

Moms and Sons

Volume Three



Baron LeSade

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Published by Baron LeSade at Smashwords

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Table of Contents

[Game On](#)

[Cyberworld](#)

[The Resurrection](#)

A Hawaiian Tragedy

GAME ON

[Top](#)

Middle

End

Trent couldn't even remember when it began. But he knew it would happen again as it did every night and he was right back where he was, reliving the same sequence of events over and over. It was like déjà vu all over again.

The three of them, his father, Blake, his mother, Nell and Trent, would eat supper. Then his father would go to the living room to watch television while he and his mother would wash and dry the dishes. Standing at the sink beside his mother, their hips intimately brushing against each other, Trent would dry the dishes and stack them while she washed them. He could smell the delicate fragrance of her perfume, the clean, just-washed smell of her long, dark hair that she always wore gathered up in a knot atop her head. Savoring those smells and all the other smells and fragrances that made up her scent, Trent would bask in her presence. Then they would go into the living room and sit down on the couch to watch TV. Sometimes he would sit, sometimes he would lie down, but always managed to be close enough to touch her.

He didn't know what had started it all. Was it the closeness he had felt as a baby nursing on her? Or was it the traumatic experience of weaning? Being banned from her breasts where he found so much comfort and solace? Was it some other distressing incident, now forgotten and not remembered? Whatever it was, Trent would be the first to admit he liked spending time with his mother!

But tonight there was something different in the air. It almost seemed electric with the anticipation that something special was going to happen. Trent and his mother had always been close. Unusually close, some would say. But nothing overt had ever happened between them. Nell had always been a bit of a tease and a flirt. Even to the point of carrying on with her son, Trent. Although she had always been true to Blake, some men had considered her teasing, flirting ways as a come on and had tried to take her up on it. But she had always turned them away.

But unfortunately, Trent, too had fallen under her spell, thinking that her flirting might even lead to something more...something exciting and something secret

between him and his mother. Something sinister...if he pursued it. It was all the hidden, secret, little nuances that took place between them made their bond so special. Or perhaps it was Trent's almost obsessive love for his mother that tainted everything and made it seem more than it really was. Whatever it was, they both seemed to enjoy the flirtatious, teasing game they played with each other.

Even though she was his mother, Trent wanted to take their little game to another level but he had always been afraid to. Afraid that he would go too far and break those unwritten rules that held the mystical tie they seemed to share together. But he had to do something though, because the teasing, flirting game was slowly, but surely driving him insane with a desire that grew with each passing day.

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Sitting on the couch, Nell watched Trent come trudging into the room. He was gangly and awkward in a teenage kind of way, but handsome in another way. But it was his shyness that made their teasing play so much fun, she thought to herself. His antics not only amused her, but it strangely made her feel protective toward him in a loving, caring kind of way. Like a mother should feel toward her son.

Sitting down beside his mother, Trent laid down and pulled the afghan they kept on the back of the couch down over him. Then, taking a deep breath, he scooted over and gently laid his head down in his mother's lap. He saw her look down at him with a puzzled look on her face, but she made no move to move away from him. Pretending to try and get more comfortable, Trent pulled the afghan up until it was draped across his arm and her legs. Then, with his heart in his throat, he slowly moved his hand up onto her thigh just above her knee.

His mother glanced down at the lump of his hand under the cover for a moment and then nervously glanced over at his father. As usual, his father had nodded off to sleep in his recliner and was softly snoring.

This was a new and unexpected element to their game, she thought to herself. What was he doing? Wondering, she waited to see just where it would lead, as she rested her hand on his shoulder and pretended to watch TV.

When his mother did nothing to stop him, Trent grew a little braver and gave her thigh a soft, intimate squeeze. Slowly, he started to move his hand higher, but when he did, his mother reached down over his head and placed her hand on top of his. She seemed to be telling him to stop as she gave his hand a firm squeeze. Sensing her disapproval, Trent stopped, but left his hand on her thigh. She seemed to sense that she had gotten her point across and slowly lifted her hand off his before dropping it back down on his shoulder.

They stayed this way until finally Trent heard the creak of his father's recliner. Easing his hand off his mother's leg, Trent pushed back up to a sitting position. As the afghan slipped down off his shoulders, he saw his mother reach down and nervously push her skirt farther down her legs.

"Must have fallen asleep," Blake grinned over at them just as he did every night.

"Yes, you did, Dear," Nell softly said, looking over at him and smiling back at him.

"Yes, you did, Dear," Nell softly said, looking over at him and smiling back at him.

"Well, I think I'm going to call it a night," Blake said, bringing his recliner back to the upright position and pushing up out of it.

"I think I will, too," Nell said, getting up, walking over to him and taking his hand. "Night, Trent, Honey," she said as she and Blake started for their bedroom.

"Night, Mom," Trent muttered, enviously watching the switch of her cute, little ass as she and his father walked across the room hand in hand.

Aroused by what had happened between him and his mother, Trent was unable to get to sleep until he finally beat the evil ogre between his legs into submission. Then sleep was finally able to creep in and take control.

Trent couldn't think of anything else as he walked through the next day in a daze.

Standing beside his mother as he dried the dishes, Trent wanted to take her in his arms, kiss her and tell her just what he was thinking. But he knew he could never do that. The game they were playing was kind of like their own, little secret. A secret that they could never share with anyone, not even with themselves.



Just the simple act of draping his dishtowel over the back of the chair next to her apron somehow felt so personal, so private. A quiet intimacy that the two of them shared with no one else.

Stepping out into the living room, he saw that his father was on his recliner and it looked like he was just about to doze off. His mother sat in her usual place on the couch looking at the television as he made his way over to the couch and sat down. As he did, his mother looked over at him, smiled, then looked back at the TV. Pulling the afghan off the back of the couch, he slowly stretched out and laid his head in her lap.

It was as if nothing had happened the night before, Trent anxiously thought, tugging the blanket up and draping it across his mother's legs. She must know that he would try again tonight, but she showed no indication that she knew that. Hesitantly, timidly, under the cover of the blanket, Trent slowly crept his hand back up onto the smooth, warm skin of her thigh just above her knee. Then he felt his mother's fingers resting against his temple as she laid her hand on his head.

Was he actually trying to feel her up, she anxiously wondered? Her little baby, Trent? She couldn't believe that he would do that. She was his mother! And although a part of her found it strangely arousing, another part of her was repulsed by it.

His heart was pounding like a base drum and his cock was so hard, he was afraid it would rip out through his jeans as he slowly began to move his hand up the soft, warm skin of her thigh. His hand was already higher up her thigh than it had been last night as he felt his forefinger brush up against the hem of her skirt.

He is, she worrisomely thought! He's trying to feel me up! My own son. Stop him, her brain told her. Stop him!

Then, just as the previous night, she reached down and clutched hold of his hand, stopping its upward movement. Disappointment exploded inside Trent's fevered brain as he lay with his head resting in her lap and his hand almost halfway up her thigh. She'd stopped him again! But she had let him move closer this time, he giddily told himself. Let him move closer to that secret, forbidden place that lay hidden between her lovely, long legs.

Like a broken record playing itself over and over, it all played out again. Trent

heard his father's recliner creak. Trent sat up. His mother pushed her skirt back down. Then his father made the same, silly remark, "Guess I must have fallen asleep."

"Yes, you did, Dear," he heard his mother answer back.

"Well, I think I'm going to call it a night," Blake said, bringing his recliner back to the upright position and pushing up out of it.

"I think I will too," Nell said, getting up, walking over to him and taking his hand.

It was maddening, Trent told himself watching his mother and father walking out of the room. It was the same every single night. It was like Groundhog Day. Only tonight he had moved closer...

"Night, Trent, Honey," he heard his mother call out.

"Uh, night, Mom," he mumbled.

As she walked along clutching her husband's hand, Nell was torn. She knew that she had to stop the dangerous, twisted game that Trent seemed determined to carry on. But at the same time, she somehow wanted to play the game, too. The flirting and teasing had become a part their interaction between each other for so long, it now seemed ingrained. But Trent seemed determined to go farther than that. Well, if he wanted to play that way, she'd go along with it to see who would be the one to chicken out first and stop it before it got out of hand. Stop it before it ruined the innocence they shared.

The next day was frightfully the same for Trent. Walking around a daze; supper; drying dishes; joining his parents in the living room; sitting down beside his mother; lying down; resting his head in her lap; his hand on her leg.

Here it goes again, Nell frantically thought. She should stop it! Or should she let him have his way and see what would happen if he did touch her? Touch her there? Would that frighten him away? Make him stop? Or make him just that much braver? Maybe he would come to his senses and realize just what he was actually doing.

With his hand resting on her thigh, just above her knee, he could feel his mother

slowly twirling a finger in the hairs on his temple. She seemed engrossed in thought about something. Swallowing to try and clear away the tufts of cotton that had suddenly appeared in his mouth, he began to slowly, carefully move his hand higher up the smooth, soft skin of her thigh. With his hand cupped over the top of her thigh, he extended out his thumb. As he did, he felt it rub up against the hem of her skirt. Stopping, waiting for the inevitable stop by her hand, he was surprised when it didn't come. Growing braver, he slowly slipped his thumb down under the bottom of her skirt.

Holding his breath, he cautiously moved higher up under the thin skirt. But when he had his entire thumb under her skirt and his fingers were just moving under it, down came her hand to stop him.

She couldn't actually let him do it, could she, she frantically asked herself? That was too big a risk to take. But even as she told herself she couldn't, she found she couldn't make herself push his hand out from under her skirt. There was something happening between the two of them. Something that hadn't been there before. Something sinister and disturbing. It was almost as if he were daring her to stop him. Daring her to let him take it to the next level. As bizarre and sick as it was, she suddenly found herself wanting it too. But not tonight. She had to have time to think. She wasn't ready for that tonight. It would have to wait until she decided what she actually wanted. Until she decided to stop it or go on with their dangerous, daring, flirting game.

As she held onto his hand, Trent turned and looked up over the swell of her big breasts as they jutted out over his face. When he did, he saw that his mother was looking down at him with a tiny frown etching her forehead. Then she slowly turned her head from side to side as she squeezed his hand. But the oddest part of the whole thing was the fact that although she had stopped his hand's upward movement, she made no effort to push it out from under her skirt. She just let it rest there against the warm, smooth skin of her thigh.

Trent stopped trying to move his hand higher and turned back to look at the television. They stayed this way for the next several minutes, until they heard the dreaded, familiar creak of his father's recliner...

His fingers had been only a few short inches from the precious treasure tonight, he told himself frantically working his hand up and down his rock-hard cock as he lay in his bed. Maybe tomorrow night! Maybe she would let him touch her! Touch her down there. He had been moving ever closer on each successive night. Maybe tomorrow night would be the night...

A daze; supper; dishes; sitting; lying; head in her lap; father softly snoring; hand on her leg.

Gently clutching at her soft thigh, Trent moved his hand higher up the silky-smooth skin, inching higher and higher. Then, ever-so-slightly, he felt her legs part a tiny bit. His fingers were trembling now as they cautiously slipped under the hem of her skirt. Looking up over the swell of her breasts, he saw that his mother was pretending to watch the show on television as his inquisitive fingers moved closer and closer to the hidden treasure that lay awaiting him between her legs.

Nervously glancing over at her husband, Nell could feel her fevered mind swirling around in a confused miasma. Stop him...or let him touch her? What mother could ever let her son touch her there? No sane mother, could, she told herself! But the excitement, the danger, the tension flowing between her and her son was almost palpable. And the fact that her husband, Trent's father lay sleeping so close by made it feel unreal, like a dream...and oh, so much more dangerous and exciting. Not reality! It couldn't really be happening, could it?

He was closer than he'd ever been. Trent thought he could actually feel the heat emanating from her pussy as his fingertips rested against her hot skin only an inch or so from their destination. Expecting her to stop him at any second, he felt like shoving his fingers against her pussy before she could stop him. But he didn't as his fingers crawled closer and closer.

Then a spasm of pure, electric excitement sizzled through his frantic brain as his fingertips brushed across the slippery smoothness of her panties. Gently rubbing his fingertips across the tiny triangle of silky smooth cloth, he thought he could actually feel the indentation of her pussy between the two rounded folds bordering it.

Oh, dear God, Nell gasped to herself. He's touching me! He's touching me there! Stop him—stop him, a part of her brain railed at her. No—no—let him do it,

another part of her reeling brain shouted.

But before he could explore any further, he felt his mother's hand clasp his hand and stop it. Although he couldn't move his fingers, they were still pressed up against her panties and her sex underneath them. He could feel the moisture on the tips of his fingers as it seeped out through the thin material. Her pussy was making juice, he feverishly thought. She was hot! She was excited! Why else would she be wet?

The creak of his father's chair broke his reverie as he quickly pulled his hand back out from under her skirt and pushed up to a sitting position.

"Guess I must have fallen asleep,"-"Yes, you did, Dear,"-"Well, I think I'm going to call it a night,"-"I think I will, too,"-"Night, Trent, Honey,"-"Night, Mom," and his mother and father were gone.

Trent was ecstatic. He had done it! He had finally touched it! Touched her pussy. Well, he hadn't actually touched her pussy. He had touched her panties. But her panties were touching her pussy, so he'd been that close.

When they were gone, Trent slowly lifted his fingers up to his nose and sniffed. Pussy, he giddily told himself. His mother's pussy. It smelled so frigging hot, his big cock was twitching and jumping with excitement as he went hurrying to his room. Closing his door behind him, Trent jumped into his bed and jerked his pants down around his knees. Then lifting his fingers up to his nose, he inhaled deeply as he began to furiously jerk his hands up and down his cock. He would never wash his hand again, he giddily thought as he pumped away at his cock...

What had she done, Nell dizzily asked herself? Why had she let him touch her there? Because she wanted to be touched there, she sickly told herself. She had become a victim of their wild, taunting game of dare. He had somehow pushed her into the absurd game of taunt and dare and now she had to best him at his own game somehow. The show, or in this case, the game must go on...

The next day, Trent was a basket case at school. He must have gone over what had happened a thousand times. He couldn't get it out of his head. And he couldn't wait for the game to begin again. Excitement, expectation, anticipation; supper; dishes; sitting; lying; head in her lap; father softly snoring; hand on her leg.

Trent could hardly breathe as he moved his hand up her thigh while she sat with her eyes closed, her head resting against the back of the couch. With his father now asleep, there was no longer any pretense of watching TV on her part. As he moved his hand higher, this time there was no hesitation as he felt the gap between her legs widen. Still keeping up the essence of their sick, little game, Trent moved slowly, letting his fingertips gently skim across the velvety soft skin of her inner thigh. Closer and closer he moved until he knew that he was almost touching her panties. Then his fingers touched her.

She would show him, she sickly thought. Show him that she was the one in control as she sat motionless, eyes closed waiting for his fingers to brush across her pussy.

An atom bomb detonated inside Trent's reeling brain as his fingers brushed across the soft, slippery flesh between his mother's legs. SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY FUCKING PANTIES! He was touching bare flesh! He was touching her pussy!

What was going on, he frantically wondered? Why wasn't she wearing panties? Had she gone bonkers? Did she want him to touch her there? He didn't know what to do! Then he felt her legs open wider.

Anxiously glancing over at his father, Trent could see that he was still blissfully sleeping, oblivious to the dramatic tragedy playing out not more than five feet away from him.

Looking up over the swell of her big breasts, Trent saw that his mother still had her eyes closed as her head rested against the back of the couch. There was a small, little frown creasing her forehead, but no other indication of her emotions.

The sick game was totally, completely out of control now. But it was no longer a game to her. She had capitulated to him. Given in. Surrendered. She just wanted to be touched. Wanted Trent to touch her there and give her release from the overbearing tension growing down in her loins.

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Tentatively, almost fearfully, Trent gently, lovingly ran his fingertips over the soft, satiny-smooth flesh between her legs. An almost inaudible murmur escaped from her lips as Trent's fingers explored her vulnerable femininity. He could tell

that the big, fleshy lips surrounding her pussy were thick and gorged, filled with blood as he brushed his fingertips over them. And they were wet with the sticky secretions that was seeping out from between them.

Trent had never been so excited in all his life.

Running his fingers down the slippery furrow between her pussy lips, he found the wet, slippery opening of her womanhood. Then, with the patience of Job, he began to ease two fingers down into the tight, moist sheath. As he did, the sticky flesh closed down around his fingers embracing them and enveloping them in her moist warmth.

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He's putting his fingers in me, Nell deliriously thought. I'm letting him put his fingers in me. We'll both roast in hell for this, but I want it so bad now, I'll risk my soul.

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He had his fingers in her pussy, he frantically thought! His fingers were in his mother's pussy! He couldn't believe it. Pushing them in deeper, he pushed until he had both of his fingers buried down inside her all the way up to their last knuckles. Then he brushed the ball of his thumb across her clit.

As he did, he felt his mother's body jerk and stiffen, a tremor worked through it while she strained against his hand taking his fingers even deeper into the tight clutch of her spasming cunt. Her whole body was gently trembling as she thrust her head back against the couch. Looking up over her breasts, Trent saw that she was biting down on her lower lip to keep from making a sound.

Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God—I'm coming, Nell screamed out to herself. He just touched me and made me come. One, tiny, grazing touch and I'm coming like a virgin being touched for the very first time. What's happening to me?

Roughly rubbing his thumb back and forth across her clit, Trent could feel her hot juices pouring out around his embedded fingers. His fingers and hand were already drenched with the warm, sticky goo as more and more of it continued to gush out of his mother's pussy.

At last, with a tiny, soft murmur, she slumped back down against the couch. Then he felt her hand close down around his hidden hand and slowly push it away.

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As he eased his fingers out of her, her eyes fluttered open and she nervously looked at the television and then over at Blake.

What did you just do, you shameless slut? You let your son make you come! She felt a wave of guilt and self-revulsion wash over her. She had never been unfaithful to him before and now look at her. Coming on her son's hand like some common whore. And right in front of him. She was beyond redemption! A heathen bitch that would be cast out among the dogs of the street where the dogs could have their way with her like the bitch she was.

~~~

It was if it had never happened, Trent thought as he pushed back up onto his butt. Then he watched his mother shove her skirt back down her legs.

A few moments later, they heard the creak of Blake's chair.

"Guess I must have fallen asleep."

"Yes, you did, Dear."

"Well, I think I'm going to call it a night," Blake said, bringing his recliner back to the upright position and pushing up out of it.

"I think I will, too."

"Night, Trent."

"Night, Mom," Trent mumbled watching his parents walk across the room.

But tonight there was a difference that confirmed what had just happened between him and his mother. She hadn't called him honey. Then, as if he needed any further confirmation of what had just happened, he saw a big, wet stain spreading out on her skirt below the swell of her tight, little ass where her hot

juices had apparently soaked through her skirt.

He'd made her have an orgasm, he blissfully thought, bringing his still damp fingers up to his nose. Sniffing them, he savored the pungent scent of her hot pussy on his fingers and went hurrying down to his room...

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Time passed. It was bizarre. To everyone else, it was as if nothing was going on between the two of them. With Nell and Blake both working and Trent in school during the day, Trent and Nell had little to no time together except for the secret, hidden moments they shared each night on the couch.

It was like the movie Ground Hog Day where the poor guy relived the same day over and over again.

Lying; head in her lap; father softly snoring; hand on her leg; touching; feeling...

Then it all changed...

Excitement, expectation, anticipation; supper; dishes; sitting. Then as Trent started to lie down, his mother stopped him. Glancing over at the sleeping Blake, she draped the afghan over her shoulders and leaned toward him.

"Scrunch down just a little bit," she whispered, nervously glancing over at Blake again to make sure that he was still asleep. Seeing that he was, she waited as Trent scrunched down lower then slowly she melted down on the couch, lying with her head in his lap.

She had to repay him, she sickly told herself. She had to show him that she understood the rules of the game. He had dared her and won. Now she would dare him...

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Surprised by the sudden turn of events, Trent felt his mother's cheek brush against his brick-hard cock. Then he felt her rest her cheek on his belly as she pretended to be watching television. Not knowing what else to do with his

hands, he dropped one down onto the couch and the other one onto her shoulder.

Her hand and arm were covered by the afghan as she slowly pushed her hand up between his legs. Then a spasm of excitement fired off inside his spinning head when he felt his mother's fingers brush over his cock as she gently groped it through his pants. Fighting to hold back the explosion that was gathering in his primed balls, he felt her unsnap his pants and then slowly pull the zipper down its track. Trent was so excited, he couldn't breathe as he held his breath waiting to see what she was going to do next. Then to his stunned astonishment, he felt her hot, little hand curl around his cock down inside his shorts.

His heart was pounding like a roaring freight train, his ears ringing as he felt his mother tug his big cock out through the opening in the front of his shorts. Frantically glancing over at his father, he jerked his head back just in time to see his mother dip her head down under the afghan. Then a shockwave of monumental proportions tore through his fevered brain as he felt his mother's lips brush over the head of his penis. Gasping for breath, to his utter amazement, he felt her soft, full lips slip down over the throbbing head of his cock. She—she had his cock in her mouth, he frantically thought as another shockwave ripped through his brain. He couldn't hold it back as he felt his cock lurch and spew out a gigantic gusher of thick, hot cum right into his mother's sucking mouth—

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Now look what you've done, whore, she railed at herself. You've made him come. Letting him come in your mouth like a common slut. Not his mother...

But she didn't even flinch as she kept sucking and gulping down the creamy load of semen that was spewing out of the head of her son's penis in thick, gloopy gushes. More and more of the virulent jism spurted out into her mouth where she hungrily swallowed it down while Trent's hips involuntarily jerked up and down on the couch. It was so far beyond the pale of belief, Trent's fevered mind couldn't accept it. Was he actually coming in his mother's mouth? Staring down at the afghan in stunned shock, all he could see was the back of her head sticking out from under the blanket. But while he couldn't see her face, he could feel her hot, sucking mouth pulling out more and more of his essence.

One last frantic look at his sleeping father and Trent felt his cock finally stop firing off inside his mother's mouth. Then he felt her twirl her hot, little tongue

around the head of his penis one last time to clean it as she backed her lips off his softening penis. As Trent watched on in a euphoric fog, she sat back up and turned back to the TV. As he sat watching her, his mind in a swirling chaos, he saw her slowly lick the tip of her tongue around her full, red lips licking away any stray drops of cum that might have escaped from her sucking mouth.

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What have you done, she woozily asked herself? Why on God's earth did you do that? Two fucking wrongs certainly don't make a right! Now you've only compounded your problem. You can't do that again. It's just too dangerous. If Blake caught you doing that, he'll kill the both of you...

~~~

Moments later the predictable creak of his father's chair came as his father pushed up to a sitting position.

"Guess I must have fallen asleep."

"Yes, you did, Dear," Nell innocently said.

"Well, I think I'm going to call it a night," Blake said, bringing his recliner back to the upright position and pushing up out of it.

"I think I will, too,"

"Night, Trent, Honey."

"Night, Mom," Trent mumbled watching his parents walk across the room. She had added the honey back into her salutation. Had it really happened, Trent asked himself as he sat numbly staring at the television? Then he reached down and slowly peeled back the afghan. As he did, he saw that his pants were still open and his big, limp cock was still sticking out through the opening in the front of his shorts. But the real proof was the tiny trickle of cum that was still slowly oozing out of the head of his cock. She'd done it! His mother had sucked him off! Trent's brain was reeling with the magnitude of what she'd just done. Sucked him off! Sucked him off while his father was lying asleep not more than five feet away. Un-fucking-believable!

What was next, he giddily asked himself? There could only be one thing. But how? How could he get up the courage to step over that one final line, he anxiously wondered? Their little charade had gone on undiscovered and undiscussed this long. They had treated their little secret game almost as if it wasn't even happening. But the next step would require a concession to the fact they were committing a grievous sin. They would have to confront each other and admit to what they had done. Admit the incest. Admit the adultery they were committing. Admit her betrayal of her husband and Trent would have to admit his betrayal of his father...and mother—

But there was no dialogue between the two of them and things continued along as if there were nothing the least bit wrong with what they were doing each night. With each passing night, Trent grew a little braver, a little more reckless as he brought his mother to orgasm night after night while his father slept on still oblivious to their sick, little game. And although he had done everything he could think of to get her to let him come in her mouth again, she had refused. While she was becoming more and more open with him, even letting him slip his hand inside her blouse and feel up one of her big breasts one night, she wouldn't repeat the act she had performed on him that night.

Trent was getting frantic with need. After he had brought her to climax every night, he would have to go to his own room and relieve himself before sleep would come. And to make things even worse for him, one night he had crept down to their room and heard the soft, thumping sounds of their bed bumping against the wall as his father and mother made love. It had driven him into a jealous rage, but there was nothing he could do about it! So night after night he just helplessly stewed in his envious ire and masturbated to ease the pain.

Then came the night he struck back. Although it felt like he was cutting off his nose to spite his face, he decided he had to do it.

Fog; supper; dishes; sitting; lying; head in her lap; hand on her leg; father softly snoring. But then he stopped and let his hand lay unmoving on her leg. After a few moments, he felt his mother's leg move as she spread herself for him, inviting him back down between her legs. Down to her panty-free pussy. But still, he didn't move. He just kept his hand resting atop her thigh. He felt her leg move again as she opened herself even wider. It took every ounce of will power he possessed not to drop his hand down between her legs and find her waiting wetness, but he was somehow able to overcome the temptation.

