

Moms and Sons – Volume Ten

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All this transpired back in the days before the internet. We didn't even know what AIDs was and other sexually transmitted diseases were something you caught only if you used a whore. Most dads worked and most moms stayed home and kept the house clean, cooked the meals, and washed the clothes. Kids were a lot more naïve and gullible than kids now days. One thing hasn't changed that much, though. The way teenage boys think about sex. And I was one of those boys. Sex was on my mind almost all the time. The other few seconds it wasn't, it was preoccupied with food...

All the fictitious characters in this story who are involved in sexual situations are over the age of eighteen.

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THE NEIGHBORS

Connie's shopping expedition had been a fiasco. The mall had been swarming with shoppers and none of the shops had any bikinis in her size. It was difficult trying to find a bikini top that fit her properly, she thought. But that was just one of the things one had to put up with when one had big tits, she laughed to herself.

Finally giving up, she headed home. So she would just have to endure a few more days with her old one. Pulling into the garage, she saw that her son, Grant's car was still parked in the garage. So, that meant that he would be lounging around the house somewhere, probably in the kitchen gorging himself or up in his room playing games.

Tossing her purse and keys onto the kitchen table, she set out to find him and see if he wanted to go have lunch with her or something. They seemed to spend so little time together anymore.

"GRANT," she hollered out as she peeked into the kitchen.

There was no answer. That's odd, she thought stepping over to the bar and pouring herself a drink. Where could he be, she wondered, sipping on her drink as she walked up the stairs? She had heard him and his dad, Donald talking about golfing, but Grant hadn't gone. Or at least she had seen Grant eating breakfast after Donald had left for the golf course. So he must be around somewhere.

Maybe he's in his room with his earphones on and can't hear me, she thought, stopping at his room. Easing the door open, she looked inside. His room was empty.

Well, I'll just change into my bikini, get a few rays and maybe he'll show up. I'm sure that he will turn up sooner or later and then we can go get some lunch.

Maybe I ought to get myself something to eat, though, she laughed to herself. This liquor will go straight to my head.

Stepping into her room, she set the drink down and unbuttoned her blouse. Letting the soft, silk material caress her body as it slithered off her shoulders, down her back and fell to the floor, she reached behind her back and unsnapped her brassiere.

"Oh, that feels so good," she sighed as the sheer, lace trimmed bra slipped down her arms.

Laying her brassiere down, she bent down and quickly shoved her skirt and panties down her shapely legs. Digging around in one of the drawers, she dug out her old, black bikini and stepping into the bottom, pulled it up around her hips. Stopping for a moment, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her pixyish, short, blond hair didn't even reach her shoulders. But she looked better in short hair than the way she used to wear it. Before she had cut it and died it blond, her long, reddish-brown hair had hung down in strands over her shoulders stopping just above the swell of her big, round breasts. A proud, little smile tugged at her lips as she admired the heavy, drooping melons of pink flesh jutting out from her chest. Too bad she had to hide them, she laughed, wishing she could do a little sunbathing in the nude. But that would be a little risky with Grant's whereabouts unknown.

I wonder what he would think, she wondered to herself threading her arms through the straps of her bikini top and pulling it up over her quivering breasts? I wonder what he would think if he saw his mother sunbathing in the nude? What would he think of her big, pale tits?

What are you thinking? Mothers don't think that way. Not about their sons.

Maybe you'd better lay off the booze.

What, she asked herself again? What was wrong wondering what her son would think if he saw her naked? She just wondered if he thought that his mom was still good looking for an old broad?

Nothing wrong with that is there? It's not like I was thinking about doing him or anything. Just showing him that I wasn't over the hill yet. I just wonder if he would, uh, hell I don't know what I wonder. I just don't want him to be ashamed of me, that's all. I just want him to think his mom is still a good-looking woman, even if she is forty something.

Stepping back, she gave the bikini top a few more tugs but it still looked like her breasts were about to pop out at any second. Yes, she definitely needed a bigger top, she mused seeing that her nipples, now swollen and plump were plainly visible as they jutted out under the thin material.

What's this all about, she asked herself. Why are my nipples so swollen?

Running a finger over the obvious protrusions, she wondered. It couldn't be because she had been thinking about Grant, could it? No, it couldn't be that because she hadn't been thinking about him in *that* way. No, not really. Had she? But when she told herself that she hadn't been thinking of him in a sexual way, it was like admitting that she had been thinking of him in a sexual way. How could she even think that way? Think that way about him. Not her handsome, eighteen-year-old son.

No more booze for you young lady, she told herself.

But even as she admonished herself, she smiled and lifted the glass to her lips. Tossing her head back, she quickly emptied the glass.

It's not my fault, she sulked. It's been more than two weeks since Donald and me...

What the hell am I supposed to do anyway, she asked herself padding over to the door on her bare feet? It's Saturday, Donald will be playing golf all afternoon and then he'll stay at the club until nine or ten. What's a woman supposed to do?

Well, certainly not be thinking about running around naked in front of her son, that's for sure she laughed, making her big tits bobble and bounce down inside her body-hugging top.

Maybe I'll have a little more booze and go over and see if Meg has any marijuana. That was the nice thing about having a neighbor like Meg. They were about the same age and had grown up in the sixties when marijuana had been the drug of choice. And now even though they were a little more mature, they still shared an occasional toké.

Yeah, that's it, girl. Get a nice little buzz on and then rape Donald when he gets home.

After having another drink, she refilled her glass and stepped out into the glaring afternoon sun. Already feeling a little tipsy, she started across the patio. The hot concrete was burning the soles of her feet as she hurried across the broiling pavement.

"Ouch," she yipped, stepping into the shadow of the big red patio umbrella to cool her tootsies.

It was then that she heard a loud fracas break out next door at Meg's house.

It sounded like Meg was having a pool party or something from all the splashing and yelling.

Just then, Connie thought she detected Grant's voice among the voices and echoing over the fence.

Wondering why Meg would throw a pool party without inviting her, Connie slipped her feet into a pair of clogs and quietly clomped over to the gate between the two patios. She and Meg were such good friends; they had talked the men into building them a gate between the two patios years ago.

It sounded like they were having a great time in the pool, she enviously thought as she sneaked up to the gate.

Leaning up against the gate, she started to look through the peephole.

Custom had it that if the peephole was covered and the gate was locked, it indicated that the other family wanted privacy, but if it wasn't, then they were free to come and go as they pleased.

The peephole wasn't covered as Connie put her eye up against it and peeked in.

The party, she saw going on consisted only of Meg, her son, Toby and Grant. They were the ones making all the noise.

Feeling better that she hadn't been left out by her best friend, Connie watched the trio through the peephole as they splashed around in the pool. They looked like they were playing a game of tag or something, as they were all swimming around in circles, splashing and diving at each other.

Meg seemed to be trying to evade the boys as they dove and splashed around her. Then, as Connie watched on amused by the wild enthusiasm of the boys, she saw Grant dive right at Meg and disappear under the water. A few seconds later, she heard Meg squeal and go under the water. Grant must have pulled her under she thought as she waited for them to surface?

A couple of seconds later, Grant splashed to the surface some five or ten feet away from where he had gone under the water. He was holding a brightly colored scrap of material in his hand. Whatever it was, she laughed to herself, it matched the material of Meg's bikini.

"I got the top. I got the top," he yelped, spitting out a mouthful of water and waving his trophy around in the air.

"Grant Cox, you little rascal," Meg called out, splashing to the surface of the pool and paddling toward him. "Give that back to me."

My goodness, Connie thought. If she didn't know better, it looked like Grant had stripped off Meg's bikini top and was waving it in the air. But he wouldn't do anything like that. Not Grant. And certainly not with Meg.

The way Meg was splashing and churning around in the water, Connie couldn't really tell if Meg was now topless or not.

No, Grant would never do anything like that. Not to Meg. He just wouldn't.

As Meg swam toward him, Grant began laughing and backing away from her, taunting her with what he held in his hand.

As Meg was trying to catch Grant, Connie saw Toby vanish under the water behind his mother.

"Toby, don't you do that," Connie heard Meg yelp as the water around her began to boil and churn while she fought against her underwater attacker.

"Toby—" she suddenly yelped as her head went under water again.

After a few seconds, Meg and Toby bobbed to the surface ten or fifteen feet apart.

Fascinated by the antics next door, Connie watched as Toby began joyously waving another matching piece of material in the air. It was almost identical to the one Grant had in his hand.

"Ha, ha, I got the bottom. I got the bottom," he yipped, waving the brightly colored swatch of material in the air.

Both of the boys swam closer to Meg and tauntingly held out the material just out of her reach as she lunged at first one and then the other.

Suddenly, Connie realized that the material the boys were waving in front of Meg was Meg's bikini. Grant apparently had the top and Toby had the bottom.

What the fuck was going on? Her eyes must be playing tricks on her. Or maybe it was the booze. The boys would never do that to Meg.

They wouldn't take off her bikini. No, they wouldn't do that.

Stepping back from the gate in stunned shock, she rubbed her eyes as her mind fought to make sense out what she thought she had seen.

Had Grant and Toby really pulled Meg's bikini off? It was outrageous, if they had. It had to be some kind of sick joke, she thought. It was probably just an old bikini that they were using in their weird game. That was it, Connie smiled, taking another sip of bourbon and stepping back up to the gate.

Putting her eye back up to the peephole, she looked in to see Meg was splashing over to the edge of the pool. Then as Connie watched on in curious amazement, Meg pushed up out of the pool with one quick lunge.

"Oh, my God," Connie gasped as Meg spun around and sat on the edge of the pool facing the boys.

MEG WAS NAKED! It hadn't been an old bikini. It had been Meg's bikini that the boys had been waving in the air.

Connie stared on in bewildered silence as Meg sat on the edge of the pool spreading her legs and flaunting her exposed sex at the two boys.

Connie felt a hot flash as she saw Meg leaning back on her stiffened arms, smiling lewdly as the boys openly gawked at her.

What the fuck was she doing, Connie feverishly wondered? How could Meg expose herself like that in front of the boys?

"Is this what you wanted to see?" she asked, running a hand down to her pussy and fingering the thick, pink lips apart.

What in God's name was going on, Connie gasped as she watched on in shock and horror? Had Meg lost her freaking mind? She couldn't be doing that. Or was it Connie, herself who gone crazy and was fantasizing all this? Maybe it had just been too long since Connie had gotten laid and her mind was playing tricks on her, she thought as she watched Meg slowly get to her feet.

Then, brushing her hands down her bronzed body, Meg flung her hands out and sent sparking droplets of water flying in all directions as the boys watched on in obvious appreciation.

This can't be happening. They would never do anything like that. And Meg would never let it happen. She would never let her own son see her naked like that. Or Grant either for that matter, she thought. Unless...

Slowly, as Meg faced the boys, she held out her arms and slowly pirouetted around in a circle as both boys gawked on in worshipful adoration.

"I don't know why you boys want to see it again," she giggled over her shoulder, "you've both see it all the time anyway."

What did she mean by that, Connie wondered staring in shocked amazement as her neighbor flaunted her nudity in front of the two teenage boys?

Completing her pirouette, Meg suggestively ran her hand down over her big, droopy breasts and cupping them.

Smiling lecherously at the boys, she dropped her tits back down onto her chest and stepped back to the railing of the deck surrounding the pool.

"I don't know about you two" she smiled leaning back against the railing and holding onto it, "but I'm getting awfully hot out here."

With that, she spun around on one foot and stepped out for the house. As she walked, she was suggestively swinging her hips from side to side for the boy's viewing pleasure.

"Hey, wait, I'm coming, too," Grant yelled at her, splashing over to the edge of the pool.

"Me, too," Toby joined in following Grant.

"I thought you might," Connie heard Meg laugh as she walked toward the house leaving a trail of wet footprints.

Connie could only stare in a bewildered daze as she watched the boys splatter across the deck toward the house leaving a trail of water and wet footprints behind them, too.

Stunned by the scene she had just witnessed and wondering what was going to happen now, she was paralyzed as she watched the boys follow in Meg's footsteps toward the house. All the strength had drained out of her legs. It was all she could do to stand, holding onto the gate to keep from falling while she watched the bizarre scene.

Then Meg stopped and turned back to the boys and pointed down to their trunks.

"You're not coming in the house with those wet suits on. They come off or you stay outside," she ordered them.

“Yes, ma'am,” they both quipped as they stopped in their tracks and immediately shucked their wet bathing trunks down their legs.

“Thank you,” Meg smiled, stepping inside and sliding the door closed behind her.

Shocked down to her very core, Connie found herself staring down at the boy’s hard, muscular buttocks as the boys paraded across the deck. She couldn’t help but admire the way their hard, tightly-muscled asses rippled and wetly glistened. So nice and tight and firm, unlike Donald’s soft, slightly flabby ass, she strangely thought.

Laughing, the two boys stopped by the door and tossed their suits down on the deck where they landed with loud, wet splats. It was then that Connie spotted the boy’s cocks. They looked huge, hanging down between their muscular legs, flicking and flopping, just starting to firm up. Then Grant jerked the door open and they both disappeared inside as the door slid closed behind them.

Then Connie was all alone. Her head was spinning. Her heart was hammering. Had it really happened, she asked herself staring through the peephole at her neighbor’s quiet, empty back yard?

Fanning herself with her hand, she quickly turned up her drink and finished it off. What now?

What should she do now? Meg was now all alone in the house with the two boys. And they were all naked! No, they couldn’t, she told herself. They wouldn’t. Why that would be incest, if Meg, Meg and Toby. No, they wouldn’t do that. Not Meg and Toby. Incest was something hillbillies and hicks did. Not her neighbor. And what about Grant? Grant and Meg? No, never—

Another rush of heat suddenly spread out from her inflamed pussy as she tried to picture what might be going on inside Meg’s house.

She had to know. She had to see, she told herself, setting her empty glass on the ledge of the fence. Then she reached down and with numb fingers, fumbled at the latch of the gate. Finally, it slipped open and the gate slowly creaked open. Hoping she didn’t fall, she staggered through the gate on wobbly legs and closed it behind her.

What was she going to find? And what was she going to do? She’d worry about that when she found out. Her poor brain was reeling as she tipsily tiptoed across the patio following the trail of wet footprints on the hot concrete.

Stopping at the back door, she nervously glanced down at the boy’s wet suits laying by the door. She still couldn’t believe that Meg had ordered the boys to take their suits off before she would let them inside. Apparently, there was a side to Meg that she was totally unaware of, Connie told herself reaching down to the handle on the sliding door. Thankfully, it wasn’t locked. Slowly, quietly she pushed it down its well-oiled track. Hoping the door wouldn’t make any noise, she carefully eased it open just wide enough for her to slip inside.

Once inside, she could hear the mumble of voices coming from Meg’s living room as she warily eased the door closed. Then she smelled it. Marijuana? They were smoking pot? Sniffing the air again, there was no mistaking that telltale smell. It was pot.

Connie’s suspicions ratcheted up another notch. Meg alone in the house with the two boys. They were all naked. And now they were smoking pot. Un-fucking-believable—

Quietly, Connie toed her flip-flops off by the door and went slinking across the kitchen floor on her bare feet. The linoleum was cold and slick on the soles of her feet as she stopped by the door leading out into the living room. What was she going to find when she peeked around the door?

Inching closer to the door, she finally stopped. Then, she took a deep breath and slowly peeked around the doorframe into the living room.

What she saw took her breath away and staggered her as she grabbed hold of the door to keep from falling flat on her face.

She couldn’t believe it.

There in front of the couch, on the big, fake bear-skin rug, Toby was lying flat on his back with his mother on her hands and knees between his legs sucking on his big cock. And as Meg sucked on her son’s impressive prick, Grant was standing on his knees behind her, his tight, clenched ass slowly working back and forth as he fucked her from behind.

Connie felt like she was going to pass out—

Holding her hand over her mouth to keep from giving herself away, she gawked on in wide-eyed shock at the obscene spectacle being played out in front of her.

How could Meg do such a thing, she feverishly asked herself as she watched Meg’s head bobbing up and down above her son’s groin as Meg’s dark red lips slurped away at Toby’s big, stiff prick?

“Yeah, Mom, yeah, suck that bad boy,” Toby groaned out.

Connie didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t move. She was paralyzed again as she stood mindlessly watching the sinister, evil thing happening across the room. From where she was standing she couldn’t see Grant’s cock as it plowed in and out of Meg’s pussy, but she could imagine what it must look like watching his hard, muscled ass working back and forth powerfully as he pumped into Meg.

Connie watched on in traumatized disbelief as Meg's pendulous, drooping tits were swinging back and forth under her in rhythm with Grant's attack on Meg's pussy. Then Meg raised her head and spit out her son's stiff, spit-slathered penis.

"God, I love cock—" Meg groaned, shoving herself back at Grant.

Then she quickly sucked Toby's big, fat cock back into her mouth.

Perversely, Connie suddenly found herself wondering what Grant's penis looked like. Was it as big as Toby's? Oh, God, she groaned to herself. How could she? How could she think such a thing? She was just as bad as Meg. Worse! How could Meg do such a thing? That was her own son that was lying there letting Meg suck on his cock.

Connie suddenly became aware of the warmth down between her own legs. Her pussy was throbbing. What was happening? She'd never felt like this before...around Grant.

It was like Grant had abruptly morphed right in front of her eyes. Changing from boy into man in a matter of seconds.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't think. Her heart was racing. She felt light-headed. Then her foot moved. She had no recollection of making a conscious decision to take a step, but she had. Toward them!

NO, NO, she screamed at herself, DON'T GO!

But then her other foot moved. She had taken a step closer to them. Time stopped as everything began to move in super slow motion. Another tiny step, then another and another until at last, she stepped around from behind Grant and into Toby's view.

"Uh, uh, Hi, Mrs. Cross," Toby grunted, a tendril of smoke curling up from his lips as he drunkenly stared up at her with an inebriated smile on his lips.

"Huh," Meg mumbled out around Toby's big, thick prick, letting it slither out of her mouth as she turned her head and looked around with a drugged, lopsided grin on her lips. "Connie..."

"Uh, Hi, Mom," Grant stammered with an imbecilic grin on his face.

"What? What, what is going on?" Connie bumbled, staring down at the trio of naked bodies.

"We were, we just been smoking, uh, smoking a little, uh, uh, dope," Meg grinned up at her, standing on her hands and knees tipsily looking up at Connie. "And, well, uh, it, this, uh, just kinda happened."

"My Lord, Meg," Connie groaned.

Then she saw that her own son didn't even have the common decency to stop fucking Meg as he continued to work his hips back and forth sliding his big, juice-slathered cock in and out of Meg's pussy.

"GRANT CROSS," she said angrily. "You stop that while I'm talking to you."

"Aw, Mom," he complained but his hips slowly ground to a halt, "it feels good."

"Come on, Connie," Meg whined, supporting herself on one arm while she coddled and fumbled with Toby's prodigious peter as she swayed above him trying to balance on one hand. "Uh, have a toke and, and join us."

"What? What did you say?" Connie gasped in shock. "Join you?"

"Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, Mom, do it," Grant beamed drunkenly, running his eyes up and down her bikini-clad body then pointing over at the coffee table. "Tokes on the coffee table."

"Grant Cross," she blurted out, "don't talk to me that way. I'm your mother for God's sake."

"Aw, Mom, come on, don't be a putz..." he smirked, slowly starting to work his hips back forth again, sliding his big, thick cock in and out of Meg's oozing cunt. "It'll, it'll be, uh, fun," he tipsily grinned and Connie saw that he had a toke pinched between his finger and thumb.

"Yeah, Mrs. Cross," Toby smirked up at her with a crazy grin on his face, "do it, do it, do, like Mom said."

"I can't believe this," Connie gasped, stumbling backwards a step.

And when she did, she backed into the couch, stumbled and unceremoniously flopped down onto her butt.

"Right before my eyes. My best friend and my own son. And Toby, too," Connie groaned. "Your own son? It's so, so, so absurd, so crazy, why if, if it wasn't so degenerate, it would be almost laughable."

"Oh, come on, Connie, dear," Meg muttered, seeming reluctant, but releasing her hold on Toby's cock.

Then Connie watched on in amazed wonderment as Meg leaned forward letting Grant's oversized penis slowly slither back out of her cunt.

"Oh, my God," Connie groaned as she stared down at the evil malignancy jutting straight out from her son's groin.

She couldn't take her eyes off it. The monster was softly glimmering in the early-afternoon light as it was covered in a thick coat of Meg's secretions. There were a couple of strands of the runny stuff hanging down from it, stretching down to the floor as it slowly bobbed up and down in rhythm with Grant's heartbeat. It was huge. Meg's juices were coalescing, dripping off it as big, purple veins vulgarly crisscrossed the thing's thick, pink shaft. It was evil personified. She had never seen a cock so wickedly malevolent and hideously beautiful all at the same time. It

was so stiff and hard, its spine was curved upward pointing its roundly-tapered head up at the ceiling. She had never seen such a sinister, evil cock. And suddenly, sickly, she found herself wanting to touch it.

Then she was shaken from her trance as Meg sat down on the couch beside her and held out a lit toke at her. Tearing her eyes away from her son's frightful cock, she stared down at the smoke curling up from the tip of the hand-rolled weed Meg was offering her.

Already fuzzy-headed from the booze and dazed by the sudden turn of events, she watched her hand lift up and pluck the toke from Meg's fingers.

What was she doing, she asked herself? Then she slowly lifted the smoldering joint to her lips and sucked in a big, lung full of the acrid smoke. Looking back over at Grant, she held her breath for several seconds as she saw Grant smiling at her. Then as her eyes dropped back down to his cock, she exhaled, coughing slightly as she blew the smoke down at the jutting behemoth.

"Right on, Mom," Grant beamed, watching her as she took another long pull on the weed.

"Yeah, uh, Mrs. Cross, way to go," Toby laughed as his mother slipped off the couch and knelt back down between his legs.

"Now isn't that better?" Meg chuckled, leaning down over Toby's big cock and quickly sucking it back into her mouth.

Connie could feel the intoxicating rush of THC rapidly spreading out from her lungs as she held the smoke imprisoned inside them.

Even as her conscience screamed out its futile protest, she heard the sound of its voice growing weaker and weaker while she numbly watched Grant wrap his hand around his juice-coated cock. Then, he looked down at Meg's waving ass and slowly fitted the evil, swollen head of his dick back into the wet, drooling gash of flesh between Meg's legs.

Then inching his hips forward, he slowly pushed the monster back into Meg's pussy as he defiantly looked over at his mother. Staring into her eyes, with a drunk grin painted on his face, he began to rock back and forth, sliding his cock in and out of Meg's pussy. The weed was working, she drunkenly thought. All this didn't seem nearly as disgusting and vulgar as it had when she had first seen it.

But how could she do this she asked herself, finding herself dumbly smiling back at her son as he fucked her best friend? It was crazy. None of this should be happening, she thought as she took another hit on the reefer, watching the obscene scene before her through the smoke curling up from the pot.

Oh, God, she thought as she watched Meg deep-throating her son's giant prick, taking all of it into her mouth and holding her lips around the base of his cock for several moments before she raised her head. Then she lowered her mouth back down and repeated the lewd act.

"Yeah, yeah, God, I love it, love yah to throat me like that, Mom," Toby babbled, hunching up at her, lifting his hips completely off the floor as he evilly stroked into her mouth.

Tipsily looking back over at Grant, Connie watched him working his hips back and forth faster as he roughly stroked his cock into Meg's hungry cunt.

Could I take all of him, she wondered as she stared down at the pistoning giant sliding in and out of Meg's gluttonous pussy. He's so fucking big. Must be eight or nine inches long. Long and as big around as a fucking baseball bat. God, what a monster. But what was she thinking? She couldn't let him do it to her. That would be incest. Incest. Wicked, depraved incest. Such a nasty, terrible word.

But watching him fuck Meg was making her hornier than ever. She'd already been horny before, but now, watching them go at it was too much. She wanted some cock, too. Maybe she would let Toby do it to her. That wouldn't be incest. It would just be adultery, she drunkenly laughed to herself.

Suddenly, the top of her bikini seemed to be shrinking, squeezing her chest and making breathing difficult. Taking the last drag off the roach, she stubbed it out and reached around behind her back. With numb fingers, she finally found the clasp holding her bikini top together and flicked it open.

The top of her bikini sprang forward, the shoulder straps racing down to her elbows as her big, pale tits flopped out into the open. When they did, she saw Grant's eyes bug out as his mouth dropped open and his hips ground to a stop while he hungrily ogled her bobbling, jiggling boobs. Smugly smiling to herself, she let the bikini top slide the rest of the way down her arms and drop to the floor.

"Yeah, Mom, way to go," Grant huffed, his hips springing back into gear as he began to work his oversized organ in and out of Meg's pussy faster and faster.

Smiling inanely, she reached over and picked up another hand-rolled toke and lit it. Coughing slightly, she leaned closer to watch the bizarre performance playing out before her as she lazily smoked her second reefer down to the last glowing embers.

She certainly was feeling no pain now, she laughed to herself as she ground the roach out. None whatsoever. In fact, she felt wonderfully high. High and happy, she giggled to herself.

"Uh, uh, Tobe, uh, Tody," she giggled, "Lookie here—" she snickered, shoving her thumbs under the waistband of the bottom of her bikini and quickly shoving it down her long legs. Then as she saw Toby drunkenly staring over at her, she threw her legs apart and bared her throbbing, inflamed cunt to the boy's smirking stare.

She saw his eyes light up as she slowly spread her legs wider apart and woozily smiled at him.

"Want, duh, want some of this?" she chuckled, smiling down at him, running a long, red-tipped finger down the wet furrow between her big, fat cunt-lips.

"Huh," he grunted, grinning up at her, watching a long, stringy strand of cunt juice slowly drip down out of Connie's gaping cunt.

"Uh, uh, yeah," he growled, gently pushing at his mother's shoulders, pushing her up off his jutting prick. "Yeah, I'll fuck yah."

Smiling, Connie saw that Toby's big prick was no match for Grant's. Although it was a good seven or eight inches long, it couldn't match the length or girth of Grant's oversized colossus.

"Hey, hey, what, what about me?" Grant complained as his hips ground to a stop while he held his cock shoved down inside Meg's big, meaty cunt.

"Can't do that," Connie mumbled, watching Toby tipsily struggling to his feet as she leaned back against the couch. "Be incest."

"But, but, Toby, Toby and his mom, mom do it, do it all the time," Grant whined. "Don't yuh, Toby?"

"Uh, yeah, yeah, uh, Mom and I, Mom and me do it all the time," leered Toby as he stumbled over to the couch and stood smirking down at her.

"Yes, yes, we do," Meg lewdly grinned, reaching back down between her legs and grabbing hold of Grant's big, dangling balls. "But you're not going anywhere at the moment, Mr. Cross...not until you finish what you started right here," she tipsily laughed, leaning back against Grant, grinding her butt against his belly.

"Okay, later Mom," Grant grinned, shifting his ass into gear as he began to pound into Meg's eager cunt again.

"We'll see..." Connie mumbled, smiling up at Toby while she slowly tickled the tip of her finger back and forth across her swollen, inflamed clit. "Maybe after Toby had taken care of Mommy's little problem," she cackled.

Momentarily glancing over at Grant, she smiled apologetically, noting that Meg had hold of his balls and was urging him to resume fucking her.

Never in a million years would she have imagined that she would let Toby fuck her. Why the thought had never even crossed her mind. And yet, here he was crawling up between her legs, his big, hard cock jutting out, ripe and ready as he prepared fuck her with it.

As he fumbled over her, she reached down to his bobbing prick and took it in her hand. Smiling up at him, she guided the big, bloated head of his prick down between the fat, meaty cunt-lips.

Then, suddenly Toby grunted and drove all seven-inches of his impressive weapon down into the fiery core of her womanhood. She felt a tiny pang of guilt as she felt his dick go sliding down into the wet, slippery channel of her pussy but that was only a fleeting annoyance, not an impediment to the act.

"Damn, Con-uh-Mrs., uh, Mrs. Cross," he muttered, dragging his dick back and beginning to roughly stroke it in and out of her hot, clutching cunt. "Damn, you're hot, hot and tight, just like Mom."

As Toby fucked her with deep, plunging strokes, she glanced over at Grant as he brutally raped Meg's cunt with his awesome peter.

If looks could kill, she would surely be dead, she tipsily thought as Grant jealously glared at her and angrily hammered his cock in and out of Meg's pussy.

Turning her attention back to Toby, she reached up and rudely dug her long, red fingernails into his bounding ass as it frantically rose and fell. Grant had no right to be angry with her, she fumed, feeling the burn down deep inside her ravenous cunt growing hotter and hotter. She wasn't his fucking whore. Irritated by her son's jealousy, she tried to get back at him, clawing at Toby urging him to fuck her even harder.

Toby complied, huffing and puffing loudly as he pounded his cock into her, but she gave him no quarter.

"Come on, come on, come on, Toby, fuck Mommy—" she panted, hunching herself up at his furious onslaught knowing that Grant could hear every word she was saying. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me harder, harder, harder."

"Trying to, fucking you, fucking hard," Toby clamored as his hips slashed back and forth wildly plowing his cock in and out of her cunt at a furious pace.

Both of the boys were brutally fucking the women. It seemed as if they were locked in a depraved race to see who would be the first to bring their partner to the cherished finish line. Connie could even hear Grant's labored gasps above Toby's huffing and puffing as her son savagely pounded his cock into Meg.

As the raucous cacophony of lewd, vulgar sounds of sex filled her ears, she felt herself being driven toward her climax at a feverish pace by Toby's hammering cock slamming in and out of her pussy.

Then without any further warning, it was upon on her.

Like some devilish demon, it possessed her totally and completely. Nothing else existed for her except the exquisite pleasure gushing up from her pussy and exploding into her brain as she felt herself consumed by the conflagration raging down inside her imploding cunt.

"FUCK, FUCK, COMMMMINGGG," she blathered out, locking her spasming cunt down around Toby's pistoning prick.

Then as the fires of her orgasm ate at her cunt, she heard Meg groan out her own gratification.

"Cooooommmmmminnnnnngggg," Meg groaned out loudly, but Connie was too absorbed in her own fulfillment to care that Grant had brought her best friend to fulfillment.

Then as she wallowed in the depraved pleasure welling up from her cunt, she heard Toby groan and felt him shove his cock into her as deep and hard as he could.

As he did, she felt it explode inside her, spewing out its lethal load of hot, sticky cum deep inside her convulsing cunt.

"OHFUCKINGGODCOMINGggg," Toby gasped.

She could feel Toby straining, pushing his erupting penis into her as deep and as hard as he could as it emptied its virulent load of jism into her womb. Toby was coming in her cunt! She was letting the boy come in her pussy!

Then she heard her son, Grant cry out.

"FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-COMING-COMING."

Even as the chaos roiled all about them, she enviously sneaked a peek at her son and saw him grimacing almost as if in pain as savagely pulled Meg's ass back against him.

What a wicked sight they made, she drunkenly thought. Her son fucking her best friend. And her and Toby. Two teenage boys and two women embroiled in consummating their adulterous assignation as they desperately clung to each other. Their loins still disgustingly joined together, the illicit lovers groaned and panted while their essences coalesced and flowed together.

Connie finally felt Toby's potent prick begin to soften, wilting and shrinking down inside the cum-drenched channel of her cunt.

"Awesome, Con, Mrs. Cross, fucking awesome," Toby huffed, rolling his hips backwards and dragging his cock back out of her overflowing cunt.

"Uh-huh," she mumbled, shoving her bikini bottom down between her legs to stanch the flow of cum and pussy-juice pouring out of her pussy.

She couldn't believe it had really happened. Her teenage neighbor had just fucked her. And while that was befuddling enough, she looked over just in time to see Grant pull out of Meg's overflowing cunt. Being fucked was bad enough, but watching her son fuck her best friend right in front of her? How fucking crazy was that?

The only way it could get any crazier, she woozily thought, would be if they changed partners. If Tony did his mother and Grant did her. Oh, God, she groaned to herself looking over at her son who was expectantly leering at her.

Rolling over, Connie slid down onto the rug in front of the couch. She could feel Toby's thick, creamy jism slowly leaking out of her pussy as she looked down and saw the big, gooey stain spreading out on the rug under her drooling pussy. Leaning back against the couch, she watched Meg light up another pair of thick, bloated tokes.

Then smiling, Meg clumsily crawled over to where Connie sat and offered her one of the obese reefers. Smiling foolishly, Connie took it and took a long, deep pull on it. Holding her breath, she held out the smoking reefer toward Grant, who smiled and blundered over beside her. Plopping down on the rug, he took the toke from her and sucked in a big, lung full of smoke before he handed it back to her.

Leaning back against the couch, she sat, smiling and letting the smoke slowly curl up out of her mouth as she dully looked over at her son.

He looked back at her, grinning as he let his eyes slowly drift down over her big, droopy tits. Then, as he caressed and fondled her tits with his roaming eyes, she dropped her eyes down to the giant, pink serpent coiled up in his lap.

