so sexily..

I scarcely had knocked on Scotty's door before he flung it open, his green eyes, so much like mine, wide with panic. My son needed a haircut, his black hair all askew and falling into his face as he exclaimed, "Mom, you're late! We're going to get home late if we can get home at all." Even in his panic at the upset of the status quo, I could see that he still managed to give me a long look up and down, registering and recording my sexy outfit. "Mom, I don't know if we can drive home tonight. It would be after midnight, Mom!"

With long practiced ease, I reached out and placing the palm of my hand on his chest, pushed him backwards, allowing me to enter his dorm room. "I'm glad to see you too, son," I said, stepping inside his comfort zone and kissing him on the corner of his mouth, allowing my meaty breasts to rub against his T-shirt covered chest. I could feel him stiffen up against me -- personal contact was something my son had difficulty with.

"Mom. It's really late. Why are you so late? We can't make it home tonight, Mom!"

I put my arms around his neck and tugged his head down until we gently bumped foreheads and looking him in the eye, I repeated, "It's good to see you, Scotty."

I locked gazes with him, not allowing him to pull away and after a few seconds, my son began to calm down and finally he gave me a bashful grin and said. "It's good to see you, Mom." I lifted an

eyebrow in expectation and he moved his head and kissed me back, aiming for the corner of my mouth, but because I deliberately shifted, more or less bussing me on the lips.

Still with my arms around his neck, I felt his heart pounding in his chest, more likely from his anxiety over my tardiness than from the fact his mother was mashing her tits against his chest. He confirmed it by repeating more calmly, "Mom, you're late and that means we can't get home tonight."

I nodded and replied, "That's correct. But it's all right. All it means is that you and I will spend the night in a motel. Is there anything wrong with that?" I felt amusement as I saw him try and process this. "Is there anything wrong with a mother and son staying overnight in a motel?"

I blushed and he giggled a moment before saying. "No."

I nodded and kissed him again, this time a brief kiss full on the lips. "Good boy. Now, let's get you packed up and we'll be on our way." I dropped my arms and stepped around him, dragging my breasts across my chest as I did so. A quick glance around the room confirmed that he was ready to go -- a small stack of boxes and crates that we'd have to haul down to the minivan. My son lived a pretty spartan life -- only keeping what clothes he actually needed, a few computer games, some DVDs and books, and a laptop.

Scotty insisted on carrying everything down, leaving the arrangement of the boxes to me. As he announced to me that he had the last load, I was leaning into the side of the minivan shuffling things around so they wouldn't shift or turn over. Before I turned around, I caught him in the corner of my vision checking out my voluptuous backside -- the light cotton dress stretched tightly across my backside -- thong bikini leaving no panty line.

I spun around and said, "And what are you looking at, young man?"

Scotty looked down and blushed and then with his face turning bright red replied, "You look really pretty in that dress, Mom."

I felt a flush sweep through me, a tingle blossoming between my thighs at his words, but acted amused as I said, "Thank you, Scotty. I swear there must be no good looking girls around if you're staring at an old lady's butt!"

Scotty looked panicked for a moment, but saw my grin and said boldly, "You're as pretty as any girl here at the university, Mom!"

"Why thank you, son!" I said. I did a little shimmy dance, making my barely fettered breasts roll about my chest. "Am I as sexy as your college girlfriends?"

My son's eyes followed my bouncing breasts about even as his mouth gaped open at my little bit of teasing and then he hurriedly brushed by me to set the last set of boxes down, unable to look me in the eyes as he muttered, "I don't have any girlfriends." He paused for a second and still avoiding my gaze, said more bravely, "You're sexier, Mom!"

I came up behind Scotty and wrapped my arms around his waist, hearing him gasp as I invaded his space again, this time mashing my tits against his slightly sweaty back. "Thank you, sweetheart! You make an old lady feel young and pretty!" I showered him with quick little kisses on his neck and ears until he squealed with delight and broke free of my embrace.

He retreated a few steps and we stood and looked at each other, Scotty giggling until he nearly lost his breath. I was gratified that I thought I could detect a faint outline of an erection beneath his crisp khakis. Finally, I said, "Well, sweetie, if we have everything, we should get on the road."

Scotty reverted to type by agreeing vigorously, "Absolutely! We are already late. No way can we get home tonight!"

We climbed into the van, me driving because Scotty found driving too disorganized. Not being able to predict what other drivers would do unnerved him. We hit the highway with my son talking animatedly about his graduation thesis which revolved around a new artificial intelligence program. It mostly went over my head, but I was happy to let him chatter on while I waited to see how long it would take him to notice that in getting into the driver's seat, I'd allowed my short dress to ride up my thighs to my crotch.

I had almost given up hope of him noticing when he suddenly went silent. A quick glance over confirmed his eyes were now locked onto my legs and crotch. I shifted my legs a little to allow my thighs to open up and reveal the tiny swatch of cloth that passed for the gusset of my thong panties -- a lacy and gauzy white material that allowed my trimmed, black-haired bush to be visible beneath the thin cloth, below which was a wet spot, standing out pink and dark against the surrounding white silk and lace.

Scotty's face was knotted up in furious concentration, his tongue peeking out and worrying his upper lip. Another quick glance confirmed the rise of his cock, now a prominent bulge in his pants. Suddenly, my son realized that I was watching him watching me and he began to blush once again. To prevent a new burst of anxiety, I winked at him and then asked, "So, any new girlfriends, Scotty?"

My son laughed and rolled his eyes. "You know I never date, Mom. I don't get girls and they don't get me."

"I doubt that," I responded, tossing him another wink. "You're a good looking man -- I bet you have to beat them off with a stick."

"Hardly, Mom," Scotty replied, squirming uneasily in his seat.

"Well, they should be, son." I gave him a leering grin and said teasingly, "If I wasn't married, I'd be all over you in a minute."

Scotty's expression was somewhere between tickled and shocked as he said, "No you wouldn't. You're my mom."

I stuck my tongue out at him and said, "I don't know why that should make a difference. You're a sexy young hunk. If your father said it was okay, I'd tear your clothes off in a second."

Scotty sat straight up and his arms moved about in front of him aimlessly, a little eccentricity of his that indicated that he was confused and unnerved...the human equivalent of "DOES NOT COMPUTE!" I reached out and stroked his shoulder and murmured, "Everything is okay, Scotty. Don't worry."

I let it go, letting the conversation and the teasing lag while we drove on. Silence reined for awhile, but it wasn't too long before I saw my son again glancing down at my exposed crotch. I hoped he appreciated the growing wet spot between my legs -- my teasing making me more aroused and making me nuts with the need to take my hand and rub my pussy. I began to smell my wetness as

well and wondered what Scotty was making of this new, musky scent. I wondered if he'd ever gotten a good whiff of wet pussy before.

I decided that fingering my aroused pussy while driving might be a little much, but when I noticed him shifting his attention to my breasts with my hard nipples clearly visible against the light cotton of my dress, I couldn't resist bringing my left hand up and carelessly caressing my breast, idly sliding two fingers around my swollen nub and pinching it through my dress.

A little squeak escaped my lips after I pinched it particularly hard, sending a jolt of carnal delight racing through my body. "Mom...are you okay, Mom?" Scotty asked, his voice a mixture of concern and confusion.

"Ohhhhhh yeah," I breathed out. "I'm with my most favorite man in the world. I'm doing just fine!"

Scotty laughed and said. "I'm your favorite man? What about Dad?"

I spared him a glance from the road and winked at him again. "Well, I love your father a lot, but...there's a special love that only a mother and son can have."

Scotty's face lit up with pleasure. "Really, Mom?"

I reached over and dropped a hand on his thigh and gave it a squeeze. "Absolutely, Scotty, don't you feel it? I love you like no one else, son." I rubbed his thigh a little bit and said in a slightly pouty voice, "Don't you love me, Scotty?"

My son trembled a bit and hesitated, that lip peeking out and rolling along his lip. "More than anything...anyone, Mom!"

"Am I your best girl, son?" I said teasingly.

Scotty took a deep breath and let it out slow. "I wish..." he replied, looking out the window.

"You wish what?" I said, sensing an opportunity.

Scotty was a long time responding and I thought for a moment I was going to lose him again as his arms came up and waved for a few seconds before he paused and dropped them into his lap. "You wish what, honey?" I asked again.

Slowly, Scotty turned to face me and he said in a hesitant tone. "I wish I really had a girlfriend like you, Mom."

I smiled back at him between glances at the road and then replied as I slid my hand up his thigh until my fingers were almost brushing the large bulge in his crotch, "Well, darling. You know that's what Moms are best at...making their son's wishes come true."

He stared at me, eyes wide with amazement as he tried to process my words. I returned my focus to my driving, giving him a little time to work things through, enjoying his not too subtle glances at my aroused body. We drove on another couple of hours, saying little until the sun had set and I decided we would stop for the night. We pulled into a small and older motel -- a leftover remnant of a chain that no longer was in business.

