

Moms and Sons

Volume Four



Baron LeSade

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"Hey, Mom, Nellie's in heat," Jason panted after his run back up to the house from the barn.

"She would have to pick a day when all the guys are away, wouldn't she—" Samantha complained.

Samantha's husband, Caleb, as usual, was away on a cattle-buying trip and it was their hired hand, Harvey's day off leaving only her son, Jason and herself to tend to things on the ranch.

"Well, go fetch old Diablo. I guess we'll just have to do it ourselves," Samantha told him, drying her hands on her apron before untying it and draping it over the back of a chair.

"Will do," Jason nervously laughed as he turned and went speeding back toward the barn. Trudging along behind him, Samantha could see his obvious excitement. Well, he was an eighteen-year-old boy, she told herself. What did she expect? Why she even got a little fidgety watching old Diablo do his thing with the mares.

And why shouldn't she. It wasn't like she was getting a daily dose of protein from old Caleb to keep her satisfied. Hell, he was gone all the time and she couldn't even remember the last time he had given her a good fucking...Well, it was her own fault, she scolded herself. Her and Mother Nature. Mostly though, it was Mother Nature who had screwed up when she had handed out sex drives. Women usually married older men as she had done with Caleb. Caleb had been forty-five and she was only twenty when they had hitched up. Now she was thirty-six and at the peak of her sexual drives while Caleb's drives were on the downhill slide. If Mother Nature knew what she was doing, she would have fixed it up so that older women married younger boys who were at the peak of their sexual drive, not vice versa.

Maybe she could teach old Diablo to take care of her, too, she sickly thought. Oh, you could never do anything as gross as that. But there was Harvey, wasn't there? He probably wouldn't take much convincing to give her a little. But that was neither here nor there today, because he isn't around, she told herself. Hell, ain't that the way it always is? There's never a man around when a woman needs one, is there?

And why did she have to stick around the house and take care of everything while Caleb was off gallivanting around all over the country she fussed to herself. Why sometimes she felt like he treated her more like hired help than his wife...

Stepping into the barn, she walked over to Nellie's stall and slipped her halter onto her. Leading the mare back over to the breeding cage, she tied her up to the front of the cage, got out the adhesive tape and quickly wrapped up Nellie's tail so that it wouldn't get in the way.

Just then, she heard a loud whinny and looked over to see Jason leading Diablo into the barn. It was blatantly obvious that the stallion knew what was in the air as his huge cock was sticking out hard and stiff, angrily slashing the air while he came prancing toward her. The damned thing had to be at least a foot and a half long, she tensely thought as it jutted out below his belly.

Then Nellie sensed what was going on as she began to snicker and stomp her hooves while she swished her buttocks back and forth.

"Looks like Nellie's ready for it," Jason anxiously laughed.

"And I'd say that old Diablo is ready to give it to her, too—" Samantha snickered watching Jason lead the stallion up behind the mare.

Then all of a sudden, Diablo reared up on his back legs and draped his front legs down onto Nellie's back. As he did, his gigantic cock stuck out aimed directly at Nellie's salivating vagina.

Reaching out, Samantha grasped hold of the huge slab of meat. As she did a jolt of electricity shot up her arm and into her brain. Cock! Hard, hot, throbbing cock, her brain reeled. God, she needed some so bad. Time seemed to stop as she stood holding onto the horse's oversized penis waiting for him to move forward. Self-consciously looking over at Jason, she saw that he was staring at her hand

with a wild look in his eyes. The look left little doubt in what was running through his mind. Just then Diablo lunged forward and drove the cock into Nellie's vagina breaking the spell that had been cast around them.

Giving out another loud whinny, Diablo stomped forward and drove the giant prick even deeper inside Nellie as Samantha jerked her hand away from this cock. Both Jason and Samantha watched on as the horse's sweaty buttocks began to jerk forward. With his teeth bared, neck arched, Diablo was making weird snorting sounds as he continued to thrust forward, driving his cock deeper and deeper inside Nellie while his front legs pulled the mare back on his cock. Then, suddenly, just as quickly as it had begun, it was over and Diablo backed up pulling his rapidly softening penis out of the mare's flooded vagina. Lucky Nellie, Samantha morosely told herself as she watched Diablo's softening penis dangling down, swinging from side to side as thick, gooey gobs of horse semen dripped off it.

Glancing over at Jason, Samantha couldn't help but notice his sweaty brow, scarlet cheeks and the bulging crotch of his jeans. He has an erection her fevered brain screamed at her! Her little Baby, Jason had a hard on. And by the looks of it, it rivaled his father's impressive organ in size and bulk. Jason! Her baby. A man now?

See, that's what I'm talking about, Samantha sickly thought. Jason was eighteen and at the peak of his sexual drive, while his father, Caleb probably wouldn't even have gotten a rise out of Diablo's little performance. And she couldn't deny the moistness that had formed down between her own legs. But Jason, she frantically thought. This set her mind to churning. She had never thought of Jason as a man and this new revelation was disquieting to her frayed nerves.

"Diablo, you are one more lucky guy," Jason enviously snickered as he started to lead the stallion back out to his paddock. That he is, and Nellie is one more lucky old gal to get a piece of that cock, Samantha enviously told herself. Listen to yourself. What, you want Diablo to fuck you? Are you frigging insane? A horse. Really? While Jason led Diablo out of the barn, Samantha unwrapped Nellie's tail and led her back to her stall. Taking off Nellie's halter, Samantha tossed a couple of flakes of grass into the hay feeder and headed back up to the house.

Looking up, she could see puffy, white cumulus clouds forming on the horizon.

Hot enough, probably get a storm later on in the afternoon, she told herself. Better tell Jason to get everything in order so we won't have to rush around at the last minute when it does come.

As she plodded along, she still couldn't get the idea of Jason, the man out of her brain. He wasn't just her little boy anymore. Now he was a man. Well, half boy and half man, in her mind. Still a boy in some ways, but a man in other ways. A man with the same needs as other men...and women...women like herself, she dejectedly thought. And she had seen how excited he had gotten watching Diablo and Nellie. Seen how the front of his jeans had filled out while Diablo did his thing

Stepping over to the pantry, she took down one of the bottles of bourbon that Caleb kept there for special occasions. Lord knows, he won't miss one, because special occasions were few and far between around here, she irately told herself. I need something to calm my nerves. I can't let myself keep thinking this way...

Then on a whim, she pulled out two empty mason jars and set the bottle and jars on the kitchen table. Filling one jar half full of bourbon, she went out into the living room.

Turning on the television, she flipped to the Weather Channel and stood watching it as she sipped on her drink. Sure enough, they were predicting thunderstorms for later in the afternoon. And they were probably right, she told herself as she could almost feel the electrical energy in the air around her.

Turning off the television, she stepped over to the window and looked off into the distance at the barn. Sipping on the bourbon as she absent-mindedly watched and finally saw Jason come trudging out of the barn and start up the hill toward the house. He was such a handsome boy, she told herself. No, handsome young man, she corrected herself. Then she suddenly found her eyes drawn down to the crotch of his jeans as he walked along unaware of his mother's attention. Wait, she told herself—It was still there! As she stared down at the front of his jeans, she saw that there was still the outline of his penis. His hard, erect penis. He still has an erection! Surely it should have gone down by now. So why was it still hard? Could he still be thinking about Diablo and Nellie? But that had been over thirty minutes ago. What could it be? She felt her heart racing. Her face flushing as she came up with one implausible, far-fetched explanation.

But she wouldn't let her mind go there. It just couldn't be. Not Jason, her little boy. He wouldn't—

But what about her? Wasn't she having some crazy thoughts herself? It was possible, wasn't it?

She knew that her cheeks were blushing as Jason came walking into the house.

"Uh, Jason, Honey, they're forecasting thunderstorms for later this afternoon, so you'd better get everything battened down just in case," she told him, wanting to give herself more time to sort through the weird, disorganized thoughts swirling through her brain. She needed time to collect herself and sort things out.

"I already did," he grinned. "I saw the clouds and guessed that they would probably make a storm."

"Well, aren't you quite the little weatherman," she nervously laughed.

"Uh, yeah, I guess so..." Jason smiled. "Uh, Mom, can I have a, a beer?"

"Uh, I suppose so...or you could have some bourbon...if you want," she foolishly muttered "There's a bottle on the kitchen table."

"Uh, okay..." Jason told her, smiling, but surprised by her offer.

"Come on—" she told him, leading the way into the kitchen.

Sitting down across from Jason, Samantha twisted the cap of the bottle, picked it up, held it over her jar and tipped it up. As she did, the amber booze went sloshing down into the jar. She could already feel the calming effect of the alcohol working its magic on her as she refilled her drink.

"You ever drank bourbon before?" she asked Jason as she moved the bottle over the other jar and tipped it up again.

"Uh, no, no, I haven't ..." Jason grinned at her as he watched the liquor splash down into the jar. "What does it taste like?"

"It tastes like, uh, like, uh, like bourbon..." she laughed, setting the bottle back down onto the table and picking up her glass.

Gently clinking her jar against his, she lifted it up in the air.

"Here's to us. We make a pretty good team, don't we?" she joked, strangely wanting to see how he would react if the subject of the Diablo and Nellie came back up.

"A team?" he grinned, picking up his glass and lifting it up to his lips.

"Yeah, a team," she smiled, taking a sip off her drink. "This morning, Diablo and Nellie..."

"Uh, oh, yeah, uh, Diablo and Nellie..." Jason nervously mumbled, his cheeks reddening.

"Diablo certainly has a big one, doesn't he?" Samantha grinned, amused on the one hand by her son's obvious embarrassment and shocked on the other hand by her own crudeness.

"Uh, yeah, uh, he, he does—" Jason said, fidgeting in his chair as his face turned three shades darker.

"How long do you think it is?" she probed as a playful smile danced across her pretty lips. Samantha Cross, what are you doing, she scolded herself. Stop teasing the boy...

"How long? Uh, uh, what do you mean?" Jason stammered.

"His cock, uh, Diablo's, uh, his penis," Samantha was somehow able to choke out her own cheeks reddening now

"Uh, I don't, uh, I don't know," Jason stammered, his face now an apoplectic purple.

"It's got to be over a foot long...don't you think?" she asked him, watching him as he nervously took a sip of the bourbon.

"Uh, yeah, uh, I think so, uh, maybe longer," Jason mumbled unable to believe what his mother had just asked him.

Samantha couldn't explain what had come over her. Why was she teasing Jason

like this? While she couldn't explain it, she could feel the warmth down between her legs. What was happening, she frantically asked herself? Jason? How could she? Her little boy? But there was no denying the strange, creepy feeling that had come over her. She was actually enjoying the teasing, the flirting. It had been ages since she had felt like this.

"Honey, I'll be right back. Go ahead and have some more bourbon if you want," Samantha said, shoving back from the table and standing up.

Smiling, she turned and headed off down the hallway to the bedroom she shared with Caleb. Closing the door behind her, Samantha stepped over in front of her floor-length mirror and began unbuttoning her dress. The summery dress had a row of buttons running down from the lacy collar around her neck all the way down to the ruffled band of lace encircling the hem the middle of her calves. Plucking the buttons open one by one, she finally stopped when she had the top of her dress unbuttoned. Then spreading her dress open, she peeled the dress back over her shoulders and then one at a time slipped the sleeves down her arms.

With the top of the dress hanging down behind her, she snaked her arms around behind herself and quickly unhooked the hooks and eyes that held her brassiere together. As the bra went slithering down her arms, her big, bare breasts sprang forward out into the open. Still smiling, she tossed the bra on her bed and cupped the dangling giants. As she gently tweaked her nipples, she could see that they were already puffy and swollen with excitement...and arousal.

Easing her breasts back down onto her chest, she slipped the top of her dress back over her shoulders and buttoned it back up, leaving the top three buttons unbuttoned. That ought to be enough to pique his interest, she tipsily thought.

The alcohol was definitely having a telling effect on her, she laughed to herself as she leaned down and slipped her hands up under her dress. She knew that what she was doing and thinking was wrong. But not anywhere near as wrong as it had been before she had the bourbon. Pulling her dress up around her waist, she laughed and slipped her thumbs under the stretchy waistband of her plain, white panties. Then with another girlish giggle, she quickly pushed them down her legs.

Looking down at her panties wrapped around her ankles, she was suddenly

struck by the plainness of her homely, black shoes. Plopping down on the bed, she leaned down and slipped her panties off over her matronly shoes. She could feel the dampness on her panties as she tossed them on the bed beside her oversized brassiere. Leaning down again, she quickly untied her shoes and toed them off her small, dainty feet. Then with yet another tipsy giggle, she padded over to her closet and slipped into her Sunday-go-to-meeting heels that she wore whenever she went somewhere special.

No bra, no panties, and perched atop her high-heeled pumps, she could feel her swollen, sensitive nipples brushing against the inside of her dress as a soft breeze tickled across the juice-coated lips of her cunt, cooling them slightly as more thick, hot juice flowed out from between them. This is one way to beat the heat, she guiltily told herself, trying to excuse what she was doing on the heat. Yes, going without a bra and panties was definitely cooler, she thought to herself. But the thought of walking around in front of her son without panties and a bra was somehow perversely exciting. And down in her heart of hearts, even as depraved and wicked as it was, it was the real reason behind her doing it. But that didn't stop her. In fact, if anything it made her braver and more daring. Made her want to flaunt her sexuality in front of Jason and show him that she was more than a mother. She was a woman, too! And in a crazy, demented way, it was a way to get back at Caleb for not giving her the attention she deserved. Well, if he wouldn't show any interest in her, she'd just find someone who would.

Stepping over to her vanity, she picked up her hairbrush and gave her long, dark hair a few strokes for good measure and then headed back to the kitchen.

Standing at the window looking out and watching the building clouds, Jason heard his mother come clacking down the hallway. Wonder where she's going, he asked himself? She must be going someplace. She was wearing her high heels and she never wore them around the house unless she was going somewhere. Turning, Jason watched her step into the kitchen.

What was going on, he nervously wondered, his eyes dropping down onto her mother's big breasts as they freely jiggled and bobbed down inside her unbuttoned dress. And why was her dress unbuttoned so low? She never wore it that way. Why, her dress was unbuttoned so low, he could easily see the top of the cleavage between her big tits.

"How's it...coming along?" Samantha suggestively asked, stepping back over to

the table and scooting her chair around so that it was a little closer to his.

"Uh—uh, yeah, uh, looks like the clouds are a gathering," Jason stammered, wondering why she had pulled her chair closer to his as he watched her top off her mason jar with more bourbon.

"Aren't you going to finish your drink?" she asked him, tipping the bottle up and pouring more bourbon into his glass, too.

"Uh, yeah, uh, sure, I was just looking at the clouds," Jason told her clomping back over toward the table where she sat waiting for him.

It felt uncomfortable to be sitting so close to his mother when they had all the room at the table.

"Do you like bourbon?" Samantha asked him as he eased down onto the chair beside her.

"Uh, yeah, it tastes good," Jason tipsily grinned wondering if she would make him stop drinking if he told her about the buzz he was already feeling?