Damn, he's big, she drunkenly thought to herself as she shamelessly ogled the big cock. Bigger than his Dad, that's for sure. Two or three inches bigger. And bigger than Toby, too, who she had just let fuck her. Crap, he's got two or three inches on Toby, too. Hung like a fucking horse. But, but Meg had taken him. Taken all of him and begged for more. So, she thought, if Meg could do it, so could she. But wait a minute, she foggily thought, the THC dulling her thoughts as it swam through her blood stream. Wait, there's something else. Some other reason she shouldn't let him do her. What was it? Something important... Uh, oh, yeah, he's my son. He's my son and you're not

supposed to go around letting your son jump your bones. Not kosher. But wait. Meg, Meg had said that Toby fucked her a lot of times. Well, actually, Toby had said that he had fucked her a lot of times and Meg just agreed with him.

Deep in thought, drunkenly trying to sort it all out, she lifted the toke back up to her lips and took another long, deep pull on it. Then smiling dizzily, she handed it back over to Grant. Holding the smoke in her lungs, she looked over and saw that Toby and Meg were laying on the rug next to each other.

Meg was holding her smoking toke in one hand and had her other hand wrapped around her son's cock roughly stroking it back to hardness. Staring down at Toby's big dick, she found it difficult to imagine that it had been inside her cunt only minutes ago.

As Meg jerked on her son's cock, Toby had his lips wrapped around one of Meg's big, stiff nipples. He was sucking and pulling on the nipple with his lips while he squeezed and teased the big tit with his hand. And Meg seemed to be enjoying it.

So it was evidently true, she woozily thought. Meg and Toby were going to do it.

Looking back over at Grant, she came to the sudden realization that his cock was almost fully-charged again. How the fuck did that happen? Moments earlier it had been soft. Damn, that was quick she tipsily grinned for some reason. Or was it the marijuana? Time did sort of get warped when she smoked pot. Yeah, that had to be it.

Then she took another big hit on the toke and passed it back over to Grant. Taking one last drag on the reefer, Grant stubbed out the roach in the ashtray and then slowly rolled over onto his back. Blearily watching him through her marijuana-fogged eyes, she saw him smile, reach down and wrap his fisted hand around his cock. Everything seemed distorted. Moving in slow motion. Time, space, everything was warped. It was almost like swimming in a barrel of glue.

"Why don't you come over here, Mom," Grant tipsily snickered, leaning back against the couch beside her. "Come over here and take a ride on this."

"Huh?" she muttered.

"Come on, Mom," he grinned, devilishly. "Hop on and take a ride on my bad boy."

"Oh, I, I, don't, uh, I don't think so," she stuttered, as she watched him curl his other hand around her calf.

"We're not supposed to do that..."

"It's okay, Mom," he smiled. "No one will know but Toby and Meg," he laughed glancing over at them. "It's okay, Mom. Really, it's okay."

"I don't think, I don't think so," she said, her head spinning at the thought of fucking her son. "Not supposed to."

"It's okay," he grinned. "Look. Look at Meg and Toby. They're doing it."

"Huh," she grunted, turning and looking over at where Meg and Toby were laying.

It must be that time thing again, she woozily thought as she saw that now Meg and Toby were already going at it. Meg had her legs spread and Toby was on top of her, in between his mother's legs, furiously pounding his cock into her. They were fucking!

"Oh, no," she gasped, watching Toby's tight, clenched ass bouncing up and down as his big, hard cock slid in and out of Meg's meaty cunt. "Not supposed to do that. That incest."

"Mom, they do it all the time," Grant smirked up at her, slowly fisting his hand up and down his stiff, hard cock. "It's okay."

"Oh, Grant, it's, it's not okay. It's crazy," she muttered.

"No, it's be good, Mom," he softly said, still slowly fisting his cock as he gently pulled on her calf. "It would be awesome," he said, rubbing and squeezing her calf, kneading his way up it, toward her drooling pussy. "Awesome. You, me. You, me doing it. Wow. Dreamed doing that for long, long time."

"Really," she said, looking down watching him massage her leg while he continued to slowly stroke the evil behemoth jutting up out of his hairy crotch. "Never knew that."

"How could I not," he muttered, his hand moving up above her knee, onto her thigh. "You're so fucking hot."

"You, you really think I'm hot?" she asked, a suspicious smile flitting across her lips as she felt more of her reservations melting away. "Or you just saying that try get me, get me to do it?"

"Ask Meg, or Toby. Ask them I say about you," he grinned up at her, his hand inching higher and higher up her thigh. "They tell you."

"I'm old—" she frowned down at him, seeing that his hand was now half way up her thigh.

"Come on, Mom, you're not *that* old," he grinned.

What would it hurt to let him touch me there, she drunkenly wondered? And what would matter if I touched him. Just touched, nothing else—

"Just touch. Okay? Nothing else—" she whispered, looking down seeing that his fingers were resting on the inside of her thigh just below the ruffles of pink flesh protruding out from between her legs. "Just touch."

"Sure, Mom, whatever you say," he softly said, gently pressing his fingers against her leg trying to push them wider apart.

Sensing what he was trying to do, Connie slowly spread her leg out, widening the opening between them and exposing her oozing, inflamed sex to her son's inquisitive fingers.

"Just touch, Mom..." Grant whispered.

She couldn't stop herself from wincing as Grant's fingers brushed across the sensitive, exposed folds of flesh between her legs.

"So soft..." he murmured, gently fingering the fleshy lips apart to expose her throbbing, achingly-sensitive clit.

"Grant—" Connie whimpered, wincing again when his finger brushed across the super-sensitive tip of her clit.

Connie was surprised at how gentle and loving his touch was as he slowly, tenderly brushed the tip of his finger back and forth across her aroused clit. It was making her feel all soft and mushy inside as her pussy began to leak out more and more juice and cum. It wasn't supposed to feel that good, she dizzily thought.

"Doesn't that feel good, Mom?" Grant whispered, pressing a little harder, his finger moving a little faster.

"Yes..." she softly murmured.

"You want to touch me, Mom, don't you?" Grant whispered, keeping his finger flicking back and forth across her provoked clit.

"Yes—" Connie softly murmured. As she answered him, she saw him slowly peel his fingers from around the jutting colossus. When he did, Connie was surprised to see that it was standing on its own, stiffly jutting up into the air, twitching and jerking with every beat of Grant's heart.

Lifting her hand, she timidly reached out toward it. Then her numb fingers grazed across the big, bloated head of his penis. It jerked with nervous excitement. It was so huge. So evil, Connie thought spreading out her fingers and tentatively curling them around the thick, pink shaft of her son's penis.

"So big...so hard," she murmured, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"You made it that way, Mom," Grant whispered, leaning over and giving her a soft, lingering kiss on the cheek.

"You make me so hot, Mom."

It was all so confusing. It wasn't supposed to be this way. Incest was supposed to be dirty and vile, not gentle and loving like this. So, if it was so loving...why was it wrong? Wasn't sex just another way of showing love and affection? If that were true, which it was, what could it hurt? She loved him and he loved her.

Grant must have sensed her indecision.

"What could it hurt, Mom?" Connie heard him whisper into her ear. "One time..."

Connie felt her will to resist slipping. Yes, what could it hurt? No one else would know but Toby and Meg and they wouldn't risk their own exposure to rat them out. It was almost the perfect storm. And Grant had said just one time. One time. What could it hurt?

"One time?" Connie whispered, giving his cock another squeeze as his finger continued to slowly flick back and forth across her throbbing clit.

"Just one time, Mom...just one time."

"Maybe this is our destiny. Maybe it was fate that I followed you into Meg's house. Maybe it was fate that I caught you, you, uh, doing it to Meg. Maybe I shouldn't have let Toby do that to me."

"No, Mom, you shouldn't have. He doesn't love you like I love you. Nobody, not even dad loves you more than I do."

"Then maybe you shouldn't have fucked Meg," Connie indignantly retorted, digging her sharp fingernails into Grant's cock.

"Ouch," Grant whimpered. "I'm sorry, Mom, I won't do it anymore if you don't want me to."

"I don't want you to do it with her anymore...just me, okay?"

Wait. What had she just told him? Not with Meg anymore—only with her? That meant more than once, didn't it? She was confused.

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she felt Grant's prick twitch in her hand.

"You and me? One time? Really going to do it?"

"Yes, one time," Connie whispered, turning to him, planting a hard, crushing kiss right on his lips.

But he said just one time?

"Yeah, Mom, yeah, right, one time," Grant bubbled.

"Okay," Connie declared, letting go of his cock and slowly struggling up onto her knees. She could see Grant's cock twitching and jerking with anticipation as she crouched down and grabbed hold of his shoulders. Then balancing herself on his shoulders, she lifted her leg across his legs and straddled him.

"Well, you talked me into it," she smiled down at him, seeing that he was staring up at her wet, drooling pussy.

"Tired, tired of talking now. Going to fuck you now."

“Wow, Mom,” he grunted, “Love it when you talk dirty.”

“Oh, fuck you,” she drunkenly smirked, reaching down between her legs and grasping hold of his stiff, unyielding penis.

“Yeah, Mom,” Grant laughed softly. “Fuck me—”

Looking back down between her big, droopy tits, Connie lifted Grant’s oversized organ off his belly and held it up under her salivating cunt. She was going to do it. She was really going to do it, she told herself as she slowly flexed her legs.

Slowly dropping down onto the jutting giant, she guided the tip of his cock up into the slippery slit at the bottom of her pussy. Seating it inside the slippery opening, she looked back up into Grant’s loving, blue eyes and slowly relaxed her legs, letting herself sink down on his stiff, jutting maleness.

“Oh, God,” she groaned as the monster spread her open and inched up inside the clinging tightness of her accepting womanhood.

As she pushed herself down on Grant’s giant prick, he reached up and began to tease and pluck at her swollen nipples sending even more electric excitement sparking down to her receptive clit.

It seemed to take forever to get all of the gigantic tower of hot, hard meat up inside her cunt, but at last their pubic hairs touched and intertwined with one another as their bodies ground together. Now sitting on Grant’s furry groin, she slowly rolled her hips, making her son’s oversized organ twirl around inside the clutching heat of her pussy.

“Damn,” she softly cursed, continuing to roll her hips in a tiny circle letting her son’s massive penis swirl around inside the hot, clutching core of her cunt. “God, damn it, you’re so fucking big.”

“Glad you like it, Mom,” Grant grunted, curling his hips up off the rug, burying his cock even deeper up inside her accommodating pussy.

“Fuck,” she muttered, holding onto his shoulders, flexing her legs, pushing up, raising her hips and letting the juice-drenched ogre slither down the channel of her weeping pussy. Stopping just in time to keep its great, swollen head inside her pussy, she smiled down at him.

Then with a grunt, she let her hips drop as her hot pussy hungrily enveloped his cock once again.

Dropping onto her knees, she began to work her hips up and down, fucking the giant slab of meat with her pussy. As she did, Grant humped up at her driving his cock into her, rhythmically pumping into her with her slow, steady strokes.

Digging her long fingernails into his shoulders, she held on for dear life as she stroked herself up and down on her son’s evil penis while he sloshed in and out of her juicy cunt. Reveling in the feel of her son’s massive organ filling her pussy to the limit, she glanced over at Meg and Toby. What she saw made her shake her head in disbelief. Staring at them, she closed her eyes, shook her head to clear the cobwebs and then looked back.

Her hips ground to a stop as she openly gawked over at Meg. There was something wrong with the picture. Meg had a cock! Looking up at Meg’s face, she saw Meg was smirking back at her with an evil, sinister smile on her face. What was going on? Why was Meg wearing a strap on? Was she going to fuck Toby with it?

But wait. They were crawling over to where she and Grant lay.

As she woozily watched them, they seemed to float toward her until they stood on their knees beside her.

“Uh, Mrs. Cross,” Toby grinned, crawling around in front of her on his knees. As he did, Connie watched the boy’s big, stiff penis bobbing up and down in front of her face, only an inch or so from her lips. “How about you sucking on this bad boy for a while?” he leered at her, wrapping his hand around it and prodding her lips with its big, purple head.

Looking at the evil thing, she could see that Toby’s dangling balls were hanging down just above Grant’s face almost brushing Grant’s nose as Grant helplessly watched.

“Uh, huh, suck, dick?” she fumbled as Toby moved closer and curling his hips, pushing his cock against her lips.

This is crazy, she told herself, opening her mouth, letting her lips envelop the head of Toby’s dick. What choice did she have, she groggily asked herself as she timidly sucked and pulled on Toby’s cock with her lips?

Just then, she felt hands on her ass. What was going on she asked herself as she felt Toby’s hand grasp hold of her head holding so she couldn’t turn and look behind her? What was Meg doing? Then the hands, now fingers were spreading something cold and slippery all over and around her cringing asshole. What in the, her mind reeled crazily.

Then she heard a soft, humming sound coming from behind her. What was that, she asked herself? But before she could find out the source of the buzzing sound, she felt a sharp, piercing prick of pain shoot out of her asshole as something hard, cool, and vibrating slid into it.

“Ommppphh,” she complained out around Toby’s prick.

She tried to back her mouth away from Toby's cock, but his hands were locked behind the back of her head holding it and keeping her mouth clasped around his cock.

There was nothing she could do, she told herself as Toby grabbed her hair and held her head still as he slid his cock in and out of her mouth.

Oh fuck, this is crazy, she woozily thought as she felt Meg's soft, warm hands on her hips pushing and pulling her back and forth as the slippery invader slid in and out of her wincing asshole. Meg was fucking her in the ass because she could still feel Grant's giant cock sliding in and out of her pussy as he furiously fucked her from below. She had all three of her holes filled now. She had never been fucked by three guys, uh, people, she corrected herself, all at the same time. It was insane.

Strangely, the stinging in her asshole began to mutate and turn into pleasure to match the pleasure that was boiling up from her pussy. Now her whole pelvis was aflame with pleasure as the two cocks slashed in and out of her cunt and ass. She could feel herself being lifted toward a monumental orgasm as the twin pricks hammered away at her.

As they did, she could feel Toby's excitement growing while he jerked his hips back and forth wildly fucking her mouth. Jerking her hands up, she grabbed hold of his hips and held on. Pushing and pulling on his hips, she deep-throated him every time he plunged his cock into her mouth, taking him all the way up to his flopping balls.

"God, oh, God, going, going to, I'm going to come," Toby blathered out slamming his cock into her mouth and throat, pulling her hair.

Just then, she felt his cock jerk inside her mouth and throat as it spurted a giant gob of his thick, hot cum straight down her throat.

She couldn't breathe as the thick shaft of his cock was blocking her airway, but she wasn't strong enough to push him back. There was nothing she could do except wait for him to move and hope she didn't suffocate in the interim.

Balanced on her knees, clinging to his hips, she felt herself starting to black out. The room began to grow darker and darker as her vision started to go. Suddenly as she felt like she would collapse at any second, a hot blast of pleasure tore out of her cunt and washed over her body scorching her with its fiery heat. She was coming; she was having an orgasm. She was about to die, but she was having an orgasm. One like she had never experienced before. Half of her felt like she was dying but the other half of her felt the most wondrous pleasure she could imagine.

Sinking deeper and deeper into the darkness surrounding her, she felt herself slipping away on a beautiful cloud of joy and delight.

Then just as she was about to give up, Toby jerked his cock back out of her throat and mouth.

Gasping for air, she savored the delicious gush of air that rushed down into her aching lungs.

"God, Jeez, oh, Fuck, coming, coming," she wheezed, still feeling the torrent of electricity sparking through her cunt and asshole.

Just then, just when she didn't think it could ever get any better, she felt Grant's giant cock begin to jump and jerk inside her clutching pussy sending her even deeper into her orgasm as his penis pumped out its venomous load of creamy hot jism into her pussy.

"FUCKXCOMINGCOMINGINMOMOMOMOM," he groaned, arching his back, jerking his hips off the rug and burying his cock up into her cunt all the way up to his balls.

She had never felt anything like it. It felt like her pussy was being pumped full of white-hot lava as the great monster spewed out its creamy load of cum into her. Her arms gave way and her hands slipped down off Toby's hips as her head and shoulders dropped down on Grant's sweaty chest. As she hunkered there on her knees, her ass still stuck up in the air, Grant continued to groan and fill her cunt with jism while Meg just kept on sliding her fake cock in and out Connie's tightly clenched asshole.

When she slowly came drifting back down from her orgasmic high, Connie could still feel the humming vibration of the cock sliding in and out of her asshole.

Suddenly, she felt the vibrator in her asshole slide in all the way as Meg began to shake and jerk. Meg was having a fucking orgasm? But how? Connie couldn't understand what was happening. How could Meg be coming? Unless, unless she was using another vibrator on herself. She would just have to wait and see what was going on after everyone finished.

Finally, Grant slowly relaxed as his butt thumped to the rug and his spent cock slithered out of her sopping cunt and landed on his belly with a wet splat. At the same time, she felt the slick, coolness of the vibrator slowly being withdrawn from her smarting anus.

"Ouch," she yelped as the fake cock popped out of her asshole.

"Fuck, that good," she heard Meg mutter.

"What in the..." Connie groaned, lifting a leg and crawling off her son.

Turning around, she saw Meg lying on her back with a strap-on cock jutting up from her groin. So that was it. The fake cock was in reality a vibrator and that was how Meg came. The vibrator was pleasuring Meg at the same time Meg had been fucking her in the ass with it.

Raising herself up on an elbow, Meg grinned lewdly at her.

"Well, how did you like that?" Meg snickered, slowly reaching down and flicking the vibrator off.

"Great," Connie snorted.

"You like getting fucked in all three holes at once?" Meg asked her.

"Yeah, it was, uh, was, uh, unique," Connie smiled back at her. "You tried it?"

"Uh, no, uh, never had the pleasure," she laughed. "Bout the closest I ever came was having the boys fill up both of the bottom holes at the same time."

"Wanta try it?" Connie grinned, watching Meg light up another toke.

"Sure," she smiled, taking a drag and passing the reefer to Connie.

Connie pulled a big puff of the acrid smoke into her lungs and passed the roach to Grant as they all watched Meg struggle to her feet.

Meg weaved over to a box lying on the couch. Digging her hand down inside the box, Meg giggled and brought out another strap-on prick. Turning around, she held it up in the air for all of them to see.

"You have your own, dear," she laughed, reeling back over to where Connie and the boys sat on the rug watching her with silly grins on their faces. "Who knows, maybe the boys might like a little, too," she snickered.

"Huh?" Connie snorted, looking at Meg incredulously and then looking over at the boys. "You mean..."

"Yeah, they like to get buggered once while, too," Meg laughed. "Don't you boys?"

"Uh, yeah, uh, sometimes," Grant blushed as he sheepishly looked over at her.

"Yeah, feels good to have a vibrating cock shoved up my ass when I'm coming," Toby smirked.

"Well, I never," Connie giggled, holding the fake dick out to look at it.

"Stand, dearie," Meg told her. "Stand up I put it on you."

Drunkenly, Connie tottered up onto her feet, watching Meg as she walked around behind her. Then, as Connie held the dick in front of her, Meg took the straps and pulled them around behind Connie's back. Snapping the catches on the straps together, she cinched it tight.

"Too tight?" Meg snickered, as Connie let go of the cock and stood looking down at it.

"Naw, just right," Connie chuckled, admiring the way the cock jutted straight out in front of her.

Walking back around in front of Connie, Meg reached down to the plastic penis and squeezed the base.

"Yikes," Connie yelped as the vibrator inside the fake prick buzzed to life.

"Nice, huh?" Meg grinned as Connie smiled appreciatively reaching down and moving the vibrating cock around until it was perfectly positioned over her clit.

"Yeah, man," Connie giggled. "Might buy me one of these things. Especially since you say my boy likes getting in the ass, too."

"Yeah, do it," Meg said, stumbling over to where Toby sat on the carpet trying to pump some life back into his flaccid cock.

"So you like getting it in the ass?" Connie asked Grant, dropping to the floor beside him.

"Yeah, sure, some times," he said with a silly grin on his face.

Reaching over, she lifted his lifeless prick and slowly began to stroke it as she leaned down over it.

Sucking and running her hand up and down the slowly responding monster, it took her several minutes to coax it back to life. But at last it stood before her hard and ripe, once again ready to do battle.

Raising her spit-covered lips up off his cock, she looked over and saw that Meg had also recharged her son's impressive weapon as it too stood at attention too.

"Well," Connie smirked over at Meg. "Ready?"

"Course," she laughed, getting up to her hands and knees. "You?"

"Yeah, vibrator has me hot, bothered," she chuckled.

"Yeah, know what you mean," Meg chortled. "Who want dibs?"

"Me," Grant grunted, struggling to his knees and laughing obscenely, "you ain't sucked on me today. And besides, tired of looking at Toby's ugly ass."

"Okay," Meg snickered, crawling on top of her son. "Come on over here."

Meg reached down between her legs and grabbed Toby's dick. Quickly fitting it up into her cunt, she eased down on it until she had taken all of it up her slippery twat. While that was going on, Grant had shuffled up in front of Meg on his knees with his giant cock jutting straight out at her. Straddling Toby's head, Grant grinned, inching forward until his cock was jutting up right in front of Meg's face and his balls were dangling down just above Toby's

face brushing against Toby's nose. Opening her mouth, Meg let Grant slowly ease the bulbous head of his cock inside her hot, sucking mouth. Biting down on it gently, she let him push more and more of it into her mouth.

Meanwhile, Toby began to work his cock in and out of his mother's hot cunt while Connie retrieved the tube of lube from the floor.

Squeezing out a big dollop onto her fingers, she spread the cheeks of Meg's ass apart with her fingers and quickly spread the glop all over and around her neighbor's puckered asshole. Then she spread a gob over the cool, plastic prick. Recapping the tube, she tossed it on the floor and straddled Toby's legs and crawled up behind Meg's ass. Grinning to herself, she spread Meg's ass cheeks apart and guided the glistening head of the artificial penis down to the wrinkled opening of Meg's asshole.

It was so crazy, Connie told herself as she pressed the fake dick into Meg, slowly spreading Meg's asshole wide open with the plastic cock. Wider and wider the head of the humming cock spread her neighbor's tight, little asshole until with a soft pop, it went slithering into Meg's asshole. Meg winced slightly and then leaned back impaling herself all the way to the hilt on the slippery vibrator.

Then Meg immediately began rocking her hips back and forth, pumping the humming dick in and out of her asshole and stroking her son's rock-hard cock in and out of her drooling cunt.

"Mmmm, Mmmmm, Mmmmm," Meg muttered out around Grant's thick cock as her hips flashed back and forth wildly.

Connie could sense that the end was already imminent by the way that Meg was working. Holding onto her neighbor's heaving hips, she could feel the muscles in her ass growing tighter and tighter. And they were already stretched to the limit, like the bow of a violin,

"Damn, Meg," Grant growled, holding onto her head and slamming his cock in and out of her mouth. "She's fucking crazy. Bet goes any second."

"Uh-huh," Toby muttered, his hands wrapped around his mother's waist as he feverishly humped his prick up into her hot cunt. "She's, gonna, gonna, come."

Moments later, Connie felt Meg arch her back and thrust herself back against her as she began to groan and moan. Meg's body shook and quivered for several seconds, then Connie felt the tension wash out of her friend's muscles.

As Meg mellowed out, Connie slowly backed away from her friend's upturned ass, easing the lube-coated prick out of her asshole as she did.

When it did, Connie watched her friend's dilated asshole slowly shrink back down to normal

"Ummm-Ummm," Meg gurgled out around Grant's giant prick as he continued to pump his cock in and out of her mouth.

Leaning over, Connie grabbed the tube of lubricant and opened it. Grinning devilishly, she squeezed out another gob of the slippery gunk onto her fingers. Recapping the tube, she tossed it aside once again.

With an evil smile on her face, she shuffled around behind her son as he continued to fuck Meg's face.

"What?" he grunted when he saw his mother moving around behind him.

"Your turn, dearie," she cackled, reaching down and spreading the cheeks of his hairy ass open with one hand, then smearing the cold lubricant all over his puckered asshole with the fingers of her other hand.

Wiping her greasy hand on his ass, she grabbed hold of the plastic cock and began rubbing the greasy cock-head up and down his sweaty ass-crack. Grinning fiendishly, she positioned the tip of the glistening cock up against his quivering anus. Slowly, she began to push as Grant stopped fucking Meg's face and returned the pressure. Slightly surprised at her son's reaction, she continued to push the slippery cock head down into her son's tiny shit-hole.

Then suddenly, without any warning, it popped inside his asshole. To her wonder, the prick slid in relatively easily, and soon half of it was buried down inside his ass.

Connie slowly eased the fake dick into her son's asshole as he began to work his hips back and forth again fucking Meg's face and fucking his ass back on the vibrator. It was a strange feeling watching him hunch forward burying his cock into Meg's mouth and then as he backed it out of her mouth, the fake prick would disappear into his tight, clenching asshole.

Keeping her eyes on his asshole as it clung to the jabbing prick, she was perversely captivated by the tight, clasping opening as it snatched at the pistonizing cock. Connie reached out and grabbed him by the hips, pulling his ass into the cock as she thrust forward, pushing him away as she withdrew. There was something so wicked and depraved about fucking her own son's asshole.

Grant was panting as he plowed his big thick cock into Meg's mouth, rolling his hips as Connie hammered the plastic prick in and out of his ass.

"Yeah, Mom, yeah, fuck, fuck, hard," he blathered, holding onto Meg's hair and hammering his cock into her mouth furiously.

“How’s this, Babe?” Connie grunted, slamming the cock into his asshole as hard as she could.

“Good, Mom, good,” he grunted. “Close, Mom, gonna blow, gonna blow—”

Connie’s belly noisily slapped against her son’s ass-cheeks each time she lunged forward burying her cock into his asshole all the way to the hilt with every savage thrust.

Connie couldn’t believe it. She was fucking her son’s asshole and he was loving it. And she felt herself slipping toward her own gratification as the efficient little vibrator did its job on her clit.

Harder and harder, she pumped the fake cock into his asshole all the time gazing down at the glistening prick sliding in and out of her son’s hot, sucking asshole. Grant’s ass cheeks trembled and rippled every time she pounded the cock into him.

Suddenly, she felt Grant go stiff.

“OHFUCKINGGOD!” he gasped out as he began to shake and quiver. “OhGodohGod, ohjesusfuckin god.”

Hunching herself forward, she buried the plastic prick into her son’s anus all the way up to the hilt. As she did, she heard Meg sputter out around the base Grant’s giant prick.

Holding onto Meg’s head hair, Grant held his cock shoved down Meg’s throat as his body jerked convulsively five or six times. Then with a groan, he went limp and slowly backed his cock out of Meg’s mouth. As he did, Connie eased her weapon back out of his asshole.

“Unhhhh,” he grunted as the bulbous head of the fake prick popped out of his asshole.

Shuffling back away from her son, she watched as he tiredly crumpled to the floor while Meg stood on her hands and knees gasping for air while Toby continued to pump up into her salivating cunt.

No sooner than Grant’s prick was out of her mouth, Meg wrapped her arms around her son and quickly rolled him over on top of her.

Once on top, Toby hurriedly began to saw his big cock in and out of her pussy once again. Connie watched on in evil fascination as the monster of a cock wetly slid in and out of Meg’s cunt. Then she saw Meg reach down and grab hold of Toby’s ass-cheeks, spreading them apart, exposing her son’s tightly clenched asshole.

Taking the hint, Connie shuffled around behind Toby on her knees. Grabbing the lube tube once again, she squeezed out a big gob of grease down into the crack of his ass.

“Ouuuu, that’s cold,” Toby grunted as he stopped fucking his mother while Connie smeared the slippery gunk over his puckered asshole.

“Un-huh,” Connie leered, recapping the ointment and tossing it aside. “I Know.”

Inching up behind the boy’s hairy ass, she guided the swollen head of the fake dick down onto the circle or puckered flesh peeking out from between his ass-cheeks.

Slowly easing the prick into his asshole, she watched on with depraved excitement as it slowly disappeared into the tightly-clenched orifice.

“Aaah yeah,” Toby snarled as she pushed the pink penis into his asshole.

It took only a few seconds for Connie to get the buzzing dick lodged in his asshole all the way up to the hilt.

“Oh Fuck,” he grunted and slammed his prick down into his mother’s cunt.

Gripping his hips in her hands, Connie began to push and pull on him as he fucked his mother with deep, savage strokes.

Standing on her knees between Toby’s legs and straddling Meg’s legs, Connie didn’t have to work at all as she let the vibrator push her closer and closer to another orgasm. Toby was doing all the work himself as his hips lurched back and forth burying his cock down into his mother’s pussy, then rocking back for another stroke on the vibrator.

“Yeah, Baby, fuck, Mommy, fuck, Mommy, hard,” Meg muttered, digging her fingernails into his bounding ass and humping her cunt up at him.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Toby blathered working his hips back and forth furiously.

“Oh, oh, oh, Jeez,” Connie groaned as she felt her pussy erupt in fire.

Arching her back and shoving her hips forward, she buried the vibrating dong into Toby’s asshole all the way to the hilt as wave after wave of debauched pleasure washed over her.

“Commmiinngggg,” Meg groaned out, kicking her legs in the air as they began to shake and jerk.

Hunching her pussy up at Toby, Meg flailed her arms, beating the rug with her fists as she tripped off into another orgasmic fit.

As his mother flopped about, Toby’s primed cock popped out of her spasming cunt. Connie saw the boy futilely hunching into dead air as he fought to find his mother’s hot socket again. Reaching around him, Connie grabbed hold of his juice-drenched prick and began to jerk her hand up and down it as hard as she could. Then as she jerked him off, she began to bugger his asshole with her fake dick again.

“OHOHFUCKFUCKFUCK,” Toby wailed as he suddenly went rigid.

Connie felt the giant prick in her hand buck as a massive gush of pearl-colored jism shot out of it and splashed down on Meg's heaving belly. Shoving her dick in all the way to the hilt, Connie continued to jerk and squeeze on Toby's big peter as it jumped and jerked in her hand. Again and again, it spurted out its noxious load of cum, quickly coating his mother's belly with its hot stickiness.

Finally, with a gasp, Toby went limp and rolled out from between his mother's outstretched legs, jerking the plastic dick out of his widely stretched asshole as he did.

"Unhhh," he grunted as he flopped down beside his mother.

Smiling down at the Meg and her son, Connie struggled up to her feet, reached around behind her back and unsnapped the strap-on cock letting it fall to the floor with a soft clunk.

"Well, I think we've found a way to keep ourselves amused on Saturdays," she laughed, "while the men are out playing golf."

"I think so, too," Meg smiled up at her.

"Yeah, while the Cat's away, the mice will play," she smirked walking over to Grant and extending her hand down to him.

"I think it's time we went home," she smiled as Grant took her hand and pulled himself up.

"Uh, okay," Grant muttered.

"We wouldn't want to wear out our welcome," she giggled, winking at Meg, "and I'm sure that Meg and Toby won't mind."

"Not at all," Meg grinned, reaching over and prodding her son's limp prick. "We've still got time for a couple more before George gets back..."

"I think that Grant and I may get to know each other a little better, too, before Donald gets back," she laughed, gathering up her bikini and starting for the door.

Walking out the door onto the deck holding onto Grant's hand, she smiled at him suggestively as the naked pair made their way across the deck.

Suddenly, Grant stopped.

"Oops," he grunted, letting go of her hand and clomping back over to where his bathing suit lay.

"Wouldn't want to forget this," he laughed, bending down and picking it up. Might be hard to explain. Huh?"

"Yeah, would be hard," she laughed, grabbing hold of his hand as he walked up to her with his big, soft cock lewdly dangling down between his muscular legs.

"Come on, bring that bad boy home to Mommy," she giggled, letting go of his hand and grabbing hold of his cock.

"Uh-huh," he grunted as she tugged him along by his cock.

"Since you decided not play golf today," she laughed, tripping through the open gate, "maybe you'll be able to make a hole in one with Mommy..."

THE END

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MILE HIGH CLUB

Stepping out of the cab, Diane smiled at Kevin as she handed the cabby a twenty-dollar bill. Kevin smiled back at her, hoisted their two bags and headed for the Continental Airline check-in desk. They were returning home from visiting New York, where they had taken in the sights, went to the ballet, and in general, just had a wonderful time. During the trip, Kevin was finding out that his mother was quite different from the picture he had, had of her before their cyber encounter.

Following Kevin, Diane pulled out their tickets and checked them one more time.

Continental Flight 248 (737-700) - Departing Newark Airport - 7:55 PM -Terminal C - Arriving San Francisco Airport 11:24PM - Terminal 1.

They were a couple of hours early, but one never knew what would happen when they arrived at the airport any more now days.

The past few days had passed in a whirl of unexpected and delightful insights. She was still in somewhat of a daze. It was all so difficult to comprehend, but she would have plenty of time to sort things out when she and Kevin got back to Frisco, or so she thought.

They checked in and were directed to the gate where their aircraft would arrive. Time seemed to fly by as they sat chatting before they boarded the aircraft. It looked like the flight was going to be almost empty as they filed on board and found their seats in the very rear of the aircraft. They were in seats 21A and C as they stored their gear, grabbed a couple of blankets and pillows before they sat down.

Holding hands and staring into each other's eyes like a couple of lovesick teenagers, they waited a few moments before the captain told the flight attendants to prepare for flight. Still holding onto each other tightly as the aircraft taxied out to the runway, they felt the plane shiver and shake as it lumbered out to the runway. Then, the roar of the engines filled the cabin and the aircraft clamored down the runway and climbed away from the airport. And within minutes they leveled off.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Captain Cosgrove, your pilot for tonight's flight. We have reached 37,000 feet and are flying at approximately 210 knots or 470 miles per hour. Our flying time to San Francisco will be approximately 6 hours and 29 minutes and we should arrive there around 11:20 San Francisco time. We'll be serving dinner in a few minutes and then you can take a nap while we fly you in to San Francisco. So welcome aboard and thanks for flying with Continental Airlines."