I left Scotty in the minivan while I went in and got us a room. A middle aged Indian woman got me signed in and glancing through the window, said, "One room or two, madam?"

I finished filling out the registration card as I replied, "One room, please -- one bed would be fine."

The motel clerk tilted her head and gave me a curious glance, her eyes flicking towards the window again where she could see Scotty sitting. She smiled at me, a knowing smile that conveyed understanding. "Of course, madam." She handed me a key card and said, "Room 118. It had a king size bed. It's around to the side and is very private."

"Perfect," I replied.

I picked up the card and strutted back out, smiling naughtily back at her as she said, "I hope you have a wonderful stay with us."

I drove us around to park in front of our room and we climbed back out, Scotty stretching to work kinks out as I opened up the side door and rummaged around for my overnight bag. As I yanked it free of the clutter of Scotty's boxes, I knocked a small box of DVDs off the seat, scattering them across the floorboard and the pavement.

"Oops, my bad, Scotty!" I said as I squatted down to pick up the jewel cases. I heard Scotty give a slight squawk only to go dead silent as I slowly rose back up, examining the DVDs in the parking lot lights. After looking at the titles, I gave my son an amused glance and said, "My goodness. You have some interesting sounding movies here, son." I held them up, three of them fanned out in my hand -- TABOO II, HOT MOMMAS & YOUNG SONS, and AMATUER MILFS WHO LOVE COCK!

"Somebody likes older women!" I said teasingly in a sing song voice.

Scotty looked stricken and his arms began to come up and wave, but I tried to head things off by laughing and saying, "Calm down, sweetie. Momma's known about your porn movies for a long time."

Scotty stopped waving his arms and said in a confused voice. "You do?"

I tossed the movies back into the box and headed for the motel room door. "I'm your mother, Scotty. I know everything!" I worked the card key and opened up our room. "Grab your things and come on in and we'll talk about dinner."

By the time Scotty came through the door, I had the lights on and my bag put away and was standing with my arms crossed under my big breasts and waiting for the next unexpected event to throw a loop into my son's day.

He tromped inside, a backpack slung over his shoulders and he closed the door and then turned and stared at me for a moment, studying my emphasized breasts for a moment before he turned and saw the single king sized bed. Scotty's mouth dropped open and then he turned back to me and exclaimed. "Mom! Mom, there's only one bed. We need two. We can't stay here. We need another room. There's only one bed!"

His backpack slid off his shoulder to the carpet and his arms were waving about as he continued to report the "one bed" situation until I slowly approached him and as I had done when I had picked him up, put my arms around his neck and pulled his head down to touch mine and I stared into his green eyes, saying, "I know, Scotty...calm down."

For another minute or so, he continued to wave his arms, but finally they fell to his sides and he said with tears in his voice, "But, Mom, there's only one bed."

In a quiet, but firm voice, I replied, "I know, Scotty. It's okay, we'll both sleep in the bed...just like we used to when you were a little boy."

Scotty swallowed and said hesitantly, "But, I'm not a little boy anymore. I'm a grownup...I'm a man."

I smiled and tilted my head to kiss him softly on the lips and said, "Yes you are and I'm a woman and a man and a woman can sleep in the same bed."

Scotty processed this, still looking panicked and he said in a near whisper, "But, you're my Mom. That isn't right, is it...us sleeping together like grownups?"

I gave my son another light kiss on the lips and replied, "I won't tell if you don't. It's our little secret and it will be alright." Scotty started to argue, but I placed a finger over his lips as I often did when he was younger to silence an argument that had gone on too long. "It will be alright, son," I repeated and then I kissed him again, a little more firmly, but still closed mouth.

I let him go and was relieved that while he still looked panicked, he didn't pursue the argument. "Honey, I'm going to go take a shower. Why don't you find a phone book and get us some food delivered...maybe a pizza or chicken or something."

Scotty immediately looked relieved -- I'd given him something more "normal" to focus on. I grabbed my overnight bag and carried it into the bathroom while he sat on the bed and began perusing the phone book. I closed the door and immediately got a case of the shakes...partly from nerves over the naughty game I was playing, but also from the need to pleasure myself. I felt so horny that I wanted to scream!

I took a long, hot shower, taking my time soaping up my curvy body, barely able to resist finger-fucking myself to a screaming orgasm as I slid fingers down between my legs and felt the sopping wet and furnace hot morass that my pussy had become. I had to lean against the shower stall wall as just the slightest touch of my fingers against my swollen labia or my throbbing clitoris took me to the precipice of orgasm. I resisted in the end, feeling somehow that being so horny would give me an edge in my quest to seduce my son.

Out of the shower, I toweled off, again nearing orgasm as I gently rubbed my mound dry...well, as dry as I could considering it felt like a simmering volcano of incestuous lust about to erupt. I combed the wet tangles out of my hair and pulled out of my overnight bag, a sexy negligee I had picked up just for this trip. It was a fire-truck red baby-doll nightie with matching panties and bra, almost as diaphanous as the silky material of the negligee itself.

After a short debate with myself over what consisted of too much where my son was concerned, I put on the panties and left the bra off, letting my large, meaty breasts strain against the thin, nearly transparent cloth -- my large, puffy areoles and dark nipples clearly visible. I looked at myself in the large mirror over the sink and nodded to myself. My breasts spilled out over the top and sides of the negligee which offered a peek at the already darkening and wet crotch of my panties.

I started to go out the door and then laughed, almost forgetting the nasty, red stiletto heels I'd purchased to go with the outfit. I climbed into my shoes and admired how they helped to accentuate my full, but curvy legs and then opened up the door and walked out into a scene that I could never have envisioned or planned for, but which lent itself perfectly to my plans.

As I stepped out of the bathroom in my sexy negligee and said, "Well, honey, what do you think?" Scotty was at the door, about to hand a delivery boy, money for a food delivery. Both young men turned and gaped at me, utter shock and amazement on their faces as they beheld a voluptuous, scantily clad mature woman posing for them.

"Dude...you're one lucky fucker!" exclaimed the young man, long, greasy blonde hair framing a sun burned and freckled face above a thin frame wearing jeans and a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "Gus's Good Eats."

Scotty stared at me with a mixture of dumbfounded amazement and lust for a long moment before remembering we weren't alone and exclaiming, "Mom! What are you wearing?"

The delivery boy's expression became even more amazed as he took in the sight of my son, me and the lone king sized bed and exclaimed, "Dude...you lucky motherfucker! You're my new fucking hero!"

My son spun back around, his eyes wild as the young man's words sank in. He shoved a twenty dollar bill and a ten dollar bill into the delivery boy's hands and squeaked, "Keep the change," before grabbing the large sack from him and then literally shoving him out the door. After throwing the deadbolt, Scotty turned and said in nearly a sob, "Mom! What's wrong with you? Why are you dressed like that...in front of that guy...in front of me?"

I struck a starlets pose, thrusting out my breasts and replied, "Whatever do you mean, Scotty? What's wrong with my nightgown? Don't you like it?"

My son stood silent for a long minute, one arm twitching while he studied the situation and me, eyes roving up and down the front of my scarcely covered body, pausing to take in my barely concealed mound, wet spot growing quickly as little spurts of pussy juice erupted from between my labia before going up and eyeing my practically exposed breasts -- my swollen nipples visibly throbbing.

I began to move, slowly stalking towards my son, my stained and wet crotch being more exposed with each stride I took. "What's wrong with how I look, Scotty?" I purred as he backed up into the door, cracking his head against the solid wood. I concealed the wince I wanted to display and pressed into him, taking the slightly grease stained bag with one hand and lightly resting the other on his shoulder even as my breasts mashed and flattened against his chest. His heart was pounding so wildly I'd have been concerned had he been an older man.

I looked up into his eyes and said again, "What's wrong with how I look, son?"

Scotty instinctively looked down to avoid my gaze, but found instead a bird's eye view of my seriously exposed cleavage and looked back up. Trapped between looking into my eyes and gazing at my mammoth tits, it was slightly funny to watch my son's head move up and down until he finally summoned the courage to whisper, "Nothing, Mom...you look pretty."

I smiled and rose up slightly to plant another semi-chaste kiss on his lips before I said, "Just pretty, Scotty? Do you think your mother looks sexy in this nightie?" I leaned into him a bit more and could swear that against my thighs, I felt his cock throb...certainly I could feel its length and hardness through his khakis and tried to contain my shivers as the presence...the weight of his cock made itself known to my bare skin.

Scotty's tongue again emerged, worrying that lower lip and I was tempted to take a crack at licking it with my own tongue before he finally said so softly that I could barely hear him, "Yeah, Mom. I think it...you look really sexy. I like red."

I gave him another closed mouth kiss, lingering for long seconds this time as my breasts drug across his now sweaty chest before I replied, "I'm glad. I was thinking of you when I bought it." Then I turned away and headed for the small dinette table on the other side of the bed. "Let's eat...I'm starved," I said, shooting my son a wink and feeling his eyes crawling all over my backside.