"Good..." Samantha smiled back at him as she reached up to the collar of her dress and pinched it between her fingers and thumb. "Is it just me...or is it really hot in here?" she asked him as she began to fan herself with the collar of her dress. Fanning herself with her dress really did cool her sweaty skin, but at the same time it gave Jason a chance to glance down inside her dress at her big, jiggling breasts.

She knew that she shouldn't be teasing him like she was, but she couldn't help herself. She couldn't explain the sudden, new feelings evoked by the morning's escapade with Diablo and Nellie—

"Uh—uh—yeah—uh—it's hot all right—" Jason choked out unable to keep himself from sneaking peeks down inside his mother's dress.

She knows. She can see me looking down in her dress. But she's not stopping me. What the hell is going on?

"I hope it rains pretty soon and cools things down. Don't you?" Samantha asked him as she dropped her other hand down on his thigh just above his knee and

gave it an intimate squeeze.

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"Uh, yeah, yeah—" Jason muttered, watching the flowery material swishing back and forth, realizing that a fourth button had come undone to reveal even more of the beautiful, pale, white flesh hidden under her dress. God, she has big tits, he raved. They're so fucking pretty. What would it be like to hold one of them in my hands?

Then her hand lifted off his knee and she picked up her glass. Watching her take a long swallow, Jason picked up his glass and copied her. Then she set her jar down and he felt her hand on his leg again, but this time it was at least a couple of inches higher as she gave his leg another squeeze.

Turning to look at him, she gave his thigh another squeeze as her hand moved an inch higher. "Did it make you excited watching Diablo...and Nellie, this morning?" Samantha brazenly asked.

"Mother—" Jason gasped, unable to believe what he had just heard her ask him.

Yeah—Yeah, his reeling brain screamed! Yeah, watching Diablo fuck Nellie had excited him. And watching his mother holding the horse's cock in her hand had excited him, too. That was why he had walked around all morning with a hard on—

"Well, did it?" Samantha asked again, her hand moving higher up his leg.

Jason's cock was so hard and primed, he knew that he would shoot off in his shorts if she touched it.

"Yes—Mother—Yes—It made me excited—" Jason blurted out, tensing and steeling himself for the touch he knew was coming any second. What was she doing, he frantically asked himself? Was she drunk? He knew that he already had a buzz on and she had, had more than he had. That had to be it. She was drunk and didn't know what she was doing, he told himself as his mother's hand crept higher and higher up his leg.

"Do you like watching Diablo mate with the mares?" Samantha whispered as her fingers stopped less than an inch below the bulge of Jason's aching balls.

"Mother...Mother, what are you doing?" Jason gasped, cringing from her touch.

"Do you?" she asked him again.

"Yes, Mother, Yes, I like it—I liked watching Diablo fuck, uh, mate with the mares—" Jason blathered, waiting for the touch he knew was coming.

Crap—he just said the F-word right in front of his mother! What would she do?

Then he felt his mother's hand lift off his leg. Looking down, he watched it float up out from under the table and drop down onto his hand. As her hand softly clutched his hand in hers, she lifted it and slowly pulled it down under the table.

What was she doing? He felt like his heart was about to leap out of his throat. Suddenly, he found his mouth full of sand. Then he felt his trembling fingers brush across the hem of her dress as she spread her legs and gently guided his hand up under her dress.

"It made me excited, too, Jason," Samantha whispered as she pushed his hand higher up between her legs. "Feel me, Jason—feel me and see how excited it made me."

Jason's hand was shaking uncontrollably as his fingers brushed along the smooth, warm skin of her inner thigh.

Thankfully the alcohol was deadening her frenzied psyche as she pushed her son's hand up between her legs. She knew what she was doing was horrible, but she wanted him to know that she could feel excitement just like him. Wanted him to know that she wasn't immune to worldly needs either.

Then Jason felt his shuddering fingers brush across the soft moistness between his mother's legs. SHE WASN'T WEARING PANTIES, his fevered brain screamed. It was so soft, so warm, so wet, he hysterically thought. He was touching his mother's pussy! Then he felt her let go of his hand. The next thing he knew, her hand dropped down onto his leg again only this time it was almost touching his balls.

"Feel inside me..." Samantha whispered, slouching down in the chair and spreading her legs farther apart. "In me...put your fingers inside me—"

Sticking out a trembling finger, Jason slowly eased it down into the warm clutch of her warm, wet pussy.

"Yessssss—" Samantha hissed, squeezing her cunt down around her son's invading finger.

"Mother—" Jason groaned out as he felt her soft, warm flesh clutch down around his probing finger.

"Have you ever been with a woman?" he heard her ask through the buzz of excitement that was filling his head.

"No—" Jason gasped as he felt his knuckles brush up against her furry mons.

This can't be happening, Jason screamed to himself, but he couldn't hear a word of it as the deafening roar of blood pounding through his brain had drowned out everything else.

Then she touched him! A searing jolt of electric excitement shot up his cock making it lurch. Then it began to jerk and spurt out its creamy load into his shorts.

"Mother—oh, Mother—oh, God—" Jason blubbered out as his cock helplessly fired out thick, gooey wads of cum into his shorts.

Oh, my Lord, Samantha railed at herself. He's coming! You made him come. She hadn't meant to, but she sensed that the excitement of her touching him had been too much and pushed him over the edge.

"Oh, Baby, I'm sorry," Samantha wept. "I didn't mean for that to happen."

"I'm sorry, Mother—I'm sorry—" Jason sobbed, wishing there was a hole for him to climb into and hide.

Just then, the kitchen was lit up by a blinding flash of lightning. Both of them jumped apart as a booming peal of thunder rent the air around them. Suddenly the air in the room was unbearable hot. Too hot to breathe as Samantha lurched to her feet and grabbed hold of Jason's hand. Pulling him up to his feet, Samantha staggered across the room and threw open the back door.

Pulling Jason with her, Samantha stumbled out onto the porch, down the steps and out into the yard. The angry, dark clouds swirled around above them as they both stood looking up gasping in the cool, rain-scented air. Then the first big,

cold raindrops began to splash down on them. It was almost as if it were a sign from above.

A baptismal from on high to consecrate the purity and sanctity of the incestuous communion they were about to partake in. As the big, wet drops splashed down on them, Samantha reached up to the top of her dress and ripped it open. As she did, her big, rain-streaked tits spilled out into the driving rain. As Jason stared down at them in a stupor, Samantha reached out and tore open his shirt.

Wrapping her arms around him, Samantha ground herself against him, crushing her big breasts against his hairy chest.

"Mother—" Jason choked out as she clasped hold of the back of his head and pulled his mouth down to hers. Her lips sealed off any further words as she passionately kissed him and thrust herself against him.

All pretense of reason was now gone, washed away by the deluge of rain pouring down on them and the waves of pure animal lust flowing through their reeling brains. Even the freezing rain couldn't dampen the satanic fires burning down inside Samantha's throbbing loins.

Finally, gasping for air, they broke the fiery kiss and stumbled back from each other. With her teeth chattering from the cold, Samantha grabbed hold of Jason's hand again and went staggering back toward the house. As they stumbled along, another blinding flash of lightning lit up them up as the skies above their heads opened up and dashed a flood of rain down onto them. As another cataclysm of thunder shook the house, they lurched up onto the porch and back inside it.

As Jason numbly stood watching his mother, she grasped hold of his ripped shirt and roughly shoved it back off his shoulders. As his shirt dropped to the floor, landing with a loud, wet splat, Samantha frantically clawed at his belt. Standing with his arms hanging down at his sides, Jason watched her tear open his pants and shove them down his shivering legs. Then her fingers clawed down under the waistband of his shorts and jerked them down off his dangling, half-hard cock as it struggled to lift its cum-drenched head.

Finally, some cogent thought began to flow back into Jason's sodden brain as he reached down and pulled his mother up to her feet. Grasping hold of her ripped dress, Jason shoved the drenched material back off her shoulders. Then choking back a sob, Jason dropped to his knees in front of her. With fingers numbed by

the cold and the alcohol coursing through his bloodstream, Jason fumbled with the little cloth belt wrapped around her waist until it finally came undone. Her sopping dress was clinging to her like a second skin as Jason grasped hold of it and peeled it down her long legs to reveal the furry triangle of dark curls that covered the tip of her slightly-rounded belly.

"Mother—" Jason choked out, wrapping his hands around her hips. Then, crying like a baby, he buried his face between her legs and pulled her against him.

"Jason..." Samantha groaned out curling her long fingers down in his rain-plastered hair and pulling him against her throbbing sex.

With his nose buried in the little nest of curls, Jason stuck out his tongue and probed the soft folds of slippery flesh between her legs. As he did, he felt his mother pushing against the back of his head with her fingers while her legs slowly spread apart to open herself to him.

"Oh—Goddddddd..." Samantha groaned as she felt the tip of Jason's tongue tickle across her throbbing clit. "Yessssssssss—"

With his hands full of the soft, quivering flesh of her ass cheeks, Jason pulled her against his probing, twisting tongue as he ravaged her clit while the storm raged outside and inside his fevered brain. Lightning and thunder filled the skies outside while inside, the electric excitement sparkled and danced all around the room. While the storm outside was fearsome, it could never match the intensity and power of the frantic chaos raging through Jason's reeling brain as he attacked his mother's clit with a vengeance.

Making soft grunting sounds, Samantha gently humped her pussy against Jason's lips as his probing tongue swirled, twisted and fluttered all over and around her tingling clit. Her legs were trembling from the strain of holding herself against him as he attacked her with his mouth and tongue. The excitement swirling around inside her brain was pushing her closer and closer to a fiery upheaval of emotion and passion.

Suddenly it was on her as she felt her loins blossom into a blazing burst of electric pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

"Oh—God—oh—God—oh—Goddddddd—" Samantha screamed out as her hips began to jerk and shudder making her pussy patter against his lips, painting them

with a thick, pungent coating of her spewing juices.

Another crash of thunder shook the house just as the last throes of her orgasm spasmed through her pussy and it finally stopped contracting and dilating.

"Jason—" Samantha groaned as she slowly dropped down onto her knees and pulled Jason's juice-smeared lips against hers. Kissing him hard and deep, she dropped her hands down to his hard, thrusting cock as it jutted up out of his hairy groin.

Her earlier impression had been correct, she sickly thought as she wrapped both of her hands around the evil ogre. Even with both hands clutched around the hard, throbbing column of meat, there was a good two or three inches of the thick shaft sticking out above them.

She had to have it, she feverishly thought. She had to have it inside her, moving inside her and filling her emptiness with its throbbing heat.

Scrambling up onto her high heels, Samantha reached down and grabbed hold of his hands. Tugging him up to his feet, she watched his oversized penis jerk and lurch as Jason toed his pants and shorts off over his feet. She was shivering, but she couldn't tell if the shivering was from the cold or the raging inferno that was filling her womb with its demented heat.

Grabbing hold of Jason's hand, she pulled him along with her as she fled down the hallway toward her bedroom. She would take him in her bed. The same bed she shared with his father, Caleb. That would only be fitting, she sickly thought as she felt her pendulous breasts flopping and careening around smashing against each other as she ran down the hall.

Jason could feel his cock stiffly bouncing and slashing the air in front of him as he followed his mother down toward her bedroom. He could see the dull light glistening off the raindrops that were still trickling down her bare back as she hurried down the hallway. Her round, firm ass cheeks were rippling and quivering with every step as he ogled them in reverent awe.

Tearing into the bedroom, Samantha let go of his hand and flung herself onto her bed. Rolling over onto her back, she vulgarly threw her legs apart to expose the wet, gaping hole between them as she reached for him.

"I need you so much—" Samantha groaned out, her hands impatiently clawing the air. "Hurry—hurry—hurry—"

Jason was on the bed and up between her outstretched legs in a heartbeat. Leaning over her, balancing on his knees and one hand, he grabbed hold his cock with the other hand. Dipping his hips, he aimed the big, barbed head of his cock down at the oozing wound as he felt his mother's fingers curl around behind his head.

Jacob's head was spinning with excitement as he carefully fitted the tip of his cock down inside the slippery slit of her cunt.

"Put it in—hurry—put it in me—" Samantha urgently begged him as her legs lifted up in the air and she dug the tips of her sharp high heels down into Jason's ass.

Feeling the two pricks of pain spark up from his ass, Jacob lunged forward and thrust down into her as deep as he could. Jason had never felt anything like it as her warm, tight cunt collapsed down around his thrusting cock and sucked him ever deeper into its clinging warmth.

"My Diablo..." Samantha softly murmured as she pulled his face down and planted a deep, probing kiss on his mouth. Grinding himself against his mother, Jason tried to push in deeper but found that he couldn't. He was already buried inside her as deep as was humanly possible. This was surely what heaven would be like, he giddily thought to himself as he slowly backed down the clinging channel of her cunt only to thrust back into her as deep as he could for a second time.

"Fuck me, Baby, fuck me—" Samantha raved, digging her heels deeper into his ass as she tried to make it rock back and forth.

Then Jason's hips began to move, slowly rocking back and forth as he pumped in and out of her.

"Yes—Baby—Yes—" Samantha hissed as her perfect, round butt began to bounce up and down on the creaking bedsprings. Reveling in the strength of her son's deep, driving thrusts, Samantha fought fire with fire matching him stroke for stroke as she thrust back against his pounding attack.

Samantha was helpless now! She knew that she was totally and absolutely addicted to the monster that was sawing in and out of her. She knew that she would never be able to have enough of it. She wanted more and more and more of the hard, throbbing meat that was filling her clinging emptiness with its unyielding strength.

Kicking her legs out, she swung them around and lifted them up in the air. Tilting her hips, she rested the backs of her legs against his belly and chest as she opened herself to even deeper penetrations by her son's plunging cock.

Jason could feel the smooth leather of his mother's high heels brushing against his cheeks as her shoes rocked back and forth in cadence with savage blows he was raining down on her defenseless pussy.

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—" Samantha babbled out as her teeth began to chatter and click together. Her mouth began to open and close, but nothing came out as she stared up into her son's crazed eyes with a submissive look of total surrender. She was his now. Totally and unreservedly his! His love slave to do with anyway he saw fit.

Lightning flashed, thunder crashed but the sick, vulgar sound of flesh striking flesh could be heard over everything else as their bodies crashed together over and over again in a carnal battle for supremacy.

Samantha could feel the fury and passion of her own storm building down inside her womb as Jason stroked her toward another cataclysmic upheaval. Clawing at Jason's pitching hips, she mercilessly drove him on. Giving him no quarter, she urged him on, making him fuck her harder and harder. Her whole body was straining up against him as the sucking core of her femininity pulled him down inside her, deeper and deeper.

Clutching and milking at the plunging cock, she tried to suck out its life essence as it slashed in and out of her at a maddening pace.

"Come—Come in me—" Samantha begged, her whole body moving and thrusting back against Jason's brutal assault as her hands clawed at him.

His mother had become a wild woman, Jason deliriously thought as he drove down into the tight, clinging flesh between her up-thrust legs. He was fucking her as hard as he could, but she wanted more.