True to the captain's words, dinner was quickly served and within forty-five minutes they had eaten and were settling down for the rest of the flight. The whirlwind pace of the past couple days, their full stomachs, and the almost dark interior of the aircraft worked its spell on them and they both quickly drifted off to sleep.

The muted roar of the engines and the wind quietly hissing by the aircraft were the only sounds to be heard as the aircraft drilled its way through the sky. Diane found herself slowly awaking. Not knowing what had woken her, she glanced down at the luminous dials of her watch and saw that it was eleven o'clock New York time, so that meant that they had been in the air about three and half hours. And now they had about three hours left in the flight. Looking up the aisle, she saw that there were only a few lights scattered up and down the whole plane and the closest one to them was about five or six seats forward. The seats directly across, in front and behind them were empty as the aircraft bored through the dark night sky. Looking over at Kevin, she saw that he was asleep, leaning against a pillow he had stuck between his head and the window. It was amazing to her how her feelings toward him had changed in such a short time. Before he had been her son. Her wonderful, caring son who she thought the world of. Then, in a brief flurry of wickedness on their part, their whole lives were transformed. Now, he was so much more than that to her. He was her son, her lover, her soul mate, and so much more. Her heart melted every time she looked at him. Just like now, she thought as she eased her foot out of her high-heeled pump and slid it down the seats toward him. Gently poking him with her toe, she watched as he finally stirred.

Kevin woke wondering what was jabbing him in the thigh. Slowly opening his eyes, he saw his mother grinning at him as she rubbed his thigh with her toe. Her legs were spread apart, her skirt hiked up with one foot resting on the floor of the aircraft and her other leg pressed up against the back of the seat. Her toe was resting against his thigh, and Kevin couldn't help but let his eyes wander down to the dark mystery hidden up between her legs. A trickle of wicked excitement shivered through his brain as he knew, even in the dark, that his mother wasn't wearing any panties. And if he could see it, he would see that her juicy, wet pussy would be delightfully spread open and waiting for him.

Diane saw Kevin grin and yawn as his eyes flitted down to the darkened secret hidden down between her legs. Since they had become intimate, Diane had stopped wearing panties so that if the urge struck them there would be nothing to hamper them. Still hidden by the dark of the aircraft, she knew that he couldn't see her pussy. Smiling to herself, she knew that if he had been able to see it, he would be pleased to see that it was oozing with readiness. Too bad they couldn't do anything about it though. Not on an airplane with people all around. Sadly, they would have to wait until they got home back in San Francisco.

Then an evil thought flashed through her head. Quickly looking around, she saw that there was no one close enough to see or hear them. If they were discreet. Could they? Just the thought of making love to Kevin in the airplane as it sped through the night sent spasms of excitement tickling through her salivating cunt.

Slowly peeling back the blanket farther back, she carefully inched her short dress up even higher until her nether regions were totally bared and hidden only by the darkness of the aircraft. Then with a wicked smile, she reached up over her head and flicked on the overhead light. The bright light momentarily blinded them both as it flared on. But after a moment or two, she watched on with pleased expectation as Kevin's eyes shot down to her pussy that was now highlighted by the ceiling light.

Watching to make sure no one saw them, she saw Kevin staring down at the slit of pink flesh glistening wetly in the bright light for several seconds before his eyes flew up and shot around the aircraft, too.

Watching him, she flicked her own eyes around making sure that they were still going unnoticed by all of the other passengers. The whole aircraft seemed oblivious to what was going on under their noses in seats 21A and 21C.

Seemingly satisfied that everyone else was ignoring them, Kevin turned his attention back to his mother's oozing love-wound. After a few seconds and another quick scan of the airplane, he slowly leaned down until he was laying on the seat cushions with his head resting between her legs.

A sparkle of excitement and pleasure shot up from her cunt as she felt a hot breath brush across it, followed by Kevin's hot, probing tongue. A shudder ran through her body as she quickly reached up and clicked off the overhead light. Then with a flick of her wrist, she whisked the blanket up over Kevin so that he was now totally covered.

She could feel his insistent tongue probing, flicking, and working its magic on her pulsating cunt as he hungrily ate her. His fingers were digging into the soft flesh of her inner thighs as she let herself go and melted down onto the seat. It was difficult to keep her eyes open as his magical tongue plied its sacrilege on her. He knew just where to touch her yearning pussy and just how to bring her along to her release. She loved to have him suck and nibble on the exposed vulnerability between her legs knowing that he was probably enjoying it almost as much as she was as she felt herself sliding slowly, but inexorably toward the hot, imploding ecstasy of an orgasm.

Licking and lapping at the slippery, drooling flesh between his mother's legs, Kevin could feel her legs quivering with exertion. Her whole body was growing more and more rigid as she fought toward that moment. He didn't know if the exertion was to control the obvious culmination or to prolong the pleasure that he knew must be welling up from her overheated cunt. Whichever, it didn't matter to him. He loved eating her. He loved the hot smell of her estrous as it welled up from her fiery cunt. He loved the taste of her sticky juices as they poured out onto his tongue. He loved the sheer wickedness of what they were doing. He loved it. He loved it. He loved it. And he loved her! He loved her so much and he would help her find her pleasure anywhere and anytime she wanted it, he hallucinated as he devoured her and brought her, herding her along to the point of no return. The thought that he was eating his mother right under the noses of so many people on an airplane streaking across the night sky was so God-damned wicked; it made him almost delirious with excitement. Slurping wildly, he attacked her clitoris ruthlessly as he felt her hands on the back of his head pushing his face down into her pungent heat of her overflowing pussy as she hunched herself up against his onslaught. Kevin could feel the rhythm of her thrusts growing more and more frantic as she fucked his face with her ripe cunt. Kevin knew that his face must be slathered with her hot juices as he was having a hard time keeping his mouth locked down around the jerking, slashing gash of hot woman flesh flailing about and splattering his face with the river of juice pouring from it. He could hear his mother's breaths coming faster and faster until she suddenly stiffened and he heard a soft groan escape her lips.

Diane stopped thrashing and flailing about abruptly as her whole body became as stiff as a board. She stopped breathing and her whole body convulsed and shook as wondrous waves of unadulterated ecstasy washed over her, drowning her in its wicked delight. She didn't care if they got caught now or not as she threw back her head, closed her eyes and let the mind-blowing pleasure burn through her brain over and over again while Kevin kept on ravaging her orgasming clit. The roaring in her ears was louder than any jet engine she had ever heard, she thought as she felt her soul lift from her weightless body. And just when she thought it couldn't get any better, it got better and better every time.

She lost all track of time. She didn't know how long she had been lost in the pleasure-soaked darkness of her ecstasy, but finally when she thought she couldn't take any more, the throes of her orgasm began to weaken and dissipate. Groaning quietly, she gently pushed her son's insistent mouth away from her defiled cunt.

Opening her eyes, she groggily ran her eyes up and down the aisle. Expecting to find all the passengers gathered around staring at her, she was pleasantly surprised to find that nothing had changed. Except between her legs, of course, she grinned to herself. The cabin remained dark and the passengers all remained aloofly ignorant of what had just happened in row 21. As she struggled to regain her senses, Kevin continued to lovingly kiss and tickle the soft exposed skin of her inner thighs. At last, she pushed his head out from between her legs and with another quick scan of the plane, she flipped the blanket off him and motioned for him to sit up.

He slowly rose to a sitting position with a happy smile on his gleaming, wet lips. She could see that his lips were drenched in juice. Her juice, she smiled as she bent down over him. With a growing sense of confidence, she hurriedly unfastened his belt and pants. Even in the dim light, she could see the impressive bulge swelling up under his pants. She also knew that like her, he no longer wore undies, so with another quick glance over her shoulder to insure the coast was clear, she jerked his pants apart and his giant of a cock sprang out of his pants into the highly charged atmosphere of the cruising jet. Smiling up at him as he expectantly looked down at her, she pulled the blanket up over her head and hungrily attacked his jutting manhood with her hot, sucking mouth.

"Unhhhh," he grunted out as her hot, soft lips descended down on him, encircling his stiff prick and beginning to suck and pull on it.

She knew that it wouldn't take long to suck him off. He could fuck all night long, but when she used her mouth to bring him off it excited him so much he just couldn't control it. Knowing this and having other plans for him after he got off once, she viciously attacked his cock with her mouth.

Kevin could feel his mother's teeth gently nipping him as she sucked on his cock. The thought of her actually having his cock in her mouth made him so excited, he almost came the moment she sucked him inside her mouth. It happened every time. It was just too much. His mother. His beautiful, wonderful mother. His beautiful, wonderful mother sucking on his cock. He could already feel it coming. The cum in his balls was already boiling. And his mother was going to suck it out of his cock. Suck it out and swallow every last drop. Swallow his creamy cum. Too much.

"Unnooooo," he muttered as his cock jerked and exploded in her mouth.

Smiling to herself, pleased that she had been right, she felt the first gush of hot, creamy cum spew out as Kevin's hips lurched and hunched his cock up into her hot, sucking mouth. She was ready for him and began sucking and pulling as hard as she could, milking more and more of his mouth-watering cream into her mouth. Swallowing it as fast as he could produce it, she quickly emptied his first massive load of cum from his balls. Within seconds, his cock had stopped lurching as she let it slither out of her mouth.

Running her pink, little tongue around her lips, she sat up and glanced up and down the long, sleeping corridor of seats. The rest of the dozing passengers were still ignoring them, she wickedly thought. They were having an incestuous orgy right under their noses and they didn't even know it.

Leaning over, she gave her son a long, deep kiss. Then, she brushed his ear with her lips.

"I'm going to the lavatory," she whispered. "Meet me there in a few minutes."

Nervously glancing up and down the aircraft, Kevin smiled and watched his mother quietly get to her feet. Then she blew him a kiss and tiptoed down the aisle to the back of the aircraft. Kevin watched the seductive swing of her hips under the short skirt as she strolled down the aisle. And knowing that she was naked under the short skirt only added fuel to the fire. Then she stopped at the door of the john and blew him another kiss before she disappeared inside.

Kevin anxiously waited nervously glancing back forth between the door of the john and the rest of the airplane.

No one moved. No lights came on. The aisle remained empty. And even though his mother had just drained his balls, the thought of what was about to happen had him hard and stiff again in moments. After what seemed like a couple of hours to him, he stuffed stiff prick back inside his pants, snapped them and jerked his zipper up. Pulling his shirt down to cover the head of his cock that was now sticking out above the waistband of his pants, he slowly slid over to the aisle and stood up. Trying to act nonchalant, he surveyed the passengers and then sauntered down the darkened aisle toward the back of the plane.

Once there, he casually yawned, stretched and took one last look up the aisle. When nothing appeared amiss, he coughed quietly and tapped on the door. The instant his knuckles touched the door, it noiselessly opened filling the small area with light. Momentarily blinded by the light, he felt himself being pulled inside and the door closing behind him.

"So there you are," his mother whispered. "I've been waiting."

Kevin stared at his mother in astonishment. She was perched on the baby-changing table with her round, little butt precariously balanced on the edge. Her long, lovely legs were bent double and her heels were hooked on the edge of the table keeping her from falling off. Her skirt was pulled up around her waist and the wet, glistening flesh between her legs was vulnerably exposed. Exposed and waiting for him.

"Wow," he grunted, flicking his pants open and letting his impatient prick spring out hard and ready for action.

"Like?" she giggled watching his monstrous cock wiggle and dance with its evil head poised only an inch or so from the drooling entrance of her cunt.

"Love," he gurgled, taking a tiny step forward and letting the head of his giant cock slip into the slippery socket.

"Oh, yes," she moaned as he leaned into her threading all eight inches of his enormous penis up into the hot, sucking hole.

"Jeez," he gasped, rocking back, dragging the juice-covered monster back out into view before sending it sliding back into the drenched depths of her fiery cunt.

"Oh, yes, yes," she whimpered as he began to rock back and forth, impaling her with his cock as she dug her nails into his shoulder, pushing and pulling on him.

"I hope we don't hit turbulence," she giggled as he fucked her with deep, hard strokes.

"I think we might be making some," he grumbled, humping himself into her harder.

"Hope no one needs to go," she wheezed.

"Yeah," he groaned.

"Isn't this just so, so goddamned exciting?" she giddily laughed as his cock effortlessly slid in and out of her slippery cunt.

"Fuck, yes," he hissed, working his cock in and out of her slaving cunt faster and faster.

"I, I, I think, I think I'm, I think I'm gonna come," she whispered, squeezing her hot pussy down around his pistoning prick. "I think I'm gonna come already."

"Yeah, yeah, Mother, come," he blathered knowing that he too was about to erupt, too. The depravity of what they were doing was just too much.

Shifting into another gear, he fucked her as hard and fast as the cramped quarters would allow. Mother and son locked in mortal combat inside the confined enclosure that was barely large enough for one.

Grunting and gasping for air, he fucked her for all he was worth. Striving toward his own salvation, he was driving her ahead of him, urging and coaxing her through the night as they deliriously fucked.

Then, just as they were both delicately balanced on the very edge of simultaneous rapture, the plane lurched dropping through the night sky. As Kevin's giant cock began to kick and spurt, they felt themselves floating in the air.

"OHGOD!" Diane cursed as she felt her son's monstrous cock being pulled out of her spasming cunt.

Then just as his cock was about to pop out of the hot, collapsed hole, the plane lurched upward, ending the plane's weightless fall.

Where they had been floating apart moments before, they were now slammed together with the force of several gravities. Kevin's gigantic prick slashed back into his mother's cunt all the way to the hilt and beyond.

Diane had never felt anything like it. She felt like her son's enormous penis was going to come extruding out through her mouth from the inside any second now as the weight of their bodies grew heavier and heavier. They were pressed together so tightly she didn't think they would ever be able to tear themselves apart. Kevin's cock was even having difficulty expelling the hot, viscid gobs of cum up into her cunt as it squeezed down around him.

Kevin heard the air whoosh out of her, but her cunt continued to convulse and spasm around his erupting cock as it spewed out its evil load into her.

Finally, the plane leveled off as he gasped to catch his breath.

"Wow," Kevin muttered as his cock stopped exploding and began to slither out of her overflowing cunt.

Then as she struggled to regain her breath, there was a rap on the door.

They both froze.

"Are you okay in there?" they heard a flight attendant ask through the door.

They couldn't both answer. Kevin saw that his mother still was trying to catch her breath.

"Uh, uh, yeah, fine, be out in a minute."

"Well, hurry. The captain wants everyone back in their seats."

Kevin could still feel the last quivers of his mother's orgasm trickling through her clenching cunt as he backed away and let his mother's legs drop to the floor.

"Are you okay?" he whispered giving her as much room as he could.

"Yes," she whispered back, straightening her clothes as well as she could.

"What do we do?" he asked her.

She shrugged her shoulders, not knowing what else to do.

"You must come out now," they heard the flight attendant say again.

"Uh, okay," Kevin mumbled, shrugging his shoulders and slowly opening the door.

The flight attendant stood in the aisle shielding them from the rest of the aircraft. Over her shoulder, Kevin could see that there were several more lights on but no one was looking back at them. The flight attendant had a mischievous smile on her pretty face as she handed him a sheet of paper and told him to hurry back to his seat. As he started out, his mother stepped out and the flight attendant handed her a sheet of paper also and without even a hint of embarrassment directed both of them back to their seat.

Once they were back in their seats with their seatbelts on, Kevin flicked on his overhead light and looked down at the paper the attendant had given him.

It read:

CONGRATULATIONS
FROM THE CREW OF CONTINENTAL'S FLIGHT 248
TO KEVIN AND FRIEND
FOR JOINING CONTINENTAL'S EXCLUSIVE
MILE HIGH CLUB
13 JANUARY 2003

Kevin's mouth flew open as he showed it to his mother. Her mouth fell open too...

Dumbfounded, she slowly slipped the paper into her purse. Smiling to herself, she wondered if the flight crew would have been so generous if they knew about her and her son's wicked little secret? She doubted it though...

The End

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The Marine

My name is Alisa Core. I'm forty-one and I have an eighteen-year-old son, Travis. Now let me preface this story by saying right up front that I'm a fairly vain woman which in a way led to all this happening. And to boot, I've always been a very sexual woman. Even oversexed by some standards! By that I mean I like sex... a lot! When Donald is not off fighting a war somewhere, we usually have sex two or three times a night, and it's really difficult to keep up with my urges when he's gone. Thank God for vibrators.

Donald, who is a marine officer, is also a contributing factor to my vanity as he wanted his wife, me, to be his trophy wife. So much so that he fit the bill for a makeover for me back when I was thirty-nine. It was more than just going into the body shop, getting a few dents and scrapes fixed up and a paint job. I got the whole enchilada, so to speak. A "mommy makeover". Breast implants (1600cc, overfilled, high profile, over the muscle, silicone gel implants), liposuction, collagen, and even a Brazilian butt tuck. Like I said, the whole nine yards.

I guess neither of us thought about how such a makeover might affect Travis. I did notice that he and his friends looked at me different and there seemed to be a lot of blushing, whispering and snickering going on when I was around. But, what the hell, to still be able to attract teenage boys at my age was rather flattering. On one hand I chalked most of it up to hormones, but on the other hand, I was secretly elated and flattered by their attention. I thought that Travis was just going along with them as a part of the male bonding thing. I mean I was his mom, after all and little boys weren't supposed to think about their moms like that. Oh, I know Travis went through a stage where I was the center of his universe, but he'd outgrown that... I thought. Before the operations, I could embarrass the heck out of him just by kissing him in front of his friends, but now, he didn't seem to mind so much. I must admit, I found it a bit of a turn on knowing that my own son would find me sexy when he was at the age when it was mortifying to be kissed by your mother. At least that's the way it seemed with the other boys.

Over the course of the year before Donald deployed, my son's boldness increased. He seemed to find reasons to touch me on my arms, my hands, and even an accidental brush against my breasts when he didn't think I was noticing. Although his kisses were decorously on my cheeks, they seemed to be more frequent and lasted longer. He even went so far as to say that "I looked like a porn star". When he first told me that, I was shocked and a little pissed. Being compared to a porn star wasn't the nicest compliment I'd ever gotten. But after I thought about it for a while, I realized that it was a compliment. As a teenage boy, everything was centered on sex and a porn star was probably the epitome of womanhood as she was a good-looking woman who liked sex. What could be hotter in a boy's hormone-drenched mind? Certainly not some frumpy old housewife who just happened to be your mother. And besides, I thought he was just joking around, you know, harmless flirting.

Well, the real story began about ten months ago. Donald had gotten orders to Afghanistan and had been gone for about three weeks. I missed him sorely and one of my friends had invited me to join her and some of her gal buddies for a girl's night out at the O-Club. I was lonely and feeling more than a little sorry for myself so I'd accepted.

A little spice in my otherwise boringly-dull life would be just what the doctor ordered, I told myself. Now I can't say that I haven't been tempted to cheat on Donald in the past, but thankfully, going to the O-Club certainly cut down on the odds of that happening. Most of the other officers knew who I was and wouldn't risk it getting out that they'd hit on me while Donald was in Afghanistan. He'd kick their ass when he got back.

I was feeling my oats that night and I'd decided to dress up the way Donald liked me to dress when we went out. I was already on my third drink and had put on the frilly, white garter belt to go with the white dress I'd chosen to wear. My shimmering, white nylons were clinging to my long, shapely legs like a sheer coat of paint highlighting and emphasizing every sweeping curve. And over the garters, I was wearing a sheer white thong that seemed more of an afterthought than anything else as it did little to hide anything. Just putting on my sexy under things had my poor little pussy drooling. I knew that when I got home tonight, I was going to wear out my old vibrator. Strutting

over to my closet in my five-inch stiletto heels, I picked out Donald's favorite dress. It was long, floor-length affair with a plunging, low-cut neckline in front that displayed my store-bought breasts to perfection. The top of the dress wrapped around the back of my neck leaving my shoulders and the whole of my back bare all the way down to just above the jut of my butt. The dress also had a slit running up the side all the way from the floor to just below my thong panties. And if I turned just right, it was easy to see that I was wearing a garter belt and hose under the clinging white dress.

Slipping the dress over my head, I tugged it down until it hugged every curve and swoop of my recently sculpted body. Yes, I was hot, I told myself as I turned this way and that way admiring my reflection in my floor-length mirror while I took another sip of my drink. Glancing down at my watch, I saw that it was seven and Gloria would be swinging by to pick me up in less than hour. Setting my glass down, I picked out a matching pair of diamond earrings and a necklace. Watching the way they sparkled in the light, I saw that the big, glittering stone dangling down from the necklace rested at Y of my big tits drawing even more attention to them.

Turning around, I ran my hands down over my dress to smooth out any wrinkles that might have formed as I turned this way and that checking myself out. Not bad for forty, Honey, I told myself, adding, hell, not bad for thirty. A couple of fluffs of my long, blond hair and I was ready for "Girl's Night Out!"

As I stepped out of my bedroom, I could hear the racket, well, I guess you could call it music coming from Travis's room so I thought I'd go down and tease him a little.

Stepping up to his door, I peeked inside and saw that he was playing a game on his computer.

"Hello there, handsome, got any plans for the night," I purred in my sexiest, sultriest voice as I stood leaning against the doorframe looking at him.

I thought the poor kid's eyes were going to bug out as he jerked around to look at me.

"God, Mom, you look fucking fantastic—" he choked out unable to keep his eyes from sweeping up and down my body before coming to a rest staring directly at my big, almost bare breasts.

"Hey, there, boy, watch your manners," I laughed, watching a bright blush spread out across his cheeks. "I'm your mom, remember, not some porn star. And my face is up here," I giggled, pointing up to my grinning face.

"Uh, sorry, Mom," he gulped finally able to look up at my face. "Where you going?"

"Gloria invited me to a girl's night out," I told him, moving so that my long, nylon-encased leg slipped out through the slit exposing the garters that were holding up my nylons.

It had only been a few seconds and there was already a sheen of sweat glistening on Travis's forehead.

"What time are you going to be back?" he nervously asked me, twisting in his chair, trying to hide the fact that he was reaching down to reposition the obvious bulge jutting out against the front of his jeans.

"Elevenish, I guess. Why?" I asked, pushing off the doorframe and standing up straight.

"Just wondering," he mumbled, his eyes dropping back down to my jiggling tits.

"You'll probably be in bed by then," I told him, turning to go down to the bar and make me another drink.

"Hey, Mom, it's Friday night and I don't have to go to bed until midnight, so I'll be awake when you get home," he grinned, regaining some of the new-found bravado that had mysteriously appeared right after I'd gotten my mommy makeover.

"Okay, just don't do anything I wouldn't and get yourself in trouble," I warned him as I went clopping toward the bar.

I shouldn't be making myself another drink as I already had a little buzz on and I knew there'd be more drinking at the club. But I hadn't been out in three weeks and I was going to make the most of it.



The night passed uneventfully at the club. I did feel a couple of three hard ons while I danced with some of the officers at the club. And one lieutenant seemed exceptionally well-endowed. What with rubbing on each other and all that cock, I was beside myself horny by the time we left the club at ten-thirty. Earlier than the eleven I'd told Travis. I had a real good buzz on and couldn't wait to get home and break out the old vibrator.

I had to admit I was lonely. I was even a little pissed at Donald for never being around when I needed him. Damn him anyway. He seemed to be off fighting somewhere all the time. What was a woman to do? It wasn't right to have to settle for the second best thing all the time. I wanted the real thing. Maybe I'd just look up that lieutenant after all and see if he knew how to use that thing he was hauling around with him. Yeah, right, I sarcastically told myself as Gloria pulled up in front of my house.

I saw that the lights in the living room were on, but there wasn't a light on in Travis's room. Maybe he'd gotten bored and gone to bed after all.

"Thanks for a fun night out, Gloria," I told her as I pushed the door open and stepped out into the humid night air. I was leaking like a sieve and wondered if Gloria can smell me.

"You're welcome. Maybe we can do it again next Friday," she chirped back.

"Yeah, maybe so. Well, I'd better hurry. I have something to take care of if you know what I mean," I laughed.

"Kinda that way myself," she laughed back. "Maybe Bill's gonna get a surprise when I get home tonight," she giggled as I stepped back from the car and she pulled away from the curb.

"You lucky dog," I muttered at her, watching the car lights fade into the distance as she drove away.

I hope that I don't twist an ankle, I told myself as I wobbled up the front walk to the door. Digging around in my purse for my key, I finally found it and went to unlock the door. It wasn't locked! Why hadn't Travis locked the fucking door? He was usually pretty good about keeping the door locked at night. Especially when Donald wasn't home. Maybe he'd just forgotten it.

Stepping into the house, I laid my little, white purse on the foyer table by the door. Then I quietly closed the door behind me and eased out of my high heels. Leaving them by the front door, I padded down the foyer in my stocking feet and stepped out into the living room.

"Hi, Mom—" I heard Travis say.

"You're still up," I said as I saw he was sitting on the couch in his pajamas. He had a book in his lap and it looked like he'd been reading, which was odd.

"Yeah," he grinned. "I thought I'd wait up for you and make sure you made it home okay."

"Is that why the front door wasn't locked?" I asked him, making an effort not to slur my words and give away my state of inebriation as I walked over to the bar to make me a nightcap.

"Uh, yeah, I left it open for you," he said, picking the book out of his lap and setting it on the end table by the couch. "Can I have one, too?" he asked as he pushed up onto his bare feet and started for the bar where I stood making my drink.

Now Donald and I are very open-minded about a lot of things and we would let Travis have an occasional drink when he was home alone with us. Just a little one. I know he's only eighteen, but in a lot of ways he's very mature for his age as I saw when I glanced down at the rather obvious bulge sticking out against the front of his pajamas.

I can't explain what happened next. I guess it was the end result of everything that had gone on tonight. The booze, the intimate contact with men on the dance floor, missing Donald, seeing that Travis was sporting what appeared to be a hard on for no reason at all, my horniness—it was all a little overwhelming and I felt my emotions bubbling to the surface.

I couldn't hold back the tears that suddenly went streaming down my cheeks.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Travis asked with a puzzled, confused look on his handsome face.

"Oh, it's nothing, Travis, Honey," I blubbered like a baby, feeling the tears dripping off my chin and splattering my barely concealed breasts as they peeked out of the opening running down the front of my dress. "I'm just lonely. I miss your dad so much." I wept.

Before I even knew what was happening, Travis was around behind the bar, wrapping an arm around me and pulling me to him.

"Don't cry, Mom," he told me as he brushed the back of his fingers down my cheek to wipe away the tears. As he did, I became acutely aware of his hard, stiff cock pressing against my hip. My skin was burning where it touched me. How could this be happening? Travis? My little baby. But he wasn't a baby anymore. He was a man! A very virile, vibrant young man. But he was my son—

"I'm here for you, Mom," I heard him whisper, his voice husky with emotion.

Then his fingers were under my chin, tilting my head up as his lips touched mine. It was the most intimate, touching kiss I'd ever experienced. I was lost! This couldn't be happening—Not Travis—not my eighteen-year-old son. But, instinctively, my eyes fluttered shut.

The Kiss was soft, loving and tender as our lips barely touched, his cock pressing against me harder and I felt his other hand slowly crawling down my bare back leaving a trail of tingling skin behind it. I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe. I thought my pounding heart was going to burst out of my chest and go flopping around on the floor any second. My thong panties were soaked. Then I felt his tongue brush up against my lips and begin to force its way into my mouth.

This was a Travis I'd never known before. Calm, cool, collected, confident in what he was doing. This was Travis, the man. Not Travis, the boy—

Stop him! Don't let him do that, my brain railed at me, but I couldn't stop him. Or wouldn't stop him as his tongue pushed in deeper searching for mine. Softly, inquisitively at first, but second by second growing more and more demanding, the probing continued. Then our tongues touched.

Alarm bells and sirens were going off in my head. My head was spinning, a whirlwind of emotions swirling around inside it. Like children on a merry-go-round, they were all there. Shock, fear, panic, love, anguish, lust, anger, guilt—and some feelings I couldn't even name. It was almost like an out-of-body experience with my mind reeling under the suddenness of it all while all the pent-up frustration and passion of the night switched on my body. I could feel the wetness dripping out of me, flooding my panties and running down the inside of my thighs.

Then came the revolting realization that I wanted him! I couldn't believe it—Travis—my eighteen-year-old son! Was I crazy? He was just a boy. Maybe he was just a boy, but the cock pressing against my hip didn't feel like a boy's cock. It felt like a man's penis. All this time, I'd never cheated on Donald and now this. My own son—his son! This couldn't be happening, I frantically told myself as I felt Travis's hand ease down inside the back of my dress, down onto my tucked butt. His fingertips felt like embers as they brushed over the skin of my butt. Then his hand curled around one butt cheek, cupping it, squeezing it and pulling me against his obvious arousal.

I felt like I was going to faint. A part of me wanted to push him away and go running to my room to escape from him. But another part of me wanted to submit to him. Give in to him and let him fill the aching emptiness down between my legs with his maleness.

At last the fiery kiss ended as Travis pulled back. As my eyes flew open, I saw that he was staring into mine.

"Mom—" he groaned, pulling his hand out of my dress and lifting it up behind my neck. Then I felt his other hand crawl up my back to the little strap wrapped around the back of my neck that held the top of my dress up.

I could feel his fingers working on the two little buttons that held the ends of the strip of cloth buttoned together. I couldn't give in so easily. I had to put up some kind of resistance. Albeit token resistance.

"Travis, Baby, we can't..." I whispered, lifting my hands to push his away. But I was too late as I felt the front of my dress drop down off my big, enhanced breasts leaving them bare and exposed to my son's gawking eyes.

"God, Mom, they're—they're awesome," he groaned as I looked down at the quivering globes of tanned perfection while Travis's hands lifted toward them. I was proud of them. I admit it. Even if they weren't all me, and even if the man gawking at them was my son. Yeah, they were pretty awesome to coin his assessment of them. A plastic surgeon's masterpiece. Then his hands curled around the fleshy mountains and his fingers found my stiff, swollen nipples. A charge of electric excitement shot down to my tingling clit as he roughly pinched them, twisting them and plucked at the big, rubbery nubs.

I didn't know what else to do, so I just stood there with my arms hanging down at my sides looking down watching his hands as they fawned over my breasts. It was like Christmas morning and he'd gotten the two toys he'd wanted more than anything as he lovingly groped and pawed my dangling breasts.

"Travis, Honey, I..." I started, but he stopped me with a finger to my lips.

"I have to, Mother..." he whispered, his voice quavering with emotion. Then he eased his other hand out from under my breast and ran his hands down to my dress that was now hanging down off my waist. Biting my lower lip to keep from saying something that would break the passion of the moment, I watched as he eased his thumbs down under my dress and began to push it down off the curves of my hips. I wanted to stop him. I didn't want to stop him! I was torn with indecision so I did nothing as all of a sudden, my dress went whispering down my long, nylon-encased legs to land in a muddle covering my stocking feet.

"God, Mom, you're, you're fucking beautiful—" I heard him gasp as he stood in front of me with his hands holding me by the waist just above the frilly, little garter belt.

I didn't answer him. I just reached out and to hold onto his shoulders. Holding onto him to balance myself, I slowly lifted one foot out of the dress. Then, still holding onto him, I lifted my other foot out of the dress and set it down by my other foot. Now I stood before my son clad only in my frilly, white garter belt, my thong panties, my jewelry, and my nylons. What did he really think, I found myself wondering? Did he really think I was beautiful? Or was he just saying because that's what he thought I wanted to hear? He knew how vain I was.

Then he reached up and pulled my hands off his shoulders and pushed them down by my sides. Still looking me straight in the eyes, he bent down and hooked his thumbs under the stretchy waistband of his pajamas. I couldn't help myself as I expectantly stared down at his fly waiting for him to reveal his manhood to me. As I waited, I found myself wondering. How big was he? Probably smaller than his father's seven inches, I sickly thought. But not by much as I gawked at the bulge sticking out against the front of his pajamas.

Then, in one swift motion, Travis bent over, shoved his pjs down, and stood back up in one smooth move. There it was. His cock. His beautiful, hard, stiff cock. I couldn't believe it. He was actually bigger than his father. By about an inch, it looked.

"Travissss—" I hissed, knowing that my wide-eyed stare was showing my surprise.

"Am I as big as Dad, Mom?" I heard him brazenly ask.

"God, yes, bigger," I groaned.

"Cool..." he grinned as he stood proudly smiling at me while he unbuttoned the top of his pajamas.

This wasn't happening. It couldn't be.

I couldn't take my eyes off the evil thing jutting up out of his groin as it stiffly shook and quivered with every move he made.

"Travis, have you been drinking?" I asked him, searching for a reason for his sudden boldness.

"Yeah, I had a couple of drinks while I was waiting for you. Why? It didn't hurt anything," he said, pushing his top back off his muscular shoulders and letting it drop to the floor. He was a fucking Adonis! A cloned copy of his father when he was that age. I felt myself falling in love with him all over again.

My feet were planted in cement. I couldn't move as I watched my son slowly step toward me.