[Return to the Top](#)

What's wrong? Why won't he touch me? I want him to touch me! Touch me and make me come! Why won't he do that for me?

Then he saw his mother's hand drop down to his and clutch it through the afghan. He let her take hold of his hand and slowly pull it down between her legs, but he made no effort to follow her lead.

Looking up over the swell of his mother's bosom, he saw her mouth the words "Touch me."

Locking his eyes on hers, he slowly rolled his head from side to side in answer to her demand.

Glancing over at Blake, she looked back down at him and mouthed the word "Why?"

Pulling his hand back out from between her legs, he pulled it out from under the blanket and grabbed hold of her hand. Looking over at his sleeping father, Trent roughly shoved her hand down against his own aching cock. Still staring into her eyes, he thought he saw a spark of understanding as he felt her roughly grope his cock through the blanket and his pants.

"Oh," she mouthed, clutching him harder. Then she mouthed the word "No time tonight," and motioned with her head toward sleeping Blake.

"Tomorrow?" Trent mouthed.

"Yes," she nodded, her head bobbing up and down frantically.

Shoving his hand back under the cover, Trent pushed it up between her spread legs and roughly plunged two fingers into the hot, wet socket of her cunt. Then holding his fingers thrust up inside her pussy, he began to roughly rub his thumb back and forth across her jutting clit.

Trent felt his mother's legs begin to tremble as she involuntarily spread wider while he mercilessly taunted her clit.

Letting her eyes flutter closed, Nell leaned her head back against the couch and surrendered herself to the insistent urgings of her son's rubbing thumb. A few

moments later, her body was trembling and quivering as she thrust herself against Trent's slashing thumb. It had almost come to an addiction with her, she feverishly thought as her hot juices poured out drenching Trent's hand and the back of her skirt. She had to have her nightly fix. But tomorrow, she would have to pay for that fix. Pay with mouth, no matter how dangerous it was. She would have to give what she had so freely taken for so long.

As the last tremors of her orgasm tickled through her satiated cunt, the phone rang setting off a chain reaction. Trent's hand came flying out from between her legs as he sprang up to a sitting position. Nell's legs slapped together as she reached down and shoved her skirt down. Thankfully, the afghan was still draped across Trent's lap hiding his tented pants as they guiltily scrambled to present the picture of innocence while Blake came floundering up out of his recliner.

"Who the hell could that be," they heard him mutter as he went stomping across the room to the phone.

Knowing that they had almost been caught, they guiltily glanced at one another then pretended to watch television trying to catch the gist of the muffled conversation from across the room. Then, Blake placed the receiver back on its cradle and came walking back across the room with a big, happy grin on his face.

"That was Harvey. He and the guys are going on a fishing trip this weekend and he wanted to know if I wanted to go," Blake said. "You don't have any plans for me this weekend, do you?"

"Uh, no, not that I know of—" Nell mumbled, her mind still reeling from the near disaster. "Go ahead and have some fun. I'll find a way to entertain myself."

"How about you, sport?" Blake grinned down at Trent. "You want to join us?"

"Uh, sorry, uh, I've got a report I've got to work on, Dad," he lied.

"Well, don't say I didn't give you a chance," Blake said, turning and heading for the kitchen. "I'm going to get my fishing gear ready so I don't have to stumble around in the dark tomorrow to find it all."

Almost in a trance, Nell and Trent watched as Blake disappeared into the kitchen.

Then they heard the door to the garage open and close.

Then Trent watched his mother reach down and gently peel the blanket back off his lap to reveal the big bulge sticking out against the front of his pants.

"Tomorrow..." Nell whispered, leaning down and placing a soft, lingering kiss on the bulge before dropping the cover back down over it. Then with a soft, little grunt, she pushed up onto her high heels and went walking toward the back of the house. As she did, Trent smiled when he saw the big, wet stain on the back of her skirt. Good thing his father wasn't here or he would have seen the evidence of their imprudence, Trent told himself watching the twitch of his mother's ass under her skirt. Yes, tomorrow...

But with his father gone, what else would tomorrow bring? Yes, indeed, what else?

Even after beating his cock into submission, Trent had difficulty falling asleep. He felt like a little boy on Christmas Eve waiting for Christmas Day so he could unwrap his presents. But on this Christmas Day, there was only one present to unwrap. The one his mother kept it hidden down between her long legs, he giddily told himself. It was going to be the best day of his life.

Trent woke with a start as he heard the muffled sounds of a conversation when his parents passed outside his door followed by the subdued sound of an engine outside. Rolling out of bed, he stumbled across his room to the window that looked out onto the street in front of the house.

Peering out the window, he saw that there was a truck sitting by the curb. The truck still had its headlights on and in the gathering dawn, he could see that its bed was filled with all sorts of camping and fishing gear. Just then he saw his father come striding down the front walk toward the truck. As Trent watched on in eager anticipation of his father's departure, he saw his father set his fishing stuff in the bed of the truck along with all the other gear.

As he watched, his father turned and waved back toward the house. His mother must be standing at the front door, he told himself as he felt a shiver of excitement tickle up his spine.

Trent was so pent up with anticipation and excitement, he could barely breathe as he watched his father crawl into the truck. Then the truck slowly pulled away



from the curb and went trundling off down the street. Trent continued to watch the red lights on the back of the truck until they finally winked off in the distance. Glancing down at his wrist, he saw that it was six o'clock.

They were alone, he frantically thought. Finally, all alone. There was no one, or no thing that could stop them now. It was just the two of them with the big house all to themselves. Trent had never had a case of nerves this bad before. Suddenly, he had to pee...and pee really bad!

Hurrying over to his bathroom, he shoved his pajamas down and plopped down on the commode. Pushing his cock down between his legs, he found that he couldn't pee because his peter was already in the final stages of an erection. Sitting on the commode, he strained and strained, trying to think of anything but his mother so he could pee.

Finally, he felt the burning sting as his urine began to flow through his cock. Then he heard the loud, vulgar splashing sounds as his piss sprayed down into the water. He peed and peed for what seemed like hours before his bladder was finally emptied.

Standing back up, he gave his cock a few rough shakes then slowly milked his fingers down it several times to squeeze out any urine that might have remained in it. He certainly didn't want his mother to taste his pee, he sickly thought as he leaned down and jerked his pajamas back up. Looking down, he saw that his erection was once again in full swing as his cock was slowly lifting itself up to tent his pajamas.

Glancing at his watch again, he saw that it was six-fifteen. His father had been gone fifteen minutes. Was that long enough, he anxiously wondered? His father was notable for forgetting things. They couldn't risk him returning and catching them in the act. Trent would just have to wait longer. How long? Thirty minutes? An hour? Longer?

Forty-five minutes should be long enough, he told himself. That would give his father twenty minutes to think of anything he had forgotten and by then, he wouldn't want to bother the other guys by coming back because it would make him look like a dufus and them late arriving at the lake. And they were always joking about the early bird catching the fish. Yeah, fifteen more minutes, he told himself.

Lifting his arm, Trent sniffed his armpit. Shower, he told himself. Everything had to be perfect today. He couldn't let anything ruin it for them. Turning his shower on, he quickly stripped off his pajamas and stepped under the water. Lathering up a washcloth, he slowly, meticulously ran the soapy cloth all over his body. Finally, he turned his attention to his big, hard penis as it stuck out in front of him bobbing up and down with every movement he made. Finished with his cock, he cupped his big, dangling balls in the foamy cloth and gave them a thorough cleansing. Finally, he rubbed the cloth up and down the crack of his ass several times. Then, with an eager smile, he dropped the cloth to the floor and stepped back under the water. Letting the water wash the bubbly soap down the drain, he turned round and round until he was rinsed off and squeaky clean.

Stepping out of the shower, he grabbed a big fleecy towel and dried off. Picking up his antiperspirant, he rubbed it across his armpits several times. Picking up his toothpaste and toothbrush, he quickly brushed his teeth. Then running his comb through his hair, he stepped back and looked at himself in the mirror. Damn, what a handsome cock, he smirked at his reflection. Satisfied, he hurried back out and quickly pulled on a clean pair of pajamas.

Grinning, he looked down and saw that his big peter was pompously tenting his pajamas. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was seven o'clock. Time to go, he told himself. Nervously brushing his hand across his hair one last time, he stepped over to the door in his bare feet. Pushing it open, he anxiously stepped out into the hallway.

His heart was hammering down inside his chest like a snare drum, rat-atat-atat-atat. His palms were sweaty. His ears were ringing. He could barely breathe and his mouth was filled with cotton. There was so much adrenaline pouring through his body, he could barely walk on his wobbly knees. Halfway down the hall, he had to stop, steady himself by leaning against the wall before he could go on. As his heart continued to race, his breathing rate had shifted into hyperventilation mode. He could feel every painful throb pulse through his cock as even more blood was being pumped into it making it even harder and more swollen. He'd never been so hard. So hard he was afraid that it might burst before he would even get the chance to use it.

His head was spinning. He was afraid he was going to pass out from the energy screaming through his head before he even got to her room as he stumbled down the hallway. Finally, he was standing outside her door. His hand was shaking and

so sweaty, he didn't know if he could turn the doorknob. Looking down, he saw that his penis was now waving in the air as it had forced its way out through the opening in the front of his pajamas. Reaching down, he roughly shoved it back inside and re-buttoned his pajamas. While he was proud of his eight-inch weapon, he thought flashing his mother with it would be crude.

Taking a deep, cleansing breath, he turned the doorknob and gently pushed the door open.

Not knowing what to expect, he peered into the room with bated breath. There she was! She was lying in the bed with a sheet draped over her. Trent could make out every delicious, sweeping curve of her elegant body under the thin sheet. Running his eyes up the outline of her well-rounded body, he saw that her head was turned toward him and she was looking at him. She'd been waiting for him! He didn't know why he found that surprising as she had hinted that today would be the day she would take care of him.

Fighting to hold back the tears of joy that were threatening to burst from his eyes, Trent slowly stumbled toward her. The few feet separating them seemed more like a mile as he lurched across the room in a befuddled stupor. Finally, his knees bumped up against the edge of the mattress stopping his bumbling, reeling ramble across the room. But as they did, it was just enough of a bump to dislodge his penis once again and it sprang out through the opening of his pajamas.

As it did, his mother's eyes shot down to the evil ogre as it stuck out of his pajamas bobbing up and down in rhythm with the pounding beat of his heart. Trent's mouth was too dry to talk as he looked down at his mother staring at his jutting cock. As he did, he saw that she had even taken the time to make up her face in anticipation of their date. He was tongue-tied, hog-tied and unable to move as her hand slowly drifted out from under the sheet and lifted up to his twitching cock.

"So big..." she whispered as her fingertips grazed across the swollen, purple head of his penis.

"Mother..." Trent was finally able to choke out as his mother's hot, little hand molded itself around his pulsing cock. Then, with one hand curled around his cock, she snuck her other hand out from under the sheet and reached across

herself to wrap it around one of his ass cheeks. Pulling him toward her, she bent his throbbing penis down and slowly twirled her little, pink tongue around the big, purple plum. Then as she leaned toward him and lazily sank her lips down over the pointy, tapered head of his cock, Trent saw that the sheet had slipped down off her big, beautiful breasts. Gawking at them in reverent awe, he fought to hold back the orgasm swelling down inside his balls and saw that the globes of flattened flesh were much paler than the skin of her arms and chest. But the perfect circles of pebbled flesh capping their tips were an even deeper, darker shade of pink, almost purple in color. The same color as the two big, rubbery knobs of flesh jutting up out of the centers of the darkened circles of flesh.

"Oh, God, Mother—Mother—I'm—I'm—Oh—Goddddd—" Trent gasped as he felt an atomic explosion tear through his penis. As the searing jolt of pleasure ripped through his cock, it jerked and began to spurt out thick, gooey gobs of creamy, white cum into his mother's sucking, slurping mouth. The pleasure was so intense it had a painful edge to it as his ass began to shake and quiver, his hips instinctively lurching back and forth as he mindlessly fucked his mother's beautiful face.

"Sorry—sorry—sorry—" was all he could whimper, unable to stop his ass from jerking back and forth as his twitching, bucking cock continued to pump out more and more cum into his mother's mouth. Staring down at his mother, he watched the muscles in her throat contract as she swallowed down his offering.

Her fingernails were digging into his ass cheek, holding onto him keeping his big, erupting peter inside her mouth as it emptied its creamy load, one gushy spurt after another. The inside of her mouth was drenched in the gummy goo when Trent's cock finally stopped spurting.

"Oh, God, Mother," Trent groaned, trying to keep from falling as every last bit of the strength had left his knees.

But even then, she kept pulling him forward as she continued to suck and pull on his cock with her mouth while her hot, little tongue slowly twirled around its super-sensitive head. The first time she had sucked him off had been stupendous, but this—this was almost beyond the pale of human endurance, Trent woozily thought. He'd never felt anything like it. It was almost as if she had sucked his whole being out through his cock as his whole body had melted and poured out into her hot, sucking mouth.

At last, just when he didn't know if he could take another second of her tongue rasping back and forth across the head of his penis, she eased her fingernails out of his skin and let him ease back. As he backed, he watched his big, lifeless prick slither out from between her cummy lips and drop back down between his trembling thighs.

Then as he stood staring down at her in a euphoric daze, he saw her grab hold of the sheet and fling it off her body. As he gawked down at the splendor of her beautiful, naked body, she slowly scooted around until she was lying perpendicular to the big, king-sized bed.

Lying on her back looking up at him, she dangled her tiny feet off the edge of the bed and slowly spread her long, curvaceous legs apart. As she did, Trent greedily leered down at the wet, succulent treasure that lay unfurled down between her legs. It was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen. Nestled down below its nest of soft, dark curls, the gorged, pinkish-red lips were spread invitingly as she smiled up at him and slowly ran a hand down to it.

Sticking out a long, red-tipped finger, she slowly teased it back and forth across the little kernel of flesh that was sticking out above the satin-smooth lips. Trent could almost taste the sweet, creamy juice that was slowly oozing out of the slit at the base of the luscious, pink wound. The air around him was rank with the ripe musk of her sex as she lay looking up at him with lust-glazed eyes.

Drinking in her beauty, he could already feel the energy flowing back into his cock as it limply hung down between his legs. Easing down onto his knees beside the bed, Trent kneeled before altar of motherhood. Reaching out, he gently wrapped his hands around a trim ankle and lifted one of his mother's small feet off the edge of the bed. Holding her foot in his hands, starting at her rounded heel, he slowly, teasingly licked his tongue up the smooth, soft sole ending at the ball of her foot, just below her five red-tipped toes.

Opening his mouth, beginning with her little, pinkie toe, he slowly sucked it into his mouth. Softly sucking, he swirled his tongue around the tiny digit, he let it ease out from between his lips and patiently sucked the next toe into his mouth, then the next, and next until he had given each toe the same attentive consideration. As he did, he could hear the soft murmurs coming from his mother. Finishing with her toes, Trent lovingly kissed up over the curved arch of her foot and up to the protrusion of her ankle bone. Twirling his tongue around

the little nub several times, he finally kissed his way up onto the curve of her beautifully-rounded calf.

Making his way up over the smooth, soft skin of her calf, his lips grazing the velvet softness, he kissed over her dimpled knee and up onto her inner thigh. As he did, he felt her legs tremble slightly and slowly spread wider in anticipation. At the pace of a snail, he licked up her inner thigh moving ever closer to the wet, weeping succulence lying between her outstretched legs.

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Nell wanted to scream. She had never been wound so tightly before. Her raw, exposed clit was begging, pleading to be touched, but she was afraid to. Afraid that she would bring on an orgasm before she felt the touch of his lips on it. Afraid she would bring about her own release before he touched her there with his hot, lapping tongue. She wanted release, but she wanted him to give it to her. Not bring it on herself. She wanted her son to give her the fix she so desperately wanted. Needed! Craved! She could feel his hot lips crawling ever closer, but at the pace they were traveling it would be years before he touched her there. Down there where she ached to be touched.

Finally, she could feel his hot breath on the sensitive, exposed skin of her womanhood. Her muscles were rigid, tensed in anticipation of his touch as she frantically waited. Then his lips moved away. She was crestfallen. Where did they go? Why had he stopped, she feverishly wondered? Tensing the muscles in her neck, she raised her head and looked down. Down between her flattened breasts only to feel his lips on the sole of her other foot. She would go insane if she had to wait for him to work up her other leg. She was already on razor's edge as she felt his hot, wet tongue lick up the sole of her foot. Then she felt his soft lips purse themselves around the little toe. A shiver of excitement tickled up her leg to her spine and then up into her reeling brain as he slowly twirled his tongue around the little digit. Then he moved to the next toe, and the next, and the next before finally ending up with her big toe in his mouth.

Tickling her big toe with his tongue, Trent could feel it squirming to escape his touch. Then he let it slip out of his mouth and began to slowly, teasingly move up her leg. Higher and higher he moved. Up over her ankle, her calf, her knee, and thigh, he kissed and licked. Now he was only an inch or so from the wet, oozing prize.

"Touch it—Touch me—please—Please—for God's sake touch me there!" Nell screamed out thrusting up at him trying to get him to touch her clit. "MY CLIT —"

Then she felt his lips touch down on her lips just below the aching, throbbing center of her femininity.

Slowly licking over the fat, gorged lips, Trent traced the curve of the soft, smooth labium down one side all the way to the bottom and then up the other side all the way to the top stopping just a hair's breadth short of touching her jutting clit. Then moving across under her clit without touching it, he moved to the other lip and slowly licked down it to the slippery, oozing slit at the bottom of her pussy stopping to stiffen his tongue and plunge into her as deep as it would go.

"My clit! Please-Touch my clit!" Nell cried out, tears coursing down her cheeks.

Slowly pulling his tongue out of the slippery opening of her vagina, Trent licked his way up the cream-filled gorge until his tongue was poised just below her clit. His brain was filled with the smell of her; the taste of her; the feel of her soft wetness as he finally raked his tongue across her clit.

A brilliant flash of light lit up the inside Nell's reeling brain. A nuclear explosion detonated inside her womb as pleasure so pure, so sweet it almost hurt rushed out over her body overwhelming her with its unholy heat. Every fiber of her being was singing out his praises as she let the orgasm consume her. She had never felt an orgasm so powerful, so consuming, so deep as it shook her to the very depths of her soul.

Trent feared for his mother's life as she lay underneath him, her body shaking and twitching uncontrollably. The muscles in her legs and arms were as hard as steel as she strained up against him. Her back was arched up like a strung bow and Trent hoped it wouldn't snap. Her head was thrown back, thrust against the edge of the mattress while her soft, round heels were digging down into it on the other side of the bed.

Strange, animalistic sounds were coming from her open mouth as she struggled to speak while she fought her way through her orgasmic seizure.

At last, with a soft, choking gasp, her whole body suddenly went limp. Looking

up over her belly, up between her big, flattened breasts, Trent couldn't detect any movement at all. She wasn't breathing, he fearfully told himself! Had he killed her? Had he just killed his mother? He had to do something, he frantically thought, pushing up to his feet beside the bed. CPR? He didn't know how to do it, but he'd seen it on TV many times. Push her chest? Blow into her mouth? That's the way they did it, isn't it?

Just as he was about to crawl up on the bed and try it, he saw her big breasts shudder as she took in a deep, gasping breath.

Thank God, Trent muttered to himself as he crawled up on the bed beside her. As he did, her eyes slowly fluttered open and she turned to look at him.

"That—that was—Oh, God—" she whispered, reaching down and clasping his hand in hers. "It's never..."

Trent had never felt such love as he felt at this moment. Leaning over, he tenderly, lovingly kissed away the tears on her tear-stained cheeks.

"I love you so much, Mother..." Trent murmured.

Her love for this beautiful young god had no bounds, she told herself as she felt his strength brushing against her thigh. He was erect again, she giddily thought. Hard and aroused even though he had just orgasmed in her mouth. Such virility, such potency. Praise the exuberance of youth, she almost swooned as her eyes drifted over to the clock on the nightstand by the bed.

Eight-fifteen, she groggily thought. No wonder he was hard again! It had been more than an hour since he had finished in her mouth. His long, teasing provocation that had finally led to her orgasm had taken over an hour. She was stunned! It had only seemed like minutes, but he had drawn it out for an hour, bringing her to a fever pitch before sending her spinning over the edge into her cataclysmic finish.

Now it was time, she fearfully thought. Time for them to take the final step! The final plunge into the fiery depths of their incestuous wedlock. The step that would plunge them into the conjugal bond of incestuous love and commitment. There was still time to pull out of the fatal dive they found themselves in. Only moments, but still time. But once that final step was taken, there was no turning back. No stopping it. It would be done. The mutilation of the wholesome,

innocent love that had once shared between them would be complete. The mutation of their mother/son love into the passionate, obsessive love shared between a man and a woman would be complete. That pure, innocent bond they had shared as mother and son could never be restored. They would be changed for life!

But it was their choice. They had chosen to do this. No one had forced them to do it. They both had known where all the preliminaries would finally lead to and this was that moment, Nell sadly thought. The moment they had been rushing toward for all that time. She was losing her son! Losing her son...but gaining a lover!

This was the moment he'd dreamed of. The moment he had craved for so long. Leaning over, he brushed his lips over her soft, trembling lips. He could still taste the tears on them as he tenderly ran the tip of his tongue over their velvet smoothness. Then a spasm of excitement sparked through his spinning head as he felt her tongue find his. As they kissed, their mouths slowly opened to each other and their tongues unhurriedly twirled and twisted around each other in sensual, erotic dance of passion and adoration.

Then Trent felt his mother's fingers brush against his penis. Easing his hips back, he pulled back away from his mother's leg so she could get her hand around his hot, throbbing column of rock-hard cock-meat.

Curling her hand around his oversized cock, Nell lovingly groped and pulled on it as Trent shoved it against her hand. Then she felt him drape his leg across hers. Hinting, she spread her legs wider apart, opening herself for him. Taking his cue, Trent dropped his knee to the bed between her legs and then, with a little grunt, rolled over her leg and dropped his other knee on the bed down between her outstretched legs.

His mother had somehow kept his big, evil cock grasped in her hand as he rolled over between her legs and he felt her pushing his cock down, aiming it, guiding it to the exposed, drooling opening at the bottom of her cunt as he moved higher. Curling his hips, Trent let his mother guide the tapered tip of his penis down to the opening of her juice-slickened vagina. Fitting the point of his cock in between the fleshy folds, she released her hold on it and lifted her hand up onto his hips. Digging her fingernails in, she pulled him guiding him down into the slippery opening.

The round, purple head of his penis began to slide down into the tight, wet opening. He's so much bigger than Blake, she frantically thought as his big cock slowly slid down into her, spreading her and stretching the sheath-like channel of her vagina. I hope I can take all of him.

Barely able to contain the electric excitement that was sparking around inside his brain, Trent pushed deeper and deeper into the clinging warmth. She was so hot, so wet, so tight, he giddily thought as the silky channel of flesh accepted him, collapsing down around his invading penis.

He's inside me, she feverishly thought! My son is inside me! His penis is inside my vagina. How could she let this happen? They were now doomed. They would both burn in hell for what they were doing.

But she didn't care. Not now. She just wanted to savor the poignancy of the moment. Lock it in her memory and never forget it!

Nell kept her eyes focused on Trent's as she slowly rocked her hips, working his penis deeper inside her. He could feel her cunt sucking on his cock as the head moved deeper, following the tight channel to what had once been its home.

Nell's eyelids were fluttering up and down as she stared up at him with her unfocused, glazed eyes. Sighing contentedly, she pressed her legs against Trent's hips, rubbing them against him and letting his big dick slide deeper down inside her.

God, how much more, she fearfully thought as Trent's long, thick penis continued to spread and stretch her while it moved down inside her. She couldn't take much more. Then amazingly, she felt the head of his penis gently nudge up against the opening of her cervix at the same moment his belly thudded up against hers. It was all in. She had taken him all. Taken every last millimeter of his giant penis. Then as he continued to gently thrust into her, she felt her cervix shrink back as her vaginal canal lengthened to accept him.

"Oh, sweet, Baby—" Nell gurgled out, her fingers clutching, pulling on him trying to get him deeper inside the tight clutch of her pussy. Then her hands curled around his head and pulled his lips down on hers. Holding his head between her hands she crushed her lips against his as she impaled his mouth with her hot, probing tongue.

They lay motionless as the kiss went on and on, neither of them wanting to break the sanctity of the moment. But at last they had to breathe—

As they finally broke the fiery kiss, Trent's hips began to make short, slow rocking motions, working them back and forth, barely even moving as he fucked her with tiny, gentle thrusts. Staring down into her love-sick eyes, Trent slowly slid his hands along her sides and resting his weight on his elbows, gently clutching hold of her big, gravity-crushed tits. As he did, Nell's hands dropped away from his hips and covered his hands. Then with his palms brushing against her big, swollen nipples, they both began to squeeze and knead the soft mounds of flesh.

As Trent continued the slow rocking movement of his hips, Nell let her eyes flutter shut. Although her eyes were closed, there was a small, happy smile on her full, red lips as she moved with him in the slow, rhythmic cadence of their fucking. Still moving back and forth, Trent slowly increased the length and depth of his strokes as the pace began to quicken. As he did, he could feel his mother's hot cunt clutching, sucking, gently squeezing down on his slowly pistoning cock then releasing its tight hold only to repeat it again as it slid back down into her.

