

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MOM



[lovecraft68](#)

Author's Note: Welcome to my entry into the winter contest. Seeing as the holidays are supposed to be about family, I figure what better story to write than a mother and her son truly bonding at Christmas? So consider this my Christmas present to all you fans of good old fashioned clean dirty family fun. Lovecraft68

"Hey Danny, you awake?"

Mom's voice from outside my bedroom door caused me to jump and remove my hand from my cock.

"Um, yeah, give me a sec." I called out.

I was naked and reaching down next to the bed for a pair of pants when the door began to open. I quickly sat back and yanked the covers over my lap to conceal my still fully erect cock.

Mom came into the room and turning, closed the door behind her. I was grateful she had put her back to me to give me a chance to keep eyes in my head. Mom, who much to my dismay, always dressed appropriately around me, had on a red silk robe so short I swore if she even leaned over I would see her ass cheeks.

I took in her long legs from her bare feet up to the backs of her well toned thighs. This was a view I would occasionally be rewarded with in the summer when we would all go to the beach, but to get it in the winter? This was a treat!

I heard a click and realized she had thumbed the lock on my door. That was odd, but maybe she wanted to talk about what she was doing for dad for Christmas day. Dad worked a lot around the holidays so mom always tried to make the day extra special. Bet she made the morning special when he came home, I thought.

Even as she approached my mind filled with the visuals of how special mom could make things for my father. That thought caused me to focus on the most perfect blow job lips I'd ever seen. I wasn't the only one that thought that, my best friend Steven had told me my mother had porn star lips several times; always adding it wasn't just her lips that were porn quality.

Most guys would get pissed if their friends said things like that about their mom-and I did make a show of telling him not to be an asshole-but fact was it gave me a thrill to know my mother was an object of lust to guys my age. Then again most guys did not want to be the one experiencing their mother's lips and sexy mature body.

"So Danny," Mom came over and on the bed next to me. "I need to ask you something."

"Sure, what's up?"

"Looks like you are." Mom placed her hand on the covers next to my cock, which was still noticeably hard.

"Jeez, I'm sorry!" I sat up, pulling away from her touch.

"Don't be," she laughed, "Why do you think I knock? I know what boys your age are always doing."

I blushed and looked away, betting she wouldn't be smiling if she knew I'd been stroking my cock to the thought of her on her knees with me fucking her doggy style and pulling on her long dark hair.

"Look at you blushing. I'd say you were cute, but you're a man now and men aren't cute are they?"

"Guess not." I made sure I gathered the covers into my lap to cover my still hard dick.

My mother being here-and already embarrassing me should have caused it to shrivel, but her robe had ridden all the way up to her hip when she sat.

"What did you want to talk about, mom?" I changed the subject.

"I want to know what my baby wants for Christmas."

"I told you, just gift cards for some clothes and maybe I-tunes."

"No, that's what you told your father and I." she slid closer to me and putting her hand on my cheek said, "It's just me now, so why don't you tell me what you really want?"

"I don't know what you mean." I answered, trying desperately not to look down her robe.

"Hmm, I see. You're sure there's nothing at all you want, maybe something you couldn't ask for in front of your father?"

"What are you talking about?"

I stopped speaking when mom pulled her legs up onto the bed and knelt next to me. Her breasts were level with my eyes and the robe was so loosely tied I could see the inner half of her creamy breasts.

"Come on, Danny," Mom gave me a smile that seemed far from motherly, "There isn't something you want from me, something special?" she leaned over and putting her lips to my ear whispered, "Something naughty?"

"Mom what...?"

"Yes, something naughty. Hmmm." She sighed, her breath hot on my neck. "Something a good son would never want from his mommy."

"I don't know what you...you mean." I stammered.

"No?" she was still speaking in my ear, "You sure? Because, honey, I'm more than willing to give my naughty little boy anything he wants from me."

"You...you are?"

"Hmm-mmm" she purred in my ear, "A good mother gives her son anything he wants. Even if what he wants is," I gasped when her tongue flicked across my ear, "His mommy to give him a blow job."

"Mom!" I exclaimed, pulling my head back, "Why would you think I want that?"

"A mother knows everything." She sat back on her knees and licked her lips, "Knows when her son wants her as a woman, not a mom."

My cock was throbbing beneath the covers and looking down at her barely concealed tits, I asked, "You know?"

"I do know you want me, Danny. I know you think of me being your bad girl, sucking your cock, fucking you. Letting you lick my pussy."

"Holy shit, you're not mad?"

"Why would I be mad?" she asked, "Honey, I love that you want me." She giggled, "I've been wet all night, thought your father would never leave!"

Grabbing the covers mom yanked them off me, exposing my hard cock.

"Oh, look at that! Is that your present to your mommy?" She asked, licking her amazing lips and taking me in her hand.

"Oh, yeah." I moaned as she squeezed, causing my pre cum to ooze from the tip.

"Hmm, this is going to be a great Christmas!" she released my cock and taking the tie of the robe in her hands said, "Want to see your present?"

"Yes, please." I said in a barely audible whisper.

Mom pulled her robe open, "Merry Christmas, Danny."

"Oh, my God!" I gasped.

Mom was naked beneath the robe and my eyes widened at not just the sight of her full round breasts and their hard rosy nipples, but the patch of red hair between her thighs. Mom tossed the robe to the side and laying back on the bed stretched her long legs out on either side of me. She spread herself open, exposing the pink flesh of her pussy.

"How about you come over here and give your mommy a kiss on the lips?"

I pushed myself forward so I was kneeling between her legs and lowering my head, buried my face between her thighs. Mom cried out as my tongue plunged inside her wet pussy and I moaned at the taste of her forbidden juices.

"Oh, that feels so good!" Mom moaned as I worked my tongue through her pussy and sucked on her swollen clit.

I swirled my tongue around it and mom squirmed in my face, her pussy rubbing across my cheeks and tongue.

"Oh, honey, that's so nice, but you can lick me all you want later. For right now how about you slide up here and shove that beautiful cock inside mommy's pussy?"

After months of fantasizing about her, I didn't have to be told twice. I slid up between her legs and as she pulled me down into a deep kiss my cock entered my mother's hot tight pussy. Mom moaned in my mouth as she wrapped her legs around me, drawing me deep into her forbidden heat. I whimpered at how good she felt and moved my hips, plunging my cock into her wet heat.

"Yes, baby, just like that!" Mom sighed in my ear, "You take your mother, take her pussy, it's your pussy, honey."

"It is?" I managed in between whimpers of pleasure as mom thrust her hips into mine pushing my cock harder into her.

"Any time you want it, honey. You just tell mommy what you need and I'll give it to you!" she moaned when her words caused me to fuck her harder.

"That's it, fuck me nice and hard! Cum for me and then we'll take our time and play. You can lick my pussy and make your mother come in your face then I'll suck my baby's cock nice and hard and let you fuck me some more then when you're ready, I'll suck you off."

"Oh, mom!" I groaned as my balls tightened and cum raced through my cock.

"I'll take every drop for you honey, I'll be a good mommy and swallow my son's cum for him!"

I gasped and fucked her as hard as I could and mom continued to egg me on.

"That's right, take me! Claim your mother. Make her yours! Come for me, Danny! I want to feel my son fill my pussy with his cum!"

"Oh, fuck!" I cried out as my cock jumped and...

I jerked awake at the sound of a loud bang and rolled over so quickly I fell off the bed, landing on the floor with a thud.

"Don't walk away from me, John!" Mom yelled down the hallway.

"There's nothing to talk about." Dad called back to her, but didn't sound as angry, "I'm sorry you're pissed, but I'm doing the right thing."

"Bullshit!" Mom yelled back, "We don't need it!"

"The hell we don't!" Was the reply, "We have a kid in college, Robin, and he works part time as it is, we need to be able to do more."

"That's the point!"

Mom sounded as if she was closer to my room and it dawned on me they had no idea I was home. I was supposed to go out with Jack after work, but plans fell through and when I got home mom was in her office and dad hadn't gotten home yet. I'd started to read and must have fallen asleep.

My parents had always gotten along really well, but lately there had been a lot of tension, mostly focusing on Dad's work hours changing and him working more and more. Dad was a truck driver for a local delivery service and sub contracted during the holidays with UPS and had been doing a lot of overnights hauling trailers back and forth to Pennsylvania.

Without having heard the beginning of the fight, I already knew what it was about; Dad was going to work Christmas Eve just as he had the last two years. Each year he promised he wouldn't do it next year, but did anyway. Mom year was pissed last year and sounded even angrier this time around.

"What's the point?"

Dad was right outside my door and I pulled myself back up to my bed and thought about going out there so they would stop.

"The point is Danny's nineteen, John, we're not going to have many Christmas's left with him home and that means more than money!"

"It's only Christmas Eve; I'll be home by six Christmas morning. I'll be here for breakfast and presents."

"We were always together Christmas Eve."

Mom still sounded a little further down the hall and was no longer yelling.

"Robin, the kid's at an age he doesn't want to spend the night with his mom and dad."

Well, mom maybe. I thought, recalling the vivid dream their fight had woke me from.

"He does because he knows it's important to me. At least one man in this house cares about spending time with me."

If only mom knew the kind of time I wanted to spend with her. Damn my father was a lucky guy. If I were him I'd never want to leave the house at night.

"Oh, please." Dad snorted, "Don't be a drama queen, Robin. We'll go somewhere nice with the extra money, promise."

"Speaking of that," Mom began.

"Oh, here we go." Dad sighed outside my door.

"Yeah, here we go." Mom retorted, "You promised me something tomorrow night. Something that shouldn't have to be considered a gift, but these days I have to use any excuse I can."

"Give me a break."

"Oh, yeah, it's so terrible to have a wife who wants to have sex more than once every couple of weeks, isn't it?"

"Robin, don't start."

"If I don't start you never will." She laughed, but without much humor.

I eased close to the wall to be able to hear mom better and wondered what the fuck was wrong with my dad? I knew he worked a lot and wasn't a kid anymore, but how the hell did he go to bed with my mother and not want to fuck her?

"I work a lot and I work nights."

"I am well aware your truck is the only thing you've been driving lately."

Oh! Ouch. I grimaced at that shot.

"Maybe that's because it likes how I drive, it doesn't tell me how to do it."

That was an interesting comment.

"Oh, sorry, John." Mom sounded anything but. "I'm sorry I think there's more flavors than vanilla in life and like to have fun."

Mom was cranking out the hits in this one. Her words caused me to think about them more than beyond it being a good dig. Mom was pretty much saying dad was a dud and she wanted to cut loose.

Damn! I smiled at the thought my mother was nowhere near the prim proper woman she came across as. Then again I knew that from those pictures, the ones that had started off my year long obsession with my mother as an object of lust.

"I'm not a kid anymore."

"You're not eighty either."

"Enough!" Dad snapped, losing his patience. "I'm tired of this Robin. I work my ass off, I'm good to you, I'm good to Danny, excuse me if I don't fuck like the people in those movies you're always watching!"

Mom watches porn? This was becoming quite the informative conversation. Not that I needed anymore inspiration to get off to my mother, but the visual of her laying on her bed watching porn and playing with herself! Did she? Fuck, of course she did!

"You're right, John." Mom said quietly, "You're a good man and I shouldn't ride you..." she laughed, "About riding me, but...I want you, baby, is that so bad?"

"There's worse things than the hottest woman I know wanting to jump my bones." Dad agreed.

"I guess things change." Mom gave a dramatic sigh, "It's a shame it was only Danny's toys I used to have to buy batteries for."

"There you go," Dad began, and then laughed, "Okay, that was a good one!"

"You mean what you said; you still think I'm hot?" Mom asked.

"Damn straight." Dad said the words as that thought went through my mind at the same time causing me to roll my eyes.

"Even like this in my not so sexy workout clothes?"

"I know what's under those baggy clothes." Dad told her, "You're as sexy as ever, even sexier than your older, a real tiger."

"Cougar." Mom laughed. "But speaking of pussies, seeing we're making up, how about you come back into the bedroom and you can take my baggy clothes off."

Hearing mom say pussy had my cock swelling as did just the idea of her about to have sex. Thanks to my find in dad's drawer I knew what was under mom's baggy sweat pants and loose t-shirts she wore all the time and dad was right, pure cougar material.

"I have to leave in an hour, hon."

"Hate to break it to you champ, but you have no worries not finishing on time." Mom laughed.

"Well that puts me in the mood, but really I..."

"Have time for a quick romp; come on baby, give me an early present."

"I..."

What was wrong with him? I'd been stroking it to mom until my balls ached and here he was turning her down...and all the time it seemed.

"You what?" Mom was getting the edge back in her voice.

"Nothing, tell you what just let me print the directions for tonight's trip."

"The computers downstairs in my office, do it afterwards."

"I'll forget." I heard him snap his fingers. "I'll use Danny's, his printer is better anyway and it's right here."

"You know what John, forget it." Mom raised her voice again, "Christ at this point you probably need directions to find my tits."

"Robin."

"Don't Robin me, I am not going to stand here like an idiot and beg you for sex, go print your directions and I'm going to do what I should be telling you to do."

"What are you...?"

"I'm going to go fuck myself!" Mom shouted and a moment later their door slammed.

I stood there wondering; was she really going to pull out one the vibrators she had in their nightstand? My eyes widened as I tried to remember if I put the blue one back in the spot I'd found it in this morning when I'd gone in there and sniffed it as I did more mornings than I should want to admit.

"Sick puppy, Danny." I muttered and glancing at the clock and saw it was only six.

I thought about calling Jen from work. After weeks of flirting at Starbucks, she had given me her number and we had gone out a couple of times, but with other couples. Today she had mentioned she wasn't doing anything tonight. It was the night before Christmas Eve and after tonight it would be a couple of days before either of us would be free again.

I looked at my phone on the bed and told myself to call her. Jen was sweet and cute and seemed pretty interested. She had also gone out of her way to tell me several times how her parents were at a party tonight. I took that as a sign I would have a good chance of getting some and it had been awhile and I had the feeling Jen would be a fun girl.

But for some reason I couldn't get into the thought of her. Even when I lay in bed and started thinking about her and her long blonde hair and those perky little tits and long legs I couldn't stay focused on her. I would be in mid stroke and the image of Jen looking up at me with my cock in her mouth would change.

Her blue eyes would shift to a pair of big soft brown eyes and her lips would be much fuller and softer. It would be my mother on her knees and doing what every law of society would say she shouldn't be, sucking her son's cock.

Once mom crept into my fantasy it was all over. I would think about her until I exploded in my hand wishing it was her mouth, or her large breasts, or plump little ass.

Both mom and dad had raised me to respect girls and to never have sex for the sake of sex. I didn't have to be madly in love with a girl to sleep with them, but my parents had instilled it in me that they should at least be someone I wanted to be with for awhile and for more than sex.

That advice served me well as I had a reputation as a decent guy and the few girls I had slept with had all liked that quality about me. I was sure Jen was into me because, Sandra, who also worked with us knew another girl I had dated and told her I was a good guy.

So it wouldn't be fair to use Jen as a way to relieve some stress, especially when I was fixated on someone else. It was getting to a point where I was no longer thinking of any woman, but my mother. Even all the porn I watched was step mother fantasies or milf videos featuring brunettes that resembled my mother. It wasn't the same as real incest, but all I could find online. Well, at least for free.

I smiled at the thought of the Christmas gift I had bought for myself, a video from Germany called Loving mothers and featuring real moms with their sons. Granted they were not as sexy as real porn stars, but it was the real deal!

Best fifty dollars I had spent this year! It most likely wouldn't show up until after Christmas which made me nervous as I would be working every day and then back to school after New Year's.

I'd have to tell mom and dad not to open it in case they were home. I'd lie and tell them it was a present and didn't want them to see it. I leaned back against the pillows and felt something hit my arm. I picked up the book I had been reading and grinned at the title, "Oh, Mommy!"

The book, which I'd stumbled across in a used bookstore, was from the sixties and the author listed as anonymous. The cover was a lurid black and white photo of a busty brunette riding a young man while pushing her tits in his face.

For an old book the stories were as hardcore as anything you could find today and in a sense it made me feel good to know these fantasies I'd been having were obviously if not popular, at least shared by others over the years.

I glanced at the page I'd left the book open to and read the first couple of sentences.