"I love you, Mom," I heard him murmur as his arms closed around me and his lips found mine again. This time there was no preliminary tenderness to the kiss. This kiss was raw, hard emotion as his tongue raped its way into my mouth. As he pulled me to him, I could feel his big, hard penis digging into my belly while he purposefully ground it against me. Then the tears were suddenly back, running down my cheeks, wetting both of us as we kissed. I don't know whether they were tears of joy, sadness, or just what. All I knew was that I was crying and I couldn't stop.

"Don't cry, Mother. I'll make everything better," he whispered as he broke the kiss, bent down and swept me up in his arms. "I want to fuck you—" he boldly declared.

I had no choice. Did I? I had to wrap my arms around his neck and hold on so he wouldn't drop me as he staggered down the hallway toward his bedroom.

"Where are you taking me?" I timidly asked him, strangely feeling as if our roles had been swapped and I was now the shy eighteen year old and he was the mature, in-control adult.

"My room—" he huffed.

"Travis, this is wrong—" I whimpered, wanting to stop it, but not wanting it to stop at the same time.

"Nobody'll know, Mom," he panted, kicking open the door to his room with his toe.

"We'll know..." I told him, feeling the head of his cock nudging my butt as he shuffled across the room to his bed.

"Yeah, we'll know," he grunted, leaning down and gently depositing me on his unmade bed.

Looking up at his cock as he stood beside the bed looking down at me, I don't think I'd ever seen anything so threatening in my whole life. There were thick, ropy blood vessels crisscrossing around it, bulging with blood. Its big, purple head was glistening wetly, covered with the gunk leaking out of the hole in its rounded tip.

"Do you have any protection?" I quavered, clutching for straws, stalling, waiting for him to come to his senses while at the same time, down deep inside hoping that he wouldn't.

"No. But you're taking birth control pills. I saw them in your medicine cabinet," he fussed, leaning down over me and reaching for my thong panties.

"I stopped taking them when your father left for Afghanistan—" I mumbled. "I didn't think I would need them with him gone."

"But, Mom—" Travis groaned, digging his fingers down under the waistband of my thong panties.

"I'm sorry, Baby," I wept, truly sorry that I had stopped taking them.

"One, time, Mom—just one time and you can start taking them tomorrow," he whined, slowly dragging my panties down my hips. Suddenly protection didn't seem to matter as my wet, bald cunt came into view. "No hair—you shaved it," he softly exclaimed. "But Dad's gone—why did you shave it, Mom?"

"I like it that way," I told him, feeling somewhat embarrassed that I had shaved myself while Donald was in Afghanistan.

"God, Mom, it's fucking awesome. I never saw one without hair for real. Just pictures," he mumbled.

This was all just a bad dream I told myself as I watched Travis ease his hand under my leg and gently lift it so he could pull the thong off over my foot. I would wake up any second and it would all be over. Then, setting my foot back down on the bed, he lifted my other foot and slipped the panties off over it. It was no dream.

Lifting the sopping thong up to his nose, he inhaled deeply.

"God, Mom, you smell so fucking hot," he groaned, reaching out and holding the panties under my nose. "See —,"

I couldn't help but smell the pungent scent of my overflow on the little, white panties. And yes, I did smell hot. Hot, horny and ready to be fucked.

Then he curled his hands around my ankles and slowly spread my legs apart to bare my nakedness to his leering eyes.

"Travissss—" I futilely complained as he stood staring down between my legs at the drooling slit there.

I'd never felt so helpless, vulnerable and exposed.

“Awesome—” Travis whispered, leaning down and reverently running his fingertips down my wet pussy. Then he lifted his hand up in front of his face. Smelling the tips of his fingers, he smiled and then licked his tongue across them.

“Ummmmmm—” he murmured, lifting his knee up on the bed and slowly crawling up on it. As he did, I could see that his cock was so hard and stiff, it barely moved as it stuck out under his belly like a deadly missile hanging under the belly of an aircraft. A missile, armed and ready to do its deadly mission and destroy the target awaiting it down between my outstretched legs.

“Are you, are you a virgin?” I murmured as he crawled up between my legs.

“No, I’m not a virgin—” he said emphatically as if I had just challenged his manhood or something.

“Oh, Babieeeee—” I wept, staring down between us, watching the barbed harpoon of meat descending down toward the weeping wetness between my legs. I don’t know why, but knowing that he wasn’t a virgin was disappointing. It would have somehow made this something almost spiritual and less maddening.

Then I felt the hard, round tip of the head of his cock nudge up against the soft, slippery flesh just above the opening of my vagina. Jerking his hips back and forth, he unsuccessfully probed softness, searching for the weeping opening of my pussy.

“Help me, Mother—Put it in you,” he whispered.

Helping him would only heighten my sense of guilt as I slowly reached down between us and timidly grasped hold of the rock-hard penis. Spreading my legs wider, spreading myself for him opening myself to him, I bent him down until the tapered tip of his penis slipped down in between my juice-covered lips.

“Fuck—Yessssss—” Travis grunted as the bed lurched and he drove into me all the way, stopping only when our groins slapped together.

“Travisssss—” I groaned, hunching back at him as I pushed down on his tightly-clenched ass with my fingers. He was so big, I was expecting him to bang into my cervix or something, but he didn’t. He’d penetrated me deeper than I’d ever been penetrated, but I wanted more. I wanted him in deeper.

Mother,” he groaned as he ground himself against my trying to push in deeper.

The wicked perversity of being penetrated so deep by my own son washed over me like a tsunami, overwhelming me with guilt and joy all in the same instant of time. I felt sadness for the death of our old life as mother and son, but elation in the birth of our new life as lovers.

I could hear Travis softly whimpering as he slid his arms under my legs and lifted them off the bed. I loved having my son on top of me as he pushed my legs higher and higher, almost bending me in double. Now my long legs were bent back so far, my nyloned calves were brushing against my cheeks. Amazingly, with my pelvis tilted the way it was, it allowed him go in deeper and I felt he rubbery head of his cock touch my cervix. He now had all eight inches of his imposing prick down inside the tight, clutching sheath of my stretched, little cunt. And more, it felt like. God, I sickly blubbered to myself, it was even better than with Donald.

Amazingly, it was even better than having sex with Donald. There was just something about it, something wicked, depraved, almost degenerate about it. It was totally wrong and yet, at the same time utterly right. The taboo nature combined with the wrongness, it was just mind blowing.

Wallowing in the wicked sensation of having my son’s penis buried all the way up to its meaty hilt inside my cunt, I used my muscles to caress him, to clutch at him. Thank you, Dr. Kegel...

Then, with choppy, little jerks, he began to hump his cock in and out of me

“God, Mom,” I heard him whine as he lengthened his stroke, driving into me deeper on every bed-jarring thrust.

“Is it good?” I whispered, caressing his sweaty ass with my fingers while he plunged in and out of me.

“Oh-God-Yessss—” he grunted out between strokes.

He’d only been fucking me for a few second, but sweat was already pouring off him as his slippery belly rubbed against the backs of my nyloned thighs and his muscled chest chafed against the backs of my calves. Donald would have been proud of his son, I sickly thought. What would Donald do if he caught us, I fearfully wondered? But he wouldn’t. He couldn’t. He was in Afghanistan.

Digging my long, red fingernails into Travis’s bounding ass, I gently controlled the pace of his thrusts.

It was all so crazy! I could never have dreamed up this kind of ending to my frustrating night.

I was amazed by the way our bodies fitted together. We were a perfect fit, locking together like the pieces of some sick, pornographic puzzle. Our first time, I told myself. But this had to be the last time, too. I couldn’t let this go on.

But I was going to enjoy this one! I could hear Travis huffing and puffing like a steam engine as he humped his cock into me hard and fast. Amazingly, I could feel his big cock swelling inside me. I knew that the fuse had already been lit and he was going to explode any second.

Then the full force of what we were doing tore into my brain. Knowing that within seconds, my son would be ejaculating inside me sent me plunging over the edge as my body convulsed with a pleasure so deep and profound, it left me breathless. I was coming! It felt like an atomic bomb had been detonated down inside my pussy. It was out of this world! I'd never come so hard. Then I began to shake and tremble uncontrollably while my ravenous cunt clutched down around Travis's pistoning prick. I could feel the muscles in my pussy grabbing at my son's prick, squeezing it, milking it, trying to suck out his load of venomous cum.

Blathering like a fool, I groveled in the ecstasy of the moment, letting the waves of gratification wash over me like waves crashing on shore. The pleasure was infiltrating every fiber of my body.

Then Travis grunted and thrust into me, sending his cock as deep as he could. Another wave of ecstasy washed over me, intensifying my orgasm as I felt his cock jerk and a river of liquid warmth spewed out of him to fill my gluttonous emptiness. There was so much of it, it filled my cunt to overflowing within seconds.

Poor Travis was blubbering like a baby as his hips continued to jerk and twitch, his cock bucking and jerking inside me as he pumped his life-seed deep into my womb. It was crazy. My womb. The same womb in which he had resided, was now being filled once again, but this time with his pure, sweet essence.

As the thick, hot vigor of my son's potent toxin spurted out into my cunt, it filled me with its clinging heat. It seemed as if he would never stop coming. How had I fallen to such depths of depravity, I frantically wondered? I was incapable of distinguishing between the right and wrong of it all. All that mattered to me at the moment was self-gratification.

There was no other person on the face of the earth that I could ever hope to share such a profound moment with, I thought as the last flickers of my orgasm winked out. The incessant, throbbing ache inside my cunt had been momentarily quieted, only to be replaced by an overpowering need to show Travis how much I loved him. I knew that this had to be our last time and I didn't want it to end so quickly. Flexing my cunt muscles down around my son's slowly deflating impotence, I frantically tried to milk it back to life. More tears were washing down my cheeks, moistening my lips as I found his lips with mine, I kissed him hard and deep trying to bring the spark of life back to his cock.

Working the muscles in my cunt, I squeezed harder and harder, clutching the velvet-lined sheath down around his wilting manhood as we kissed until at last I felt him slowly begin to work his hips back and forth again.

"Yes, Baby, fuck Mommy—" I whispered, curling my pelvis up to open my pussy up to him even more.

As Travis began to fuck me again, I could feel the smooth slipperiness of his chest sliding over the sweat dampened skin. Rocking his hips back and forth, he humped into me and I could feel his cock hardening again, swelling down inside my hungry cunt. As he stroked his cock into me, he slipped his hands under my back and cupped them around my shoulders. Now he held onto me and pulled me down on him, impaling me even deeper on every deep, thrusting stroke.

As he jerked me down on his plunging cock, I reached up and dug my fingernails into his bounding butt. Clawing and scratching, I urged him to fuck me harder. Then he found the spot, I deliriously thought. He had found the place my orgasms came from. The origin of my orgasms, I giddily rambled as the hard roundness of Travis's cockhead raked back and forth across it. Relishing the wonderful feelings welling up from my cunt, I gradually felt another orgasm being born deep inside me. As Travis's prick sloshed in and out of me, sparks of delight began to dance through my brain.

"Oh, Yessssssssss, Babeey," I wailed, frantically milking his pistoning prick with my pussy as he stroked into me, deep and hard.

Time melted away into a fog of ethereal pleasure and bliss as we fucked and fucked and fucked the night away. I don't know how long we'd been fucking, but it seemed like hours and hours. Every fiber of my body was aquiver with sensual delight as my son's giant penis plowed in and out of me over and over again.

My senses were highly attuned to the vulgar sounds of our fucking. I could hear every squishing slap of Travis's big balls and groin slapping against my upturned ass that was smeared with the excess of our lovemaking. I could even hear the wet slurp of his big cock sliding in and out of my gulping pussy. Wallowing in the wicked perversion of our lovemaking, I felt my swollen, sensitive nipples rubbing against my nyloned thighs as he rocked back and forth above me. I was savoring every wicked detail of our incestuous bacchanal.

All these sensual delights swam over me leaving my mind awash with the imagery of our bodies touching, joining, becoming one.

Then a warming rush of pleasure enveloped my brain as yet another orgasmic seizure swelled up from my spasming pussy.

"Oh, God," was all I could say as the orgasm's unholy heat filled my head.

How could incest be wrong, I asked myself as my body quivered and shook with ecstasy? When it was so right.

“Jeeeezzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz,” Travis groaned, shoving himself into me as deep as he could. This time, his cock emptied its lethal load into my clutching cunt in a few quick spurts. It seemed to be over as quickly as it had started for him as he slowly rolled off me, easing his wilting cock out of my drenched cunt.

“Oh, Baby, I didn’t want you to stop,” I grumbled.

“Tired, Mom,” he panted as he lay beside me gasping for air. In the light of the lamp, I could see that his skin was glistening in the glow of the lamp on his nightstand. He was drenched in sweat.

I wanted to talk. I had to tell him that we couldn’t ever do this again. There was so much to tell him, but I was emotionally and physically drained. I don’t think I’d ever been so tired. I’d tell him tomorrow, I told myself as I drifted off to sleep.



The sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and Donald had returned, I happily thought as I woke to find him lying on his belly by my side peacefully sleeping. He had his head turned away from me so I couldn’t see his face and there was something strange about him. He didn’t seem to have as much hair as he had before. He seemed younger—

Then, like a flood raging down a valley, destroying everything in its path and leaving a trail of devastation behind it, it washed over me. It wasn’t Donald! It was Travis! It all came back to me! Travis and I. We’d made love last night. How could I have ever let that happen? I felt so guilty— My son and I’d ruined him. I’d let him fuck me. I’d let him fuck his mother— What would it do to his psyche? I felt like a fucking whore. His whore.

As I lay watching him breath, I realized that as horrible as what we had done was, it had been the most amazing sex of my life. It was going to break my heart, and probably his too when I told him that we couldn’t do it again, but I had to. I couldn’t let it go on. It just wasn’t right for a mother and son to do that. It was incest for Christ’s sake. Why, we could go to jail if we go caught.

Then I saw the muscles in his back flex as he turned his head and looked over at me.

“Mom—” he grinned, rolling over onto his side. As he did, I saw that he already had a fucking hard on. Staring down at his stiff, hard peter, it looked even bigger than it had last night. I knew that wasn’t possible, but still it seemed like it.

“Travis, Honey, we need to talk,” I told him as he reached over and cupped one of my tits in his hand.

“What about?” he asked, gently squeezing and fondling my breast, his fingers plucking and pulling on my swelling nipple.

“Us—” I said, pushing his hand away from my breast.

“What about us?” he softly laughed, pushing my hand away and returning his hand to my breast.

“We can’t do this. It’s wrong,” I started out, planning on presenting my case against us continuing our incestuous affair d’amour.

“What about last night, Mom? Was that wrong, too?” he asked, his fingers finding my swollen nipple again. “You liked it, Mom, I could tell— a whole lot—”

I could see this wasn’t going to be easy. This wasn’t the Travis I was used to dealing with.

“But that doesn’t make it right, Travis,” I complained, pushing his hand away from my breast again. But this time his hand wrapped around my wrist and pulled it down to his big, stiff prick.

“It’s okay for you to admit it, Mom,” he said, shoving my hand against his rock-hard cock. “Admit it, Mom. You liked it. You liked having my big cock shoved up that hot, wet cunt of yours, didn’t you?”

“Travis, Honey, please—” I groaned, but he wouldn’t let go of my wrist.

“Hold it, Mom—hold my cock—feel how hard and stiff you’ve made it,” he told me.

“Travis—” I fussed, trying to pull my hand away from his cock, but he was too strong.

“You want me to fuck you with it, don’t you, Mom?” he grinned, letting go of my hand and struggling up onto his knees beside me.

I could see that I had lost the battle and probably the war, too as I lay looking up at him. His face had a determined, stubborn look on it as he took hold of his cock and slowly stroked his hand up and down it.

“Roll over, Mom,” he ordered. “I’m going to fuck you from behind like the bitch dog whore you are.”

His words shocked me! But at the same time, they excited me. He had just called me a whore! A bitch—dog—whore— His bitch—dog—whore!

“Do it, Whore—” he growled, reaching down and roughly rolling me over onto my belly. I didn’t have time to react as suddenly he was behind me shoving my legs apart, grabbing hold of me by my hips and jerking my ass up into the air. I felt so helpless and vulnerable as I felt his lips on the pucker of my asshole. Then I felt a wad of warm spit trickle down the crack of my ass to my dripping, exposed cunt. A second later, his hand curled around my waist and I felt the round, rubbery head of his cock brush against the lips of my pussy.

There was no hesitation as he grunted and lunged into me driving in so hard it nearly knocked the breath out of me when his groin slapped up against my upturned ass.

“You like that, Mom?” he grunted, jerking back and ripping his cock back into me again even harder.

“Yes—Damn it—Yes—I like it—” I yelled hunching my hips back at him to take all of him up inside my slaving cunt. Travis became a madman, his hands curled around my waist pushing and pulling on me as he pounded his cock into me as hard and deep as he could.

As violent and brutal as it was, I quickly found myself rushing toward another climax. I couldn’t get enough of my son’s cock. I wanted to feel it everywhere inside me. In my cunt, in my ass, in my mouth, between my tits, anywhere he wanted to put it.

“You love it—don’t you, Mom—you love my cock—” Travis panted out between blows as he raped my pussy with his big, beautiful cock.

“Oh, God, Yes, Yes, Yes, I love it—Mommy loves your big, fucking cock—” I screamed out.

“Fuck—” I heard him curse as he jerked his cock out of me at the exact instant my pussy began to spasm and convulse.

What was he doing, I deliriously wondered? Then I felt the bed shuddering while he clambered up beside me. Suddenly, I found the giant purple head of his dick right in front of my face, only a couple of inches from my mouth. Sensing he wanted to come in my mouth, I opened it as wide as I could just as the first sticky wad of cum splattered onto my cheek.

“Fuck—Fuck—Fuck—” Travis gasped as his fisted hand worked up and down on his spewing, spurting cock. The second gob of cum landed on my lips and the third finally shot into my open mouth. I’d never tasted cum so hot and sweet as I swallowed down his gift and felt another sticky gob land on my tongue. It was like something had broken inside his peter as it spurted and spurted. I could barely keep up with it as I swallowed down wad after wad of his thick, gelatinous cum, until finally, he had no more to give me.

Seeing that he was finished, I pushed his hand away and sucked his cock into my mouth. Sucking as hard as I could, I pulled out every last drop of his precious essence before I let his softening peter slip out of my mouth.

I had tried to end it, I guiltily told myself, but now I was hooked. But the best part of it all was the fact that Donald wouldn’t be back home for another seven months. That would give Travis and me all that time to get to know each other. Get to know each other and strengthen the bond that we were now forming. I remember what it had been like being a teenager. Sex was paramount to everything. But now I was forty years old. Would I be able to keep up with him?

We spent the rest of the day in bed, fucking and doing just about every conceivable thing we could think of. With Donald gone, Travis filled in for him admirably and we had sex 3 to 4 to 5 times a day every single day. It was amazing. Thankfully, I had my birth control pills, because as virile and potent as Travis was, I knew that he’d make me pregnant in a heartbeat.

And the kicker was that Donald’s original seven month deployment, was extended to ten months so I had nine uninterrupted months of sex with my son. It was the best nine months of my life....

The End

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The Joint

Puffing on the joint, Austin peered out through the peephole he had made in the front of the old, abandoned barn. The barn was never used anymore and he was the only one who ever went inside it so no one would ever even notice the hole. His parents weren’t farmers, but had bought the farm for its privacy and his mother was taking full advantage of that privacy at that very moment as she lay on a chaise longue out beside the small pool they had built out back of the house, sunning herself. You could stretch your imagination and call what she was wearing a bikini. The tiniest string bikinis Austin had ever seen. And Austin knew that she was only wearing that because of him. Otherwise, she would probably be sunbathing in the nude.

She was indeed a worshiper of the sun and her fantastic body showed it. She was far and away the most beautiful woman in town, a bronze goddess, and Austin was secretly one of her most avid and devoted admirers. Although he knew he was a pervert for thinking the way he did about her, he couldn't help it. She was just too stunningly beautiful, he told himself as he let his leering eyes wander over her almost naked body.

She was lying on her belly and the ends of the top of her bikini were dangling down over the edges of the chaise, slowly wafting this way and that in what little breeze there was. There was another miniscule band of cloth encircling her narrow waist attached to the thong that ran down between the cheeks of her glorious ass. That thong, was now hidden down in the crack of her ass doing nothing to conceal the perfect, round globes of alabaster flesh that were glistening wetly in the bright afternoon sunlight, covered in sweat and suntan oil.

His mother hadn't moved for several long moments and Austin wondered if she was asleep. Emboldened and slightly tipsy from the marijuana, he foolishly wondered if he could cop a feel without her knowing it. Stubbing out his roach on the wall of the barn, adding to numerous other smudges there, Austin shoved his hand down inside his bathing trunks and hauled out his big, stiff slab of cock-meat. Eight inches, he smugly told himself as he began to slowly stroke it. I bet her sweet, little pussy would be so tight and wet, he sickly thought as he continued to peer out the hole and slowly stroke his rock-hard cock. Yes, she was his mother and he knew he was a sick puppy for thinking the way he did about her. But how could you blame him? He saw the way his father and other men looked at her and knew that it wasn't all his fault. His mother was just one of those rare beauties that exuded sex from every pore of her stunning body.

Reason was not one of Austin's long suits and the marijuana had even shortened that suit as he finally stuffed his cock back inside his trunks. Stepping over to the barn door, he slowly opened it and crept out into the torrid afternoon sunlight. Tiptoeing down the dirt path that led from the barn to the back yard, Austin kept his eyes on his mother to make sure she didn't move. If she woke up, he would tell her he was walking by and saw a bee on her, he woosily grinned to himself.

His mother didn't move and within moments Austin was standing by the chaise longue where she lay staring down at the vast expanse of bronzed perfection spread out before him. It certainly looked like she was asleep, Austin tipsily told himself as he stood watching the slow, even rise and fall of her sweat-covered back. His heart was pounding, his mouth filled with cotton as he ran his eyes over the swell of her bare butt. Just one little touch, he told himself as his hand dropped down toward the bare expanse of smooth, flawless flesh. Be gentle, Austin planned as his trembling fingers drew closer and closer. Then his fingers touched warm, wet skin...



Floating along in the fuzzy darkness somewhere between sleep and consciousness, Susan felt something brush against her butt. A bee, she initially thought. There were a lot of them around but instantly realized that it felt like fingers. John? Was John home, she woosily asked herself? That was nice, she drowsily thought.

"Mmmmmmm..." she softly murmured, slowly spreading her legs apart for the inquisitive fingers to explore further down. Down to the warm, sticky wetness between them...



Oh, God, oh, God, Austin's numbed mind shouted as he watched his mother's legs slowly spread apart. And his initial thought of 'just a touch' went up away like a puff of marijuana smoke. Does she want me to touch her? Touch her there? What's she doing? Tentatively, fearfully, Austin moved his shaky fingers down onto the tiny swatch of black cloth that covered the mystery of his mother's femininity as her legs crept apart another couple of inches.

Then, with his heart in his throat, Austin slowly eased his fingers down under the thong and onto the moist dampness underneath it. Oh-God-Oh-God-Oh-God-his reeling brain screamed. She was so soft and warm, so wet, Austin giddily thought as his fingers brushed the soft, fragile flesh.



Oh, John, you naughty boy, Susan sleepily thought as she felt the fingers dig down under the crotch of her bikini and brush across the sensitive folds of flesh bordering her womanhood. She knew that John shouldn't be doing this. Austin might see. Then, like a Tasmanian devil shrieking through her head, it came to her. It wasn't John—

John was in Dallas, she groggily thought. Who then?

Her eyes flew open and she jerked her head around to see who it was that was touching her in such an intimate, invasive way.

AUSTIN, her fevered brain screamed! Jerking away from him, Susan rolled over and jumped to her feet as she angrily glared at him. As she did, she saw his eyes shoot down to her dangling breasts. Looking down at her breasts, it was then that she realized that the top of her bikini top was uselessly hanging down between her big, jiggling breasts as Austin feasted his leering eyes on them.

“What in God's name are you doing?” Susan sputtered, her arms flying up to cover her heaving breasts as Austin continued to stare down at them seemingly in a hypnotic stupor.

“Mother, a bee...” Austin mumbled, knowing there was something about a bee that he was supposed to say but for the life of him he couldn't remember what. The shock of seeing his mother's big, beautiful breasts jutting out at him, bumping and nakedly banging against one another had erased everything else from his mind.

“Go—Just go—” Susan shrieked, holding her arms up to cover her quivering, bobbling breasts from her teenage son's piercing stare.

Susan was speechless as she watched her eighteen-year-old son go stumbling back down toward the barn. What the fuck had just happened, she railed at herself? He had just touched her, that's what happened, she frantically told herself. He had touched her down there. She was stunned! It was so unbelievable. How could he have done that? She was his freaking mother for God's sake!

The rush of adrenaline that had spurted out into her bloodstream had left her shaking and weak-kneed. At last, she saw Austin disappear into the barn. Flopping back down on the chaise, feeling her big tits tug at her chest, Susan took a deep, cleansing breath as she tried to gather her thoughts.



Stumbling into the barn, Austin stumbled back over to his peek hole and peered back out at his mother as she plopped down on the chaise and moved her arms away from her big, droopy breasts. They were so beautiful, he told himself as he watched her pull the black cups of her bikini up under the droopy treasures and lift the tiny, black triangles up to cover the darkened tips and bulging nipples. Then reaching up, behind her neck, she tied the ends of the bikini back together and the show was over. But what a spectacular performance it had been.



Why were her nipples so swollen and sensitive, Susan frantically wondered as she saw that they were tenting the shiny, black fabric? Well, she had thought it was John hadn't she, she excused herself. Now what was she going to do? She had to do something...but what? She couldn't tell John. As jealous as he was, he would probably beat Austin to death. But why had Austin touched her like that? Was he deranged?



He knew that he was in deep trouble, but he'd touched her. He'd actually touched his mother's pussy. She had been so soft and so warm and so wet. What would she do to him, he tipsily wondered? Then he lifted his fingers up to his nose and took a tentative sniff. He could smell her on his fingers. He could smell his mother's pussy on his fingers! A spasm of excitement twitched through his cock making it jerk down inside his trunks. Then he stuck out his tongue and flicked it across the tips of his fingers. There it was. The tart, pungent taste of pussy. Her pussy! His mother's fucking pussy!

Peeking back out his hole, he saw that his mother was still sitting on the chaise, her head in her hands.

He was amazed at how beautiful she was. Even in his dire predicament and probably tottering on the punishment of a life time, his poor, testosterone-drenched brain could only think of one thing as he hurried over to the stall where he kept all his Jack-off pics hidden. Jerking his trunks down around his knees, he sat down on the blanket he kept spread out there for just such occasions.

Leafing through the pictures, he pulled out the one he wanted. Then staring down at it, he began to jerk his hand up and down his rock-hard cock as he leered down at the picture...



She had to do something, she told herself, looking over at the barn. She had to tell Austin that he could never touch her like that again. “Why?” she mumbled to herself. Why had he done it? Why did she have to tell him that? He knew that it was wrong. He knew that he couldn't touch her like that. But he'd done it anyway. What good would it do to tell him he couldn't do it again? But a part of her knew that she had to reassert her authority. Regain the control that came with motherhood. Grabbing up her little house robe off the table, she wrapped it around her shoulders and stood up. As she did, she felt one of her heavy tits lurch and slip out of its cup.

“Damn it—” she cursed, shoving her hand inside the robe, clutching hold of the errant udder and shoving it back inside its little slippery cup and then went angrily padding down the dirt path toward the barn. Stopping outside the door, she took a deep, breast-lurching breath to gather herself and slipped in through the open barn door. She could dust slowly floating down in the shafts of sunlight streaming through the cracks between the boards as she looked around the barn. But didn't see any sign of Austin. But then, in the quiet of the old barn, she heard a soft thumping sound coming from one of the stalls.

Was he masturbating? What was wrong with him? Knowing what it sounded like, but knowing she had to see anyway, she slowly tiptoed down the row of stalls, stopping at each one, leaning over to peek inside. The noise was growing louder as she crept up to the last stall. Stopping, taking another deep, breast-heaving breath, she leaned over and peeked inside.

She nearly swallowed her tongue. She'd found Austin. He was sitting in the stall, on an old blanket, leaning back against the partition she was looking over. He had his back to her was seemingly unaware of her presence as he had his hand wrapped around his cock, busily stroking it while he peered at a picture he held in his other hand. She couldn't believe her eyes as she gawked down at him in stunned silence. She wasn't more than two feet above him. So close, she could reach out and touch him if she wanted to. She was rocked to her very core as she took in the whole sordid scene. Her brain was reeling and she had to steady herself by clutching hold of the bottom of the opening to keep from falling as she stared down at the revolting scene spread out below her.

Finally able to tear her eyes off the evil, one-eyed serpent her son was trying to beat to death, she saw that he was looking at a picture of a naked woman lying on her back by a pool. It took a few seconds for it to register on her stunned brain, but it finally came to her like a splash of ice water in the face. It's me, she deliriously told herself! It's a picture of me! But how, she frantically asked herself? How had he gotten a picture of me naked? He must have sneaked up on me just like he had done today and took a picture. When, she wondered? There'd been plenty of opportunities, she regretfully thought. She should have been more discreet. After all, Austin was a growing boy and growing boys always had sex on their mind, or so everyone said.

Her mind in a chaotic swirl, she stood looking down at her masturbating son. As she did, she could see that the huge, purple head of his cock was glistening wetly with the thick, clear juice that was oozing out of it as Austin's tightly-clenched fist flew up and down the thick shaft below. While she was paralyzed and repulsed at the same time, she could only marvel at the size and bulk of her son's penis. It was even larger than his father's impressive proclamation of manhood.

Then all of a sudden, she saw the muscles in Austin's belly and legs tighten up. Then he gave out a soft, choking gasp. As he did, she saw his cock jerk and a big, pearly-white gob of cum came squirting out of the tip of its head. Staring at the wad of gummy cum, she watched it fly up, arc down and prophetically land on the picture, right between her legs. Were the gods trying to tell her something, she numbly wondered?

Then Austin's cock bucked again as he roughly squeezed out another big, sticky gush of semen. This time the gooey clump splatted down on the picture again, on one of her big, bare flattened breasts.

Unable to make her legs work, she stood watching as gush after gush of her son's thick cream spurted out of his twitching cock until her picture was literally covered in a coating of thick, gelatinous cum.

Hours later, it seemed, Austin finally let go of his big cock as it began to slowly wilt and droop. At last, somehow, she was able to make her legs work as she staggered backward, lurching toward the barn door. She hoped he didn't hear her, but the way she felt, she didn't care. Her heart was pounding, her head was spinning and she could barely walk as she stumbled through the door and back out into the glaring daylight. Her mind was shutting down, trying to block out the disgusting performance she'd just witnessed as she floundered along toward the house with the picture of her son's giant, spurting, twitching cock still trying to fill her head.

Now what, her frantic brain asked? She had never felt anything like this before. There were so many emotions swirling around inside her head it was impossible to sort them all out. The rush of adrenaline had left her woozy and weak-kneed again.

A drink, that's what I need. A drink to calm my nerves. Then as she tottered along heading for the house, she tripped and felt the same rebellious tit flop out of its insufficient cup of cloth inside her robe.

"Oh, stop it—" she protested as she stopped to stuff it back inside her bikini top. Cupping the dangling giant, her fingers brushed across the big, puffy nipple jutting out of its tip and she felt a sizzle spark down to her throbbing clit. The nipple was hard and swollen. As she pulled the cup of black satin back over her breast, it rubbed against the sensitive, bloated nub again and a spark of stimulation tickled down to her nether regions.

What is wrong with me, she frantically asked herself as she stepped through the door and into the cool house? This can't be happening. Austin is my son, for God's sake.

Her hands were shaking so badly the decanter was clinking against the glass as she sloshed the amber liquor into it. Then, setting the bottle down on the bar with a loud thunk, she grabbed hold of the glass with both hands to keep from spilling it as she lifted it up to her trembling lips. Tipping her head back, she poured the booze into her mouth and swallowed it.

The fiery bite of the liquor took away her breath as it burned its way down her throat and into her empty stomach where it landed in a flaming explosion of heat. Almost instantaneously, the warm, calming effect of the alcohol began to spread out from her stomach.

Setting the empty glass back down on the bar, she held onto the railing and let the numbing clam flow over her body and mind. There, that's better, she told herself as she picked up the bottle and poured herself another drink. Her hands weren't shaking so bad now.

Lifting the glass up to her lips, she heard the door slide open. Turning, she saw Austin sheepishly step inside the house.

"Mother, I'm sorry. There was a wasp on your, your, uh, your butt and I, I didn't want it to sting you, so I brushed it off," Austin lied. But his bright red face belied his deceit.

"Well, thank you for that, but..." she said, pausing to take another gulp of her drink, "that doesn't explain the rest of it. How could you do that? How could you touch me there?"

"When, uh, when you spread your legs, uh, spread your legs apart, I didn't know. I thought maybe you wanted me to be touch you..." Austin told her, his quavering voice breaking as he spoke.

"How could you think that? I'm your mother, Austin! Mothers don't let their sons touch them like that. That's not right...and you know it," Susan angrily explained, seeing his eyes dart down to the swell of her breasts pushing against the front of her robe.

But what was she going to do to him, he worriedly wondered looking back up into her angry, glaring eyes?

"Are you, you going to tell Dad?" Austin whimpered.