Raising her hips to meet him, she let Trent drive deeper into her as she pushed back against the deep, penetrating thrust. Nell could sense that her son was slowly losing control as the strength and force of his strokes grew in intensity and force. Staring up into his love-crazed eyes, she could only imagine what was going on behind them. What could he be thinking?

He was fucking his mother! Fucking the woman who had given him life and brought him into the world. It must be weighing heavily on him, she sickly thought.

Nell moved with the rhythm of his hips as they moved faster. Trent could feel her velvety-smooth thighs as she clutched them against him tighter.

He could feel her big tits heavily undulating up and down under his hands in cadence with their fucking as he roughly squeezed and pawed at them.

Straining up against him, she sped up the rhythmic rocking of her hips taking him ever deeper inside the hot, clutching core of her cunt.

Trent could feel the pressure building in his big balls as they slapped up against his mother's tight, up-tilted butt. Thankfully, his earlier eruption had taken the edge off and allowed him to control the eruptive charge that was building down inside them. The crazed look in his mother's eyes drove him on as the pace became even more frantic.

Nell's breath was coming in short, shallow gasps as she moved against him taking him up to the hilt on every deep, lunging thrust. The seeds of another orgasm had already been sewn down inside the dark, secret depths of her womb. But this one was going to be different. Different from all those other ones he had given her night after night.

Trent could feel the muscles around the tight opening of his mother's cunt squeezing tighter and tighter. The crazed, unfocused look in her eyes disappeared behind her eyelids as she clenched her eyes shut and the frown etching her forehead grew deeper and deeper. She was going to come. Trent could feel it, he deliriously told himself, driving into her harder and harder.

Suddenly, Trent felt her cunt clamp down around his cock as her thighs slapped against his hips and tightly gripped him to bring the undulating motion of their bodies to a stop. Then as he felt the first jolt of pleasure rip through his cock, he let out a primal roar and drove into her as deep as he could—

Nell's hips began quiver and shake uncontrollably as her body began to convulse. Her arms flew out jerking her hands off his hands as she began to frantically claw at the sheet. Her head wildly twisted from side to side, loosening the comb she held her hair up. As her hair came tumbling loose, it lashed the air as she flung her head from side to side. Suddenly her feet shot up into the air and came crashing down Trent's tightly clenched ass driving him ever deeper into the tight clasp of her convulsing cunt.

Trent's erupting cock was spewing out cum by the bucketfuls down inside his mother's hot, hungry cunt.

"My Baby—oh, my Baby—oh, God—" Nell blubbered out, wrapping her arms and legs around him, hugging him to her as tightly as she could, afraid he would escape and disappear into thin air.

Trent had no intention of disappearing. He loved this woman with all his heart and soul and every fiber of his being. He didn't want to ever leave the cocoon of

happiness she had woven around him.

"Mother—Mother—Mother—" Trent groaned out softly clutching at her breasts as he rained tiny, butterfly kisses all over her tear-stained face.

Trent didn't know how long they lay intertwined, their bodies still joined at the hips as they hungrily kissed and hugged. It was as if they hugged tight enough, they would become one again. Coalesce into the single being they had once been...

But as with all things good, it finally came to an end when nature intervened and Trent's big, limp dick slithered out of her pussy and flopped down onto the bed between her legs.

Then as Trent started to push up and roll off her, she covetously pulled him to her.

"Don't leave me—please stay with me—" she whispered, grinding herself against him, pressing her furry pelt up against his belly.

"I'm not going anywhere, Mother," Trent whispered, leaning down and covering her trembling lips with his.

As he felt her arms loosen their death lock, Trent pushed up and rolled off her and then quickly snuggled up against her.

"Oh, Baby," Nell gurgled, pressing herself against him as he snaked an arm under her neck and pulled her against him. Then their lips found one another again and they lay pressed together, mother and son lovingly kissing and uttering endearments to each other.

As they kissed, Trent curled his arm around her slender neck and rested his hand down on one of her big, spongy breasts. Fondling and caressing the mountain of firm tit-flesh, he tickled and teased its big nipple back to hardness as he slowly crawled his other hand down over her belly. The tips of his fingers just barely grazing the velvet smooth skin of her belly, Trent stopped his hand's downward flight, pausing and slowly teasing the tip of a finger around the shallow indentation of her cute, little belly button.

As he did, a soft, wet murmur leaked out into his mouth as they continued to kiss

and tongue each other. Lazily moving away from her navel, Trent finally felt his fingers brush across the nest of soft curls covering the tip of her slightly-rounded tummy.

His fingers moving through the mat of soft curls, he inched ever closer to the wet, seeping opening between her legs. As he did, he felt a leg nudge up against his leg when she spread herself open to his probing fingers. Then his fingers found the shy, little kernel of flesh that had retreated back down inside its fleshy sheath. Gently, lovingly, he slowly peeled the soft hood back off the little nub and exposed it to the loving touch of his fingertips.

Another soft, wet murmur bubbled into his mouth as he gently brushed his fingertips back and forth across her squiggly little clit.

Then as he lovingly provoked her clit, he felt his mother's hand curl itself around his rapidly hardening penis. Clutching and pulling at it with her soft fingers, she gently, but patiently coaxed life back into it.

Feeling his mother's fingers urging his weapon back to full potency once again, Trent slowly moved his fingers down off her clit and into the sopping rift between her spread pussy-lips. He could feel her wetness as he moved down the slit to the seeping opening at the end of the valley. Slowly, gently, he eased his fingers down into the sticky, wet hole, spreading it, stretching it open as his fingers slid down into it.

As his fingers slipped deeper inside her, her clutching finger's became more insistent, more demanding on his penis as it grew harder and harder.

Sucking his lower lip between her lips, Nell gently nibbled and sucked on it while she felt Trent's long, probing fingers sinking deeper and deeper into the depths of her emptiness. She could feel that his weapon was almost fully recharged as her fingers frantically pulled and plucked at it.

Sex between her and Blake was okay, she guiltily thought. But it just seemed like the same thing over and over again. This was so different. Exciting! Dangerous! Forbidden! Incest layered on top of adultery! It was a betrayal! But she had to have it. Have more and more of it.

Backing her lips off his, she looked deep into his eyes.

"Put it back in me," she whispered as Trent stared back into her unfocused, lust-glazed, hot brown eyes. "Fuck me! Fuck your whore mother!"

Easing his goo-covered fingers back out of her slippery, wet cunt, Trent slowly lifted them up to her lips. As he did, Nell opened her mouth and slowly, sensuously sucked all four of his dripping fingers inside her mouth.

Trent could feel his mother's hot, little tongue twirling round and round his fingers as she licked the sticky residue off them. There was something so depraved, so primal about her sucking her own sweet juice off his fingers, Trent giddily thought pushing his fingers into her mouth deeper.

Her own fingers were becoming more insistent, more demanding as she pulled and tugged at his cock. Finally, Trent pulled his spit-drenched fingers out of her mouth and crawled up between her legs. With her legs bent at the knees, the soles of her dainty feet rested on the mattress and the velvety-smooth skin of her inner thighs rubbed against his hips as she thrust her hand down and found his jutting penis.

Bending his rigid manhood down, she seated its rounded tip in the juice-slickened opening of her empty vagina. A shiver of excited anticipation tickled up her spine as she felt her son's large, swollen cockhead slowly spread her and slip back inside. There was something so different, so exhilarating about the way his penis spread her. He was bigger than his father, but that wasn't it. It was something else. Something sick and depraved on the one hand, but yet so erotic and sensual on the other. She couldn't explain it. All she could do was let herself be immersed in the addictive perversion of their forbidden love.

"Oh, my sweet Love," she whispered tilting her hips and clutching her cunt down around his penis as it slowly entered her.

"Unnhhhhh..." Nell murmured out, expecting Trent to fill her aching emptiness with his hard, throbbing maleness. Then Trent stopped! He had only the upper third of his penis inside the strangling tightness of her cunt.

"Don't stop—" Nell pleaded, her voice cracking with emotion.

Trent didn't answer her. He just began slowly working his hips back and forth, fucking her with a third of his big, long penis.

Nell was frantic with need as she dug her fingernails into his waist, pushing and pulling on him, trying to make him move deeper inside her. But he wouldn't as he continued to lazily work his hips back and forth at a snail's pace while his cock slid in and out of her hot, clutching hole.

"Deeper—put it in deeper—" Nell whispered, her whole body working against him trying to get him to give her more of his wondrous cock.

"Like this, Mother?" Trent whispered, letting another third of his penis slide down into the velvet-lined sheath between her widely splayed legs.

Then he began to slowly fuck her with two-thirds of his cock, holding back the last third in reserve for the final assault.

"Deeper—deeper—all of it—give me all of it—" Nell frantically begged, kicking her legs up in the air, wrapping her thighs around his waist and driving her soft heels into his slowly undulating ass.

Minutes passed as she continued to implore him to fuck her deeper, but he wouldn't relent until finally, with a loud grunt, Trent jerked his ass back and rammed his cock down into her cunt as deep as it would go.

"Oh, yes—yes—yes—like that—" Nell groaned out, thrusting herself back onto his cock as it began to slide in and out of her at a furious pace.

Moaning with pleasure, Nell thrust her big tits up and let her tingling nipples scrape along Trent's sweaty chest as their bodies rubbed together.

Taking her son's giant cock up to the hilt on every crashing blow, Nell leaned up and kissed Trent along the side of his neck and across the shoulder. Moaning out her pleasure, Nell dropped her legs back down and spread them as wide apart as she could. Curling her hands around her ankles, she spread them as wide as they could possibly spread, opening herself totally, letting her son penetrate her the deepest as he drove in and out of the seeping hole between them.

Trent had become a wild man, his ass flying back and forth sending his penis ramming into her like a pile driver driving in piles. Nell's quiet moans were murmuring out into the crook of her son's neck as her hands continued to pull at her ankles keeping her legs spread out to the fullest.

Nell's moans were increasing in volume as Trent drove into her faster and faster.

Then Nell felt a rush of pleasure blossom down inside her womb as her body began to tremble and shake. Letting go of her ankles, she grabbed hold of Trent's jerking ass and began to push and pull on it encouraging him to fuck her even faster, deeper, harder.

Then her whole body stiffened as she convulsed against her son's brutal attack.

"Oh—Fuck—Fuck—Fuck!" Trent gasped out, his hips ripping forward as he buried his cock deep inside his mother's spasming cunt. Straining against her softness, Trent felt a jolt of pleasure sparkle through his cock as it twitched and hot, steamy semen began to spurt out of it. Pulse after pulse of the creamy goo squirted out into his mother quickly filling her to the point of overflowing. But even after her cunt was overflowing, his giant cock continued to contract and pump out more and more sperm-rich cum into her. So much of it, the creamy, white ejaculate was being forced out around his buried cock, dripping down onto his balls as they lay mashed up against his mother's quivering ass.

At last it was over as they lay intertwined, gasping for breath. Trent wanted to say something but he couldn't think what. What had happened between them was just too mind boggling to explain, to describe. There were no words that could express his total and complete love for her. Even the word 'love' seemed such a trivial and petty way to describe the emotion he was feeling toward her at this moment.

As Nell lay looking up at him with her big, brown eyes, he could see the dazed, lost look in them. They had just shared what could never be shared between a mother and son. Taken unholy communion of body and soul. What they had shared as mother and son before could never be shared again. What they shared now was so, so much more. A love so much deeper and profound. Now they were lovers in every sense of the word.

Easing back, Trent slowly withdrew his cum-drenched weapon from his mother's overflowing cunt...

And so it began. The days of wanton sex and love. The days of hiding their dark, little secret from Blake and the world...But they had to. They could let their new, secret love for each other be known, or it would destroy them...

The End

[Return to the Top](#)

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

CYBERWORLD

[Top](#)

[Middle](#)

[End](#)

LnlyLady: Hello, anyone want to talk?

Wondering what she was doing in the Dirty Talk Room, Diane waited for a response on the computer.

Awafmhm: Hello back to you, Lonely.

Oh, my goodness, she thought. Now what. Someone had responded to her.

LnlyLady: Hi .

She waited again, unsure what to say to the other person if and when they texted to her again.

Awafmhm: Hi to you. Why are you lonely?

LnlyLady: It's a long story...

Wondering if the other person was really interested in her story, she waited to see if he or she would continue the conversation.

BIGBDCOK: Hey, Lady, wanna fuck?

Awafmhm: Lonely, if you'd like to talk, join me in Awafmhm's room. Okay? Private there...

Diane quickly scanned down the rooms until she came to the room he had indicated. There was only one person in the room. She quickly entered the room to find Awafmhm waiting for her.

Awafmhm: Hi again Lonely. Now that you're here, I'm going to make our room invite only.

LnlyLady: What does that mean?

Awafmhm: That means no one can come in unless I invite them in.

LnlyLady: Okay. That means you and I will be in here all alone.

Awafmhm: That's right...Now where were we...I'm all ears (or eyes in this case) so tell me your long story about why you're lonely....

Well, the person seems interested, she thought as she wondered how much to tell.

LnlyLady: I don't really know where to start, but I got a divorce a couple of years ago. I now live alone. My son is away at college...

Not knowing how much to say or how much truth she should tell, she waited for Awafmhm to enter his or her remarks.

Awafmhm: That doesn't sound like much fun. Do you date?

LnlyLady: I haven't done much dating. Uh, How old are you, I would hate to be spilling my heart to a twelve-year old.

Awafmhm: I'm old enough to vote. How old are you?

LnlyLady: I've been voting for 24 years. Can you figure that out?

Awafmhm: Really. That's nice. I have this thing for adult women...

LnlyLady: Oh is that so. I can assume that you are a male then? Or are you a little kinky...or gay?

Awafmhm: Two out of the three... So what were you doing in the Dirty Talk Room?

LnlyLady: Oh, I don't know. It's been a long time since I've done anything naughty so I just thought I'd try it.

Awafmhm: Well, what would you like to talk about?

LnlyLady: I don't know. Tell me something about you.

Awafmhm: Well, since you were in the DTR, I would assume that you were

feeling a little frisky. So, do you want me to get graphic or what?

LnlyLady: Graphic? What do you mean?

Awafmhm: Graphic. Descriptive. You know.

LnlyLady: Oh...Well...I'm new at this. Is that what you do in these rooms?

Diane didn't really know what she was getting into, but she let the boy go on.

Awafmhm: Well, this is the Dirty Talk Room. How graphic would you like for me to be then?

Hoping that she wasn't getting in over her head, she found her fingers working all by themselves as she watched the words suddenly appear on the screen. They were appearing as if they had been magically conjured there by some spirit or something.

LnlyLady: Well, how graphic are you?

Surely she hadn't written that, she thought as the screen remained impatiently blank for a few seconds before the next text appeared.

Awafmhm: As a young male with hormones raging through my bloodstream, I would interpret that last question to mean that you would like to know how well-endowed I am. Is that correct?

Diane felt a jolt of excitement tickle up her spine she read the words on the screen. She couldn't believe that he was asking her if she was talking about the size of his penis. How brazen could he be? She was so shocked, she didn't reply for several moments.

Awafmhm: Are you still there, Lonely?

Should she stop? Maybe this was a bad idea. But really, what had she expected. It was the Dirty Talk Room wasn't it? And he didn't know who she was. She didn't know who he was. What could it hurt?

LnlyLady: Yes ...

Awafrmh: What's wrong? Did I jump to the wrong conclusion?

What should she expect? Here she was wandering around in the Dirty Talk Room and then she gets offended when a man starts talking dirty.

LnyLady: No, I am just new at this...

Awafrmh: Well, I apologize if I offended you. I didn't mean to...

LnyLady: It was my fault. After all, like you said, we were in the Dirty Talk Room weren't we?

Awafrmh: Yes, Ma'am we are....

Glad that the boy she was cyber-talking to wasn't there to see how badly she was blushing, she swallowed loudly and slowly began typing again.

LnyLady: Well, Away, how graphic are you then?

She couldn't believe that she had actually asked the boy how large his penis was.

Awafrmh: Well since you like to play number games. I have estimated your age and if you subtract thirty-three from it you can come up with the size of my equipment.

My God, she thought, he's huge. He must have a penis around nine inches long. Tease him a little...

LnyLady: Well, let me see. If my math is right. That would mean your equipment is three inches long. Right? That's pretty small, isn't it?

Awafrmh: Oh? And how did you come to that figure?

LnyLady: Don't you know that no woman ever ages past thirty-five. So if you subtract thirty-two from thirty-five and you get three. Right?

Awafrmh: Well, I used the new math and I came up with something a little different. But to continue in the spirit of the game. If you multiply the number you came up with by 3, you'll come up with a number that is a little closer to the truth...

She had been right, she thought. A nine-inch penis. Was he lying? Did he really have one that big? Damn, I wonder what a nine-inch penis would feel like. It had been so long since she had had any penis, she probably wouldn't be able to take a penis of any size. Maybe her pussy had grown shut or something. Wondering, she let her hand steal down to her skirt and slowly ease up under it onto her firm, bronzed thigh.

Awafmhm: Lonely, are you still there or did I frighten you away?

Startled out of her reverie, she jumped, then slipped her left hand down into her panties and quickly found her tingling clitoris. Gently rubbing it with her finger, she began typing with her right hand.

LnlyLady: No, I was just thinking about how big you are.

Awafmhm: Oh....

Her finger was moving faster and faster on her clit as she flicked the wobbly little ball of nerves back and forth in its fleshy sheath.

LnlyLady: I've never seen one that large.

It was hard to type with one hand, she thought as she continued to tickle her clit with her other hand.

Awafmhm: What's wrong with your puter? It got slow all of a sudden.

LnlyLady: I don't know ...

Awafmhm: Not to be forward but have you ever tried Cyber-sex?

LnlyLady: Cyber-sex?

Awafmhm: Yeah, you know-Cyber-sex. That's where you take care of yourself while your Cyber-partner talks or texts to you about it while you do it...

LnlyLady: Oh, really! Are you psychic? Guess what I'm doing right now. That's why I'm typing so slow...

What had happened to her? She had never done anything like this in her whole

life. She had never even thought about anything like it, but here it was happening to her just the same. Thank God that Kevin was away at college and couldn't see what a pervert she had turned into.

Awafmrhm: You mean that you're doing yourself at this very moment, while we're chatting?

LnlyLady: Yes!

Awafmrhm: What are you doing?

LnlyLady: Using my fnger...oops...

Awafmrhm: How does it feel?

LnlyLady: Good...

Awafmrhm: I think I'll join you then.

This can't be happening, she shuddered. This was not her. Her body and mind must have been possessed by some cyber-demon. She had never ever acted like this.

LnlyLady: Be right back...

Stopping for a moment, she jumped up shoving her hands up under her skirt and abruptly stripping her lacy panties down her long, curving legs. Once they were around her ankles, she kicked them off, sending them flying across the room where they hit the wall and fell to the floor. Sitting down again, she spread her legs apart and rapidly found her aching clitoris again.

LnlyLady: Wht are yio doing?

Awafmrhm: I've got my penis in mny hand. Wany to hold it?

She didn't know any eighteen-year-old boys. The closest boy close to that age was her son, Kevin who was twenty. Trying to picture what the young boy and his nine-inch cock would look like, she suddenly found herself picturing him as Kevin.

Awafmhm: Are you there, Lonely. I am waiting for you to put your hand on my big, hard cock...

LnlyLady: Wouldn't yu rathr put it in my nce wrm pssy?

Had she really typed that? She couldn't believe that she had. But there it was. Right there on the screen.

Awafmhm: I would love to put my big, hard cock insie your hot little pussy...

Closer and closer she came. She could feel her orgasm building inside of her like an impending storm. Nearer and nearer and nearer, until a great rush of pleasure burst over her. As they waves of sensual delight poured over her, she felt her body writhing in orgiastic gratification. She was unable to even think about the computer as she writhed about, shaking and groaning.

Awafmhm: Lnely, ar you there? Did you fnsh? Im gettn close myslf...

As the last throes of her orgasm slowly dissipated, she regained control of her body and mind once again. Tiredly, she looked down between her long, lovely legs to the big, furry mat of kinky brown hair spreading out over her underbelly. Shamefully, she saw that she had leaked out a puddle of her musky, milky woman-juice during her orgasm.

Awafmhm: Omgdimcummmmmmmnnn .

This was not happening, she thought as she stared at the last statement on the screen. How could she have done this? What could have possessed her to do this? She was so ashamed, she almost turned off the computer.

But finally, after a few moments, she gathered her courage back and began typing again.

LnlyLady: Away, was it as good for you as it was for me?

Awafmhm: duh... Wow... Great... Wonderful... Spectacular...Could only have been better if you been here in person...

LnlyLady: It was good for me too...

Neither of them cyber-spoke for several moments. Finally, Diane broke the cyber-silence.

LnlyLady: Want to meet here again tomorrow night?

Awafmrhm: Love to. I have to clean this mess up right now though so I hate to do you and run, but next time I'll be prepared. Love and Kisses, your cyberLover, Awafmrhm...

LnlyLady: You be a good boy and behave yourself now and I'll see you tomorrow night. I might even wear something provocative for you. Sweet Dreams, Net Lover...

Diane moused her way out of the net and flicked the computer off. Watching the screen blacken, she thought back on what had just happened. It had to have been a dream. Otherwise, she would never have done anything like that. Then she ran her hand down between her legs to the stream of warm, sticky love-cream oozing out of her pussy. No. It wasn't a dream, it had really happened.

Shaking her head, she got up and walked over to where her panties lay in a puddle on the floor. Bending down, she picked them up. Then, slowly, she wearily trudged down the hallway to her bedroom.

Stopping in front of the long floor length mirror on her closet door, she looked at herself. She wasn't displeased with what she saw although she did look a little frazzled around the edges at the moment. Dropping her panties to the floor, she leisurely unbuttoned her blouse and peeled it back over her shoulders. Her long, brown hair fell down over her shoulders hiding the straps of her frilly see-through brassiere as she tossed her blouse on top of her panties. Smiling, she puffed out her full, red lower lip in a mock pout as she reached behind her and unsnapped the catch of her brassiere. She was proud of her breasts and watched appreciatively as her ripe, full melons spilled forward. Easing the bra down off her large, full breasts, she let the straps slide down her arms as her brassiere dropped on top of the growing pile of discarded clothes. Cupping the heavy, pink mountains in her hands, she fondled them as a lover would.

Taking her big, swollen nipples between her fingers and thumbs, she pinched, rolling and tweaking them until they tingled with excitement. Shaking her head in disbelief, she let them go and watched with delight as they jiggled and bobbed with every move she made.

Pausing for a moment, she wondered what Away (her abbreviated name for the boy on the computer) would think of her breasts. Would he like them, she wondered? Why wouldn't he? They were beautiful. Just thinking of the boy made her all warm and wet down between her legs again. What would it be like to make love to him, she wondered as she reached down and unbuttoned her short skirt and let it fall to the floor? Hooking it with her toe, she kicked it over with the rest of her clothes. But nine inches? That was an awful lot of cock, she told herself as bizarrely, a picture of a naked Kevin with a nine-inch penis jutting up out of his groin popped into her mind. Why did she keep doing that? Kevin? Her son? Not only was it crazy, it was more than a little disgusting for her to think about him like that.

Standing in front of the mirror naked, she thrust her breasts out at it. Not bad for forty-two, she announced to herself as she let her eyes wander over her body. Just a few little crow's tracks around her eyes and you couldn't even see them unless you looked real hard, she told herself. Looking down at her belly, she saw that it was still flat and hard. Smiling, she made a fist and playfully punched herself in the tummy.

Turning around, looking over her shoulder, she clenched her buttocks. No sag there, she smiled admiring the beautifully-rounded spheres of alabaster flesh. Arching her legs, she tried to find a word that would describe them as she ran her eyes down them to her trim ankles. Curvaceous? Shapely? No, statuesque would be more like it. And little, tiny feet, she giggled admiring her dainty feet with their little red nails.

"Not bad—not bad at all," she said out loud as she turned and walked into her bathroom.

Diane couldn't believe what she had done. When she had been married to Stan, she wouldn't have dreamed of doing it, but she was a changed woman now. Divorcing Stan had been the right thing to do. He had stifled her, keeping her shut off from the world, but now that she was free, her inhibitions were being broken down, one by one. She always thought of herself as hyper-sexed, but Stan had made her believe it wrong and filthy to think of sex so much. Oh, well, she thought, too bad for him.

She could hardly wait for the next evening. She was so excited by her new-found friend and toy, her panties didn't dry out all day long. At last, work ended and

she rushed home. Making herself a quick sandwich, she ran up the stairs, tits bouncing and rolling delightfully as she did. Plopping down in front of her computer, she flicked it on and wolfed down her sandwich as she waited to be whisked back to her cyber-world on the net.

Quickly mousing her way down to Awafrmh's room, she saw that it was empty so she hurried back up to the Dirty Talk Room and searched for Away's nickname in the list of visitors. Scrolling up and down the list, she couldn't find him. Going back to his room one more time and finding it still empty, she disappointedly got up from her computer and undressed. Now naked, she sat down in front of the mirror and started running a brush through her long, brown hair.

"What did I expect," she said out loud. "Did I think he was going to stay on the computer all the time waiting for me to pop back on?"