"Oh, yes honey," Mom called out as I squeezed her hips and drove my cock relentlessly into her warm wet slit, "Fuck me! Fuck your nasty mother like the whore she is!"

"You are a whore, aren't you mom?" Jimmy asked, shoving a finger hard into her ass causing her to squeal, "My mother's a fucking pig! A fucking pig that swallows her son's cum and lets him fuck her!"

"Yes, oh yes!" Mom cried out, "I'm a slut for my son! Now go ahead and put that big fat cock in my slutty ass! Come, on baby, fuck mommy's ass!"

Damn! No wonder I'd had that dream. Who was I kidding? I could have been reading a comic book and dreamt of my mother these days. I reread the paragraph, imagining a mother that wanted her son so badly she would let him take her ass.

I didn't fantasize about degrading my mother or her calling herself names, rather I envisioned our time as hot and dirty, but on the more playful side, just enjoying each other in that one way a son shouldn't enjoy his mom.

Lying back on the bed I briefly envisioned sleeping with my mother, not in the sexual sense, but wondering what it would be like to hold her, to have her body pressed close to mine. My mind drifted to sleeping turning into waking her up by kissing her back, her neck, my cock pressing into her bare ass.

Jesus I was wound up today. My cock was once again aching and I knew I was going to need to get off if I wanted to think of something besides my mother. I lifted the book, figuring I'd do some one handed reading, but then looked up at my lap top.

"Don't do it." I said aloud.

On that lap top were scanned copies of the pictures I'd found in dad's drawer, the ones that had started these twisted fantasies. I'd told myself I'd stop looking at them and try to wean myself from my desires. Not that reading the book in my hand was abstaining in anyway, but it was those pictures that really fueled my taboo lust.

Glancing at the book, I forced myself to put it down. I was now falling into the pattern I'd been in for months. First the out of control fantasies about mom, reading mother son incest stories, watching the watered down porn, and those damn pictures. But once I'd

gotten off, or like now, started to realize what I was thinking, a wave of guilt would come over me.

My mother had never done anything to justify these thoughts. She was a loving mother and wife, a good woman who if anything dressed on the conservative side and never inappropriately.

She had never displayed any type of affection for me other than a mother's natural love of her son, or act like some of my friend's mothers who seemed to dress as if they still thought they were twenty and trying to get guys my age to look at them.

But right there was the problem. The fact my mother was so respectable to the world at large, then to see those damn pictures! It made them even hotter! If mom acted like a cougar in heat they would be less shocking, but discovering my mother was that lady in the street, freak in the bed type had stirred my unnatural lust.

The pictures; I looked again at the lap top and caved as I always did. Just one more time and I would delete them. I got up from my bed and walking over to the desk, rubbed my aching dick through the loose sweat pants I was wearing. By the time I sat down, I was hard and shaking the mouse to bring the screen up, I located the folder marked "XM"

Easing back in the chair, I pushed my pants down over my hips, smiling as I stared at the slide show option to view all the pics in the folder. I hovered over the option and paused before I clicked it. I had said no more and one of these days had to mean it.

I couldn't keep doing this. First it was wrong and although mom had no clue I had these pictures of thought impurely of her, I sometimes had a hard time looking at her without feeling bad.

But other times I had a hard time not being hard when I looked at her and looking at these things all the time was never going to get me over that. I would never be with my mother. There was nothing for me down this path, but perversion and frustration and if my father or mother ever found these? The thought my dad was going to wander in here to print directions was a disturbing one.

Not that Dad would nose around, but he wasn't the best with computers and might click on something by accident. I couldn't imagine the trouble I would be in. I guided the mouse to delete and clicked it.

The option came up asking if I were sure and I hesitated again. Maybe one more time...then starting tomorrow I would stick to porn and stories, fantasizing about the concept of a mother with her son, but not my mother. Still not the healthiest of fixations; but better than the real thing.

My finger tapped the mouse indecisively. One more time? But why one more time? Not like I hadn't committed them to memory at this point. So would I stop? Yes, sooner or

later they would fade from memory. Speaking of memories I recalled the day back in January I had found the damn things.

I'd lost my phone charger and dad had the same phone and mentioned he kept a charger in his bureau drawer so he would always have a spare. He'd been on the road and I figured he wouldn't care if I used it until I got paid and could buy another one so I went looking for it.

While digging through his top drawer, which is where he tossed all his random belongings, I'd spotted a small envelope that was marked 'Robin cruise 2010'.

Mom and dad had gone on a cruise to the Bahamas for their twentieth anniversary and feeling a little nosy; I opened it and pulled out a stack of photos. The first few were of mom at a bar, on the beach, posing at a market. They were nothing special, but she was smiling away in all of them and I enjoyed seeing her happy.

I had briefly lingered over the one at the bar, she was leaning back on a stool and wearing a red dress that was pretty damn short and low cut enough to show more of her breasts than I'd ever seen her flaunt. Good for them I'd thought, and then sliding that one to the bottom of the pile dropped the stack when I saw the next one.

They landed face up on the floor and I found myself staring at a picture of my mother, lying naked between my father's legs with his cock in her hand. She was smiling at the camera and as I bent over and picked it up, I saw the next one. In this one she was rubbing his cock along her face with a look of pure lust in her eyes.

My fingers were trembling and I told myself to put the pictures back in the drawer and get out of there. But the look in mom's eyes and the sight of her with a cock in her face had a bizarre effect on me.

I knew I shouldn't be looking, but I couldn't look away. I looked at the next one and this time dad's cock-another reason I should be disturbed and not keep looking-was now in mom's mouth.

Not just in her mouth, but mom's red coated lips were at the base of his shaft and her large brown eyes were staring into the camera. Sitting on the bed I'd stared at the stack, there had to be another two dozen in my hand and unable to help it, I looked at each of them.

There were several of mom giving dad a blow job and in detail. Pictures of her running her tongue along his shaft, sucking on just the tip and a mind blowing one of her holding his cock while she sucked his balls.

In each picture her eyes were on the camera and in several she had a naughty smile on her face that told me she loved every minute of what she was doing. To my surprise my cock was responding to the pictures and when the next picture showed my mother jerking my father's spurting cock off into her mouth and face, I put my hand on it and was amazed at how hard I was.

The next pictures were as hardcore as anything I'd ever seen. Mom showing off a puddle of cum in her open mouth, then a shot of it drooling down her chin and back onto my father's oozing cock. Another showed mom licking cum from his shaft and smiling as she did.

I rubbed my cock as I put the stack down next to me and removed each picture to see the next. There was a series of pictures taken with her on her back, her legs spread, fingering her pussy. I stared at my mother's pussy, her hairless, glistening pussy. In one picture she was rubbing her clit with her red nails while dad pushed a vibrator inside her.

The pictures shifted to sex. Shots of mom over him, riding him, cupping her full breasts in her hands. Mom's eyes were closed and her lips parted as she straddled him, impaled on his cock. The majority of her breasts were tanned and the white tan lines showed she had been wearing a damn skimpy bikini while on the beach and added to the thrill.

But again, the look on mom's face; pure pleasure as she rode my father's cock. The pictures switched to mom on her back and her taking the pictures of dad kneeling between her legs. His face was buried in her pussy and the fingers of her free hand were pulling at his hair. Her feet were on his shoulders and his tongue on her clit.

The next featured dad now fucking her. His cock buried between her legs, which were spread wide, his hands around her ankles. The pictures became mom on her hands and knees, her ass in the air and dad sliding his cock inside her.

No longer able to help myself, I had unsnapped my pants and stroked my cock while looking at the shot of dad's wet cock pushing into her pussy. Dad must have been pointing the camera straight down as the photos showed only mom's pussy and him entering it. But also visible was her pink rosebud and my cock jumped in my hand at the sight of my mother's asshole.

Apparently Dad had been eying it as well as the next image featured his finger inside of it. Two pictures later his cock was easing into her ass. The next sent my hand into high speed. Dad was buried in her ass and in this one the camera caught her face as she looked at him over her shoulder. Mom's eyes were wide and her mouth open as she must have been crying out from him fucking her ass.

Mom's face was covered in sweat and her dark hair was stuck to her sweaty back. But again, her face; pain, pleasure and lust all in one. The last pictures were of mom on her back, her tits, chest and face, splattered with cum and a look of satisfaction on her face that sent me over the edge.

Right there on my parent's bed I had exploded, sending long spurts of cum onto my jeans. That night I lay there in bed consumed by the images of my mother not being a mother, but being an amazingly sexual woman.

She had looked-and been acting-like a damn porn star! Cum in her mouth, fucked in the ass and all the while smiling and loving it! The next morning when she came downstairs dressed for work in a professional length skirt and blouse I found myself staring at her calves and trying to see down her shirt every time she bent over to get something.

I kept looking at her face and instead of seeing the respectable woman in front of me with her long hair pinned up and her makeup done very lightly I saw her with her hair down, her lips painted slut red and covered in sweat and cum.

I imagined her on her knees squealing from a cock in either of her holes. As soon as she had left I had ran upstairs and pulled out the pictures and got off again.

I had done that every day for weeks until I'd come close to being caught when Dad came home early after one of his runs were canceled. The next day I took them and scanned them into my computer so I could see them whenever I wanted to. Once I had them it got to a point they were all I could think of and I was jerking off to the point my balls ached.

The final straw-and what led to my fantasies shifting from just seeing mom as a slut in bed to being her son's slut in bed-occurred early in the summer when we'd gone swimming at a pool party hosted by our neighbors.

I had been sitting by side of the pool, my feet in the water when mom, who had swum the length of the pool under water, had popped up between my legs.

She had put her hand on my leg and smiled up at me while brushing her hair from her face. Her bathing suit was a one piece and not that revealing, but was full of water and weighed down enough to show a lot of her chest. I'd stared down; picturing those tits covered in cum then when I looked at her face had a vivid image of her sucking my cock. Her lips wrapped around my hard flesh, her brown eyes locked on mine

I had no idea why that had come to me, but when she put her arms out and asked me to pull her up and we were face to face for a moment, she laughed, put her arms around my neck and kissed my cheek. It was an innocent move.

A happy gesture of affection from a mother to her son, but my lust addled mind could only focus on her wet hair on my arms and her heavy breasts pressing against my chest through her suit.

The water had been cold and I felt her nipples poking into me. The smile on her face, although one of just happiness, inspired images of her naughty smiles while she fucked my father and I saw her making them for me, looking down at me as she fucked me.

Mom had gotten her knees on the edge of the pool and when she stood, there was a brief moment when my face was between her thighs and level with her pussy.

She immediately turned to the side and stepped over my leg to walk over to the chair, but to this day that moment burned into my mind. Countless times I had replayed the

scene, but with her pulling her bikini to the side and inviting me to lick her pussy. I'd had to slide into the pool so no one would see my hard on and left the party early to go home and jerk off.

At the time I had been dating Lynn and when I saw her the next night took her around the world like we were trying out for a porn shoot. She loved every minute of it and so did I, except for the fact all I kept thinking of was my mother.

I was lying back getting a nice slow blowjob from a pretty girl and rather than stare at her had closed my eyes and seen my mother down there. Every position, all that I kept seeing was mom in that position.

After the third night that sex with Lynn was nothing more than her doing the "work" I wished my mother was doing, I found a lame excuse to break up with her and had been single ever since, my sex life since Lynn had consisted of this, jerking off to a woman I could never-and should never touch.

My lust would drive those thoughts until I blew yet another load to my mother, then turn into guilt that I kept doing it.

But right now just thinking of those pictures had my cock throbbing more than ever and clicking cancel on delete I clicked slide show. As the picture of mom lying between Dad's legs popped up, I eased my sweat pants down, causing my dripping cock to spring free. Taking it in my hand I slowly stroked it as the picture with mom deep throating his cock came up.

"Damn." I whispered, as I usually did, when the one of mom jacking dad off into her mouth came up.

My cock jumped and despite how slow I was pumping it I doubted I would make it to the last picture before I would come. Knowing I was close I skipped ahead to where dad was fucking her doggy and was already anticipating the one where his cock was in her ass. One that picture came up and I saw not only my mother's ass filled with cock, but that look on her face I would pop. I could feel my cock getting ready to do so right now and as it came up, I clicked on it to freeze it there and stroked faster.

I was seconds away when the door opened behind me. In a panic I moved the mouse to the top of the image to close it, but instead hit minimize.

"Danny!" Dad exclaimed behind me, "Hey, kid I didn't know you were home."

Jerking my hand from the mouse I grabbed my pants and yanked them back up, fortunately my back was to the door and hopefully dad didn't notice the movement. I know he didn't see the picture or he would have been screaming at me.

"Uh...yeah, I never went out with Jack." I said, hoping I didn't sound as nervous as I felt. I could bring the mouse down to the task bar to close the picture, but it might bring it up as I highlighted it.

I looked over my shoulder at him, "So, what's up?"

"I need to print directions for tonight's trip, I'm going down to Maryland, and the frigging printer downstairs in your mother's office is on the fritz."

"Oh, you need to use mine?" I asked nervously.

"Yeah, just for a minute." He came around to the side of the desk, "That, okay?"

"Sure, I was just," The folder was still up on the computer, but all that was visible was the individual file numbers. "Going to work on something, but I can wait."

"Work on something." Dad smirked, "That a funny way of saying jacking off?"

"I...what?"

"Oh, please!" Dad laughed, giving me a playful punch in the arm, "You don't think I saw you yanking your pants up? And you look like you got caught with your hand in the cookie jar."

He was grinning and as I looked into his blue eyes, he winked. Seeing no way out of it, I owned up, "Um, yeah. I was going to, sorry."

"Don't be sorry." He laughed, "But seriously lock your door, your mother didn't know you were home and you know she comes in to grab your laundry sometimes. Now that would be embarrassing."

More than that if she saw what I whacked off to.

"Got it." I nodded, "Anyway," I moved the arrow of the mouse over to close the folder, "Let me..."

"XM." Dad read over my shoulder, "What's that mean, X-rated movies?"

It meant x-rated mom and I swallowed hard, hoping to hell he wasn't going to ask to see.

"No," I thought quickly, "XM radio, I'm making a play list." I hoped to hell he didn't notice the words JPEG after each file number.

"Oh sure." He grinned again, "Don't worry I don't want to see your.... playlist."

"It's music." I laughed, clicking the folder closed, but the pic remained at the bottom and he was right there. If he ended up bringing the mouse down over it...

"Sure, so can I get in there for a minute?"

"Yup." I slid out of the chair with my stomach in a knot. He sat down and to my relief went to the top of the screen. I frowned when I saw him going to history.

"What are you doing?"

"I map quested something a couple of days ago, figure I can get the link like this."

"Yeah." I bit my lip, trying to remember if I had deleted my browsing history.

Because I knew dad, and occasionally mom, had been using my printer lately I had been careful about deleting all the sites I'd gone to. Dad apparently knew I watched porn, but the names of some of the links, "Step mom seduction, mother fuckers, and family affairs."

"Shit nothing." Dad looked up at me, "Good move. Your mother uses this here and there."

"I know." I winked, back, "Just type map quest into the browser and then book mark it so it stays in favorites."

"Good idea, you know me with these things." He typed in the MapQuest and as it came up he moved the curser down towards the bottom of the screen, "I have no clue what any of these things mean except for the E."

To my horror, the cursor was moving towards the red square that would bring up the picture.

"What's this red box?" he asked, heading for it.

"Don't click that!" I exclaimed, pushing his hand off the mouse.

"Why?" he looked up at me suspiciously, "What are you looking at?"

"It's the page of something I'm getting you for Christmas!" Wow, where that had come from I didn't know, but was damn glad I came out with it.

"That's in two days." He rolled his eyes, "Little last minute, no?"

"They have free overnight shipping with Amazon prime." I told him.

"Okay." He shrugged, "You don't have to get me anything, and I'd rather you save your money for school or going out for some fun."

"Of course I have to get you a gift!" I smiled, "Come on, Dad, you're always doing things for me, I can get you a damn gift."

"Okay." He laughed, "I won't argue. But since you mentioned that, I have something coming in, hopefully tomorrow." He grunted, "Better be tomorrow or I'll be in the dog house worse than I already am. You'll be home before your mother and I'll be sleeping so grab it for me."

"No problem."

"I didn't put senior on it, so make sure you don't open it."

When I nodded he turned back to the computer and I said, "Hold on, look away for a sec. I'm closing this."