The burn down inside his aching balls was growing hotter and hotter. He knew that he could only hold back the imminent eruption for a few more seconds as his hips jerked back and forth. Her hot cunt was going to suck out his seed any second now.

"Gonna—gonna come—gonna—" Jason panted.

"Yes—Yes—COME! Come in me—come with me—" Samantha shrieked as she fought closer and closer to her own implosion.

Jason let go and felt his cock jerk as a massive gush of creamy, hot cum shot out of it and down into the clutching depths of her cunt.

"Oh, Yes—yes—yes—commminnnnggg—" Samantha screamed as she felt her son's hot essence gush out and fill her emptiness with its heat and potency.

Jason had never felt anything like it. It was so awesome. The tight, clinging warmth enveloping his cock was sucking, clutching at it, coaxing out more and more of his venomous cum as he filled his mother's womb with the thick, clinging goo.

Samantha's whole body began to shake and writhe as she was filled with a passion she had never felt before. She didn't want the raging waves of pleasure to ever end. Never had she felt such love, such adoration for anyone or anything. Her heart was bursting with love for her son as they lay intertwined, joined in incestuous wedlock.

While the storm raged on outside, inside the house, their minds swooped and soared through and around the puffy, white swirls of pleasure that filled their heads. Their bodies, now free of mental restraint, groveled in the base, decadent pleasures of the flesh while Jason's spurting, spewing cock pumped out more and more of its rich potency into his mother's gluttonous womb.

But nothing so passionate and fiery could last forever and at last they both found themselves floating back down from Nirvana. Another booming clap of thunder rattled the house as consciousness slowly flooded back into their satiated brains.

"Mother..." Jason woozily muttered, moving his arms to let her drop her legs back down onto the bed.

"Jason," she whispered back as her legs dropped to the bed and she grasped hold of his head to pull his lips down to hers. Love flowed between them like rushing water as they kissed and kissed until they finally they had to break for air.

Breathing heavily, Jason could feel himself softening, wilting down inside the clutching warmth of her cum-filled womanhood as they lay looking deeply into each other's eyes. Then, in that one brief instant, they realized their whole lives had been changed. The both knew that they were hopelessly in love. And it wasn't only the undying love that a mother felt for her son that he felt for her. This was the real thing! This was the fiery, passionate love that lovers felt for each other. Love so deep and profound it could make one give up one's life for another...

Then almost as if in a concession to the frailties of the flesh, Jason felt his limp cock come slithering out of his mother's overflowing pussy. Rolling over out from between her legs, Jason pushed up the bed until he was lying beside her.

"Mother, I love you so much..." Jason wept, leaning over and giving her a tender kiss on her tear-stained cheek.

"Never leave me..." Samantha sobbed wrapping her arms around him and pulling him to her.

"Never..." Jason whispered...

The End

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You're sick, Bobby told himself as he sat pretending to watch TV when in actuality he was watching his mother as she moved around in the kitchen. She's your mother, for Christ's sake. Your mother! How can you think about her like that? How could he not, the dark side of his psyche shot back. Look at her!

Bobby had positioned himself on the couch in the living room where he could watch his mother as she cleaned the kitchen. As usual, she was wearing a skimpy string bikini. He rarely saw her in anything else when she was home. But one could hardly blame her in the heat of the summer. And besides, with a pool out back, all she had to do was step outside and dive in. While this was convenient for her, it made things extremely hard on her teenage son in more ways than one.

Bobby had quit inviting his friends over because of the way she dressed. One day, at school as he had stepped out of the shower and was walking back over to his locker he overheard two of his friends talking.

"Better than going to a strip club...God, what a bod...I'd give my left nut to...uh, hi, Bobby...how bout we go over to your house and shoot a little pool..."

Bobby had somehow been able to contain the surge of rage that had welled up inside him on that day. But it only made him even more self-conscious of his mother. Knowing that he wasn't the only one that thought about her like that made it all seem a little less crazy, but still she was his mother.

Following her with his eyes, he could see the little cups of the bikini were straining to contain her mountainous, pink melons as she moved around the kitchen. The little triangles of cloth barely covered the darkened tips of her breasts and down below, the triangle of black cloth barely covered the very tip of her soft, vulnerable underbelly. The string attached to the bottom point of the triangle disappeared down between her creamy, white thighs then swooped up between the bare, perfect, round cheeks of her delectable ass only to reappear in the middle of her back where it was attached to the band of cloth that encircled her tiny waist. On the swell of her rounded hips, there were two, little, black

bows holding the band together as Bobby gawked on in a testosterone-induced daze.

How could he be blamed for finding her attractive in That way? Any man would find her sexually attractive. Any man that is who possessed a pair of balls. And Bobby definitely fit into that category. He couldn't help it if his fucking balls were pouring testosterone into his brain by the gallon. He had no control over that. Not in the least. And the only thing capable of reining his overworked id was his struggling super-ego which definitely had its hands wrapped around his throat, trying to keep everything under control and in check.

Daphne could feel the heavy tug of her big breasts on her chest as she moved around pushing the Swifter across the kitchen floor. Glancing over, she saw that Bobby was watching her as he sat on the couch pretending to watch TV. She felt a strange sense of self-consciousness as she felt his eyes on her breasts. Maybe she ought to start wearing a little more around the house. Bobby, after all was no longer a child. Knowing that he was watching her like he was, was more than a little discomfoting. She didn't really know how to feel about it. But even as she tried to sort out her feelings on the subject, she suddenly became aware that her nipples were swollen and hard, jutting out against the material of her bikini. And they were super-sensitive, which just made it all that much more uncomfortable.

What? What was going on, she asked herself? Why were her nipples reacting that way? Bobby? No, no, there had to be some other reason. Maybe it was just the way her bikini was rubbing against them. Yes, yes, that was it, she frantically thought, but couldn't stop the flush of heat that spread out over her cheeks.

Look! Look at her nipples, Bobby woozily thought as he could easily see that her big nipples were jutting out, peaking the little cups of cloth. What's making her nipples so hard, he wondered? Then he saw her glance in his direction and he darted his eyes back over to the TV. What had just happened, he feverishly wondered?

Seeing and feeling that her nipples were so swollen and sensitive only made Daphne that much more aware of them which in turn only made them more sensitive. And by now, they were already so hard they were aching.

Leaning the Swifter against the wall, Daphne slowly padded across the cool kitchen floor in her bare feet. Stepping out onto the carpeted living room floor,

she glanced over at Bobby again and saw that he was intently staring at the TV screen. Seeing that he wasn't watching her, she took a quick peek down at his crotch to see if what she suspected were true.

She was right, she regretfully thought. He had an erection! His bathing trunks were tented and by the size of the tent, he had obviously inherited his father's physical attributes.

Glancing over at his mother to see if she was watching him, Bobby saw her eyes dart away from his crotch as she made her way over toward the bar. Looking down at his lap, he saw that his big, hard cock was tenting his bathing trunks and she couldn't have helped noticing it. Shit, he thought, now she know I have a boner and she knows that she was the cause of it. Now what? He frantically wondered as she looked away and he reached down to reposition his peter so that it wasn't so damned obvious.

Pulling down a glass and a bottle of bourbon, Daphne clinked a couple of ice cubes into the glass and quickly splashed about three fingers of liquor into it. Her son had an erection, she queasily thought! Which was not so hard to imagine. He was a teenage boy after all. But the disgusting part of it all was the fact that she was the cause of it.

He'd gotten his boner from watching her. Well what did she expect, running around in front of him almost naked? Looking down at herself, she saw that the three tiny triangles of cloth barely covered anything and her big, knobby nipples were still sticking out proud and defiant. And she could feel juice beginning to seep out and dampen the other little triangle of black cloth. What was happening to her, she dizzily asked herself? Knowing that she had made her own son hard was very disquieting. Very, very alarming, but it was somehow strangely stirring. She couldn't explain it. There had never been anything between them. She had never thought of Bobby in any way remotely associated with sex. But, that was evidently not the case on his part as she glanced over at him again.

As she did, she saw that he had repositioned his penis so that his erection was not so plainly visible, but also saw that he was still aroused.

Looking over at his mother, Bobby watched her tip her head back and take a quick gulp of her drink. Good, Mom, he grinned to himself watching her big, beautiful tits jiggle and bob as she moved the glass away from her thin, red lips.

Maybe something might happen, he hopefully thought, knowing how lovey, dovey she got around his father after she had two or three drinks. She knows that I have a boner. And she didn't say anything about it! Well, on the other hand, what in the hell could she say about it? Bobby, you be a good, little boy now and put that disgusting thing away! Mommy's not interested in doing anything nasty like that with her little boy!

What was he thinking, she asked herself as the booze hit bottom and the warm, fuzzy glow of the alcohol began to spread out over her body? Was he thinking about her, about them, about them...No, no, she couldn't even bring herself to say the word.

What was she thinking, Bobby wondered, his mind racing? Is she thinking about my peter? Is she wondering what it looks like? Wondering how big it is? Is she wondering how it would feel up inside her hot, little pussy? God, you're sick—

There was so much testosterone pouring into Bobby's fevered brain, his imagination was running wild and unchecked. What does her pussy look like? Does it have hair around it? Does she shave it? Is the hair around it red like the long, red hair hanging all the way down to her magnificent tits? What color are her pussy lips? Are they dark? Or are they pink? What does her asshole look like? Is it dark? Or is it pink like some of the girls in his porn books?

Oh, goody, Bobby sickly thought as he watched his mother freshen her drink with another three fingers of booze. Keep going, Mom, keep going.

Hey, speaking of booze, I think I'll have some, too, he grinned to himself.

Pushing up to his feet, Bobby reached down and moved his cock so that it wasn't so obvious and walked across the room to where his mother sat sipping on her drink. Stepping around behind the bar, he popped open the fridge and pulled out a beer.

"So what are your plans for the day?" Bobby heard his mother ask as he flipped the top off his beer.

"Don't have any...I just thought I'd hang around the house with you...doesn't seem like we get to spend any time together anymore..." he grinned, tipping her beer and take a long gulp.

"Uh, that's nice (I think, she thought), I thought I would go out and work on my tan a little bit...if you want to join me..." Daphne told him, wondering if it was a good idea for the two of them to be in such close proximity based on the tension that seemed to be swirling around them.

"Cool," Bobby said, watching her big, beautiful tits bobble as she freshened her drink for a second time.

Better cool it with the booze, she tipsily told herself as she dropped a couple more ice cubes in her glass before picking it up. Then, as she pushed away from the bar, she felt her son's eyes brush across her breasts when she started out to the patio. Go put some clothes on and cover yourself up, one part of her brain warned her. But she tipsily ignored the warning and stepped across the living room.

Bobby felt his cock twitch as he watched his mother's perfect, round ass cheeks twitch from side to side, rippling and jiggling with each mincing step. Watching her step out through the back door, he quickly followed her out to the patio. Then, as his mother spread out a blanket on the grass, Bobby set his beer down and dove into the pool.

Spreading a film of sun screen on over her quivering breasts and down the front of her body, Daphne sat watching Bobby as he slowly paddled up and down the pool several time. He was a young Adonis, she told herself admiring his muscular physique. The air around her reeked of coconuts as she finally put the bottle of lotion down and finished off her drink before she laid down on her back.

As she lay soaking up the rays of sunlight, she heard Bobby splash up out of the pool. Turning her head to the side, she shielded her eyes and watched him pad over to the table and polish off his beer. The droplets of water on his chest glistened brightly in the morning sunlight, highlighting and emphasizing every impressive muscle. Then as her eyes swept down over his swim trunks, she saw that they were wetly clinging to the outline of his big, hard penis.

Oh, my, lord, she shamefully thought. He's still hard! What was she going to do, she frantically asked herself, turning her head and closing her eyes again?

Then she felt a shadow on her face. Opening her eyes, she saw that Bobby was standing by her looking down at her.

"Mom, you're so bad..." he grinned, dropping a couple of drops of water down on her firm, flat belly.

"What? So bad? What do you mean?" she asked, guiltily wondering if he knew what she had been thinking about.

"Bad...you know...good...pretty...beautiful..." he smiled, dropping down onto his knees on the blanket.

"Oh—uh—I—I thought that you—uh—" she stammered, her face flushing into a bright red.

"Want me to do your back," Bobby grinned, picking her the bottle of sun screen.

Oh, no, she anxiously thought. No, that was just too risky. But what could she tell him? Tell him no, because she was afraid he get fresh with her? She couldn't tell him that.

"Uh, I, I suppose," she timidly said, slowly rolling over onto her belly.

She had never felt so exposed and vulnerable as she lay on her belly waiting for his touch. Then she felt his fingers touch her as he gently, almost reverently began to spread the coconut-smelling lotion on her back. Making tiny circles with the tips of his fingers, he slowly moved down off her shoulders to the middle of her back. But as he did, she suddenly felt the back of her bikini go slack.

"Bobby, what are you doing?" she fussed, trying to reach back and fasten her bikini but Bobby's hands brushed her hands aside.

"You don't want to have a white line across your back do you?" he asked her, spreading the ends of the strap out on the blanket beside the swell of her big tits that were protruding out from under her on the blanket. Then she felt a soft touch as he brushed his fingers over the obtruding tit flesh.

"Bobby—No—" she fussed. "Please don't do that..."

"Sorry, Mom, it was accident—I didn't mean to touch you there," he murmured as he began to softly massage her back again and rub the lotion into her smooth, soft skin. She didn't answer him as she tried to relax and enjoy the soft gently

massage he was giving her. His quietly probing fingers slowly circled their way down her back until their tips were brushing against the waistband of her bikini bottom.

Oh, no, she desperately thought when she felt her son's fingers on the little bows that rested on her hips and held her bikini bottom tied around her narrow waist. Then there was a soft tug and both of the little bows came untied.

"Bobby—Don't—don't do that—" she fumed, but before she could stop him, he dropped the ends of the strap down onto the blanket beside her hips.

Then she felt the thong being tugged up out of the crack of her ass.

"Bobby, stop it, right now, stop it," she squealed, thrusting her arms down behind herself but was again too late to stop him. Just then she felt him stuff her bikini bottom down between her legs.

"It's okay, Mom, everything is covered up and I can't see anything," Bobby told her as he began to softly massage the firm, yet soft flesh of her pliant ass cheeks.

"Bobby, this has gone too far. Now stop it..." she complained.

"But you don't want to get a burn...on your sweet, little tush, and I haven't done your legs yet," Bobby told her continuing on with defiant determination.

Oh, what the hell, Daphne tipsily thought. Let him alone so he can finish, and then you can go in the house, put some clothes on and end this farcical charade. Fighting to relax as Bobby softly kneaded the flesh of her ass cheeks, Daphne finally gave in and let him work. He was just putting on suntan lotion and massaging her, she told herself as his fingers slowly moved down off her ass cheeks and onto her thighs.

She didn't know what it was but she finally felt herself relax enough to enjoy it as Bobby's magic fingers did their thing. Maybe it was the sun, or the alcohol, or just a combination of everything, but she felt herself relaxing more and more as Bobby's fingers slowly worked their way down her long, shapely legs. As her son's fingers massaged their way down her thighs, Daphne's legs unconsciously began to spread apart.