My son hesitantly followed as I unpacked our supper. He'd ordered us chicken dinner -- pieces of fried chicken that were surprisingly good, coleslaw and home fries and including two individually wrapped pieces of pecan pie. We ate quietly, Scotty nervously gulping his food down while I ate a little more daintily, trying not to get anything on my new negligee.

The pie was delicious, but a little sticky and syrupy and while Scotty had been discretely sneaking glances at my barely covered body all through the meal, he stopped eating and stared openly at me as I slowly sucked my fingers clean of the sugary food while I gave him smoldering smiles. His hands fluttered just above the table, but he seemed to be trying hard not to let his anxieties take hold.

Finally, he worked up the courage to ask, "Mom, why are you doing this?"

I smiled coyly at him and said, "What do you mean, baby...doing what?"

That tongue of his sneaked out and ran along his upper lip as he formulated his response. I waited him out patiently and finally he said in a low voice, "Mom, you're flirting with me."

I giggled and replied, "Is that a bad thing? A woman always flirts with a man she loves."

"But you're my mom...Mom. That's not right...not normal."

"Well, I've always felt that if you love someone, there's nothing wrong with showing how you feel."

Scotty shifted in his chair as if trying to get comfortable and I wondered how hard his penis was. He said, "Yeah, but moms and sons don't do that. It's not right...they shouldn't act like they're married and stuff."

I leaned forward, allowing my breasts to strain against the gauzy material of my negligee, tit flesh spilling out the top as I asked, "Do you really believe that, son? Remember, I can guess what your fantasies are...you're not the only one who's seen Taboo."

Scotty's face was now bright red and he said, "But you're not like that...not with me. You've never been like Jilly is with..." He stopped and frowned, not sure he should continue.

I finished for him. "You mean Jilly flirting and being naughty around your father?" My son nodded. "Did you think I never noticed?"

Scotty didn't say anything for a long minute, but finally with a trembling shrug, replied, "I never saw you say anything, but Jilly..." He stopped for a second. "When I told Jilly that she shouldn't act like that, she said you didn't mind -- that her teasing Dad meant you were...were...were getting laid more often."

I laughed and replied, "Did you believe her?" When Scotty nodded again, I said with a naughty grin, "Why?"

Scotty couldn't hold my gaze and he looked down at the remains of his dinner as he said, "Because we could hear you guys. You started doing...having uh, sex a lot more."

"Yes, we did," I said in a matter of fact voice. "Now, do you think your sister only teased Dad so I could get laid more?" I raised an eyebrow in expectation of his answer.

It was a long time coming, but finally he said, "I think Jilly wants to um..."

"Fuck her father?" I finished for him. Scotty nodded, his face full of guilt. I reached out and took his slightly greasy hand and squeezed. "Do you think that would be such a bad thing?"

Scotty trembled as he said, "It's wrong...it's...." His voice dropped to a whisper as he said, "Incest."

I squeezed his hand again, hard and long until he brought his eyes back up to meet mine. "Again, I want to know if you think it's wrong, Scotty. I know what kind of porn you like...Taboo, stuff with milfs and sons. Is incest something you fantasize to?"

Scotty jerked his hand away and shoved himself away from the table. He stood up, his arms beginning to wave erratically as he said, "Mom, we can't -- we shouldn't talk about this."

I moved quickly to join him, moving and dancing as he tried to avoid me slipping my arms around his neck. Granted he was taller and stronger than me, but I had been doing this most of his life and finally, I had him in our usual embrace, his forehead, now warm and feverish against mine, whispering, "It's okay, Scotty. Nothing's wrong." We stood that way for a long time, but finally my son began to relax ever so slightly, lowering his arms to his sides as I held his gaze with mine, staring into his green eyes lovingly, keenly aware of his still wildly beating heart throbbing in his chest, feeling it deep within my breasts to spur my own heart into beating faster with love and lust.

I began to move, gently swaying, leading him in the smallest of slow dances, finally whispering, "Put your arms around me, Scotty. Just relax and breathe. You're with Mom...nothing's wrong...just relax, baby." I was encouraged when he did so, his arms slipping around my waist and then his hands pressing gently against my back. I yielded to that slight pressure, pushing myself more firmly against his body.

Slowly we moved in a circle, scant inches of ground covered at a time as I allowed him to calm down and hopefully get a little used to his mother's meaty tits press into his body as my thighs brushed his erection which pressed against his khaki slacks, yearning to be free. "Feeling better, honey?" I said after maybe twenty minutes had passed.

"A little...maybe, Mom." He trembled in my arms and said. "Mom, I'm scared!"

I hugged him a little tighter, feeling him begin to tense up again. "You don't have to be, Scotty. You're with Mom now. You're perfectly safe." I reached up to kiss him on the cheek, but he jerked and I wound up bussing him on the corner of his mouth. His body stiffened, but then I had an inspiration and said, "How about I give you a backrub, son? Remember how you liked those when you were younger and you had a bad day?"

"I don't know, Mom," he said, his voice hesitant, but also with a little interest. I'm sure he was recalling days long past when he'd had a really bad day at school or had trouble dealing with his

baby sister's shenanigans, how I would sit next to him on his bed and rub his shoulders and back until he drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

"C'mon," I whispered. "It's been a hard day for you and I think it will help you relax. I guided us towards the bathroom, still with our arms around each other. "Get your pajama bottoms on and I'll dig out some lotion and give you a nice backrub."

We stood next to the bathroom for a bit, him looking at me with some uncertainty, but finally nodding and saying, "Okay, Mom." I let him go after kissing him quickly on the lips and Scotty grabbed his backpack and disappeared into the bathroom. While he was in there, I dug around in my purse for a bottle of lotion, finding some with a pleasant jasmine scent that I thought might be soothing to my son.

He took a little longer than I expected and I had a sudden flash of worrisome insight that he might be taking the opportunity to jack off and was about to call for him to get a move on when he emerged in a white T-shirt and the blue striped pajamas I had given him at Christmas. Any concerns that he might have jacked off vanished as he guiltily hid an obvious erection with his hands.

"That's my boy, I said, slipping my arm through his and walking him to the bed. "Now get that shirt off and get on your stomach, Scotty."

He frowned and began to stiffen up, but I held up the lotion and said, "Now, this doesn't work through cotton, son! Off with the shirt!"

He nodded and yes, "Okay, Mom."

He tore off the shirt and quickly climbed onto the king sized bed, squirming for a few seconds as he tried to get comfortable with that erection. I made him scoot over so I could climb up and sit next to him on my knees. I poured some lotion into my hands and rubbed it in an effort to warm it up.

"Ready, Scotty?" I said softly as I dropped my hands onto his shoulder blades and began to rub. My son stiffened up at my first touch, but after a few firm but gentle strokes of my hands up and down his tense back muscles, I felt him shiver and then let out a deep breath in a long, contented sigh. "Feels good, doesn't it, baby?" I cooed. "Momma knows how to make her son feel good."

He made a little grunt and I'm sure that he recognized that my words could be interpreted more than one way. I worked his back and shoulders, admiring his rather fit form as I did so. Scotty, like his father, was just shy of six feet and was lean with wiry muscles. When he'd first started college, he'd put on some weight and his doctor advised a routine of steady exercise. Scotty had resisted at first, but we'd bought him a membership at an exercise center and he'd adopted the habit of going certain days of the week and using the equipment. Once something became routine for my son...it became important to maintain and the fruits of his effort, showed. Feeling his strong body under my hands, I had a sudden new appreciation for how good looking my son was and it served only to fuel my newly discovered desires to have him.

Slowly, I shifted myself about on my knees until I was straddling his ankles and really gave his back and shoulders a strong workout. Of course leaning down into him also allowed me to rub my breasts against his butt and lower back and while he seemed to enjoy my efforts, he was wide awake and alert. I wondered if he could feel the heat and wetness between my legs on his pajama covered legs. Running my hands along his fine body had certainly fueled the fire in my cunt to new heights.

I finally halted my massage, finishing with a series of little kisses right up his spine to the nape of his neck, raising goose pimples on his flesh. I moved off of him and said softly. "Still tense, huh, son? Well, roll over and I'll work your shoulders and chest too. Maybe that will help."

Scotty turned his head and looked at me. "I...Mom, that's...unnecessary, Mom."

I raised my eyebrows and gave him the "Don't Argue With Me, Young Man!" motherly scowl and said firmly, "Roll over, Scotty!"

My son's eyes widened and he did as he was told with me following along, kneeling next to him. I poured more lotion into my hands, smiling confidently down at my son as I admired his well defined chest, a spackling of black chest hair scattered across it before descending down in a narrow trail to disappear beneath his pajamas. His hands wavered at his side, coming up in a desire to hide the very obvious tent at his crotch.

