

## Anniversary Kink

By Klrxo

“Dan Brown?”

“Yeah, this is Dan. Who's this?”

“My names Paul Hales,” Tom replied, using his father's name, “Jennifer Hales husband.”

“Jennifer Hales. Now there's a name I haven't heard in awhile.”

“Yeah, she always talked fondly of you.”

“Somehow I doubt that,” Dan snickered. “Please don't tell me she had a kid back then that you just found out was mine?”

“No, that's not why I'm calling.”

“Then why ARE you calling?”

“I was wondering if I could get your help? See, our marriage has really gone to shit and I was hoping you could tell me how I might spice it up?”

“Seriously, man?! You're coming to ME for marital advice? I'm just an ex boyfriend!”

“Just a certain type of ‘marital advice’ actually. I was wondering if you might tell me what she was really into...in the bedroom?” Tom pried.

Dan laughed. “Come on, fella...you've been married to her for how long and you haven't figured that one out yet?”

“Yeah, I mean, we've tried a lot of things, but I was wondering if you might share something that I maybe HAVEN'T tried. Something that drove her crazy under the sheets, you know, just so I can spice things up a bit and keep my marriage from going down the shitter.”

“Dude, we were in our early twenties when we went out. That was almost twenty years ago. Who's to say her kinks haven't changed since then,” Dan pointed out.

**“Come on, man...I'm desperate here! If there's anything that you could suggest, that I haven't tried already, I'll be eternally grateful!”**

**There was an awkward silence, and for a second Tom thought maybe Dan had hung up or worse yet, he'd figured out that Tom wasn't who he was pretending to be. “Hello...are you still there?” he asked.**

**“Yeah, I'm still here,” Dan replied. “Look dude, I can tell you what she was into, but honestly, you've probably figured all that out by now.”**

**“Well, let me know what it is and I'll tell you.”**

**“Jennifer liked a particular type of roll play, but like I said...if she hasn't had you use this on her by now I'd be shocked!” Dan explained.**

**“What was it?” Tom persisted, eager to see what his mother was into.**

**“She liked the burglar scenario. You know, a guy sneaks in through the window to rob a place...sees a beautiful woman laying there on the bed and decides to tie her up and defile her. You get me?”**

**“Yeah...wow, I didn't realize she was into that,” Tom uttered, wondering now if they were talking about the same woman.**

**“Seriously?! Come on, man...you can't tell me she's never asked you to do that?! That was her thing!”**

**“No, never.”**

**“Well, maybe she decided to put all that kinky shit behind her once she got married and had kids. You do have kids, right?” Dan asked.**

**“Yeah, um...we have kids. So, once you had her tied up...then what?”**

**“What do you mean ‘then what?’ What do you think?!”**

**“Can you tell me in detail...so I can be sure to get it right? If I'm gonna do this to her, I don't wanna goof things up.”**

**“Yeah, alright. Now that I remember, there WERE certain things she liked me to do to her, once she was tied up,” Dan replied, then went into exactly how Jennifer liked her fantasy role play to go. Tom listened in sick fascination, trying to imagine his sweet mom being a part of such a deprived sexual act.**

**“Well, hey...I really appreciate the information. Hopefully it does me some good,” Tom concluded.**

**“Jennifer was a sweet girl and we had some good times. Yeah, she was into some kinky shit, but hey...we all have our thing, you know?”**

**“Yeah, we sure do.”**

**“Good luck saving your marriage, man,” Dan imparted.**

**“Thanks for your help.”**

**Tom hung up, his mind still processing what he'd just heard. It was hard to imagine his mom being into something so naughty. He sat on that information, until the right time, which didn't come until a year later.**

**“OUTRAGIOUS!” Tanya Hales shouted as the forty-two year old brunette marched through the kitchen, then retrieved a bottled water from the fridge.**

**“What's outrageous?” Tom asked, chomping on an apple.**

**“The fact that your father missed his flight...again!”**

**“Was he able to find another one?”**

**“Not until late this evening...which won't put him home until well after midnight,” Tanya complained.**

**“Wait...isn't it your anniversary today?”**

**“Uh-huh...and you'd think that would have been extra motivation for him to be at the airport on time!”**

**“Damn...sorry, mom. Did you guys have plans and everything?”**

**“A dinner reservation, that we now have to cancel.”**

**“Why cancel?” Tom asked. “I'll go with you.”**

**“That's sweet of you, honey...but you don't have to do that. Your father and I will just have to change it to another night.”**