Oh, Shit, look at that, Bobby declared to himself as he saw her tiny, waddled

bikini bottom unfold and spread out on the blanket between his mother's legs to reveal her pretty, pink pussy. Hoping to keep from letting on that her pussy was now exposed, Bobby kept rubbing as he stared down at the wondrous sight. The thick, fleshy lips wetly clung together and he could see a few wispy curls of copper-colored hair bordering the gorged lips. But just about the sexiest thing he had ever seen was the little stream of clear juice that oozed out of her pussy and ran down over her clit.

Bobby's peter was so hard it was aching as he moved lower and lower down her legs. Down over the backs of her knees, over the perfect rounded swell of her beautifully proportioned calves, finally down onto her ankles, Bobby gently massaged wishing it could go on forever. At last, he tickled his finger down over the soft, wrinkled skin of the soles of her feet.

"Oh, that tickles," she sleepily murmured when Bobby leaned back up. But as he did, Daphne felt a breeze brush across her exposed pussy and realized that her son had a ring-side seat and could probably see her pussy.

Reaching around behind her butt, Daphne fumbled with the bottom on her bikini until she finally managed to get it pulled back up over her pussy.

"Uh, I'm going to get a beer...want me to bring you back another drink?" Bobby hopefully asked, pushing up to his feet.

"Uh, yeah, uh, just a little one though, don't want to get drunk..." she told him hoping to use the opportunity to see if she could get her bikini secured once again before he got back.

Bobby's cock was so hard, he could barely walk as he stumbled back across the patio and into the house.

The moment Bobby disappeared inside the house, Daphne rolled over onto her back, sat up and grabbed at her dangling bikini top. Pulling the little cups back over the darkened tips of her big, jiggling breasts, she wrapped the strap back around her body. Fumbling with the clasp, it took her a few seconds before she got it secured once again. Then reaching down, she quickly pulled the ends of the strings on her biking bottom together and tied them. Then a few quick tugs and pulls here and there and she had everything back in place.

Inside the house, Bobby splashed more bourbon into his mother's glass, dropped

some more ice cubes in and then pulled a beer out of the fridge for himself. Twisting the cap off the beer, he lifted it up to his mouth and took a long gulp on it. Then he set it down on the bar and grabbed up a bottle of tequila. Tipping the bottle up, he filled his beer bottle up to the top with the clear liquor. Putting the tequila back in its place, he looked over at the back door then reached down and pulled out the stretchy waist band of his bathing trunks. Then with his other hand, he dug down inside them and pulled out his big, semi-hard cock. He quickly began to jerk his hand up and down his cock to bring it back to full erection. He wanted his mother to know he was still hard for her. Hard because of her.

Once his cock was jutting out at full hardness, he let go of the waistband of his trunks and grabbed up her drink and his beer. Looking down, he could see that his cock was once again tenting his bathing trunks as he hurried over to the back door. Pushing it open, he stepped out into the bright sunlight and started across the patio. He was disappointed to see that his mother had returned her bikini to its rightful place as she sat on the blanket watching him. As he stepped across the warm cement, he saw her eyes dart down to his tented trunks, linger there for a moment then move away as a faint blush colored her cheeks.

"Here you go," Bobby said, reaching down and handing her, her drink.

"Thank you," she murmured, taking her drink from him.

"You certainly didn't get much sun on your back," Bobby grinned, easing down on the blanket beside her.

"Uh, I, I felt a little self-conscious lying there like that," she mumbled, taking another sip on her drink.

"Why? No one can see you," Bobby grinned, reaching over and running a fingertip down the creamy, smooth skin of her thigh.

"You can," she said, nervously moving her leg away from him.

"I can almost see everything any way," he said, following her leg with his hand and slowly running his fingertip down her thigh again. "And I love what I can see..."

"Bobby, stop it," Daphne whined. "This is getting a little uncomfortable."

"Why? It's just the two of us, Mom. No one can see us. No one will ever know," Bobby said, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Know? Know what? What are you, what are you suggesting?" she asked, her voice quavering with emotion.

"I'm not suggesting anything, Mother," Bobby grinned, giving her thigh a gentle squeeze. "I just want to spend the afternoon with you. That's all..."

Everything was getting a little fuzzy around the edges, Daphne tipsily thought, feeling the heavy tug of her breasts at her chest as she lifted her glass and took another sip of bourbon. It was strange, she found herself thinking. What difference would it make if he saw her breasts anyway? As a child, he had them in his hands all the time, but now, not only could he not touch them, he couldn't even look at them. So went the mores of man.

Emboldened by the alcohol and the close intimacy he and his mother seemed to be sharing, Bobby decided to reach further...

"You have beautiful breasts, Mother..." he softly whispered, looking down at her big, conical-shaped breasts.

Following her son's eyes down to her breasts, Daphne saw that the sharp contrast between the black bikini and the pink, almost white skin of her breasts made them seem even more exposed and vulnerable than they already were. What could she say, she frantically asked herself? It was her breasts he was talking about. Her breasts!

Then, almost as if on cue, she felt her nipples begin to tingle and swell as they thrust themselves out against the thin cups of her bikini. No, no, please, don't, she begged as the protrusions jutting out against her bikini top continued to swell and expand. She couldn't stop them nor could she explain the sudden surge of arousal that had caused them to harden and swell.

Looking up, Daphne saw Bobby's eyes widen as he shamelessly stared down at the cups of her tiny bikini.

"Uh, I, I think maybe you're right," she mumbled, quickly rolling over onto her belly to hide the evidence of her arousal, "Maybe my back does need a little more sun..."

But as she lay on her belly with her breasts hidden from his probing stare, she felt Bobby's fingers on the clasp of her bikini for a second time.

"Bobby, please..." she futilely whimpered, but knew that she couldn't stop him, so made no effort to try.

Seeing that his mother wasn't trying to stop him, Bobby quickly unfastened the clasp and laid the ends of the straps on the blanket.

"Bobby, don't..." she whispered as she once again felt his fingers on her hips. "Please..."

Then she felt a faint tug as he pulled on the knots and untied them. This time she made a conscious effort to keep her legs together and hide her pussy from his leering stare as she felt him tug the thong of her bikini out from between the cheeks of her clenched ass.

Wadding the little wisp of black cloth into a ball, Bobby forcibly pushed it down between his mother's legs.

Then, reaching up, Bobby brushed his mother's long, copper-colored hair off her back. He could see and feel that the muscles in her back were clenched and tight as he slowly, gently tickled the backs of his fingernails down over them. Keeping his fingers moving, he slowly ran them up and down her back and finally saw them begin to relax and soften.

Moving his fingers in an ever-widening loop, he ever-so-slowly moved his wandering fingers lower and lower until they were just brushing the tops of the cheeks of her now-soft ass cheeks.

Before moving out onto the soft, smooth skin of her delightful ass, Bobby wanted to see if she would let him touch the rounded rolls of tit flesh extruding out from under her. Slowly, he widened the circle until his fingers crept down onto her sides.

"Ohhhhhh, that tickles..." she sleepily murmured, moving away from his fingers.

"Sorry..." he mumbled, returning his fingers to her back.

"That feels good..." she softly mumbled as he softly caressed her back.

Pausing for a moment, Bobby reached over and took a long swig on his liquid bravery. As he did, much to his amazement, his mother pushed up and reached for her drink. When she did, Bobby got a brief, but heart-stopping eyeful of a bare breast and the big, pink nipple tipping its pointed tip. A spasm of electric excitement arced through his rock-hard cock making it lurch down inside his trunks. At last he had seen a nipple, he feverishly told himself. Now if he could only get it in his mouth, he deviously thought.

Bobby's mind was in a fevered fog, partially induced by the alcohol, but mostly attributable to the gushes of testosterone his aching balls were pumping into his blood stream. Staring down at his mother's beautiful, naked backside, he had to have more...he had to have HER!

She seemed to be asleep, Bobby told himself as he watched the even, steady rhythm of her breathing.

Bobby was reaching a point where control was becoming an issue. He wanted to fuck her so bad his whole body was aching. Throwing caution to the wind, he reached down and shoved his trunks down off his aching, throbbing cock. Slipping his trunks off over his feet, he pitched them down on the blanket, leaned down over his mother and gently, lovingly kissed the nape of her neck just below her hairline.

He has such soft fingers, Daphne drowsily thought as she felt his fingers on her neck. Then she felt his fingers slowly crawl across the nape of her neck to her ear. What is he doing, she tipsily wondered as a finger circled her ear lobe? His finger is wet, she sleepily thought. There was something wrong, but she couldn't put her finger on it until she felt his hot breath on her ear when he whispered "I love you," into it.

Alarm bells went off in her frantic brain, but her drugged mind refused to work. What was going on, she woozily asked herself? What was he doing? Why was he kissing her? Then she felt his hand on her buttock, squeezing and gently fondling it as it crept lower and lower down toward her hot, throbbing womanhood.

No! No! No, her delirious brain railed, but her body acted as if it had a mind of its own and refused to respond to her panicky commands.

Opening her eyes, she looked over at Bobby and what she saw made the alarm

bells inside her head clang even louder. He was NAKED! He was naked and his hard, stiff cock was jutting up out of his hairy crotch. He was her son and he was going to fuck her! It was wrong! He couldn't do that! Everyone would know what a horrible son she had. But no, no they wouldn't know, unless she told them. No one else would know! Only they would know. Just the two of them. It would be their deep, dark secret! As her mind roiled over these thoughts, she felt Bobby's hand slip down between her legs, searching for the secrecy that lay between them.

Could she stop him, she deliriously wondered? Then, from somewhere deep down inside her psyche, there came the stark realization that maybe she didn't want to stop him. Maybe she wanted him to take her this way. Maybe she wanted to feel him inside her once again. Feel him inside her and be one with her as they had once been.

She was paralyzed with fear and indecision. She couldn't make up her mind. Did she want to stop him...or not? She could see that there was no indecision on his part as he pushed her legs further apart and gently probed the weeping softness between her legs.

Then he found her and his finger eased up inside her. The ease with which he had entered her bespoke of her own wetness and arousal as her legs instinctively spread wider. Her heart was pounding like a bass drum, her pussy throbbing with heat and need as Bobby slipped a second finger up into her wetness.

Then she felt Bobby's knees brush against her inner thighs as he moved up over her. This was it! It was really happening! She was about to be fucked! She was about to be fucked by her own SON! Mounted and taken by her own son as if he were a stallion and she was one of the willing mares of his herd.

"Mother..." she heard Bobby groan as his lips brushed across the nape of her neck again...

Bobby's penis was harder and stiffer than it had ever been as it arched up from his groin. Its back was bowed with anticipation and readiness as he moved over his mother's back. Her beautiful, long legs were splayed out to the side opening herself to him as he moved up between them. Her soft, smooth ass cheeks rubbed against his belly as he gently poked and probed the softness between her legs searching for the forbidden entrance to her womanhood. A shiver of

excitement ran through his body as his mother moved under him and he felt the tips of her fingers touching his manhood. Touching it, guiding it to the weeping opening of her femininity, the thing that made her woman. Then he felt the tip of his probing penis find wetness. Inching higher, he seated the tip of his cockhead into the tight, moist opening. Pushing with his hips, he felt resistance as he tried to force his cock into her. Was he too big for her, he frantically wondered as he strained harder?

Then like a rose blossom unfurling, he felt the opening begin to stretch and slowly spread itself open to take him. A soft murmur escaped from his mother's lips and out into the blanket her head rested on.

Pushing harder, he eased his cock deeper into her. As he did, the tapered barb of his cockhead spread the channel of her vagina. But after its passage, the tight chamber quickly collapsed back down around the shaft of his penis clutching it tightly in its grasp. Sinking his cock deeper and deeper into the clutching heat of her vagina, he continued until he felt its head nudge up against something deep inside the channel.

He heard a little whimper of pain from his mother, but then the obstruction shrank back away from his cock.

There was a momentary pinch of pain as the head of her son's penis nudged up against the opening of her cervix, but her body quickly responded by lengthening and stretching to accept him. At the same moment, she felt the bristly hairs encircling the base of his cock scrape against the cheeks of her ass and his big, dangling balls gently brush across her sensitive, throbbing clitoris. It was done! He was inside her! Totally and completely immersed back inside her where he had once grown and developed. But now he filled in such a different and unspeakable way. And it could never be undone!

He was inside her, Bobby feverishly thought as he ground himself against the firm softness of her giving ass cheeks. Covering her, resting his weight on his elbows, he thrust up into her almost afraid to move and break the fiery passion of the moment. He had taken her as a stallion would mount his mare. His alpha mare! She was his now and he would never let another man have her. She was his, he deliriously thought!

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Burying his nose in her soft, swirling hair, he drank in her fragrance.

Running his hands along the blanket, he tried to ease them under her so he could feel her soft, warm breasts in his hands. As he did, his mother pushed up slightly, just enough to allow him to move his hands under them.

Still thrusting himself deep inside her, he clutched and groped at her big, soft, giving tits.

Then he felt her lift her hips, thrusting her ass cheeks back against him then pull away from him. It was as if she were asking him to fuck her, he dizzily thought. Then she did it again, and again. Yes, he feverishly thought as he slowly, deliberately backed his big penis back down the tight constricting channel of her womanhood. Stopping with just the head of his penis still lodged down inside the moist warmth, he gave out a soft grunt and pushed back into her sliding himself into her all the way to the hilt for a second time. The rush of passion he felt was almost enough to trigger a massive eruption, but he was somehow able to contain it as he began to slowly fuck her, stroking his big cock in and out of the hot furnace between her widely splayed legs.

Their bodies, slippery and lubricated by sun block and sweat, rubbed together as they moved together in carnal harmony.

He was doing it, Bobby deliriously told himself. He was fucking his mother!

He was fucking her, Daphne thought, her mind in a muddled daze. Her son was fucking her. Not her husband, her son. How could they betray John in such a despicable way? How could SHE betray her husband this way? How could she cuckold her husband with his own son? But it hadn't been her fault, she tried to pardon herself. Bobby had started it. It was his fault. And you really tried to stop it, didn't you?

Bobby's hands slid off her tits and down under her hips. Then clutching her hips in his hands, he jerked her up against his pounding assault every time he drove his penis down into the seeping, throbbing wound between her legs. Replacing his hands with hers, she groped and clawed at her breasts as Bobby concentrated his total attention on her pussy.

Reeling in the sick depravity of what he was doing, Bobby continued to slowly

rock back and forth on his knees as he held onto his mother's hips and slowly slid his penis in and out of the clutching socket of her pussy.

Slowly working his ass back and forth, sliding his cock in and out of the hot, clutching channel of his mother's pussy, Bobby saw that his mother's long, graceful back was glistening wetly with its coating of sun block and sweat.