Once I'd warmed the lotion in my hands, I leaned down and began massaging into his chest, feeling the frantic beating of his heart. "Doesn't that feel good, Scotty?" I purred as I caressed his body, working over his upper chest and then slowly descending lower towards his flat stomach where there was just a hint of a six pack. "You've grown up to be quite a handsome man, son," I said just above a whisper.

"Mom..." Scotty began in a hesitant voice as my caresses became lighter while moving boldly below his belly button, just skirting the waistline of his pajamas. The tent below crept a little higher, a single button on the fly containing his swollen cock. From all indications, my little boy had a huge penis.

"Shhhh," I said. "Just relax. Mom knows what's she's doing." I worked my hands back up to his chest and then to his shoulders, bringing my body closer in to his until I was working his tight shoulder muscles while my breasts slid back and forth on his chest and I was face to face with him, my dark hair swaying and tickling his cheeks.

Very gradually, I lowered my face towards his till I could feel his near frantic breath on my lips. Lower and lower until our lips were just brushing...an angel's kiss, then I extended just the tip of my tongue and let it lightly wet his lips. I felt Scotty tense beneath me, but I kept him in place with my weight and my hands. I pressed my lips more firmly against his while my tongue probed, taking my time -- feeling no hurry as I kissed my son. Scotty trembled but didn't try and force his way up and off the bed and then I was trembling as I felt his lips part and allow my tongue to slip into his mouth.

A burst of orgasmic energy detonated between my legs, my panties now sopping wet as I French-kissed my son for the first time, my tongue exploring his mouth, discovering his tongue -- timidly responding to my overtures -- a shy, wet thing that hesitantly joined with mine to create a sweet memory of our first lovers' kiss that I will remember fondly all my life.

We kissed for a long time as my hands stroked his shoulders and his arms -- his hands tentatively coming up to wrap around my back. He began to get into the kiss, his tongue gradually becoming more aggressive, intertwining with mine, rolling off it and curling around my tongue as he grew more confident.

As Scotty and I kissed, I let my left hand slowly slide off his shoulder and gradually work its way downwards over his chest, running my palm over a rock hard pebble sized nipple and then lower. My son didn't seem to object until I slid my fingers over his pajamas and palmed his throbbing cock

pulsing underneath the soft cotton cloth. He tensed up and worked to break the kiss, but I held on, my tongue in his mouth while I deftly undid the single button to his fly and slipped my hand inside.

Only when I had my only son's hard and big cock in my grasp did I let our kiss end, saying softly and calmly before he could get a word in, "You can stop this with a single word, Scotty, but I hope you don't."

He took in a gasping breath and then whimpered, "Mom...this isn't right."

I slowly stroked his long and very thick shaft and replied in a whisper, "It's only wrong if you want it to be wrong, my love. Mom loves you very much and I know you love me back. Tell me you never dreamed of this...that you never fantasized about this happening. Of me doing this..." I slowly worked my hand up and down his throbbing dick as I finished, "To my sweet son."

"Mom...Mom...Mom," Scotty moaned over and over again, fear and desire struggling for control of his expression and his words.

"You can stop all of this with a single word, son," I repeated, "And it will be okay. You can say 'No' or 'Stop' and this all goes away." Scotty opened his mouth, but I quickly stifled whatever he was going to say with a quick kiss and then hurriedly whispered. "Or you can take your first step into a new and exciting world...a world your sister and your father and your mother have already moved into."

Scotty's eyes widened as my words quickly sunk in. As I stroked him, he whispered back in an awe-struck voice, "You mean, Jilly and Dad have..."

"Fucked, oh yes, Scotty, yes they have. The last several weeks, I think your father has fucked Jilly more than he has me."

"And you're okay with Jilly and Dad fucking each other? You've seen them do it?"

I giggled and said, "Absolutely. I gave them my blessing. I've watched them fuck and..." I grinned evilly as I finished with, "And I've done it with them...both of them together and separate. I've done things with Jilly you wouldn't believe!"

"OH MOM!" Scotty cried out, his hips starting to move in rhythm with my stroking hand. "I love you!"

"Do I need to stop, sweetie?" I asked teasingly.

"NO!" my son blurted out. "Mom, please no! I -- I love you, Mom!"

"I love you too, Scotty," I said before lowering my lips to his again, feeling near orgasm myself as I comprehended that I had him...at least for the moment. As our tongues danced together, rejoicing in the incestuous moment, I carefully fished his erection out of his pajamas, freeing it to stand tall and proud in the warm air of our room.

When our kiss ended, I turned my gaze downwards to get my first glimpse of my son's erection and I gave a little gasp of amazement. "Oh, son...you're beautiful," I cooed as I stroked his long shaft up and down, marveling at its length and even more at its immense girth. "I never imagined you would be so fucking big!"

Scotty, nervous and aroused, somehow managed to give me a prideful grin and then surprised me by asking, "Mom, bigger than Dad's?"

I laughed and rolled my eyes. "Omigod...you men." I stroked it slowly, assessing my son's cock. Finally, I said, "Well...I think your father's a wee bit longer, honey, but..." I gave him a good squeeze and continued. "In all honesty, you're a lot thicker than Dad. I'm not even sure how I'm going to get all this big dick inside my little, wet pussy!"

Scotty groaned and looked at me with such longing and desire. "Mom, are we...are we...Mom, am I really going to get to fuck you?"

I replied, "If you want to, son. Very soon you're going to get to fuck your mom's brains out!" I kissed him again, another very wet and luscious kiss while I continued to jack him off. When it ended, his hips were moving frantically and I knew he was close. "Do you want to cum for your Mom, baby? You ready to give me a hot load of your sperm?"

Scotty's face was now clear of stress -- a huge grin of lusty satisfaction replacing all his doubts and concerns. I leaned in, my lips almost brushing his ear as I whispered, "Cum for me, son. Imagine Momma's hot and juicy pussy wrapped around your big horse cock, making Momma scream while you pump my wet, tight cunt with your hot cum!"

My son moaned and his entire body seemed to lurch upwards and then his cock throbbed hugely under my fingers and I watched with gleeful lust as his cockhead swelled up and began erupting with powerful streamers of cum. The first few blasts shot upwards over two feet before splattering on his stomach and my extended arm. Subsequent blasts had less velocity, but I was in awe as my son's cock just kept cumming, his hot, thick semen flowing down around my fingers in a steady flood.

"I LOVE YOU, MOM!" Scotty cried out again and again as his hips bucked and twisted as I slowly stroked him, working to increase and maintain the intensity of his pleasure as he just kept cumming and cumming. To my surprise, an orgasm burbled up within me as well as the pure stimulation of pleasuring my own son brought me an explosion of incestuous ecstasy. My son's moans were joined by my own cries of delight.

I'm sure it was only long seconds that our orgasm swept us up, but it seemed as if my son kept ejaculating for long minutes before finally his eruption stopped and his hands scrabbled against my grasp to end his almost tormented pleasure. "My god, Scotty," I gasped with awed appreciation in the tone of my voice. "That's a hell of a lot of cum!"

I sat up and as my son watched, brought my cum-coated hand to my face and licked up a thick wad of warm semen, letting it play on my tongue before swallowing it with a loud smack. I reached out with my free hand and stroked my son's black and sweaty hair, just as I had when he was a boy, while I continued to lap up his white seed, hungrily and messily running my tongue through it as I cleaned my fingers, saying with a semen-garbled voice, "This is a man's cum!"

With a lewd whimsy, I put on a show of sluttish wantonness as I smeared Scotty's cum over my lips, swirling my tongue about his thick and delicious semen. "Oh, Scotty, you are so delicious, baby!"

I licked my hand clean, then wiped the smeared cum on my chin and lips and sucked it off my fingers. I then stretched out and cuddled next to my son, showering his face with kisses before finally pressing my lips against his for another long soul kiss, Scotty's tongue now eagerly seeking mine. Afterwards we curled up facing each other and with his hands tentatively exploring my lush body, we drifted off to sleep, echoes of saying "I love you," serving as a romantic lullaby and ushering us into a blissful slumber of sweet and naughty dreams.

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I woke to the sensation of my son still tentatively exploring my body. I opened my eyes and realized it was past dawn, sunlight seeping through the drawn blinds in the room's solitary window. Scotty's fingers were lightly trailing over my left breast that had spilled out of my negligee, circling around my thick nipple, just touching it lightly before running down below and sliding under the silky material to gently rub my lower stomach.

My heart went out to him as I suddenly realized that my sweet son was likely touching a woman for the first time. His social backwardness had caused him to retreat to his computer games and research, leaving his libido to be satisfied since adolescence in self pleasure, never knowing a woman's loving touch. I felt a little guilt that it had never occurred to me to relieve his needs despite all the years of my husband's incestuous fantasies with our daughter that had led to our own improved sex life...fantasies that had grown in intensity until I gave John my blessing to fuck our more than willing daughter.