**“Yeah, but that ‘other night’ won't be your anniversary. Let me take you to dinner. I'll even pay.”**

**Tanya laughed. "Fine, you can take me to dinner, but I certainly don't expect you to pay."**

**"I insist! I do have a job you know?"**

**Tanya fed him an endearing look. "Whoever ends up with you will be one lucky girl. I'll bet SHE'LL never have to worry about her husband missing his flight on their anniversary."**

**Later, Tom poured on the chivalry, even opening the car door for his mom. She looked stunning in her black, form-fitting maxi-dress and dainty high heels. Her silky dark hair was meticulously done up, the trusses flowing over her shoulders. "Wow, what a gentleman!" she expressed as she sat down in the passenger seat. There was no way for her sexy, shimmering legs to escape her son's gaze.**

**"Dang, mom...you really look stunning!" the boy observed.**

**"Thanks, honey. I must say you look pretty debonair yourself!"**

**"Oh...um, I forgot something inside. I'll be right back," Tom stated, then rushed back into the house. He hurried to his parent's bedroom, then cracked their window open slightly.**

**They had dinner at a fancy restaurant overlooking the city, talking mostly about Tom and his plans for college. The view out the window was spectacular, but the boy hardly noticed. He was far more interested in the sight of his mom's tremendous cleavage, amply displayed through the plunging neckline of her gown.**

**When they got back home, Jennifer turned to her son with a grateful smile. "Honey, thank you so much. Dinner was amazing!" she expressed, then moved in for a hug. The feel of her spongy breasts mashed against his chest made Tom feel dizzy with desire.**

**"My pleasure, mom...but I do have one more anniversary surprise for you though," he bravely stated.**

**"Anniversary surprise?" she asked, smiling curiously.**

**"Yeah...go in on your bed, lay down and I'll bring it in to you."**

She fed him a curious glare, backing up the hallway towards her bedroom. "What sort of 'surprise' is this?" she asked.

"You'll see. Trust me...I think you'll love it!"

Jennifer went in her bedroom, slipped off her heels, then sprawled across her marital mattress. For nearly five minutes she lay there waiting for her big 'surprise.' "*What on earth is this kid up to?*" she asked herself.

Finally, she heard a strange noise at her bedroom window, sat up and looked that direction.

Tom was outside the window in a dark sweat suit and ski mask. He fumbled with the screen, trying to get it loose, but it was nearly impossible from the outside. "Fuck it!" he muttered, then punched his hand straight through screen and tore it open. "*Hopefully I can fix that before dad sees it,*" he thought.

Jennifer watched with uneasiness as the man in black climbed up through her window. "Tom!?! Is that you?" she asked, squirming nervously.

"Stay quiet and don't move!" Tom replied. He suddenly had his plans dashed as his mom burst out laughing, having recognized his voice.

"Honey, what in the world are you doing?" she asked.

Tom pulled some rope out from his sweatshirt pocket and moved towards her, trying to remain in character. "I'm tying your hands to the headboard...that's what I'm doing," he replied.

He grabbed one of her hands and started to tie the rope on, but she shook it away. "Okay, joke time's over. Take the mask off!"

"I don't think so, bitch!" the teen replied, then grabbed her hand and straddled her. "I'm tying you down and having my way with you!"

"NO YOU'RE NOT!" Jennifer shouted, shaking her hand away again.

"Now take off the fucking mask and get off me, Tom!"

This time Tom knew she wasn't joking. He climbed off the bed and took off the mask shamefully. "Sorry, I was just trying to show you some fun for your anniversary!"

"Show me some fun?! Tom, that's hardly appropriate! Who put you up to this?" she asked. Jennifer knew it was more than just chance that Tom was

choosing this 'burglar' scenario to try to have his way with her. Only a small number of people knew that it was a long time kink of hers.

**“No one put me up to this! I thought you liked it. I would never try to FORCE anything on you?”**

**“Even if you were just roll playing, did you actually think you were just gonna tie me up and have your way with me? FUCK ME?! I’m your mother!” Jennifer shouted.**

**“You’re right...I screwed up. Sorry, I just wanted to make your anniversary special by doing something that I knew you liked,” Tom expressed while quickly leaving her bedroom.**

Jennifer lay on her bed for the longest time wondering who in the world Tom had been talking to, and why he thought it was OK that HE try to roll play this with her. Not since early in her marriage had her husband put on a mask, tied her to the bed and fucked her senseless. Yes, it was her son that had just tried it, but even that had got her shaking with arousal. Just thinking about how much she used to love to roll play that scenario was bringing all of those thrilling memories back.