His mother's long, coppery hair lay in a shimmering swirl as Bobby continued to slowly, methodically work his cock in and out of her hot pussy. Then his mother's hands came out from under her as she snaked her arms back at him. Digging her nails into his waist, she began to push and pull on him, guiding him, controlling the speed and depth of his thrusts as they slowly fucked. He could feel her pulling on him with her hands, pulling him deeper inside her on every thrusting lunge.

"Mmmmmmmmm..." she murmured out, milking him and nipping at his plunging penis with her pussy as it slowly slithered in and out of her.

Looking down below her beautiful ass, Bobby could see that his cock was wetly glistening as it slowly pistoned in and out of the juice-filled channel of her vagina.

The time for gentleness had passed, Bobby deliriously thought as their bodies wetly slid together.

Bobby began to rock back and forth at a furious pace, pummeling her pussy with his cock. As he fucked her with wild abandon, he watched her the round cheeks of her beautiful ass ripple and heave from the force of the blows every time their bodies slapped together.

Bobby's muddled mind was in a fog. While his mother had initially been hesitant to join in their sick, incestuous affair, she had quickly capitulated. Almost too quickly, he dizzily thought. Whatever, but did it really matter now, he sickly thought as he continued to hump away at the hot, soft wetness between her splayed legs? What did it matter as long as he had the key to the wondrous treasure buried down between his mother's beautiful, long legs?

His mother's whole body was now working with him, pulling him into her with her hands as she thrust herself back against him and he ripped his penis in and out of the hot, sucking hole between her legs.

Their fucking had been silent to that point, almost as if neither of them wanted to break the incestuous spell they had woven. But the silence was finally broken.

"Yes—Yes—Fuck me—fuck your whore mother—Fuck your whore mother and make her come..." Daphne blathered out working herself back against her son's frenzied attack on her pussy.

But this was more than fucking, Bobby deliriously thought. This was more than something physical. It was an almost mystical joining of their bodies, their spirits in an almost spiritual union of mind and spirit. At first, he had felt guilty about his feeling toward his mother, but now the slate was wiped clean. There was no more guilt as she was returning his passion with a passion of her own. He didn't feel an iota of guilt or shame. All he felt was love. Love for the beautiful woman he was making love to.

Daphne couldn't explain the tumultuous feelings swirling through her head as Bobby continued to pound away at her pussy. This was her son fucking her! Her son! Bobby! Her little baby, Bobby. How could he do this to her, she deliriously asked herself? And how could she let him? Let him? She wasn't just letting him, she was fucking her pussy back on his plunging cock with just as much energy and vigor as she could.

But it was a new and exciting feeling. Sex with John was just that. Sex. But with Bobby, it was something different. She was sharing herself with the one person in the whole world she felt the closest to. He had even once been a part of her and now he was again. But it is a sick and twisted way to share yourself with him, the other side of her psyche fired back. How can you let your son take you this way? It's sick...

What did that matter, she fought back? He loved her and she loved him. What else mattered? They weren't hurting anyone. They were just sharing their bodies like any two other people who were in love. It was just between the two of them...

The air reeked of coconuts and the pungent, clinging smell of her estrous as it hung in the air around them.

They had been going at it for the longest time and she could sense that Bobby was about to erupt inside her. He was making the same grunting, groaning sounds his father made just before he came. The thought of her son coming

inside her, filling her womb with his own sweet essence, sent her mind tumbling into a twisting, spiraling, uncontrollable spin as gushes of pure, hot pleasure rushed up from her pussy.

She's coming—his mother was coming, Bobby's overloaded brain joyously railed. While he couldn't see her face, he could almost picture her frowning with effort as she thrust herself back against him and clamped down around his pistoning penis with her tight pussy. The muscles in her back were rigid and stiff. Trembling as she came. Seeing his mother come was too much as a rush of jubilation and triumph filled his brain, triggering a massive explosion of pleasure down inside his penis.

Thrusting forward, he viciously curled his hips upward in a savage, driving thrust that drove his penis up into his mother's spasming cunt as deep as it could possibly go. And at that very instant, his cock heaved and spewed out a gigantic spume of hot, gummy cum into the hungry, sucking depths of her cunt. The force of the eruption was such that Bobby feared it had blown the head off his cock and now the gooey gushes of cum was pouring out of the gaping hole where once his cockhead had been.

"Mother—Mother—" Bobby cried out, grinding himself against her and letting his penis fill her vagina and womb with his thick, potent, seed-laden cream.

"Bobby—my son—" Daphne groaned out, clawing at him, keeping him pulled against her as her pussy clutched and clasped itself around his spewing cock...

Bobby felt like he was going to pass out as the pleasure pouring through his body was so intense it took his breath away.

His mother's back was glistening wetly in the now-afternoon sunlight as streams of sweat slowly trickled and ran down off her back and dripped down onto the blanket below.

Wishing he could stay buried down inside the moist warmth of his mother's womb forever, Bobby sadly felt his limp, lifeless penis slither out of her and drop back down onto the blanket between her legs.

Leaning down, Bobby gently kissed one of the perfect, round cheeks of his mother's sweat-drenched ass.

Savoring the salty taste of her sweat on his tongue, Bobby eased his lips up off the smooth skin and leaned back.

What could he say? What could he tell that would make what he had done to her right? There was nothing! Nothing he could ever say...or do that would make it right. It was wrong and it would always be wrong no matter how many times they did it...no matter how much time. It was just wrong! Then as he searched for the words to say to her, he watched as she pulled her legs up and slowly rolled over onto her back.

Oh, God, there they were. Her beautiful tits lay before him bare and exposed to his leering, gawking eyes. They were beautiful; gorgeous; stupendous; unbelievable!

Looking down into his mother's eyes, Bobby leaned back down and pressed his lips against hers. The kiss began soft and loving, but within moments it had grown into a demanding, open-mouthed kiss of passion and emotion. Bobby felt his mother's arms snake around him and pull him to her as she thrust her sweat-slickened breasts against his slippery chest. Their bodies, wet with sweat, ground against each other as they frantically kissed, each of them expressing their feelings in a fiery meshing of lips, tongues, and mouths.

As they kissed, Bobby felt a stirring resurgence down in his limp cock. Finally breaking their passionate entanglement, Bobby leaned back and ran his eyes down over her quivering breasts. He marveled at her beauty as he let his eyes wander down over her glistening, sweat-smeared belly and the little triangle of curls topping the open wound that lay between her splayed legs. Staring at the pink slit, he saw that it was slowly oozing out the load of creamy cum he had just deposited there.

Unable to believe that he had just defiled such beauty, he felt like he was going to cry.

"I'm sorry, Mother, I'm sorry," he blubbered, still trying to find the words that would make it right, but knowing that he never would...

"I, I forgive you," she whispered, reaching up and wiping away his tears with the backs of her fingers.

Pushing up onto his knees, Bobby looked down to see that his cum-coated penis

was sticking out of his groin, pulsing up and down in beat with his heart as it struggled to raise itself into the air.

Then he watched his mother pull her legs up and roll over onto her hands and knees. Pushing up onto her knees, she slowly struggled up to her feet as her breasts rolled and flounced about wildly.

"Come with me..." she whispered, reaching down, taking hold of his hand and pulling him to his feet. Then like a mother leading her toddler to the playground, she pulled him across the patio and back into the house.

Wondering where she was leading him to, Bobby followed along like a happy, little puppy dog. As she walked along, her long, red hair was wetly clinging to her back, plastered there by sweat and sun block. Stepping into the bedroom she shared with her husband, Daphne padded across the carpeted floor to the bathroom. Stepping onto the cool, marble floor, she flicked the light on and let go of Bobby's hand. Leaning into the shower, she turned it on and a spray of water came streaming out of the shower head.

Turning back to Bobby, she stepped up to him and wrapped her arms around him. Then pressing herself against him, she felt his arms snake around her as their lips touched. The kiss, soft and gentle at first, but soon their mouths were open and their tongues twisting, intertwining in a sensuous dance of passion again. It seemed that no matter how soft and loving they tried to make it, it quickly raged out of control.

Pulling his mother to him, he could feel her thrusting her pubis against him, grinding it against his hip. As her big, rubbery nipples rubbed against his chest, he felt her hand curl around his almost fully recharged cock as she clutched and pulled at it.

Finally, gasping for breath, Daphne stepped back breaking the kiss and hug. Not knowing what to say, neither of them spoke as Daphne leaned into the shower to test the warmth of the water. Finding it just right, she stepped inside pulling Bobby in with her. Taking a washcloth, she quickly lathered it up and began slowly running it over Bobby's shoulders. Slowly, methodically, she worked her way down his body until she reached his hard, jutting penis.

Draping the cloth around the swollen cylinder of hard, throbbing cock-meat, she washed it, gently lovingly caressing it as she washed. Moving down the thick

shaft, she lovingly cupped his big balls in her soapy hand and gave them a gentle squeeze. Then, staring deep into his eyes, she found his lips with hers once again. She continued to fondle and wash his cock and balls as they kissed for the longest time.

Finally, as if waking from a dream, she stepped back away from him, knelt down and quickly ran the cloth over his legs and feet. Finished, she stood back up and handed him the washcloth.

Lathering the cloth, Bobby started at her sloping shoulders as he reverently ran the cloth over her smooth skin leaving a frothy coating of bubbles behind. Her wet hair was hanging down her back in long, coppery strands as Bobby slowly worked his way down onto her soft, quivering breasts. Slowly, almost worshipfully, he worked the cloth over the precious treasures, gently cupping and squeezing them as he washed. As he did, he could see that her swollen nipples were sticking out like erasers on the end of a pencil. Hard and rubbery, they proudly proclaimed his mother's evident arousal as he rubbed the cloth back and forth across them making them even harder and stiffer.

Moving away from her dangling breasts, Bobby slowly ran the cloth down over her firm, flat belly, pausing for a few seconds at the indentation of her belly button. Then he moved away from her navel and proceeded down over the tiny tangle of coppery curls above her pussy. Finally, he ran the soapy cloth over the nub of her clitoris as it protruded out of its fleshy, little sheath.

"Mmmmmmmmm..." his mother murmured, pressing herself against his hand and the cloth. Then as Bobby's hand dropped lower, he felt her legs part. Holding the soapy cloth in his cupped hand, Bobby eased it down between her legs and cupped the mound of her pussy in the palm of his hand. Slowly, gently, he rubbed the cloth over and between the soft folds of satin flesh for a few long seconds.

Easing down off her pussy, Bobby quickly lathered up her long legs and feet before pushing her around until he was facing her back. Starting at her shoulders, he slowly washed his way down over the slope of her back until the cloth was brushing against the top swell of her perfect, round ass. Holding onto the slippery skin, he gently spread the cheeks of her ass and slowly ran the cloth up and down the crack of her ass several times, pausing to pay particular to her little, pink asshole.

As he teased and tickled her clenched asshole with the tip of the washcloth, he heard his mother give out a soft, gurgling murmur. Finally, after a few more swipes at her firm, round ass cheeks, Bobby moved away down the backs of her long, curving legs.

Standing up again, Bobby draped the washcloth over its holder and pulled the handheld shower head out of its socket. Directing the spray at his mother, he quickly rinsed the bubbles off her smooth skin leaving a glistening sheen of water behind. She was so beautiful he told himself as the rivulets of water coursed down her curvaceous body. Turning the water on himself, he washed away the soap. Then, reaching down to the tip of her underbelly, Bobby used his thumb to peel back the hood of her clitoris to expose the jutting head of her clit.

His mother spread her legs ever so slightly and thrust her hips forward. Reaching out, she grasped hold of his shoulders and leaned back against the cool, tiled wall of the shower. With her shoulders and the back of her head resting against the wall, she watched as Bobby raised the showerhead. The spray of water slowly traversed up her leg until it brushed across her exposed, jutting clit.

"Oooommmmm..." she groaned out, her eyes fluttering shut as Bobby kept the stream of water spraying directly at her clit.

Bobby could feel his mother's long, sharp fingernails digging into his skin as she held onto his shoulders while he sprayed her clit with the streams of water.

As he kept the water directed down at her clit, he could see the muscles in her belly and legs tightening, straining. He wanted to bring her to orgasm, he told himself. But with his mouth, not the water. Moving the water away from her clit, he turned the water off and returned the showerhead to its mount.

Kneeling down on his knees, Bobby pushed his mother's legs apart even wider as he dropped his mouth down onto the mound of her pussy. Reaching up between her legs, he cupped the clenched flesh of ass cheeks in his hands and pulled her to him.

As she stood on her tiptoes, hips thrust forward, legs spread, and the back of her head and shoulders resting against the wall, Daphne felt her son's tongue lapping up and down the furrow between her pussy lips.

As he covered her womanhood with his mouth, his tongue darting all over it, he

found the opening of her vagina and thrust his tongue deep inside her. Pushing into her as deep as he could, he twirled his tongue around inside the warm, wet channel as his mother groaned and ground herself against him.

"Clit...my clit..." she muttered, her hands dropping off his shoulders and onto his head. Digging her fingernails into his scalp, she guided his mouth and tongue back up to her throbbing clit.

"Yessssssssssssssss..." she hissed out as his tongue finally brushed across her supersensitive clit. Sucking, Bobby licked his tongue back and forth across the little nub of hard, swollen flesh as his mother humped herself against him and rubbed her clit against his lapping, flicking tongue.

Digging his fingers into the tightly clenched muscle of her ass Bobby pulled her against his mouth as he attacked her clit with eager fervor. As he did, he could feel her legs trembling as she strained against him. Was she going to have another orgasm, he giddily wondered? Another one, so quick? Why he'd only been licking her clit for a couple of minutes.

Looking up over the little swathe of red curls, up over taut belly, between her mountainous tits, Bobby saw that she had her eyes tightly clenched and a grimace covered her pretty face.

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—" she hissed out, her clawed fingers holding him pressed against her as she roughly humped herself against him.

Licking her faster and faster, he tried his best to bring her to fruition with his slashing, flicking tongue.

Standing on her tiptoes, straining up against him, Daphne could feel the muscles in her legs growing tighter as she drew closer and closer to release. Her whole body was tingling, struggling for that one moment when that exquisite rush of pleasure took over her body and filled her mind with its enslaving domination. That feeling was like a drug and she needed another fix in the worst way. And her son was going to give it to her. He was going to shoot her up and give her that moment of pure indulgence and fulfillment that she so craved.

Suddenly it washed over her like a shock wave. Every fiber of her body was spasming, crying out for more, more, more as the overpowering rush of pleasure filled her mind and body with its addictive passion. She didn't want it to ever end

as her stiffened body trembled and quivered. Waves of red, yellow, and orange washed through her fevered brain as she wallowed in the sheer decadence of the act.

It was Bobby! It was her son, Bobby that was bringing her such pleasure. Her son! And the knowledge that it was him that was eating her out made it all so much more intense and forceful.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, the colors began to pale as the waves began to weaken and diminish. It was over, but it had been one of the most mind-boggling orgasms she had ever experienced. Never had it been like that with John. Bobby had ruined that for her. And now he would have to provide her with that addictive rush she so craved. She would be his junkie and would do anything to satisfy that sick craving.

As Bobby felt the muscles in his mother's ass begin to soften and relax, he lifted his mouth off her juice-drenched pussy.