Standing up, she stared at herself in the mirror. Lifting her big, white, soft, round breasts, she roughly rolled and squashed them flat against herself. Finding her jutting, swollen nipples, she tweaked them, quickly teasing them to hardness again. Walking back to her computer, she could feel the dampness between her legs as she expectantly looked down at the screen.

"This is crazy," she muttered, flopping down in front of the computer again. "I'm like a love-struck teenager waiting for her date..."

Sitting there waiting, she ran her hand down to her drenched cunt and quickly found her tingling clitoris with her finger. Daydreaming about AWAY she flicked herself until she was at the point of orgasming. Then she stopped.

Awafrmh: Are you there, Lonely?

Oh, crap, how long had he been there waiting for her while she was playing with herself.

LonlyLady: Yes, Away, have you been waiting long?

Awafrmh: No, I just logged on.

LonlyLady: I missed you today.

Awafmhm: I missed you too. I thought about you all day long. I was so stiff, I could barely walk.

LnlyLady: I couldn't sit down. I was afraid I would leave tracks, if you know what I mean:)

How could she be talking to a boy half her age like this, she wondered. She didn't know, but it felt good to have her hormones flowing again. But, now that they were flowing again, she felt like they were about to drown her.

Awafmhm: What do you have on?

LnlyLady: A smile on my face and a wet smile down there. What about you?

Awafmhm: A smile and an exclamation point .!.

LnlyLady: Cute, but that must be some exclamation point.

Awafmhm: Would you like to hold my exclamation point?

LnlyLady: God, I wish...

Awafmhm: What would you do if you were holding it?

LnlyLady: I would run my hands up the thick, bulging barrel of your giant penis. I would take your huge, dangling balls in my hand and squeeze them while I stroke your monster cock harder and harder...

Awafmhm: God that feels so good, Lonely. You made it all hot and throbbing. You make it feel so good.

Wishing her hand was wrapped around his huge cock, Diane moved her hand back down to her primed clit. She would have to learn how to type with one hand, she thought, if this was any indication of what to expect on the net. Quickly flicking her clitoris back to the edge, she rejoined her lover.

LnlyLady: Oh, Away, I can feel it pulstin in my hnd.

Awafmhm: cn you fel it's about to xzpolde////

LnlyLady: o ys it is blgin out an evbrythmng

Flicking her hot, aching clitoris furiously, she could barely concentrate on the monitor as she drew closer and closer to release.

LnlyLady: clsr, gttnng clsrer...

Awafmhm: me 2 mew2

LnlyLady: fffffffghjjklkl;llkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk cmmmmmmnn, she was somehow able to type.

Awafmhm: coommmnnnnnnnnnnnn2222222222222222222

Her body was wracked with pleasure. Deep, satisfying waves washed over her as the screen on her monitor watched on blankly.

Finally, the last throes of her orgasm sizzled away, leaving her satisfied and weak all at the same time.

LnlyLady: Still there, Away?

Awafmhm: Yep...floating in the stuff though...

LnlyLady: Heh, Heh. Did it feel good for you?

Awafmhm: Stupendous! You?

LnlyLady: Even better than the last time.

They spent the next two hours chatting about this and that. Sharing intimacies, they found they had much in common. In fact, Diane found herself thinking she may have found someone she could truly trust.

The next night, it was almost the same. They met, made cyber-love and then spent the evening talking. This went on almost every night for the next six months as they grew closer and closer, revealing their innermost secrets, but keeping their identities hidden.

One night, their discussion took an unexpected turn.

Awafrmh: Lonely, your boy, how old is he?

Lady: 20. Why do you ask?

Awafrmh: So he is the same age as me.

Lady: Yes, I suppose. So?

Awafrmh: Did you ever

He stopped and when he didn't finish, she responded:

Lady: about what?

Awafrmh: making love to him?

The words on the screen shocked her. What was this all about? Why had Away asked her about such a thing? She had thought she knew him. They had become very close. But this. And right out of the blue. No mother should ever think such thoughts.

Lady: NO! NO! NO!

Neither of them typed for several seconds...

Finally, Diane placed her trembling fingers on her keyboard and typed.

Lady: Why did you ask such a question? I thought were my friend.

Awafrmh: I wouldn't have had the courage to ask such a question if I didn't think you were my friend. You have to remember that I am a boy. And boys have some crazy thoughts sometimes. And my mother is a very beautiful woman. And sometimes I just wonder what it would be like to make love to her. And since you are the same age as my mother, I was just wondering if a mother ever thought about that kind of thing?

Lady: I HAVEN'T!

The thought had never crossed her mind. She had never thought such a thing. Then she recalled how she kept placing Away's nine-inch penis on Kevin's body. Was that the same thing? It was so confusing.

Awafmhm: I am taking a psych class. We just studied about Oedipus complex. And they said that 90% of males have thoughts about making love to their mothers at some time or other. So I guess I'm not too abnormal...

LnlyLady: I wouldn't know, I have never even thought of it. I don't know what to tell you.

Awafmhm: Forget it. I'm sorry I brought it up. I was just trying to get a mother's perspective. I don't want to do anything to jeopardize our friendship...

LnlyLady: Okay, but I think we've gone far enough for tonight. Good night...

Flicking off the computer. She sat staring at the blank monitor thinking about what he had said. It was strange that he would bring up such a subject. Maybe the statistics were right and maybe he was innocently asking her because she was a woman. A mother. But not only had the subject material been shocking, but the timing of it struck her as odd. It was ironic that such a question would come up just before her son's visit. He was due to arrive on Saturday morning. That was only the day after tomorrow. Very strange, she thought. She didn't recall telling Away that he was coming, so he wouldn't know.

Their chat the next night was cool, and the mother/son thing didn't come up. But Away shocked her for the second time in as many days.

As they innocently chatted, she was shocked when she saw what he told her. She knew she shouldn't really be surprised. And she had told herself it would probably happen, but now that it had, it still startled her.

Awafmhm: I would like to meet you, he typed.

She thought about it a few seconds before she typed her response.

LnlyLady: I would like to meet you too, but...

Awafmhm: But what?

LnlyLady: I don't know. It just surprised me...

Awafmhm: No, Really, I mean it... I have Spring break coming up and I would

like to be with you, up close and personal if you know what I mean. What could it hurt?

Suddenly, she realized her heart was pounding, her palms were clammy and her hand was trembling. My goodness, what is wrong with me? What if we meet and he thinks I'm ugly? Or too old? Don't be ridiculous, she told herself, a young college stud would love to get in your pants. But what if he's ugly. She still didn't know if it was a good idea. There were so many ways things could go wrong and ruin their cyber-relationship. She felt safe with him at arm's length, but she didn't know if she could handle a real date with a boy half her age. And what would Kevin think about his mother dating a boy the same age he was?

LnlyLady: I don't know... there's so much that can go wrong.

Awafmhm: I don't see what. I think I know you about as well as any other person alive... I wouldn't do anything to ever hurt you... you know that, don't you?

He was right, she thought. She thought she knew him about as well as she had ever known anyone. And the thought of him physically hurting her hadn't even entered her mind...

LnlyLady: I guess so, but it is so scary. What if you find out that I am a fat, ugly woman preying on children? What then?

Awafmhm: Right and I am Count Dracula masquerading as a cyber-cop

LnlyLady: Chuckle, chuckle.

Awafmhm: Well? What do you think?

LnlyLady: Give me a while to think about it, okay?

What should she do? Down, deep inside her heart of hearts, she knew she wanted to. They had shared intimacies she had never shared with any other living person and his responses had never disappointed her. He appeared to be a genuinely caring person, but still their relationship, although tinged with sex was still psychologically driven. She hated to risk that for a physical encounter that might ruin the whole thing.

LnlyLady: If we did, when and where, she typed in on an impulse.

Awafmhm: Really, you mean it?

LnlyLady: I am thinking about it that's all...

Awafmhm: Wow, you caught me off guard. I thought you would say No.

LnlyLady: I may yet...

Awafmhm: Well, I'll tell you a secret if you promise not to get mad.

Now what, she wondered? Maybe she didn't know Away quite as well as she thought she did. He seemed to be surprising her at every turn in the road at the moment.

LnlyLady: I promise...what is your little secret?

Awafmhm: Remember, you promised...I know where you live...

LnlyLady: WHAT?

The idea that he knew where she lived sent a chill down her spine. Even though she thought she knew him, she had felt safe because she could stop conversing with him at any time and that would have been the end of their relationship because he could never get in touch with her unless she wanted him to. But now, now that he knew where she lived that changed everything...

Awafmhm: I checked into some files and I found out your address

LnlyLady: That wasn't nice. I didn't want you to know.

Awafmhm: I'm sorry, but at least it proves that I am not some pervert that would take away your privacy. I respect that.

She realized that what he said was true. Or he was very clever. But, if he were really dangerous, he could have done anything he wanted to her, anytime he wanted to. Couldn't he?

LnlyLady: Thank you for that

She felt like she was losing control of the situation.

Awafmrhm: Now this might sound crazy, but think it over before you answer. Okay?

LnlyLady: I'm listening – looking:/

Awafmrhm: Cute. Okay, here goes. What if we met at your house on Friday night?

Her house? Friday night? The night before Kevin was due to arrive? It was crazy.

LnlyLady: Oh, I don't know about that.

Awafmrhm: This whole thing is based on trust, isn't it? And if we don't trust each other, what's the use of meeting...or even chatting anymore?

Everything was going too fast. She needed time to think. Time to sort things out and get back in control of the situation. At the moment, she felt like she had grabbed hold of a handful of quicksand and everything was slowly slipping through her fingers.

LnlyLady: Yes, but, don't you think we ought to meet somewhere a little less, I don't know, like a restaurant, a movie or something. I just don't know about being totally alone on our first date.

Awafmrhm: Our first date? Well, yes, I suppose you could call it a date. You aren't afraid of me are you?

LnlyLady: No, not really, but, I don't know, this is all so new to me...I've never done anything like this...

Awafmrhm: Do you remember our first cyber-date?

Their first cyber-date? Did he mean the first night they had met on line? Well, I guess you could call that a cyber-date couldn't you? And they had had the equivalent of sex...

LnlyLady: How could I forget?

Awafrmh: We had cyber-sex that night. And I don't know how many times we've had cyber-sex since. That's how we got to know each other, isn't it?

LnyLady: Yes, sort of, partially, but this is different. What if it doesn't happen for us physically? What happens if we're not good for each other? Does that mean that the other half of our friendship would die, too?

Awafrmh: It won't. Trust me. It will be wonderful beyond your wildest expectations. Believe me. I'll make it happen for you.

LnyLady: You sound very confident...that's comforting to know, but still...

Awafrmh: Really. I think it will be the best thing that ever happened to both of us.

What could it hurt? Why not try it and see what happens? You can always back out if you're feet get too cold...

LnyLady: Okay. Okay. You've convinced me. What time?

Awafrmh: How does 7:00 sound?

This is crazy, she thought. It was stupid and totally ridiculous on her part for even thinking about doing something so crazy. But what the hell, she was tired of being an old fuddy-duddy...and lonely.

Mentally checking her calendar, she knew that the only thing that was worrisome was Kevin's visit. Kevin could be the big problem.

LnyLady: Okay, so you'll be over at 7:00. You want me to fix dinner? Go out? What?

Awafrmh: I want you to be sure about this, so I'll give you one last chance to stop it. I'll stop at your house at 7:00. If your door is unlocked, I'll know that you haven't changed your mind. If it's locked, I'll know that you changed your mind. I won't bother you then. I'll just leave. That will give you some wiggle room. Okay?

LnyLady: Okay. But do you want dinner or just what?

Awafmhm: I think you know what we're meeting for, don't you...

LnlyLady: I suppose (blush)

Awafmhm: Wouldn't it be exciting if you dressed up in your naughtiest lingerie and waited in your bedroom. Waiting there for your lover. Your lover who will come and make love to you all night long? Just a thought, but if that's a little too much, I'll be happy with however you want to do it.

A shiver of excitement ran down her spine and exploded inside her wet pussy. How utterly wicked, she thought. Why not. She had never done anything like it in her whole life. She'd probably end up lying in her bed with her throat cut, but for once she was going to throw caution to the wind and have some fun. She always thought of herself as hyper-sexed, but Stan had made her believe it wrong and filthy to think of sex so much. Well, now it was time to prove she had been right...and with a young stud half of Stan's age...

LnlyLady: That does sound WICKED

Awafmhm: Does that mean you'll do it?

LnlyLady: I don't know...Maybe...if the door is unlocked and I'm not there to greet you, my bedroom is upstairs, the third room on the left...

Awafmhm: I can't wait...

She hadn't agreed to it, had she? Oh, My God, she thought, what had she done? Was she becoming a slut? Had Away changed her that much? This was unbelievable. She had just invited a man, or more precisely, a boy half her age into her home to seduce her. How perverted?

[Return to the Top](#)

The next day was a disaster. She couldn't concentrate on anything and made mistake after mistake at work. Finally, around three, she knew she couldn't take any more and told Melissa, her assistant, that she was going to leave early.

"You'd better before you burn the place down or something," Melissa laughed. "You got a hot date or what tonight. I've never seen you so nervous."

"Sort of," Diane grimaced, wishing she hadn't made the date. "Sorry, I hope you don't mind taking over for me what with it being a Friday and all."

"Get out of here, girl," Melissa smiled, pushing Diane toward the door, "and give him a kiss for me, too."

"Melissa, you are a prize," Diane nervously laughed as she strolled out the door, tripping on the doorsill and nearly falling.

God, she thought, I hope I don't kill myself getting home.

Luck was with her and she did make it home after running only two stop signs. Pulling her car up in the driveway in front of the house, she turned it off and sat unmoving, thinking about what she had agreed to. Finally, she reached over and picked up the sack containing two bottles of champagne she had bought to celebrate her coming out party. She had never been so unsure of anything in her whole life. Tottering up the walk on wobbly knees, she felt the sack start to slip out of her hands, but luckily she grabbed it at the last second just before it went crashing onto the sidewalk.

Stepping inside, she closed the door and quickly locked it. Leaning back against it, she tried to ward off the feeling of dread that was threatening to overwhelm her. Unsuccessful, she rushed into the kitchen and sat the bottles on the counter before she dropped them. Digging around under the sink, she found the wine bucket and washed it off. Then she filled it with ice and shoved the two bottles into it. Unraveling the foil from around the top of one of the bottles of champagne, she pushed the cork out with her thumbs until it popped out and shot up toward the ceiling.

Laughing, almost hysterically, she quickly poured herself a glass of the pink bubbly. She quickly downed the first glassful and poured her another. Finally, after the third glass, she felt the relaxing warmth of the alcohol start to calm her nerves. Filling her glass a fourth time, she looked at her watch. It was already four-thirty. She had two and a half-hours to get ready for Away.

Taking a glass of champagne with her and the wine bucket, she trudged up the stairs to her bedroom. A long soaking in a bubble bath would be wonderful, she

thought. She needed something to calm her nerves. Stripping her clothes off, she stood before the mirror evaluating herself again, looking for any flaw, any pimple that would mar her beauty. Pinching her already swollen nipples, she watched with obscene delight as they hardened and puffed up even harder. After a few seconds, she let go of them and moved her hands down her hard, flat belly to the luxuriant growth of pubic hair, curling in brownish swirls over her pussy.

"For goodness sakes," she muttered as she saw that her fur covered pussy was leaking out its readiness, coating her inner thighs with her sticky, musky juices.

Padding into her bathroom, she drew out a tubful of hot, steaming water and poured in several spoonfuls of bubble bath. Swirling the water around for several moments, she watched as the bubbly lather coated the water. Smiling, she stepped down into the warm bubbly water and eased herself down into the frothy water until she was covered all the way up to her chin with foamy bubbles.

This is more like it, she thought as she lay there reveling in the warm, soothing caress of the water on her tense body. Slowly sipping her champagne, she tried to relax, but she couldn't dismiss the aching insistence growing inside of her womanhood. She was going to get laid, she smiled. How long had it been? It had been so long, she couldn't even remember the last time.

She sat in the tub for thirty minutes letting her mind caress and fondle all of the possibilities the night might hold. She wasn't going to let anything ruin it. Even the chance of an evening of romance was something she hadn't had in a long, long time.

Her little love muffin was so hot, she felt like it had raised the temperature of the water a good ten or fifteen degrees. But finally, it was time to get out. Lifting herself out of the water, she watched the foamy water coursing down her body. Her wet skin, glistening in the soft glow of the lights was soft and smooth. Quickly running the a towel over the hills and valleys of her body, she hurried out to her dresser and spent the next thirty minutes picking through her lingerie looking for the perfect combination of naughties to wear. Thankfully, the champagne had taken away some of the doubt and trepidation she had felt earlier.

Sitting down on her bed, she slowly pulled one soft, white nylon up over her dainty little toes stretching it and leisurely pulling it up her long, shapely leg.

That done, she lazily pulled its mate up her other leg, smoothing and straightening it as she went. Running her fingers down the slippery softness of the nylons, she felt another trickle of excitement spark through her weeping womanhood.

Standing up, she smiled with pride at the tug of her big, dangling breasts as they heavily shook and wobbled with every move she made. Pausing for a moment, she cupped the big, pendant mountains of flesh, squeezing and massaging them, tweaking her big, puffy nipples back to hardness. But after a few seconds, she eased them back down onto her chest and moved her hands away from her tingling nipples. Leaning over slightly, feeling her breasts tug at her chest again, she quickly reached down and straightened the lacy white tops of the nylons that circled her firm, tan thighs.

Shivering with anticipation, she stopped and picked up the frilly, white garter belt that lay on the bed. Wrapping it around her waist, she quickly fastened it and saw that the soft, white, lace-edged garters contrasted perfectly with the soft, golden bronze of her skin, obscenely framing her dark, furry sex. She quickly attached the lacy straps of the garter to the top of her hose as she thought about her decision not to wear panties. Since her womanhood was sure to be the centerpiece of the evening's frivolities, she felt that panties would only act as impedance, so she wasn't going to wear any. At last, she had her garters and hose properly linked and she picked up a matching brassiere. It was made of the same soft, white material as her garter belt with its lace trimmed edges.

Wrapping it around her, she fastened the little clasps between the half-cups and pulled them up underneath her big, stiff-nippled tits. Stuffing and poking her large, pink breasts down into the brassiere, she spent several seconds getting them displayed exactly the way she wanted. Finally, they were resting in the tight, uplifting confines of the brassiere with her dark, puffy nipples peeking out over the lace edge.

As she looked into the mirror, she quickly ran a brush through her hair several times. Satisfied with her appearance, she stepped into a pair of stiletto-heeled pumps with four-inch heels. Wobbling slightly from the champagne, the excitement, and the anticipation of what was about to happen, she suddenly remembered that she hadn't unlocked the door. This gave her one last chance to stop the insane charade, she told herself as she hurried down the stairs to the front door.

"Yeah, right," she laughed.

After I've gone to all this trouble, I'm going to change my mind? I don't think so. Looking at her watch, she was shocked to see that it was already 6:45. Where had the time gone, she wondered as she reached down and flicked the lock open? Her hand remained on the lock for a moment as she thought one last time about locking it.

No way, she told herself. This was their night and she wasn't going to ruin it.

Turning, she hurried back up the stairs with her big tits heavily pulling at her chest, wiggling and jiggling sexily in the soft, little cups of the brassiere. Filling her glass with champagne again, she lay down on the bed to wait. Smiling, sipping on the champagne, she slowly eased her long, shapely legs apart and crawled her hand down to her exposed, expectant womanhood. Casually, almost absent-mindedly, she fingered it and found it was leaking profusely. The thick, pouty lips encircling her secrecy were coated with the pungent scented liquor. It was then that she became aware that the room reeked of the heavy musk of her arousal.

Blushing, she found herself growing more excited with each passing second. Could this really be happening? How could it be? Maybe she had considered herself hyper-sexed, but she had always acted in a prim and proper manner. Especially after Stan had almost convinced her that anything other than the missionary position was an abomination against God.

But now here she was sitting in the middle of her bed wearing hardly anything at all, playing with her wet, little pussy waiting to be fucked by a boy half her age. She must be as crazy as a loon if she thought this was going to work out. Suddenly, she felt her courage fading. Setting her glass on the nightstand, she sat up. Turning, she slapped her legs together and swung them over the edge of the bed. Just as she started to push off the bed and run back downstairs to lock the door, she heard the front door open and close. He was here! Suddenly she was filled with fear and shame. How could she do this?

Still sitting, she pulled the bedspread up over her, trying to hide her nakedness as she stared into the bright sunlight from the setting sun that streamed through the doorway of her bedroom. Five minutes passed as she feverishly waited, still blinded by the sunlight as she peered anxiously at the doorway. Maybe the noise

she had heard wasn't the door. Maybe it had just been her imagination...

Finally, just as she was beginning to think that she hadn't really heard the door, she saw him the form of a man step into the doorway. The light of the dying sun was so bright, she could only make out his silhouette as he stood in the doorway apparently looking at her. By the way the light outlined him, she could see that he was naked. The stark realization that it was about to happen sent a shiver of apprehension and excitement through her body.

My God, this is really happening, she feverishly thought, wondering what to do next as the boy-man stood in the doorway waiting.

"Is that you Away?" she finally timidly asked.

"Yes, Lonely," he huskily whispered.

Neither of them moved for the longest time, but at last the boy started walking toward her bed. Staring at him as he slowly moved out of the streaming sunlight, his features became more and more clear.

"OH, GOD, NO!" she suddenly gasped as she saw the boy's face for the first time. "IT CAN'T BE! NOT YOU KEVIN!"

"Yes, Mother, it's me," he answered her, his voice quavering with emotion as he stood by her bed looking down at her.

"I don't understand. How can it be you?" she groaned, fearfully looking up into his eyes.

"I thought maybe you knew it was me," he murmured, "but, I guess you didn't. I did try to give you some hints, though."

"This can't be happening," she wailed, clutching the bedspread tightly to her breasts to hide herself from him.

"I can't believe it's happening either," he softly said, "but it is, at last."

"What, when?" she sputtered.

Then she became aware of her son's gigantic cock as it jutted out from his groin

pulsating and throbbing with evil intent only inches from her face.

"OHMYGOD!" she blathered out as she stared at the giant, wicked creature.

"We can't do this," she hoarsely whispered as she looked back up to his eyes, "This is so wrong."

"Why, Mother?" he asked her, sitting down on the edge of the bed beside, "We've done it so many times before."

"What, what, oh, no, not this," she whimpered, fearfully looking back down to his stiff, erect cock twitching and pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. "We never did this."

"We've made love in our minds to each other so many times," he persuasively said, "How could this be any different?"

"God, Kevin, don't you know what you're saying?" she groaned, wishing she could take back everything that had happened between them.

"But, Mother, we've made love so many times before," he repeated himself, his voice growing more insistent.

"I didn't know it was you ...what we've done is bad enough," she persisted, "without this..."

"Mother, I love you so much," he gushed out, slowly reaching up for the bedspread she held clutched to her breast to cover herself from him, "I can't live without you."

"God, Kevin," she gushed, "I love you, too, but not this way. Not this way for heaven's sake. We just can't express our love this way. You know that. And I know that. It would be so, very, very wrong."

Kevin determinedly took hold of the edge of the sheet covering his mother's breasts and began to forcefully pull on it.

"Kevin, Please, Stop, We can't," she pleaded, feeling the sheet slowly slipping through her numb fingers.

He seemed to be in some kind of trance, Diane feverishly thought as he continued to pull on the sheet.

"Oh, God, Mother, you're so beautiful," Kevin gasped when the sheet finally slipped out of her fingers and went whispering down below her beautiful, bra-encased breasts.

"Kevin, Please, we can't," she whimpered, trying to cover her bare breasts with her hands, her arms, anything to keep Kevin from seeing them.

"Mother, we have to," he whined, taking her by the wrists and pulling her arms away from her heaving breasts, "or I'll go crazy."

"Kevin, don't you know what you're doing?" she sobbed as he leaned down and tenderly brushed his soft, warm lips across one big, achingly-sensitive nipple.

As he did, Diane felt a spark of excitement sizzle down to her throbbing clit.

"Oh, God, No, Kevin," she groaned as she felt a fiery current of sexual excitement tear through her womanhood.

NO, NO, I can't let this happen, she screamed to herself. But her body was responding on its own, readying itself for battle.

"No, Baby, Please don't," she wailed as her son's insistent lips opened and pursed down around the tingling nipple, "Baby, we can't."

Slowly, Kevin began forcing her down onto her back, still sucking on her tickly, tormented nipple.

"Kevin, stop, please," she continued to plead, "Darling, this isn't right."

She suddenly found herself on her back with her son standing on his hands and knees above her. He was holding her pinned to the bed by her wrists, so that the only thing she could do was keep her legs pressed together. Weeping openly, she couldn't stop from looking down at the vile, evil thing sticking straight out of his hairy groin.

As he held her pinned to the bed, she stared down at the grotesque monster jutting out at her. She had never seen a cock as big as his. It was gigantic as it

evilly jutted out from the pit of his stomach.

The evil creature gently bobbed up and down as if it were trying to hypnotize her. Hypnotize her and bring her under its wicked control. It looked just as she had pictured it so many times as they had had cyber-sex. It was thick, heavy and beautifully-sculpted with thick, ropy blood veins bulging out all over it.

Diane felt like she was being torn down the middle by her emotions.