**“Tom, can I come in?” Jennifer asked after tapping at his door.**

**“Yes.”**

Her son was on his bed, looking up at the ceiling and feeling like a complete idiot. The beautiful mother walked over and sat on his bedside. **“If you want me to keep my mouth shut, so you avoid the wrath of your father...you need to tell me who you've been talking to,” she demanded.**

**“Fine...it was Dan Brown.”**

His mother's stomach sunk. **“Dan Brown, the guy I dated when I was like...twenty?”**

**“Yes. He was the one who told me those things about you.”**

**“Where the hell did you meet Dan Brown, and why would he tell you THOSE things? You’re my son!”**

**“I talked to him on the phone about a year ago and pretended that I was dad. I told him I needed some ideas on things that would excite you.”**

**“You pretended you were your father? Why would you do that? Be honest!”**

**Tom hesitated. He could beat around the bush all night or he could just be completely forthcoming with her.**

**“Tom?” she blurted, staring into his eyes. “WHY?”**

**“Because I wanna have sex with you!” he bravely replied. “I wanna have sex with you...and I figured that if I found out something you really loved, it would better my chances.”**

**Jennifer sat there for a moment with her jaw wide open. “I’m not really sure what to say,” she uttered, shocked that her son was desiring her sexually. She’d caught him staring at her tits here and there, but never suspected him wanting her.**

**“You don’t have to say anything. You can be mad at me, ground me or whatever, but you asked me to be honest and I was.”**

**After a long, awkward silence Jennifer reached over and placed her hand on her son's. “You didn’t judge me for my crazy kink, I’m certainly not gonna judge you for yours. You’ve always been nothing but a sweetheart to me, lifting me up when I’m down, like tonight, on my anniversary.”**

**“You’ve always done the same for—”**

**“Let me finish,” Jennifer interrupted. “While I do think that us having sex together is not the wisest idea, I am willing to make an exception...just for tonight.”**

**“Really?!” Tom asked, his insides tingling excitedly.**

**“Yes... ‘really,’ but on one condition, and this is NOT negotiable!”**

**“What is it?”**

**“That you get as nasty with me as you want and get it out of your system, so we never have to have this conversation again.,” she answered.**

**“Deal!” he agreed. Sure, Tom would love to have a regular love affair with his busty mom, but if he only got to ravage her once, he certainly wasn't complaining about that.**

**“Give me a few minutes to get myself together, then you can come back though my window and defile me,” she whispered, standing from his bed and sashaying to his doorway. The sway of her plump, peached-shaped buttocks made Tom shiver with anticipation.**

**This time when he came to her window, he could see that the light was off. He snuck in, just as before, and he could tell his mom was in bed, beneath the blankets. She suddenly turned towards him, acting startled. “What do you want?!” she asked in a panicked tone.**

**“I want you!” Tom answered, pouncing on top of her. His mom was in just her underwear and his heart thumped wildly in his chest as he quickly tied her wrists to the bed posts. Jennifer’s heavy tits jostled beneath her embroidered bra as she made pathetic attempts to squirm away, while her son fastened her securely. “Please...don’t hurt me!” she whimpered.**

**“I don’t wanna hurt you! Quite the contrary!” Tom replied, throwing off his shirt. He licked his lips lustfully, grabbing the cross-straps to her bra and yanking the four hooks apart. Jennifer squealed as her boy threw off her bra, releasing her bobbling melons. Her luscious legs kicked around him as he grabbed her dainty panties and ripped them off her body like tissue paper.**

**Tom left the ski mask on, but quickly slipped out of his pants. His mom's eyes widened at the sight of his erect cock. It looked like a long vein-encrusted meat-sword, branching out from his crotch, ready to stab through her. His knob was like a fat pinkish-purple gourd with a slimy slit down the middle. “What are you gonna do to me?” Jennifer asked, in a sweet, innocent voice.**

**His eyes were fixed on the oval of her coral-colored pussy-slot, which look flooded with the juices of her arousal. It was framed in by thick vaginal flanges and a budding clitoral hood. “Nothing you won't love!” he replied, then dove forward like a child bobbing for apples.**

**Jennifer trembled as she felt her boy devour her cunt. Tom snarled lustfully, slicing his licker through her cleft and around her flaming clit. His taste buds tingled from the tangy flavor of her cuntal nectar and the sweet aroma made him dizzy with desire. His mom arched her back like a cat, tilting her pelvis, making her ballooning tits flounder on her chest. The wide rose-**

colored areolar-caps were thick and crinkled from arousal, her nipples jutting from their centers turgidly.