"Bobby..." Daphne groaned, trying not to fall as the strength had rushed out of her legs.

Bracing himself against the wall with his hands, Bobby slowly pushed up between her spread legs. As he did, the head of his cock rubbed along her inner thigh. As his face came even with her big, jutting breasts, Bobby paused and ran his tongue over one of the big, rubbery nipples that stuck out of its darkened tip. Pursing his lips around the soft nub of resilient flesh, he gently nipped it and felt it begin to harden once again. Crouched between her legs, Bobby teased and toyed with her nipples until he had them both swollen and hard. Letting her nipple slip out of his mouth, he pushed higher and felt the rounded tip of his cockhead brush against the soft folds of flesh guarding her most precious of treasures.

Moving higher, Bobby felt the moist warmth of his mother's vagina close down around the head of his penis. Looking into her lust-glazed eyes, Bobby grunted and thrust up into her pushing his cock up into the tight heat of her pussy. Curling his hips upward, he drove his peter up into the moist heat until it was completely immersed inside her.

As he thrust up into her, Daphne ran her arms under his and pulled him to her, crushing her breasts against him as she found his lips with hers. As they kissed,

Bobby could feel her big, rubbery nipples rubbing against his chest while his mother ground herself against him.

Holding his mother pinned against the wall, Bobby reached down and grasped hold of her legs. Lifting them, he wrapped them around his waist and felt his mother lock her ankles behind his back as she tightly squeezed her thighs around him. Nipping at his mother's quivering lower lip, Bobby began to work his hips back and forth as he fucked her with deep, penetrating thrusts.

As he pumped into his mother, Bobby could feel her soft, round heels bumping into his ass on every backward swing. Their warring tongues clashed and twisted as they fought for supremacy while they consummated their incestuous communion. The air in the shower reeked with the pungent scent of her sex as it leaked out around the shaft of Bobby's plunging peter and was splattered everywhere by his big, flopping balls. Daphne's ass cheeks were covered with a coating of her juice as they rippled from the force of the blows Bobby was raining down on her pussy.

"Bed...take me to my bed..." Daphne whispered when their lips momentarily parted for them to catch their breath.

Wrapping his arms around her as she held onto him with her arms and legs, Bobby staggered across the marble floor of the bath and out onto the carpeted floor of her bedroom. Stumbling across the room, he somehow made it to her bed without falling or dislodging his embedded cock. Keeping his peter thrust up inside the tight clutch of her pussy, he eased her down on the bed. Pushing her, he scooted her up until she was lying on her back in the middle of the bed. Then he began to fuck her again, driving his cock into her all the way to its hairy hilt on every lunging thrust. As he did, she clutched his waist with her legs while her tiny feet waved in the air above his back.

Her back was arched, lifting her ass off the bed as she took him deep inside her on every downward lunge. Her head was thrown back, eyes closed and a deep frown etched her sweaty forehead as she fucked herself back at her son's ravaging attack. The bedsprings beneath her back were squeaking and groaning as their bodies meshed in carnal combat.

Then Bobby felt her hot, little hands wrap themselves around his waist. As their groins wetly slapped together, Bobby felt his mother's fingers dig down into his

waist. He felt her pushing and pulling on him, guiding him, controlling the rhythm of their fucking. She slowed the pace of their fucking until he was fucking her with slow, measured strokes, sending his penis down into the hot, clutching hole balls deep on every deep, penetrating lunge.

As he lazily fucked her, he felt her ankles curl around the backs of his thighs as she thrust herself up at him, taking him to the limit on every stroke. Every time his groin banged into hers, her big, gravity-flattened breasts flounced down only to slowly undulate up again when he slowly withdrew his cock.

He could feel his mother's heels pulling him into her as her hands were working back and forth on his waist.

"Faster now, Baby, faster...please, faster now..." she panted out, using her hands to make him move faster. Couldn't she make up her mind, Bobby puzzled?

Bobby's hips began to work back and forth at a quicker pace as he drove his peter in and out of the gooey hole between her splayed legs.

It felt so God damned good, he giddily told himself. He hadn't thought it would ever happen. Never in a million years, but look at him now. Here he was up between her long legs pounding his big cock in and out of her hot, sucking cunt. Fucking her like she was his whore. His slut. His bitch. And she was even begging him to fuck her harder.

"Yes, Baby, yes...fuck Mommy and make Mommy come...been so long..." she wheezed, her hands moving down onto his bounding ass. He felt a sharp prickle of pain as she dug her long, pointy fingernails down into his skin to urge him on. He could also feel the fireball down inside his flopping balls growing hotter and hotter as he fucked her harder and harder. The backs of her ankles were pounding against the backs of his thighs urging him on. Her face was contorted into an agonized grimace as she fought on. Her big tits were now floundering up and down wildly in rhythm with their frenzied fucking.

Bobby knew that he wasn't going to last much longer as he fought to hold it back until she came.

"Come—Mother—come—can't hold it—" he whispered, working his penis in

and out of her hot pussy at a feverish pace.

“Unnhhhhh...” she groaned out as she arched her back and thrust herself up at him. At the same time she thrust up at him, he felt her body stiffen and her pussy lock down around his pistoning penis.

That did it for Bobby and he felt an electric jolt of pleasure rip through his cock making it lurch down deep inside the hot, clutching core of her spasming cunt. As it did, a huge gush of thick, hot cum spurted out of the head of his cock, immediately filling his mother’s hungry cunt. His cock continued to buck and squirt as his mother’s hot cunt sucked and pulled on his spewing giant coaxing out more and more of his thick, hot cum.

The End

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Frustration

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It was three o'clock before Bobby arrived back at his parent's house. This was his first visit back since heading off to college and he was looking forward to it with eager anticipation. He was especially looking forward to seeing his mother again. Seeing her and renewing the relationship that had evolved between them before he had left for college.

Grabbing his suitcase, he jumped out of the car. Looking over at the garage, he saw that his dad's car wasn't in the garage. But his mother's was. She must have taken off early to greet him, he happily thought as he hurried up the front walk to the front door. Reaching down, he spun the knob and found that it wasn't locked.

With a big smile on his face, he pushed the door open and stepped inside. His mother was nowhere to be seen as he tiptoed across the living room and peeked into the kitchen. She was standing looking into the refrigerator with her back to him. Still tiptoeing, Bobby crept up behind her and slipped his arms around her, clutching her big, soft tit in his hands as he did.

"Hi, Mom," he laughed, feeling her jump as he gave her tits a hard squeeze.

"Bobby!" she shrieked, spinning in his arms to face him. Then her arms flew around him and her lips crushed down on his lips. As they kissed, Bobby could feel her thrusting her tits against him as she ground her pubis against his already half-hard cock.

Dropping his hands down to her delightful, round ass, Bobby pulled her against him as they kissed. It was a demanding, open-mouthed kiss as their tongues twisted and twirled around each other.

Finally, gasping for breath, they broke for air.

"Oh, Bobby, I'm so glad to see you..." she half gasped, half panted. "I didn't

think you would ever get here..."

"Well, I'm here—and Dad isn't," he suggestively grinned, grabbing her hand and gently trying to tug her across the room.

"No—no, we can't," she frowned, pulling back. "Your father said he was going to take off early and I don't know when he'll be home. We'll have to find a way tomorrow."

"Crap—" Bobby snorted, stopping pulling on her hand and stepping back up to her. Taking her back into his arms, he kissed her softly as she found his straining cock through his pants and gently fondled it as they lovingly kissed.

"Tomorrow," he groaned when their lips finally parted. "Mother, that is an eternity away..."

"I know, Baby, but we have to be careful. We can't risk getting caught," she told him continuing to toy with his cock through his pants. "But I'll make the wait worthwhile...you'll see."

"It's always a treasure to spend time with you, Mother," Bobby whispered into her ear, slipping his hand inside her blouse and cupping one of her big, droopy breasts. "Always..."

Just then, from outside in the driveway, they heard a car door slam.

"He's home," Monica laughed, pulling his hand out of her blouse and stepping back away from him.

"Wipe your lips—you have lipstick all over them," she laughed, handing him a napkin from the table.

As Bobby wiped at his lips with the napkin, Monica ran her hands down over her blouse and skirt straightening everything up. They both finished just as Bobby's father, Steve came walking in through the door.

"Look, Steve, he's home...finally," Monica beamed.

"I can see," Steve grinned, stepping over and giving his son a welcoming hug. "Welcome back, even if it is just for a little while."

"I'm glad to be home and get some of Mom's home cooking," Bobby innocently grinned back, looking over his father's shoulder at his mother and winking.

Her home cooking among other things, he loathsomely thought to himself...

The rest of the afternoon and evening there was no hint of the incestuous undercurrent swirling around them. On the surface, it was like any other family, rejoicing and glad to be back together again.