Dad turned his head and I put the cursor over the picture. For a split second the white box popped up, but before the image came into focus, I closed it out.

"There you go." I felt my stomach unclench.

Dad nodded and as he typed the address into the site and once the directions came up, hit print.

"So, Danny, can I talk to you?"

"Sure."

"Seeing you were home I take it you heard your mother and me fighting?"

"Um...yeah." I nodded.

"Sorry about that, we try to keep those things private and well I guess you heard I'm working tomorrow night."

"I know and hey, look, dad, you do what you have to do, but I see mom's point, you promised her."

"I did, but we can use the money and a man does what he has to for his family."

"Seems like his family wants him here." I pointed out.

"You know, I liked it better when I could buy you a toy and you would be quiet."

"Sorry." I grinned, "But I know this is kind of not my place, but I heard the whole thing and mom really wanted to have a good night."

"That's none of your business, got it?" Dad snapped, "Bad enough I get into that shit with her, I won't talk about it with you. We're your parents."

He pointed at me, "Danny, a son, should never be thinking of the words mother and sex at the same time, that's disrespectful."

His words cut deep as I thought of what I had been doing when he came in.

"Sorry, really this time."

"I know, but on the subject of women what's up, kid? I haven't seen you with anyone since Lynn."

"I don't know." I looked away evasively.

"What about that girl you work with? Your mother said she stopped in to," he laughed, "Scope her out and she said she was cute and seemed nice, why haven't you asked her out?"

"Focusing on school and work."

"Danny, these will be the best years of your life. It's great you work hard on grades and your job, but you need some fun, kid. Go get her!"

"Maybe."

"Maybe?" he stood up, removing the directions from the printer. "You are way too good looking to sit here whacking off." He laughed, "Hell, you look just like me!"

"Jeez," I sighed, "So much for my confidence."

"Funny." Dad tapped the side of his face, "But these baby blues I passed onto you have done okay for us."

He ran his fingers through his black hair, "And you have no worries about your hair going, although," he smirked, "They say baldness skips a generation and your grandpa lost his early, you could be in trouble."

"Hey!" I now fingered my own short thick hair, "It's not going anywhere."

"It might, better marry young. Or at least get out there on a damn date, or do you work out all the time to look good for yourself?"

"I like it." I made a show of flexing, "You're worried because this is the year I beat you on our New Years arm wrestling contest."

"Fat chance kid." Dad tapped his arm, "These guns got plenty of ammo left in them."

"We'll see, old guy."

"Age is a number." He grinned, "Look at women, all the guys your age are chasing women your mother's age these days, all that cougar stuff."

"Then take care of mom, old man, before some young guy finds her."

"Watch it, Danny." He said, but this time didn't sound upset.

"I don't know, Jack's always telling me mom's hot, better watch out."

"Tell that little shit a woman prefers men not boys."

"I'll pass it on." Dad nodded and as he looked over the directions I asked, "Hey, dad, how come you and mom don't do anything anymore, you know, like go out or go on another cruise like a few years ago?"

"Because things change as you get older. Why the interest in what we do?"

"Just hate to see you fight, that's all."

"Couples fight, it's nothing." He sighed, "Man to man? Your mother is at a point she's in overdrive and for guys? Not as much."

"She'll get past it and that's all I'm saying and I'm only saying that much because I've told you that you can talk to me about anything and I'm showing you I think that works two ways. We try to raise you right, Danny."

"You did and that's why I'm not with anyone, you said never use a girl for sex and right now there's just no one I'm interested in for more than that so I don't want to lead anyone on. That's why I haven't asked Jen out."

Dad nodded and clapped my shoulder hard enough to make me wince. "Now that I can understand, you're a good man, Danny, a real gentleman. Catch you tomorrow."

"Sure."

"I meant what I said," Dad told me, "I'm proud of you Danny, a lot of guys just think with their dick. When you find the right girl, you'll make her very happy."

"Hope so."

"You're mother's proud of you too, thinks you're," he laughed, "Her sweet little boy."

Dad waved and as he left my room I looked at the lap top and wondered what mom would think of her sweet little boy if she knew I had those pictures and what I did to them.

"Hey, Danny." Mom knocked on my door and I looked up from the computer where I'd been playing and called out, "Come in."

Just before the door opened I had a flashback to my dream and envisioned her coming in dressed in something short and sexy, her long dark hair down, her lips...that faded as mom entered the room. She was wearing a pair of black jeans and a pink Red Sox t-shirt, her hair pulled back into a pony tail.

As she approached my mind even got going with that. The t-shirt wasn't tucked in, but was just snug enough across the top to show off her impressive chest. The jeans weren't painted on, but as she walked past me to turn the lamp on, I noticed they

weren't as baggy as the sweat pants she hung around in and I could make out some of the curve of her ass.

The pony tail wasn't nearly as hot as her hair being down, but it did give her a cute girl next door look and would make a nice handle while she blew me or we did it doggy...Jesus, stop that!

"I told you to not watch the computer in the dark." Mom said coming back to lean against the desk next to me.

That put me at eye level with her chest and I was glad the t-shirt didn't show any cleavage, but as it was the words red and sox never looked so good.

"Sorry." I turned in the chair to face her. "What's up, mom?"

"I talked to your dad before he left." She sighed, "I'm sorry you heard us fighting, honey. We didn't know you were here."

"That's okay, everyone fights." I waved her off, "Dad said the same thing."

"Your dad was raised by his mom and my parents divorced when I was in my teens, we both feel it's a big deal to be a family and a happy one."

"We are." Not as much mom/son bonding for my taste, but pretty good, I grinned to myself. "Don't worry about it."

"But you heard it all."

"Yeah, dad has to work." I shrugged. "It sucks, but he thinks it's the right thing, at least he cares."

Mom stared at me for a minute her large expressive eyes on mine. She laughed softly.

"Very diplomatic, Danny, you are a good young man."

"What do you mean?" I furrowed my brow

"But a lousy liar." Mom tousled my hair and I shivered as her long nails scratched my scalp. "You heard us talking about other things."

"Umm, none of my business." I told her.

"I feel terrible, Danny, I said some raunchy things to your father. I don't want you to think I'm..."

"What?" I prodded thinking of all the dirty things she'd said and hoping I could get her to say something racy.

"Well that I'm not a slut I guess."

"Slut?" I put my hands up, "Mom, you're married, how would wanting a nice night with dad make you a slut?"

Mom nodded and smiled, "You know what, Danny, you're right. Thank you." She shook her head, "I guess maybe I've been listening to the old fashioned crap your father comes out with a little too much."

"Why, what does he say?"

"Oh, well," She seemed to be thinking about it and I hoped she was going to tell me. It was probably something stupid, but if it kept her talking about her sex life, I was all ears.

"You know, it's not worth talking about. Let's just say your grandmother was a religious woman who spent her life alone after his father ran off. She's old fashioned and bitter towards what a happy couples should enjoy."

"Oh, you mean like you guys telling me about sex meaning something all the time?"

"No, we simply instilled respect for women and yourself in you, she... I can sum it up by saying she didn't believe in sex as recreation."

"That's..."

"Enough." Mom spoke softly, raising her hand to cut me off, "I don't agree with her, but I don't think that aside from the talk we had with you a mother should be talking about her sex life with her son. I just brought it up because I wanted to apologize you heard me talking inappropriately."

"I thought you said you weren't old fashioned." I prodded.

"I thought I said drop it." She said with the tone that told me she was done. "It was inappropriate because my son heard me. End of discussion."

"Sorry, mom."

"That's," she stopped when a whistling sound came from my computer. "What was that?"

"It's telling me I have an e-mail."

"Oh. Anyway your father is working tonight and like you heard, tomorrow night. He'll sleep a good part of the day, but we're all going to have dinner together a little early, around four, so make sure you're around."

I nodded absently as mom spoke and looked at my e-mails. My eyes widened when I saw it was from FantasyX and the subject was 'your order'. I opened it and was surprised to see that according to the tracking update it was going to arrive tomorrow! Merry Christmas to me!

"Danny!"

"Huh?" I shook my head.

"I said make sure you're here by four for dinner."

"I will." I assured her, now that I knew this was coming I would be coming right home after my six to eleven am shift.

The mail usually came around noon so I would be here to get the package.

"I'm only working half a day tomorrow," Mom continued, "but have to do some last minute shopping, but I'll be home by three okay?"

"Sure." I felt a wave of self loathing at the fact my mother was sitting in front of me while I was thinking of the mother son incest movie I was getting tomorrow.

"Good." Mom pushed away from the desk, "Hey, I want you to do something for me."

"Anything you want." I told her thinking she could be in trouble if she said those words to me, so much for guilt.

"Dad has to leave by six, and it will just be us. I want you to think of something we could do together that would be fun."

Well now that you mention it. "Um, like what?"

"I don't know." Mom snapped her fingers, "How about games? I'll make a deal with you, no matter what game you pick I'll play, even if it's a video game, how's that?"

"Sure." I told her, thinking too bad strip poker wouldn't be on the table, "I that would be fun."

"Really?" she raised her eyebrows skeptically, even though I'm your mom?"

"Especially because you're my mom." I told her with a grin.

I arrived home and after pulling in the driveway checked the mail box. Our mail man usually left small packages in there and I was disappointed to see only a couple of Christmas cards. Taking them with me I walked up to the front door and peeked down as I opened the screen door, hoping he had left the package between the doors.

Again there and I shrugged, maybe the mail was running late today due to the heavy volume of last minute gifts. I entered the house and sat down on the couch figuring I would wait for the mail. Mom said she wouldn't be home until three and dad hadn't gotten home until just before six as I was leaving for work and was most likely still sleeping.

It had been a long five hour shift, ever since I'd seen the e-mail all I could think about was how hot that video was going to be and I'd been hard several times during work. More than once I'd caught Jen looking at me and wondered what was wrong with me?

It was true I didn't want to use her, but the only reason I was holding back was I was obsessed with a woman I had no right being obsessed with. I should push that crap out of my mind and ask Jen out and see how it went, she was a sweet girl, with long dark hair and big brown eyes...and that's what bothered me, she looked like a much younger version of my mother and that would just be begging for trouble.

I leaned back on the couch and pulled out my phone figuring I would text Jack when I noticed I had a new e-mail.

I clicked on it and saw it was once again, from FantasyX. I opened it and frowned.

Your package was successfully delivered today at 10:44am. "Oh, my God," I whispered, as I read the rest of it, Signed for by Dan Pine.

I lowered the phone as my stomach tightened. The mail man must have rung the bell rather than leave the package as he always did and Dad had signed for it. I took a deep breath, it would be okay, I had told him I was waiting for something and, he wouldn't open it. But hadn't he told me he was waiting for something too?

"Okay, stay cool." I said aloud.

Dad probably got both packages and I was sure he knew which one was his. The other was probably waiting for me on my bed. I walked up the stairs, careful to move as quietly as possible figuring dad had gone back to sleep. I entered my room and not bothering to close the door hurried over to my desk where dad always left my mail.

"Looking for something?"

I jumped and turning saw dad sitting on my bed.

"Oh, uh, hey dad." I fought to not sound scared, "I thought you'd be sleeping."

"I was. We have a different mail man this week so he rang the bell."

"Oh." I looked at his face, trying to see if he was mad or not, but his face was devoid of expression. "So did you get the package you were waiting for?"

"I did." He nodded, "Something came for you too."

"Oh, cool." I made a sad attempt at a smile. "Where is it?"

"Danny, can I ask you something?"

"Sure." I said nervously, "What?"

"What I want to know is, " Dad took a deep breath and picked up a red DVD case. I felt like someone had kicked me in the stomach when I saw the words Loving Mothers.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Dad yelled, coming off the bed so fast I stepped backwards thinking he was going to hit me. "What the fuck is this shit?"

He waved the video around wildly, coming close to hitting me in the head with it. I took another step backwards and my legs hit the edge of the chair in front of my desk, I lost my balance and fell into it, cringing when he loomed over me and shoved the video in my face.

"I asked you a question!" he snapped, "Now fucking answer me!"

I swallowed nervously, my heart pounding. I had never seen dad this mad before, his eyes were bulging and I could see his temple throbbing. More than that, although dad was a truck driver and swore like one at work, he rarely swore around me even though I was an adult, he said it was disrespectful to use that language around family.

He'd already dropped more f-bombs than I'd heard from him in years.

"I said answer me!" Dad slammed the DVD so hard on the desk the case cracked. "What the fuck is this?"

"It's...it's...just a dirty movie."

"Is that all?" He asked, "Try again, kid it's a lot more than that."

I tried to stay calm. "I thought you didn't care if I watched stuff like that."

"I don't give a shit you watch that stuff, but this, " he stopped and took a deep breath. "Is different, you know why?"

"I...well..." "Because this is about mothers fucking their sons!" he yelled so loud I leaned back in the chair in a vain attempt to put some distance between us. "This is fucking disgusting! You're sick you know that, Danny?"

I looked down at the cracked case in his hand, come on, think, think! "I didn't order that."

"You didn't?" he asked lifting it and looking down at it, "Well it was for Dan Pine and I didn't order it."

His hand was shaking as he held it and his face was bright red, his shoulders were heaving he was breathing so hard and I swore I was close to pissing myself he looked so angry.

"Danny, we have always talked about everything, a father should always talk to his children, find out what's going on, so," he paused and took another breath, "I am going to give you a shot here; you say this is a mistake?"

"Yes, dad." I nodded so vigorously, my neck cracked,

"How?"

"I did order from them, but I ordered a different movie, a Milf movie so, um, maybe..."

"So you wanted to watch other guy's mom's fuck, not yours, is what you're saying?"

"I...yes, I didn't want to watch real moms but uh," I shrugged, "Even that one's still not, you know...my mom."

"Anybody who watches this filth is thinking of their mom." He looked at the back of it and read out loud. "The ultimate collection for all you aspiring mother fuckers around the world. Watch real moms take care of their boys in every way."

He shook his head, his lips curled in disgust and this time when he smashed it on the desk several pieces of plastic flew in the air.

"This is the sickest fucking shit I have ever seen!" He shouted.

"But it's not what I wanted." I put my hands up and saw they were shaking.

"No?" he stared down at me, "You're sure you didn't buy this?"

"Positive."

"Danny, what have I always told you is the one thing you can do that will always get you in trouble?"

"Lie." I said quietly.

"Right." I jerked back when he leaned over and reached out towards me.

His hand went past me and grabbing the mouse he said softly, "That movie could have been a mistake, I really wanted to think so, but I decided to do a little snooping."

He shook the mouse and when the screen came up I was staring at the picture of mom, smiling away at the camera, cum dripping down her face.

I started to say something, but it turned into a sharp cry of pain when my father slapped me in the face.

"What the fuck is the matter with you?" he shouted, grabbing my hair he turned my head so I was looking at the picture, "You see that? That's your mother! Your goddamn mother!"

"Dad...I..."

"Shut up!" Dad slapped the other side of my face and letting go of my hair raised his hand to hit me again.

I sat there with tears running down my cheeks, some of the tears were due to my eyes watering from the blows that had left my cheeks stinging, but most of them were from shame. Now caught in the act and seeing how upset my normally calm father was, and knowing he had every right to be, made me realize once and for all how sick this was.

I closed my eyes, preparing for another slap that I more than deserved, but when nothing happened, I opened them to see dad had crossed his arms. He still looked mad as hell and it dawned on me he was restraining himself from hitting me again.

"You...want....to....have...sex...with....your....mother." He spoke slowly each word coming between a deep breath as if he were trying not to explode.

"No!"

"Stop lying to me!" he yelled, "Just stop it! Those pictures were in my drawer, not my computer. You took them and copied them and put them here! You...these are what you were looking at yesterday! This was right in front of me yesterday and you hid it! You were sitting here jerking off to your own mother!"

"Dad, please..." I stammered.

"Please what?" he demanded, "Stop yelling at you? I haven't even gotten started yet! Now let's try again, you want to fuck your mother!"

"No...no."

"Bullshit!" He slammed his fist down on the desk hard enough to make everything on it shake. "You want her! Fuck Danny these aren't pictures of her in a bikini that you can say you just think she's pretty. These are as dirty as they get! This is what you want to do to her, you see you doing this don't you?"

"I..." "You want her to be doing those things to you, want her being a fucking whore for you!"