In truth, the thought of fucking my son never really occurred to me until that fateful night when Jilly and I had discussed her fucking her father and then she had come on to me, igniting my own incestuous desires as I confronted the sudden attraction I had for my own daughter. Before that first incredible fuck between John and Jilly had reached climax, I had the epiphany that I needed to draw our son into our newly realized relationship and as my husband and daughter screamed out the glory of their first mutual orgasm, I was fingering myself to climax imagining Scotty inside me, his cock filling me with his hot spunk while John fucked our daughter.

I felt him shiver as he then slid his hand lower, over the gauzy material of my panties, discovering I was still wet and very warm. He brought his hand to a stop over my vulva, palming my never calmed pussy and I wondered if he could feel the little spurts of wet arousal his touch was triggering in my cunt.

He glanced up at my face and then back down to between my legs before doing a double take, realizing that I was watching him. "Mom!" he gasped as I crossed my thighs to keep him from withdrawing his hand. The increased pressure on my cunt felt wonderful.

"Morning, darling." I reached out and stroked his face, soothing the panic that was already building there. "Everything is fine, Scotty. Are you enjoying yourself?"

My son grinned and said, "I'm in heaven, Mom!"

I leaned in and kissed him, thrilled that he readily opened his mouth to accept my tongue as we kissed like the lovers we would soon be. As we kissed, I ran a hand down to hold his hand in place as I spread my legs. "You're not in heaven yet, son, but..." I intertwined our fingers, then used a finger to tug the wet gusset of my thong aside so I could guide his fingers inside me and as Scotty gasped as he experienced the slick and hot flesh of his mother's cunt for the first time, I finished, "But, you're getting close!"

I rolled my hips and worked my pussy muscles to suck and massage his fingers and whispered into his ear, "Imagine how my cunt will feel, wrapped around your big, thick cock!"

Scotty moaned with disbelief and desire and said, "Mom, are we going to fuck now, Mom?"

"Soon, baby, but not yet," I purred as he swirled two fingers around inside my fiery cunt, my juices bathing his digits as their touch sent bolts of pure pleasure through me. I writhed around, enjoying

his probing fingers which brought a gasping quality to my voice as I said, "Scotty, we can do a lot of naughty things, but if you want to fuck Mom, I think it's important that you ask your father for permission."

My son's expression became a mask of confusion and doubt, but evolved into comprehension as I explained between moans as he fingered my wet pussy, how even though I'd given his father my blessing to fuck Jilly, it had pleased and thrilled me to hear my daughter ask me face to face if she could fuck her daddy. In the end, I think it allowed her to cast what little reservations she might still have had about letting John fuck her and enjoy the moment more and I wanted Scotty to feel the same way.

"I love you, Mom," my son exclaimed again. "More than ever!"

"I -- I love you...you too, sweetie," I gasped. "OH YES! RIGHT THERE!" I felt my ass rising off the bed as Scotty's fingers curled upward to the roof of my vagina and almost instinctively found my G-spot, making me gush pussy juice like I had sprung a leak. My son, inexperienced as he was, knew he'd found a good thing and just hung on as I began to shrilly moan and orgasm, loving that it was my son giving me such pleasure as the carnal pleasure itself.

As I was coming down from my sexual bliss, Scotty took his cream covered fingers from my pulsating pussy and held them up to his face, examining my juices closely before jamming them into his own mouth. A curious expression played across his face as he tasted cunt for the first time and then after sucking them clean as he pulled them out, he grinned at me and said, "Mom -- I like how you taste, Mom!"

I hugged my son to me and kissed him, tasting myself on his tongue. "You're going to love a lot of things about me, son, before we get through...maybe some before we even get home." I glanced at the clock on the bedside table and saw that it was after 8:00 in the morning. "If we get on the move soon, maybe you'll get your next surprise before we get home."

Scotty sat straight up, his eyes shiny with curiosity. "Mom? A surprise, Mom, what is it?"

I looked down at his erection, sticking out of his pajama bottoms and giggled. I reached down and taking it in one hand, planted a little kiss on the head, tasting the precum already leaking from his piss slit. "Well, if I tell you now, it won't be a surprise, now will it?" I climbed from the bed and stretched, knowing his eyes were on my heavy breasts that pulled taut as I raised my arms above me and stood on tiptoe. "Now grab a quick shower and no playing with yourself. The only person who gets to jack you off from now on is your mother!"

Scotty didn't look quite pleased as he climbed out of bed with an obviously painful erection and I was sorely tempted to kneel in front of him and suck that big cock, but I had an idea in my head that I'd been toying with since all this had started and I was determined to stick with it.

I washed and fixed my face while my son was in the shower, him humming a happy tune. I got dressed, Scotty looking on with awe and lust as I put on a short, black leather skirt and a black bustier that lifted up my breasts, exposing much of my tit flesh, while making them look even meatier. Scotty gushed, "Mom...wow, no panties?"

"Not today, son," I replied, my skirt hiking up as I strapped on a pair of three inch stilettos to complete my sluttish outfit. I marveled at how much I was enjoying dressing so sexily -- most of the time I wore nurse tunics which had all the sex appeal of a turnip. Showing off my tits and shapely legs was doing wonders for my ego and my libido.

While Scotty packed our stuff up and put it in the van, I checked us out, getting a lusty look from the same Indian woman that had given us the room last night. She seemed sleepy but was still alert enough to remember me from last night, flicking her eyes towards a window that looked out to where Scotty was putting our bags in the minivan.

She looked back at me with lusty understanding and I felt gooseflesh rise up on my body as I realized that she was looking at me with certain longing. "I hope you had an enjoyable night," she said with a knowing smirk.

As I signed my credit card bill, I smiled back and replied in a teasing tone, "Oh yes, my son and I had a very pleasurable stay."

I saw her eyes widen in shock and she gave a little gasp, but recovered as she placed a hand to her breast, covered by a brightly colored sari and murmured, "Then, I hope you'll stay with us again." She licked her lips in anticipation of her invitation. "I mean that most sincerely." Her hand worked a little circle around her silk covered breast.

I raised an eyebrow and not for the first time wondered how many people shared my family's newly acquired tastes. "Well, I'm sure when my son returns to school, we'll be back this way again."

The woman flushed and then quickly reached under the counter and produced a card. "I pray so. Please call me and I'll take care of your reservation personally."

I took the card from her trembling hand and scanned it. It had the name of the motel, a phone number and her name, Madiya Patel. I smiled and said, "I'll do that." I put it away and then strutted out, wondering if the Indian woman could see the pussy juice trickling down my thighs.

Scotty certainly noticed my wet thighs when I climbed into the driver's seat, his eyes quickly going to my crotch, my rucked up skirt now displaying my naked pussy, labia swollen and slick. "Mom, you sure are wet, Mom!" he said matter of factly.

I grinned at him and replied, "I sure am and why not? I'm sitting in a car with a man with the biggest cock I've ever seen and it's hard and thick for me!" I ran my hand down between my legs and rubbed my pussy slowly, smearing juices across my blossomed pink flesh and through my trimmed black bush, making it sparkle in the sunlight coming through the van's windshield.

Fingers shiny with my hot cream, I raised them up to Scotty. He stared at them like they were something holy until I giggled and prompted him. "Like something sweet, little boy?"

Scotty had the good grace to blush before he took my fingers into his mouth and sucked them clean. "Mom, I really like your pussy!" he gushed, a grin breaking out on his reddening face.

We both laughed as I reclaimed my hand and started the van and we hit the road. The next few hours passed in alternating silence, as Scotty eyed my seemingly eternally wet cunt and the rest of my body, breasts flowing out of my bustier, and conversation about how things had led me to seducing my son. I had to caution him multiple times to leave his cock alone as he would take to rubbing the big lump in this khakis while I described how his father's fantasizing about Jilly had eventually led both his parents to actually fucking his baby sister.

Periodically, it would all become too much for Scotty, his eyes nearly glazing over and his arms coming up to announce that he needed a break to process it all...to make it all work inside his very

complex brain. I would go silent then, focusing on eating up the miles until my son found his voice again and would breathlessly ask me another question.

I left one fact out until we were approaching the city beyond which our little hometown was located. "Now, Scotty, you should know how things really went from fantasy to reality for Jilly and your father," I began.

Scotty looked at me with curiosity. "Mom?" he asked.

I took a deep breath and said, "It all began late one night when John caught Jilly in your bedroom, borrowing some of your porn mov..."

"JILLY WAS IN MY ROOM! THAT BITCH!" my son exploded, interrupting me. "Mom. She knows she isn't supposed to be in my room. That's why I want a padlock. That's not right!"

I had to suppress a giggle as I watched my son have the latest of perhaps hundreds of tantrums that had begun the moment Jilly was old enough to walk and had learned that it drove her brother into an insane rage when she got into his stuff. It seemed particularly humorous in light of the fact he could still get upset about something so seemingly trivial less than a day after his mother had jacked him off and let him watch her eat his fresh semen.

Finally, Scotty began to wind down until he was muttering to himself under his breath. "Well, it won't happen again," I said, reaching out and squeezing his arm.