This is the cock she had dreamed about having inside her pussy so many times. Now it was poised above her womanhood, ready to penetrate her, drive its way into her inner sanctum and defile the sacredness of her motherhood.

She wanted it inside her, but she could never let that happen. They would both spend eternity in hell if she did.

As the conflicting emotions battled inside her, she sickly felt her physical needs join the fray as the itch deep inside of her inflamed cunt blossomed into an ache. She could feel herself losing her will to fight him as they struggled.

What if they did it? Who else would it hurt? It was just between them. Neither of them had anyone else it could hurt. She had no husband and he had no one. No one but her. Why was it wrong for two people who loved each other to express that love, she cursed? Wasn't making love the most intimate ways of showing one's love to another, and there was no stronger bond of love than the love between a mother and her son. So—how could it be wrong? It was probably just an ancient taboo created to keep sons from taking their mother's away from their fathers, anyway.

As her mind fought to condone their actions, she unexpectedly felt her pussy throbbing with the most incredible anticipation as thick, wet pussy juice began to stream out of her cunt, coating the insides of her thighs with its slippery heat.

Slowly, she capitulated. As Kevin fought to hold her pinned to the bed, she stopped resisting him and spread her legs apart. As she did, she saw Kevin looking down at her with a bewildered look on his face.

Staring up into his eyes lovingly, she tried to tell him that he had won, but she didn't have to. He sensed the sudden change in her and released her wrists.

As soon as her hands were free, Diane reached down between their bodies and grasped her son's bobbing, bouncing cock as it evilly danced above her belly.

"Oh, God, Mother," Kevin groaned as her hand wrapped around the thick, pulsating monster.

"It's okay now, Baby," she whispered to him, gently squeezing his bounding maleness slowly pushing it down toward her gaping love-wound. "It's okay, Mommy understands," she told him, strangely feeling the need to baby talk to him as she had done when he was her little boy.

"Oh, God," he muttered again, scrambling backward until he was standing between her long, beautifully tanned legs staring down at the fat, gorged lips of her wet, oozing cunt.

He had never seen anything as beautiful as the dark red lips encircling the forbidden entrance of her pouting pussy. And now it was gaping open. Open and waiting. Waiting for him.

Trembling with excitement, he slowly lowered his hips and looking back down her body, watched her guide the great purple head of his cock down toward the deep red gash of her womanhood. It was all he could do to keep from erupting in her hand as he suddenly felt his prick-head touch the soft, hot flesh between her widespread legs.

"Oh, Mother," he groaned out as his throbbing cockhead slowly eased down between the swollen lips of her cunt.

"Oh, Yes, My Child," she gasped as she felt his huge hardness forcing its way into her aching cunt, "Give Mommy all of it."

Like an evil pink serpent returning to its lair, his huge cock slithered deeper and deeper into the hot, sucking sheath of her womb.

Deeper and deeper, the massive organ propelled its way through the mushy depths of her clinging vagina. Diane couldn't believe how big her son was as she felt herself being stretched apart by the bloated cockhead while it made its way down inside her belly. Stretched to its limit, it absorbed the monstrosity as it plowed its way inside her. Still it probed deeper and deeper into the ache between her legs. As his great monster ground to a halt, she was shocked when

she looked down and saw that a good three to four inches of his mammoth penis was still outside of her.

"Mother," Kevin growled as he held himself thrust down into her burning oven, "you are so hot and wet inside."

"Yes, Baby, you made me that way," she blubbered back to him, "don't stop now."

"I don't want to hurt you, Mommy," he grimaced, trying to keep from spilling his impatient essence into her.

"Push it in deeper, Baby," she cajoled him, "Mommy want's it all."

Straining, Kevin forced his cock down into his mother's hot, throbbing cunt and felt it suddenly overcome the resistance and knife all the way into her.

Diane grunted out in surprise and just a fleeting wince of pain as her son's giant brushed against her cervix and came to a rest.

"Oh, Fuck, Baby, you're so big," she whimpered, "I didn't know if I could take all of you, but I did, didn't I?"

"Oh, Fuck, Yes," he growled out, still fighting to keep from spilling his load into the fiery depths of her cunt.

"I want to fuck you, Mommy," he painfully moaned.

"Fuck Mommy, Baby, fuck Mommy," she urged him, thrusting herself back up against his hard, quivering belly.

Instantly, Kevin began to slide pound his giant prick in and out of her slavering cunt. His hips became a blur as he savagely assaulted her, but she took everything he gave her, hunching her pelvis up against him every time he drove himself into her.

She would never have guessed that Kevin was such a brutal lover, but now she was finding out first hand. It felt like his colossal cock was going to come out of her mouth every time he slammed it back into her. He was like a crazed animal but she loved every moment of it. She had never been so totally consumed by

passion as she raked her long, red nails down his back, leaving long bleeding furrows in his skin.

Pulling her legs up along his pistoning hips, she opened herself even more as he kept on pounding his cock into her. She could feel a tidal wave of pleasure building inside of her. There was no way she could hold back the impending tsunami of wicked joy she could feel growing inside of her. With each hammering crash of his cock into her, she swam closer and closer to the onrushing wave.

"FUCK, Mother, I FEEL IT COMMMIINNN—" Kevin blurted out, slamming his cock into her faster and harder. "I'm, unh, Sorry, unh, Can't, unh, Hold, unhh, Any, unhhh, MORE!!"

With that, he rammed his cock down into her all the way to the hilt. The instant she felt her son's titanic penis lurch inside of her, she felt herself being swept away on the wings of her own cataclysmic orgasm. But even as she wantonly groveled in her own hedonistic joy, she felt the heat of her son's cum as it spewed out of his cock like an erupting geyser. Old Faithful gone berserk.

"Oh, Fuck, Mother, Can't, Stop," he sobbed as his cock continued to jump and buck inside of her, spurting out gusher after gusher of his thick, virulent boy-cream into her.

"OHHHHH, Babyyyyyy, I Love it," she groaned out between clinched teeth as her own body writhed and squirmed under him.

Over and over again, his mighty love cannon fired volley after volley deep inside of her as her aching, cunt sucked and milked his weapon. Within moments, the great volume of thick, hot cum had filled her completely and it began to seep out around the barrel of her son's huge penis. Still it didn't stop. Again and again, it lurched inside of her and spewed out gusher after gusher of thick, creamy boy-cum. As she felt her body slowly relaxing, she could feel her son's hot, gooey cum running out of her cunt, down the crack of her ass, coating her pussy and anus with its stickiness.

"God, Mother, it's broke, it won't stop," Kevin groaned out in pain as his cock continued to jerk and spurt inside of her.

"It's okay, Baby, fill Mommy full, full of your sweet cream," she cooed to him,

digging her nails into his ass and pulling him into her even deeper inside her gulping cunt.

"It hurts, Mommy," Kevin moaned as his prick shuddered and erupted again.

Then, with sudden finality, it shuddered and stopped exploding inside of her.

Feeling him stop spurting inside of her, she gently began pushing him back away from her, easing his giant, throbbing colossus out of her stretched canal. All of a sudden, with an audible pop, his great monster slithered out of her and flopped onto the bed between her outstretched legs. Diane gently rolled her son over onto his side as she quickly scooted around until her mouth was above his recoiling cock. Leaning down, she began lapping the frothy cream from his fallen warrior as he quietly sobbed. Eagerly, she licked and sucked his cock clean of cum and cunt juice as it slowly stopped shrinking and started to regain its strength.

What had possessed her to change her mind so quickly, she wondered as she lovingly sucked on his cock? Had it been the appearance of his monstrous cock and all those months of deprivation. Or had it been her overpowering love for her son? A love that knew no bounds! Whatever it was, she was a different woman now. Her love of her son hadn't weakened, but rather it had mutated into a shamefully sinister love that a woman felt toward a man. The love she had felt for him as his mother was now tainted with a new and driving need. Tainted, but in some sick, twisted way, strengthened. Needing his companionship and affection had once been enough, but now she had to have his love, totally and wholly, both physically and mentally. She was suddenly consumed by jealousy and couldn't stand the thought of sharing him with any other woman. But how could they live that way? Live together as man and woman. It was impossible.

At last, his cock stood hard and stiff once again. She was filled with a need to taste his hot cream. Taste it and drink the delicious nectar from his cock. To feel it fill her mouth with its potency and feel it flood down her throat.

Opening her mouth wide open, she engulfed the smooth head of his gargantuan cock in her mouth, gently circling and probing it with her tongue. Forcing her head down on him, she explored every sensitive area of his monster, reveling in the wickedness of the act.

As her lips greedily inched down his thick shaft, she gently massaged the jutting, bulge of tissue jutting below his cock and above his dangling balls. As she teased his gigantic cock with her tongue and mouth, she stared down at the two giant testicles resting inside their flaccid sack of flesh. They were huge, she thought. No wonder he came so long.

She couldn't get enough of his giant penis in her mouth as her full, red lips opened wider and continued to creep down his blue-veined cock. Finally, she felt the monster nudge up against the opening of her throat. Trying to relax her throat muscles as much as she could, she fought to stop from gagging as she forced her head down and let the enormous head of his cock squeeze up into her throat.

"FUCK, MOTHER," he cried out as he watched her lower her head until his giant cock was buried up to its hairy hilt in her throat and the tip of her nose was pressed against his belly.

Her lips were encircling the base of his giant as the muscles of her throat

squeezed and milked his cock, sending waves of wickedly perverse delight bursting into his brain. Then, she grasped his giant balls and gave them a twist. As she did, she felt his gigantic sex organ lurch as another giant gusher of his hot, frothy cum spurted out into her throat. Wanting to taste his thick, gelatinous semen as it came boiling up from his testicles, she quickly lifted her head up until with a physical popping sensation, her larynx opened and she felt his penis disengage from the tightness of her throat.

Her lips oveled wetly as her swirling, swiping tongue coaxed more and more of his hot, creamy cum into her mouth. Clamping her peach-smooth lips tightly around his jerking shaft she hungrily sucked on him. Again and again, his potent weapon exploded in her mouth sending gush after gush of his sweet, boy-cream into her mouth until it dripped down her chin and onto her big, pink breasts. Squeezing and fondling his great, dangling balls, she coaxed more and more of his sweet cream into her mouth until it couldn't produce another drop. As it stopped erupting in her mouth, she ran her tongue around the smooth, swollen head of her son's cock. At last she let his shriveling cock slowly slither out of her mouth slick and slippery from her saliva.

"Mother, are you trying to kill me?" he groaned tiredly.

"Just trying to please you, my Son," she smiled, licking her lips.

Trying to think of a way to tell him of her new-found need, she smeared the thick, creamy cum that had dripped off her chin all over her big, soft breasts.

"I can't believe that we really did it," he grunted, rolling over on his back. "After all this time.

"Was it really good?" she asked him with a wicked smile on her face.

"Good? It was fucking fantastic," he told her.

"Maybe, too good," she smiled back at him.

"Huh," he grunted, "How could it be too good?"

"Maybe it was so good, I don't want to ever do it with any other man. Maybe it was so good, I don't want you to ever have another woman," she smiled at him lifting his limp prick and lovingly fondling it.

"Huh? What do you mean?" he grunted.

"Isn't this what you wanted," she asked him as she felt his vigorous maleness begin to stir in her soft, warm hand. "I thought that was what you wanted. Just you and me. Hurry and make it hard again," she giggled.

God, Mother, you're going to wear it out," he complained as she slowly began to stroke him.

"Come on, Kevie, make it hard for Mommy," she coaxed him.

"I will, but I need a little, tiny break," he weakly said.

"I had forgotten how good it felt," she softly said, stroking him a little more insistently and feeling a surge of power fire off inside it.

"I can feel it," she enthusiastically told him. "It's starting to get hard again."

"Jeez, Mom. You are merciless," he groaned.

"Better get used to it," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I think that I am going to move in with you," she smiled at him, "What would you think of that?"

"You mean, live with me."

"Yes, so we can make mad, passionate love all the time."

"What will everyone think?"

"No one at your school knows what I look like, so it will just be a matter telling everyone that you have started living with an older woman."

"God, Mother, you're serious about this aren't you?"

"Dead serious, because I don't want to live without you anymore."

"Okay, Mom," Kevin said incredulously. "Whatever you say, but can I take a

little nap now?"

"In a little while," his mother mischievously grinned, "I'm not through with this yet."

"Oh, My God," he groaned as his mother rose to her knees.

Holding his recharged manhood straight up, she straddled him and eased her tight, hot cunt down onto him. Letting herself slide down the entire length of her son's thick, hard man-cock, she engulfed him totally and sat on his belly with his prick embedded up inside hers.

"Go ahead and go to sleep, Baby, I'll put him up when I get through with him, " she giggled as she began to rock up and down on his cock.

At least I don't have to explain to Kevin why my new lover is the same age he is, she sickly thought as her son's giant engine plowed her pussy...

The End

[Return to the Top](#)

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

THE RESURRECTION

Top

Middle

End

Scott could hear the sounds of his parent's argument even though he was in his own room with the door closed. Lying in his bed listening, he wished that they would stop. He hated to hear them shouting, calling each other names and accusing each other of things he knew didn't happen. He had tried to intervene in the past, unsuccessfully, so now he just let things run their course.

The only problem with this was that after each argument, they seemed a little cooler toward each other. As much as he hated and wished he could change it, he knew that they were heading for a divorce if something drastic didn't happen...and soon.

Suddenly he heard the door to his parent's room slam shut and heard his father stomping down the hallway towards his room.

Then there came a thunderous rapping on his door.

"Scott, are you in there?" his father's voice boomed throughout the house.

"Yeah, Dad, come on in," he said, sitting up in bed.

Apprehensively, he watched the door swing open and his father angrily storm into his room.

"I'm sorry," his father apologized to him, "but I guess that you could hear what was going on. I'm afraid that this might have been the straw that broke the camel's back. Your mother and I are going to separate for a while."

"Awww, Dad, I wish you wouldn't," he complained, just wishing that things could be the way they used to be when he was still a kid.

"I wish that we didn't have to do this, either," his father told him, "but it's not getting any better. I'm going to Japan for a while. I'm going to stay in my Osaka office. I'm opening up a new plant there and I should probably be there anyway. I'm not closing the checking account or anything, so you and your mom won't go hungry. I guess that you're going to be the man of the house for a while, so take care of your mother and don't let her do anything stupid. Okay?"

"Sure, Dad, I'll try..." he mumbled, not knowing what else to say or do.

"I'll be in touch," his father told him, reaching down and taking his hand. "I guess you're too old to hug, so I guess this will have to do."

"Aw, Dad," Scott sniffed, grabbing hold of his father and giving him a hard hug. "I wish you wouldn't go."

Scott could see that his father was fighting back tears as he hugged him back.

Then his father stepped back and quickly strode out of the room.

Scott listened to the sound of his father's footsteps retreating down the stairs and across the living room. Then faintly he heard his father's car start up.

Then, just like that, his father was gone. He knew that he should go to his mother and try to comfort her, but he just couldn't face her right at the moment. He hoped that she understood why he couldn't come to her right now.

He lay in his bed for the longest time wondering what was going to happen with his father gone. What would his mother do? She had always been so dependent upon his father. Scott wondered if she could really handle being alone. He remembered one time when they argued and his father had left for a week. His mother was a nervous wreck the whole time he was gone. Now he was gone for good. Well, probably, only time would tell, he thought, as he slowly drifted off to sleep.

The next morning he woke up late. He was running late because his mother usually woke him up, but she hadn't done it this morning. The house was quiet as he got out of bed. Knowing he had to be at school soon, he hurriedly showered and dressed. Being a senior at Edgemont high, he could get away with going into school a little late, but he didn't want to press his luck.

Walking out of his room, he hurried down to his parent's room and knocked on the door. There was no answer, so he knocked again. When there was no answer the second time, he slowly opened the door and peeked inside.

His mother was still in bed, but her face was turned away from him so he couldn't tell if she was awake or asleep.

"Mother, Are you okay?" he softly asked as he stepped into the room.

She didn't move. Was she dead? A spasm of panic shot down his spine. Had she taken too many sleeping pills and done herself in? Hurrying over to the bed, he stopped and stood staring down at her, looking for some sign of life.

Then he saw her big, round breasts rising and falling evenly underneath the sheet.

Then he smelled the whiskey fumes and saw the half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels sitting on her nightstand.

She had drunk herself to sleep, he told himself as he reached down and gently shook her. He watched her tits waggle from side to side under the sheet, but she still didn't respond.

Well, she would just have to sleep it off by herself, he told himself because he was already late for school. He quickly pulled a blanket up over her and hurried out of the room...

It was around four o'clock in the afternoon when he got back home.

"Hey, Mom, I'm home," he shouted as he entered the house, tossing his books on the table by the front door.

Hearing no answer, he went into the kitchen and fixed him a sandwich.

Chomping on it, he headed up the stairs to check on his mother. The door to her bedroom was slightly ajar, just as he had left it when he had left for school.

"Mom, are you okay," he timidly asked, walking into her room.

There was no indication that she had moved all day, except the bottle of Jack Daniels was now empty and the air still reeked of smell of whiskey.

He stopped by her bed and gently shook her shoulder, trying to wake her but couldn't. Finally he gave up and went back downstairs to fix supper.

He wasn't the greatest cook, but he could get by well enough, he thought as he made a quick meal for two. He hoped his mother came around pretty soon though, because he really didn't like to cook all that much. Guess he wasn't cut out to be a chef...

Putting his mother's portion of the meal in the microwave, he sat down at the table and made short work of his meal. Then he warmed his mother's up and carried it back up the stairs. Going back down to her room, he saw that she was in the same position she had been when he left, so he put the food on her night stand.

Tidying the covers, he shook her again, but just as before, she didn't respond. Shaking his head, he picked up the empty whiskey bottle and slowly walked back over to the door. Looking back at her sleeping form, he closed the door and went down to his room. He watched television until around nine o'clock when he decided that he had better check on her again. Getting up, he trudged down the hallway and peeked into her room.

His mother was still lying in the bed, but the covers were rumpled. At least she had moved, he thought. Then he saw that she had replenished her whiskey supply. A new bottle sat on the nightstand and a fourth of it was gone.

There were a few bites of food missing, so apparently she had eaten a little. Maybe she was coming around. He knew he should take her bottle away, but she would probably just find another one.

He tried to rouse her again. Nothing. She just lay there.

He woke up to see that he was once again running late. He would have to get himself an alarm clock, he told himself as he rushed around getting ready for school. It was apparent that he wouldn't be able to depend on his mother to wake him up anymore.

Rushing around, he barely had time to run down to her room and check on her. As he peered into her room, the only change he could see was a noticeable lowering of the level of whiskey in the bottle. Calling to her from the door, he didn't see any response, so he left for school.

The same scenario repeated itself each day until Saturday morning when Scott awoke and decided that something had to be done. His mother couldn't continue to drink herself into oblivion every night. Determinedly, he got up and got dressed. Purposefully, he strode down the hallway to her room, resolved to bring her out of her drunken stupor one way or the other.

Walking into her room, he suddenly noticed the smell of her unwashed body. He

hadn't noticed it before, but it was quite noticeable now. He suddenly realized that she hadn't bathed all week. It looked like the only time she had gotten out of bed all week long was to use the bathroom or get another bottle of Jack Daniels.

Standing by her bed, he saw that the food he had brought last night was once again barely touched.

Wondering where to start, he paused. She lay sprawled out on her back with her arms and legs obscenely askew. She had thrown the covers off sometime during the night and Scott could see that she hadn't changed her gown all week long. It was now bunched up around her waist and clinging to her filthy body. With the hem up above her panties, he could see that they were stained and foul, too. It didn't look like she changed them all week long, either. At least she still had enough decency to wear them.

Scott had never seen his mother in such a state of disarray. She had always kept herself and the house spotlessly clean. He had never seen his mother wearing a soiled dress even after she had been outside gardening. That made her appearance now seem just that much more disgusting. It was obvious that she was in a deep state of depression.

The first thing he needed to do was get her cleaned up. Maybe once she was cleaned up, she would feel a little better about herself. Then possibly she could start to pull herself out of the wretched depths of misery she had sunk into.

But first, he had to get her cleaned up.

Somehow, he must convince her that she needed to shower, but in her state of mind, or lack of, he knew that it would be a difficult, if not impossible task. And while she was in the shower, he could change her sheets and straighten up the room. Maybe the shower and some clean clothes would make her feel better and jerk her out of the hell she had banished herself to.

Bending down, he shook her shoulder softly.

"Mother, can you hear me?"

"Mmmnnppppfffff," she mumbled incoherently.

"Mother, Wake up," he said louder, shaking her harder.

She made another unintelligible noise, but nothing moved but her lips.

"MOTHER, you need to get up," he pleaded with her.

This time there was no further response. She just lay there with her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open with a trickle of spittle seeping out of the corner of her mouth.

Wiping the dribble of spit off her chin, he tried to ignore the outline of her full, heavy breasts and large dark areolas under the thin transparency of her gown.

Shaking her, he couldn't help but watch her big, soft, gelatinous breasts wagging from side to side underneath the thin material of her gown. Even in the wretched state she was in, she was still a beautiful woman in his eyes.

What was wrong with him? Was he crazy? How could he even think about her breasts at a time like this? Much less in the condition she was in. Berating himself for paying such immoral attention to her breasts, he shook her again. Still, he couldn't keep his eyes off the shaking, quivering, upside-down bowls of pink Jell-O pudding as they sloshed back and forth under the thin material.

Finally, he looked away from her breasts. Trying to hold his breath, he reached down and slid his hands under her back. Even though she only weighed around one hundred and twenty pounds, she was dead weight and he struggled to lift her. She wasn't cooperating with him at all. At last, grunting and straining, he was able to lift her to a sitting position.

"Mother, sit up, PLEASE," he implored her as her head flopped about lifelessly.

Then she slowly opened her eyes and looked at him. For just a moment, he saw a flash of recognition in her eyes as she slowly lifted her head. Hoping she was finally coming out of her torpor, he was disappointed when her eyes once again clouded over and her head drooped. But at least she was sitting up.

She appeared to be in a trance, as she sat on the edge of the bed, her body slowly swaying from side to side when she would start to fall but catch herself. Somehow she able to keep her balance and remained sitting upright as he gradually let go of her.

The depression that gripped her was eating her alive from the inside out. Her

beautiful blue eyes, which normally danced and sparkled with energy, were now cloudy and dull. They were ringed in red from crying and bloodshot from all the drinking she had been doing.

Scott knew that she wasn't capable of rational thought at the moment and he doubted that she would ever make it into her bathroom on her own.

Holding his breath again, he stepped back up to her and reached down and wrapped his arms around her. Pulling her to him, he lifted her up off the bed.

As she rose, she leaned against him heavily and he could feel the warmth of her body through the soft, thin material of her gown. As he held her, he found himself enjoying the soft, feminine shape pressed against him, but the smell emanating from her unwashed body was disgusting.

Even with him holding her up, and her leaning against him for support and balance, she still swayed from side to side, seeming incapable of standing alone.

"MOTHER, you are going to have to stand up," he loudly said.

She must have heard him, because almost as soon as he spoke, he felt her stiffen and try to stand on her own.

Hoping for the best, he kept his hands wrapped around her waist and slowly eased back away from her to see if she could stand alone. She wobbled and threatened to fall, but somehow she was able to remain standing.

"Very good, Mom," he praised her as he slowly released her.

Looking up into her eyes again, he was disappointed to find no perceptible change. Her eyes were still clouded and unseeing as she stared off into the distance.

Stepping back, he couldn't keep from staring down at her skimpily clad body. The thin, gauzy material of her gown did little to conceal her breasts from his prying eyes as he openly stared at them. A sudden pang of arousal sparked through his cock as he gawked at the dark areolas tipping each of her big, pendant breast that were easily discernible through the flimsy gown. A scorching stab of guilt immediately followed this as he got another whiff of her body odor.

He knew that it was wrong to look at his mother's skimpily clad body this way, but he just couldn't stop himself.

"Mother, I want you to take a shower, okay," he told her. "Do you think that you can do that?"

There was no indication she even heard him.

"Okay, I'll help you into the bathroom, but you have to take a shower when I leave. Do you understand?"

Their roles strangely reversed, her acting the part of the child and him the adult, there was still no indication that she understood a word he was saying.

"Oh to hell with it," he muttered, disgusted by her. "If you're going to be like that, I'll just leave you in your filth.

He started to step back up to her and put her back in the bed when another whiff of her foul odor assailed his nostrils.

"Fuck," he grunted, knowing he couldn't give up.

He knew that he had to get her cleaned up somehow.

Maybe if he got her into the bathroom, he thought, she might wake up enough to take care of business. Bracing himself, he slowly turned her around and guided her toward her bathroom.

She walked like a zombie, lurching unsteadily from side to side as she walked while he held onto her arm to keep her from falling.

She plodded along with him, like a sheep being led to slaughter.

Stopping in front of the shower, he stopped. Holding onto her with one hand, he opened the door and turned on the water. Waiting for the water to warm, he slowly released her. She tottered wobbly, but was able to stand alone.

"Mom, take a shower and I'll be back in a few minutes to check on you, okay?" he told her, backing out of her bathroom and softly closing the door behind him.

Shaking his head in disgust, he went back out into her bedroom. He couldn't help but notice the acrid smell of her unwashed body still clinging to the bedclothes as gathered them up and dumped them on the floor.