Susan answered him with an angry stare for several long moments as she let him stew in his own juices. Then she finally took a deep breath, making her mammoth bosom heave and bobble as she spoke.

"Not if you promise me that you will never touch me there again," she told him. "Do you promise?"

"I, uh, I promise," he mumbled so low, she could barely hear him.

"Okay, then. We'll forget it ever happened..." Susan said, tipping her head back and swigging down the last of her drink.

Emphatically setting the empty glass down on the bar, she pushed away from it.

"I'm going to go take a nap," she told Austin over her shoulder as she padded across the room toward the stairway. As she stepped along, she could almost feel Austin's eyes fondling her ass, caressing it, groping it. And as her big tits bobbed up and down, she could feel her nipples rubbing against the bikini sending all kinds of unwanted and unwelcome sparks of excitement tickling down between her legs.

Austin's eyes were locked on the swell of his mother's tight little ass under the robe while it twitched from side to side as she stepped across the room. It hadn't gone as bad as he imagined, he told himself as he watched her slowly climbing up the stairs. He thought he would have been grounded for life for doing something as stupid as what he had done. In fact, he hadn't gotten any punishment at all. And he had gotten to touch his mother's pussy...



Closing her door behind her, Susan knew that she should have punished him. Punish him to show him the severity of what he had done, but she didn't want to make it even bigger than it really was. After all, he hadn't fucked her or anything, he had just barely touched her with his fingers...

Jerking the knot in the belt wrapped around her waist undone, Susan shrugged her shoulders and let the robe drop to the floor. Bending down, angrily swiping the robe up, she felt her misbehaving tit bobble out of its slippery cup again. Pitching the robe onto her bed, she irritably reached behind her neck and untied the defective bikini top and let the whimsical, black strings fall down over her breasts. Staring down, she watched her big, pale breasts quiver and bobble as she pulled the flimsy black cups out from under them and tossed the top on the bed. Then she quickly leaned down and stripped the bottom of her bikini down her long, curving legs. As she did, she glanced down between her legs and could see that lips of her pussy were shimmering wetly with a coating of her juice. Why, she asked herself? Why was she wet like that? Unable to even admit her own arousal, she flopped down on her back and cupped her big, soft breasts in her hands. Quickly seeking out her strangely-sensitive nipples, she pinched them between her fingers and thumbs and gave them a rough twist. As she did, she could feel the pulses of ticklish excitement throb down to her receptive clit.

Fuck, she fussed, angry at herself for feeling aroused.

But that didn't stop her from easing her tits back down onto her chest and running her hand down between her legs.

What are you doing, she asked herself? Your son just touched you down there and now you're touching yourself there. But she couldn't stop as she peeled the fleshy hood back away from her hypersensitive clit and began slowly pleasuring herself. It felt good, she pensively thought letting her mind wander back to the barn and finding herself staring down at her son as he sat masturbating right under her nose.

You're sick, she told herself as she relived the incident, her mind's eye watching her son's fisted hand working up and down the thick shaft of the evil thing jutting up out of his groin.

The alcohol and the warm afternoon breeze wafting in through the open window were having a telling effect on her as she lay lazily teasing her clit and watching the curtain gently fluttering. Susan felt her eyelids growing heavier and heavier until they finally closed and she found herself floating down a long, mist-filled hallway. There was some mysterious force guiding her along and leading her into a foggy room. The room was empty except for the big bed that sat in its center. Dreamily, she felt herself being mysteriously led toward the bed and then she found herself lying on it. Looking down at her own body, she realized that she was naked as her arms slowly, on their own volition drifted out away from her body. What was happening, she groggily wondered? Then, out of nowhere she felt soft, clinging bands of cloth slowly encircling her wrists and ankles. Then the bands tightened and began to tug her arms and legs out to the four corner posts on the bed. It was crazy as the restraints slowly twisted around the posts and she found herself lying spread-eagled on the bed. Flexing her arms and legs, pulling against the restraining bands, she realized she was bound, unable to move...

She was helpless!

She had a sudden feeling of foreboding and apprehension. She sensed that something sinister and evil was lurking in the mist. She could almost feel long, sinuous fingers crawling over her skin, touching her in all her private, personal places feeling her out.

Then she saw it! There was a murky, shadowy outline of a figure standing in the doorway. Although she couldn't make out the details of the creature's face and body, she could feel its evil presence reach out to her. Then it touched her! Touched her down there. Touched her the very same place Austin had touched her. Where she had just been touching herself—

"Nooooooooo—" she screamed. But nothing came out. She screamed again...and still nothing. Then the thing in the doorway began to float toward her. Trying to cringe back but finding herself unable to move, she watched it move closer and closer. As it did, she could finally make out the details of the thing's body. She could see that it was a man. A man and like her, he was naked! And there was a horrendous, vile penis curving up out of the thing's hairy groin. It looked huge as it pulsed with malevolent energy and arrogantly held its bloated, barbed head in the air.

The horrendous thing was so long and thick, she knew that it would rip her in two if the monster put it inside her. The vague, indistinct features of the creature's face were slowly swimming into focus as the thing moved closer and closer.

Suddenly, it came to her. It was AUSTIN!

"Austin, No, Please don't—" she begged as she watched him reach down and slowly wrap his fingers around the horrid thing sticking up out of his groin.

"I saw you looking at it in the barn, Mother..." Austin whispered as he bent his cock down and slowly rubbed it down her breast and across a throbbing nipple. As he did, she could feel the trail of slippery goo it left on her skin. Then he slowly brushed the thing's huge, mauve head back and forth across her stiff, rubbery nipple making it twitch and flick. Within seconds, she could see that her springy nipple was covered with the clear glop oozing out of the tip of Austin's cock. "I saw the way you were looking at it, Mother. Don't you want some of it?"

"No—Austin—No, please don't—" she begged.

But she couldn't move. She was at his mercy.

Time seemed to be moving in super-slow motion as she saw him somehow magically lift off the floor and float over her. Then he was straddling her. She could feel his weight, crushing her breasts as he leaned down and grabbed hold of a pillow. Then she felt a twinge of pain as he grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head up off the bed.

She felt the pillow being shoved under her head. Now she could feel Austin's big, warm balls settle down between her tits as the evil, slime-covered head of Austin's cock was right in front of her face, staring back at her with it one, oozing evil eye.

"Do you want to suck on it, Mother?" she heard him ask as he bent it down and slowly rubbed the slippery, goo-covered knob back and forth across her quivering lips. "I would like for you to suck on it, Mother..."

"Austin—No—omppfff—" she started to plead, but realized she had made a tragic mistake the moment she opened her mouth and suddenly found it filled with hot, hard, throbbing cock-meat. "Nommppphhhh—" she groaned out around the thing's thick, round shaft as Austin leaned forward and pushed even more of it down into her mouth.

"Suck on it, Mommy. Suck on my cock—" she heard Austin grunt.

Jerking her head to the side, she tried to dislodge the monster, but as she did, she felt Austin's hands clamp down on her head to hold it still. Then Austin began to slowly rock, his butt sliding back and forth on her flattened tits as he fucked her face with his jutting cock. But in one last defiant act of resistance, she refused to suck on him as Austin continued to pump his cock in and out of her mouth. After a few moments, he finally gave up and pulled his cock out of her mouth.

She felt his weight shift off her crushed breasts and move down onto her belly as his big cock trailed down her chin and throat leaving a trail of her spit in its wake. Then the giant monstrosity dropped down between her heaving breasts.

“Mommy has such beautiful titties,” Austin fawned as he wrapped his hands around the flattened mountains and shoved them against one another trapping his cock between them. “Does Mommy want Austin to fuck Mommy’s pretty titties with his big cock?” she heard him ask as he began to slowly work his spit-slickened cock in and out of the cleavage between her breasts.

“Austin—Please don’t—” she futilely begged.

“Why? Don’t you like it, Mother?” Austin facetiously asked, looking down at her with a cold, selfish look on his handsome face. “Or maybe you’d rather have it in your sweet, little pussy? Is that it, Mother? You’d rather have it in your cunt?”

“Austin, please stop it,” she heard herself beg.

But it was then that she became aware of the throbbing need down between her legs. Yes, she frantically thought. Yes, she wanted to feel it inside her. Down there. Inside her, filling the empty, aching void down between her legs. Where had that thought come from?

With a cruel sneer on his lips, Austin let go of her breasts and the next thing she knew, he was standing on his knees between her spread-eagled legs. She couldn’t take her eyes off the evil terror jutting up out of his groin as it slowly ticked and pulsed in rhythm with the slow, steady beat of her son’s cold heart.

“Do you want it, Mother?” she heard him whisper as he reached down and grabbed hold of the monster. “Do you want me to put this in your hot, little cunt? Do you want Austin to fuck you with it?”

“Yesssss—Yesssss—Put it in me—” Susan heard herself babble as she pushed down on her shoulders, up off her heels, thrusting her butt up off the bed, presenting her wet, drooling pussy to him. She didn’t know what had come over her but she knew that she had to have it inside her.

“Tell me, Mother. Tell me what you want—” Austin laughed as he slowly stroked his fisted hand up and down the evil monstrosity jutting out of his hairy groin.

“I want you to fuck me with your beautiful cock,” she cried out, her fingers futilely clawing at the air as her butt bounced up and down on the bed.

All of a sudden he dropped over her, covering her as she felt him slide inside her. In moments he was moving inside her, thrusting into her, driving deep into the clutching, clinging flesh between her legs. She had never felt such strength, such power as his cock filled her to the nth degree.

Then she gave herself up to him. As she did, she felt the restraints mysteriously dissolve from around her wrists and ankles as she enveloped him inside her body. Her arms curled around his neck, her legs lifted, her thighs clamping around his waist, her ankles crossing, holding onto him as they began to work as one, their bodies fitting together perfectly as if made for each other.

“Oh, God, Yessssss—” she screamed out as she felt the evil monstrosity down inside her give a mighty lurch and begin to pour out its warm, clinging essence into her womb. As it did, her body convulsed with pleasure and her whole being shrank down to the fleshy sheath of silk that was clinging to her son’s jerking, spewing giant. Never had she felt such pure, sweet joy...

Then suddenly—he was gone—

Where had he gone? Why had he left her? She was filled with a crushing, overwhelming feeling of loneliness and despair. Why did he leave, her fevered brain asked? As she wallowed in the depths of her rejection and misery, she didn’t know if she could ever pull herself up out of sorrowful muck she found herself in.

Then, still reeling in her dejection, she found herself slowly floating up out of the mist surrounding the bed. Floating up toward the brightness glowing above her.

Materializing up out of the gloom, she found herself lying in her own bed as her eyes flew open. Temporarily blinded by the bright sunlight streaming into her bedroom, she could barely make out the outline of someone standing beside her bed.

As her vision cleared, she could see as she frantically looked up to find Austin standing by her bed looking down at her with a crazed, maniacal look on his face. Her reeling brain couldn’t separate reality from fantasy anymore as the two of them gawked at each other in stunned silence. She didn’t know how long they stared at each other, but she suddenly realized that he was naked and his huge cock was jutting up into the air, hard and ripe right in front of her. Trying to sort out fact from fiction, she tightly clenched her eyes shut and shook her head to clear away the cobwebs encircling her brain.

Fearfully opening her eyes again, she saw that the room was empty. Austin was gone! Had he really been there? Or had he just been a sick, twisted figment of her mind? Tightly closing her eyes again, she slowly opened them only to see that the room was still empty. There was no Austin.

Had he been there, she frantically asked herself, looking over and seeing that the door to her room was open? She had closed it earlier, hadn't she? Her muddled brain couldn't remember. She had to know! She had to know if he had really been standing by her bed when she woke. She had to know if he had seen her naked!

Pushing up, she spun on her butt and dropped her bare feet onto the cool wooden floor beside the bed. Struggling up to her feet, she had to pause to let her reeling brain stop spinning. When it finally did, she rushed over to the door, stumbled out into the hallway and started toward Austin's room. She was already standing outside his closed door before she remembered that she was still naked.

She didn't have time to go back, now. She had to know if he had seen her. Reaching down, she grasped hold of the doorknob and with a grunt shoved his door open.

Oh—My—God—Not again— her hysterical brain screamed when she saw Austin lying in the middle of his bed with his hand wrapped around his hard, stiff cock as he stared back at her with panic-filled eyes.

“Oh—God—” Susan gasped, lurching backwards out through the doorway as she spun on her foot and went racing back down the hallway toward her bedroom.

Staggering into her bedroom, she slammed the door shut and stood leaning back against it, her big tits heaving up and down as she tried to catch her breath.

What was happening, her delusional mind raved? That was the second time today she had caught him masturbating. Was he some kind of sex fiend?

He must have seen her naked! Well, if he hadn't before, he had when she opened his door, she told herself. Then her crazy dream came swirling back into her fevered mind. She had never felt so alive, so rapturous when his cock had been inside her. And then it was gone and she felt so all alone, so empty.

Her hand flew down between her legs and her fingers found that her aching clit was hard and swollen as it thrust itself out from its fleshy hood. It was begging to be touched as she gently rubbed a finger across it. As she did, her legs nearly collapsed from the jolt of electric pleasure that raced up her spine to explode inside her brain. Her clit was so sensitive and charged, she felt like if she touched it again she would come.

Jerking her hand away from her clit, she staggered across the room to her bed. Why had she stopped, she asked herself? She wanted to come so bad. But not that way, she told herself. She wanted to feel the same exultation, the same euphoria she had felt in the dream and doing it to herself with her finger seemed such an empty, unfulfilling way to bring herself off. She wanted to feel the way she had felt when Austin was inside her, moving with her, bringing her such pleasure.

But she could never do that. He was her son! That would be incest. Incest! What an ugly word. How could something that brought such pleasure between two people who loved and cared for each other be wrong, she wanted to know? But there was no answer.

Sitting on her bed, bent over holding her head between her hands, she tried to quiet the screaming desperation she felt. She wanted it so bad. She needed a man but the only one around was Austin. How could she even think of him like that? He was her God-damned son! The only man in the world that she couldn't have that way. And he was the only one around. It wasn't fair, she railed.

Another drink, she told herself. At least, if she couldn't fill the aching need down between her legs, she could deaden it. Postpone fulfillment until John could take care of it when he came home tomorrow.

Pushing up onto her feet, she grabbed up her house coat and wrapped it around her shoulders. Pulling the belt around her waist, she gave it a hard jerk and tied it.

What was Austin doing, she angrily wondered as she went stomping down the stairs? Was he still down in his room jerking off? She was tempted to go down and check just to embarrass him again, but decided against it. But she couldn't stop the picture of his big, hard cock from popping back inside her head. Over the short span of time since she had first seen it, her brain had taken liberties with the image of her son's cock and now in her feverish mind it looked like it was at least a foot long and as big around as her wrist, the head, swollen and purple from the blood filling it, glistening wetly.

She could feel her heavy breasts tugging at her chest as she clomped down the stairs shaking her head to try and get the vision of Austin's cock out of her mind. Stepping off the stairs, she hurried across the room to the half-empty bourbon bottle that sat on the bar where she had left it earlier. Picking it up, she tipped it and poured three fingers of the amber liquid in the glass. Sweeping up the glass, she tipped back her head and downed the drink in one swift gulp.

Better, she told herself as the booze splashed down into her belly and reinforced the buzz she had from her earlier drinks. Calmer now, she refilled her glass and padded over to the window. Standing, looking out over the pool, she sipped on the bourbon. Then her eyes wandered up the path to the barn and the picture of Austin masturbating floated back into her head. Would she ever be able to get that image out of her head, she drunkenly wondered?

Shaking her head, she turned and started back for the bar. But as she did, she was stopped dead in her tracks by what she saw.

As she stood in the middle of the living room staring up at the top of the stairs, she saw Austin standing there looking down at her. He was naked! And his cock was stiffly jutting up into the air. What was he doing, she frantically asked herself?

"Austin—" she gasped, taking a step back in surprise.

"Mother—" she heard him answer her as he took a step down off the landing down onto the top tread of the stairs.

Susan couldn't take her eyes off his twitching, lumbering penis watching it heavily bobble up and down as he slowly stepped down the stairs.

"Austin, you've, you've got to stop—" Susan whimpered, taking another step back at the same time Austin moved down another step.

"I can't, Mother—I can't—" Austin softly told her.

"We—you—can't—" Susan insisted, but saw that her protestations were falling on deaf ears as Austin kept slowly moving down the stairs.

"We're all alone, Mother. No one will ever know—" Austin explained as he moved lower and lower down the steps.

"But, Honey, it can't be. It would be incest. You, you can't do that—" she complained, taking another step back.

"It would only be incest if someone else knew and no one else will ever know," Austin declared as he stepped off the bottom stair.

"It would still be incest...and we would know it was," she told him, fearfully watching him slowly stepping across the room toward her. How could she stop him, she frantically wondered?

Finally, he stopped. Standing in front of her, he slowly reached down for the little knot on the belt that was wrapped around her waist. As he did, she thought she could smell marijuana. He'd been smoking marijuana in his room. Maybe that was the reason for the crazy way he was acting.

Jerking up her arm up, she suddenly flung her drink into his face. But he'd seen it coming and just had time to close his eyes before the bourbon splashed onto his face.

Lifting his hands up to his drenched face, he swiped them across his face to wipe away the liquor. Then he slowly dropped his hands back down to the knot in the belt.

"That wasn't nice, Mother," Austin calmly told her as he plucked at the knot.

"Austin—please stop—don't do this horrible thing—" Susan pleaded as the empty glass slipped out of her numb fingers and thumped down onto the carpeted floor.

"I can't stop, Mother. I have to. I can't go on living this way. It's driving me crazy—" he mumbled as Susan felt the belt go slack.

"But, Honey, it's so wrong. I'm your mother, Austin—your mother—" she wept.

Then she felt him slowly push her house coat back over her shoulders. A cool breeze brushed across her bare breasts as her house coat went whispering down her back to land in a muddle at the back of her feet.

"So beautiful..." Austin whispered, lifting his hands up to her big, saggy breasts as they heavily hung down from her chest. Slipping his hands under them, he gently lifted them and brushed his thumbs across the swollen nubs protruding out of the perfectly round circles of darkened flesh capping them. "So hard..."

Yes, they were hard, Susan dizzily told herself. Hard, swollen, and almost painfully sensitive. She couldn't help it. She couldn't control her body's instinctive reaction to the warped, perverse excitement sparking through her fevered brain. Although her conscience reviled her for not doing something to stop what was happening, there was a tiny, tiny part of her brain that actually embraced it. It was that part of her hindbrain that wanted to relive what she had felt in her dream. The part of her brain that ignored the morality of it all and dealt with the purely corporal side of the sordid thing.

Susan felt the slippery, goo-covered head of his cock brush against the tip of her jutting clitoris as he leaned down and gently kissed each of her tingling nipples.

"Austin—don't—don't do that—please—" Susan pleaded as Austin tenderly eased her breasts back down onto her heaving chest.

"Why, Mother, didn't it feel good?" Austin whispered, running his hands around her and pulling her to him. Then, before she could answer him, he leaned in and crushed his lips against hers.

"Mmmphhffff—" Susan groaned out into Austin's open mouth as he forced his hot, probing tongue in between her lips. Susan's frantic brain was reeling as she felt Austin's tongue find hers and twist around it. He was fucking

frenching her, she raved to herself. What could be worse than getting french-kissed by your own son? Several things, her raving brain shot back.

Putting her hands on his hairy chest, she tried to push him back but he was too strong and too intent on carrying out the heinous deed he had his heart set on. Then she felt his clutching fingers dig into the cheeks of her quivering ass and pull her against the monstrosity that was now trapped between their bellies. The slab of hot, throbbing meat was as hard as steel, Susan anxiously thought as Austin roughly ground it against her mons.

Letting go of his mother's ass, Austin reached down and grasped hold of her hands.

"Please, Austin, don't, please stop—" Susan sobbed as Austin turned her and began to gently push her toward the couch.

Stumbling along backward, Susan let herself be guided back toward the couch as Austin's jutting cock bumped and thudded into her belly. Then as the front of the couch thudded up against the backs of her calves, she lost her balance and went sprawling back onto the couch.

Landing on her butt with a soft "Oomph", she watched Austin drop down onto his knees in front of her. Slapping her legs together to try and hide her sex from him, she saw him reach out and grab hold of her legs just above her knees. She could feel his fingers digging into her flesh as she watched the muscles in his chest and arms tense. She could feel his strength as her trembling legs began to slowly drift apart.

"Austin—please don't—" she futilely begged, failing miserably in her effort to keep her legs closed as they slowly crept further and further apart.

"Don't fight me, Mother. I just want to make you feel good..." Austin whispered.

She couldn't stop him. He was too strong as she felt the strength melting out of her legs.

"Oh, Austin..." Susan murmured, realizing that further defiance would be a waste of time as she slowly relaxed the muscles in her straining legs.

"Yes, Mother, like that...so I can taste your sweet pussy..." Austin murmured, pushing her legs so wide apart both of her knees were brushing against the couch and the wet, oozing wound between her legs was totally exposed to his leering eyes.

"Noooo..." Susan moaned.

Then Austin wrapped his hands around her waist and roughly pulled her toward him. As she felt her butt scraping along the couch, she slouched down while he kept pulling until she was half-lying, half-sitting on the couch with her head resting against the back cushion and her ass resting on the edge of a bottom cushion leaving her pussy exposed and vulnerable.

Standing on his knees between his mother's outstretched legs, Austin reached down and lovingly ran his thumb up the fleshy gash between the two thick, pink lips bordering the oozing slit.

"Why are you so wet, Mother?" Austin softly asked as he leaned down over her belly.

"I...I don't know..." Susan mumbled, her voice quavering and threatening to crack.

Inhaling deeply through his nose, Austin smiled and slowly eased his tongue out.

"Do you want me to touch you, Mother?" Austin whispered, then slowly circled the tip of his tongue around her jutting clit. "Do you want me to touch you...touch you here, Mother...touch your clit?"

Then he continued to slowly circle his tongue round and round the exposed nub, teasing her, mocking her.

She could see him following her eyes with his, looking up over her tensed belly.

Yes, she wanted him to touch her there...touch her clit. Why didn't he just do it? Why was he teasing her?

"Do you?" he asked again, moving closer and closer to her clit on every twirling circuit around it but never touching it.

"Yessss—" Susan finally hissed as her ass lifted off the couch and she tried to find his teasing tongue with her throbbing clit.

"Like this, Mother—" Austin mumbled, then slashed his tongue across her clit.

A spasm of electric excitement arced up from her painfully-sensitive clit and sizzled through her delirious brain as Austin began to attack the little nub with a vengeance. His tongue was all over her pussy and clit, licking, lapping as his lips pursed down around the exposed kernel and sucked it further out of its fleshy sheath.

The fiery jolts of electricity sparking up from her clit were making her light headed as Austin lashed her clit with impatient insistence. Back and forth, up and down, round and round his tongue flew as he coaxed her along toward her release.

Then she felt his fingers inside her, moving, thrusting, driving deep into the clutching emptiness between her legs as he continued to ravage her clit with unrelenting determination.

Her long, red fingernails were digging down into the cushions as she clutched hold of the edge of the couch and strained toward release. She could feel her muscles tightening, straining as she fought for that ultimate moment of capitulation.

Pushing up off the floor with her feet, she was thrusting herself against Austin's unwavering assault on her clit as she inched closer and closer.

"Oh—oh—oh—oh—" she moaned, her breath coming in quick, puffy pants as she rushed toward the finish.

Suddenly a wave of sweet, pure pleasure welled up from her womb and possessed her as her body began to twist and writhe. Every muscle in her body contracted and strained as wave after wave of ecstatic pleasure washed over her, drowning her in its sweetness.

Her whole being was now concentrated down to the contracting, constricting hole between her legs as Austin continued to work his fingers in and out of it and roughly lapping at her clit.

As he slowly pumped his fingers in and out of his mother's clutching pussy, his hand was covered with the hot, sticky juices pouring out of it. He loved it all. The beautiful, pink rose that lay open and unfurled between her long, shapely legs; the feel of the soft, warm flesh on his tongue; the smell of her ripe, hot sex filling his nostrils; the soft moans his mother was making as she orgasmed; the pungent tartness of her creamy outpourings that coated his tongue, lips, and chin. It was all so overwhelming and overpowering, it made him feel like he was going explode with love for her.

Finally, as he felt the undulations working through her pussy begin to weaken, he lifted his lips off her pussy and tenderly kissed up onto her straining belly as it finally began to soften and relax. Then he slowly eased his goo-covered fingers out of her clinging warmth and slipped his arms down under her back. Hugging her to him, he gently rubbed his cheek against her belly.

"Mother..." he groaned out.

Susan was finally able to breathe again as she sucked in air in jerky pants and looked down at Austin who was holding onto her. He was holding onto her so tightly, it seemed that he was afraid she would break and run if he let go of her.

But she could never do that now. She was now his to do with as he saw fit.

Uncurling her fingers from their grip on the edge of the couch, she reached down and gently ran them through his sweaty hair. Then he raised his head and looked up at her. She could see that his lips and chin were glistening wetly in the bright afternoon sunlight as he gazed up at her with love-filled eyes.

What he had done to her was so, so wrong, but she couldn't bring herself to blame him. It all now seemed right. To see his outpouring of love for her made her feel all warm and mushy inside. She could see how much he wanted her, but he had put her first. He had given her satisfaction and even now, there seemed to be no rush to fulfill his own needs. This was truly more than sex for him. This was LOVE!

"Was it good for you, Mother?" Austin softly whispered, slowly kissing his way down her belly, over the little nest of curls and back to her clit.

"Yes—yes—it was..." she whispered back, reaching down and slipping her hands under his armpits. Lifting, she tried to pull him up, but she didn't have the strength. "Stand up," she softly murmured.

Leaning back, Austin grasped hold of her legs, just above her knees and slowly pushed up to his feet in front of her. As he did, Susan could see that his cock had lost none of its stiffness as it still stood tall and proud, shamelessly proclaiming his manhood for all the world to see.

Reaching out, Susan lovingly ran her fingertips over the thick column of hard, throbbing muscle and sinew as it slowly twitched in rhythm with his heartbeat.

"So beautiful..." she softly murmured, slowly snaking her arms around his waist and pulling him toward her. Then she leaned toward him and lovingly pressed her cheek against the shaft of steel and slowly rubbed up and down it.

"Mother..." Austin whispered, reaching down and curling his fingers down into her long, blond hair.

Susan could feel his fingers pressing against the back of her head as he softly rubbed his cock against her cheek. Slowly leaning back, she felt a soft breeze brush across her cheek, cooling it where the head of Austin's cock had left behind a smear of his excitement.

Reaching up to the jutting giant, Susan wrapped her fingers around its thick base and slowly bent the rigid shaft down. Now she could see that the plum-colored head was shimmering wetly as a big, glistening drop of the goo oozed out of its tip slowly dripped down onto her tits leaving a long, trailing strand behind it as it did. Sticking out her finger, she wiped it up her tit to capture the errant drop. Then she slowly lifted it up to her lips. Opening her mouth, she pursed her lips and eased her finger inside her mouth. Slowly, suggestively, she pulled her finger back out, sucking it clean as she did.

With her lips still pursed, she gently kissed the rounded tip of his cockhead and licked the tip of her tongue up the shallow furrow running up the underside of the swollen knob. Then she gently probed the oozing hole with the tip of her tongue as she licked away more of the ooze trickling out of it.

She could see that Austin's legs were trembling as she slowly opened her lips and eased them down over the hard, rubbery head of his cock. She could taste him. Hot, salty and slippery on her tongue, the goo continued to seep out of his cock as she gently sucked.

The pressure on the back of her head increased as Austin's back arched and he leaned into her easing his cock deeper into her mouth. Susan was torn between bringing him off with her mouth or her pussy. She wanted to do both, but the first time, the most memorable time for them, had to be with him inside her. Inside her, giving up his seed to her and letting her decide its fate.

His fingers were growing more insistent as his hips began to slowly work back and forth and his cock drove in deeper and deeper on every thrust. She could feel his excitement escalating as the firm, rubbery head of his cock began to bump up against the back of her mouth. Choking back a gag, she knew that she could take him that way another time and reluctantly strained back against his hands to slowly ease her lips back off his jutting, spit-covered cock.

"Inside me...I want to feel you inside me—inside my pussy," Susan whispered, pushing back against his hands to free herself. "I want you to give me your seed.

"Mother..." Austin groaned.

Leaning back, Susan rolled over onto her back and scooted up until the back of her head was resting on the arm of the couch. Keeping her eyes on his, she slowly lifted one long, shapely leg up and hooked the crook of her ankle on the top of the couch. Then she reached down between her legs and fingered the fleshy folds guarding her womanhood apart. Lying on her back, legs splayed apart, pussy totally exposed, one foot resting on the floor, the other on the top of the couch, she held up her arms to welcome Austin down between them.

"Come..." she whispered.

Struggling up onto his feet, Austin leaned down and crawled up onto the couch. Leaning down over her, he reached up and clutched hold of the arm of the couch, one hand on each side of her head. As he did, Susan gently took hold of his jutting maleness and bent it down, aiming its tapered, drooling warhead down at the open, waiting wetness between her legs. Then their bodies touched. The point of hard, rubbery flesh slowly eased down into the clinging heat of her pussy as she opened herself to him.

Susan could see that he was straining to maintain control as his hips slowly dipped and he eased more and more of his cock down into her. Yes, she deliriously thought. Yes, he is bigger than John. Feeling the conical head of his cock spreading her, stretching her to accept the thick, stiff barrel of hot, throbbing meat following it, she willingly accepted him inside her.

Driving deeper and deeper into the clinging depths of her cunt, Austin pushed in until he couldn't go any further. He was now totally and completely immersed inside the moist warmth of his mother's most precious of possessions.

"Austin..." Susan softly murmured. She had never felt anything like it. He was touching her in places deep inside her that had never been touched before, and yet, even with that, she wanted more. She wanted to consume him. Wanted him to fill that aching emptiness that he had once filled before she had expelled him from her body.

Wrapping her hands around his head, she roughly pulled him down to her as their lips met in a passionate, crushing kiss. As their open mouths ground against one another, Susan dropped her leg down off the back of the couch and curled it around Austin's clenched ass. Pulling with her leg, she pressed the ball of her heel against his clenched ass and strained to pull him down even deeper inside her as she thrust herself against him. They were touching everywhere. Mouth to mouth, chest to breasts, belly to belly, groin to groin their bodies ground together as they fought to become one again.

At last their lips parted and Susan released her hold on his head. Uncurling her leg, she dropped her foot onto the couch beside his knee as her arms stretched out by his side and she dug her long, sharp fingernails into the tight, clenched muscles of his ass.

"Love me—make love to me—" she moaned out as she thrust herself against him.

Austin needed no further persuasion, as he pulled back and lurched forward again to drive his cock back into her as deep as he could.

Susan felt a shiver of fear as she saw the wild, crazed look in Austin's eyes. He was completely out of control as he held himself thrust down inside her clinging warmth.

Tilting her head back, Susan arched her long, graceful neck to expose its vulnerable fragility in an almost primal gesture of total submission. One bite of her jugular and she would be no more. Seeming to sense her capitulation, Austin opened his mouth to bare his fangs. He could see the soft tic of her heartbeat just under the smooth, delicate skin as he bent down and gently bit, his teeth barely grazing her skin while he slowly nibbled his way up her arched neck to her ear.

"I love you so much, Mother..." he whispered as he gently nipped at her ear.

“Oh, Austin...” Susan gushed, squeezing herself down around his embedded cock as her fingernails dug in deeper and she began to move against him.

Then his ass began to rock back and forth as he attacked her pussy with a fury she had never felt before. As he pounded into her harder and harder, she saw a drivel of spit leak out of the corner of his mouth and slowly run down his chin to complete the look of madness. She had never been fucked with such savage brutality, but somehow it was what she needed, wanted, she sickly thought as she met him thrust for thrust giving no quarter and asking for none from him.

The springs in the cushions were creaking out their protest as the two bodies struggled atop them. They were one again, Susan deliriously thought. She was once again with child, but in such a different, perverse and degenerate way.

The loud, obscene sound of their love-making filled the room and echoed back off the walls at them as their bodies crashed together like two battling rams. But Susan knew that the savagery of their fucking couldn't last long. It was too intense and passionate to control.

“Mother—Mother—Mother—” Austin groaned out as she felt his muscles tensing, tightening, his thrust were growing more and more erratic.

“Yes—Yes—Yes—Baby—let it go—let it go—give me your seed—” Susan moaned, her whole body working with him, moving with him, moving as one as they rushed toward the fiery climax to their love-making.

“Oh—Goddddddd—” Austin roared out as his hips slashed forward driving his cock down inside the clutching heat of her cunt as deep as it would go.

As Susan felt her son's cock kick and spew out its liquid treasure into her, her womb erupted and fiery jolts of pleasure and joy began to shoot up and down her spine. Susan lost it and became a wild, clawing, writhing animal as wave after wave of ecstatic indulgence poured over her. She knew that she should feel something, something other than the pure animal gratification that was filling her brain. But it was so overpowering and all consuming, her mind couldn't concentrate on anything but the fiery rushes of pleasure that blasting up out of her spasming, convulsing womb. It was so intense, she knew that it was going to fry her brain and leave her a helpless, babbling idiot. But she didn't care now...