"Mom, you always say that," he stated like an accusation. "What's so different this time?"

I smiled at him and said, "Well, mostly, my son, because she spends most of her time fucking and sucking my husband and because John took her into the city and let her pick out her own pornography." I left out the lap dances and the lapdancer...after all, I didn't want to spoil my own surprise.

I flicked on the turn signal and began to move into the exit lane to go into the city and said, "In fact, I think it's only fair that I take you and do the same thing."

I saw a puzzled frown transform into a confused smile. "Mom, really? You're going to take me somewhere and let me buy some new porn."

I let my hand on his arm slide over to teasingly caress his bulge and replied, "Actually, your mother is going to buy your porn for you. After all, a young man can never have enough dirty movies!"

Scotty giggled, his sister's trespass all but forgotten and he studied the streets of the city, scanning for our destination and clapping his hands when we finally pulled into the parking lot of the All American Adult Bookstore, all its many American flags flapping brilliantly in the summer sun.

My son was out of the car quickly, eager to go inside, but he remembered his manners and came around to open my door for me. For that, I greeted him with a lingering beaver shot, spreading my legs wide as I set them on the pavement, my skirt hiking even further up to reveal my glistening wet thighs framing my sopping wet and wide open pussy.

He helped me up and before he knew what was happening, I had my arms around his neck and our foreheads pressed together so we could look at each other. In a soothing tone, I said, "Now, son, this is part of your surprise, but we might have more fun than just buying some nasty porno. I want

you to remember that whatever happens, its okay...just stay calm and enjoy it. I will be with you the whole time and Mom will never let anything bad happen to you. Understand?"

Scotty nodded his head slightly and after ogling my breasts, areoles beginning to peek out above the bustier, said, "I think so."

I kissed him then, letting my tongue explore his mouth and pursue and capture his tongue, a naughty thrill racing through me that I was French-kissing my son in public. When it ended, I took his hand in mine and we began to walk towards the entrance and I said, "If you get scared or confused, just take hold of my hand. Your momma will take care of you."

Scotty looked down at me with such a blissful smile, it made my heart ache with love for my son. I felt tears threatening as he said, "Mom, I know. I know you love me and I love you!" I paused in the parking lot and tottering on my high heels, kissed my son again, wishing I could announce my desires for him to the whole fucking world. Then, both of us took a deep breath and walked inside.

Scotty's hand tightened around mine as he was startled when something in the door bonged, announcing our entry. I smiled at him and said, "Everything is cool, son!" He nodded furtively, his expression one of a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar. His concern gave way to fascination quickly enough as he gazed in amazement at the immensity of the sheer amount of porn and porn related goods we encountered as we made our way through the maze of rows of DVDs displayed on the long, oddly placed racks.

My son was silent as he scanned the room and I knew he was processing and memorizing everything for future reference, no doubt identifying those areas he wanted to focus on more fully. A wall with a large sign that said 'Wall O' Cunts' caught his eye and he took us that way and he spent a few minutes eyeing plastic dolls and fake pussies -- some plastic, some made out of some hardened gel until I leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Now, Scotty, this is something you're never going to need, cause Momma's pussy is going to be yours for the asking from now on!"

Scotty gave a little squeak and then he shivered...the erection in his pants seeming to grow just a little at my words. We walked by a wall display of vibrators which seemed to hold little interest to him until I pointed to a reddish-orange one, long and narrow like a large carrot and said to him, "That's been my favorite one for years, son."

He paused and gave it careful study, his face turning a bright crimson. Scotty licked his lips and said, "Mom, can I...will you let me see you use it?"

I grinned and leaned into him as I whispered into his ear, "And you can fuck me with it too and lick my pussy juices clean off it." My son gave out a little groan -- loud enough to draw glances from those few folk we hadn't already garnered the notice of. A young man accompanied by a sluttishly dressed woman old enough to be his mother seemed to be of interest.

As we walked back towards the DVDs, I could feel most of the customers' eyes on us. A slender black man with slightly graying hair grinned wolfishly at us and when we passed a middle aged white couple dressed up in their Sunday best, the woman, a small, trim platinum blonde winked at us, although whether the sly wink was for Scotty or myself or for us both, I wasn't sure.

Scotty came to a halt in the DVD classics aisle, studying the varied "Taboo" offerings. He picked up a copy of Taboo III and turned it over, giving the written material as much attention as the lurid photographs. Finally, he said with some emotion, "I really like Honey Wilder, Mom."

I smiled and said, "Oh really, why?"

My son grinned up at me and replied, "Mom, I always thought she looked a lot like you..." He paused, his eyes wandering downward towards my meaty tits overflowing my bustier. "Mom, she looks like you with Kay Parker's tits!"

I let out a yelp of laughter, raising my hand to squelch it before we drew more attention from the other customers, but being too late. "Thank you, Scotty," murmured, trying to keep the giggles out of my lap. In truth, my son was correct. I did look a lot like Honey Wilder only with much larger breasts than her perfectly sized tits. Over the last several weeks, Jilly, John and I had sampled much of the Taboo series and I'd become very familiar with many of the key actors and actresses.

I reached out and tapped Taboo III with a fingernail and said, "Well, I think you'll like this one then. Honey does a sixty-nine with her son in this one that makes my pussy cream every time I watch it." My son grinned and clutching it, moved on.

As Scotty perused amateur MILF videos, I became more aware that besides the customers, that there were several young women, some not as sluttishly dressed as I was, roaming about the store and approaching customers, sometimes disappearing with them through a door labeled "Restricted Access."

Finally, one approached, a small raven haired girl -- her thick locks tied back into ribbon bedecked pigtails, wearing a sinfully tight and short Catholic school girl's dress. "Hiya, I'm Aimee," she said perkily in a little girl's voice, causing Scotty to spin around with a video entitled, "REAL MOMS EAT CUM!" She sidled up next to my son and eyed first his very obvious erection and then my naughty outfit. "Care for a lap dance?" she said coyly.

Scotty's eyes were huge as he turned to me, his expression more than a little crestfallen when I said, "Not today, honey." I eyed her nubile body and had more than a fleeting fantasy about maybe having a girl's day out with my daughter and maybe getting together with this young slut. "Maybe another time though -- you're awfully cute."

She smiled at my comment and mouthed a silent "Thank you," but before she slipped off, I said, "Would you know if Sindy...with a 'S' is working today?"

She paused and her brow furrowed a little and then she glanced around. "I think she was in the back, getting ready. She usually works the noon to eight shift." She spotted a guy in his thirties, slightly overweight and wearing a Cubs hat staring at her. She gave me a sly smile and said, "If I see her, I'll tell her someone's asking for her."

Aimee strutted off, making me appreciate how sexy saddle shoes could be and while my son returned his attentions to the DVDs on display. I watched with anticipation as young Aimee, after a moment's conversation with her new target slipped her arm through his and they strolled off, disappearing behind the "Restricted Access exit."

Scotty was showing me a Japanese Hentai DVD entitled, "MOMS WHO SUBMIT!" and explaining Japanese incest animation to me when I spotted out of the corner of my eye a tall and striking woman emerge from the back, her bleach-blond hair tightly curled, framing brilliant blue eyes. She was incredibly endowed, a bandana halter top barely containing or concealing her immense breasts. A slight roll of fat overlapped her low riding jean shorts, cut off so short they almost resembled panties with her luscious ass cheeks jiggling. My heart began to beat a little faster as I recognized her from John's description. She wasn't the prettiest of the dancers strutting their stuff

in the adult bookstore, but she had a presence...a sexuality that was so powerful that I could feel it from across the room.

She scanned the room, quickly settling her gaze on us. Smiling confidently, she strutted to us, her breasts bouncing and rolling, always on the verge of busting free of their skimpy containment. As she turned onto our aisle, I saw her full, shapely legs were encased in some sort of open toed high heeled sandals that laced up her ankle. For some reason, that seemed to turn me on and I felt a spurt of new wetness splatter against my thighs and trickle warmly down my legs.

She stopped scant inches away from us -- Scotty sensing her presence at the very last moment and turning around, barely missing colliding with her large, prominent breasts. He gawped for a moment, taking in her sheer womanliness and sexuality and gulping before managing to squawk, "H-Hi!"

She smiled at us both and extended her hand, saying, "Hi, I'm Sindy with an 'S,' not a 'C.' I understand you were looking for me?"

I took her hand which felt warm and soft. "Well, you come highly recommended. We were hoping for some...um, quality time with you. I'm Sandy, by the way and this is Scotty."

She gave us both her flirtiest smile and said, "I'd be thrilled to give you and Scotty a lap dance." Sindy reached out and took Scotty's nearly limp hand -- his mouth hanging open in amazement. She nodded towards the DVD's in my son's hands. "Do you know about our discount policy and ten minutes free when you buy two and ten extra minutes free for every extra DVD you purchase after that?"

I looked at the four movies in Scotty's hand and grinned back at the tall, lush bodied dancer. "Well, Sindy, I suppose we're going to have a nice visit with you, then."