Hoping that some fresh air would help dissipate the foul stench, he strode over to the window and quickly threw it open. As he did, he felt a sweet gust of warm, spring air blow into the room. Standing in front of the window, he let the breeze flow across him, filling the room with sweet, fresh fragrance of clean air. After a few moments, he walked back over and picked up her soiled linens. Carrying them out to the hallway, he looked over the railing and dropped the dirty linen.

"Sorry about that, Mom," he chuckled to himself, knowing his mother didn't like for him to toss his dirty clothes downstairs like that. She had chewed him out many times for just that reason. He couldn't see what difference it made and it didn't matter at the moment anyway because she wasn't in any shape to chew anyone out.

Hurrying back into her room, he quickly pulled out fresh linen and made her bed. Tucking it in and making sure it was snug, he took a washcloth and cleaned her bed stand and took away her empty Jack Daniel bottle.

Stepping back, he saw that her bed was once again presentable and the stench was almost gone. A few sprays of Faberge and a few more minutes of fresh air and the room would be habitable once again, he thought.

Wonder how the shower is going, he wondered? He hadn't heard any sounds coming from her bathroom.

Striding back over to her bathroom, he opened the door. His mother was standing exactly as he had left her. She hadn't moved an inch since he had left.

"Mother, for cripes sake, didn't you hear me tell you to take a shower?" he complained.

She didn't move. She just stood there staring out into the distance.

"Okay, I hate to do this," he said, stepping around in front of her, "But you have to have a shower, Mother."

Realizing what he was about to do, he stopped. Should he really go so far as to

undress her and make her bathe? What if she woke up? Woke up and saw that she was naked?

She would know that he had undressed her. Undecided, he caught a whiff of her stench and knew that he didn't have a choice. If she wasn't capable of bathing herself, someone had to do it. Like it or not, he was the chosen one.

Still hesitant, he stood looking at her for the longest time. The longer he looked, the more convinced he became of the necessity of a shower.

Her hair, usually, long and free-flowing was tangled and filthy from a week's worth of sweat and lack of attention. It was so dirty, it was plastered down onto her scalp. Her face, which had never really required makeup, now looked gaunt and tired. He had never noticed any wrinkles on her face before, but now, he could easily see them etched into the corners of her eyes. Her eyes that once sparkled and gleamed with life, now seemed dead and lifeless. The most disturbing thing of all though was her empty stare. Her eyes were dead...like a corpse's eyes. When she looked at him, she seemed to be looking right through him.

He could give her a wipe down with a wash cloth, he told himself. But that wouldn't do the job. She needed the whole nine yards. Hair and all. Racking his brain, he couldn't think of an easier way of bathing her.

No matter what he did, he would have to take her clothes off.

He momentarily thought that he could fill her tub with water and set her in it. But wrestling with her water splashing everywhere was too dangerous. One of them might fall and then what?

Finally, he came to the stark realization that he would have to physically wash her.

"Mom, I hope that you can forgive me for this, but we have to get you cleaned up," he finally said stepping up to her.

Her posture or demeanor didn't change. She just continued to stand there, staring right through him.

Tentatively, he slowly reached up to her shoulders. Gently, he began to push the

soft, silky material of her gown down off her shoulders. As he tried to ease it down, the material momentarily stuck to her skin, adhered to it by a week's worth of sweat and grime. Peeling it down over the slope of her shoulders, he was surprised when her gown suddenly went whispering to the floor, leaving her standing before him wearing only her soiled panties.

It happened so suddenly, it startled Scott. He thought she had moved, but it was just the gown slithering down her body. One second the gown was on, and the next second, it lay puddled down around her feet. Overcoming his fright, he looked into her eyes but saw nothing but the dull, lifeless stare he was becoming so familiar with. Dropping his eyes down from her eyes, he gawked at her big, beautiful breasts dangling down only inches in front of him.

Stepping back for a moment, he ran his eyes up and down her body. Even in her present state of disarray, she was still a very beautiful woman. She was a beautiful woman and she was almost naked, he told himself as he felt his cock lurch and begin to harden.

Disgusted with himself and his body's reaction to her body, he found himself with a growing predicament.

Powerless to stop himself, he let his eyes drop down to her big, beautiful breasts again. He had always known that she had big breasts, but he had never seen them bare like this before. Full and heavy, they sagged down ponderously under their own weight.

Suddenly, wickedly, he had an urge to bury his face down in their wondrous softness, but another whiff of her noxious body odor quickly dispelled that impulse.

This was insane. He could never have even dreamed up a scenario like the one that was unfolding between him and his mother as he admired her imposing bosom from a safe distance of almost a foot away.

Each exquisite breast was elegantly tipped with a great dark cup of finely pebbled pink flesh. And jutting out of the center of those cups of flesh were two big, puffy nipples. He could almost feel the rubbery texture of the bulging knob of flesh on his lips as he longed to lean down and suck it into his mouth. He had at one time, he wickedly thought. He had sucked on it and drank her milk. He wished he could do that again. Maybe if he did, it would wake her up. Wake her

up and bring her back from the purgatory she was in. As he thought about nursing from her he felt another searing jolt of excitement tear through his throbbing manhood.

What the fuck are you doing, he asked himself? Stop gawking and get busy.

Still, he couldn't stop his eyes from wandering down her body. He had known that she had a pretty figure, but he had never really imagined that she was this beautiful. Her figure was the equal of the any of the models in the Victoria's Secret catalogs that his mother periodically received and he secretly pored over.

His eyes traveled down from her magnificent breasts, over her flat, tucked tummy down to her soiled, stained panties. Seeing the tainted panties brought him back to the task at hand.

He slowly bent down and ever so gently eased the filthy panties down her long, tapered legs, leaving them in a puddle covering her tiny feet.

Standing back up, he felt another stinging jolt of excitement tear though his rapidly growing cock as he stared down at the forest of pubic hairs covering her soft, exposed underbelly.

He couldn't believe that he was standing in front of his mother, staring down at her bare, unprotected femininity. How could he be so vulgar, so odious? He wasn't fit to be her son, he thought, but still his eyes devoured her nakedness, traveling down her long, beautifully tapered legs over her shapely ankles to her gown covered feet.

Feeling his cock lurch again, he disgustedly reached over and slid open the shower door. Wondering if there was any hot water left after it had been running for so long, he stuck his hand under the stream of water. Luckily, it was still warm. Turning back to his mother he saw that she still hadn't moved. She just stood there like a zombie. Taking hold of her around the waist, he turned her and carefully guided her into the shower as his eyes dropped down her long, tapered back to her beautifully rounded butt.

God, he thought to himself, he had never seen such a lovely ass. It was so soft, and smooth, like a perfect upside down heart. No matter what angle he viewed his mother from, he found only perfection. In his mind, she was the most beautiful woman in the world and he knew that he had to find some way to bring

her back from the depths of depression she was suffering from. It would be such a waste to lose her to the despair she was suffering from.

Steering her into the shower, he moved her under the stream of water.

She shuffled under the flow of water and stood there letting it course down her body. She didn't even close her vacant eyes as she stared aimlessly into the distance.

"Mother, Please, wash yourself," Scott pleaded with her as he watched her standing motionless under the water.

Even though he begged her, she made no move to pick up the wash cloth. Finally, she closed her eyes against the spray of water splashing into her face.

At last, Scott grabbed the wash rag and lathered it up with soap. Lifting her hand, he shoved the washcloth into it. She seemed to grasp it, but the moment he let go of her hand, her hand lifelessly fell back to her side and the cloth plopped to the shower floor.

"Oh, For Chris sakes, Mom," he angrily muttered, reaching down and picking the cloth up. "Well, I guess if you won't do it, I will just have to do it for you."

Trying to stay as dry as possible, he started by lathering up her back, softly running the cloth over her silky soft skin. Even though he tried, within moments, his shirt was soaking wet and the water was running down into his pants and out onto the bathroom floor.

This isn't going to work, he thought. He knew that if he kept this up, the bathroom floor would be flooded and he would have to clean it up, too. Not wanting to spend his whole day cleaning up after his mother, he angrily stepped out of the shower, closing the door behind him.

There was no other way, he finally conceded, stripping his shirt off and tossing it into his mother's dirty clothes hamper. What would this look like if someone caught them, he wondered? But who was going to catch them. They were all alone. And he had to clean her up somehow. What if he had to take her to the hospital or something? He didn't want anyone to see her like this. Stepping out of his shoes, he peeled his socks off and tossed them in on top of his drenched shirt. Then, hesitantly, he shucked his pants off.

Standing outside his mother's shower in his shorts, he looked down at himself. He was disgusted to see his big, stiff cock was jutting out through the opening in the front of his shorts. No matter how repulsive he found it, he was sexually aroused by his mother's nakedness. Angrily, he reached down and rearranged his swollen maleness, shoving it back down in his shorts, hoping to hide its obvious hardness from his mother. But the state of mind she was in, she wouldn't notice it anyway, he told himself.

Finally, he opened the door and stepped back into the shower. His mother hadn't moved and still stood under the water, letting it splash down her body. Facing her, Scott picked up the washcloth once again. Staring down at her oversized breasts, he slowly brought the washcloth up to them and gently began to run it over the soft, pliant skin. As he slowly ran the cloth over her breasts, he marveled at their soft firmness. Feeling himself growing more aroused by the second, he slowly, lovingly ran the cloth over both of the great, pendant mountains of soft, compliant flesh, covering them with suds and reveling in the feel of their silky softness. When both of them were lathered, he couldn't resist the temptation to caress the soft, yielding flesh with his bare hand. Running his hand over one slick, smooth, suds-covered breast, he lovingly fondled it. Shocked by what he was doing, he softly ran his finger around the dark, pebbled skin surrounding her nipple. The excitement of the moment triggered another explosion of excitement inside his cock as it lurched and popped out through the opening once again. Looking down, he shamefully saw that his nine-inch cock was ripe and hard. Starting to reach down and stuff it back into his shorts, he looked up to see what his mother's reaction had been. There was no evidence she had even noticed it since her eyes were still shut. Since she wasn't even looking, he decided to leave his errant manhood the way it was. It wasn't causing any harm.

He continued to run his hand over the soft, soapy warmth of her breasts in awe of their soft sensuality. Then growing braver, he gently lifted one of the big, pendulous tits and gently squeezed it. He was surprised by its great weight. It was heavy and firm and soft all at the same time. He was tempted to lean down and suck the ripe, jutting nipple into his mouth, but thankfully the coating of soap kept him from doing so.

Knowing he wouldn't be able to control his rampant emotions much longer, he gently released his hold on her big, dangling breast and moved the washcloth down over her stomach. Washing there he moved the cloth around in soft, tiny

circles.

Much to his dismay and shame, he found himself growing more and more excited as he slowly ran the washcloth over the forest of curly brown hairs that covered his mother's soft underbelly. Quickly running the cloth over her nether regions, he soon had the forest of brown curly hair covered with soft, foamy lather. Then as he stared down at her belly, he felt another searing spark of excitement shoot through his body when he saw the thick, swollen lips of her vagina protruding out of the foam.

Still staring down at her exposed pussy, he moved the washcloth out to her hips and roughly scrubbed them.

Standing the way she was with her long, tapered legs pressed together Scott couldn't get to her vagina to wash it. Looking up, watching for her reaction, he slowly eased his hand between her legs to force them apart.

The expression on her face didn't change as he continued to force her legs apart.

As her legs slowly crept apart, he saw her shuffle her feet apart, widening the gap between her long, shapely legs. The soft, smooth skin of her inner thighs was so hot and slippery as he finally eased his hand out from between her legs.

Feeling another perverted shock rush through his throbbing cock, he visibly shuddered as he ran the cloth over her soft, vulnerability. He watched her face for any indication of disapproval but the expression never changed as his mother's face remained impassive, showing no evidence of emotion as he continued to softly swipe the cloth back and forth between her legs. After several moments, he felt an overpowering urge to touch her softness with his bare skin. He knew what he was doing was so wicked and evil that he might be struck blind at any moment, but he couldn't stop himself. Slowly, he pulled the washcloth out of his hand. Then, taking a deep breath, he delicately eased his hand up between her soft, velvety smooth thighs.

Then suddenly, he was touching her in a most horribly-intimate way. A way that no son should ever, ever touch his mother. Throwing caution to the wind, he slowly ran his finger over the soft, smooth warmth of her most sacred of sacred places. His cock lurched and felt like it was going to explode with excitement as he explored the warm softness of his mother's vagina with his thick, stubby fingers. Watching her face for any display of emotion, he softly

probed the dripping, meaty gash of mother-flesh between her long legs. He couldn't believe how hot and soft she was there.

The reservoir of molten cum inside his balls was threatening to boil over any second as he felt his cock lurch and twitch dramatically. He knew that his prick was cocked and loaded. And it was about to go off any second. Panicking, he quickly jerked his hand away from her inflamed vagina. Stepping back away from her, he found himself soaking wet from the water and sweat that was pouring off him.

He felt stupid. He had been about to come just from touching his mother's pussy. Feeling his will power rapidly weakening, he knew that he would have to hurry and finish washing her. If he didn't get away from her he might do something that he would hate himself for doing.

Trembling with emotion, he quickly stepped back up to her and hastily ran the washcloth down her long, lovely legs, stopping only to wash her feet in conclusion. At last, he thought, dropping the washcloth and taking hold of his mother's shoulders. Awkwardly, he forced her around to face the water so that it would rinse away the suds. Staring at her bare, smooth back, he was barely able to restrain himself from taking her into his arms and trying to squeeze the life back into her. Finally after several moments, he reached around her and turned off the water.

Taking hold of her arm, he rudely guided her out of the shower and was immediately sorry that he had. Her wondrous breasts shook and jounced about wildly as she nearly fell. She would have fallen too, if he hadn't pulled her to him, crushing her body against his.

He was so aroused by the feel of her hot, wet body plastered up against him, he felt lightheaded as his cock lurched disgustingly.

Holding her with one hand, he quickly wrapped a towel around her to hide her nakedness from his leering eyes. He ought to be struck blind for what he was thinking, he told himself as he maneuvered her over to the sink. Bending her over the sink, he turned the water on and hurriedly wetted her hair. Trying to keep his eyes off her body, he swiftly washed her hair with baby shampoo so that it would burn her eyes. Wrapping another towel turban like around her head, he led her back to her bed.

"See, Mom, your bed is nice and clean," he told her as she stumbled to a stop beside it.

Hoping that she would dry herself off, he waited. When she didn't move after several moments, he slowly unwrapped the towel from around her body. Lovingly, he gently patted her skin to dry off some of the wetness, but he found himself was quickly overwhelmed by her loveliness once again.

Return to the Top

He was having more and more difficulty fighting off the sick, vulgar craving that was welling up from his inflamed manhood. Knowing that he couldn't postpone it indefinitely, he dropped the towels and threw back the covers to her bed.

Turning her around, he gently pushed her back until her full, shapely calves were pressed up against the bed. Then, gently but forcefully, he eased her down onto the bed. Then as she sat on the edge of her bed, facing him staring right through him, he pushed her down until she was lying on her back. Wishing he could close his eyes to the temptation before him, he reached down and quickly lifted her legs up on the bed. As she now lay across the bed, her long, wet hair flayed out like a fan as he tugged and pulled her shoulders around until her upper body was properly aligned with the bed. Then as he leaned down to straighten her long, tanned legs, he found himself staring directly into his mother's most secret of places.

He thought he was going to have a heart attack as he stared down at the soft, blushing wound of satiny pink flesh nestled down between her velvety smooth thighs. Never in his entire life had he seen anything so beautiful, so alluring. He felt like time had stopped as he openly gaped down at the weeping wetness of her pussy.

Crazily, his mind careened about woozily as the passion of the moment sent a fireball of excitement through his cock. How could he ever have come out anything so astonishingly beautiful and delicate? He couldn't believe how tiny and vulnerable the little opening was, hiding underneath the soft, pink lips that protectively surrounded it. He had thought it would be big and stretched from

giving birth to him, but it was so, so small and so dainty.

He hesitated, knowing he should close her legs and hide the wondrous sight of her delicate, softness from his vulgar eyes, but he couldn't. All he could do was stare down at it in reverent awe.

He had never seen an older woman's pussy up close like this and he was amazed by rich ripeness compared to the puerile blandness of the girls he had known in an intimate way.

The girls he had known had barely had any pubic hair at all, but the lush growth of soft, brown hairs of his mother's pubic garden covered her flat belly and extended all the way around the fleshy opening on each side, ending about half way down. At the top of her vagina, the exuberant growth of hairs stopped just above the jutting little stem of flesh that ran down to the top of her vagina. Staring at the tiny opening in the fleshy little tube, he could see a portion of her clitoris jutting out. It almost seemed to be daring him to touch it. Enticing him to touch it. Its pure, sweet beauty and vulnerability was almost too much for him to resist.

Suddenly, he knew that he would roast in hell for doing it, but he had to touch it. Slowly, tentatively, he reached down and gently ran his finger over the bulging little button of flesh protruding out of the fleshy little sheath above her vaginal opening. As he touched it, he watched in amazement as her glistening, pea-sized clitoris slowly eased further out of the opening.

As he stared at her clitoris, he slowly rubbed the slippery little knob between his finger and thumb. Then he heard her moan softly.

He jumped in surprise because it was the first time she had reacted to anything he had done all week long. Wondering if she knew it was him that was touching her, he gently ran his finger back over her clitoris again.

"Ohhhhhmmmmmmmm," she softly gurgled, suggestively thrusting her hips up against his probing fingers.

The wicked excitement he was feeling sent a thrill lashing through his cock as it bulged out dangerously close to the point of eruption. Looking down at the evil malignancy jutting out of his groin, he watched it jerk and twitch menacingly.

Cursing himself for his depraved behavior, Scott found his attention drawn back down to his mother's clitoris once again. It looked so soft, and smooth, he had a sudden craving to run his tongue over it. To touch her with his mouth and taste her essence. To make her come and make her well again. Quickly lowering his mouth down onto her, he raked his tongue over her tiny, little love-bead as she groaned out once again.

Seeing her respond to him, Scott began to rapidly flick his tongue back and forth over her love-button as she began to writhe and twist on the bed. He knew that what he was doing was despicable, but he was willing to risk his soul if it would bring her back from the place she was in.

Initially, he had used her condition as an excuse for what he was doing, but now he knew down deep inside that he was enjoying it too much for it to be a purely selfless act on his part.

"Oooooohhhhhhyessssss—" she whimpered as he continued to savagely attack her clitoris with his lashing tongue, "Please-Oh-God-yes-pppppppllllsssssggggooodddddd."

Hearing discovered a semblance of sanity in her voice, he mouthed her soft, meaty wound hungrily. The pure, wicked excitement of their union was driving him insane with passion as he loudly slurped and licked at the tiny, pouting, pulsating rosebud.

Suddenly, he felt her hands grab hold of his hair and roughly shove his face down into her womanhood. She was groaning and groveling underneath him like a woman possessed. Even though he had only been doing it for seconds, somehow he knew that she was about to have an orgasm.

Did she know it was him? Did she know that it was her son that was defiling her sanctity with his mouth? It was almost like there was some secret, satanic sensuality coursing between them. Maybe there was some dark, deep, unknown bond between a mother and son that was so sinful and vile no one had the courage to make it public. It would probably end marriage because women would have the perfect lovers that they could train from birth. Whatever it was, he could sense that within moments she would be consumed by her own pleasure. Feeling her passion building by the second, Scott devoured her hungrily, licking and sucking on her harder and harder as he coaxed her toward

her fulfillment. He had given up on bringing her back and now he was only interested in fulfilling her carnal desires. And if that brought her back to life, then so be it. But even if she did come back, their lives wouldn't ever be the same again. He had gone too far for that. He had stepped over the bounds of civility and decency.

"Oh, Yes, Oh, Yes, Close, Oh, Yes, So, Close, AHHHhh GOD," she screamed as her whole body suddenly began to shake and twitch uncontrollably.

"GODIMMMCCCCOOOOOMMMMMMMNNNNN—" she cried out as her body was consumed in the unholy fires of her orgasm.

Lying between his mother's thrashing legs, he stared up at his mother's deep, wet love-wound as her hips bounced and flailed about wildly. He stared at the delicate, gaping core of her vagina with depraved excitement as the fleshy trench contracted opened and closed.

Enraptured by the lascivious display of sexual gratification by his mother, he looked up from her clutching, clenching pussy to her breasts as they heaved about heavily in rhythm with her labored breathing. As he watched, he could see the areolas of her breasts visibly bulging out and her huge, jutting nipples were now stiff and erect. He had never seen a woman react so violently to sex before, but then he had only had sex with girls. He would never have dreamed his mother, who had been so perfectly maternal in every way, could react in such a lewd and passionate way.

His eyes took it all in as she writhed and thrashed about before him.

Then all at once, he felt an uncontrollable impulse to possess his mother in the most evil and despicable of ways. It was as if something inside of him had snapped and the unnatural desire to take her and love her as no son should ever love his mother was more than he could endure.

Feeling his big, thick cock lurch with expectation, he awkwardly struggled up to his hands and knees.

A thrill ran through his body and exploded down inside the core of his rock-hard cock. He was going to fuck his mother! Fuck her and bring her back to her senses. He was going to fuck her back to life. Fuck her until she was normal again.

Looking down at himself, he couldn't believe how hard and big his cock had grown as it jutted out from his groin like some gigantic, evil snake. He had never been so excited and aflame with desire before as pre-fuck juice dripped out of the head of his twitching, bounding prick. His heart was beating a mile a minute, pumping more and more blood into his monstrous prick. As it did, the hard, purple blood vessels lacing the thick, pink shaft of his giant cock bulged out dramatically, filled with his boiling blood.

Hurriedly looking back up at his mother, he saw that she was in the final throes of her orgasm. He couldn't wait. He was being consumed by the raging passion to feel her hot, clutching, sucking cunt wrapped around his hugeness. He was desperate. He knew he had to have her...or die.

Lunging up between her legs, he felt his huge, heavy penis evilly slashing from side to side as he clumsily scrambled up over her melting body.

His brain afire with desire, he suddenly realized, he was on his hands and knees above her with his giant, throbbing cock hovering only inches above her defenseless vagina. Shuddering with expectation, he reached down and took hold of himself. Dipping his hips, he guided his huge dripping, purple-headed monster, down toward the sopping, clutching gash of beautiful pink flesh between his mother's legs. It was so beautiful. And it seemed to be beckoning to him. Summoning him to defile the lovely flower with his malignancy. Inviting him to deflower her motherhood with his mighty weapon.

A sudden, painful flash of guilt washed over him as he pointed his giant prick at the wet, clutching core of his mother's soul. It was the same as aiming a knife at her heart, he feverishly thought.

She was still unaware of her son as she savored the last pleasing vestiges of her orgasm. She seemed to be completely oblivious to her fate. Totally unaware of her impending defilement.

Scott was completely out of control as he gently guided the great bulbous head of his cock down toward into the burning, sucking socket of his mother's vagina.

Then his hot, dripping cockhead touched the soft, swollen heat of her cunt.

He couldn't stop himself as his cockhead quickly slipped in between the hot, fleshy lips of her vagina.

"OH MY GOD," he gasped out in panic and pleasure as he lunged forward driving the entire length of his giant cock squishing down into the sopping, fiery depths of his mother's cunt.

"WHAT WHAT WHAT THUUUUUUUUUuuuuuuuuu," he heard his mother gasp as his huge penis drove down into the hot, sucking meat of her pussy.

Grunting, he shoved it into the seething hole, letting it slide all the way up into her until his belly loudly slapped down against hers.

Staring down at her face, he saw her eyes flutter wide open in surprise and shock.

For an instant, her eyes fogged over with love as she stared back up into his eyes, but almost instantaneously, it was gone and her eyes were filled with fear and disgust.

Shocked by seeing such revulsion in her eyes, Scott didn't move. How could he have been so stupid? He thought as he stared back into her eyes, hoping to see them change once again?

What could he have expected he panicked as he lay atop her with his hard, rigid man-cock completely buried down inside of her burning womanhood?

The look in her eyes filled him with such a revulsion for himself, he wished he could cut his cock off.

His mother's unbelieving stare penetrated his mind, seeming to ask him why he had done this horrible, despicable thing to her.

It was as if she couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe that he was trying to fuck her. He was actually inside of her. Then, almost as if she had to confirm what she felt, she slowly let her eyes wander down to where they became one. To where they incestuously joined together in such an evil, wicked way. He felt a tiny shudder flow through her body as she stared down at where she was disgustingly impaled by his massive prick.

"Oh, God, Scott," she wept softly, "What have you done?"

"Oh, Mommy, I'm so sorry," he cried out, wishing he could die.

He could feel the condemnation for him pouring out of her as he helplessly groveled in self-loathing and hatred. Wishing that he had never been born, he slowly began to ease back away from her, pulling his huge, dripping man-cock out of her drenched womanhood as he retreated in shame.

She watched, unmoving as his great pink cock, crisscrossed with bulging purple veins slowly began to reappear out of her sopping cunt.

Then, when almost half of it was visible, Scott felt her clench his cock with her cunt.

Why had she done that? He stopped moving. He didn't know what to think or do. Then he felt it again as she gently began to milk his throbbing cock with her hot, clutching pussy.

What should he do, he wondered? Standing over her, his cock half in and half out of her as he stood on his hands and knees, poised above her prepared to fuck her to within an inch of her life, he waited.