Lying in his bed that night, Bobby thought back to how it had all begun.

~~~

It had been his senior year in school, and he had come home to find his mother half-plowed, sitting on the couch blubbering openly.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Bobby asked, dropping his books on the coffee table.

"I got fired," she angrily declared, taking another gulp of her drink.

"What happened?" Bobby wanted to know.

"That damned old man Jamison. He asked me if I wanted a raise, and when I asked him what would I have to do for it, he told me. I told him that it would never happen in a million years, raise or no raise. He said fine then, he didn't need my services anymore."

"Uh, Mom, that's, uh, that's sex discrimination—he can't do that," Bobby angrily argued.

"He did! And told me I had ten minutes to get my desk cleaned out and be on my way," she fumed.

"Are you going to sue him for your job back?" Bobby asked.

"I don't know—I don't know—why is your father always gone when I need him?" she complained.

"He'll be back tomorrow night. It can wait until then," he told her, sitting down

beside her, slipping his arms around her shoulders and pulling her to him.

"Oh, Bobby, I don't know what I'd do without you. You seem to always be around when I need a shoulder to cry on," she sniffed resting her cheek on his shoulder.

"Isn't that what sons are for, Mother?" he grinned, trying to make her feel better. But as he did, he felt a strange outpouring of love for her. He'd always had strong feelings for her, but he'd never seen her so susceptible and vulnerable.

To this day, he didn't know what made him do it, but it had led to the incestuous turmoil they found themselves in now.

Bobby had reached down and gently pinched his mother's chin between his thumb and finger. Then as he tilted her head up, he leaned down and gently kissed her. On the lips! Sparks flew as their lips first touched and his mother's eyes had flared open, staring at him in stunned shock. But as Bobby held his lips to hers, her eyes slowly closed and she offered no resistance to his kiss.

Stunned by her lack of resistance, Bobby didn't know what to do next so he just kept kissing her. Finally, as if waking from a daze, she leaned back away from him. Shaking her head as if to clear away the cobwebs, she opened her eyes. Bobby saw that she had the oddest expression on her face. He had never seen that look before. Her eyes were widely dilated and had a distant, unfocused look in them.

"Why did you do that?" she finally asked, leaning back against the couch, but not moving away from him.

"I don't know...you, you just looked so helpless and all alone. I just wanted you to know that I would be there for you...whenever...whatever you need..." Bobby mumbled, realizing that he was getting an erection from the kiss. "I'm sorry if you, you took it the wrong way, Mother..."

"Well, it certainly wasn't a peck on the cheek," she mumbled.

"Your lips are so soft," Bobby charged on. "I liked it, didn't you?"

"But that's hardly the way a boy should kiss his mother," she told him, a slight blush spreading out over her cheeks. "Don't you think?"

"I don't know—I thought you liked it," he said, defiantly staring back at her. "Didn't you?" he asked, determined to get her to admit she had.

"Whether I liked it or not is not the point," she argued. "It's wrong for a mother and son to kiss that way.

"Then you did like it," he declared. "You did like it."

"So?" she shot back.

"What's wrong with kissing? It's just kissing—not anything else," he returned.

"Yes, but it can lead to other things. You know that," she coldly smiled, taking another sip of her drink.

"Oh, come on, Mom. How about just one more little kiss," Bobby grinned, leaning toward her.

"Now cut it out, Bobby," she fussed, pushing at him. "You're lucky I've had a few drinks. Else I'd take you over my knee and give you the paddling you deserve for acting this way."

"Promises—promises—" Bobby snickered.

Reaching over to the coffee table, she set her drink down and pushed up to her feet.

"Don't think I can't," she declared, reaching for his arm. "I'm still your mother and you'd better mind me.

"Oh, yeah," Bobby joked, holding out his hands to stop her. As fate, or destiny would have it, Monica turned just as his hands came out and Bobby's suddenly found himself with a handful of soft, pliant tit flesh. His mother stopped in her tracks and stared down at Bobby's hand in stunned shock. Not one to turn down an opportunity, Bobby gave her big breast a rough squeeze.

"Bobby!" she gasped, turning and jerking back away from him dislodging his hand.

Sensing that he had the upper hand, Bobby decided to turn the tables on his

mother and give her the spanking she had intended for him. Lurching to his feet, he grabbed hold of her arms. Then stumbling backward, pulling her with him, he plopped down on the couch and pulled her belly down on his lap.

Monica landed with a soft, little "Ompfff", as Bobby's hand shot down to her short, little skirt.

Before Monica knew what had happened, she was in Bobby's lap, her pubis resting against his thighs and her ass sticking up in the air. She had to throw her hands down to the floor to keep from falling flat on her face, then she felt Bobby start to tug her panties down off her butt.

"Bobby—STOP THAT!" she shrieked.

Balancing on one hand, she threw her other hand back and clutched at her panties to keep Bobby from pulling them down.

"Bobby—Stop it—" she shrieked again, just as she heard the soft ripping sound when Bobby pulled her panties out of her fingers. Then she felt him pull them down around her knees.

"Stop—Stop—Stop—Bobby!" Monica screamed.

Just then she felt a stinging slap land on her the cheek of her bare ass accompanied by a loud whacking sound.

Before she could react, she felt another blow and another loud sound of flesh striking flesh.

Grinning, Bobby brought his hand down on his mother's beautiful ass for a third time. As he lifted it for a fourth spank, he saw that the creamy-white skin had a glowing, red handprint on it. And down below her reddened butt, between her legs, Bobby could see the curl-covered mounds of her pussy. Stopping his spanking attack on her ass, he gazed down at his mother's exposed pussy in stunned awe. Realizing what he'd done, he stopped, he reached up and tugged her short skirt back down over her beautiful butt.

"Are you insane? Why did you do that?" Monica fumed, pushing off his lap and up onto her feet beside his legs, self-consciously running her hands down her skirt to brush out the wrinkles.

"Because Mommy was being a bad, little girl," Bobby snickered up at her.

Monica was shocked by what had just happened. But most of all, she was stunned by her own reaction to it. Through the anger and mortification of being spanked—by her own son no less, she had felt a strange sense of excitement. She had never been spanked before except by her father. And that was when she had been bad and deserved it. She had hated the spankings, but after they were over, she had always had a strange cleansing effect on her, as if they had absolved of her crimes, given her a sense of absolution. But this time, it was different. It gave her an almost opposite feeling. It gave her a dirty feeling. And there had been a suggestion of sexual tension with this spanking. Especially when he had pulled her panties down before he spanked her. Her father had never done that! Had Bobby seen her pussy? She hadn't fought hard enough to stop him. This left her with a bizarre feeling of guilt. A feeling that she had somehow deserved the spanking for not fighting harder and stopping him. Maybe, she tipsily thought. Maybe she had actually wanted him to spank her. To absolve her of the guilt she felt for getting fired. Fuck. It was all so confusing. Maybe she had even wanted him to see her pussy. Maybe she was indeed a bad, little girl. But Bobby had stopped too soon. Stopped before she had been cleansed. Absolved. Now she felt she needed more. She wanted Bobby to spank her again...finish it. Finish it and take away that guilt. He couldn't stop and leave her feeling dirty and uncleansed.

Stepping out of her torn panties, she reached down and swept them off the floor.

"Maybe you just wanted these," she taunted him, waving them in front of his face.

What was she doing, Bobby dizzily wondered, staring at his mother's sheer, pink panties as they waved back and forth in front of his face.

"Well here, keep them," she smirked, tossing them down in his lap.

"Bobby thinks Mommy is being a bad, little girl again," Bobby warned her, brazenly lifting her torn panties up to his nose. "Maybe Mommy needs another spanking."

"Well, that certainly wasn't much of a spanking," she taunted back at him, surprised that he had just smelled her panties.

"Huh?" Bobby grunted, wondering what was going on. It sounded almost like

she wanted him to spank her again.

"No. Now my father knew how to give a bad, little girl a spanking. That's for sure," Monica mocked.

"Mommy is getting awful close to getting another spanking, if she doesn't watch out," Bobby leered.

"Promises, promises..." she smirked down at him with a derisive sneer, throwing his previous taunt back in his face.

"Well, you asked for it," Bobby snorted, reaching up and grabbing hold of her arm. Then he jerked her back down on his lap.

The sexual tension of their interchange had already had a telling effect on Bobby and his big cock was hard and stiff. Monica could feel it rubbing against her hips through his pants. Bobby has an erection, she deliriously thought as he quickly jerked her skirt up off of her pretty, round butt. The fact that Bobby had an erection just added to the excitement of the spanking for Monica. Had spanking her got him excited, too, or seeing her pussy and ass? Is that what had excited him? Whatever it was, it was exciting her, too.

Staring down at his mother's perfect, round ass, Bobby could still see the faint, pink outline of his handprint on its milky-white surface. Another jolt of excitement fired off in his cock making it twitch down inside his pants. Raising his hand up in the air, he sharply brought it down on her ass. As the sound of the slap bounced off the walls, he heard his mother give out a soft murmur.

This is crazy, he told himself, raising his hand up in the air again. She acts like she actually likes getting spanked.

What's gotten into me? Monica deliriously asked herself as she felt Bobby's hand smack down on her ass for a second time. Confused and baffled by her own emotions, she couldn't explain the sudden rush of excitement and arousal the stinging slap elicited from her.

Had she been a masochist all this time and not even known it? How could that be? Surely she would have known it, wouldn't she?

But there was no doubt that the spanking was bringing out something new and

perverse in her.

Suddenly, to her shocked amazement, she found herself growing warm and wet down between her legs. Found herself wanting Bobby to touch her. Touch her down there where each slap sent another arcing jolt of electric excitement down into her raw, throbbing clit.

After the fifth slap, Bobby paused for a moment to study the red glow on his mother's sweet ass. Should he stop, he asked himself? It was getting awful red. And he didn't want to hurt her too bad. But she seemed to be enjoying it. Then he saw his mother's legs slowly spread apart to reveal the meaty gash between the two curl-covered mounds between them. He could also see that the fat, gorged lips of her pussy were wetly clinging together, covered with her glistening juices.

Then to his utter shock and astonishment, he heard his mother whisper, "Touch me..."

Another jolt of electricity seared through his cock making it jump again. She wanted him to touch her?

"Touch me down there," she whispered.

She wanted him to touch her down there. Touch her pussy! Slowly bringing his hand down from where it had been poised to rain another blow down on her ass, Bobby slowly, lovingly ran his fingers over the soft, quivering flesh of his mother's perfect round ass. Moving down lower over the curve of her ass, he gently ran his trembling fingers over the soft, juice-covered folds of flesh that hid the precious treasure hidden down between them.

Monica sickly found herself wanting him to touch her inside. Feel his fingers inside her. She was crazy, she told herself, and sick for letting her son do this to her.

"Inside me...put your fingers inside me..." she softly cooed as her legs spread even farther apart.

Probing the soft flesh between her legs, Bobby slowly spread the fat, bloated lips apart. As he did, his mother tilted her hips up to further expose the hot, seeping slit. Seating two fingers into the slippery opening of her vagina, Bobby pushed

them into her all the way up to the last knuckles.

Then, as she softly moaned, he began to slowly fuck his fingers in and out of her, Monica realized that it wasn't enough. She had to have more. She had to have him inside her. Had to have his big, hard cock inside of her, moving in and out, in and out, bringing her the release she so needed.

"Want you...want you inside me..." she softly gurgled, reaching back and pushing his hand away.

Pushing up off his legs, Monica stood up and reached down for his hand.

What are you doing, her mind railed at her? This is your son! Your Baby! Bobby! How can you do this to him? You will ruin him for life! Sending him out into the world with the guilt of having fucked his own mother! You're a whore! Nothing but a stinking, slutty whore! There is surely a special place down in hell for mothers like you!

"Do you want me?" she whispered as they stood lovingly looking into each other's eyes. Bizarrely, she had to ask him. Give him one last chance to escape his doom.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Bobby vehemently hissed, slinging himself up to his feet, grabbing hold of her and crushing his lips down on hers. Then as their lips finally broke, "More than anything..." he added.

Pushing him back, Monica dropped down on the couch and rolled over onto her back. As she did, her bent legs flew apart, one resting against the back of the couch and the other spread out with her foot resting on the floor. Bobby frantically fumbled with his pants trying to get them open before his mother came to her senses and told him to leave. But she didn't and at last he shoved his pants down around his knees to reveal his big, stiff peter.

He saw his mother's eyes momentarily widen as his penis came into view. But then her eyes lifted back up to his eyes as she invited him down. Invited him down between her outstretched legs to take her most sacred of treasures. The very chamber where he had been created and grown into a baby. And now he was about to grow into manhood inside that very same sacrosanct chamber!

Trembling with disbelief and excitement, Bobby crawled up on the couch and



between her widely-splayed legs. Reaching down between them, grasping hold of his big, jutting penis, his mother pulled him down to the waiting wound between her legs. Fitting the evil, barbed head of his penis down into the wet, slippery opening, she looked into his eyes.

"Put it in me..." she whispered softly. "Put it in Mommy's pussy..."

"Oh—God—Mother—" Bobby groaned out, thrusting forward and burying his cock down into the tight heat of her pussy all the way up to its hairy hilt.

He was inside his mother's pussy! He was fucking his MOTHER, he frantically told himself as he felt her pussy tighten down around his cock. And she was fucking him back! Fighting to hold back the imminent eruption, Bobby began to feverishly work his ass back and forth as he humped away at his mother's hot, sucking cunt.

"Yes—oh, yes—oh, yesssssss..." Bobby heard his mother hiss as her legs curled around his waist and her heels dropped down onto his bounding ass.

The fiery passion of their first incestuous communion was too much for them and they both found themselves tumbling head over heels in a tumultuous celebration of passion and pleasure...

And that's how it had all begun...

~~~

As Bobby lay in his bed that night daydreaming about that day with his mom, he saw his door slowly open. Then a ghostly figure appeared in the doorway and silently glided across the room to his bed.

His mother's filmy, white gown had an almost luminescent glow to it as it billowed out behind her in the dim light as she stepped up to his bed.

"Mother..." Bobby whispered, not believing that she was risking sneaking down to his room while his father slept only yards away.

"Shhhhhhhh..." she shushed him, putting a finger on his lips to silence him as she

sat down on the bed beside him.

Then as he lay gawking at her in stunned silence, he watched her peel back the sheet to expose his cock. Reaching over to it, she wrapped her hot, little hand around it and began to roughly stroke it. As she did, Bobby felt her other hand lift his hand up off the bed and tug it down between her legs. The gown retreated up her shapely thighs as she tugged his hand higher and higher up between her legs.

Finally, Bobby's fingers touched the warm wetness between her legs. Extending out two fingers, Bobby probed the moist warmth until he found the opening of her sex.

"Mmmmmmm..." she murmured as Bobby slowly eased his fingers down into the clutching heat of her pussy.

Then Bobby felt a jolt of electric excitement as he watched his mother lean down over his cock and slowly suck its big, swollen head into her mouth.

"Mother..." Bobby softly croaked as he worked his fingers in and out of the hot, sucking slit between his mother's legs as her lips sank lower and lower down the shaft of his cock.

Bobby was in an ecstatic daze as his mother began to suck and slowly work her lips up and down the shaft of his cock. Then she eased her fingers down under his balls as they hung down between his legs in their fleshy sack. Sucking harder, she gently squeezed and fondled his balls as her head moved up and down faster.

It was all too much for Bobby and he felt the fiery burn begin down in his balls as his mother teased them. Still working his fingers in and out of the gooey hole, Bobby found his mother's swollen, jutting clit with his thumb. Roughly rubbing it as he finger fucked her, Bobby fought to hold back the imminent explosion gathering down inside his balls.

Just then, from down the hallway, they heard a door open and close.

As it did, his mother jerked her head up and spit his cock out in the process.

"Sorry, I've got to go. Your father's using the bathroom and then he'll wonder

where I disappeared to," she breathlessly muttered. "Tomorrow, for sure..."