Taking my speechless son by the hand, we followed Sindy towards the 'Restricted Access' door, both of us admiring her mostly exposed and swaying ass cheeks. Once past the door, Sindy took us down a long corridor and said as she glanced over her shoulder at me, "So, who recommended me to y'all?"

I licked my lips and replied, "Oh, my husband, John and my daughter, Jilly."

Her reaction was immediate. Sindy spun around and fell back against the wall, her eyes wide with amazement, her breasts heaving from the sudden shock of my revelation. It had been six weeks or so, but obviously John and Jilly had left an impression on this slutty young woman. "Really? You're..." She glanced at Scotty and then back at me, her eyes roaming appreciatively over my scantily clad body. "You're Jilly's mother?" A shiver went through her and she eyed Scotty more closely, maybe seeing the resemblance in our eyes and hair, maybe in our similar cheekbones.

"And this is...Scotty is...?"

I squeezed his hand tightly and said with mischief in my voice, "This is my son, Jilly's brother."

Another spasm washed over the tall, young woman and her eyes fluttered as she slid a little down the wall, making me think for a moment that she was going to collapse. One of her hands idly cupped her breast and with her thumb and forefinger, pinched her hard nipple bulging against the cotton cloth of her halter top.

"Sindy, are you okay?" I asked, trying to sound concerned, but already pretty sure about what was happening.

Sindy bit her lower lip with a very sexy overbite and nodded as she straightened back up. "I -- I think I just came," she said, her voice a little. "Oh my fucking god...are you two really mother and son?" She pinched her nipple again, harder this time and she gave a little wordless moan.

Scotty was looking a little unnerved by it all and looked at me and said in an uncertain voice, "Mom...is she alright, Mom? Maybe this isn't such a good idea!"

I stepped closer to him so I could slip an arm around his waist and kissed him quickly, rolling my tongue over his lips as she watched. "She's fine, son. Sindy's just really excited to meet a naughty mother and son like us."

Sindy pushed herself off the wall, wobbling a little on her high heeled sandals. "Yes, I'm...wow, I'm good, Scotty." She pointed towards a door near the end of the hallway and said, "C'mon -- let's get inside before I cream all over the floor!"

We followed into the room, finding ourselves in a small room with a barely adequate light overhead. Two straight back wooden chairs were positioned next to each other with a small table to their right. Against another wall was another table holding a CD player and what looked like several tubes and bottles of lotion as well as a box of tissues. Along one wall sat another wooden chair, sitting next to an old fashioned coat rack. High up in one corner was nestled a video camera on a bracket. I nodded -- it appeared to be the same room Sindy had entertained my husband and daughter in.

"Make yourselves comfortable," the young woman said, pointing at the chairs as she stepped over to the CD player and sorted through several jewel cases. She selected a CD and as a slow, bluesy number began to play, she turned and began to slowly stalk towards us, her body moving in time with the sultry music.

She studied with the intensity of a big cat studying its prey, again trying to find the family resemblance between us. As she stopped maybe four feet in front of us, Sindy said in a near breathless voice, "You really are mother and son...fuck me blind." As she swayed to the music, she ran her hands down her body, sliding them over her stomach and down to her thighs before rubbing her jean covered mound several times. "Fuck, you two have already made my pussy so fucking wet...look, I've soaked right through my panties and my jeans!"

Sindy held up her fingers and they gleamed with wetness and then she leaned back, thrusting out her pelvis and I heard Scotty gasp as we both could see the growing wet spot in her faded denims. "I can't tell you how many times I've fingered myself or fantasized about your husband and daughter while getting fucked the last couple of months," she hissed.

"Yes, you made quite the impression on them too," I replied, watching her edge closer to us, working her body lewdly as she moved to the music.

"They...they hadn't done it yet when they were here," Sindy said, looking at me coyly with those big, blue eyes. "Are they...do they?"

I shifted in my chair, my own pussy getting hotter and wetter by the moment. I rucked up my skirt to expose my naked pussy and my wet and gleaming thighs as I answered, "John has his cock inside our daughter's pussy constantly now."

Sindy mewled as she drew closer to Scotty, my words working as well as fingers or a cock on her -- giving her little orgasms. With her long, full legs, Sindy began to straddle my son who stiffened and said, "Mom?" his voice edged with fear.

I squeezed his hand which I had never released and said, "It's alright, sweetheart. Mom's here and nothing bad is going to happen. This sexy slut is going to give you your first lap dance, son -- that's your surprise. You know what a lap dance is, right?"

Scotty nodded and while he didn't relax any, he didn't appear to look like he was going to panic and run. Just the same, I held onto him, tightening my grip on his fingers to remind him of his mother's constant presence.

Sindy straddled him, her body hovering just over his -- her breasts so close that I'm sure her nipples beneath that cotton material was scraping his chest while her mound barely avoided contact with the tent in his pants. She reached out and cupped his cheeks in her hands and brought her face close to his until their lips nearly were touching. "So, Scotty, have you fucked your mommy yet?" she said just soft enough to hear.

"N-no, not y-y-yet!" he stammered in reply.

She glanced at me with a curious eye, one eyebrow raised and I said, "Soon, very soon...as soon as he asks his father for permission to put his cock in Mom's pussy!"

Sindy moaned and began to move as she said, "Oh, baby, I bet you can't wait!" She began to give my son a lap dance -- her crotch now rubbing against the erection in his pants while her tits rolled and flattened against his upper chest. "Just imagine how good it will feel when Mommy rubs her pussy on your big dick like this and mashes her big ol' titties against your naked body."

I heard Scotty make an odd, almost giggling noise as Sindy ground herself against him, her massive breasts rolling out of the halter top to flop and rub against his chest. She rose a little, leaving a tell tale sign of her wetness on the bulge of my son's pants, so she could offer her mammoth tits to my son and I felt both aroused and envious as she waved her huge udder like breasts to him, rubbing her incredibly thick and wide nipples across his mouth. "Show me how you suck on Mommy's titties!" she cooed.

Scotty turned his head at me, a questioning and panicked look on his face and I answered his unasked question by hissing, "Go ahead, son. Pretend they're mine and suck them good." I was on the edge of my chair, turned sideways, almost wincing at how tight my son was holding my hand as he suddenly snapped at one of Sindy's swollen nipples and she moaned as he began to suck noisily on the blood engorged digit.

Sindy placed her hands under her meaty tits and raised them up, allowing Scotty to continue sucking on them while she lowered herself back down onto his swollen crotch and began dry-humping him, her head thrown back and eyes barely open as she grinned at me with an expression of sheer pleasure.

My son swapped tits, clamping onto her other nipple and leaving a trail of saliva across her great expanse of tit flesh as she moaned, "Fuck me, Mom -- your son has a monster in his pants. It's huge!"

After a minute or two, Sindy suddenly climbed off Scotty and spinning around, yanked her short shorts down, revealing a red thong as she stepped out of them, kicking them off into a shadowy

corner. For the first time, I could smell her arousal, her pussy juice smelling powerful and lusty in my nostrils. She bent over and waved her voluptuous ass cheeks in my son's face, her hands spreading her buttocks to reveal a massive and dripping wet spot on her crotch where the material was stretched tight across her mound.

Sindy backed up and lowered herself back on Scotty's lap, leaning herself against him as she hunched her hips around on his swollen erection., She reached down and took his free hand and brought it up to her breasts. "Touch them, Scotty. Touch them and playing with them like you'd play with your Mommy's tits!"

I heard my son groan, "Mom! I...oh, Mom!" and much to my surprise, he let go of my hand and brought his hand up to join the other, cupping and squeezing Sindy's massive breasts, letting her soft and pliable flesh squeeze around his fingers. It was her turn to moan as his fingers eagerly sought out her wide, quarter size nipples, pinching and pulling on them, stretching them out, making her heavy, sagging breasts tilt upwards.

I could scarcely believe how excited it was to watch this young woman carry on so with my son and my hands were already being drawn to my inner thighs -- fingers sliding over my slick skin, made slick with my pussy creams. I could barely contain the urge to ram as many fingers as I could into my pussy. Sindy grinned down at me, again that sexy overbite of hers worrying that lower lip as she quivered with excitement over the situation, her eyes roaming hungrily over my exposed cunt, labia blossomed wide, gleaming as the juices poured out of me.

Finally, as the second song faded out on the CD player, with a moan, Sindi broke free of Scotty's grasp, her breasts heaving and her nipples bright red from being pinched, staggering a bit as she tried to gain some balance. For a moment, I thought my son had cum in his pants from the wet stain on his khakis, but then as I glanced at Sindi wavering on her high heels, I could see that the material covering her crotch was a sodden mess, literally dripping wet as her labia swelled around the cloth and her juices leaked from her cunt like a sieve. Sindi looked down and laughed, "Have you ever been this wet before, Mom?"