Susan could feel every single twitch of Austin's cock as it poured out its clinging warmth into her. She could almost picture his sperm with their little, barbed heads and lashing tails spreading out inside her, searching for her, trying to find her vulnerability and penetrate it to join with her and bring forth life.

Finally it was over as they lay gasping for breath looking deep into each other's eyes.

“I love you, Mother...” Austin murmured, leaning down and softly kissing her tear-stained lips...

The End

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Sara

Sara pulled her tight hiking shorts up her long legs. Maybe she'd put on a pound or two since she last wore them, but at least she could still get into them, she thought. Walking across the room, she found they were a little tight in the crotch and she could feel them rubbing up against her clit. Damn, I'll be a sex-crazed fiend by night if I walk around in these all day, she told herself. Oh, well, so be it...

She was meeting her son, Robbie up at their cabin for a day of hiking. She had already prepared a big pot of his favorite spaghetti sauce for afterwards. She had packed a couple of bottles of wine and a baguette of French bread to go with the meal.

Driving up to the cabin gave her plenty of time to think. Think about her and her son. And her sick fantasies about him...

She was now forty-two years old. She'd had Robbie back when she was nineteen years old. She'd been married to her ex-husband, Fred for some eighteen years. But they had finally come to the conclusion that they were no longer compatible and they had gotten an amicable divorce. Now she lived alone in Bueller, and Robbie lived in Ferriston, a small town about 100 miles away. Although he wasn't married, she knew that he dated. She had, had a few dates since the divorce herself, but nothing serious. She had a strange sense that she was saving herself for something. She hadn't been able to put her finger on just what until one day it dawned on her. It was Robbie. She

was saving herself for her son. But the even stranger part of the whole thing was the fact she knew that she could never give in to her sick, twisted cravings for him. It was just something she would have to live with. She could never even share those obscene thoughts with anyone else. It would be her deep, dark secret and she would carry it with her to her grave.

It was too bad that things were the way they were, she thought as she drove along. A mother's love for her son was the strongest love there was in the whole wide world. The fact that this love could only be shared on a platonic level was just wrong, so fucking wrong, she angrily thought. But she knew that if it weren't that way, marriage would probably become a thing of the past and the world would be ruled by a race of mutant freaks, the end result of all the incestuous coupling that would be going on. If only it weren't so, she daydreamed.

Finally, she found herself at the cabin. Her heart leapt up into her throat as she saw Robbie's car sitting in front of the cabin. He was already here, she told herself. She had a strange sense that something catastrophic was going to happen. It was as if they were two comets hurtling toward each other at disastrous speeds and if they ever collided, there would such a horrendous explosion there would be nothing left but desolation and despair.

She had to tell someone how she felt about him or explode. It was too much to ask of her to keep it bottled up inside her, but she couldn't tell anyone. Especially to the man waiting inside the cabin for her. Grabbing up the bread and the two bottles of wine, she stepped out of the car.

"Hi, Mom, need any help?" she heard Robbie ask from the cabin door.

"Sure," she said, turning and looking at him. "You can carry the spaghetti inside."

Her heart was doing flip-flops as she watched him walking toward her. He had grown into such a handsome young man. Why hadn't some girl latched her claws into him? Tall, good-looking, muscular, college educated, with a good job; he had all the attributes a woman would find appealing, yet he remained single. Why, she asked herself. Maybe he was saving himself, too. Saving himself for just the right woman to come into his life. Would that I weren't his mother, she sickly thought. He wouldn't stand a chance. I would be that woman...

Robbie reached inside the car and picked up the big pot of spaghetti.

"Wow, Mom. You think you made enough?" he laughed as they started toward the cabin.

"Well, after a long hike, we'll need a big meal," she grinned back at him.

Setting everything on the counter, she turned to him.

"Are you ready to do some hiking?" she asked.

"Let's go," he grinned. "But first, I need a big hug."

"Me, too," she said, throwing her arms open.

He stepped up and swept her into his muscular arms, curling them around her. Hugging her tightly, he pressed himself against her. As he did, she could feel the bulge of his penis rub against her thigh. It wasn't hard, she thankfully thought, but her fevered mind wouldn't leave it as suddenly a picture of a big, hard, stiff penis filled her head. Oh, God! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! She screamed to herself, fighting to keep from tearing herself away from him, dashing for her car and leaving. But it wasn't him she was afraid of. She was terrified of her own self. Afraid that her dark side would take over and push them over the brink into something that they would never be able to extricate themselves from.

Finally, she felt him loosen his hold on her. Quickly stepping back, she gasped for breath as her heart was pounding so hard, she knew he must be able to hear it. But she could barely hear it herself over the roar of excitement that filled her head.

"Something wrong, Mom?" Robbie asked, with an amused look on his face.

Nervously running her hands down over her blouse and shorts, she looked into his eyes, trying to calm the runaway emotions she was feeling.

"Nothing...nothing, why?" she muttered.

"You're breathing so hard...and your face...your face is red as a beet...are you sure you're feeling okay?" he asked her, still holding onto her at arm's length.

"I'm fine...I'm fine...uh, don't know what got into me..." she was finally able to choke out.

"Are you sure you want to go for a hike? You look a little flustered. Maybe you're coming down with something," he told her.

"No! No! Really, I feel fine," she told him, hoping her knees wouldn't buckle when he let go of her.

"Well, okay, if you say so," he grinned, releasing her arms and dropping his hands down to his sides.

"I'm going to the little girl's room, then we can leave," she told him, turning and trying to make her legs work, hoping that they wouldn't collapse on the way to the john.

She was finally able to get them working and hurried into the bathroom.

Closing the door behind her, she leaned back against it, fanning her face with her hand and trying to regain some of her self-composure.

God, woman, what in the hell is wrong with you, she asked herself? A simple little hug and you almost lost it. Thank God he hadn't done anything else or you might have come unwound.

After a while, she had calmed down to the point she felt she was somewhat back in control. Unbuttoning her shorts, she pushed them down her legs and squatted down on the toilet. Suddenly the sound of pee striking the water filled the room. But even as she peed, she ran her hand down to her clit and gave it a couple of quick flicks. It was already so sensitive from the shorts rubbing it all morning and the excitement of their embrace, she was afraid to touch it any more than that. Afraid that she would have an orgasm right there in the bathroom.

Finished peeing, she stood up and wiped herself with a tiny piece of toilet paper and dropped it down into the yellow water. Even the touch of the tissue on herself somehow felt sensual. God, what is wrong with me? I'm so charged up, I'll probably have an orgasm while we're hiking. Should have worn some bigger shorts, she told herself.

Pulling the tight shorts back up, she buttoned them. Leaning down, she flushed the toilet and stepped over to the door. Taking several long, deep breaths, she finally opened the door and stepped back out into the living room. As she did, she saw that Robbie was piling a stack of wood in the fireplace.

"For tonight," he grinned at her, standing up and rubbing his hands together. "You ready to go?"

"Let's do it!"

She was so tightly wound, everything had taken on a surrealistic character. She could almost feel his eyes on her, caressing her, fondling her butt as she walked. It was almost as if he was actually touching her in such a personal, intimate way. Or was it just her? Her overactive imagination was running wild, thinking up things that weren't actually happening. Who could tell, she told herself! Although she hadn't had a single drink, she felt tipsy from the emotions coursing through her inflamed brain.

Grabbing up her staff, she stepped out into the bright sunlight. Maybe the hike would clear her head and bring her back to reality, she told herself, quickly striding off up the trail.

"Hey, Mom," she heard Robbie call out from behind her. "Where's the fire?"

"What? Oh, I'm sorry..." she said over her shoulder, slowing down to a walk.

"Are you sure you're okay, Mom?" Robbie asked her when he caught up to her. "You looked like you were running from something."

"Well, I...I'm fine," she told him, almost telling him that she was indeed running away from something.

She was running from Him! She was running away from him! She was afraid of what she might do to him! She felt like she was losing control of her own mind and was terrified of what it might make her do.

"Boy, this is a great view," she heard Robbie say from behind her.

"Yes, it is a pretty one," she said, looking around at the trees and the mountains in the distance.

"No, not that one! The one I have from back here," he laughed.

"What? What do you mean?" she asked.

"You! You and your delightful derriere," he told her, laughing again.

"Robbie...you ought to be ashamed of yourself...talking to your mother like that!" she admonished him, stopping and turning to face him, her face flaming into a bright red.

"I can't help it if you have a beautiful backside," he frowned. "I'm a guy, too, Mom! Not just your son..."

"You...you take the lead," she told him. "I don't want to distract you and make you fall or something..."

"Whatever," Robbie muttered, stepping around her. "But you still have a pretty tush..."

The revelation that he was watching her ass had an unsettling effect on her. Now not only was she having lewd, sick thoughts about him, he had been looking at her in a very, un-son like manner. Looking at her as a woman, and not his mother. Apparently, he could see the feminine side of her, too. It was all so confusing. How could she think of her own son like that?

But now that he was walking in front of her, she found herself watching the muscles in his beautiful, full calves working as they pushed him along the trail. Then her eyes found his tight ass clenching and relaxing under his shorts. What would it look like without its covering of cloth, she dizzily wondered? And what would his penis look like, she found herself sickly wondering as the image of the fully erect penis sprang back into her fevered mind. How big was it? How long was it? How big around was it? Was it big or little or huge? Oh, stop it, she finally had to tell herself.

Stop it! Stop it or you'll drive yourself crazy, she frantically thought as the picture of the penis finally began to fade from her mind. They walked along for another hour with very little conversation between them before they reached a fork in the trail.

"About time to turn back, don't you think?" Robbie finally asked, stopping at the fork.

"I suppose...it should put us back at the cabin at just about time for supper..." she said, turning and starting back down the trail.

She had been walking along, leading the way for about a hundred yards before she even realized she was walking in front of him again. And she knew that he was watching her ass. To hell with it, she fumed to herself. Let him get an eye full. It would be as close as he would ever get to it. In fact, just to tease him, she began to swish it back and forth with even more enthusiasm.

They made it back to the cabin just as the sun was dipping below the horizon. Dusk began to fall as the shadows lengthened and darkened. Stepping into the cabin, the strained silence between them grew even deeper. Hurrying over to the counter, Sara picked up the pot of spaghetti and put it on the stove. Flicking the burner on, she adjusted it and turned to watch Robbie as he set about starting a fire.

"I'm going to change into something a little more comfortable," she told him as she started for her bedroom.

"Me, too, soon as I get this going," he said, continuing to work on the fire.

Stepping inside her bedroom, she closed the door and quickly unbuttoned her shorts. Stripping them down her long legs, she tossed them on the bed. Looking down at herself, she saw that the crotch of her panties was dripping wet. And I forgot to bring another pair, she told herself, slowly pushing them down her legs. Oh, well, it felt good not having anything touching her sensitive clit anyway, she thought as she tossed them down beside her shorts. Opening her little overnighter, she pulled out her nightgown. Lying it down on the bed, she heard the door to Robbie's bedroom close. Unbuttoning her blouse, she peeled it off and laid it on the bed. Her smallish breasts were straining at the little sports bra that held them imprisoned. Quickly stripping it off, she added it to the jumble of clothes lying on her bed. Standing by the bed naked, she looked down at her breasts and reached up to them. Cupping them in her hands, she saw that they were a perfect hand full as her fingers and thumbs closed down around their hard, swollen nipples jutting out from their darkened tips. Why were her nipples so hard, she wondered as she slowly twisted them, tweaking them and making them even harder as a trickle of excitement sparked down to her pussy.

After several long moments, she slowly dropped her hands away from her quivering breasts and reached for her gown. Slipping it over her head, she let it slither down her body, covering her nakedness with its filmy softness. Running her fingers over the row of little silk-covered buttons running down the bodice, she continued on down smoothing the gown with her hands. The silky material was just thick enough to hide the details under it, but flowed over the curves of her body, highlighting and emphasizing them like a river of gold. The soft gold of the gown was the perfect color to set off the shimmering darkness of her brown hair, she thought.

Finally, she leaned over and swept up her clothes and stuffed them down into the overnighter. Flipping it closed, she sat it on the floor beside her bed. Standing back up, she gave her hair a couple of fluffs, and stepped over to the door in her bare feet. Opening it, she stepped out into the living room. She saw that Robbie had succeeded in getting the fire going as it happily snapped and cracked, filling the room with its comforting warmth.

The spaghetti was merrily bubbling away on the stove as she set the baguette on the cutting board and sliced it up. Heating up another pot of water, she waited until it started boiling and then dropped the pasta into it. Uncorking one of the bottles of wine, she tipped it up and poured herself a glass and then poured another one for Robbie. Turning the burner down under the spaghetti, she stepped over to the couch in front of the fire and sat down, curling her long legs under her.

"You look comfy cozy," she heard Robbie say as he finally came walking out of his bedroom.

"There's a glass of wine on the counter for you," she told him, watching him walk across the room.

He was wearing a pair of pajamas and his old house slippers. She couldn't help but let her eyes drop down to his crotch as he walked. She didn't know if it was her imagination, or could she actually see the bobble of his dick as it brushed up against the material of his pajamas. Watching it, she suddenly felt a warm glow spread out from her pussy. Get a hold of yourself, woman, she warned herself. Stop looking at him like that. He's your son.

She was finally able to lift her eyes up away from his crotch as he came strolling toward her.

"Supper is ready whenever you want to eat," she told him as he slid onto the couch.

"Anytime you're ready," he grinned, taking a sip on his wine. "Good wine..."

"Yes, it is," she smiled back at him. "Well, I'll get supper ready then..."

Pushing up to her feet, she padded back over to the counter. Grabbing up a couple of pasta bowls, she quickly filled them with pasta and the spaghetti sauce. Turning off the burners, she placed a couple of pieces of bread and a fork on top of the spaghetti and stepped back over to the couch.

"Here," she told him, handing him a bowl.

As he took his bowl from her, she set hers down on the coffee table and padded back over to the counter. She could almost feel his eyes on her ass as she grabbed up the bottle of wine and started back toward the couch. She could feel her swollen, sensitive nipples brushing against the material of her gown sending more tickles of excitement down to her already aroused pussy. It seemed that everything she did had a surrealistic component to it. Like everything had a sensual, erotic aura about it.

"Good spaghetti," Robbie mumbled as he sat scarfing it down.

"Glad you like it," she grinned, topping off his wine and then refilling her own. "It's your favorite recipe. The one I make for you on your birthday every year!"

"Yep," he muttered. "And only you can make it the right way," he grinned.

The only sounds were that of their silverware clinking on the bowls and the snapping crackle of the fire as they quickly finished their meal.

When they were through, Sara swept up the bowls and hurried over to the sink. Setting the dishes in the sink, she wiped her hands on a towel and then made her way back over to the couch. They sat in the warm glow of the fire watching the flames dance and devour the logs for the longest time. Then, Robbie put more logs on the fire and they sat talking, catching up on their lives until, before they knew it, it was nine o'clock.

"Well, it's been a long day," Sara said, tipping up her glass and finishing her wine. "I think I'll hit the sack."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Robbie said to her, emptying his glass, too.

As she stood up, Robbie stepped over to her and gave her a soft, intimate hug and a little peck on the cheek. Even though it was such a simple gesture, it set off bells and whistles down inside her pussy once again. She felt like a blithering idiot for being so sensitive to everything he did. But, after all she was a woman, too. A woman who had, had too little loving for too long a period.

As he let go of her, she wanted to take him in her arms and give him a long, passionate kiss on the lips to show him how she really felt toward him. Then she would throw him on the couch and rape him... But she couldn't! She knew what that would lead to, and she was too afraid of what would happen.

Stepping back, she breathlessly watched Robbie turn and head for his bedroom. She couldn't move as her eyes dropped down to the swell of his hard, muscled ass thrusting out against his pajamas.

"Night-night!" Robbie said, opening his door and stepping into his room.

Sara stood by the fire for several long moments, trying to quiet the pounding of her heart. Her palms were sweaty and her poor, little pussy was pumping out juices like crazy. So much that her inner thighs were already covered with its sticky warmth.

Finally, she somehow got her legs to work and she reeled into her bedroom. Peeling back her covers, she eased down under them. She lay looking up at the timbered ceiling for the longest time, her mind filled with a chaotic swirl of emotions. Finally, she flipped the light off. Trying to find sleep, she couldn't stop her racing mind. And she always found herself ending up thinking about Robbie, no matter how many times she tried to change the subject.

It would be so simple, she told herself. All she had to do was get up and go to him and end it all. End the frustrating years of want. End the innocence between them. Make him her lover. Make him hers. But she couldn't! She was too afraid. How could she do it and ruin what they had between them. Destroy the closeness that she had nurtured for twenty-three long years. End all that in one moment of folly. Her heart was aching, but her body was aching more. Aching for the touch of his hand on her breast. Longing for the feel of his manhood filling her emptiness. Suddenly, tears began to flow from her eyes as she wept in the loneliness of her room. Her heart was breaking, yet there was nothing she could do about it! Except go to him and tell him how she felt! But she could never let herself do that... she had to live alone with her deep, dark secret...

Just then, she heard a muffled sound come from next door. Robbie had opened his door and quietly closed it. What was he doing? Was he thinking about her, too? Was he waiting for her to come to him? Hardly able to breathe, she lay waiting. Waiting for what, she asked herself? Waiting for another sound to tell her what he was doing. But she heard nothing. Finally, the suspense was too much. Throwing back the covers, she slipped out of bed and crept over to the door. Putting her ear up to it, she listened. Listened for any clue to what Robbie was doing. She heard nothing.

At last, unable to stand it any longer, she slowly opened the door and peered out into the darkened living room. There he was! Sitting on the couch sipping on a glass of wine. Her heart swelled up inside her chest, threatening to explode at any moment. She had never felt such love for him as she was feeling at this moment. She wanted to rush out and fling herself at him, but she couldn't. Fear overrode the fiery need she felt.

But what would be wrong with joining him for a glass of wine? Maybe if she drank enough wine, she could quiet the screaming need down between her legs long enough to get to sleep.

Taking a deep breath, she stepped out into the living room and silently stole over to the counter.

"Mom!" she heard Robbie say as she tipped up the bottle to fill her glass.

"Couldn't sleep," she said, slowly pouring wine into her glass.

"I couldn't either," he answered back. "I was thinking about you!"

"Oh?" she mumbled, another thrill tickling down her spine down to her pussy.

"Yes," he told her as she slowly padded over to the couch. "I was thinking how lucky I am to have you for my mother!"

“That was such a nice thing to say,” she smiled at him, easing down onto the couch beside him.

There was plenty of room on the couch, but they sat within inches of each other, their hips almost brushing. Watching the fire play over the logs, they sat savoring the quiet intimacy of the moment for several long, quiet moments.

Robbie finally tipped up his glass and finished his wine. Then he leaned forward and set the glass on the coffee table. Sara had never felt so close to him as she felt at this moment. As Robbie leaned back against the couch, Sara felt the soft touch of his arm as he slowly curled it around behind her neck.

Oh, God, he was putting his arm around her, she fearfully thought. What was he doing? Why was he ruining the quiet intimacy of the moment, she frantically thought? But she did nothing to stop him as he gently pulled her against him. She could barely breathe as she breathlessly waited to see what he was up to.

Then she felt a soft touch on her cheek as he lovingly ran the backs of his fingers down it. It was the soft, subtle touch of a lover caressing his lover’s cheek. She was about to swoon, she told herself as she felt the soft touch grow more insistent, pressing against her, forcing her to turn her head toward him. As her head turned, she suddenly found herself staring straight into his hot, brown eyes. Then, he slowly leaned toward her and their lips touched. Sparks filled the air around them as her eyes fluttered closed, shutting out the fiery explosion of passion that swirled around them. Oh, God! Was this it, she frantically wondered? Was this what she had feared for so long, yet had wanted in the worst way at the same time? Fight it! Stop him! You can’t let it happen, she frantically told herself.

They had been like two celestial bodies orbiting each other. Slowly, but inexorably they had been drawn together by their love for each other. But even as they had drawn nearer and nearer, she knew that now that they had finally touched, the result would be disastrous. But even knowing this, there was nothing she could do to fight the irresistible attraction that drew them together...or avoid the inevitable cataclysm that was bound to happen.

His kiss became more insistent as her empty wineglass dropped from her numb fingers into her lap. How could she fight it, she deliriously asked herself? She was using all her strength just to breathe. Her heart was pounding so hard, she knew that it was going to burst out of her chest at any second.

Stop! Stop! Stop it! She screamed to herself. We can’t! We mustn’t do this! It is so, so wrong. But even though her fevered mind was railing against the wrongness of it, her body was quietly submitting to it as she felt her pussy begin to leak once again. Leaking out its juices, it was readying itself for the inevitable penetration. The defilement she knew that would ultimately come. But still, a part of her fought against it. A sliver of her conscience still had enough strength to resist against the rest of her mind and body. Then, she felt the tip of his tongue brush against her lips as he sought to enter her in another way. At the same moment, she felt his fingers brush up against the bodice of her gown as he deliberately began unbuttoning it.

God! Do something, she screamed at herself. Don’t just sit here like a bump on a log. Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!

But she sat, paralyzed by the fiery passion of the moment. She couldn’t move. Her whole body was frozen into inaction except her lips, which slowly parted to let his tongue enter her mouth. She felt his sinuous, twisting tongue slither inside her mouth. Touching, probing, searching, his tongue sought out hers. A burst of fiery excitement filled her mouth as his tongue softly touched hers. She was going to faint from all the naked emotions pouring through her head, she told herself as she ever so gently responded to the touch of his tongue. Another jolt of pure excitement rushed down to her pussy as she slowly ran her tongue over his.

Thank God, she frantically thought when she felt his fingers lift away for a moment. But a second later they were back as he slowly eased his hand down inside the opening of her gown. Her nipples were so swollen and sensitive, she knew that they would explode the moment he touched them.

His fingers stole across the soft smoothness of her quivering breast as she breathlessly waited for them to find her jutting, swollen nipple. She felt him cup her smallish breast in the palm of his hand and gently squeeze it. She was afraid that the delicate skin of her breast would be blistered by the scorching touch of his hand as he lovingly fondled her quivering breast.

She sat in a confused daze, her emotions running rampant as his fingers finally found her nipple. She was incapable of cogent thought now as all of her energies were focused on the tactile swell of feelings welling up from her body. The soft, loving touch of his hand and fingers on her breast, the touch of their lips pressed against each other, the exploring, probing touch of his tongue on hers. She felt like she was going to melt down into a liquid puddle of flesh, leaving nothing but a sticky stain on the couch.

At last, Robbie broke their kiss and slowly eased his hand out of her gown.

“Robbie...Robbie, we can’t do this,” she breathlessly whimpered as she watched him slowly get to his feet.

“Please...please, Mother! I want you so bad...” he pleaded, reaching down for her hands and deliberately pulling her to her feet.

“Robbie...Robbie, we can’t...” she babbled as she felt herself being led across the room toward his bedroom.

As before, her brain fought against what was happening, but her body willingly let itself be led to the sacrificial slaughter. It was going to happen, she frantically told herself. He was going to take her. Take her in the most forbidden of ways.

"Robbie...please..." she whined out as they stepped into his bedroom.

"I love you so much, Mother," Robbie groaned, leading her over to the bed. "I want you so much! I always have —"

Sara was still torn between submission and resistance as Robbie let go of her hand. She just stood looking at him, her lifeless arms dangling down at her sides as she watched on in dazed shock.

"Baby..." she murmured as she watched him reach up to her shoulders.

She could feel the gentle touch of his fingers on her skin as he delicately brushed her gown down off her shoulders. Then, suddenly, all at once, she felt her gown go rustling down her body.

"So beautiful," Robbie groaned, looking up and down her body as she stood before him naked, her body bathed in the soft glow of the nightlight.

"Robbie...we mustn't do this..." she halfheartedly mumbled, feeling a touch of self-consciousness.

Then his hands were on her shoulders as he gently pushed her backwards toward the bed. She stumbled back until she felt her legs brush against the bed. The insistent pressure of his hands forced her down onto her back. Lying half on and half off the bed, she watched him reach down and wrap his arms around her quivering thighs. Lifting them, he gently pushed her back onto the bed until she was fully on the bed.

She looked on in fevered anticipation as he stood back up beside the bed. Looking down at her, he quickly unbuttoned his pajama top and peeled it back over his muscular shoulders. Run. Leave. Now's your chance, her conscience urged. She couldn't move. Then Robbie's pajama tops went fluttering to the floor. Then, he slowly reached down and hooked his thumbs under the waistband of his pajama bottoms. Even in the faint light, she could see the bulge of his manhood thrusting itself out against his pajamas. Then, he began to slowly push his pajamas down over the swell of his hips. As he did, his pajamas snagged on the stiff rigidity of his penis for a second then went skittering down off it, revealing the evil, twitching monster jutting up from his groin.

"Oh, God..." she gasped, staring down at his fully hardened penis.

It was big...even bigger than she had imagined it would be. It had to be at least seven inches long, maybe eight, she feverishly thought. Even bigger than his father's penis. Shaken, she waited. Waited for him to mount her and take her like the shameless slut she was.

But he didn't. Leaning down over the bed, he gently pushed her legs apart to bare the aching emptiness between them. Then, watching on with fevered excitement, she saw him bend down over her, slowly lowering his mouth down to the inflamed flesh between her outstretched legs.

She almost screamed as she felt his hot lips close down around her throbbing clit.

"No! No! No!" she muttered as her legs parted even wider opening herself, offering herself up to him.

Lifting her legs up, she draped them down his back, digging in her heels down to push off him as she thrust herself up off the bed. Grinding her pussy against his chin, she could feel his insistent tongue fluttering, slashing back and forth and around her inflamed clit.

The passion, the excitement was too much and she felt herself already racing toward an orgasm. She was giving up her last vestiges of resistance as she let herself be overwhelmed by the pleasure welling up from her throbbing clit. His lips and tongue were bringing her such pleasure. The same lips that had once suckled her breasts so long ago and were now touching her so much more intimately.

Suddenly, she felt it. The rush of adrenaline, the gush of pleasure, the thrill of total and complete gratification filled her. She felt like she was going to implode, collapse down into herself, unable to stop the fiery plunge to the lowest depths of depravity. Now there was only one last remnant of her self-dignity left, but she knew that too would soon be gone as he slowly lifted his mouth up off her clitoris. She was afraid, waiting for him to cross that last, fatal barrier. There was nothing left to stop him now. Then, she watched on with teary eyes as he slowly crawled up onto the bed. Trembling, she waited as he inched his way up between her widespread legs with his cock jutting out below him. It looked so hard, so evil as it gently bobbed up and down in eager anticipation.

"No...Please..." she murmured out with one last feeble attempt to retain the last dredges of her dignity.

But even as she did, she spread her legs wider, opening herself to him.

Then he stopped. She watched him lean down over her quivering breasts. Her nipples, pointing up from the darkened tips of her flattened breasts were so hard, she felt like they were going to burst. Then his lips touched one of them and a jolt of electricity sparked down to her drooling pussy. His lips slowly closed around the swollen nub, gently, lovingly sucking the hard, flesh. As he gently sucked on it, she felt his hand wrap itself around her other breast. Tenderly suckling her, it seemed as if he were trying to bring forth milk from its barren emptiness once again as he had done so long ago. While, at the same time, his hand squeezed, rubbed, fondled, and caressed her other

jiggling breast. The sheer eroticism of being suckled by her son once again was so intense, she felt lightheaded. He was her baby once more. Her sweet, baby boy, she giddily thought as she curled her arm around behind his head and gently pulled him against her breast. She had never felt so close to the boy/man tenderly suckling her breast. She couldn't explain her feelings, but she didn't want him to ever stop. Yet, at the same time she wanted to feel his hot, throbbing hardness inside her. Feel it filling her with his manliness. Spreading her open and filling the empty void between her legs with his virile manhood.

Robbie seemed to sense her need as he slowly lifted his mouth away from her tingling nipple.

"Mother..." he groaned, standing over her on his hands and knees as his big, hard penis bobbed up and down above the weeping gash between her legs.

Slowly, he lowered his hips, dropping his cock down toward the silken treasure that awaited him down between her widespread legs. Clutching at it, she gently guided it down to the oozing opening of her sex. Fearful, anticipating her defilement, she felt the rounded tip of his peter touch her. This was it, she frantically thought. The moment of finality from which there was no turning back. Once he was inside her, there would be nothing she could do to stop the inevitable.

Then she felt it! The tip of his cock was sliding down into her. Another spasm of angst filled her head, battling the spasms of excitement sparking through it. How could she let this man do this to her? This man who was her son! But the battle was over and she had lost, she sickly thought as the head of his penis slithered deeper and deeper down inside the clutching warmth of her pussy. Or had she won? Excitement was blurring her thoughts, confusing her. Her feelings were all jumbled up inside her and she was afraid to let them go.

No! No! No, this can't be really happening, she feverishly thought, spreading herself even wider open for him. Then, at last, she felt his belly gently nudge up against hers as he had himself totally immersed down inside her.

Then as he held him thrust down inside the warm, clutching moistness of her pussy, he leaned down and lovingly brushed his lips over hers. It was the softest, the most sensual kiss ever as his lips opened and he slowly ran the tip of his tongue over her lips.

"Mother...I love you so much," he murmured into her mouth.

Still kissing her with infinite patience and passion, he held himself buried down inside her.

"Robbie..." she gasped out, crushing her lips against his and kicking her legs up into the air.

Wrapping her thighs around his waist, she curled her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her. Like a venomous spider drawing its prey to it, she thrust herself against him and held him imprisoned inside her arms, legs, and gluttonous cunt. Their fiery kiss went on and on as she gently, lovingly clutched at his embedded penis with her greedy pussy. Where was the guilt...the shame...the remorse, she frantically asked herself? There were none of those. She wasn't feeling any of them. All she was feeling was joy...happiness...elation.

Finally, hours later, it seemed, Robbie leaned away from her and broke their kiss. Then she felt him back his big, hard cock back down the juice-filled channel of her pussy. The defilement had begun, she told herself, willing him to fuck her.

Looking down into her brown eyes with his own love-filled eyes, he began to slowly work his hips back and forth. Sliding his big dick in and out of her juice-slickened cunt, he began to fuck her with, deep powerful strokes. But no, she realized, he wasn't fucking her! He was making love to her!

Burying himself balls deep on every deep plunging stroke, he was filling the empty void between her legs to the limit every time. And she was taking him freely and willingly...It was even more exhilarating than she had imagined it could be, it would be. Making love to the one person on earth that you loved above all others...what could be more special than that?

Her legs still wrapped around his waist, she dropped her heels down onto his slowly rocking ass. Nudging it softly, she urged him to fuck her faster as she stared up at his contorted face with lust-filled eyes. His hips began to rock faster, his cock entering her with more force on every thrusting lunge as she pushed back up against him, taking him fully every time. She could feel his sweaty chest rubbing back and forth across her sweat-covered breasts. She could even feel the curly hairs on his chest tickling against her super-sensitive nipples, sending even more excitement sparking down into her hungry pussy.

Running her hands over his sweaty back, she coaxed him on. She had thought it would all end in a fiery explosion of passion the moment their bodies became one, but he more stamina than she could ever imagine as he continued to fuck her with deep, bone jarring thrusts. She could feel herself once again slipping toward the precipice.

She wanted him to come inside her, but as the moment approached, she felt fear welling up inside of her again. It was so dangerous to let him fill her with his seed. What if she got pregnant? She had no protection against such a scary conclusion. She had stopped taking birth control when she had gotten her divorce. But even the thought of having his child was strangely exciting...and horrifying at the same time.

“Mother...Mother...Mother!” Robbie suddenly groaned out as he lunged forward and drove his cock down into her as deep as he could.

Panic and excitement filled her fevered brain. This is it! This is it, she screamed to herself as she felt his peter swell up and jerk deep inside her belly. Just as she felt the fiery gush of his sperm-laden semen spew out into her cunt, she tripped off onto her own orgasmic cataclysmic orgasm. He was coming inside her, she frantically thought as her sex convulsed around the jerking, spewing, spurting peter embedded down inside her tummy. Even as she came, she could still feel every convulsive lurch of his cock as it emptied its virulence into her! He was coming inside her. Her sweet, baby boy was coming inside her. Filling her with his thick, hot, sperm-filled potency!

Her whole body was trembling as she clung to him. Thrusting herself against him, she consumed his precious gift with her gluttonous cunt. Taking his seed, she frantically clutched at his cock, milking out more and more of the liquid treasure. Even though it could spell disaster for them, she had to have it! Have it all! Have every last sperm from his testicles. She had to own them all. Possess them and make them hers to do with as she saw fit. The demented perversion of having her womanhood filled with her own son’s seed was filling her head with demented excitement. She had dreamed of this moment over and over again, never imagining that it would ever happen. But now it was and she was wallowing in the demented pleasure welling up from her overflowing cunt.

She wished it could go on forever...

At last Robbie’s cock stopped firing off down inside her as he lay atop her gasping for air.

“Baby...Baby...Baby,” she panted, pulling him down to her and giving him a long, deep kiss on the lips.

Slowly lowering her legs back down to the bed, she could feel his cock softening, withering inside her and beginning a slow retreat back down the cum-filled channel of her pussy.

“Mother...” he groaned out, backing away and pulling out.

As his penis slithered out of her, a gush of thick, creamy cum spilled out of her and gushed down onto the bed.