"Mother, what?" he whispered.

Looking back into her eyes, he saw that the look of disgust was gone. In its place was a warm, glowing look of love once again. It was that special look she always gave him when she was proud of him. Or when he did something right. Or something she approved of. It was her special look of love for him.

He suddenly felt weak with relief as he felt the affection begin flow between them once again. Staring down into the deep, liquid pools of her beautiful brown eyes, he felt her love wash over him warming him to the core.

Then without taking her eyes off his, she slowly lifted her long, curving legs up and slowly wrapped them around his waist.

Then, ever so gently, she squeezed his waist with her thighs and lovingly milked his cock with her pussy again.

Suddenly Scott couldn't restrain himself any longer. He immediately began to stroke his thick, long cock into her with deep, penetrating thrusts. He had never been so excited by anything in his whole life as he began slamming himself into her with abandon. Crazy by lust, he buried his giant penis into her all the way

up to the hairy hilt on every deep, penetrating thrust.

In and out, in and out went his great plunging cock, penetrating her to the limit every time as she made little mewling sounds every time their pubic bones smashed into each other. Fucking her furiously, he could feel her juices flowing out of her and coating his thighs with its hot stickiness as he continued to pound his cock into her.

He was fucking his mother. His sweet, beautiful mother. Just the thought of such incredulous wonderment was enough to fill him with so much happiness, he couldn't hold it inside him.

"Yes, Baby, Yes, Baby, Yes, Baby," she babbled as he deliriously fucked her. "Make Mommy Come, baby, Make Mommy come again, please."

Hearing her voice coaxing him on, he became a raging maniac. He entered into a world so full of desire and pleasure he was almost overcome by the passion flowing through him as he pounded his cock into the tight, clutching sheath of his mother's cunt faster and faster.

Gasping for air and panting, he could feel the fireball of cum burning inside his balls reaching its eruptive point. He knew that he was tottering on the edge of a calamitous eruption. The burning expectation was gnawing away at his balls and he could feel them scrunching around the base of his cock in anticipation of losing their creamy load deep inside his mother's belly.

Then, he couldn't hold it back any longer as his penis kicked and thick, glutinous gushes of cum came spewing out of his pulsating, jerking cock like an erupting volcano.

"OhhhBabbbbyyyyyy—" she shrieked as she felt the first gusher of his molten cream pour out into the abused channel of her cunt.

"Commminggggmmmmotherrrr—" he bellowed out as he felt the agony of guilt and pleasure of dominance fill his mind and body at the same time his prick filled her pussy with his manly essence.

His whole body was awash with such intense passion, he felt like he might pass out at any moment. His heart was pounding so hard, it felt like it was going to burst out of his chest as he held himself thrust down into his mother as deeply as

he could. The emotions that were flashing through his head were so inherently evil and wicked, he knew that he would be struck dead at any moment. But he didn't care because he knew that his mother would rebirth him, using some of the thick, hot, gushing semen that was pouring into her from his lurching cock. Just knowing that he was now buried deep in the very epicenter of his own birthplace, the very core of his creation in the very woman who had given him life was just too much to comprehend. This wicked knowledge fueled his orgasm and drove him to the very brink of insanity.

How ironic it would be, he deliriously thought. Would it not be ironic that he had driven himself to the very brink of insanity trying to bring his mother back to sanity. It would be his just reward for what he had wreaked on her. He felt like a babbling idiot as his cock exploded inside of her again and again.

He was wondering if he would ever stop coming as his balls began to ache from depletion. He felt like they would implode any second.

Finally he felt the intensity decrease and interval between volleys increase until with one last shudder, his cock stopped discharging its hot, stickiness inside of her.

He had been so consumed by his own madness, he hadn't even realized that his mother had climaxed a second time with him inside her.

But now as he lay on top, panting and gasping for air with his withering maleness still embedded deep inside her, he could feel the soft, gentle clutching of her vaginal muscles on his cock signaling the last, dying throes of her climax.

Suddenly, he felt another wave of guilt and shame wash over him. For what he had done to her, there was no absolution. He had wounded her in the most grave and despicable way a son could ever wound his mother. He had dishonored his mother in the most horrible way possible.

Even as he looked down at her, he saw that she had turned her head away from him. Staring down at her beautiful face as she looked away from him only heightened his sense of self-condemnation.

"God, Mother I am so sorry," he whimpered lowering his face down and ever so gently kissing the soft skin at the crux where her neck joined her shoulder.

"I forgive you," she softly whispered, but kept her face turned away from him.

As he heard her voice, the rush of relief that washed over him was numbing. He was so filled with joy at having her back from the dead, he couldn't speak.

All at once, he felt completely drained.

The energy he had spent worrying about her and the passion of their incestuous love-making had completely exhausted him. He didn't have the strength to keep his eyes open.

The last thing he remembered was being gently rolled over onto his side as he was drifting off into a deep, soul-cleansing sleep.

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At last, he slowly awoke. Yawning, he opened his eyes. The ceiling he was staring up at wasn't familiar to him. With a start, he wondered where he had fallen asleep. Quickly looking around, he found himself lying in his parent's bed. What was he doing here, he wondered? Then he looked down and saw that he was naked. What had he done, he fearfully wondered as he tried to remember?

Abruptly, it came back to him with the subtlety of a stick of dynamite going off inside his head. Where was his mother? Had she left? Maybe she was calling the police to have him arrested for raping her. He felt a cold sweat break out on his forehead as he tried to piece together the events of the morning. It was still a big blur as he tried to sort it all out.

Just then, he heard someone coming up the stairs.

Frantically, he looked around for something to hide his nakedness. Seeing the towel he had dried her off with, he grabbed it and threw it over his groin to hide the hideous monster that had gotten him into this predicament.

Not knowing what to do, he just sat on the bed, stupidly awaiting his fate. Listening, he heard the person stop at the top of the stairs and then start down the hallway toward him. The steps were muffled and soft as the person slowly padded down the hallway.

Bracing himself, he anxiously watched the door, waiting breathlessly.

Then without warning, his mother suddenly stepped into the room.

Stopping at the door, she looked over at him and smiled.

"Well, hello there Sleepyhead," she grinned at him, "I thought you were going to sleep the whole day away."

"Huh, what, uh," he stuttered, looking down at his watch and seeing that it was six o'clock.

"You've been asleep since ten this morning," she told him, walking over to the bed.

Watching her walk toward him, he saw that she was wearing her old, flannel housecoat and fishnet hose. He had seen her wearing the same old, frumpy house robe many times, but somehow it was different now. Now, with the fishnet hose. What else was she wearing underneath it?

"I brought you a little snack," she told him, leaning down to set the tray on the nightstand.

As she bent over, the front of her house coat fell open. As it did, he got a revealing view of her big, beautiful breasts, bare and unfettered, under the housecoat. As he openly gawked at her big, beautiful breasts dancing and frolicking before his eyes, his mother didn't move. She just stood there leaning over, smiling and letting him hungrily devour her breasts with his eyes. He suddenly had an almost overwhelming urge to grab her and nestle his face down between them.

Then he felt his cock sickly lurch under the thin cover of the towel as desire once again filled his mind.

"Uh, uh, thank you," he foolishly muttered, finally recovering enough composure to speak.

"You're welcome," she smiled back him, leaning back up and making the house coat fall shut again.

"Uh, Are you okay, now?" he asked her as she stood back up.

"Yes, I think so," she laughed softly, looking at him with a sinister smile playing about her lips. "Okay, but different. Very different. But okay, I think."

"Uh, are you sure?" he asked her again.

"Yes, I think so," she said sitting down on the edge of the bed. "You brought me back from the edge...and I want to thank you for that," she said, pausing for a second before continuing on. "But what you did was wrong...terribly wrong."

"I'm sorry," he began apologizing even before she had finished speaking.

"But, let me finish," she softly said, "sometimes bad things just turn out right. Almost like it was fate or something. That's what happened to us, I think. Like it was meant to happen and no matter how badly it started out, it's going to end up right. Do you know what I mean?"

"Uh, I think so," he mumbled, agreeing with her but not having a clue what she meant. He would agree to anything that would absolve him of some of the guilt and shame he felt.

"You, uh, we did something very, very bad," she softly berated him again, "but it was probably the only thing that you, we could have done that would have shocked me out of my depression. It brought me back. Back to what, I don't know, but anything is better than the place I was in. Thank you. But now everything is changed. So, so much—"

"I was getting afraid," he said, finally getting an inkling of what she was trying to tell him.

"I know you were," she smiled, "and if you hadn't been concerned for me, none of it would have happened. I can forgive you for that. But there is still one little problem," she said frowning.

"What?"

"I don't know if I can forgive you creating this new craving inside me," she said, demurely batting her eyes at him.

"What, what, uh, what do you mean?" he stammered.

"You showed me how vulnerable and weak I am," she told him, reaching over and taking his hand in hers. "I had realized that I couldn't make it without your father...but you showed me that I can...I can with the love and support of the one person I love the most in the whole world....You!"

"Uh, that's, uh, that's not so bad, is it," he asked her, not realizing the full implication of her words.

"In itself...No," she said, "But this leaves me in a very precarious position."

"Uh, what do you mean?"

"As I said," she said, frowning slightly, "I found out that I can't live without the love and support of the one I love the most..."

"I know, uh, but, uh, what does that mean?" he asked her, still lost in the complexity of her words.

"You. You are the one I love most in the world and I must look to you for all my love and support. And I'm afraid that that means ALL of my love and support."

"Huh?" he sputtered, hearing the inflection of her voice on the word ALL."

"You know that we are no longer just mother and son," she softly said, pausing for a moment to gently squeeze his hand before finishing her sentence, "we are now lovers, too."

"Uh, yes, uh, I guess that we, uh, we are ..." he gulped, his voice trailing off into silence as he pondered the weight of his mother's words.

"I mean that you are the only person who can keep me from going back to that place. Going back to that deep, dark hole that I was in. Only you can keep me from going back to that black depression."

Scott sat in stunned silence, trying to comprehend the massive burden his mother had just put on his shoulders.

"I'm sorry," she tiredly smiled, the effects of her bout with depression still

evident in her voice and on her face.

"What do you have to be sorry for," Scott asked her, still reeling from her revelation.

"I know that, that is a lot of responsibility. Especially for a young man just starting out in his own life. Knowing that you are saddled with that awful burden."

Then she paused and looked deep into his eyes.

"Do you think that you can handle the kind of responsibility that it will take to be my son, my lover, my friend, soul-mate and care taker? Can you do it for me or am I putting too much on your shoulders?" she asked after a few moments of silence.

"I'll try," he said, knowing that he probably didn't grasp the full consequences of their tragic intimacy and probably wouldn't for a long, long time."

She was a good woman, Scott thought as he thought over her remarks. There was twenty years difference in their ages, but it didn't bother him in that way. But it was kind of scary having your mother for your lover. And knowing that he was the only thing keeping her from falling over the abyss into that dark, foreboding place. Could he do that...for her?

"I know that it will be difficult at times," she said slowly getting to her feet. "I will try my best to be the doting, loving mother that any son would be proud to have."

"Uh, okay," he muttered.

"But, with your responsibility will come certain rewards," she hesitantly smiled.

"What do you mean?"

As he was speaking, she reached down and ever so slowly began unbuttoning her old, flowery housecoat.

It seemed to take days for her to unbutton it, but finally it was unbuttoned. Scott sat staring at her, feeling his cock growing harder by the second under the towel.

Smiling down at him, she leisurely began peeling the heavy, thick housecoat back over her shoulders.

Scott felt his cock lurch with expectant excitement once again as the old housecoat fell to the floor revealing her beautiful nakedness to him once again. He felt like his eyes were on fire as they hungrily swept down her ravishing body.

She didn't flinch as stood before him, unashamedly staring back at him, patiently waiting , letting him feast his hungry eyes on her lush body.

His eyes were immediately drawn down to the profusion of soft, dark curls covering her soft underbelly, erotically framing his newly-found temple of love. He felt himself shudder with expectation and desire as his eyes found the thick, fleshy pink lips of her femininity hiding under the silky forest of curly dark pubic hairs.

As he felt himself hardening, his eyes were quickly drawn back up to her great, dangling breasts as she slowly leaned down and crawled onto the bed with him.

"Of course, helping me keep my sanity," she said, with a wicked gleam in her eye, "will allow you certain freedoms and grant you certain rights that most sons don't have."

As he deliriously watched, she crawled over to where he sat, her big, pendant breasts dangling down, wiggling and jiggling, bumping and thudding against one another. Stopping, she rolled over onto her side with her big, drooping breasts resting up against his thigh.

"You now have the same rights as a husband," she softly laughed, Scott thinking he detected a hint of madness in her voice as she reached over and gently rubbed the obvious bulge under the towel, "anytime you want..." she added. "Anytime you want...." she suggestively smiled up at him, taking hold of the towel that covered his swollen manhood, tentatively lifting it by the corner and peeking underneath it.

Scott couldn't stop the wave of warmth that spread out across his cheeks when he saw his mother peek under the towel.

"It's so beautiful," she gushed, peeling the towel off his giant, throbbing man-

thing.

Tossing the towel aside, she gaped at the huge cylinder of hard, throbbing muscle jutting up from her son's groin.

It was almost fully erect, but she could see that it was still growing with each beat of his heart as more blood was pumped into it. Both of them stopped to stare down at its thick heaviness as it grew harder and harder.

She had never seen a more grotesquely-beautiful penis. Its thick pink barrel was heavily laced with bulging blue-purple veins of hot coursing blood as it stood by its own volition, jutting up a full nine inches long.

Scott was bashfully proud as he watched his giant peter arrogantly standing erect once again.

"And so big," his mother praised, running her fingertips down the giant, malignant manifestation of evil itself, twitching and pulsating menacingly.

Staring at it, she seemed hypnotized by its evil, sinister presence. She had never seen a cock so horribly malignant, yet so perfectly formed.

Running her finger down one of the thick, blue-purple veins, she traced it all the way down to the cock's hairy root. The vein bulged out, thick, puffy, and hot as it carried the blood that was pouring into his cock.

Scott watched on with excited anticipation as she slowly wrapped her hand around the thick base of his colossus. Suddenly, a last, dying ray of light came through the window and flashed off the gold wedding ring encircling her finger as she slowly began to run her hand up and down the solid hardness of his cock. As if it were a macabre sign of their incestuous marriage, the sparkling band of gold mesmerized him as it slid up and down on his cock.

His mother could feel the excitement coursing through his rock-hard penis as she lovingly masturbated him. Watching her hand slide up and down his gigantic, thrusting man-cock, her eyes too found the glint of gold from her wedding band. As if some evil presence was illuminating her ring on purpose, showing them the wickedness of their unholy union.

"OH, GOD, MOTHER, I FEEL LIKE I'M ON FIRE," Scott groaned as he felt

his scrotum reach the bursting point, knowing he would erupt any second.

"OH, Baby, Let Mommy have your sweet cream," she blurted out, scrambling up and pulling his cock to her mouth.

"OH, FUCKMOMIMCOMMMIIINNNNN," he screamed as he felt his balls explode and send out a cock-blistering stream of white hot cum through his prick.

"Ohhhmmmmmmgggulllppppp," his mother gushed out around his spurting cock as it instantly filled her mouth to overflowing with his thick, potent male-cream.

Straining, Scott thrust his hips up, trying to shove his whole cock up into his mother's hot, sucking mouth.

Sensing his need, his mother pushed back at him and let his giant, throbbing, spurting, spewing evilness bore its way into her throat.

Gasping in ecstasy, Scott gawked down at his mother as she loudly swallowed and struggled to take his monstrous cock into her throat. He could see and feel the muscles in her throat working as she strove to devour all nine inches of his monstrous penis. And as she sucked him into her mouth and throat, his pulsating, throbbing prick continued to buck and jerk, sending syrupy clots of his sperm-rich cum into her mouth. Her mouth was stretched wide to take all of his hugeness and he watched with perverse excitement as the thick, sticky milk oozed out around his cock and ran down the thick, convulsing shaft.

"OH, FOR, GOD'S, FUCKING, OH, FUCK," Scott groaned as she continued to pull and suck on his cock, trying to catch all of his young, sweet cum before it could spill out of her mouth.

Then he felt like his whole cock was going to explode inside of her as her soft, full lips settled around the hairy base of his cock. He couldn't believe it but she had taken all of him into her mouth. He couldn't stop his cock from ejaculating. It just kept on squirting and squirting as she kept on sucking and sucking with her red, full lips locked around the root of his jerking cock.

"OH, GOD, OH, GOD, MOTHER, YOU'RE, SUCKING, ME, DRY..." he groaned out in pleasure.



Never before in all of his nineteen years had any girl been able to deep-throat him. Now, incredulously, his mother was doing it. Not only was she deep-throating him, but she was holding it inside of her throat forever and ever it seemed. The sheer ecstasy that was coursing through his body was too much and all at once everything went black.

Slowly, as he regained consciousness, he felt as if he was immersed in hot, sucking void. It was like being inside his mother's womb, so very long ago except the warm, softness was now wrapped around his swollen, throbbing manhood. Slowly opening his eyes, he found his mother sitting atop him, slowly swaying back and forth, grinding her pelvis against his pelvis.

As she saw his eyes open, his mother smiled down at him lovingly as she slowly stroked her hips back and forth, gently fucking him with her softly clinging cunt.

"Welcome back," she gurgled, "I thought this might wake you up."

"God, did I pass out?" he asked her, watching her big, pendant breasts swaying back and forth erotically as she slowly slid back and forth on his giant pole.

"I'm afraid so," she smiled softly, continuing to impale herself on his throbbing maleness, "I guess it was just too much for you."

"This has got to be what heaven is like," he bubbled out, reaching up and gently tweaking her big, puffy nipples.

"Well, we can't make love all the time," she said softly, gently squeezing his pulsating cock with her cunt muscles as she tirelessly slid herself back and forth on him, "but I will try to be the loving, doting mother every son wished he had."

"God, Mother, I LOVE YOU," he exclaimed, pulling her down to him kissing her and driving his tongue into her mouth.

Holding her pinned to his body, he quickly rolled over on top of her.

"OH, Yes, Baby, Fuck Mommy Hard and Deep," she gasped as their lips parted and he slammed his huge, thick dick into her all the way to its hairy hilt.

"I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU," he grunted rhythmically as he fucked her mercilessly.

"YES, BABY, MOMMY LOVES YOU TOO," she cooed adoringly as she thrust herself up against him, taking every bit of his pounding cock into her ravenous cunt time and time again, "and I'll love you forever...."

**The End**

Return to the Top

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **A HAWAIIAN TRAGEDY**

**Top**

**Middle**

**End**

Susan did not feel well. Standing behind the counter of the 'BeachShack' or Shack as they called it, she watched the last of the tourists board Susan's Delight. The throaty sounds of the engine filled the air as the boat slowly backed out into the harbor. Watching the passengers with their cameras and cell phones taking pictures of anything that moved, she knew there would be little to do until they got back in four hours.

"Tina, I think I'm going to run home," she said, turning to the tall, bronzed girl who was wearing a bikini and standing behind the counter with her. "Do you think that you guys can handle it without me for the rest of the day?"

"Sure thing, Ali`i," the girl grinned, "it is pretty light today, so it won't be a problem at all. Go on home and relax."

"I think I will. I hope that I'm not coming down with something," she frowned. "I just feel a little down in the dumps lately and I don't know why."

"Get on out of here then," the girl told her pushing her out from behind the counter. "Do you need a ride?"

"Naw, I'll just take my bike home. Maybe the fresh air will make me feel better." She said, walking over to where her bike was leaning up against the wall.

Getting on her bike, she knew why she was feeling down, but didn't want anyone else to know. It had been two years ago today that her husband, Mike had been killed out in the harbor. He and a client had gone out in the morning for some scuba diving. When the appointed time for their return came and went, she and the rest of the 'M and S Water Fun' staff had gone out looking for them. They found their empty boat floating in the area where they had gone diving, but nothing else. It had taken the Sheriff's Rescue Posse to find the bodies. It looked like the client had panicked and pulled them both down in a deep hole where they both died.

She still got that lost feeling and misty-eyed every time she thought about it.

It was ironic that she had used most of the money from his insurance to buy the house he had always wanted. In a crazy way, she figured that it was his money and he would have wanted her to do it. At least his son, Mike, Jr., would get to enjoy the big house sitting out on the edge of a cliff overlooking the ocean Mike had loved so much.

Even after the accident, she still ran their snorkeling and scuba diving business that she and her husband had nursed along to its present state. She had a very comfortable living from its proceeds and just worked to occupy her time. She knew that if she sat around the house thinking about Mike, she would go stir crazy. Their son, Mike, Jr., worked at the shop occasionally, but she was terrified every time he went scuba diving. In fact, she wouldn't let him go out unless there was another experienced member of the staff along and then not in a group of less than five. She felt that he would be safer this way. Of course, he thought it was foolish, but he went along with her rules to set her mind at ease.

The ride home made her feel a little better, she thought as she pushed her bike into the little bike garage Mike had built for it. Closing the garage door, she saw that it was already two o'clock. Mikey, as she called Mike, Jr., would be home in a couple of hours. She would have time to take a quick nap before he got home. Then she would fix them supper and they could sit and talk for a while like they did every night.

Stopping by the kitchen, she had a glass of wine and went upstairs. Standing in front of her mirror, she striped off her bikini. It seemed as if she never wore anything but a bikini anymore, she thought as she looked at herself in the mirror and saw that her tan lines echoed that conclusion. It stood to reason since she spent most of her time down at the Shack and bikinis were the standard fare of dress. Her figure definitely didn't chase away any business, she thought slowly running her eyes down her body. Not bad for thirty-nine. She still maintained her 40-26-34 inch figure by swimming and biking. It still turned many a head down at the Shack. Of course her long, billowing blond hair didn't hurt either. Too bad it was all going to waste as she still didn't feel inclined to go out anymore. It was still too soon after her husband's death to be looking. Besides, there wasn't another man on earth that could fill his shoes in her opinion.

Closing her door, she strolled over to her bed and laid down. Within moments, she was asleep.

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Susan was awakened by the front door slamming shut. Looking down at her watch, she saw that it was four o'clock. It must be Mikey getting home from school. He was a senior at Hanalei High School and would be graduating in a couple of months. She couldn't believe that he was already eighteen years old. And she really had difficulty comprehending the fact that she was thirty-nine. Where did the time go, she asked herself, getting up and walking over to the window looking out over the pool? They had no neighbors and so the pool area was their refuge. No one could see into the pool area from outside it and they couldn't see out of it. It was secluded and hidden, the perfect place for a little nude sunbathing and swimming when no one else was around.

Just then, she heard the sliding door below her window slide open and her son

came striding out into the bright Hawaiian sunlight.

She felt her heart do a little flip-flop down in her chest as she watched him stroll across the patio and drop a towel by the edge of the pool. How could any man be so perfect? He was the clone of his father when his father had been that age. Tall, wide-shouldered, muscular, tanned-skin, tiny waist, hard-defined belly and legs that were muscular and powerful. He was a bronzed Adonis, she thought as he stopped at the edge of the pool. He was the mirror image of his father, even down to his mannerisms. She still hadn't put any clothes on so she ducked back to where he couldn't see her as she watched him turn back toward the house. Luckily she had done so, because he turned and looked at the house. Up at the window where she stood watching him. She wanted to watch him in his natural state. And she knew if he saw her he would start showing off and do something weird.

Then as she watched, he shoved his thumbs under the waistband of his trunks, bent at the waist and pushed them down his powerful legs.

Susan sucked in a breath of air, making her big tits heave and bobble, gasping as she saw her son's penis suddenly flop out into the open. Oh, God, he's going to swim in the nude, she railed, staring down at his penis while it twitched and shook, bumping and twitching down between his powerful legs as he stepped out of his trunks and kicked them back away from the pool's edge. She knew that she should turn away and stop looking at him, but she found herself mesmerized and couldn't look away. Then, to her stunned amazement, he reached down and grasped hold of his big, dangling cock. She couldn't move. She couldn't breathe as she stood transfixed watching Mikey slowly stroke his fisted hand up and down his penis. Then, suddenly Mikey dropped his cock, cleanly dove into the pool and slowly breast stroked his way down to the opposite end.

God, he was beautiful, she thought as she watched him swim. Just like his Dad. The strong muscles across his back easily pulling him down the pool and the powerful muscles in his buttocks and legs pushing him through the water. She was almost convinced into believing that her husband had risen from the dead to come back and haunt her with his masculinity.

Then her stomach did a somersault as he smoothly turned over onto his back and came backstroking toward her. She couldn't stop herself, and her eyes immediately moved back down to the beautifully-sculpted penis resting on his

belly, flopping this way and that as he swam. She couldn't take her eyes off it. Just like the rest of her son's body, his penis was the clone of Mike Sr.'s.

Spellbound by the scene unraveling before her eyes, she couldn't take her eyes off him.

Then as he approached the end of the pool, he flipped over on his belly and with one quick lunge, hoisted himself up and out of the pool.

"Oh, My, God," she whimpered as she stared at him standing naked no more than ten yards from her, "he is gorgeous."