I spread my legs wide to expose my own wetness. "I think I'm giving up panties altogether," I sighed.

Another song begun -- lots of hard grinding guitar and snaky drums and Sindi began angling my way, licking her lips. She reached up and tore off her halter top which was already hanging useless around her neck and then peeled off her wet thong, holding it in her hand and squeezing it, letting her own fragrant juices drip between her fingers to splash on the floor. Her pussy seemed to almost pulse with life, a little patch of black pubic hair glittering as her juices were reflected in the room's light. She turned to my son and said, "You should get comfortable, Scotty -- your mother and I are already practically naked and I bet your cock would like to get some fresh air!"

My son's eyes bulged as he turned to me, his arms starting to wave as events overwhelmed him. I reached out quickly and snagged a moving hand and tugged on it to get his attention. "It's OKAY, son!" I said in my best 'Mom' voice, firmness and love etched on every word. "Relax and enjoy, Scotty." I waited a moment and then more sternly said, "Get those pants off now, son!"

I thanked God for the primitive instincts deep within my son that had him on his feet within a few seconds, fumbling at his belt and then his pants were coming down and out popped that magnificent cock of his, long, thick and angry, almost a deep purple as it throbbed with the need for release.

"Fuck me," gasped Sindi. "You mean you haven't fucked that thing yet, Mom?" She licked her lips at the size of it, precum dripping off the slit.

I motioned for Scotty to sit down, saying, "Get comfortable, baby. Mom's gonna get her first lap dance too."

Scotty gasped as he stared at me in amazement, clumsily setting down, his pants around his ankles. "Mom, really? You mean you never did this before?"

I giggled and said, "Nope -- but I'm ready and wet for it."

Sindi moved in, towering over me, nearly as tall as my husband and Scotty. She began moving with the music, slowly straddling me, coming closer and closer with her now naked body. I could smell her scent -- so strong and lewd in its own right, its strength making me all the wetter.

Then she was in my lap, rolling her pelvis against mine, leaning into my bare thighs and leaving wet streaks of cunt cream shining on them as she scooted forward and then her breasts were in my face and her hands were on the back of my head, pressing them against her giant pillows of tit flesh and I felt a mini-cum rocket through me as I found my lips wrapping around a massive nipple, pulsating with excitement as blood coursed through it. Carnal instinct prompted me to suck and I felt her sigh contentedly as my tongue rolled and flicked at her hard nub, so swollen it could barely be moved.

My hands slid over her lush body to cup her large ass cheeks, fingers sliding down deep and around to tickle at the sopping wet flesh between her legs. I felt her stiffen as I managed to get a finger inside her pussy, slowly stirring her wet flesh, amazed at the flood of hot cunt cream that flowed around my finger. At the same time, I began to alternate little licks of her nipple with my tongue with teasing nibbles, using my teeth just enough to make her squeal each time I bit down.

As I fingered Sindi's pussy and sucked her fat nipple, I glanced over at my son and was flattered to see him stroking his cock watching the lap dancer writhing in my lap. I worked another finger inside her pussy, sliding them deeper even as I brought my thumb to bear, searching through the folds of her wrinkled cunt flesh until I found her swollen nub, like a tiny erect cock, emerging from its hood. I carefully rolled the pad of my thumb over her clitoris and was gratified to hear her chokingly sob, "Yesssss!"

Once I began to dominate her clit, Sindi quickly was far down the road towards orgasm. As I fingered her more forcefully, I began to bite her nipple harder, clamping it between my teeth and worrying it like a dog holding onto a bone, flicking the very tip of it with my tongue while her fingers became entangled in my hair, wanting to both push my head away and pull me harder into her breasts.

She let out another sob and then I felt pussy cream ejaculating forcefully against my hand and against my naked crotch, her hot juices splattering against my wide spread pussy flesh. Sindi moaned, "Yesssssss, Mommmmmmyyyy! Make your baby girl cum!" Although still feeling so inexperienced with women, I felt my confidence grow with each stroke of my finger and every brush of my thumb, her juices pouring from her, soaking our joined laps and filling the room with the heady scent of cunt.

Sindi quivered in orgasm on my lap for over a minute before she slowly slithered out of my lap, winding up on her knees between my widespread leg, her head resting on my wet thigh and her breath feeling warm and wonderful on my pussy. I turned and grinned at my son, his face frantic

with the need to cum as he stroked his swollen cock, a naughty grin on his face from watching this lovely stranger orgasm on his mother's lap.

Looking down, I saw Sindi's blue eyes look up at mine with worship and desire and it was my turn now to put my hand on her head, running my fingers through the tight bleached curls of her hair as I silently urged her face towards my crotch. Like an obedient servant, she willingly allowed me to push her face into my wet cunt, her long, Romanesque nose nuzzling my trimmed bush as her lips kissed my pussy and her tongue made me cry out as it delved deep into my hot, aroused flesh.

It was my turn to squirm under her loving touch now, my only distractions the taste of Sindi's pussy on my fingers, tasting salty and funky as I licked them clean and the sight of my son masturbating as the young woman ate me out. Sindi knew what she was doing, deftly rolling her tongue over my flesh, touching my most sensitive places as if she'd been eating my pussy all her life.

As I squirmed on the wood chair, now slippery with my juices, my moans grew louder as I rode the edge of orgasm. Sindi gave me only a short respite, lifting her dripping face from between my thighs to smile and my son and say, "When I make your Mommy cum, I'm going to give you a big, juicy kiss, Scotty!" Then she dove back between my legs, redoubling her efforts to lap at my pussy and I began to cry and gasp as my orgasm came closer and closer.

Then as her tongue began a fevered assault on my clitoris, Scotty, overwhelmed by the sight of his mother having an orgasm stood up, his hand flying rapidly over his cock and moaned, "Mom! MOM! I'm gonna cum, Mom!"

Sindi snapped her head up and with a harsh tone in her voice, said demanding, "Cum on Mommy's face, Scotty! Shoot that hot, nasty load on Mommy's face!"

With his pants still around his ankles, my son obeyed Sindi immediately, clumsily shuffling over to me, his cock now inches from my face, the head a dark, angry purple in its blood swollen glory, his eyes wide with excitement that was expanded as I hissed in agreement with Sindi's lusty command, "YESSSSS! Cum on Mom's face, son! Give Mom that hot spunk!"

With a cry of pure pleasure, my son did just that, his lips curling into a passionate sneer as his body stiffened and his fingers tightened around his swelling cock and then he was blasting me with huge, white streamers of hot semen -- thick, ropy strands of his thick seed splattering into my face. Scotty's cry of pleasure became the bull's bellow as he sprayed his youthful sperm across my forehead and into my hair, across my cheeks and nose, into my mouth -- tasting so delicious and then against my chin with the last few spurts, still large, but not having the distance and instead of my face, arcing to land on my heaving breasts, now having escaped my bustier.

My own orgasm ignited as I tasted his sweet semen on my tongue and white orgasmic fire swept through me, fueled by the nasty ministrations of Sindi's tongue and I sobbed as pleasure overwhelmed me -- the taste of my son's sperm melding with Sindi's experienced tongue and becoming that nearly perfect moment as I shook and convulsed with sexual joy.

Suddenly, Sindi was kissing me, licking my face with her tongue while holding Scotty's still massive cock in her hand, smearing the last of his seed on my face as my mouth sought out both her maddening tongue and the cock head of my son. As my orgasm wound down, I found a naked Sindi sitting in my lap, kissing and licking at my semen coated face in between the moments when I was kissing my son who was trembling in the afterglow of his own orgasm.

Sindi ran her tongue over my lips, both of us savoring the mixed flavor of my pussy cream and Scotty's semen, whispering in an awed tone, "I can't believe I'm eating a son's sperm off his mother's face." We kissed again and she said, "Won't you please adopt me, Sandra?" the tone in her voice not totally joking.

We both giggled, but then my attention was diverted as I heard Scotty rustling with his clothes. "Scotty, what's wrong? I think we still have some time left with Sindi."

My son was finishing with his belt buckle and he looked up at me with an expression I had never seen before. His green eyes burned with a passionate fire as he said almost maniacally, "Mom. We got to go, Mom! We need to go home right now?"

I reached out my hand towards him, concern suddenly welling up inside me, afraid that maybe our naughty adventure had overwhelmed him. "Son, it's okay, relax. There's no hurry, baby."

Scotty shook his head and said, "Mom, we have to go now!"

I felt Sindi slid out of my lap and I stood up, feeling both alarmed at my son's tone and deliciously nasty as I felt my swollen labia rub against each other as I stepped forward, making me shiver with pleasurable aftershocks. "Scotty, just relax," I said.

Deftly I moved my arms around his neck as I had always done to calm my son down, but then I found him taking the initiative, pressing his forehead against mine, his eyes blazing with desire as he said in a demanding tone unlike anything I had ever heard before, "Mom, we have to go home. Mom, I have to ask Dad if I can fuck you because Mom, I want to fuck you right now!"

To be continued...