I started to shake my head and dad helped with another slap to the right side of my face.

"Say it!" he yelled, "Be a man and own your shit! Look me in the eye and tell me I'm right." He closed his eyes and took another long deep breath, when he opened them he spoke more calmly. "Admit it and we go from there, but you will not keep lying to me."

"Okay." I looked up into his glaring eyes and whispered, "You're right, Dad. I think about mom like that."

"Like what?"

"Like," I pointed at the picture on the lap top. "Like that."

"Like that? Grow up!" he snarled, "Say it."

"Dad..."

"Say it!" "I want to fuck my mother." my words turned into a sob and I started to lower my head, but catching me roughly by the chin, dad lifted my face to meet his gaze.

"You're sick Danny, fucking sick. You have no idea how sick you really are. That's your mother! It's fucking unnatural to see her like that! Danny, your mother loves you, she loves you more than anything!"

"She's good to you, she takes care of you she...she's your mother! And you think of her like this? Why? Because you saw some pictures? You should have dropped those things like a fucking stone and left them there! You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am." I said weakly.

"Because I caught you! Otherwise you'd just keep going! Christ, now....Damn it, Danny! Now every time I see you look at her I'm going to know this is what you see!"

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry doesn't cover this! But you'll be even sorrier soon because I'm giving you two weeks to find a fucking roommate and get the hell out of my house!"

"Dad!"

"Dad, nothing! I don't even think you should be around your mother. Every time she walks by you probably see her doing something dirty to you!"

"No, that's..." I was going to deny it, but stopped, he was right. "I'll go to talk to someone, dad, I'll..."

"You can do whatever you want, but you won't do it here!" Dad yelled again. "You're out Danny, go live with your friend Jack that way the two of you can talk dirty about your mother, after all you both think about fucking her right?"

"Dad, please don't." I begged, "I'd have to tell mom."

"Oh, damn straight you'll tell your mother!" he told me. "I'm going to make you tell her that way I don't hear any shit about tossing your sick ass out of..."

"What the hell is going on?" We both turned to see mom standing in the doorway, "Dan, I heard you yelling from downstairs, and...Oh my god, Danny your face!"

She hurried over and in a panic I grabbed the mouse and closed the picture.

"Dan, did you hit him?" Mom asked, reaching out to my face.

"Yes and he deserved it!" Catching mom by the arm he pulled her away from me, "Don't touch him."

"Dan, what the hell is wrong with you?" Mom demanded, pulling her arm from his grasp, "What could he do to make you this mad?"

"Good question." Dad nodded, "Should you tell her or should I?"

"Dad, please don't." I whispered, tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Danny!" Mom stepped towards me, "Baby, what's the matter?"

"Don't call him that, he'll get excited." Dad said and caught her arm again, "Before you get all motherly with your little boy, how about I tell you what I found out he out he's been doing?"

"Danny, you're not smoking anything are you?" She asked her eyes wide.

"I wish he was." Dad sighed, "That would be easy to deal with. Hey, Danny, last chance to tell your mother what you watch in here."

I sat there in silence, my stomach turning. I didn't want dad to tell her, but it seemed there was no stopping him and I had no way out. Mom stared down at me, a look of concern on her face and that made me feel worse.

"Watch?" she asked, "Danny, are you watching porn?"

"Oh, yeah he is." Dad replied.

"Um, well...he's over eighteen what's the big deal?" Mom shrugged, "As long as we don't hear it. Boys will be boys right?"

Dad laughed humorlessly, "Mama's boys even."

"Alright Dan, enough with the games, I want to know why the hell you're so mad and you better have a damn good reason for hitting our son."

Dad looked at me and like a pathetic little kid I shook my head.

"Fine." Dad picked up the shattered DVD case, "This came in the mail today and it sure as hell isn't mine."

Mom looked at the lurid cover and read the title, "Loving mothers?" She looked at me then back at the movie, "Oh."

Dad turned it around and held the back of it up to her face to read the description. Mom's eyes widened and she shook her head, "Danny, why would you want something like this?"

"Why do you think?" dad asked, "Seems your little boy wants to be your little man."

"No!" Mom shook her head and to my surprise slapped the DVD from dad's hand. "You're wrong, this is a mistake! My son wouldn't think of me like that!"

"Oh, no?" Dad asked.

"No and you had no right to hit him! This is a mistake, isn't it Danny?" she turned to me. "You don't see me that way do you, honey?"

I stared into her eyes and saw they were already filling up and her lip was trembling.

"Danny?" Dad asked, quietly. I shifted my gaze to him and saw he appeared calmer and when he spoke it was in a soft tone, but his words twisted into my stomach like a knife. "Tell your mother the truth."

"Mom," I choked back a sob, then forced the words from my mouth, "I've been thinking bad things about you."

"Bad things." She repeated a stunned look on her face, "Danny," she looked down at the DVD on the floor, "I...this is my fault."

"What?" Dad exclaimed.

"I must have done something wrong, I must have been inappropriate somehow." Mom shook her head and my heart broke at the sight of tears rolling down her cheeks, "I failed somewhere as a mother."

"Bullshit!" Dad snapped, "You're an amazing mother! Danny!" he pointed at me, "You really going to let your mother blame herself for your sick shit?"

"Mom, you didn't do anything wrong."

"No, it's me." Mom nodded, "A parent has to take responsibility."

"Enough!" Dad leaned over and slapping my arm away from the mouse clicked the folder and brought up the picture of mom on her hands and knees staring wildly over her shoulder as dad fucked her.

"Oh my God!" Mom cried out, "Her hands going to her face, "Oh...oh God, Danny!"

I lowered my head in shame as dad spoke.

"That your fault, Robin? Your fault he found those and got so fucking turned on he put them on his computer so he could jerk..."

"Stop it!" Mom choked out, "Don't say it! I know what he does with those." She looked at me with a look of disappointment that brought the tears back to my eyes. "Danny, I can't believe you think of me like this."

"I'm so sorry mom!" I sobbed, "I love you, I really do!"

"Bet you do." Dad muttered, "Loving mothers, right?"

"Dan stop, we have to talk about this."

"Nothing to talk about, he's in college he can go live on campus, he's leaving after the holidays. Merry fucking Christmas to us." He grunted.

"No! He's not moving out!" Mom turned to dad, "This is a problem, but we are not throwing our son out!"

"Then you better lock your door at night." Dad pointed at me, "And don't drink anything he gives you."

"I wouldn't hurt my mother!" I yelled at him.

"Don't raise your voice to me!" Dad shouted back, "You're lucky I didn't give you what you really deserve."

"Dan! Please!" Mom grabbed his arms, "I know you're mad and I don't blame you. But let's calm down and talk about this."

"Nothing to talk about. Our son's a fucking deviant. You know Robin you bitch at me about sex, but fact is its all anyone thinks about these days, its fucking everywhere and look what happens," he gestured towards me,

"Kid starts watching regular dirty movies and ends up finding pictures of you he should be disgusted by and he thinks its fucking hot!"

"We'll figure this out." Mom repeated, "We all need to just take some time and decide how."

"I know how." Dad picked up the DVD and slammed it down into the trash can next to my desk. "He can go live with his little pervert friend, he thinks you're hot too, so they have something in common."

"He's not leaving I... Dan! Don't walk away from me!" Mom grabbed his arm as he began to walk towards my door.

"It's best for all of us if I do." Dad eased from her grip. "Danny, I have never been more disgusted in my life. If I stay here I'm going to lose my fucking mind, because right now, kid, I can't stand looking at you."

"Dad, I didn't mean to..."

"Get caught. I know." He shook his head and for the first time his anger was replaced by a pained expression, "I can't tell you how disappointed I am in you."

He walked away towards my door speaking over his shoulder as he did, "I wouldn't get to close to him if I were you."

Mom had put her back to me and stood there silently. I had no idea what to say and for the first time in months I looked at her back without checking out the length of her skirt of her legs.

I sat there sniffing like a baby and trying to muster the nerve to say something to her. Mom turned to face me and I felt another wave of shame when I saw the tears on her face.

She looked down at me and her eyes shifted to the left and she whispered, "Get rid of that picture."

"Okay." I closed it out and she added, "Delete it, and then go into your recycling bin and delete it from there. I want all of those pictures off that computer tonight and any other video or story you have on there about mothers."

She looked down and leaning over pulled what was left of the DVD case from the trash. She removed the disc and with a look of disgust snapped it in half and dropped it back into the bucket.

Mom looked as if she were going to say something else, but instead turned and started to leave the room.

"Mom?" I forced myself to speak, "I'm sorry."

Without looking at me she continued to walk out the door, but called out.

"You should be."

I sat on my bed, staring at the TV screen and trying to get into Call of Duty in an attempt to distract myself from what had to be the worst day of my life.

"What the fuck are you, doing Danny?" Jack yelled through the headphones, "You just got us fucking killed again!"

"Oh," I rolled my eyes at the screen when I realized I'd tripped yet another mine, "Sorry, Jack, I'm just not into it."

"So what's wrong, you need to talk?" he asked.

"I'm in deep shit, but can't talk about it." I sighed, "Hey you think Roger and Rob would let me stay there for awhile? I'll sleep on the couch and I can pay a little bit for rent."

"What?" I winced as his voice rose in the headphones and on the screen his character stopped moving, "Dude, that the hell is going on?"

"I don't want to say, but I really might need a place to stay after Christmas, what do you think?"

"I think your folks would never throw you out and you'd be nuts to leave, but if it's that bad, we can talk about it, at least for a little while."

"Thanks, Jack." I sighed, "I appreciate it."

"Sure, but I'm going to make you tell me what you did though."

I looked up at a knock on the door, "Hey, I have to go, okay?"

"Yeah, sure, Merry Christmas."

"Yeah, you too." I said with little enthusiasm. I pulled the headphones off and shutting off the game called out, "Come in."

Dad entered the room and came over to where I was sitting on the end of the bed.

"I'm heading out." He said, "But I wanted to talk to you for a minute."

"Okay." I nodded.

"Tomorrow's Christmas and for your mother's sake I want to try to have a good day. We're putting this on hold for a couple of days, and then we talk about it. The three of us, got it?"

"Yes sir." I said softly

"Your mother doesn't feel good so she's already on bed. Needless to say she wasn't up for cooking so we ordered Chinese, there are leftovers in the fridge, make sure you eat."

"I will."

Dad was silent for a moment and I remained where I was, staring at his boots. He cleared his throat and spoke quietly.

"I'm sorry I hit you."

"I deserved it." I told him.

"No, I was wrong." He insisted, "But it's good to hear you say you think you had it coming." He paused then surprised me by sitting next to me on the bed.

"Danny you really upset me. What you were doing is...well it got to me and I over reacted. Now that doesn't mean it's any less wrong, but I didn't act like an upset parent, I acted like an asshole."

"No, dad, I'm the one who's wrong, all this is my fault." I said, looking up at him. "I'm sorry, I really am."

"I hope you are. You know I'm more upset for your mother more than for me. This really hurt her. We talked for over two hours and she keeps thinking she did something to bring this on, that she teased you somehow."

"No, it's not her. I just saw..."

"I don't want to know right now." Dad put his hand up, "We'll talk when we're all cooler about it, day after Christmas."

"Okay, but I would like to tell mom I'm sorry tonight."

"Let it wait, she's sleeping and I think you should leave it be."

"Okay." I said and wiped at my eyes, which were misting up again at the thought of how much I'd hurt my mother.

"What I will tell you though is I'm not going to ask you to leave, that was another over reaction."

"Thank you!" A wave of relief flooded through me.

"But." He raised his finger, "That's based on two things. One, I never find you with anything like that again, two, we're going to get you an appointment with someone to talk to because Danny its unnatural to see your mother like that and you need some help."

"You're right, dad." I agreed, "I know you said we won't talk about it until later, but I don't know what's wrong with me. I would think of mom like that and one minute think it was you know." I looked away from him. "A turn on, but then I would feel bad, but I just couldn't get it out of my head."

Dad put his hand on my arm, "Good to hear you say that Danny, it makes me feel a little better and you tell her that too, when she's ready to talk. I blame all that smut you watch."

"No, most of it isn't that stuff."

"No, but it leads to it. Look, I was raised with views that are old fashioned, sex should be between people who love each other and it should be private not all over the friggin internet. People watch this stuff and you get into one thing then another and next thing

you know you're into whips and chains and hurting people or...stuff like that movie you bought."

He laughed, softly, "You heard us arguing earlier, your mother thinks I'm a little to dull about that stuff, but I'm right Danny, thinking about it too much is no good."

"Okay."

"Guess I know why you didn't have a girlfriend. I think you need to ask that girl out, Danny, be with a person you should be with."

"I'll think about it."

"You do that, meantime," he stood up, "I'm leaving, I'll see you in the morning okay."

"Thanks for talking to me, dad." I wiped at my eyes, "Sorry I hurt you guys."

"We'll all get past it." He said, "But do me a favor okay?"

"What's that?"

"You wait for your mother to come to you to talk, don't go to her, got it?"

"I promise."

"Good," he noticed the stricken look on my face and sighed, "She'll be okay, Danny, but she needs some time."

"You sure?"

"Of course, I am." Dad assured me, "Danny, mad or not, hurt or not, your mother loves you. You're her son and no one will ever love you the way your mother will."

Dad looked at his watch and with an awkward wave left the room. I sat there thinking about his last words, no one could ever love a boy the way his mother could. I thought of mom lying in her bed, alone and upset.

Thought about going in there to say I was sorry. Mom would forgive me and hug me and then tell me she felt that way too, just like in all the movies and she'd lay me back on the bed.

"Please, stop." I put my hands to my head, as if I could block out those thoughts.

But the image of mom telling me she was turned on, knowing I wanted her stayed with me. I looked around the room and standing, went over and locked my door. Walking over to my bed, I reached underneath it, into the hole in the box spring and slid out the copies of the pictures I had printed months ago in case I ever lost them on the computer.

I stared at the one of mom laying back and spreading her legs and fought with myself. I was torn between throwing them out and getting on my bed and jerking off to them again. I sighed disgustedly already knowing what I would end up doing.

"Did it." I said aloud as I stared down at the small paper shredder I'd grabbed from mom's office.

After lying on my bed and stroking to the pictures of mom, I stopped in mid stroke and instead of seeing her face in my lap; I saw that look of hurt in her eyes. I sat up, tucked my cock away and after getting the shredder from downstairs, fed each of the pictures into it.

I came close to stopping several times. As dad had demanded I had deleted all the pictures from the lap top then from the recycling bin. Once these were gone, the only ones left would be the originals and something told me after today Dad might be getting rid of those.

I waged war with myself with each picture, hesitating and thinking maybe just keep a couple, but holding onto the image of how upset my mother was I managed to shred all of them.

Shutting it off, I dumped the strips of paper into my trash and left the shredder near my door to take down later. I went and took a long hot shower, the entire time making a conscious effort to keep my hands off my cock, lest I revisit a favorite fantasy of mom with me in the shower. Nope, dad was right, hell I had been right, this was sick and not fair to mom and I had to get over it somehow.

The idea of talking to someone about this was unnerving, but if it would make my mother more comfortable knowing I was, then I would do it. I returned to my room and dressing in a pair of jogging pants and a t-shirt thought about getting some food downstairs, but hadn't noticed if mom was in her room or not and I didn't want to run into her downstairs. Dad was right; I would wait for her to talk to me.

In the meantime I would just lie down and wait to fall asleep, thinking about how I'd not only ruined Christmas this year for my parents, but hurt them. I sighed disgustedly as I sat back against the pillows, closed my eyes. Within seconds I opened them at the sound of a knock.

"Mom?" I called out.

"Yes, can I come in?"

"Sure." I said nervously, wanting to see her, but at the same time, dreading it.

Mom entered my room and closing the door behind her approached the bed. I was surprised to see she was wearing her Santa hat, the one I made for her when I was in

middle school and she wore every year. Beneath the hat her dark hair was down she had on the long black robe she usually wore.

As she walked I noticed she was barefoot and she wasn't wearing pajamas under the robe. Instead when the black material shifted as she walked I caught a glimpse of her bare leg. She was barefoot as well, which was also odd, as her normal not so sexy night attire usually consisted of her fuzzy black slippers. Her toes were painted red to match her fingers and I caught my eyes working from her feet and up the robe, trying to get a glimpse of her leg.