Tom jabbed his tongue as far up his mom's slippery fuck-hole as he could, feeling her collapsed walls nip at his licker. He simply couldn't wait to feel that spongy tube of heated flesh around his teenage cock. Jennifer closed her warm thighs around his head like a velvet vice, trapping him against her twat as he lapped greedily at her cunt flesh.

When she released the stronghold, the teen scrambled up between her parted legs. "Time to give you what you REALLY need!" he implied.

He grasped his wagging cock by the hilt and lowered his knob into her heated crotch. "No...wait! I have a husband!" his mom whimpered in an exaggerated tone.

"Don't worry...you won't be thinking about him for very long," Tom stated. He stared down in excitement, watching her cunt-lips splay around the swollen bell of his prick. His cock-shaft flexed on his loins making the fat veins that ran down his stalk, like bolts of lightning, bulge obscenely.

Jennifer let out a squealing huff of air as she felt his massive slab of meat sink to its root inside her. Tom shuddered from the wonderful sensation of having his cock-meat buried in full penetration inside his own beautiful mom. The way her sleeve encapsulated his meat in rows of deeply-pleated ribs, made him realize that this was gonna be one incredibly-intense fuck, that would test his staying power.

As the boy began to saw his prick in and out, slow and steady, his mom flexed her coital muscles, making her vagina close in around him in a series of clamping undulations.

Tom brought his full weight down on top of her, crushing her meaty udders between them while they fucked. He thrust all the way in and held it there, letting his bulbous prickhead probe and throb in her cuntal core. When he withdrew, his prick was dripping with cunt-juice. He used these slippery secretions to lubricate his fuck-thrusts as he began to heave into her.

Tom slid his hands up her back, grasping onto her shoulders for leverage so he so he could really start laying some pipe. His mom squirmed beneath his bucking frame, churning her pelvis beneath him and screwing her cunt to his

cock-base on each thrust. The boy could hear her pussy slurp as it sucked and chewed on his prick-meat, while they found a feverish rhythm.

“Ohhh! This SHOULD’N’T feel so good!” Jennifer gasped, clamping her smooth thighs around his haunches and hooking her heels behind his thighs.

Tom fucked his mom faster, feeding her his cock-meat. His slippery pink dick pummeled through the tightly-clasping tube of blood-engorged tissue and smooth muscle. His leaky tip smeared his pre-ejaculate all along her walls as they fucked, mixing with her oils to create a hot, frothy ambrosia.

They moved so beautifully together, even though the mothers wrists were bound above her. Tom plowed with energetic force, while his mom tilted her pelvis up and down, especially active for someone being ‘helplessly’ taken by a strange intruder.

“Oh fuck!” Jennifer gasped, her tawny dark hair whipping back and her eyes widening as the thrill of a climax began to surge through her loins.

“Fuck – fuck – fuck!!”

Tom raised up on extended arms so he could watch his mom's pretty face when she came. He gave her long, powerful thrusts; the sturdy muscles and ligaments at the root of his cunt-smothered erection tensing as they sustained the force of his deep cuntal plunges. Now that he was raised off her, Jennifer's huge tit-knockers rolled up and down her chest in unison, reeling and rippling uncontrollably. As her orgasmic hit in full-force her big boobies bobbed every-which-way as she convulsed in a toe-curling climax.

“Ooooh, man!” Tom gasped, feeling her slippery cuntal rings begins to pulsate like a powerful vibrating massager around his pumping peter.

Jennifer let out a beautiful orgasmic scream as her cunt was met with another contraction. She felt her son's prick swell even bigger, then he let out an evil grunt as he began to pour cum inside her. His creamy load was met by a deluge of female ejaculate. It took a long while for their bodies to stop moving as they worked to draw out every wonderful spasm of their mutual climax.

The sweat-sheened mother let out a satisfied sigh. “Alright...you got what you wanted. Now you better untie me and get back out that window before my husband gets home and kills you for fucking his wife.”

**Tom** back out of his mother and paused above her, the juices dripping off his glistening cock. “Yeah, I’ll go, but I can’t promise I won’t be back to take more,” he breathlessly stated.

**Jennifer** glared meaningfully into his eyes. “You wouldn’t dare, you brute!”