They didn’t say another word. Robbie just crawled up beside her and snuggled up against her. Wrapping his arm around her, he pulled her to him, then reached down and pulled the covers up over them. Intimately pressed against one another, they basked in the warm, happy afterglow of their lovemaking...

What have I done, Sara tiredly asked herself? What kind of mother could have ever let this happen? Only a sick, perverted slut, she told herself. She had taken the sweet innocence that they had shared and torn it asunder. And she had replaced it with a sick, twisted perversion of love. Replaced the sweet, loving bond they had shared with a twisted need to satisfy their sick cravings by the sharing of their bodies. This was something that should never have happened between a mother and son.

Sex was a thing to be shared between a man and a woman. And when it was, it became a wonderful sharing of pleasures. Sex wasn’t a thing to be shared between a mother and a son. When it was, it became an evil twisted perversion. But...no matter how sick...twisted...evil...wrong it had been...it had been the most wonderful, exciting, ecstatic moments of her life! And she wouldn’t give them up for life itself...

Robbie lay with his arm draped across her chest, just below her flattened breasts and a muscular leg draped across her thighs. As he did, he had his penis pressed against her hip. And she could feel it already hardening once again. How could that be, she deliriously wondered? It hadn’t been more than fifteen minutes. But then she thought back to her youth and the virility of some of the teenage boys she had dated. It hadn’t been uncommon for a boy to get hard in that short period of time. Her husband, Fred, on the other hand, was a once a night kind of a guy! Well, his son wasn’t, she giddily thought as Robbie’s penis grew harder and harder until it was fully hardened as it rested against her thigh.

“Mom...Mom, again?” he whispered into her ear, clutching at her breast with his hand as he rubbed his penis against her hip.

“Yes...yes...” she murmured, running her hand down to his hard, jutting penis.

It had been so long since she had been with a young man. Such a virile, vibrant, young man.

Rolling over on top of her, he straddled her waiting for her to spread her legs for him. But she didn’t. She gently, but forcefully tugged on his jutting cock, pulling it up her body, toward her open mouth. She wanted to feel his hard impatience in her mouth. She wanted to taste him, bring him pleasure with her mouth, too. In the dim light, she watched his bobbing dick move closer and closer to her lips as he shuffled up the bed.

What must be going through his head, she deliriously wondered? His mother was just about to give him a blow-job. About to suck on his penis and suck out another load of thick, creamy cum from his big balls. Then she felt the swollen head of his peter brush up against her lips. Opening her mouth wider, she let him ease his big dick down into her mouth. As she closed her lips down around the shaft of his cock, she felt it twitch with eager excitement.

“Mother...God, Mother...” he groaned out as she began to gently suck on it and tease its barbed head with the tip of her tongue.

She knew how much men loved oral sex, and she was only too eager to show him how much she wanted to please him in this way. Spreading his legs wider apart, he dipped his cock even deeper into her hot, sucking mouth. Sucking harder, she slowly worked her lips up and down the thick shaft of his prick as he stared down at her in stunned silence. Curling her hands around the cheeks of his ass, she guided him, controlling the depth and pace of his thrusts as he began to slowly work his cock in and out between her pursed lips.

She could feel the bloated head of his cock nudging up against the back of her mouth, but she didn't take him into her throat just yet. She would, eventually, but she wanted it to be at just the precise moment he came to give him the fullest rush of pleasure possible. She would let him shoot a load of cum straight into her throat for a moment, then she would back it out and suck his cock dry, swallowing the liquid treasure as he gave it to her. Her lips tightly compressed around his cock, she rocked her head back and forth as she felt his fingers dig down into her hair. Jerking her back and forth on his penis, Robbie's thrusts were growing more forceful and uncontrollable.

"Mother...Mother...Mother!" he suddenly groaned out lunging forward at her.

It was the moment, she frantically thought! She shoved her head forward, and with a soft gurgling gag, she took him into her throat. As she did, she felt his peter jerk as a giant gush of syrupy cum spewed out straight into her throat. Then, she pushed him back and let the spurting head of his penis slither back inside her mouth where she hungrily attacked it with her mouth and lips. His creamy treasure was pouring out into her mouth in thick, gooey gushes as she hungrily swallowed it down. It had a hot, almondy, banana taste. But she would have loved it no matter what it tasted like, she giddily thought.

"Oh...God...Mother..." Robbie finally mumbled as she felt his penis begin to soften and shrink inside her mouth.

As it did, she pressed forward, slowly sucking his wilting peter into her mouth until she had the whole thing inside her mouth. Sucking and running her tongue over it, she felt it continue to wilt, growing smaller and smaller...



Sara woke to the smell of bacon in the air. Robbie must be fixing breakfast, she groggily thought. How sweet of him.

Then a sickening rush of panic washed over her as the events of the previous night rushed back into her brain like air rushing back into a vacuum. Finally, after all the long years of wanting to do it, fantasizing about it, she had let him do it to her. What would happen now, she fearfully wondered? What would it be like between them? How would he act toward her? Was she still the mother? The adult? Or would he take control and make her his? It was all so crazy and mixed up now! While they were still mother and son, now they were man and woman and shared a new and intimate dependence on each other. Her feelings toward him were all jumbled up. She knew that she should feel guilty for what they had done. But somehow, she couldn't bring herself to feel that guilt. In fact, she felt no remorse whatsoever. There was a strange feeling of peace and happiness. It was like some oppressive weight had been lifted off her shoulders and she had been set free. Now she and her new lover were starting out together on a new and fascinating journey. She didn't know where the journey would lead them, but she was determined to find out...

As she grappled with her thoughts, the door slowly opened. When she looked over at it, she saw Robbie standing in the doorway, looking at her.

"You're finally awake," he said, grinning at her and stepping across the room.

"Yes, I'm awake," she murmured, her eyes dropping down to his big, dangling penis as it flopped about heavily. "Where have you been?"

"In the kitchen, fixing your breakfast," he told her, leaning down and giving her a soft, lingering kiss on the lips. "I was beginning to wonder if you were going to sleep all day."

"Last night," she said, reaching for his dangling cock. "Last night was a very emotional and physical experience...very tiring!"

"It was wonderful," he told her, sitting down on the edge of the bed and gently peeling the covers back off her breasts. "It was what I had dreamed of for so many years..."

"Really? You wanted me? I never thought..." she mumbled as he lovingly ran his fingertips over her flattened breasts. "I never knew..."

"More than anything in the whole wide world," he whispered, tickling her hardening nipple with the tip of his fingers. "How could I tell you? I could never think of a way. But then, last night...last night it just seemed the time...the time to tell you how I really felt about you! To show you how I felt. Let you know that you are, and have always been the love of my life! That's why I don't have a girlfriend...I was saving myself for the woman of my dreams...saving myself for you!"

It all sounded so sugary sweet, and familiar, Sara thought to herself. She felt the same way toward him. And she had been afraid to express herself to him, too. Now she couldn't think of a reason she had held back. Was it fear of rejection? Fear of the consequences? Fear of what it meant? She was in love with her own son! Not the warm, fuzzy feeling that a mother feels toward a son, but the fiery, passionate love that a woman feels toward a man. A love that could possess a person and drive them crazy if its sick, depraved needs weren't met!

And all these emotions before breakfast? Why she was hardly awake and she was swimming in her own depraved needs. What would happen when she was fully awake and faced with the reality of their incestuous wedlock?

She didn't want to think about it! She just wanted to savor the time she had left with him. There would be time a plenty for self-pity and guilt later...if it ever came...later when he was gone and she was once again left alone with her empty heart.

"Make love to me!" she whispered, squeezing his hardening penis. "Start our day with the same wonderful love you showed me last night..."

"Mother!" he groaned out, grabbing the covers and jerking them back off her.

Crawling up on the bed, he was up between her legs in a heartbeat. Looking down, she saw that he wasn't fully erect yet, but he seemed hard enough to penetrate her. Fumbling with his cock, she could feel it rapidly hardening in her hands as she guided it down to her weeping opening of her cunt. Fitting the head of his dick into her emptiness, she waited for him to enter her.

With a soft groan, he leaned into her and eased his cock down into the juice-slickened opening of her cunt.

God, how she loved the feel of his cock inside her, she dizzily thought. How many sleepless nights had she lain awake dreaming of what it would be like and now it was finally happening? Even after one night together, there was a comforting familiarity about their lovemaking. She could feel his big cock hardening and stiffening as he slid it in and out of her clutching cunt.

With her legs bent at the knees and splayed out to the side, she opened herself to him, accepting him freely. There was no fear now! All that was a thing of the past. Now there was only the impatient need for gratification growing down deep inside her. Putting her mind on cruise control, she let her body take command and glut itself on the beautiful pleasure welling up from her pussy. Reveling in the feel of Robbie's penis working in and out of her, she started the climb toward release. Her arousal was building, working its way down inside her pussy and clit, growing hotter and hotter with each passing second. She hadn't realized how much she had missed having a man inside her all this time. Inside her, bringing her along, guiding her toward the wondrous moment of release and gratification. And it was so much more exciting, knowing that the man inside her was her dear, sweet baby...her son!

The bed was gently rocking, making soft creaking sounds as Robbie's ass worked back and forth. He was making little grunting sounds as he tirelessly pumped his prick into her sopping cunt. She was so hot and excited, she was spewing out gushes of juice, anointing his pistoning prick, coating it with the slippery goo.

Curling her hands around his waist, she began to push and pull on him, coaxing him to fuck her faster as the burn down inside her cunt grew hotter and hotter. Their bellies were wetly slapping together as they fucked. They were covered with a filmy coating of juice and sweat.

What a way to start the day, she giddily thought. Starting the day with a hot, sweaty fuck with the man she loved. It was almost too much to contain, she told herself, feeling herself slipping closer and closer to the fiery upheaval. This is the way every day should start for them, she happily thought!

It was just at that precise moment, she suddenly came to the conclusion that he had to come back and live with her! Be with her and love her. Give her the love she had been missing for so long. Give her the love she needed so badly...or she would go live with him. They so much to share...

The rush of emotions was too much and she felt her clit and pussy convulse in a fiery burst of pleasure.

"Robbie...Robbie...Robbie!" she groaned out, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him down to her as her cunt spasmed around his buried peter.

Robbie crushed his lips against her, driving his tongue into her mouth as they kissed open-mouthed, their tongues battling and twisting around each other.

Grinding her flattened tits against his hairy chest, she murmured out her gratification as Robbie held himself thrust down inside her, letting her ride out her orgasm on his cock. A river of juice was flowing out around his peter, dripping down onto his big, dangling balls, coating them with the sticky goo as she came and came.

Sara was in an ecstatic daze as the jolts of pleasure sparking from her pussy finally began to weaken and fade into a warm afterglow of happiness and joy.

"Oh, Baby...Baby..." she murmured out into his mouth as she slowly unwrapped her arms, releasing her hold on him.

The moment he was freed, he began to jerk his hips back and forth as he pounded his peter in and out of the wet, slippery hole between her legs. It felt like everything below her waist was drenched in her hot, gooey juices. The creak of the bed grew louder as it began to flounce back and forth, making her breasts slosh up and down in rhythm with Robbie's fevered attack on her pussy.

Clutching onto her bounding tits, she clawed at them, squeezing and mashing them. She could feel the hard knots of her nipples rubbing against the palms of her hands as she kicked her legs up into the air and wrapped them around Robbie's sweaty waist. Dropping her soft, round heels down, she nudged his sweaty ass as it jerked back and forth. Digging her heels down into his heaving ass, she coaxed him on, urging him to fuck her harder and harder. She could hear his breath coming in little huffy gasps as warm drops of his sweat splashed down onto her.

"Come...Baby...come..." she panted out, thrusting herself up at him on every deep, penetrating plunge of his cock.

Last night, she had been filled with fear and panic when he had come inside her. But now, now she wanted him to. Wanted him to fill her with his hot essence...

She could feel his peter, now fully hardened and erect, swelling with pre-ejaculatory expectancy as he fucked her faster and faster.

"Oh-oh-Fuckkkkkkk!" he finally grunted out, ramming his cock down into her gluttonous cunt as deep as it would go.

As he did, she felt it lurch and spurt out a great gooey gush of thick, warm cum into her.

"Yes...yes...yes," she hissed, grabbing hold of the cheeks of his ass and pulling him even deeper into the hot, clasp-clutch of her pussy.

His peter continued to pulse and spurt as she dug her heels into his ass, forcing him deeper into her already cream-filled pussy. His eruption seemed to last for hours, but at last his peter stopped firing off inside her. They lay unmoving for the longest time as they fought to catch their breath. She could feel his shrinking manhood slowly retreating down the cum-filled channel of her cunt until finally, it slithered out of her with a quiet, little wet slurp as it flopped down onto the bed.

"That was a fine way to start our day," she murmured as Robbie rolled off her and dropped to the bed beside her. "I wish we could start every day like that!"

"Me, too," he grinned at her.

"We could if you would come back home and live with me!" she told him, reaching over and fingering his limp penis.

"Really? You mean it? You really would like for me to come back and live with you?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes, I would really like for you to come and live with me!" she laughed softly. "Then we could share the new love we've found every day..."

"That would be so awesome," he choked out. "And that reminds me, I heard Mr. Harris say he had an opening for an engineer in his Bueller office. I think he would let me fill it! I'll ask him the first thing when I get back."

"Fantastic!" she yipped, giving his cock a hard squeeze.

The rest of the day passed by in a flurry of lovemaking and all too soon, they found it was time to leave. Leave and return to their separate lives for the time being.

It felt strange to be wearing clothes again, she dementedly thought as she gathered up things in preparation for her trip back home. Back home to her lonely, empty house.

When they had their cars packed up, they met for one last embrace before they departed. Hugging him to her, she crushed herself against him, grinding her breasts and her pelvis against him as she gave him a long, open-mouthed kiss.

"Call me when you get home," she breathlessly told him when they finally broke. "And drive carefully. I don't want to lose you now that I've finally found you!"

"You do the same," he told her. "And I'll check with Mr. Harris first thing tomorrow!"

"God, I'm going to miss you so much," she told him, lovingly running the tips of her fingers over his soft, full lips.

"I'm missing you already and you haven't even left," he sniffed. "But if we don't leave now, we'll never leave..."

"I know...I know," she fussed, stepping back and hurrying over to her car.

Within moments they were both heading their separate ways. She driving back to her empty house in Bueller and Robbie back to his apartment in Ferriston.

The drive back was a blur of memories of their weekend together. She still couldn't believe it had really happened. But it had, and he was going to come back to her. They would live as husband and wife now, instead of mother and son. She would give him everything! She would do anything for him.

What could she do to prove how much she loved him? Her mind was aimlessly wandering, trying to come up with something new and different for him. Then she found her mind wander onto a new perversion. Anal? Why not? Yes, even that, she found herself agreeing. She had never given herself to Fred in that way, but she would do it for Robbie! In fact, she had never done it with anyone before, but she had thought about it. Even to the point of fantasizing about it, but she just never could bring herself to do it with Fred.

But first, she thought, she would experiment a little to prepare herself and see what it would actually feel like. And she would start as soon as she got home, so she would have time to practice and get used to it before Robbie came to live with her.

On her way home, she stopped by the local Tandy Leather Shop and purchased a nice, large sheet of soft deerskin, a riveter, some rivets, some snaps and a pair of super-sharp scissors. Then hurrying home, she unloaded the car and laid her purchases out on the table.

With giddy anticipation, she reached down and shoved her tight shorts down her long legs. Her clit was still highly aroused from its contact with her shorts all afternoon making what she was about to do seem even that much more exciting. Standing at the table, naked from the waist down, she cut out the first long strap of leather as the plans for her invention slowly came together.

Picking up the strap, she looped it around her narrow waist, measuring it. Then she uncoiled it and snipped off the end where she had measured it. Taking the riveter, she quickly placed three snaps onto it and secured it around her waist. Cutting out two longer strips of leather, she laid them on the table and reached around behind herself. Pinching the tips of her fingers onto the waist strap just above the jut of her perfect, round butt, she held it. Holding it with her fingers to mark the spot, she unfastened the waistband and quickly fitted one of the two long straps where her fingers had been. Using the riveter, she angled the strap slightly and attached it to the back of the waistband with two rivets.

Wrapping the waistband back around her waist, she could feel the strap of leather dangling down over the cheek of her ass as she measured the other strap over the other cheek of her ass. Quickly securing it to the belt, she pulled the waist band back on and snapped it shut one more time. Now the two straps were dangling down over the cheeks of her ass and tickling against the back of her thighs.

Spreading her legs, she reached down between them and grabbed hold of the two straps. Pulling them through her legs, she tugged them up, crossing them and pulling them up over her belly to the waist band where she attached them to the belt with four snaps. The very center of the X of leather was now perfectly positioned over her oozing pussy, hiding it from view. Looking on from the front or rear, the leather straps formed a Big V with the tip of the V disappearing down between her legs. Perfect, she told herself, smiling and reaching around behind her ass again to find just where her anus was in relation to the leather straps cutting across the round jut of her ass cheeks. Holding onto the straps, she unfastened the belt and the straps and spread the X of leather out on the table. Then she cut out a little flap of leather. She cut it so that it was wider at the top than at the bottom. Then she attached three snaps on each side and snapped the little flap of leather onto the straps that crossed the cheeks of her ass.

Smiling naughtily, she picked up the weird contraption and slipped it on once again. Now her anus and vagina were both covered by leather and hidden from view. Finally, slipping it off one more time, she punched four holes in both of the straps running up over her belly. Then she pulled four laces through the holes to make a little pouch of laces at the very bottom of her soft underbelly. Once finished, she hurried across the living room toward the stairs. Taking them two at a time, she scampered up them. Stepping into her bedroom, she scurried over to her bed. Tossing her invention onto the bed, she quickly peeled her blouse off and slipped out of her sports bra. Now naked, she leaned over and pulled open the drawer of her nightstand. Digging down into it, she pulled out three vibrators and tossed them down onto the bed by the leather contraption. As she did, she spotted the pair of vibrating nipple clamps that Fred had bought for her before the divorce.

Why not, she laughed to herself, tossing them down on the bed by everything else and hurrying into the bathroom. Opening the drawers of the vanity, she searched for the bottle of Vaseline she knew was in one of them. Finding it, she set on the counter and picked up the little mustache trimmer that she used to keep things nice and neat down there. Flipping open the battery compartment, she pulled the two batteries out of it.

Holding the batteries in the palm of her hand, she grabbed the Vaseline and a towel and headed back out to her bed. Once there, she quickly spread the towel out on the bed. With a depraved smile on her lips, she picked one of the nipple clamps and eased out its battery. It had been so long since she had used it, she knew the battery in it would be no good as she eased one of the batteries from the trimmer into it. Opening the little rubber coated clamp, she gently attached it to her sensitive, swollen nipple. Letting go of it, she felt the little battery chamber tug at her nipple, heightening its sensitivity. Then she clamped the other clamp onto her other nipple. The dangling battery holders tugged at her nipples, pulling her smallish breasts down and sagging them ever so slightly as she watched the holders jiggle and dance. Then she flicked one on and it began to buzz and vibrate as it tugged down on her

nipple. The tickling excitement evoked by the little vibrator sent tickles of pleasure straight down to her sensitive clit. Hurrying now, she turned the other nipple clamp on and reached down to pick up the smaller of the dildoes. Twisting off the cap of the Vaseline, she dipped the rounded tip of the dildo down into the yellowish gel.

Twisting the tip of the dildo around in the Vaseline, she gave it a liberal coating and slowly brought it around behind her. Reaching behind herself with her other hand, she spread the cheeks of her ass apart. Then she searched for the puckered opening of her asshole with the dick-shaped vibrator. Finding it, she slowly smeared the slippery goo all over the sensitive pucker. Dabbing the tip of the fake cock back into the Vaseline, she let go of it and reached for her invention. Wrapping it around her waist, she snapped it shut and reached back around herself again. Brushing aside the leather, she spread the cheeks of her ass apart again with her fingers and brought the dildo back around to her ass. Probing down in the crack of her ass, she found the puckered opening of her anus. Fitting the rounded tip on it, she flicked the thing on and began to push it down inside her tight, clenched asshole. Initially, there was a spark of pain as the big, round vibrator forced her anus open and began to slide into her rectum. But the pain was quickly negated by the buzzing tickle of the vibrator as it vibrated against the sensitive nerve endings encircling her asshole.

Pushing it in deeper and deeper, her whole ass was soon filled with the tickling pleasure being evoked by the vibrator as it busily buzzed away down inside her ass. At last, her knuckles brushed against the soft skin of her ass. The vibrator was now completely buried inside the tight mush of her ass. Holding onto the flat tip of the buried vibrator with her fingertips, she reached over with her other hand and grabbed up another vibrator. Flicking it on, she quickly brought it up to the oozing, drooling opening of her pussy. Her pussy was so slick with her juices, the vibrator easily slid up into it as she forced it deeper and deeper into it. Now everything below her waist was filled with the happy tickle of the two vibrators. Finally, letting go of it, she quickly reached between her legs and grabbed hold of the two straps dangling there. Tugging on them, she felt the little leather flap in the back close down over the vibrator in her ass, trapping it inside her ass as it merrily buzzed on. Then crossing the straps under her pussy, she trapped the second vibrator inside her hot, throbbing pussy.

Attaching the two straps to the waistband, she looked down at it to make sure it was properly secured. One more...one more, she giddily thought, reaching for the last vibrator.

Flicking it on, she slowly slid it down into the little sleeve of laces at the base of her belly. She could feel it tickling the skin of her belly as she pushed it lower and closer to her throbbing clit. At last, the rounded tip of the vibrator was pressed against the rounded nub of her clit as spasms of delight sparked up from it into her fevered brain. Her senses had never been so overloaded, as pleasure seemed to be pouring from every nerve ending in her body.

Turning, she eased down onto the bed. She didn't trust herself to crawl up on to it. Lying on her back, arms flung out to the side, she clenched the sheets in her fists as she let the vibrators work their magic on her nipples, clit, pussy, and ass. Her clit seemed to be the focal point of all the sparking charges of pleasure as tickles of electricity poured into it from everywhere. This was no long, drawn out struggle toward an orgasm. It was a headlong rush toward it as she felt her whole body gathering itself for the upheaval that was rapidly building down inside her. Her muscles were tightening, clenching, trembling from the effort as she strained for release.

Suddenly, the bubble burst and her whole body began to shiver and shake. She could feel the pressure of her juices building down inside her cunt, blocked by the leather and unable to escape. The muscles around her ass were spasming and convulsing as jolts of electricity sparked through them. Her clit was a fiery ember as the electricity crackled through it over and over again. And her nipples felt as big as strawberries while tickles of pleasure were sparking through them then running from them down to her overloaded clit. It seemed as every nerve in her body was having its own orgasm as she fought to breathe. But it went on and on and on as the humming vibrators kept her at fever pitch. As her climax heightened, it felt like the vibrators were swelling, growing bigger and bigger inside her. If they didn't stop growing, she frantically thought, they would stretch her asshole and pussy beyond their ability to accommodate them and she would split wide open down there.

She couldn't take much more, she feverishly told herself. Her brain was so overtaxed with pleasure, it threatened to shut down at any second. But on it went, the pleasure growing in intensity as it gushed up from her clit, pussy, and ass in sizzling arcs.

That was the last thing she remembered...

Her whole body seemed to be tingling as she found herself slowly swimming toward consciousness. What was wrong with her, she groggily wondered? Her nipples, clit, pussy and ass seemed to be the focal points for the tingling and she didn't know why...

Lifting her head, she looked down her body and it all came tumbling back into her drugged brain. Reaching down, she gently eased one of the nipple clamps off her nipple and flicked it off. Tiredly pitching it on the bed, she took off the other one and flicked it off. Her nipples were still puffy and swollen, tingling from the overload of pleasure that had been tickling through them.

Reaching down lower, she flicked off the vibrator that was pulsing against her swollen, sensitive clit. Tossing it on the bed, she groggily unsnapped the belt that was wrapped around her waist and slowly peeled the straps down off her pussy. Flicking off the vibrator that protruded out from between the puffy, swollen lips of her pussy, she felt the plastic dick slither out of her pussy and flop down onto the bed before rolling off onto the floor with a loud thunk.

Then, with a tired little grin, she pulled the straps back up over her belly and fastened the snaps again. Leaving the last vibrator embedded down into her ass, she slowly sat up. Her anus seemed to be getting used to being stretched wide open, she happily thought as there was no longer any pain at all. Just a happy, little tickle was trickling from it as the vibrator continued to hum along. Have to get some more batteries, she sickly thought as the phone on her nightstand started ringing.

Sitting on the edge of the bed with the vibrator filling her ass with tickles of pleasure, she reached over and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said into the mouthpiece.

"Hi, Mom!" she heard Robbie say from his end of the line. "I made it back fine!"

"I'm so glad," she told him smiling to herself.

"I want you to know that this was the most awesome weekend in my life!" he told her. "And I can't wait to come live with you so we can take up where we left off today. I want you to be a part of my life forever and ever!"

"I want you to be mine again," she murmured. "I want to share everything with you! Everything!"

As she spoke, she wriggled her butt on the bed, making the buzzing vibrator jiggle down inside her ass.

"I love you so much, Mother," he told her.

"I love your, too, Baby," she returned. "Be sure and call me tomorrow and let me know what Mr. Harris said, so I can know when to expect you to move in. Okay?"

"I will, Mother...Night-night!"

"Night-night," she whispered into the receiver and seconds later heard the line disconnect.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she let the vibrator hum away inside her ass as she reminisced about their weekend together. As she thought, she absently-mindedly reached over and picked up one of the nipple clamps. Then, with a wry smile, she reached down and pulled on the end of the belt around her waist, popping the snaps open. Peeling her invention down, she uncovered her clit and pussy. Even with the straps dangling down between her calves, the happy vibrator in her ass was still busily buzzing, trapped inside her by the bed. Reaching down, she flicked on the nipple clamp and gently held it pressed against her clit. Savoring the tickles of pleasure the clamp was evoking from her clit, she reached down with her other hand. Gently pinching the fleshy sheath encircling her clit between her finger and thumb, she delicately pulled it up to cover her clit. Moving the clamp away for a moment, she squeezed it open and tentatively fitted it around the covered shaft of her clitoris. Slowly releasing the tension on the clamp, she felt it tighten around her clit, sending the full force of the vibrations directly onto her humming clit.

"Oh, God!" she groaned out, dropping her hand away from the clamp as it mercilessly attacked her throbbing clit.

With her clit trapped between the jaws of the tight clamp, there was no way for her to escape the brutal stimulation, even if she wanted to...except take it off.

Suddenly, her clitoris burst into a fiery eruption of pure, raw pleasure. She had never felt an orgasm so intense as her clitoris seemed to swell to the size of a big, purple grape. Incredulously gawking down at it, she expected to be jutting up out of its fleshy hood at least an inch into the air. But it wasn't...it was still hidden down inside the fleshy sheath, imprisoned there by the vibrating clamp. Spasm after spasm of electricity fired off through it as her whole body shook and shuddered from the waves of pleasure pouring over her.

At last, she couldn't take any more. Grabbing at the buzzing clamp, she squeezed it open, flicked it off and dropped it to the floor beside the other vibrator.

As she slowly recovered, she tried to remember how many orgasms her poor, little pussy had suffered through during the weekend. She couldn't, but she knew that it had to be more than fifteen or twenty.

Knowing that she had better get some sleep if she wanted to be able to walk tomorrow, she slowly stood up. As she did, her little invention dropped down off her ass to reveal the tip of the buzzing vibrator sticking out of the crack of her ass. Her knees were wobbly and threatened to collapse at any moment. Bracing herself on the bed, she reached around behind her. Gently pulling on the vibrator, she slowly eased it out of her numb asshole. Flicking it off, she let it drop to the floor beside the other two toys.

"I'll clean up my mess tomorrow," she tiredly thought, peeling back the covers and crawling up under them...



The next afternoon, Sara stopped off at the Purple Passion. It was a sex store and Sara had to check her modesty at the door when she went inside. Stepping inside, she saw that there was an old, balding man standing behind the counter and a pimply teenager standing over by the porn flicks. Ignoring the leering stares of the two men, she looked around and spotted what she had come in the store for. Purposefully striding over to the wall where all the dildoes and vibrators were hanging, she quickly studied them and immediately saw the one she wanted. Reaching up she pulled it off the wall. Studying it, she saw that it was aptly named "King Kong". It was a vibrator replica of a penis. It was an almost exact duplicate of Robbie's big organ, she sickly thought as she stepped over to counter where the old man stood leering at her.

Dropping the vibrator in its plastic wrapping down on the counter, she flipped open her purse.

"Anything else I can do for you?" the old man snickered at her, running his eyes over the swell of her breasts.

"In your frigging dreams!" she snarled at him. "How much total?"

"Thirty-nine-forty," he told her slipping the vibrator into a plastic bag.

"Keep the change!" she told him, slapping two twenties down onto the counter.

Snapping her purse shut, she grabbed up the bag and headed for the door. She could feel the dirty leers of the men on her butt as she walked toward the door, angrily twitching it back and forth.

Stepping through the door, she quickly headed for her car.

"Damn, I bet that would be a fine piece of ass," the old man behind the counter groaned. "But she wouldn't even feel my dick after old King Kong stretched her snatch all outa shape!"

"You can say that again," the pimply youth smarted.

"You sure you're eighteen?" the old man snarled. "Let me see your I.D. again!"

"Here!" the youth said, shoving his driver's license at the old man...

Sara tossed the vibrator down on the front seat of the car and quickly crawled in...

Arriving at home, she strolled inside the house. Looking over at the phone, she saw that she had a message on it. Punching the replay button, she stood listening to Robbie tell her about his upcoming return.

"Hi, Mom! I just talked to Mr. Harris and he said that it would be fine with him if I transferred to Beuller. He said that I could finish out the week here in Ferriston, then move over the weekend and start work there next Monday. So I guess that I'll see you Saturday. Wish it was sooner but after that we will be together forever. I love you and miss you so much! Well, I guess I better get back to work before I get fired. Love you!"

She was disappointed that Robbie wouldn't be home for another four days, but it would give her time to get ready for him. With a wicked little grin, she picked up the sack and reached inside. Pulling out the vibrator, she quickly peeled its plastic covering off and opened the battery compartment. Swishing her ass back and forth with exaggerated animation, she stepped over to the counter and pulled open the drawer where she kept her spare batteries. Pulling out a couple of D cells, she dropped them into the monster. Twisting the cap back on, she flicked it on low. It immediately began to buzz and vibrate. The vibrations were soft and soothing. Up to medium and the vibrations increased significantly. Then, finally up to high! Its vibrations were stronger by far than those of her other three vibrators, she giddily thought.

Well, let's go try it out, she laughed to herself, flicking it off. Unbuttoning her blouse as she went up the stairs, she hurried down to her bedroom. Look at you, she told herself, stepping into her bedroom. Forty-two years old and acting like some teenage slut. Love does that to a person, she sickly thought. Love for a twenty-three-year-old kid. Just thinking about him made her all hot and happy down below her waist. Well, only four more days and you won't have to use toys. You'll have the real thing. She would have her son to satisfy her sick, depraved needs.

Pulling her little invention out of her nightstand, she laid it out on her bed. Peeling her blouse back over her shoulders, she tossed it on the bed, then reached around behind her back and unsnapped her brassiere. Pulling it off, she studied it for a couple of moments. It was a small, lace-covered black bra. Thirty-four C, she thought. I've never been very blessed in that department but I'm not complaining. And haven't had any complaints about them from the guys either. So they're somewhat small, at least look forward to them not being saggy when I'm older. I love the way Robbie made love to them with his lips, she giddily told herself.

Cupping her quivering breasts for a moment, she ran her fingers over the swollen paps jutting out from their darkened tips. If only he were here to lavish his loving kisses on them, she sadly thought. Releasing them, she let them settle back down onto her chest. Running her hands down to her skirt, she popped the button through its buttonhole. As it slithered down her long legs, she hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and quickly shoved them down. Stepping out of her skirt and panties, she reached down and swept them up. Looking down at her panties, she smiled when she saw that the crotch was stained with her juices. With a demented, little laugh, she pitched them on the bed beside her blouse and brassiere.

Pulling two vibrators out of the nightstand, she laid them on the bed. Twisting off the cap of the Vaseline, she took King Kong and dipped its barbed head down into the yellowish goo. Twisting it around, she coated the head and a couple of inches of the shaft with the slippery lubricant.

Setting it on the nightstand, she reached into the drawer and pulled out her invention. Quickly wrapping it around her narrow waist, she snapped it closed and crawled up on the bed. She had an idea, but she would have to be a bit of a contortionist to do it. Stretching the leather straps under her, she laid down on her back. Then she lifted her long legs up into the air. Lifting them higher and higher until they were nearly touching her quivering breasts, she slid her arms up between them. Then she hooked her elbows around them. Spreading her legs, she forced them down until they were almost brushing the bed by her sides. Grunting, she arched her back and slowly lifted it up off the bed and leaned down over her body. Now she was looking straight down at her upthrust, exposed pussy and anus.

Now she lay/sat with her thighs horizontal to the bed, her calves perpendicular to the bed and her toes pointing up to the ceiling. Her triceps were pressing down against the backs of her thighs, holding them thrust down, leaving her hands free to deal with King Kong.