He bent down, swept up the towel he had dropped there earlier and began to dry himself. As he did, his thick, dangling cock wiggled and danced in front of her eyes. Fighting as hard as she could, she still couldn't tear her eyes away from it as it bounded and flopped about wildly. Her breath was now coming in soft pants as she watched him stroll over to the chaise lounge sitting at the end of the pool almost directly under her window. Flopping down on it, he leaned back and closed his eyes.

He now lay almost directly below her, stretched out on the chaise in all of his splendid glory. Adonis, Samson, and Superman all rolled into one. She almost choked as she saw him reach down and grasp his penis. Suddenly, she couldn't breathe again. She could hear the pounding roar of blood rushing through her brain as her mouth went dry as the Sahara. Then he began to slowly stroke his cock.

"Oh, No," she gasped, knowing that she should look away, but couldn't. She was paralyzed, rooted to the spot, her feet mired in concrete as she stared down at the scene unfurling in front of her. This can't be happening, she told herself.

But it was. His hand slowly increased its tempo as he masturbated himself down below her. She couldn't take her eyes off his cock as it gradually grew in size and rigidity until it jutted out at least eight or nine inches long. From deep in her memory banks, she recalled that her dead husband's, Mikey's father's cock was the mirror image of the one she was now staring at. It was beautiful, she thought, admiring the great, purple-headed sculpture as Mikey's fisted hand lazily worked up and down it.

Then, to her stunned astonishment, Susan felt a faint stirring down deep inside

her belly. The warm, fuzzy glow of arousal began to slowly spread out from down between her legs.

"Oh, Fuck—" she wheezed. "Not Mikey—" she told herself.

Hypnotized by the spectacle, she could see the muscles in his legs beginning to tighten and harden.

"Oh, No," she groaned. He can't. He can't come. Not Mikey. Not her little baby. He couldn't come. Then he wouldn't be her little baby anymore. He would be a man. Don't do that. Please don't do that—

Almost in defiance, it seemed, he began to stroke himself faster and harder.

Now she could hear the slap of his hand smacking down against his groin as he pumped harder.

Her chest was heaving making her big tits roll and flounder as she stared down between them while Mikey was beating his meat just below her.

Then suddenly, his giant cock began to spurt out large, thick streams of pearl-colored cum into the air. As he came, she could almost imagine hearing him groan. As he came, his fist tightened around his penis, squeezing it mercilessly.

Unconsciously, her hand flew down to her tingling womanhood. Raking her finger across her jutting clitoris, she groaned as she watched the spouts of semen fly out of the enormous purple head of his prick. She couldn't believe how much of it spewed out of him before his cock finally began to shrivel and wilt in his hand.

Stunned, she stood in front of the window, slowly teasing her swollen clitoris watching him pull the towel over his drained masculinity and hiding it from her view.

Staggering back away from the window, she fell back onto her bed. Why did this have to happen to her, she wanted to know? She hadn't had a man since Mike died. She had never met one that she thought could match his standard. All those days of frustration and repression now came bubbling to the surface. There was another man who was the equal of Mike. But he was a forbidden seed. One man in the world who could measure up to her Mike, and she couldn't have him.

Some justice this was, she groaned. Being teased and taunted with a temptation that she knew she must never yield to. No matter how bad the craving became. She could never go there. Even if it was pure hell.

After a few minutes, she heard the sliding glass door open and close. She knew that Mike must have come back inside the house. Strangely, only minutes before, he had been Mikey, but now she couldn't bring herself to call him Mikey. He had matured so much in the last several minutes, he was now MIke.

She didn't move as she lay listening for his footsteps on the stairs. Then she heard him softly treading up them. Listening intently, she heard him walk down to his room and go inside. Moments later, she heard him turn his shower as she pictured him standing in his shower. She could almost see the water flowing down over his muscular chest, over his rock hard stomach and finally pouring off the end of his dangling manhood. The image sent a shiver through her body and she blatantly rubbed the protruding button of her clitoris.

"Lord, why have you done this to me?" she questioned, jerking her hand away from her throbbing clit.

Afraid to face her son now, she jumped out of bed and quickly tugged on her bikini again. Stumbling down the stairs, she rushed into the garage and tugged her bike out of its rack. Hopping on it, she furiously pedaled back down to the Shack. Arriving out of breath, she jumped off her bike and leaned it up against the side of the Shack.

"Wow, what got into you?" Tina asked stepping outside as she saw Susan standing by her bike trying to catch her breath, "you were pedaling like the devil was chasing you."

"Maybe he was," she said under her breath.

"Are you okay?" Tina asked again.

"Sure," Helen halfheartedly laughed, "just seeing how fast I could make it back here."

"I thought you weren't coming back,"

"Got bored," she yawned, her heart still beating a mile a minute and not all from

the ride.

Helen stayed and helped to send the last of the tourists on their way. Then the rest of the staff left. Still, she hung around until the sun became a great orange ball and set out over the Pacific Ocean. Finally, barely able to see in the dim light, she slowly pedaled back to the house.

Parking her bike, she quietly sneaked in through the kitchen. As she flipped the light on, she saw a note on the table. It stated that Mike had gone to visit a friend and wouldn't be home until late.

Thankful for the temporary reprieve, she made herself a sandwich, ate it and went to bed.

~~~

Susan didn't sleep well. She kept having dreams about her two Mikes. In the dreams, she had trouble keeping them apart and most of the time they melded together and became one. Then, just before dawn, she had a dream that almost made her hysterical. In the dream, she was watching her son standing on the beach when his father came walking out of the ocean and approached him. The two men embraced and then to her horror, they became one man with two heads. The two headed monster, with the heads of her son and husband came after her. She tried to run, but they were too strong and caught her before she could take more than a few steps. As they caught her, they tore off her bikini with one powerful swipe of a hand. Then suddenly, the two-headed creature was naked, too. Before she could stop it, they, it, the thing had thrown her to the ground and were on top of her. Suddenly, she felt a fiery pain shoot out from her vagina as she felt their huge maleness tear into her.

"OH, GOD, NO," she screamed, fighting and tearing at their chest.

But it was useless to fight as the fiendish creature pounded his huge male organ into her over and over again. Then the pain became pleasure and she wrapped her arms around her two-headed lover. Staring up into the faces of the two men she most loved in her life, she kissed one and then the other again and again.

"Oh, yes, Mikey, oh, yes, Mike," she mumbled between kisses, "Yes, make me

feel good."

~~~

"Mother, Mother," she heard someone calling her. The voice sounded like it was coming from a barrel, far, far away.

Who could it be calling her? Her son and his father were making love to her. Who could it be? She complained, wanting them to go away so she could make love to her lovers.

"Mother, are you okay?"

"What? Who? What do you want?" she grumbled as she felt someone shaking her.

"Mom, it's me, Mike, are you okay?"

Then she realized it had all been a dream as she slowly opened her eyes.

Mike was sitting on the edge of her bed looking down at her with fright in his eyes.

"Are you okay?" he asked her again, "You were yelling and screaming all kinds of weird stuff."

"I'm okay," she whined, "I was just having a bad dream," she told him, frantically trying to gather her thoughts and regain her composure.

"I heard you call out my name," he said. "Was I hurting you?"

"No, no, I don't think so," she muttered, "I can't remember."

"Are you okay, then?"

"Yes, I am fine," she lied. "Go on back to bed."

"Okay, if you're sure," he said.

"Thanks for checking on me," she smiled up at him, "you're a doll."

"Yeah—" he shyly grinned, blushing, getting up and walking to the door.

"Holler if you need me," he told her, standing in the door looking back at her, "Okay?"

"Sure," she nodded.

A sudden wave of disgust filled her heart as she found her eyes wandering down over his bare chest to the evident bulge in his shorts. God, what was she doing, she crazily wondered? Then, it was back as Mike turned and left. The warm, fuzzy feeling down between her legs was back.

Go away—she screamed at it. As good as it made her feel, she couldn't let it stay. It had to go. A cold shower, she told herself, flinging out of the bed and running into the shower.

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[Return to the Top](#)

She spent the next two days doing her best to avoid her son. She left for work before he awoke and came home late. But even as she did, the ache in her heart and her womanhood only grew worse.

Damn, I was feeling down in the dumps before all of this happened, but now, I feel miserable all the time. I don't know what to do.

What could she do to kill the growing pain in her gut? She had masturbated three times, but instead of helping things, she found herself fantasizing that it was her son who was touching her. She thought she was slowly, but surely going insane as she found herself obsessed with the image of her naked son lying on the chaise lounge masturbating. She just couldn't get the image of his beautiful body

out of her head.

The next day, she rose early as usual and rushed off to work again. She worked late, but still couldn't stop thinking about her son. Then, as she pedaled her bike home, she saw that there was a building storm out over the ocean. Riding along, she saw that it was slowly moving toward the coast, gathering strength as it came as the dull thud of thunder and the occasional flicker of lightning greeted her.

Parking her bike, she headed up the stairs to her room. Throwing open the window, she sat watching the storm gain intensity out over the ocean and felt the evening breeze freshening. Lightning flashed and sparkled from the phosphorescent clouds giving them a distinctively evil and foreboding look as they crept toward the island. But, even the impressive storm couldn't displace the wicked thoughts that were flooding her head with evil. The ache between her legs was becoming unbearable.

Turning out her light, she quickly peeled off her bikini in the growing dusk. She could feel the comforting heaviness of her big breasts gently bounding up and down as she slipped into her shower. Turning on the water, she quickly lathered herself with soap as she tried to wash away the filthy feeling that was consuming her. But it only made things worse as her body quickly responded to the soft warmth of her hands. Again, she imagined her son running his hands over her body. She couldn't stop herself from fondling her big breasts that drooped down heavily. Her big nipples were so sensitive, she could barely touch them. Her hands felt so soft and warm as she ran them down over her stomach to the forest of kinky hairs at the base of her belly. Rubbing herself, she suddenly found her clitoris, hard and ripe, sticking out seeking attention. Ignoring her clitoris, she ran her soapy, hot hands around behind her and cupped the cheeks of her firm ass, squeezing and massaging their springy hardness.

"Fuck—" she cursed, running her soapy hands down over her long, shapely legs.

At last, she reached down and turned off the water. The shower hadn't helped at all. It had only made things worse, she complained as she stole out of it. Angrily striding across the darkened room, she jerked open a dresser drawer and pulled out a thin, almost transparent nightgown. Raising it over her head, she let it fall down over her body, seductively caressing it with its diaphanous softness.

It was almost how she felt, she told herself as she looked out the window on one side of her room and saw the full moon shining in through a window bathing her room in its milky brightness. Then, turning her head and looking out the window on the other side of the room, she saw the gathering storm with its thunder and lightning coming at them from the other direction. Paradoxically, she felt the same way. On the one hand, she outwardly presented herself as calm and collected, but inside her a storm was brewing. A dangerous, perilous storm. Just as the storm outside was ominously approaching, she knew that the storm inside her wouldn't quit until it had unleashed its fury on her or she found a way to quell its furor.

Lying down, she listened to the faint rumblings of thunder grow stronger and louder. Just as the fiery ache inside her vagina grew more and more insistent so did the flashes of lightning that were creeping closer and closer. At last, she couldn't take it any longer. Rolling out of bed, she slowly stole out into the hallway and made her way down to her son's room. She knew that what she was contemplating was disgusting, but she didn't see any other way to stop the gnawing pain down between her legs.

Seeing that his door was open, she stopped and peeked inside. The moonlight was streaming across his bed and she could easily see that he was sleeping in the nude. A shudder tore through her body as her eyes found his thick, reposing cock lying on his belly. It was even prettier than she remembered it, she thought. Slowly, she cautiously stepped out into the doorway.

Just as she did, a clap of thunder popped perilously close to the house, shaking and rattling windows.

"Huh," she heard Mike grunt as the thunder boomed, "what th..."

She stopped, realizing that the thunder had woke him. Her shadow now fell across him and she knew that her body must be outlined by the bright glow of moonlight behind her.

"Mother, is that you?" she heard him ask softly.

"Yes," she said, slowly stepping over to his bed. The hardwood floor felt cool and smooth to the touch on the soles of her bare feet.

"There's a storm coming," she murmured, easing down on the edge of the bed.

"Uh-huh, I heard the thunder," he mumbled sleepily, "sounds like it will be here pretty soon."

"I think so," she murmured, staring down into his upturned face.

"Is something wrong?" he asked her.

She didn't answer him. She just slowly glanced down at the lounging giant laying on his belly.

"Oh—for Christ's sake, Mother—" he sputtered, reaching down, grabbing the covers and pulling them up over it to cover himself.

"No, that's okay," she softly whispered, reaching out and pinning his hand down, stopping him from covering himself.

"But, Mother, what...?" he asked, dumbfounded by her action.

"That is why I came in here," she said, slowly letting go of his hand. "To see it..."

"What do you mean?" he groaned, but made no further effort to cover himself.

"I need you," she crooned.

"I don't understand, mother. What do you need me for?" he foolishly asked.

"To make love to me...with this," she said, gently wrapping her hand around his dormant maleness and giving it a soft squeeze.

"OH, GOD, MOTHER," he croaked, barely able to talk.

"I have a fire inside me that won't go away," she went on, lovingly fondling his rapidly growing manhood, "and this is the only thing in the world that might be able ease the pain."

He was speechless, but he didn't need words as his hardening penis spoke for him.

"I saw you masturbating out on the patio the other afternoon," she mumbled, releasing his penis and letting it flop back down onto his stomach, "and I haven't

been able to stop thinking about you and your beautiful penis since then."

"I'm sorry," he gurgled, tears filling his eyes, "I didn't know you were watching."

"I'm sorry, too," she softly said, rising to her feet, "now we have to suffer the consequences of your carelessness."

"But, Mother, I didn't know," he childishly blubbered.

"What's done is done," she said, reaching down and hurriedly lifting her gossamer gown over her head and dropping it to the floor.

"Oh, Mother," he gasped as she stood before him naked.

"I've been thinking about this," she feebly complained, "and little else for three days."

"I'm so sorry, Mother," he apologized again as she lay down beside him.

"There is no time for sorrow now," she groaned, reaching over and wrapping her hand around his pulsating cock again, "now is the time for joy."

As she gently stroked his maleness, her mouth found his. Their lips touched softly for a moment then mashed together with the force of an atom bomb. Her tongue knifed deep inside her son's mouth a moment before they began devouring the other's face. They were like two starved inmates turned loose at a feast. They kissed and kissed. Their lips covered every inch of the other's face as they were consumed by the passion that was burning out of control inside them.

Finally their lips parted as they gasped for air. As they stared deeply into each other's eyes, the bright moonshine that filled the room slowly waned to be replaced by the oncoming storm, both inside the room and outside it.

"Oh, My Baby, I need you so much," she groaned, "please take me now."

Freeing his rock-hard cock, she quickly spread her long, shapely legs apart as wide as she could for him. Waiting impatiently, she watched as he struggled up to his hands and knees, his hard, erect penis slashing the air below his wash boarded belly. She was shivering from excitement as he lurched up between her outstretched legs.

"Oh, FUCK," he blathered out as she grabbed hold of his bouncing, weaving penis.

She roughly bent his rigid man-cock down, aiming the flushed overgrown head at the drooling wound of wet flesh between her legs.

"Oh, it's so hard and so big," she wept, quickly guiding his unyielding masculinity down to her weeping womanhood.

She had never felt so inflamed, so impassioned. It was almost suffocating—

"OH, Fuck, YES," she cried out as she felt the great swollen cockhead pierce the opening of her sex.

"OH-GOD-SO FUCKING HOT—" Mike babbled as he began to ease himself down into the warm, clinging depths of his mother's gluttonous cunt.

"FUUUUUKKKKKkkkkkkkkkkkk," she cursed as she felt him forcing his long, stiff prick down into her.

The passion and rage filling her heart were just too much to control and even as her son was still threading his great tool into her, she was consumed. Her whole body suddenly went rigid, her muscles tightening, her sex clamping down around her son's manhood. Waves of liquid pleasure began to wash over her, drowning her in its ecstasy. Then she began to shake and shiver as she kicked her legs up and wrapped them around Mike's waist. Clinching him between her thighs, she locked her ankles above his back and began to squeeze him as hard as she could while her hands clawed and tear at his muscled back. She was coming and he wasn't even inside her yet. Mind-blowing!

As she was consumed by the frenzy of her heart-stopping orgasm, a brilliant light suddenly filled the room, followed almost immediately by a house-rattling peal of thunder while the metallic smell of filled the air around them. Oh, God, no, not now, she begged, blinded and her ears ringing from the sound as the waves of pleasure and delight continued to dance and cascade over her.

Hoping that it was only a warning and not a precursor, she felt her body convulse with excitement, her pussy clenching down around her son's cock, milking and squeezing it frantically, pulling it even deeper into the sucking inferno burning out of control inside her cunt.



As her orgasm built to climax, she finally felt her son's belly thud into hers as he ground his hairy pubis against hers. It was just like she remembered it with his father, but a hundred times more intense and fulfilling. They were a perfect fit. He filled her to the maximum, but without pain as she enfolded herself down around him.

Grunting softly, Mike continued to thrust into her, grinding his pelvis against her, burying his maleness into her as deeply as he could.

The raging ache of need that had filled her loins before was now banked down to a smoldering itch, but it threatened to rekindle itself if Mike didn't douse it with a burst of his sweet essence.

"Fuck me, Baby, fuck Mommy, hard," she grimaced, digging her long, sharp fingernails into her son's back.

Roughly jerking his hips back, Mike immediately began to saw his gigantic prick in and out of her salivating cunt.

"Oh, yes, Baby, yes, Baby, that's it, Honey, like that, like that—" she drooled, dropping her heels down and digging them into his bounding ass.

Outside the storm broke, sending a torrent of rain crashing down on the house and filling the air with its fury. Still as furious as the storm outside was, it couldn't match the one that raged on inside the room.

Like two wild animals, trapped and struggling in a battle for supremacy, they fucked! Neither of them could get enough of the other nor give in until they had brought the final release to the other.

Susan couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to be loved again. To be fucked so passionately, Mike was everything his father had been...and more. So much more! Hissing, clawing and scratching, she urged him on and he responded by pounding into her harder and harder. The ferocity of their incestuous coupling was threatening to suck the sanity from their reeling brains as the storm outside lashed the house to show the god's anger. Neither of them had ever experienced such passion. Obscene sounds that should never have been made by a mother and son filled their ears as their bodies slapped together again and again. Expletives neither of them would have thought of saying in the other's presence only minutes earlier now came spewing out of their mouths.

Suddenly, without warning another orgasm took over her body and she became as stiff as a board. With every muscle in her body locked down, she found herself being lifted to the highest peaks of pleasure imaginable...but Mike didn't miss a beat as he continued fuck her with merciless determination.

After several moments, when she came floating down from the heights of pleasure, she realized that her son had the virility and staying power of a fucking bull. He had been fucking her for at least thirty minutes and was still going strong. There weren't many men who could do that, she proudly thought as she enfolded herself around him once again. Now after her second release, the raging fires that had been burning unchecked down inside her belly had been stoked down to a warm glow. Not only that, but the way her son was ravaging her, it, too would just be a distant memory before the night ended.

The storm outside raged on as she felt her son back down a gear. Like a trucker down down-shifting on a long, dangerous mountain road, he was saving his strength for the finish. But he still didn't miss a beat as he continued to ravage her. His hips, acting like giant untiring pistons, rocked back and forth ceaselessly pounding his granite penis in and out of her battered cunt. His beautiful body was awash with slippery sweat as she felt herself wetly rubbing against him.

Moving with the constant motion of his body, she lovingly caressed him with her hands and legs, goading him to keep going. She had never felt anything like this as he kept driving his cock into her.

Then as the house rattled and shook from another great blast of thunder, she felt a quickening in his assault.

His hips began to fly back and forth faster and faster as he wildly fucked her. The blows on her pussy were coming so fast and furious, she found it difficult to breathe.

"AAWWWWSSSSHHHEEEEEIIIIItttttttttttt," he finally bellowed out as his hips slashed forward, burying his cock into her as deeply as humanly possible.

The force of the great spume of semen that erupted from his cock felt like a kick in the stomach to her as she felt herself catapulted off into another orgasm.

It was unbelievable. Never had she been thrust to such delightful heights. If heaven was like this, she knew why everyone wanted to go there. Higher and

higher she flew as her son's gigantic cock spewed out more and more of its rich, thick jism into her. Within seconds, her pussy was filled to overflowing and his cum began to leak out around the pumping barrel of his cock. Still his monstrous cock spewed out its venomous load into her until after what seemed like hours, the contractions of his penis diminished and finally stopped.

"Oh, my lovely, my Baby," she crooned, covering his face with tiny butterfly kisses, "it was wonderful."

"Yessssss..." he tiredly hissed.

Neither of them could move as they lay listening to the hammering beat of rainfall on the roof. Slowly, their breathing returned to some semblance of normal and all at once, Mike's shrunken, wilted manhood slowly slithered out of his mother's battered, abused pussy and flopped down onto the bed between her legs.

"Oh, Baby, I wish it didn't have to end..." she selfishly complained, "it felt so good."

"Sorry, Mom, be back in a minute," he tiredly grunted, rolling out of the bed and heading for his bathroom.

"Don't leave me..." Susan fussed, reaching for him but finding him already off the bed.

"I'll be right back, Mom—" he muttered, hurrying away.

She already missed him and he was only in the room next door, she told herself as she inhaled the sweet, fresh fragrance of the rain in the air.

She didn't remember the last time she had been so happy. But, there was something out of place. Something wrong. She was supposed to feel guilty for what she had done with her son. Strangely, she felt no remorse at all. Why should she? She loved Mikey.

It was then that she realized she had called him Mikey again. Mikey. Her baby. Mikey, she babbled to herself. Maybe there was a way. Maybe they could make it work. No one else had to know, did they? It would be their secret. As long as they didn't hurt anyone else, what harm could come of it? As long as she didn't

get pregnant. But they could worry about that later. She found it wonderful to be in love again, no matter how wrong it was in society's eyes. She was in love. With her son!

It sounded like the storm was letting up outside, she thought as she lay waiting for Mikey to come back to bed. Then she heard his bathroom door open and he slowly padded back over to the bed.

"I'm back," he said, crawling onto the bed and snuggling up next to her.

"Good," she said, wrapping her arms around him and lovingly pulling him up next to her.

"Sure, Mom," he whispered, taking hold of her hand and pulling it down to his cock.

"Oh, My goodness," she exclaimed, as she lovingly wrapped her hand around his rock-hard cock, "you're hard again, already."

"Just thinking about us and what we did makes me hard," he explained, gently fondling her breast, teasing her hardening nipple.

"I guess that sort of tells me what I wanted to ask you," she grinned into the darkness.

"What do you mean?"

"I just wondered if you thought what we did was bad and we shouldn't do it anymore?"

"Why? I thought you...I thought you enjoyed it. Did you think it was bad?"

"No! No, it wasn't bad. It was wrong. You and me. I'm your mother."

"I know, but it felt so right...it didn't feel wrong. Did it?"

"No, it didn't feel wrong to me either," she smiled, giving his cock a loving squeeze. "So now what?"

"What do you want to do, Mother?" he asked her, pinching her hardening nipple

between his finger and thumb and gently twisting it.

"Do you want to be my lover? My permanent lover?"

"You mean live together like, like, uh, like husband and wife, kinda?"

"Yes. That's not the way I would have put it, but that's exactly what I meant."

"I would, if that's what you want."

"No, I would want you to do it because YOU wanted to."

"Of, course I would, Mom. Do you think I'm crazy? Who wouldn't love to have his own Mom as his lover?"

"Really?" she said, suddenly finding herself wanting to laugh out loud.

Both of them suddenly found themselves laughing and the sound seemed to defuse some of the tension in the air around them.

"Then I guess that we are in agreement, then?" she whispered, squeezing his cock.

"Yes," he whispered back.

"Just a minute," she whispered, rolling over, swinging her long legs over the edge of the bed and standing up. Quickly striding across his room, she hurried down to her bedroom and over to her chest of drawers. Reaching out, she flipped open her jewelry box and reached inside.

Seconds later, she was back in his room. Jumping back into bed with him, she reached down and grabbed hold of his hand. Then, as he curiously watched, she took hold of his ring finger and pulled it out away from the other fingers.

"Then with this ring," she softly said, slowly easing the sparkling gold ring down onto his finger, "I thee wed."

"Mom—" Mike murmured as Susan let go of his hand and roughly shoved him down onto his back. Then, pursing her lips into a ring, she slowly sucked his big, hard cockhead into her mouth.

"Mom—" Mike groaned out as she began to softly suck on him.

After a few moments, she slowly lifted her head, letting his cock slither out of her mouth.

"For better or for worse," she whispered, lowering her head and sucking him back into her mouth.

"Oh, Fuck—" he groaned.

"For good times and for bad times," she panted, jerking her mouth up for a moment before sucking him back into her mouth again.

"God, Yes," he bellowed.

"Till death do us part," she grunted, driving her mouth down around his cock sucking all of it into her mouth and throat.

"OH, FUCK, I DO," he screamed out as his cock exploded inside her mouth, "I do, I do, I do, I do..."

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For some I suppose that this could have been labeled as a Tragedy, but for Susan and Mike, it was anything but as they lived happily ever after in wedded bliss....

The End

Return to the Top

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

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 six dogs, not to mention a couple of goats 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, 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 newest offering, Moms and Sons, Volume Three, 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 as listed below. Once again, thanks again for reading the Baron's work and we hope you enjoy his future stories...

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