Stop it, Danny. I told myself as she stood next to the bed.

"Can I sit down, honey?" she asked.

"Of course!" I sat up against the headboard and mom surprised me by coming up to the head of the bed and sitting down sideways so she was facing me where I sat.

She crossed her leg and again I fought to pull my gaze from her exposed lower leg. No, not just her lower leg, I could see part of her inner thigh where the robe fell away. I cursed at myself and shifted my eyes to her face. My eyes narrowed when I noticed she had on lipstick and eye shadow, why the hell would she be made up to hang around the house?

"How are you, Danny?" she asked, "You okay?"

"Yeah, I...mom I'm sorry!" I blurted out, "I really am!"

Mom silenced me by first putting her fingers to my lips, then leaning over and hugging me tightly. I put my arms around her and hugged her back, grateful for her touch.

"It's okay, baby." Mom said soothingly in my ear, "I love you."

"I love you too." I whispered.

Mom continued to hold me and I wasn't complaining. Her robe was soft and warm and her hair was in my face and smelled pleasantly of strawberries. My hands were on her back and I slid them down towards her waist, enjoying the feeling of her body beneath the...I frowned in her hair. As my hands made their way down her back it dawned on me I didn't feel the edge of a shirt or sleeves and wondered what she was wearing under it.

As soon as that thought hit, I pulled away from her. I had to get a grip on myself.

"Danny, I'm sorry your father got so upset at you."

"He said he was sorry, "I told her, "Before he left, but he didn't have to be I deserved it."

"No, you didn't not like that." She ran her fingers along my cheek. "Your dad and I take parenting seriously and there was no excuse for him to get that angry."

"There was I...mom I...don't know what to say, dad's right! I'm sick and I shouldn't have ever looked at those pictures never mind keep them."

"I know what you did, Danny." Mom said, "And I want to talk about it."

"Okay." I nodded, "But I don't know what to say except, I'll go talk to whoever you want."

"No you won't." She shook her head, "I don't want that."

"Why?"

"We'll get to that, but let's just say that you and I are going to work this out tonight. By tomorrow morning this issue will be resolved."

"It will be?" I asked, "How?"

"You and I are going to work it out."

"Dad said we would all talk after Christmas."

"We will," she nodded, "But it will already be taken care of we'll just be making him happy."

"Um, sure."

"Danny," Mom looked down at her hands which were now in her lap, "I need to ask you a couple of questions. First one is can we be adults about this?"

"What do you mean?" I asked while trying to keep my eyes off mom's chest. The robe was open more than usual, enough to see some of her more than ample cleavage.

"I mean you're my son and you're young, but you are nineteen and an adult and I need to know if you can handle an adult conversation with me, one that might be, and a little frank."

"Frank."

"To me, seeing you've spent months looking at pictures of me sucking cock we should be able to, but I want to be sure."

"Mom!" I exclaimed.

"What?" she widened her eyes.

"You never talk like that."

"Around you I don't, but you heard me with your dad earlier. Besides, isn't that how you want me to talk?"

"What do you mean?"

"In your fantasies don't I talk and act like that? Don't tell me I'm a prim and proper woman in your dreams. I'm the woman doing all those slutty things in the pictures and that woman would say things like, sucking cock and fuck me, and suck my tits, wouldn't she?"

I swallowed "Why are you talking like this?"

"I thought it's what you wanted?"

"No," I shook my head, Mom, I don't want you to act like that."

"Yes, you do." She said softly, "This is why I asked if you can handle being a grown up, Danny. This is a serious conversation and you need to be man enough to handle it."

"I get that, but like I told dad, sometimes, I guess a lot of times I thought of you like that, but then I would feel bad."

"Why?" Mom asked, reaching out and putting her hand on my thigh.

"Because you're my mom."

"But if that bothered you, you would have dropped those pictures the second you saw them. But you didn't. I want to know why, what made you keep them, what made you do what you did to them?"

I looked down at my lap and my eyes fell on mom's hand on my leg, her long slender fingers, her deep red nails. Her hand was about a foot from my crotch and with a start I remembered I wasn't wearing any underwear. If I didn't keep my mind clear of all the things I'd been thinking of and popped a rod like I had so many times around mom the last few months, I might be in even deeper trouble.

"Danny, listen to me. This is your chance to speak freely and tell me the truth, there's no wrong answers, okay?"

"It's all wrong."

"Maybe, maybe not."

"What?"

"It might not be as wrong as you think, but we need to talk about it. Danny." Mom took my chin in her other hand bringing my face level with hers. "This is just us right now, next time it will be with your father and he won't be as understanding as me, so let's the two of us get it all out in the open."

"But I feel funny, talking about this."

"Not as funny as I felt finding out my son is interested in me sexually." She countered, "But I'm here to talk. We're family and family does what it has to now always what we want to. So will you talk to me or do we need to wait until your father turns everything into a fight?"

"I'll try."

"Tell you what." Mom released my chin and stroked hers in thought, "How about we try this, is there anything you want to ask me?"

"About?"

"The pictures, you were so obsessed with them, what would you like to know?"

"Well..." I looked away, and then figured, what the hell, mom knew everything anyway. "I heard you guys fighting and that's not the first time, you say dad's a dud, but um, well those pictures, they weren't you know, boring."

"No, they weren't." She shook her head, "And that's a good question, an adult question. The answer? I got your father stinking drunk that night and got him to cut loose with me. We went at it like we were horny teenagers, the way it should be and I talked him into taking the pictures not just to make it hotter, but to show him later, remind him of how much fun we can have."

"But he didn't think so?"

"Nope." She sighed, "Your father was ashamed of himself, and he apologized to me for treating me like a whore. I told him that he wasn't that I loved it. Danny, a good woman is a whore for her man, but only for him, I tried to explain that and he..."

She waved her hand, "Let's just say I never changed his mind. He threw the pictures out twice and I kept getting them and putting them back in his draw and eventually he forgot about them."

"So you guys don't ever...like that?"

"Don't what Danny, fuck?" When my eyes widened she rolled hers, "Adults remember? I think you've heard enough to know that answer. You also know how I amuse myself don't you?"

I looked confused and she gave me a tight smile, "I thought my toys had been moved, but figured I was wrong, God knows your father wouldn't touch them."

I blushed and lowered my head again.

"What else have you done? Have you gone through my drawers? Masturbated into my underwear, my shoes?"

An image of stroking my cock with some of my mother's panties flashed through my mind. I didn't answer, but mom nodded. "I thought so."

"Sorry, mom, it won't happen again."

"Yes, honey it will." She said in a matter of fact tone.

"No, I promise!" I told her, "I won't touch your stuff or look at you like that!"

"You can't help it, Danny." She shook her head.

"Well, then Dad's right, I'll go talk to someone."

"You'll talk to me." She patted my thigh, "Honey, I'm going to ask you to tell me as simply as you can why those pictures turned you on. You can say whatever you want, I won't be mad, but I want the truth."

"I think..." I tried to get my thoughts together.

It wasn't easy as mom was now swinging her leg back and forth and my eyes followed her movements.

"You think...?"

"I think it was just seeing you like that." I told her, "Like a woman, not my mom, not the boring office manager, but a woman."

"You never knew I was a woman?" she raised her eyebrows.

"I did, but not like that." I put my hands up, "I'm not sure what I'm saying."

"Keep talking and you'll get it out." She encouraged me.

Leaning back onto the bed so she was now resting on her elbows, she nodded, "Go ahead."

I had to take a minute to compose my voice as her leaning away had caused her robe to pull apart and I was now looking at the inner half of her breasts. Even as I averted my gaze it struck me that this was a test. Mom was showing herself off more than usual to see how I would respond. I decided to concentrate on my words rather than her chest and pushed on.

"I always thought you were beautiful, mom. But you kind of don't show it, you dress and act kind of..."

"Conservative."

"Yes." I nodded, "And you are my mother so I guess I never thought that you could be like that. I knew I should have put those pictures down, but I just kept looking and I was...."

"You were?" She prodded, "Go ahead, it's not like I don't know."

"I got turned on and I couldn't stop thinking about them. After a while I made copies and looked at them almost every night. But I wasn't thinking of you actually with me then, just how hot you were."

"So what changed?"

"It was kind of stupid." I sighed.

"Tell me."

Feeling like an idiot I told mom about the incident at the pool and how that one brief moment had gotten my mind racing about her wanting me.

"Like I said, stupid."

"So I did lead you on." She sat back up, "Honey, I'm sorry."

"No!" I said quickly, "Mom, that was nothing! Guys see their mom's in bathing suits all the time. It was me; I was already seeing you that way that just kind of set me off more."

Mom didn't look convinced, but moved in a different direction. "A minute ago you said you always thought I was beautiful, did you mean it?"

"Yes, you are mom, you're gorgeous."

"Okay, let's not get carried away." She laughed.

"Really you are, you're beautiful and sweet and loving and the pictures showed me you could be as nasty as you could be nice and I just..." I hesitated.

"When I was watching all those movies and reading the dirty mom son stories they would say things like who could love a son better than his mother. That a mother could take care of him like no other woman and that a son would want to please his mom more than any other man would, they made it sound so good, I guess."

"So you're admitting you desire me?"

"I thought you knew that." I said nervously.

"No." she said softly, "I knew those pictures had you thinking of me, but you were getting movies about mother's and sons. I guess I was hoping you were just fantasizing about a mother with their son, not you and I, but you just told me I was wrong."

"I'm sorry." I said weakly.

"It's okay, Danny I want you to be honest. So you've thought about me every day?"

"Yes." I saw no reason to try to deny anything at this point.

"When you see me, you think about me doing those dirty things with you?"

"I do."

"So obsessed is the right word."

"It is, but I'll get better."

"No, you won't." Mom put her hand over mine. "You won't because you'll never know what it's like. When we desire something we're never satisfied until we experience it. Even if it's bad for us, we don't listen to warnings we need to do it to find out if it was or not."

"But a..." Is struggled to get the word out, "A therapist would help."

"Know what they would do, Danny?"

"Not really."

"I have a friend who's a psychiatrist. I called them earlier and told them I knew someone who was fixated on their sister and what did she think they would do about something like that."

"What did she say?" I tried not to sound nervous.

"She said since that harboring a taboo attraction is a sexual dysfunction and one that would be hard to suppress without the person feeling as if they had consummated it."

"I don't understand"

"Its not as easy as an alcoholic staying away from booze, you see me every day Danny and this is not going to go away."

"It will, I..."

"Danny you've been staring at my legs and chest since I sat down." She gave me a sad smile, "I'm right, aren't I?"

"Yes." I'd fallen right into her trap, but she was right.

"And for me? Honey, I'm going to worry about how I dress, how I act, anytime I touch you...I'll keep thinking I'm leading you on, exciting you. Your dad is going to keep

watching too. He thought about not going to work because he's worried about leaving you alone with me."

"I would never hurt you!"

"I know that. He does too, but it's hard for him to deal with the fact his son thinks of me the way he does." She rolled her eyes, "Well, not really, you think about me in ways he should, but doesn't seem to, but that's a problem he will never see."

"Point is Danny this issue needs to be addressed and quickly or life will be awkward for all three of us. An obsession like this has to be acted upon in some way to purge you of it."

"Acted upon?"

"My friend said most likely the course of action will be a sexual surrogate."

I frowned, "What's that?"

"A woman who is trained as a sexual therapist will have sex with you, but as me."

"Are you kidding?"

"No, it will be done as a role play. She will pretend to be me and she will allow you to have sex with your mother in that sense. The theory is you will see its wrong to the point you'll stop, or you'll go through with it and when it's over you will have acted upon your fantasy in the only natural way you could. She says it has a high success rate."

"That's...I don't think I would want to have sex with some woman."

"You won't." Mom said matter-of-factly. "No whore with a degree is going to seduce my son, let alone acting as me as she does."

"Good." I nodded, "That would have been," I paused as what my mother had said hit me, an older woman, probably attractive, willing to pretend to be my mother... I saw mom staring at me a disapproving look on her face.

"Would be wrong." She finished for me. "I may think most of your father's ideas about sex are archaic, but his ideal of sex being something that should be shared only between two people who care about each other is one that I admire and believe in also."

She sighed disgustedly, "I won't allow you to throw that value out the window."

"So what do you want me to do, mom?" I asked, "I'll do anything you want me to, to make this right! I really feel bad I hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me as much as you think." She said quietly. "It's not a terrible thing to be desired and I know you love me. Those pictures blurred the lines of lust and love for you. Seeing your mother as a lover made you want me as both, didn't it?"

"Yeah, best of both worlds I guess."

Mom nodded and when she didn't say anything I repeated my question. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to do what you want to."

"What do you mean?"

"Danny," Mom eased closer to me, "A good mother does anything she has to for her son, and she does whatever it takes to make sure he's okay. The only thing that will get you past this is to experience me as a lover and I'm going to let you."

"I..." I shook my head, "Wait, are you saying?"

"I am saying that I am giving myself to you. You can do whatever you want to me."

"No, this is another test!" I pointed my finger at her, "You're trying to see if I'll say yes!"

"I mean it Danny." Mom persisted, "Tonight, one night I'm yours to fulfill your fantasies, to be able to get this out of your system so we can all put this behind us."

"Bull." I was getting angry, "You want me to be excited to prove I still have a problem. " I trailed off as mom untied her robe, "What are you doing?"

"Proving I'm not kidding." Mom finished untying the robe and spoke as she opened it, "Does this look like a trick."

"Oh...my God." I choked out when I saw what my mother was wearing under her robe; nothing.

Mom was completely naked and I stared in awe at the sight of her large round breasts with their beautiful rose colored nipples. They were hard and I had to make an effort not to lick my lips at the thought of licking them. Mom slid the robe from her shoulders and tossing it to the floor stood up next to the bed.

My eyes trailed from her amazing breasts down her soft belly and to the swell of her hips. They stopped at the small patch of dark hair between her smooth creamy thighs and my heart skipped a beat while staring at the pink cleft of her pussy.

"Better in person?" she asked and turning around, let me take her in from behind.

Her long dark hair looked good against the smooth skin of her back and my eyes drank in the curve of the small of her back before lingering on her well rounded ass. Mom had some curve to her ass, and I clenched my fingers to resist reaching out and cupping her cheeks. She opened her legs slightly and I released a long breath as I saw her pussy winking out at me from behind.

Mom turned back to face me, "Do you like your gift, Danny?"

"Gift." I repeated dumbly as she put her knee on the bed and leaned over towards me.

"It is Christmas eve," she smiled and touched the Santa cap, "So I figure we can consider this a gift. A very intimate one and one you can never talk about, understand?"

"I...mom..."

I had no clue what to say, all I knew was my mother was naked on my bed and offering me everything I'd dreamed about. My eyes felt like they were going to pop out of my head as they raced up and down her body, talking in every curve of her lush body.

My eyes weren't the only thing popping; my cock was at full attention in the presence of my mother's incredible body.

"Honey?" Mom interrupted

"Mom?"

"You've wanted me for months and here I am, right here on your bed." She cupped her breasts and held them up to me, "What are you waiting for?"

Mom pulled her other leg up so she was now kneeling naked in front of me. She released her breasts and grabbing the edge of my t-shirt pulled it up. Feeling as if I were dreaming, I raised my arms and let her remove it from me.

Mom placed her hands on my face and pulling my face to hers whispered, "Before we get to all those things you've thought about, I would like a kiss, is that okay?"

"Whatever you want."

"No, baby." Mom leaned close and whispered in my ear, "It's whatever my baby wants. I told you, Danny a loving mother give her son anything he needs, even if it's herself."

She kissed my neck just below my ear sending a shiver through me. Mom leaned back and putting her arms around my shoulders, said, "Come on, baby, give your naughty mother that kiss you've been dying to give her."

Mom closed her eyes, and parted her full red lips, waiting for me to kiss her. My eyes dropped down to her breasts taking in her hard nipples and watched them rise and fall with her breathing. She was right, what the hell was I waiting for?

I placed my hands on her bare hips and mom said, "There you go," still keeping her eyes closed, she added "Let your hands wander, I'm all yours."

I slid my hands up her sides marveling at how soft and warm her skin was beneath my touch. When I was level with her breasts, I worked them inwards until my palms were on the sides of her creamy globes and gave them a tentative squeeze. Mom opened her eyes and taking my wrists, guided my hands around her waist,

"A kiss first," she told me, "That's all I ask, a nice loving kiss from my son, then it's anything you want."