Struggling, she reached over and grabbed hold of King Kong and quickly brought it over between her legs. Flicking it on medium, she fitted the rounded tip of the buzzing monster on the pink circle of fluted flesh peeking out from between the cheeks of her ass. The tickling vibrations of the giant were sending happy, little pleasures around to her clit and pussy as she began to thread the big vibrator down into her asshole. The evil, barbed head of the fake cock slowly spread the fragile opening, stretching it and making way for the rest of the giant to follow. There was a little prick of pain as her asshole fought against the invasion of the vibrator, but that was quickly alleviated when Sara flicked King up to its highest speed. Steadily, determinedly, she pushed the vibrator down into her ass.

It was strangely erotic watching the big, pink vibrator disappearing down into her ass as she felt it digging deeper and deeper into her rectum. When there was about an inch or two of the vibrator still sticking out of her asshole, she felt its tip nudge up against something at the end of her rectum. Concentrating on relaxing, she felt another pleasurable tickle as the tip slowly slipped through the restriction.

Pushing it deeper, she finally stopped when the flange encircling the vibrator to protect the speed controls brushed up against her asshole. Enjoying the tickling vibrations filling her ass, she held the vibrator pushed down inside her ass as she reached over and picked up another vibrator. Flicking it on, she quickly brought it over to her salivating pussy and eased it down into the juice-slickened opening of her pussy. It easily slid down into her slippery pussy all the way to the hilt. Letting go of it, she grabbed up the straps on her invention and quickly pulled them up over her belly, trapping the two vibrators in her pussy and ass.

Snapping them closed, she picked up the last vibrator and slid it down into the lace pouch. Once all the buzzing vibrators were secured, she rolled off the bed and went about doing her chores.

It made her chores much less burdensome as the tickles of pleasure welled up from her clit, pussy, and ass, she giddily thought.

Sara adopted this routing every day ending with a massive gut-wrenching orgasm that left her gasping for breath. Finally Saturday rolled around. Robbie was due to arrive around nine o'clock in the little U-Haul truck he had rented. They would unload the truck then he would run it back to Ferriston, pick up his car and it would all be done. He would be living with her.



She had planned a candle light dinner for him when he returned, then they would retire to her bedroom...*their* bedroom, she corrected herself, where she would surprise him with the crème de le crème for dessert.

Sara was so excited she could barely think straight as she set about organizing the dinner. She was going to make him a true homemade Italian sauce & meatballs on ravioli, freshly baked Italian bread, Caesar salad, & cheesecake for the first course of desert. She, of course, would be the second course. Not to mention pre-dinner appetizers to include a cheese and crackers tray, a Kielbasa sausage, for symbolism along with strawberries for even more symbolism for her to suggestively nibble on. All served on crystal serving platters. And to bring it all together, she had a bottle of champagne to go with the appetizers and two bottles of the best red wine she could find for the dinner. She had even kneaded out two batches of dough for the Italian bread and placed them in the slightly warmed oven to rise.

She was just sliding the last tray into the refrigerator when she heard Robbie's truck drive up in the driveway.

Standing by the garage door, giggling like a teenager waiting for her first date to show up, she waited for him. She wanted to dash out and sweep into her arms and kiss him and kiss him and kiss him. But such a display of emotion might give away their little secret, so she anxiously waited.

At last, she feverishly thought as the door swung open and there he was.

"Robbie," she squealed, rushing to meet him as he dropped the two suitcases he had been carrying and lunged for her.

"Mother..." Robbie groaned as their bodies clashed together and they grappled with each other.

Their mouths crushed together in a passionate, soulful, open-mouthed kiss. Thrusting themselves against one another, they kissed, devouring the other's mouth with their own as their tongues twisted and intertwined around the other's. As they hungrily kissed, she could feel the hardness of his erection pressing into her tummy as she thrust herself back against him. He was fully aroused and ready, she told herself. But she wanted them to wait until tonight. She didn't want to have to rush through things and delay the evening of surprises she had planned for him.

Suddenly, Robbie tore away from her and stepped back. Grabbing her hand, he started tugging her toward the stairs.

"What?" she asked, digging in her heels and fighting to hold him back.

"Your bedroom...it's been such a long, long week!" he groaned, still trying to pull her along.

"No...No...not now," she panted. "Tonight...I've got a wonderful evening planned out for us...and a surprise for you!"

"A surprise?" he asked and stopped pulling on her hand.

"Yes...a surprise..." she coyly said, smiling suggestively. "One that I'm sure you'll enjoy..."

"What?" he grinned expectantly.

"Well," she said, pausing for effect. "If I told you it wouldn't be a surprise! Would it?"

"Oh, come on, Mom! Tell me!" he begged.

"No, now let's get that truck of your unloaded, so you can take it back and then come back to your home...your new home!" she smiled, reaching down and patting the big bulge jutting out against the front of his pants. "Then we can find a place to put him..."

She had never seen a man work so hard, or so fast as they rushed around unloading his truck and storing everything in the garage. Working together as a team, they had the truck unloaded by noon. Everything was working out perfectly, she told herself. Leaving at noon, it would take him an hour and a half to get back to Ferriston with the empty truck. Then, an hour to settle things up there in Ferriston, then another hour and a half back. He would be back around four. Then an hour for the leisurely bath that she had planned for him, thirty minutes for champagne and appetizers, and an hour for the candlelight dinner! So, by seven o'clock at the latest, they would be in bed. In bed, with him enjoying his surprise...

"You be careful driving back to Ferriston," she told him, giving him a long, passionate hug and kiss as she sent him on his way. "I'll be here waiting for you when you get back, so no hurrying! I don't want you to have a wreck and ruin our night together."

"I won't," he muttered. "I'll drive like a turtle..."

"Just be careful," she laughed, watching him step out through the garage.

God, what a slut you are, she shamefully told herself. Running around acting like this was all so natural and normal. Waiting for your own son to return to his home so you can seduce him and take him to your bed.

Go bug someone else, she angrily told her conscience, you're not ruining tonight...

Four hours, she told herself. Let's see, dinner is ready, all I have to do is put it in the stove. So, let's set everything up.

Pulling out the two containers of strawberries, she washed them and sliced off the little green leaves then placed them on the silver serving tray. Some of them were as big as the head of Robbie's big dick, she giddily thought. Then she quickly prepared a sugary, white syrup and dribbled it over the strawberries. Does look a little like cum, doesn't it, you naughty bitch?

Adding the cheese and crackers, she placed the Kielbasa sausage in the center of the tray for added symbolism.

Stepping over to the stove, she pulled out the dough for the bread and placed it on a floured baking sheet. Punching it down, she kneaded for a short time and then shaped it into a long, phallic-shaped loaf. Smiling to herself, she had even added a head to the end of it. Slipping it on top of the oven for its second rising, she took the second batch of dough and began forming small rolls. Smiling to herself, she couldn't get over how bubbly and giddy she felt. Almost like a teenager. Pinching and working on the little rolls, she carefully shaped them into the forms of little pussies, down to pussy lips and a clitoris.

Setting aside the bread for its second rising, as she mixed up the cheesecake. Finishing it, she slipped it into the oven.

Stepping over to the table, she shook the linen tablecloth that she had put there earlier. Spreading it out, she brushed out the wrinkles.



Stepping out of the tub, she quickly toweled herself off. The sweet, subtle fragrance of lilacs lingered on her skin as she dropped the towel into the hamper and paraded back out into her bedroom.

Symbolically, since this was to be first night of the start of their incestuous marriage, she had chosen to wear white. A sexy little white merry widow made of satin and trimmed in delicate pink lace. Its bra was a half-cup bra whose lace-trimmed top ended just below the bottom of her dusky areolas, leaving her big, swollen nipples jutting out above it. Slipping it on, she pulled the zipper tab of the zipper running up the front of it all the way up to the top. It had been one of Fred's favorites, she sarcastically thought. Ironic, she laughed to herself. He would never get to see it again...but his son would! Many, many times!

Picking up one of the sheer, pink nylons, she pointed her toe and quickly pulled it up her long, shapely leg, smoothing it as she went. When the lacy floral-designed band at the top of the hose was wrapped around her thigh, she pulled the long, elastic garters down one by one and fastened them to the nylon. Repeating the process, she was soon standing in front of her full-length mirror admiring her reflection. Not bad. Not bad at all, she smiled to herself. Especially for a forty-two-year-old broad. What man wouldn't want a little piece, she giddily thought. But one man owned her now and he was going to get a piece tonight. A piece of pussy and a piece of ass...maybe even more...

Fluffing her hair, she walked over to her nightstand and quickly pulled out her invention. Strapping it on over the garters hanging down from her bustier, she pulled out King Kong and the jar of Vaseline. Quickly greasing him up, she flicked him on and set his base down on the edge of the bed. Backing up, she felt the back of her legs brush against the bed as she held the big vibrator pointing straight up into the air. Slowly lowering her hips, she felt the rounded tip of the monster slip up the crack of her ass. Moving herself around, she felt the vibrating tip find the puckered opening of her asshole. Sitting down on it, she felt it spread her asshole and begin stretching it open as it slid up into her ass. She was getting so used to having the giant fake cock up her ass; it hardly hurt at all. Just what she wanted, she giddily thought to herself. Now she was ready for him. Ready for her son, Robbie to take her there, too. Her gift to him. The crème de le crème!

Jerking the straps up, she fastened them onto the waistband. Then, with the buzzing cock working its magic on her ass, she padded over to her closet. Pulling out a long, flowing dressing gown, she pulled it on and stepped into a pair of four-inch spiked heels. The heels arched her legs to perfection as she looked down at them while she swished across the room.

Busying herself with all the little last-minute details, she kept her little invention wrapped around her waist until just before the time Robbie was due to arrive. Finally, taking it off, she gave King Kong a quick rinse and tossed him and her invention into the drawer of her night stand...



Robbie was home. Finally—

Taking hold of his hand, she led him down to the bathroom where she had prepared a hot, bubbly bath for him...

Looking into his hot, brown eyes, Sara slowly unbuttoned his shirt as he watched her hands pluck their way down his chest. When it was unbuttoned, she slowly peeled it back off over his muscular shoulders to reveal his hairy, chiseled chest underneath. Dropping her hands down to the snap of his trousers, she unsnapped it and slowly spread his pants open. As she did, his big, half-hard cock flopped out into the open with its shaft arched downward and its big, purple head drooping down toward the floor.

"He's waking up," she laughed softly, tickling her fingernails up the puffy shaft of his big dick.

"Yeah! He saw you! That's all it takes to wake him up!" he told her, running his fingers through her hair.

Dropping to her knees in front of him, she leaned toward him and slowly, sensually closed her full, red lips around his cock. Gently sucking on him, she lazily twirled her tongue around the big head of his penis.

"Mother..." he groaned out, curling his hands around her head as he began to gently fuck her face with his rapidly hardening cock.

Within seconds, his big cock was sticking straight out, hard and stiff as he continued to work it in and out of her mouth. At last, Sara leaned back and let his fully-hardened prick slither out of her mouth. As it did, it was so rigid, it shot upward, slapping against his rippled belly.

"Time for your bath," she teasingly smiled, pushing up to her feet.

"Why did you stop?" he mumbled, looking down at his hard, twitching cock.

"Saving him for later, dear, we've got all night long...no need to rush," she smiled, curling her hand around his cock and giving it a rough squeeze. "And all day tomorrow! And the day after and the day after and the, well, you get the point. So into the tub, and I'll be back in a few minutes with some appetizers."

"Okay," he told her grinning expectantly. "I think I'm going to like living back at home!"

"I certainly hope so," she said, turning on her spiked heels on the cold, tile floor.

She had already brought up the bottle of champagne and ice bucket. It now sat on the vanity obediently waiting as she clopped over to it. Putting her thumbs against the cork, she pushed until it suddenly slipped out with a loud pop!

Tipping up the green bottle, she slowly filled each of the tall champagne glasses with the bubbly liquid.

Turning back around, she saw that Robbie was now nestled down among the frothy coating of bubbles that covered the surface of the water. Smiling at him, she slowly walked over to the tub holding a glass of champagne in each hand, seductively rolling her hips. Handing him his glass, she gently tapped her glass against his.

"To a long, lovely evening, and a long life together..." she whispered, standing back up and bringing her glass up to her lips.

"I hope it never ends," he whispered back, bringing his glass up to his lips.

Tipping her glass, she felt the little bursting bubbles tickle her cute, upturned nose as she took a dainty sip.

"I'll be right back," she told him, setting her glass on the edge of the bathtub before she clopped out of the bathroom, the sexy sound of her high heels pinging off the walls as she did.

"I love you, Mom," she heard Robbie call out after her as she quickly stepped across her bedroom.

She could feel her breasts jiggling softly in the little bra as she stepped down the stairs. The lacy edge running along the top was tickling the bottom side of her sensitive, swollen nipples making them even harder, stiffer.

Hurrying across the living room, she stepped into the kitchen and immediately went over to the little silver appetizer tray. Giving it one final inspection, she picked it up and sped back up the stairs.

"Miss me?" she asked, stepping into the bathroom where Robbie lay luxuriating in the bubbly water.

"More that you'll ever know," he grinned up at her.

Setting the tray on the edge of the bath, she saw that he had one arm draped over the side of the bathtub, but the other arm was hidden down under the water. Probably has his hand wrapped around his big cock, she giddily thought as she slowly lowered herself down onto her knees on the fluffy, little rug by the bathtub.

"Wow, look at all that stuff," he laughed, running his eyes over the strawberries, the sausage, the cheese and crackers and lastly over the little pussy-shaped rolls. "Aren't you the clever one, Mom? Those little rolls look just like little pussies..."

Picking up one of the rolls, she reached out toward him.

"Would you like a little pussy?" she giggled, letting him take it out of her fingers.

"I'd rather have yours," he smirked, lifting the little pussy-roll up to his mouth. "But this one will do for now."

"Yes, later," she murmured, watching him flick out his tongue and lick it up the little groove between the bread lips.

"Like it?" she asked him as he took a tiny bite off it.

"Good," he grinned, chewing on the little morsel of bread. "But not anywhere near as good as the real thing..."

"Oh, you naughty little boy," she chuckled, reaching down and picking up the big, red sausage.

Lifting it up to her lips, she suggestively sucked it into her mouth. Slowly working it back and forth, sliding it in and out of her mouth, she kept her eyes locked on his. Finally, after a few moments, she eased it out of her mouth.

"Give you any ideas?" she mischievously asked him, placing the spit-coated sausage back down on the tray.

"Are you trying to tease me to death?" he groaned as she eased her right hand down under the water.

"Where's he at?" she asked, feeling around under the water, searching for his cock.

"Right here," he grunted, grabbing hold of her hand and jerking it over to his hard, stiff cock.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "Is he okay? He feels so hard and swollen and hot! Does he have a fever?"

"Yes... Yes, he does..." he hissed as she curled her fist around his cock and began to slowly stroke it under the water.

As Robbie lay nibbling on his pussy-roll, she picked up one of the strawberries and lifted it up to her lips. Easing her tongue out, she sensually licked off the covering of icing off the strawberry. She could feel Robbie's penis twitch and jerk in her hand as she sucked on the tapered berry. At last, she slowly sucked it into her mouth and began to lazily chew it up.

"God, Mom," Robbie complained. "I think you're trying to make me have a heart attack!"

"Why would I do that?" she teased, giving his steel-hard prick a rough squeeze. "Then I wouldn't have this! I wouldn't do that!"

At last, several strawberries later, Sara let go of his cock and pushed back up onto her spike heels.

"Why don't you take your time...say about twenty minutes while I prepare dinner," she smiled down at him, seeing that he had his hand back under the water.

He had apparently taken over as the water was gently rippling from the activity going on underneath it.

"And don't waste any of your sweet cream...I want all of it!" she said, clopping across the tile floor, seductively swishing her ass from side to side.

Hurrying down the stairs, she unbuttoned her dressing gown and watched her little tits jiggle softly in their little silk cups. Like the twin prows of a ship, her swollen, jutting nipples led the way thrusting out above the lacy top of the bra.

Hurrying around the kitchen, she had everything ready for Robbie just as he came strolling into the room. He was naked, and his big cock, was still half-hard, sticking out in front of him with its big head drooping down toward the floor.

"I didn't know what the dress code was," he grinned at her, reaching down and wrapping his hand around his cock. "So I decided to dress formal!"

"I can see," she laughed softly. "So did I!"

Then she peeled back her dressing gown to reveal her little white bustier and hose.

"Wow! That's nice," Robbie murmured, running his eyes up and down her scantily clad body. "Very, very nice!"

"Glad you like it," she cooed, slowly turning around so he could see her backside, too.

"What's not to like..." he mumbled. "You're beautiful..."

"Thank you," she laughed. "Have a seat and I'll serve you dinner..."

"Okay," he grinned, "but I think that I would rather have you for dinner..."

"For dessert," she smiled, turning, shaking her butt at him.

Stepping over to the counter and she quickly retrieved their plates and shoved them into the microwave to warm them. When they were finished, she stepped back toward the table. She could see that his eyes were on her jiggling breasts as she leaned down and eased his plate in front of him. Standing back up, she reached down and gently ruffled his hair.

"Eat up..." she smiled, reaching for the bottle of wine, "you are going to need all the energy you can summon up for tonight."

"Yes, Ma'am..." he said, picking up his fork as she poured him a glass of wine.

Stepping around to her place setting, she poured herself a glass and eased down into her chair. Pausing, she sat watching him eat for a few moments. He saw her watching him and gave her a happy smile as his jaws worked while he chewed his ravioli.

Picking up her glass of wine, she extended it toward him.

"To us," she murmured, watching him reach for his wine.

There was the soft tinkle of their glasses clinking together, then she brought her glass to her lips and took a sip watching him do the same.

They ate in silence in the soft flicker of the candles, both of them enjoying the intimacy of the moment. Slipping her foot out of her shoe, she reached it out and suggestively ran it up his bare leg.

"I love you so much," Robbie murmured, reaching across the table and giving her hand an intimate squeeze.

"I love you, too! Too much," she whispered, squeezing his hand back.

Taking his hand back, he lifted his glass to his lips and took a long, slow sip.

"I'm finished," he said, setting his empty glass back down on the table and pushing away from it. "And now I'd like to take you up on that offer of dessert!"

"But I have cheese cake for the first course of dessert," she complained.

"Can't we make it the second course," he grinned, standing up.

"Oh...I see," she purred, seeing the hardened evidence of his obvious arousal as it jutted straight up out of his hairy groin. "I suppose we can postpone the first course for a while...since you put it that way..."

Stepping over to her chair, he pulled it back for her as she eased her foot back into her shoe and slowly stood up. As she stepped away from her chair, Robbie reached down and gently cupped one of her bare, quivering ass cheeks in his hand.

Little does he know, she told herself. I wonder what he would think if he knew that it was the prize for the evening...

He lovingly fondled her twitching ass as they strolled across the living room toward the stairs. Well, this is it! She was going to give away her last shred of dignity. She was going to give away the last of her treasures. Offer herself up to him totally and fully, without reservation.

Walking over to the bed, she gently pushed him down onto it, making him sit on the edge.

"So, where's my surprise?" he asked her, running his hand over her ass as she bent over and pulled open the nightstand drawer.

"You're playing with it at this very moment," she laughed, pulling out her invention and the three vibrators.

"What? You mean..." he gasped, staring down at her ass in open-mouthed anticipation.

"Yes...that!" she told him, pulling out the jar of Vaseline and twisting the top off.

Setting the lid on the nightstand, she picked up her invention and slowly unsnapped the little flap from its back straps. Lying the flap of leather by the lid, she quickly wrapped the waistband around her narrow waist and snapped it shut as Robbie watched on in stunned silence.

"What is that?" Robbie asked her, studying the leather contraption.

"Oh, it's just a little toy I made for myself to occupy me while you were gone," she said, smiling and reaching down between her legs to grab the straps and pull them up between her legs.

Holding onto the straps with one hand, she reached over and picked up a vibrator with her other hand. Raising it up to her pussy, she probed open her fleshy pussy-lips that wetly clung together. Fitting the rounded tip of the vibrator into the opening of her vagina, she slowly eased it up into her pussy. She was so hot and wet, the vibrator easily slid up into her pussy until it was buried almost all the way up to its flat base as Robbie watched on in dazed silence. Then, flicking it on, she quickly pulled the straps up over her belly and snapped them onto the waistband.

Picking up another vibrator, she eased it down into the little lace pouch at the bottom of her belly. Once it was properly placed against her clit, she flicked it on.

Savoring the tickling sensations trickling up from her clit and cunt, she reached for King Kong. Picking it up, she quickly dug its rounded tip down into the Vaseline and coated it with a generous gob of the yellowish gel.

"Here," she told Robbie, handing him the vibrator.

Taking it from her, he sat watching her as she crawled up onto the bed beside him.

"Turn it on and put it in me," she told him, wiggling her pert, little ass in his face. "Put it my ass!"

Almost in a trance, Robbie stood up behind her and slowly brought the big, vibrating cock up to her ass. Then, using his fingers, he gently spread the firm cheeks of her ass apart. Placing the gelled tip of the vibrator on the little circle of pink, fluted flesh peeking out from between the cheeks of her ass, he slowly began to push it in as she leaned back against it.

Sara felt a momentary twinge of pain, but it quickly disappeared as Robbie forced the fake dick deeper and deeper into her ass. At last, he had the big vibrator buried up to its flanged base inside her ass.

"Drawer...drawer...nipple...nipple clamps," she groaned out, thrusting herself back against the embedded, buzzing giant.

Holding the humming vibrator shoved down in her ass, Robbie reached over with his other hand and jerked the drawer open. Fumbling around in the drawer, he finally pulled the two nipple clamps out as she blindly reached back, holding her hand palm up. Clutching at them as he laid them in her hand, she quickly brought them up under her and dropped them onto the bed.

"In and out...in and out for a little bit," she told him, balancing on her knees and one hand as she picked up one of the clamps with her other hand.

Then, as Robbie began to slowly slide the big, fake dick in and out of her asshole, she pinched open the clamp and gently attached it to one of her puffy, swollen nipples. Then, she quickly attached the other one to her other nipple. Now, all of the wonderful tickling sensations were pouring straight down into her throbbing clit. She could feel herself rapidly approaching her climax as she slowly crawled forward to make room for Robbie on the bed behind her.

"Now! Now...take it out and put yours in," she panted, slipping closer and closer to another massive upheaval.

She felt the bed shudder under his weight as the fake dick slithered out of her ass. But then, before her asshole even had time to shrink back to normal, she felt the head of Robbie's dick slide into her.

"Fuck—" Robbie grunted, leaning forward and thrusting all seven inches of his hard, throbbing peter down into her asshole.

"Yes...oh, yes..." she hissed, pushing herself back against him and grinding her ass against his hairy groin.

"Fuck me with your big dick...fuck my ass with your big cock!"

"Oh, God...so hot...so tight..." he grunted, his ass immediately beginning to rock back and forth as he attacked her ass with a vengeance.

As he pounded his prick into her ass, she could feel the nipple clamps jerking down and swinging back and forth, tugging on her sensitive nipples, adding even more vibrating pressure on them.

Then she lost it!

An atom bomb of pleasure erupted down inside her loins as her whole body began to quiver and shake.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" she gasped out as the shock waves of pleasure rushed out over her body.

It was even better than it had been with King Kong, she deliriously thought as her pussy convulsed around the vibrating cock inside her pussy and her asshole spasmed down around Robbie's pistoning peter. It was almost too much to take, she giddily thought. But what would it be like when he went off? Went off inside her ass and filled it with his hot essence? It won't be long before you find out, she deliriously thought. The way Robbie was huffing and puffing, she knew that he was about to blow at any second.

Wallowing in the pleasure welling up from below her waist, she waited. Waited for the eruption that would fill her ass with his thick, hot cum. But even as she waited and the last spasms of her orgasm tickled through her pussy and clit, she felt herself edging closer to a second upheaval. The lining of her rectum was growing more and more sensitive as his big dick pistoned in and out of it. And she knew the moment she felt the first splash of his hot cum on it, she would lose it and implode down around the giant for a second time.

Finally, she heard Robbie let out a long tortured grunt as he thrust his hips forward and up, driving his penis into her ass as deep as it would go.

Then she felt herself rocket off in her second cataclysmic upheaval of joy as his peter jerked and sent out a hot gush of cum into her ass.

"Robbie-Robbie-Robbie..." she groaned out, thrusting herself back against him and grinding her ass against his belly as he unloaded his cock into her accepting ass.

She lost track of time, as he pumped more and more thick, hot, clinging cum into her ass. It was almost as if he had shoved a fire hose up her ass and turned it on.

But at last, with a shuddering groan, he finished and she felt herself floating back down to earth. She had done it, she deliriously thought. She had given him the last of her treasures. Now she was completely and totally his.

"God, Mother...awesome..." he groaned, slowly leaning back and easing his big, puffy peter out of her cum-filled rectum.

There was a tiny pang of pain as the big, bloated head of his cock popped out of her abused asshole. Her asshole ached a little, she happily thought, but she could feel the ache rapidly receding as her anus slowly shrank back down to normalcy. As it did, she felt a trickle of cum ooze out of it. Looking down, she saw a long, stringy strand slowly drip down onto the sheets below.

Still standing on her hands and knees, she ran her hand up to one of the dangling nipple clamps. Flicking it off, she delicately removed it from her tingling nipple. Turning to the other one, she quickly pinched it open and pulled it off her other nipple. Dropping it onto the bed, she ran her hand down to the buzzing vibrator that was still busily attacking her sensitive clit. Turning it off, she eased it out of its little pouch and tossed it aside. Then she unsnapped all the snaps on her invention and let it drop down onto the bed. As she did, she felt the buzzing vibrator slither out of her juice-drenched pussy and drop to the bed. Reaching back down between her numb legs, she fumbled for it and finally found it. Grabbing it, she turned it off and slowly sank down onto her belly.

Basking in the happy afterglow of her orgasms, she felt Robbie's fingers brush over her ass.

"That was fantastic, Mom..." he told her, lying beside her and lovingly fondling the soft roundness of her ass. "Thank you..."

"Thank you...I enjoyed it as much as you did," she murmured.

"I don't think that's possible," told her.

"Oh, I think so," she said, pushing up to her hands and knees.

Backing down the bed, she dropped her heels onto the floor and swished her way over to the bathroom, deliberately twitching her ass back and forth as she went.

"You have the most beautiful tush in the whole wide world," he told her as she stopped at the bathroom door and gave it a little wiggle for him.

Picking up a washcloth, she ran it under warm water and wrung it out. Then, she hurried back out to the bed with it in her hand. She felt his eyes on her little breasts as they jiggled softly in their silk cups. Leaning down, she wrapped the washcloth around his limp penis and gently wiped away any evidence of their last encounter. Once she was finished, she folded the washcloth and laid it on the nightstand.

With a lewd, little smile, she reached down and pushed his legs apart. Leaning down over the bed, she laid her arms across his thighs with her elbows resting on the bed beside them. Lowering her head, she opened her mouth and slowly sucked his limp penis into her mouth. Feeling the bed shudder, she looked up and saw that Robbie had his head resting on a pillow as he lay looking down at her with a pleased smile on his face.

Robbie's recuperative powers were remarkable, she giddily thought to herself as she could feel his cock already stiffening and hardening inside her mouth. As it grew harder and harder, she pursed her lips around it tighter and sucked even harder. Sucking more and more blood into the growing slab of man-meat, she slowly worked her pursed lips up and down it.

Then she felt Robbie's hands curl around her head, his fingers digging down into her hair. Clutching her head between his hands, he began to lift and lower her head, making her lips slide up and down the expanding shaft of his cock faster and faster. In no time it seemed, his big, spit-coated cock was jutting up hard and ripe.

Fighting against the resistance of his hands, she lifted her mouth up off his cock and pushed up onto her knees. Then, bracing herself on his thighs, she lifted her legs one at a time and dropped them down outside his legs. Straddling his legs, she shuffled up his body, stopping when the wet, glistening gash between her legs was hovering just above his twitching peter. Dropping her hands down onto the pillow beside his head, she leaned down and gave him a long, passionate kiss as she slowly drug her oozing pussy up and down the rounded underside of his brick-hard penis, coating it with her hot juices.

Robbie's hands found her jiggling tits as he plucked and pulled on them quickly teasing her jutting nipples to hardness once again. At last their lips broke apart as they breathlessly finished the fiery kiss. Raising her hips, she stood on her knees straddling his hips and slowly reached around behind her ass. Finding his stiff penis with the tips of her fingers, she lifted it up into the air. Slowly rubbing the tapered tip of his cock up and down the juice-slathered slit, she covered it with juice and then fitted it into the oozing opening of her cunt. As she did, Robbie gave out a little tortured grunt and thrust his hips up, driving his penis up into her at the same moment she dropped herself down on him.

His juice-slickened peter easily slid up into her pussy as she lowered herself down onto it, taking it inside her all the way up to its hairy hilt. Grinding herself against him, she slowly twirled her hips around, making his big cock twist around inside the tight mush of her clutching pussy. While she was doing this, Robbie had his hands wrapped around the rounded swell of her hips and was thrusting up against her, holding his cock deep inside its fleshy prison. Her little asshole still smarted a tiny bit from its ordeal, but the pleasurable sensations and sense of fullness down in her stuffed pussy quickly overrode any lingering pain.

Arching her back, she began to work her hips back and forth, sliding her hot pussy up and down Robbie's stiff cock. As she did, Robbie's hips were bouncing up and down on the bed as he drove his cock up into her hot, clutching pussy. The bed was lurching about wildly, creaking loudly as she fucked him with short, jerky strokes. Her juices were pouring out of her pussy, gushing down and coating his big balls with goo as they flounced around under her. Sweat was beginning to form on her forehead as she determinedly worked her pussy up and down her son's peter.

Working her hips back and forth, she felt his hands lift off her hips. Looking down with a hot, sultry look on her face, she watched Robbie roughly pinch and pluck at her swollen, tingling nipples. Her body was moving back and forth sinuously like the hypnotizing dance of a snake as she worked her pussy back and forth on his cock. She felt herself begin to tire as sweat was now trickling and running down her face and shoulders where it was trapped by her bustier.

As the intensity of her rocking began to weaken, she felt Robbie's hands wrap around her waist once again. Then he lunged up at her, driving his cock into her as deep as it would go. Clutching at her waist, he quickly rolled her over onto her side. Then, keeping his big dick buried down inside her pussy, he rolled over between her legs.

"Yes...Baby...yes..." Sara whispered, looking up at him with lust-glazed eyes as he towered over her on his hands and knees.

Scooting up under her legs, he leaned forward and started pawing and plucking at her tits and nipples as he began to work his cock in and out of her slaving cunt. With her long legs bent at the knees and draped over his thighs, she clutched at them, pushing and pulling on them coaxing him to fuck her harder and harder. She could feel her orgasm building down inside her. Her arousal was growing, fueling her growing excitement as she fought toward the finish. Punishing her tingling nipples with his fingers, Robbie was furiously fucking her pussy with deep, pounding strokes. Their bodies fit together in perfect harmony, meshing together in incestuous union. His penis and her hot cunt were a perfect match. A match made in heaven...or hell...whichever case you chose. Closer and closer she slipped, as he mercilessly attacked her pussy with his cock.

Then, just as she thought he couldn't fuck her any harder or faster, he shifted into another gear she had never seen him use. His hips were flashing back and forth so fast they became a blur as he fucked her with the savage violence of primal man. He was no longer her Robbie she frantically thought, feeling herself responding to the violent attack on her womanhood. He was man...man eternal. Man, set and intent on reproducing himself down in her womb.

Suddenly her orgasm exploded down inside her battered pussy, sending out shimmering waves of white-hot pleasure pulsing all over her body. Quivering and straining against him, she fought to keep the spasms of pleasure ripping through her brain going. Then, just as she thought she had reached the peak of gratification and pleasure, she felt his cock buck down inside her pussy as he drove himself into her all the way to the hilt. A hot, fiery spurt of cum gushed out into her convulsing pussy as she felt herself being thrust even deeper into the merciless clutch of her orgasm.

Her muscles, straining to the breaking point were quivering and shaking as she groveled through her orgasm while Robbie's cock continued to spew out its venomous load of toxicity into her ravenous cunt. His face was contorted into an agonized mask as he held himself down inside her. Involuntary contractions were working through her pussy as it sucked and pulled on his cock, coaxing out more and more cum into her pussy.

Finally, with a sobbing groan, he began to relax and lean down on top of her. His lips found hers and they kissed a long, soft lover's kiss. Thankfully, she tiredly thought as he raised up and slowly backed his cock down the semen-filled channel of her cunt.

She was too exhausted to go on! She had to have time to recharge her batteries, as they were dangerously close to complete depletion. The physical strain and the emotional drain had taken their toll, leaving her drained and useless...

The End...

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About the Author

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his four dogs, not to mention a goat and a cat. The Baron started writing erotica back in 2003 for a site called Mr. Double. After that, in 2006, he moved on to another free site called Literotica. After writing for Literotica for seven years where he rose to number two on their most favorite author list with a following of over 3000 readers, he decided to try his hand in the "for profit" field. Although most of the Baron's stories are in the incest genre, he does occasionally venture out into other genres.

If you enjoyed the Baron's latest offering, *In Laws* please feel free to drop him a line at baron.d.esade@hotmail.com. Thank you for taking the time to read his book. Feel free to write a review, or perhaps you might be interested in some of his other books listed below. Once again, thanks again for reading the Baron's work and we hope you enjoy his future stories...

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