This time when mom captured my face in her hands, she pulled me into her embrace and her lips pressed to mine. I groaned at the first touch of her soft sweet lips and didn't kiss her back at first. Instead I remained still as she worked her lips back and forth along mine.

My hands were on her back and I slid them up and down, running my fingers along her smooth skin. Mom kissed me harder and this time I responded, working my lips against hers.

Mom sighed softly in her throat and wrapped her arms tightly around my neck, pulling me against her. I groaned at the feeling of her nipples against my chest and her soft breasts pinned between us. My hands trailed down to her lower back and the curve of her ass. I worked them back up until I reached her long hair then ran my fingers through it.

"Hmm," Mom purred into our kiss and rocked back and forth against me, her nipples sliding across my chest.

I kissed her harder then gasped when her tongue darted between my lips. I hesitated, but when she teasingly ran her tongue along my lips, I parted them for her. I moaned when her tongue entered my mouth and danced across mine and slid my hands up and down her arms, again enjoying how soft she was.

I grew bolder and slipped my tongue into her mouth where she captured it gently between her teeth and sucked on it. I'd never felt that before and I was struck by the fact my mother was a far more experienced lover than I was. Lover....that word echoed in my mind even as her fingers ran through my hair and cupping the back of my head she pressed her lips harder into me.

I was making out with my mom, my naked mom. Her tits were pressed into me, her tongue was in my mouth and my cock was throbbing between my legs. This wasn't a dream! I was really going to have her and not just kissing her like this, but everything, all the dirty things I'd seen in the pictures!

Mom's hands found my forearms and tugged on them. I allowed her to pull my arms from her and gasped when she eased back and put them on her tits. I moaned at the feeling of her nipples poking into the palms of my hands and how damn heavy her breasts were as I held them. I squeezed them and mom moaned and pushed them into my hands.

I lowered them so that my finger tips were on her nipples and as I moved them in slow circles mom whimpered and sliding her lips from mine sighed, "Hmm, that feels nice, baby!"

My response was lost in a low moan when her lips found my neck and she began kissing and licking the sensitive skin there. Her hands were on my stomach, moving back and forth, her finger nails teasing me and causing me to jump as she tickled me. Mom giggled in my ear and my cock twitched at that sexy playful sound.

Mom flicked her tongue across my ear and was breathing heavily into it as I caught her nipples between my fingers and rolled them between them. Mom's fingers found the edge of my sweat pants and my breath caught when one of her hands slipped inside. Her fingers ran through my pubic hair and I tensed in anticipation of her touching me.

She leaned back, putting more distance between us and cupping her tit, while still teasing just above my cock with the other hand she asked, "Is that all you want to do, touch them?"

"I..." I stopped when she lifted her breast up and lowering her head licked her nipple.

"Oh, man." I breathed as she traced her swollen nub with her tongue, No girl I had ever been with had done that, hell I doubted any had tits big enough to be able to do it.

"For someone who wanted me so bad, you seem to need a lot of convincing." Mom pushed her lips out as if pouting, "What's the matter, baby? Your mom doesn't look as good as she did in the pictures?"

"You look," I made a show of looking her up and down, "Damn, you're hot."

"Then why so shy, honey? Come claim your gift."

Mom held her breast up to me wetting my lips I lowered my head. Mom released her breast and grabbing my hair pushed my head down into her tit. I was surprised at that move, but the second her nipple was in my face I opened my mouth to suck on it. Instead I moaned loudly when her fingers wrapped around my cock.

I paused with her swollen flesh inches from my mouth as mom stroked my aching cock in my pants

"Damn, you're hard," Mom sighed, "And nice and thick! Hmm, and I thought I was supposed to be giving you a present!"

She squeezed my cock and I felt my precum ooze from it and down my shaft, the next time mom stroked me she rubbed her palm across my sensitive head and I whimpered and jerked my hips. Mom laughed and then stroked me again; her hand was now slick with my pre cum and felt even better as it glided along the length of my rigid shaft.

"Oh, mom." I moaned, "That feels so good."

"It does," she purred, "But what about me, baby? You going to suck on that nipple, or do you want your mother to beg you do to do?"

"I..."

"Or should I tell you to do it?" She asked, "What's your fantasy, Danny? Tell your naughty mommy how you want her to act for you and I'll do it. Your mother is anything you want her to be tonight."

I lifted her breast to my face, my lips parting to suck that beautiful nipple, but froze, something was wrong. When I hesitated mom, moaned,

"Please, baby? Please suck on mommy's tits, oh; I've wanted you to do it for so long!"

No she hadn't. My mother had never thought of me like this. Even with her stroking my cock I felt my stomach twist as one thought ran through my mind: Mom was making herself do this, she really didn't want me, she was trying to help me.

My mother was going to allow me to have sex with her to try to 'cure me'. She had admitted that, but I wasn't listening, I was blinded by lust and having a chance to fuck her.

"That wasn't what you wanted?" Mom asked, "Okay, then what the hell are you waiting for?" she twisted her hand painfully in my hair, "Suck your mother's tit!"

She was trying to figure out what I liked, play whatever part I needed. There was no desire here at all, she was playing a part. My mother loved me so much she was crossing an unthinkable line to help me. I recalled dad saying she blamed herself for this.

As much as I wanted her I couldn't let her do this. If I went through with this my mother would wake up tomorrow feeling terrible, guilty at what she had done and what if doing this made me want her even more.

"Honey?" Mom stopped stroking my cock.

"I....stop!" I exclaimed so loudly I startled myself.

Grabbing her wrist, I pulled her hand from my cock and as she sat there stunned I sat up and leaning over grabbed her robe from the floor.

"Put this on, please." I told her, putting the robe in her hands.

Mom stared at the robe, then back at me.

"What's wrong, honey, I thought you wanted me?"

"I...I do, I mean I..." I shook my head, "Mom I don't know what I want."

"You want me." She made no effort to put on the robe. "You've been thinking of me for months, getting off to me. Its okay, Danny, I'm here to give you that." She gave me an enticing smile, "Don't be nervous, baby; I'll take good care of you."

"No." I held my ground, "Mom, please put the robe on."

Mom looked at me again and I swore she looked hurt, but lifting the robe slid it back on, but didn't tie it. Even untied, the robe still covered most of her breasts, but it was a damn good look, the black material with her inner breasts and soft stomach exposed.

She was still kneeling which fortunately didn't allow for a good view of her pussy, although I could see the patch of black hair above it. Christ I did have a problem, I was turned on even as I was trying to push her away

Still with a wounded expression on her face, mom removed the silly Santa hat and shoved it in the pocket of the robe.

"Guess you don't like your gift."

"Mom, it's not that." I told her, "You're beautiful mom and," I let out a long breath, "Mom you're the hottest woman I've ever seen."

"Then why don't you want me?" She frowned and to my surprise her lip was trembling. "I'm sorry honey."

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because this is what you wanted. I made you want me. It was my fault never throwing those pictures away like your dad wanted me too. You found them and it made you want me, now I'm trying to give you what you want to make it better and you don't even want me. I...I let you down in every way."

"No!" I took her hands in mine, "Mom, it's my fault, most guys if they saw those pictures wouldn't have looked, I just couldn't stop thinking about them, but that's not anything you did! You're a great mom, and wife and maybe that's why it turned me on so much to see my sweet mom being like that, but you don't have to do this. I guess dad's right, when it comes to this I'm kind of sick."

"And when a son is sick it's up to his mom to make him better." She squeezed my hands, "You want me, honey, and its okay."

"But you don't want me." I pointed out, "You'd be doing it just for me and then feel bad about that and I love you mom, and I don't want you to be hurt anymore than you are."

"Honey, that's...." Mom leaned over and kissed my cheek, I was aware of the robe opening, but kept my eyes on her face, "You are so sweet, honey and I could never be mad at you. And I do want you to have what you want."

"Mom, I want you, but I love you more than I lust after you." I stated even as that sick part of me yelled at me for being fucking crazy to send her away, God she had looked and felt so fucking good!

"Your dad and I raised a good man." Mom said softly, "And the way you say you love me, the way I can see that love." She swallowed and I was surprised to see she looked nervous, "Honey, that makes me want this even more than I did."

"What? No, you don't want..." I protested, but she shushed me by raising her hand.

"Honey, you're turning me down because you don't want me if I don't want you, but what if I told you this was for me as much as it is for you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, still fighting to keep my eyes on her face.

"Honey your father is a good man, good provider, great father and a caring loving husband, but in bed if I didn't push we'd have sex once a month, he's not into it. I told you he was ashamed of that night and those pictures."

She shrugged and this time I couldn't help but watch her tits bounce.

"It took me years to get him to go on that cruise and then I had to get him drunk, but I finally got the kind of fucking I needed, he finally gave in and did all the fun dirty things a loving couple should be doing and knowing that we're the only people we do it with. A couple should enjoy, Danny, not act like sex is dirty, but since then? Your father makes love to me, he's sweet, he's tender and he does feel good, but..."

She lowered her head, then laughed, "Here I was naked, my hand down your pants and you playing with my tits and I'm having trouble saying this."

She raised her eyes to mine and continued,

"Danny, I'm a woman in my prime and I've stayed in good shape, kept myself attractive and your dad has too. We should be fucking like teenagers and he never wants it, but I do. I don't care how bad this sounds, but I don't want to be made love to! I want to be fucked and damn hard, I want to be on top and on my knees. I want to suck cock and get my pussy licked"

"I want to have real sex! I've gotten so frustrated the last few years I almost thought about cheating, but your dad's such a good man I could never hurt him like that. So I go to bed every night and shove a toy between my legs and think about getting fucked, really fucked!"

"Wow." I whispered, my cock now aching again listening to her talk.

Listening was what I was doing because my eyes were glued to her tits, the robe teasingly covered her nipples and I was kicking myself once more for literally having her where I wanted her and stopping her.

"Hmm, wow was what I felt between your legs," she giggled, "Damn you were hard and...for me! I know it's wrong, but it was exciting."

"Really?" I asked, was she serious?

"Really, honey, I have to act like a damn fluffer just to get your father ready sometimes, he just has no interest, thinks he's sinning for Christ's sake."

"That's a sin." I replied while thinking "fluffer" damn, mom did watch a lot of porn.

"When I first saw you had my pictures I was really upset, Danny. But once your dad and I talked and I lay there, my first thought was helping you somehow and then I talked to my friend and no woman is touching you; this needs to be handled with love. When I first thought of letting you be with me I thought I was nuts, then my own problem came to mind."

Mom put her hand on my cheek and I shivered at her touch.

"Danny this will help both of us. You'll get what you want and for one night I'll get what I need. Is it right? No, but you've already crossed that line. I'm offering you the way to get over that problem. Is it fair to your father? No, but he'll never know, Danny. This stays between us, a dirty little secret between a mother and her son."

She leaned in and her lips gently brushed mine, her other hand dropped into my lap, squeezing my cock through my pants.

"You want me, baby, you know you do and I want you too, I really need this, Danny. The two of us, we can enjoy each other so much and you can put me behind you after this and I can get to be what I want to be."

Mom's tongue flicked across my ear, and she went on in a sultry whisper.

"When you thought of me you thought of that woman in the pictures. You don't want sweet, do you baby? No, you want that slut you've dreamed about, you want your mother to be your bad girl and I will be, so what do you say, Danny? You ready to be mommy's bad boy?"

"I...oh, goddamn." I moaned when she slid the robe off again with one hand while slipping her hand back into my pants to squeeze my swollen cock. "You really want to?"

Mom's answer was to push me back against the headboard and grabbing my sweat pants, yanked them down over my hips. My cock sprang free and I groaned when she grabbed it and squeezed it hard enough to cause the precum to spurt from the tip.

"Damn you have a nice dick." She purred as she pumped it, "Is this my present?"

"Oh, yeah." I moaned, "It's all yours."

"Hmm, I like that, baby." She cooed, "But I'm the one who's all yours."

Mom released my cock and sliding up, swung her leg over my hips straddling me. Grabbing my face in her hands she lowered her face to mine and kissed me so hard I gasped. Her tongue plunged into my mouth and I whimpered as she worked her hips in a circular motion.

My cock was pinned between my stomach and her pussy. My mother's pussy was hot and soft and so fucking wet! Mom moaned as we kissed and continued to work her slick flesh against my cock, teasing me. I broke the kiss and moaned, "Oh, please, mom."

"Please what, baby?" She asked, her hands rubbing my chest, "What do you want?"

"I...I want to be inside you." I told her.

"Inside me?" Mom rolled her eyes, "I could be with your father for that one, come on, baby, be a man and tell me what you want, treat me the way you did in those dreams about me!"

"Mom...I want to fuck you." I told her, "I want to shove my cock inside your pussy."

"Your mother's pussy?" she winked and worked her hips, sliding my cock through her wet lips, "This pussy?"

"Please." I was whining and didn't care.

"But you haven't even sucked my tits yet!" Mom sat up pressing my cock against her pussy and held her tits up to me, "Don't you want them?"

This time I sat up and wrapping my arms around her waist buried my face in her tit. Mom cried out when I sucked her rosy nipple into my mouth and I moaned as my tongue swirled around her swollen nub. Sliding my hand around, I caught her other nipple between my fingers, rolling it as I licked and sucked the other.

"There you go baby." Mom groaned, rocking back and forth on my trapped cock, "Suck on my nipples, just like you've wanted to!"

Mom moved to the side, pushing her other tit in my mouth and I eagerly gave that nipple some attention while teasing the other with my fingers. Speaking of teasing, mom was driving me crazy with her slick pussy grinding my cock and I moved my own hips in frustration.

"Aww," Mom purred, "You want that pussy, honey? Does my son want to put his nice big dick inside mommy's wet cunt?"

Cunt? Holy shit, she was a nasty little thing! I sat there my mouth going from one nipple to the other sucking and licking, all but devouring her tits as she continued to grind on my like a stripper giving a lap dance.

Mom had her hands on my shoulders and her eyes were closed, her lips parted as she worked her hips along the length of my hard shaft. She was moaning softly and I continued to look up at her as I traced a wet circle around her nipple.

"Hmm, but if I let you fuck me now you'll cum really quick, won't you?"

"I...oh, mom." I trailed off in apathetic whimper.

"Tell me." She looked down at me, "I want to hear it."

"Mom, I want you to ride my fucking cock!" I said the words in a rush so I wouldn't lose my nerve."

"Yes!" She laughed, "That's better! Be a man and tell your mother what to do!"

She raised herself up and reaching behind her grabbed my cock. My body trembled in anticipation as she guided the tip through her pussy, pausing to rub my head against her swollen clit. Mom gasped at the contact and rubbed my head in slow circles against her hard button causing me to squirm beneath her.

"Mommy needs to come baby," she said easing my cock back through her pussy, "How about I put this sweet young cock in my hot little slit and you make me come on it?"

"Yes." I groaned, trying not to sound as pathetic as I felt, "Please just fuck me, I want you so bad!"

"God it's been years since I've heard that!"

I was so frustrated I was ready to start outright begging, but my words turned into a loud cry as my mother eased down onto my cock, engulfing me in her wet heat.

"Hard!" Mom gasped as she pushed herself further down my shaft, "God you're so fucking hard for me!"

"Mom..." I moaned, my hands leaving her tits to grab her soft hips. "You feel so...oh Mom!"

My mother had stopped teasing and let her weight go sending me plunging all the way inside of her. Mom cried out as well as her wet lips wrapped around the base of my shaft and she remained motionless with her son buried inside her.

"So hard," she breathed, staring down at me her eyes wide, so thick. My baby has a nice big fucking cock doesn't he?"

"All for you." I said, still trying to overcome the sensation of my cock engulfed by mom's wet, hot and very tight pussy.

"And I'm all for you, tonight, baby. Mommy is all yours." She rocked her hips forward easing me halfway from inside her then moved back, sinking me inside her again.

We both sighed as she rocked back and forth slowly riding me. I moved my hands on her hips gently guiding her. Mom leaned forward putting her hands on my shoulders and letting her full round tits hang in my face. I sucked her nipple and groaned when her pussy contracted around me. She closed her eyes and moaned her son's name in a way a mother was never supposed to.

She eased her nipples from my mouth and shifted, presenting me the other. Mom was rocking faster now and each time she took me all the way inside she rolled her hips rubbing her clit against my pubic hair and swirling my cock inside her.

Mom's lips were parted and she was moaning softly as she worked my cock, she opened her eyes and gave me a soft smile that belied the taboo act we were engaged in.

"This what my baby wanted?"

"Yes," I slid my hands from her hips and ran my fingers along the smooth skin of her back and up through her long hair. "Is this what you needed?"

"It's a start," the smile turned not so sweet, "I think we both need more, but right now, just nice and easy." She sighed as she drove down on me. "You're not small sweetie and I want you to fuck me real hard later so let me take my time."

Fuck her real hard! This was happening, it really was! After a year of dreams and waking fantasies of blowing countless loads to those pictures Mom was here, in my room, naked and riding me! I was fucking my mother! At that thought, I moved my hips pushing my cock into her as she came down on me.

Mom gasped and her eyes rolled back causing me to keep moving, timing my thrusts with the movement of her hips. Mom let her weight go, pressing her tits against my chest and fastening her lips to mine. We both moaned as I wrapped my arms around her and our tongues entered each other's mouths.

We kissed slowly, our lips working against each other and our tongues dancing in our mouths. Mom was still keeping her movements slow and I would have thought I would want to fuck her harder, but having her close and knowing she was mine, at least for tonight, I found myself in no hurry.

I was in sensory overload, the warm clutch of my mother's pussy, the feel of her soft lips and wet tongue, the smell of her hair and the sound of her sweet sighs into our kiss was far more than I had expected. I had never thought much past the act of sex with her, but lying beneath her as she rocked me in her forbidden embrace, I felt overwhelmed by emotion.

Breaking our kiss, I whispered, "I love you mom, I love you so much."

"Oh, baby, that sounds so good!" She kissed me quickly, then to my surprise pushed up so she was now sitting straight up on me.

I gasped as my cock was buried hard inside her and smiling down at me mom said, "I'm so glad you told me that honey. It makes this less...well less what it is."

She began bouncing up and down on me and I moaned as she was moving faster and harder than before.

"And now that I do feel that way, it's time to have some fun. Love me later, but right now?"

Mom braced her hands on my chest and rode me fast and hard, "It's time to get what we really want!"

She punctuated her remark by slamming her hips down hard enough to make me cry out as she rode me like a bull in a rodeo. I held onto her hips for dear life trying to keep up with her movements and also fighting to try to hold off cumming this quickly. Mom sensed me tense up and slowed her movements down to a sensual rocking once more.

Cupping her tits she held them up, her thumbs stroking her nipples, "How does your mother look fucking you, Danny?"

"So good!" I moaned, "Damn, you're fucking hot!"

"Not a little girl am I?" Mom pushed her tits up higher, "How's it feel to fuck a real woman?" she laughed, "It feels good to fuck a real man who wants me!"

I whimpered and jerked my hips as even with her moving slowly my cock was twitching and my balls tightening.

"Oh, no honey." Mom said softly and stopped moving, "I know it's your night, but I'm still your mother and honey, mommy comes first!"

"Whatever you want." I told her partly frustrated I couldn't come, but glad at the same time, wanting to be able to make this night last as long as I could.

"Good boy. Tell you what, sweetie, you make mommy come nice and hard on your big dick and I'll give you a big treat?" She displayed that treat by parting her lips and running her tongue along them, "Every drop, Danny, mommy will suck down every drop."

"Jesus." I moaned.

"But I have to come first."

Mom leaned back far enough to grab my ankles behind her and I groaned as that bent my cock back with her. It didn't hurt but at that angle there was no way I could thrust into her and my cock was helpless within her wet heat.

"See that nice swollen clit, baby?" she asked, "Put your thumb on it."

I did as she asked and she jerked her hips as I pressed my thumb onto her hard button. That caused my cock to move within her and my breath hissed out with the desire to move, but being unable to.

"Rub it, honey; you've been with girls before this you know how to make a girl come for you." She moaned as I moved my thumb and sighed, "You better anyway, make a girl come hard for you, baby, and they will be happy to make you happy." She gasped as my thumb moved faster on her clit, "I know I'm going to make you cum so hard your fucking ears will pop!"

Now this was the woman in the pictures! While rubbing her clit in circles, I reached up with my free hand and took her left nipple between my fingers.

"There you go!" She moaned and rolled her hips opposite of the direction my thumb was moving in, "Make mommy come on her baby's beautiful cock."

I bit back another 'baby' like whimper as her hips moving were teasing the shit out of me. I let my eyes wander up and down her body, taking my mind off my struggling cock and admiring her amazing body. Mom was right; she was a woman, not a little girl.

Not that she was chubby in anyway, but mom did have the lush curves of a mature woman and I took in her soft hips and noticed her soft inner thighs pressing against my legs as she straddled me. Mom's belly wasn't quite flat and hard, but was soft and smooth and of course her round heavy breasts.

Those breasts were flushed pink with passion as was the rest of her and were heaving as she moved her hips faster. Her clit was hard beneath my thumb and her pussy was contracting around my cock as if it were trying to somehow suck me further inside her.

"Faster." Mom groaned, "Come on baby! The faster mommy comes the faster you get to watch her suck your dick!" she laughed when my thumb sped up, "Oh, you want that don't you, honey?"

"Yes." I grew bolder, playing into both our fantasies, "I want to see my cock in my mother's pretty mouth, and I want her to give me a nasty blow job!"

"I will, baby, I'll suck that dick and lick your balls and make you cum in my mouth just like you've wanted to!"

"Oh fuck!" I moaned while trying to move my hips.

"Or..." she paused to moan, "Do you want me to wear it for you? You want to paint mommy's face with your hot load and watch it drip down my face?"

"Oh...I...damn!"

"Hmm maybe both." She winked, maybe once I'll swallow it and once I'll let you make a mess on my face."

She balanced herself on one hand and began playing with her other nipple.

"Hmm, but know what I like?"

"What?"

"I like the thought of my baby cumming inside me, filling mommy's pussy with his cum. Feeling it filling me the oozing out of my cunt and running down my thighs."

If she didn't have me pinned the way she did I'd be filling her pussy right now just from her talking. That thought gave me a thrill; goddamn was my mother hot! She knew damn well I couldn't come that was why she did it. Not that I hadn't known my mother was far more experienced than I was, but had no idea what a hot fuck she really was. What the fuck was wrong with dad?

I quickly pushed that thought from my mind. This was unfair to him, he was a good father and husband, but he would never know and mom was right we needed this! Oh goddamn did I need her!

"Yes!" Mom's cry mercifully brought my mind back to what really mattered, her about to come on me. "Faster and harder!"

I moved my thumb as fast as I could and seeing mom pulling on her nipple, I did the same, tugging on her pink flesh. Mom gasped and her hips pushed hard into me. Her back arched and she was trembling as she whimpered, "More, more, oh so fucking close baby!"

"Come for me!" I told her, stroking her clit, "Come on my cock mom! Just like that nasty slut from the pictures would!"

"I am a nasty slut!" Mom cried pulling far harder on her nipple than I dared to. "I'm your slit! A slut for my son! The slut he stroked his big dick to every fucking night the slut that's going to suck his cock then shove her pussy in his face and....Oh fuck!"

Mom threw her head back and wailed so loud I was glad it was winter and the windows were closed. I cried out as well as her hips went into over drive. Mom squealed over and over as she squirmed on my cock. I kept my thumb moving as her pussy convulsed around my yearning cock and my fingers busy on her tit.

Mom's eyes were wide open as if she was shocked at how hard she was coming, but even as she yelped and wailed in pleasure there was a smile on her face, telling me how much she was enjoying cumming all over her son's cock.

Mom cried out louder than the first time and I moaned long and loud as her pussy contracted around my cock before a warm flood of sticky fluid flowed past it and dripped down my shaft and onto our thighs.

"Oh...my...God!" Mom slumped forward, resting her elbows on either side of me and our faces now inches apart, she sighed, "Baby! I came so hard! I...I haven't cum that hard since....since those pictures." She kissed me, "You're mommy's good boy aren't you?"

"Then if I'm your good boy you should be my bad mommy and suck my cock like you promised"

I sounded more confident than before and still inside her gave her a long hard thrust that caused her eyes to widen.

"That beautiful cock? Hmm, well a good mother does take care of her son!" she giggled, "But a bad one sucks his dick!"

After another quick kiss, one so fast I barely had time to respond, Mom began to ease back down the bed.

"Oh, yes." I whispered as looking me in the eye she slowly worked her way down my body toward my cock.

Mom kissed my chest and caused me to moan as she teased her tongue around my nipple. I could feel her hard nipples sliding down my chest and stomach and she let her tongue trail along my skin as she worked her way down between my legs. She stopped when my cock slid between her tits and pushing her arms against her sides, pinned my cock between her soft breasts.

"How's that look?" she asked as she raised her head, giving me a clear view of my cock surrounded by her tits.

"Damn, you have nice tits." I told her.

"Danny!" she gasped, "Is that anyway to talk to your mother?"

"It is when my mother's a slut ready to blow her son." I replied, surprised at my own boldness.

"Got a point there." She laughed, then rocked back and forth sliding my cock between her tits. "How about you fuck mommy's tits for a minute." She sighed, "I love a nice hard dick between my tits."

How could I refuse a request like that? Mom stopped moving and I took over, working my hips as high as I could with her leaning over me and plunged my cock through her soft breasts. Mom moaned softly and I whimpered when her tongue flickered across my cockhead when it appeared through her tits.

"Hmm" she smacked her lips, "Sticky!"

Mom began fluttering her tongue across my swollen head each time I thrust and I was trembling in excitement just from seeing her tongue licking the tip. The next time I shoved it at her face; she caused me to cry out by catching me between her lips and sucking my head into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck!" I moaned as releasing her tits, Mom lowered her head and took me deep into her mouth.

"Hmmm" Mom groaned around my cock and her eyes rolled back in pleasure as she worked her lips further down my shaft.

I moaned when she worked me all the way down, her lips wrapping around the base of my cock. Mom swirled her tongue around my cock and I clutched the sheets in my hand as I strained not to thrust my hips. She shook her head slowly back and forth and I lay there whimpering like an idiot at the sensation of my mother's warm, wet mouth.

Mom worked her lips back up my shaft and when she released my cock she said, "You're a bad boy Danny! Your cock tastes like your mother's pussy!"

"I want to taste my mother's pussy." I told her, meaning every word.

"And you will, honey, right after I suck this delicious cock and get that nice big load you've been dying to give me."

"For a long time now."

"Then relax, baby." She winked, "Lay back and enjoy."

Mom kissed the tip of my cock and worked her lips against it, when she removed them there was sticky precum all over them and she smiled up at me before making a show of licking her lips. Taking my cock she turned her face and pressed the head to her cheek and rubbed it back and forth.

I groaned as much from the visual as the sensation. I couldn't believe I was staring down at my mother with my dick in her face. Mom slid my cock across her Chin., pausing to give it a playful lick. When mom rubbed my cock along her other cheek she smiled up at me and I was struck by the thought this was just like the pics I'd been masturbating too!

Mom slid her legs out behind her so she was now stretched out between my legs on her stomach and resting on her elbows. She took my cock between her hands and fluttered

her tongue along the swollen head. The little flicks were driving me crazy, but I remained still doing as she said, relaxing and taking in a show few sons had ever seen, their mom blowing them.

She placed her tongue against my cock and trailed it down one side then up the other. My legs were trembling with excitement as my yearning cocks strained to be between her beautiful lips. But as much as I wanted her to suck it I was entranced by watching her.

Mom's eyes were barely open and she was sighing softly as she licked my cock. She had a look of pleasure on her face that caused my cock to jump at the thought of how turned on she was going down on me. I let my eyes roam down her back, taking in her long dark hair fanned out across my thighs as well as the creamy skin of her back.

My gaze followed the sweet curve of the small of her back down to her round ass cheeks, mom had bent her legs at the knees and I took in the soft soles of her feet and the red polish on her toes as she curled them. M god every inch of this woman was sexy!

Taking the visual tour down her body did nothing to stop my excitement and I knew that once she decided to start sucking I wouldn't be able to hold back long. Mom brought my attention back between my legs when I felt her tongue slide across my balls. She worked her tongue around each one, and then caused me to gasp when she sucked them into her mouth.

"Jesus." I moaned as I watched her devour my balls and felt her tongue swirling around them.

Mom was gently sliding her fingers along my shaft and I fought not to move my hips. She ran her tongue along my balls back up my shaft and sighed, "God, I love this cock, but my baby wants to come, doesn't he?"

"I do." I told her, "Please let me come, mom."

"Aww that was sweet!" She laughed, "Well as sweet as a son can be when his cock's in his mother's face." She squeezed my shaft and licked her lips, "You ready for mommy to suck you off?"

"I've been ready."

"You have, you been staring at those naughty pictures and thinking of this. Well tonight's the night you get to see it for real honey."

Mom opened wide and when she took my cock deep into her mouth my eyes rolled back and I moaned loudly. She paused at the base of my shaft again then bobbed her head in a steady rhythm. She released my cock and placing her hands on my thighs looked me in the eye as she continued to suck.

I watched transfixed by the sight of my mother giving me an amazing hands free blow job and my hips could no longer remain still, pushing my cock into her descending mouth. Mom moaned each time she took me deep and her ass was working into the bed. Her feet were kicking back and forth and the look in her dark eyes was one of pure lust.

Mom grabbed my wrists and guided my hands to her head. Using one to move her long hair from her face so I could enjoy a full view of my mother slurping on my cock, I put the other on her head. She moaned her approval as I gently guided her movements up and down my shaft and I soft whimper escaped me as my legs started to shake.

Mom worked her luscious lips back to the tip of my cock and opening her mouth let a long line of spit drool down my shaft. She then made a show of slurping it back up. The next time she surprised me by spitting on me and once again noisily sucking it up.

"You mother's a little pig isn't she?" she paused over my cock, "Am I being a good slutty mommy for you?"

"You...you'll be a better one when you make me come in your mouth." I replied hoping she would stop teasing, at this point my balls were aching and I needed to come so hard I was getting ready to flat out beg.

"Well I always want to be the best mom I can be!" she laughed and this time when she took me into her mouth she began sucking as if it were a competition.

I lay there groaning as mom repeatedly sucked me all the way down while drooling letting her spit slide down my cock. The sounds of her sloppy blow job alone were enough to keep my hips moving never mind how good her mouth felt. I was moaning continuously and mom was as well, egging me on with her sounds of pleasure as she worked my cock like a damn porn star.

"Oh mom." I whispered, "Oh fuck!"

My hands tightened in her hair as my balls tightened and my cock twitched. Mom had grabbed my cock once more and was jerking me off as she sucked me and my hand clenched hard in her hair, pulling it. Mom didn't seem to care as she sucked faster and harder than before.

"Yes, yes..." I gasped, I could feel the cum racing through my cock and my mind was filled with one thought; "I was going to come in my mother's..."

"Oh fuck!" I cried out as my cock erupted, squirting cum into her hot mouth.

Mom's eye widened and she released a long gurgling moan, but began sucking faster than before. I pumped my hips, thrusting my spurting cock into my mother's mouth and she reacted as if she couldn't suck it down fast enough. She was now pumping my cock in her fist, jerking me off while her head bobbed rapidly.

Her eyes were closed and she moaned each time my cock sent another stream of cum down her throat. Mom opened her mouth and released some of it. I watched stunned as she drooled my thick white cum down my shaft then eagerly slurped it back up. My moaning took on a desperate pitch when she had sucked me and continued to work her mouth around my now sensitive head.

"Stop!" I groaned, "Please...oh..."

Mom stopped, removed me from her mouth then opened wide showing me the puddle of cum on her tongue. Sticking it out she let the long gob of her son's cum slid off and down my shaft where it ran down to my balls. With a nasty smile, mom ducked her head and made a show of licking cum from my balls then up my shaft, cleaning every drop from me.

When she had gotten it all, she smacked her lips and smiled, "Merry Christmas, baby!"

"I...I can't believe it." I said softly, "Mom that was...damn you are a dirty girl!"

"Told you I was!" she pushed herself up so she was kneeling between my legs. "I want to be like this all the time!" she grabbed my still hard cock and squeezed it. "Bet you're the only kid at school who got this from their mom for Christmas."

"Because none of their mothers are as hot as you." I told her, starting to sit up.

"Stay right there." Mom put her hand on my chest. "Lay on your back, it's your turn to show me what you can do with your tongue."

"Then you lay back." I told her, "I'll..."

I stopped when mom put her hand on the wall to help her keep her balance and stood up on the bed. I stared up at her amazing body, but had no idea what she was doing. Then she stepped forward and put her left foot next to my shoulder.

"Fuck." I whispered as she put her other foot alongside me and I was now staring straight up between her legs.

"That's right, honey, your mother wants to go for a nice ride on her son's pretty face."

Mom braced her hand on my headboard and lowered herself to her knees while straddling my face. I wrapped my arms around her soft thighs and pulled downward bringing her lips to mine. Mom cried out as I pushed my tongue deep inside her and wiggled her hips, smearing her wet flesh across my face. I kept my tongue inside her swirling it around and groaning at the taste of her.

"Tongue that pussy!" She said over me, "You like how I taste, baby?" she moaned as I squeezed her thighs to hold her still while I worked my rigid tongue in and out of her dripping pussy. "I can still taste you! Hmm my son's cum in my mouth; your mommy is a dirty whore, isn't she?"

"Hmm-mm" I agreed as I could say much with my mother's muff pressed against my face.

Mom moved her hips against my arms and I loosened my grip allowing her to rock back causing my tongue to slide through her soft lips and to her swollen clit. Mom sighed and continued rocking, working my tongue up and down her sticky sweet pussy.

"I love this," she moaned, "I see this in porn all the time, but never got to try it."

I looked up to see her smiling down at me, "Damn you look good down there!" she moaned when she lingered long enough for me to swirl my tongue around her clit, "Feel good too!"

Mom remained still and I sucked her clit into my mouth. She moaned her approval and seeing I couldn't use my fingers on her pussy like this, I released her thighs, slid my hands up her soft belly and cupped her tits.

"Hmm, I like that, play with those nipple, baby." She put her hands over mine, and resumed rocking.

She closed her eyes and breathed heavily as my tongue trailed up and down her pussy. Her lips were parted and I couldn't get over how fucking hot she was. Not just how she looked, but all of this; my mother was riding my damn face! Even I had never thought of this one.

Mom surprised me even more when she eased forward sliding my tongue past her pussy and...into her ass! I eagerly pushed my tongue into her ass and mom squealed in delight.

"Oh my god! I've never felt that before, it feels so...dirty!" she laughed, "You can bet your father never wanted to put his mouth there."

I made an effort to not think of my father at all and concentrated on the surreal action of giving my mother a rim job. Mom giggled as I probed her pink rosebud and the sound caused my still hard cock to twitch.

At this point my nose was firmly planted in her wet pussy and although breathing wasn't easy, her scent was driving me wild as was the feeling of her slick flesh pressed to my face.

I captured her nipples between my fingers and heard her moan as I rolled them. She placed her hands over mine and slid back so my tongue was once again working her clit and this time she remained still as I traced wet circles around it.

"Oh, honey, it feels so good to have my pussy eaten!" She ground her pussy into my face to emphasize that remark, "Suck that clit, Danny! Lick mommy's pussy until she comes all over your face!"

I moved my tongue faster around her hard button and every few seconds sucked it hard into my mouth before releasing it and once again fluttering my tongue across it. Mom leaned backwards on me, shoving her clit harder into my face, and put her hand on my thighs as I sucked her pussy.

"Oh...that's an even better view." She sighed as she rocked her hips into my tongue.

I had to agree as I was now looking along her stomach and up to her tits. Her hair was tickling my thighs and my hips were moving as well, thrusting my hard cock into empty air as my mother rode my face. Mom's moans were getting higher pitched and her hips were moving in a circular motion helping me trace her swollen pink nub with my tongue.

"Right there." She breathed her eyes wide and her tits heaving beneath my hands.
"Keep licking that clit, baby, Mommies right there, honey...oh please keep licking me!"

Hearing her say please sent my tongue into overdrive and I pinched her nipples harder than I had before. Mom yelped, but that was followed by a long moan and her fingers dug hard into my thighs. Mom arched her back, bending further over and the tip of my cock rubbed against her back.

"I feel that hard dick." She groaned, "I can't wait to come so I can get back on it and really fuck you!"

I was all for that and as I thrust my hips, rubbing my dripping head along her back I sucked her clit into my mouth hard enough to make my lips smack. Mom gasped and I sucked it in a quick rhythm while twisting her nipples.

"Yes, yes...oh...yes!"

As she had before, mom threw her head back and let loose with a scream that could probably be heard throughout the house. Her thighs clamped around my head and she bucked wildly on my face. I struggled to keep my tongue moving while she rode my face and I could feel the sweat flowing down my face along with her pussy juices.

Mom was squealing over and over and in the back of my mind I thought that there was no way my father had ever gotten her off like this or I would have heard it. Mom went silent and as her pussy quivered in my face, I felt her legs tense. She let loose with an explosive gasp and a wave of warm sticky juice filled my mouth and dripped down my cheeks.

"Oh, honey!" Mom gasped as she sat back up and leaned her hands on the headboard.
"I came so hard!"

"Damn, mom." I sighed, "You did come all over my face."

"Hmm, mom's the gift that keeps on giving isn't she? Well time for us to really give each other what we need!"

Mom pushed her legs back, and catching my cock against her ass, slid down and as the head of my cock spread her lips open she drove downward. She yelped as my cock was buried balls deep inside her and began slamming her hips up and down as wildly as she had when she came.

I moaned, but grabbing her hips thrust mine as hard as I could into her. Mom cried out again and again as we slammed our hips together sending my cock plunging deep inside her. Mom leaned over me and shocked me by not just kissing me, but driving her tongue into my mouth and sucking on mine.

"God I taste good on you!" she moaned and began actually licking my face, slurping up her juices.

That wild move caused me to throw caution to the wind and wrapping my arms around her waist I pulled her down against me and started fucking her as hard as I could.

"Fuck yeah!" she yelled in my ear, "Fuck me Danny! Fuck your mother the way you dreamed about!"

I drove into her as hard as I could and she squealed with each thrust. Her tits were squished between us and I was holding her so tightly she couldn't move. Mom let herself relax and lay there moaning and squealing as I continued to hammer away into her hot and sopping wet pussy.

"I...I want to be on my back!" She moaned in my ear then pushed against the bed.

I let her go and mom let herself fall backwards between my legs until she was on her back. I sat up and getting onto my knees grabbed her legs, lifted them and plowed into her.

"Fuck that's hard!" she moaned as I pumped my hips as hard as I could.

I pushed her legs back, and straightened my legs until I was in a push up position and began using slower, but longer strokes, enjoying the feeling of her pussy devouring every inch of my hard cock.

"That oh, look at that!" Mom moaned, her gaze fixed between our legs.

I lowered my head and watched the incredible sight of my cock sliding in and out of my mother. I was glistening from her wetness and I could see my long thick cock spreading her open as I worked in and out of her. Her pink lips were wrapped tightly around my cock and seemed to be sucking me back in each time I slid out.

"Harder!" Mom cried, "Come on, baby! Fuck me like you want too; fuck me like I need you to!"

I shifted my arms behind her knees and leaned forward, bending her legs back until her feet were over her head. Mom howled in pleasure and I could now hear my cock

plunging into her wet hole. I stared down at my mother and smiled. Mom's eyes were wide and bright with lust. Her face was now flushed red from passion and she was sweating enough that her hair was sticking to her cheeks.

Her perfect lips were parted in a permanent "o" as she moaned continuously from her son fucking her like some slutty coed.

I started making more noises of my own as my assault on her pussy had me getting ready to come for her. I started slowing down to enjoy her longer and mom smiled up at me, "Getting close, baby?"

"Can I come?" I asked.

"Of course you can!" she told me, then yelped as I drove hard into her, "It's your night, baby, but not like this."

"Not..."

"Oh, come on, Danny, you don't want your slutty mom on her knees with her ass in the air for you?"

"Hell yeah!" I exclaimed and leaned back.

Her pussy made a wet sucking sound as my cock slipped from her. Mom sat up and got to her knees. She made me cry out in surprise when she leaned over and took me into her mouth. She bobbed her head rapidly and I grabbed her hair in my hands, pushing her mouth onto my cock. She moaned and sucked hard and fast. My legs were trembling and I thought she was going to suck me off, but she stopped and I quickly let go of her hair.

Mom spun on her knees and lowering her head onto the bed pushed her ass in the air. I licked my lips at the sight of her slick round cheeks and grabbing them, spread her open and drove my tongue into her ass.

"Bad boy!" Mom cried, "Licking mommy's ass, but I love it!"

I lowered my tongue and slipped it inside her now oozing pussy and slurped hard, getting a mouthful of her juice as well as another high shrill squeal from her. Sitting up, I grabbed her full hips, squeezed as tight as I dared and slammed my cock home.

Mom lifted her head and screamed "Fuck!" as I drove into her pussy. I paused for a moment to take a deep breath then cut loose. Mom howled over and over as a year of sexual frustration boiled over and I was fucking her so hard my balls were slapping painfully against her pussy.

But that minor discomfort couldn't stop me from pounding my mother's pussy like I was trying to break it. Mom was screaming and wailing, but thrusting her hips back into me

adding even more force to my thrusts. Mom whipped her head around, causing her long hair to spread out across her back and she yelled,

"Pull my hair!"

I grabbed it in one hand, wrapped it around my fist and pulled. Mom pushed herself up onto her hands and howled as I fucked her.

"Fuck, fuck!" she yelled, "Spank my ass with the other hand! Turn it red! Go on Danny, punish your bad mommy!"

Even though I'd seen those pictures and known my mother was far from proper...she was blowing my mind at this point! Hair pulling, spanking, licking her ass? I slapped her right cheek hard and then her left. Mom cried out "Harder, faster!"

I went back and forth dealing each cheek several hard slaps that indeed turned her ass red. I could see my fingers outlined on her formerly creamy skin and my cock jumped inside her.

"Oh, fuck honey!" Mom called out, "Keep going! I...I'm going to cum again!"

I swallowed hard and kept fucking her, hoping I could hold off long enough for her to get off. I looked down at her ass and focusing on her pink rosebud, thought, why not? With no warning I shoved my finger hard into her ass and mom went off like a rocket.

Releasing a wail that I thought had a chance to shatter the windows; mom threw herself back against me, grinding her hips into me as her pussy convulsed.

"Fuck yes!" she cried, "Fuck, Danny! Oh, fuck!"

"I...oh God!" I moaned as my cock was twitching. There was no way I could hold back.

"Come for me!" Mom looked back over her shoulder at me, "Give it to me! Come with me!"

Good thing that was what she wanted because one look at my mother's red, sweaty and lust crazed face sent me over the edge. Her pussy contracted around me as I buried myself to the balls and I cried out when I exploded inside her. We both gasped at the feeling of my cock squirting into her drenched pussy.

"Honey!" She wailed, "Oh, Danny, give it all to me, give mommy every drop!"

I thrust as hard as I could, each pump ending in another spurt. I was gasping and moaning, my legs shaking violently, but still pushing to fuck her and continue painting the walls of mom's pussy with my cum. Mom was writhing and squirming as her own orgasm tore through her. Her contracting pussy milked my cock, sucking cum from it and making me whimper.

I gave her one last thrust and had to stop as my cock was getting too sensitive to keep going. Mom squeezed me with her pussy getting a couple of more drops and with a low groan I eased my cock from her. I looked down to see a puddle of her juices mixed with cum ooze down her thighs.

"Holy shit, look at that." I gasped.

"I can feel it." Mom said in between gasping for breath, looking over her shoulder she gave me a playful smile. "Your phones right there get a picture."

"What, you..."

"I want to see it too!" she said, "Hurry up, baby!"

I leaned over, grabbed my phone and with shaking hands snapped a picture of the mess oozing from mom's pussy and down her legs. Mom rolled over onto her back and with a smile I showed her the phone.

"Ohhh, that's hot." Smiling up at me, she cupped her tits, "Go ahead."

I excitedly snapped a picture of her sweat slicked tits, then her licking her lips.

"Bring it up here," she grabbed my semi hard, dripping cock.

In a state of disbelief, but not about to argue I knelt next to her head and moaned when she took my cock between her lips. I snapped two pictures of her sucking me, then when she released it, one of her rubbing my cock in her face.

"Those are for you, baby, one last gift, be careful with them."

"I...I will." Lying on my back next to her, I gave her a tired smile, "Mom, I...it sounds corny, but thank you."

"It doesn't sound corny at all." She kissed my cheek, "And thank you. I needed that Danny. It was so good to cut loose and be the dirty girl I want to be and..." she took my hand in hers, "With someone I love. I could never do that with someone I didn't care about and...well, there's only two men in my life I love that much."

"Mom, what about dad?" I had to ask, "I'm not trying to ruin this, but...dad?"

"Honey, I feel bad, trust me, but we both needed this. He'll never know. What he'll know is you're going to go see a councilor to make it look good. You'll talk with them, tell them you realize you were wrong and after a few visits say you're over me."

"I...okay." I nodded. "I hope I am."

"I hope you're not." She said and surprised me with a sweet kiss.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "You said this was to help me and it was you know...um, a gift?"

"I tried to tell myself that too." She admitted, "But honey that was too good for both of us. I really found myself loving that you lust after me and...I need that. Your dad loves me, but he doesn't lust for me. You lust after me and love me, but in a different way. You're sort of the best of both worlds."

"But dad..."

"Will be happier than he has been because I will stop bothering him about sex. He wants it fine, he doesn't." she reached down and grabbed my cock; "I know where to get it."

"Really?"

"Hmm-mm. Don't get me wrong, I'll still bug him sometimes so he doesn't think it's odd, but when we do and he makes love to me I'll enjoy it because he is nice and sweet and I'll know where I can get it good and hard."

"Mom, you..." I had to slow down so I wouldn't stutter, "You really want to do this more?"

"A lot more. Honey I have way too many fantasies to leave this at one night."

"What kind of fantasies?"

"Everything...you tying me up, me tying you up." She sighed, "You fucking me in the ass, me dressing in slutty little outfits for you....we can have so much fun." She looked at me serious for the first time, "That is if you want to...I...is this all you wanted?"

"Hell no!" My mind was racing. "Your ass?"

"Hmm-mm." she nodded.

"Cheerleader outfit?" I grinned.

"Naughty school girl." Mom winked.

"Wow." I shook my head,

"Oh, and one we can play right now, my favorite."

"What's that?"

Mom put her hand between her legs and removed it, showing me her cum drenched fingers. She brought them to her lips and despite how tired I was my cock jumped when she sucked them clean.

"Baby, mommy needs a shower. How about we go in there and you get me nice and clean; you know use your tongue make damn sure I'm clean." She sighed, "Then I'll suck your cock and you can fuck me against the wall or on the sink or...honey, you can fuck me wherever whenever, anytime your father is working."

"He works a lot." I said quietly.

"He does." She sat up and offered her hand, "Shower with me?"

"Well it is Christmas now." I pointed at the clock which read twelve thirty, "I should give you a present."

"You already did, baby, you gave me the gift of felling like a truly desired woman and I hope I gave you what you wanted."

"You did." I gave her a mock sigh, "But...Christmas is just today, what's our excuse after this?"

Mom laughed, then wrapping her arms around me, kissed me and said, "Since when does it have to be a holiday for a mother to give her son something special?"

Author's note: Well then, looks like mom's going to be the gift that keeps on giving, but there's nothing wrong with that now is there? I hope you enjoyed this story and if you did (or didn't) please take a moment to vote and comment as to why. This is a contest entry so your support is appreciated. Being as we're nearing the end of the year, I'd like to take a second to thank all of you for reading and supporting my work in the five years(can you believe it?) that I've been on here. I'd also like to thank my fellow authors for their help and support and last and never least, I would like to thank my amazing wife for always supporting my twisted tales. At this time last year my wife and I were at the NIH and she was having cancer surgery. The biggest gift I received last year was for her to be home and cancer free at Christmas. I say this because it really does drive it home that family(and not just the taboo kind we read about here) truly is everything, so although the holidays can be trying, do appreciate your loved ones, life is too short not to. Have a happy and healthy holiday season. Lovecraft68