Pushing Bobby's hand out from between her legs, she slapped them together and stood up. Blowing him a kiss, she fled across the room and peeked out into the hallway. A moment later, she was gone and Bobby lay in his bed stunned by her sudden appearance and even more sudden disappearance, leaving him hornier than a three-legged billy goat...

~~~

"Bobby, I've got to work at the Food Pantry this morning. You want to come along and give me a hand?" Monica asked as the three of them sat at the kitchen table eating breakfast.

"Uh, yeah, sure," he grinned over at her as he felt her toe sneak up the side of his leg.

"Good. We ought to be back home around noon, Steve," Monica smiled, turning to look at her husband as she took a bite off a piece of bacon.

"I've got a few things to catch up on around here and then I might go hit a few balls this afternoon. Wanna come along, Bobby?" Steve asked as he shoved a forkful of eggs into his mouth totally oblivious to the interaction between his wife and son going on right in front of him under the table.

"Thanks for the offer, Dad, but I thought I would shoot some hoops with some of the guys and get caught up on all the gossip," Bobby grinned, giving his mother a discrete wink when his father wasn't looking.

As soon as they were out of sight of the house, Bobby scooted over next to his mother and dropped his hand down on her thigh.

"You think you could play hooky this morning and we could go out and check out our old hiding place?" Bobby asked her, slowly running his hand up under her skirt as she drove along.

"I wish we could, Bobby, but it's only Ethel and I at the Pantry this morning and I couldn't leave her all alone. Sorry, but this afternoon, we'll definitely find a way

to spend a little quality mom on son time," she smiled at him, spreading her legs apart for him, "or son on mom time," she softly giggled.

Easing his fingers under the stretchy leg hole of her panties, Bobby found the soft wetness of her secret place. Pushing his fingers up into the moist warmth, he felt them easily slide into the slippery opening.

"Wow, Mom, you're so wet," Bobby murmured, leaning over and nibbling on her ear as she continued to veer down the road.

"You'd better stop that, or you're going to make me wreck us," she jokingly fussed, but spread her legs wider apart at the same time.

"You're driving me crazy, Mom," Bobby groaned, working his fingers in and out her goo-filled hole. "Being around this close and not being able to do anything. I want you so much I ache all over..."

"Soon, Dear, soon," she cooed, clutching her pussy down around his fingers as they slid in and out of her. "Soon..."

With her hands occupied with the steering wheel, Bobby had free rein and eased his goo-smeared fingers out of her pussy and lifted them up to his mouth. Sucking them clean with his lips, he reached over to her blouse.

Unbuttoning the top three buttons of her blouse, Bobby eased his hand down inside the big cup of her brassiere and cupped one of her melon-sized breasts.

"MMMMMMMM..." Monica murmured as his fingers found its big, sensitive nipple. Pinching and twisting on spongy nub of flesh, Bobby felt it quickly harden under his fingers.

"Don't pinch it off," Monica complained, feeling her super-sensitive nipple sending electric messages down to her throbbing clit.

"Sorry, guess I got carried away," Bobby grinned, easing his hand back out of bra and blouse.

"Button me back up, we're nearly there," she told him.

"Yes, Ma'am, Mom," Bobby laughed, quickly buttoning up two of her top three

buttons.

Swinging up to the Food Pantry, Monica parked the car.

"Good morning, Monica," an elderly matron greeted them. "Who's your good-looking friend?"

"Ethel, this is my son, Bobby—Bobby, this is Ethel Gretel, she's the Food Pantry manager," Monica smiled, reaching over and pulling a couple of long, white frocks off a hook behind the door.

"Good morning, Bobby. Did you come to help?" Ethel smiled shoving a small, pudgy hand out at Bobby.

"If you'll have me," Bobby grinned taking her hand and giving it a manly squeeze as he shook it.

"Glad to have you, and such a strong one...he'll come in handy," she beamed at Monica.

"Might as well put him to work," Monica laughed. "Come on back in the pantry and we'll start bringing the canned goods out to the front.

"Sure thing, Boss," Bobby snickered, slipping his frock on over his shoulders and following his mother into the pantry. Moving around behind one of the big shelving units that was filled with canned goods, Monica bent over to retrieve a case of canned tomatoes. But as she did, Bobby gave her ass a rough grope through the frock.

Standing back up without the tomatoes, she gave Bobby an annoyed look.

"One kiss and then it's to work," she told him as a little grin formed on her pretty lips.

"I can't help it, Mom. You're just so fucking hot," Bobby smirked, taking her in his arms.

Then Bobby planted a deep, wet kiss on her lips as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. Stabbing it inside, he went so deep, he was almost tickling her tonsils with his tongue. And as he probed her mouth with his tongue, he stuck his hand

inside her frock, up under her skirt, and down inside her panties.

"Omphffff—" Monica tried to complain, but found speech impossible with her mouth covered as Bobby quickly found the opening of her pussy and slid a long, probing finger up inside her.

"God, you're so hot...and wet," Bobby groaned when they finally broke for air.

"Stop it, Bobby—Ethel might catch us," Monica panted, pushing him away and pulling his hand out of her panties.

"I'm sorry, Mom, but it's been five months. I'm going crazy with you so near and not being able to do a damned thing about it..." Bobby muttered, stepping back away from his mother.

"Don't you have a girlfriend at Baines?" she asked, running her hands down her frock to straighten it out.

"Only old lady Thumb and her four daughters..." Bobby told her.

"Well, you probably need to find another outlet for yourself. I won't be around every time you need me," she said frowning.

"Is everything okay in there?" they heard Ethel holler from the doorway.

"Yeah, Ethel, we'll be right out—just trying to find the canned tomatoes," Monica hollered back.

"It's right behind the shelving," Ethel told her.

"Yeah, there it is. I see it," Monica hollered to her, giving Bobby an exasperated look and shaking her head.

Monica made sure that Bobby kept his distance for the rest of the morning. Finally obliging her, Bobby had chipped in and helped out carrying big boxes from the pantry out to the front all morning.

"Well, I guess that's it for today, Monica. I really appreciate all your help. And yours, too, Bobby," Ethel smiled, locking the front door.

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Looking up at the big clock on the wall, Bobby saw that it was eleven-forty-five. It had seemed longer than that as he waited for his chance to finally spend some quality one-on-one time with his mother for the first time in almost six months. His feelings for his mother far, far surpassed the expected feelings of a son for his mother. That day when it had all gone wrong, or right, depending on your point of view, it had even further warped his already twisted, sick feelings toward her. And it wasn't all physical, either. He had even contemplating trying to talk her into leaving Steve and coming to live with him. But that wouldn't be fair to her. Or Steve!

But for now, that was just a distant memory as the testosterone surging through his blood stream was guiding his every action. The almost six months of abstinence had concentrated his feelings down into the physical aspect of their relationship, pushing aside the psychological side of their bond. As much as he loved her, there could be no rational bonding and sharing of their communion until the fiery need down in his loins was satisfied.

"Well, see you next Saturday," Ethel told Monica as she and Bobby headed for the back entrance. "Thanks again, Bobby, and feel free to drop by anytime..."

"I'll do that," Bobby shouted back over his shoulder.

As they drove away from the Pantry, Bobby's scooted over next to his mother and his hand shot down under her short skirt.

"You're driving me crazy, Mom. I don't know how much more I can take," he moaned, digging his fingers down under the leg hole of her panties and finding the wet, slippery opening of her vagina again.

"I know—I know—I feel the same way—" she sighed as her legs parted for him.

"I want to put my cock in here so bad I can taste it—literally," Bobby muttered, working his fingers in and out of the hot, clutching hole.

"I want to feel your big cock inside me—inside moving with me—making me come and come and come," she murmured as she tried to keep the car on her side of the street.

Just then, Bobby jerked his fingers out of her pussy and reached down to his fly.

Unzipping his pants, he dug his hand down inside his shorts and pulled out his hard, stiff cock.

"See—see how hard you've made me, Mother—" Bobby groaned, slowly working his hand up and down the evil monster jutting up through his fly. As he did, there was a stream of thick juice oozing out of the head of his cock, covering it before running down onto the shaft where it was smeared all over by Bobby's fisted hand.

"Yes—Yes, I see—I wish I had it inside me right now," she gasped, trying to keep her eyes on the road and off the twitching monstrosity. "But put it back—put it back in your pants before I have a wreck. It would be hard to explain to the cops why you had your cock sticking out of your pants while you were with your mother..."

"Okay—okay, but when Dad leaves?" Bobby asked, frantic expectation written all over his face.

"Yes—yes, if he leaves—" Monica told him as he stuffed his raging hard on back inside his pants.



"He'd better..." Bobby snorted, "or I might just do it right in front of him."

"Cool your jets," she warned him. "You know how he is about his golf. I'm sure he'll leave..."

Pulling up at the house, they could hear the drone of a lawnmower coming from the back yard. The front yard was neat and trim, obviously just cut.

"He's mowing the backyard," Monica whispered. The sexual tension of the moment had her nerves on edge and she didn't know why she whispered as no one could have heard her anyway.

"Come on, let's go inside—" Bobby told her, pushing door open and jumping out of the car.

They both went running around the car and dashed up the front walk. Shoving the door open, Bobby grabbed hold of his mother's hand and pulled her across the room to the window looking out into the backyard. Spinning her to the side so she could see Steve slowly plodding up and down the lawn behind the lawnmower, Bobby quickly dropped to his knees in front of her. Pushing her short skirt up around her waist, he tugged her sheer, pink panties down around her knees.

"Bobby..." she started to complain, but was silenced by his tongue as it raked across her throbbing clit. "Oh, Bobby..."

Her legs parted on their own volition as she opened herself to his lewd, vulgar attack on her femininity.

The monotonous drone of the lawnmower continued on as Bobby eagerly attacked his mother's clit with his busy tongue. He loved everything about his mother's pussy; its hot smell of sex; the sweet taste of its juices; the slippery smoothness of its velvety, soft skin; even the tickle of the swath of soft curls above it. But most of all, he loved the way it felt wrapped around his big cock. For now that would have to wait until his father was out of the way. For the time being, he would have to content himself with feasting on the succulent delicacy.

As he eagerly lapped at his mother's clit, he felt her hand curl around the back of his head and press him against her. Her hips were moving in small circles as she gently ground herself against his busy tongue. Wrapping his hands around the

soft, giving cheeks of her ass, he pulled her against his tongue.

Steve continued to push up and down the backyard, while Bobby worked on the front yard. His mother's front yard. Twirling his tongue first one way around and over her clit, Bobby would reverse court and twirl around in the other direction stopping occasionally to suck her hard little clit further out of its sheath so he could tenderly nip at it with his teeth. All this was interspaced with intermittent forays down to her hot, seeping pussy where he would stiffen his tongue and thrust in and out of her several times before returning up to her clit to torment it some more.

All his ministrations were having a telling effect on his mother as her legs spread wider and wider. Then her legs began to tremble as she ground herself against his tongue with greater intensity. Soft, groaning moans were escaping from her lips as she had her head thrown back, eyes clenched shut and a determined grimace etched her pretty face. Good thing her head was thrown back behind the curtain, Bobby fiendishly thought. Otherwise, his father could have seen everything and the dogged look of determination on her face as she fought for release.

All of a sudden, there was silence! Steve had turned the mower off.

"Hurry—hurry—make me come, damn it—he's through—don't leave me like this—" his mother urgently whispered, humping against him harder and harder. "Hurry—"

Her movements were jerky and frantic as Bobby worked faster and faster.

Suddenly, she let out a long, gasping croak as her body stiffened and began to writhe. Juice was pouring out of her pussy like water out of a broken water main. Her hips and ass were jerking and twitching uncontrollably as she shoved him against her spewing cunt.

"Yes—Yes—Fuck—Yes—" she hissed out, grinding herself against his demanding tongue.

Then it was over as quickly as it had begun as she stood trembling, holding onto his shoulders to keep from falling as her legs didn't want to support her.

Her head turned to the side and she looked out into the yard.

"He's coming—he's coming—help me—help me to the bathroom," she gasped out.

Grabbing her panties, Bobby jerked them back up her legs and over her pussy. Then he pushed up to his feet and wrapped his arm around her waist. As Bobby held onto her to keep her from falling, they frantically stumbled across the room toward the bathroom. His mother's ankles were wobbling badly atop her high heels as she staggered across the room. Pushing her into the bathroom, Bobby jerked the door closed and stepped away from it. He didn't hear a crash so he hoped that she hadn't fallen.

Just then as he was nonchalantly strolling over to the TV, his father came walking in through the back door.

"Where's your mom?" he asked, looking around the room as if she would mysteriously appear from thin air.

"In the bathroom, I think," Bobby told him, wiping his hand across his lips, hoping that his father hadn't seen the wet coating of juice that covered them.

"Well, I've gotten all my chores done and I've got a one o'clock tee time so I gonna clean up and head out. Sure you don't want to come along?" Steve asked, stepping over to the fridge behind the bar and pulling out a nice, frosty beer. "Beer?"

"Naw, but thanks Dad. Gonna get caught up on how things have been going while I was away at college," Bobby grinned, sickly wondering what his Dad would do if he knew just what he was planning to get caught up on.

"Okay," Steve grinned, tilting his beer up and taking a long gulp on it. "Damn that tastes good. I was a little thirsty after doing the lawn.

"Yeah, I bet," Bobby grinned back at him, turning the TV on.

Out of the corner his eye, he watched his dad head up the stairs. When his father disappeared into their bedroom, Bobby sneaked over and lightly tapped on the bathroom door.

As he did, the door slowly opened and his mother peeked out.

"Is he gone?" she asked, looking around the room as if he, too, might appear out of thin air.

"Yeah, he said he's going to clean up and head out. He's got a one o'clock tee time." Bobby grinned, reaching down and gently cupping his mother's ass in his hand. "That means we have all afternoon alone."

"I thought you were going to shoot some hoops with the guys," Monica mischievously giggled, reaching down and clutching his cock through his pants.

"That was a ruse, Mom, and you know it," he grinned, squeezing her ass harder.

"That's what I hoped," she laughed, squeezing him harder, too. Then both of them let go and stepped back away from each other.

Just then Steve came tromping down the stairs and over to where they stood talking.

"There you are," he said, directing his remark to Monica. "I'm going to shoot a round of golf and Bobby has turned me down. You wanna go?"

"Oh, Steve, I'm sorry, but Ethel just about wore me out over at the Pantry this morning," she innocently smiled. "I think I'm just going to take a nap..."

Bobby leaned over, placed a quick peck on his mother's cheek and started for the door.

"I'll be back around five-thirty, Mom," Bobby innocuously remarked as he walked toward the door.

Then, just as Bobby stepped through the door, Steve leaned over and gave his wife a peck on the same cheek Bobby had just blessed.

"Maybe tonight?" he suggestively asked her, winking.

"Maybe," she coyly answered, winking back. If Bobby doesn't wear it out this afternoon, she sickly thought.

"Well, I should be home around five-thirty, too," he grinned.

As Steve turned and headed for the door, Monica was already stepping up the stairs as fast as she could.

She was already in her bedroom stripping before she even heard the two cars start up. Flinging clothes everywhere, he hurried over to her chest of drawers and flung open the drawer where she kept her lingerie. Poking through the drawer, she quickly pulled out a pair of sheer, black nylons, a satin garter belt and a matching, satin half brassiere. Tossing them down on the bed, giggling giddily, she plopped down beside them and grabbed up one of the sheer, black nylons. It was one of the old-fashioned nylons that Steve liked so much. It had the darkened, reinforced toe and heel with a prominent seam running along the back of the hose. Quickly dipping her toe into the nylon, she slowly pulled it up the length of her long leg until the band of darkened nylon encircling the top of the nylon was wrapped around her shapely thigh. Picking up the other hose, she quickly pulled it on, then picked up the black, satin garter belt that was trimmed with black lace. Wrapping it around her slightly-thickened waist, she fastened it and pulled one of the stretchy, black garters down to the top of one of her hose. Slipping the little, rubber grommet under the top of the hose, she eased the metal clip down over the hose and slipped the large eye of the clip down over it. Then with a little tug, she pulled the clip up until the narrow end of the clip was hooked around the grommet and holding up her nylon.

Quickly repeating that action with the garter stretching down over the curve of her hip, she fastened it and then reached behind her to pull down the strop that dangled down over her butt. As she stretched that strop down to the top of the hose, the stretchy elastic dug down into the soft, giving skin of her creamy-white ass cheek indenting it as she fastened it. As quickly as she could, she replicated the process with the other three garters on the other side. Looking down at the creamy-white triangle covered with blond fluff at the tip of her belly, she saw that there was a stark contrast between the milky-whiteness of her skin and the black of the garters framing it making it even more erotic and sensual. This eroticism was only enhanced by the two big, fleshy folds of flesh protruding down out of the mat of curls.

Finished, she stepped over to the big, floor-length mirror standing beside her chest of drawers and turned her back to it. Over her shoulder, she eyed the long seam running along the back of one hose as she plucked and pulled on the hose until the seam was perfectly straight, then she turned her attention to the other hose. Once satisfied that they were both just right, she padded back over to the

bed and swept up her brassiere. Fastening the clasp of the strapless half-bra, she spun it around and tugged it up under her big, droopy tits. One at a time, she lifted the heavy, sagging melons and placed them down into the satin-lined cups of the bra. As she did, her big, pink nipples protruded out over the lacy edge running along the top of the bra like little pink puppy-dog noses.

Smiling to herself, she gave her bra a couple more tugs and hurried back over to the mirror. A few more tugs and straightens here and there along with a few fluffs of her short, blond hair and she was ready for whatever Bobby might throw at her.

To the closet she went where she stepped into her black-patent, stiletto heels that Steve liked so much. He loved what the heels did for her legs, and his only complaint about the tapered, spiked, five-inch heels were that they made her just as tall as he was and they could sometimes become dangerous in the heat of battle.

A couple more quick fluffs of her short, blond hair before she pulled her long, flowing chiffon gown on over her shoulders and then she was away down the stairs to greet her lover.

Clacking down the stairs, she could feel the heavy tug of her breasts as they pulled at her chest and tried to escape the confines of her tiny brassiere. Glancing down at her little, gold wristwatch, Monica saw that Bobby had only been gone for fifteen minutes. She had dressed, or undressed, depending upon one's perspective, in only fifteen minutes. That belied her eagerness as she anxiously awaited the return of her son. But he'd been gone fifteen minutes, she anxiously thought as her heart fluttered. Was he coming back? Maybe he had just been teasing her because she wouldn't give in to him earlier. Teasing her and making he wait like he had to do.

Down in the deepest recesses of her heart of hearts, she still couldn't believe that it had come to this. Letting her own son fuck her! And doing it shamelessly! No, that wasn't right, she corrected herself. She wanted it as bad as he did. Maybe even more. She needed it to satisfy the sick cravings that had lain hidden for all the years until that one fateful day.

Sloshing three fingers of bourbon in a glass, she quickly threw her head back and tossed it down to quiet the nagging, little guilt she felt for doing what she

was doing. But just as she started to pour a second drink, the door suddenly swung open and Bobby came stepping into the house.

"Oh—God—Mother!" Bobby cursed, staring at her in amazement. "You're—you're so—so damned beautiful—"

Then he came stumbling across the room toward her as she set the bottle back down and threw open her arms.

"Mother..." Bobby groaned sweeping her into his arms. Their lips touched, softly at first but the fiery passion of the moment couldn't prolong a touching of the lips and they were soon crushed together. The open-mouth kiss grew in fervor and heat as their tongues slashed and battled inside their mouths. One arm holding him close, her other hand curled around behind his head and pulled him to her. While she did, Bobby's clawed fingers dug into the soft, giving flesh of the cheeks of her bare ass, pulling her against the hard steel hidden down inside his pants.

The fiery kiss seemed to last an eternity before at last, their lips parted. Staring deep into her son's lust-glazed eyes, Monica took a tiny step back and raised her hands. Her fingers flew to the buttons on his shirt and quickly, one by one unbuttoned them. Then as Bobby dropped his arms down to his sides, she pushed his shirt back off his shoulders and let it go fluttering to the floor.

Then, as Bobby watched her in a lustful stupor, she slowly kissed her way down over his chest, her lips softly grazing his skin until they came to one of his tiny, jutting nipples. Her mouth opened slightly and she gently nipped the little bud then she kissed over to his other nipple and nipped it. Giving the little nubbin a soft kiss, she moved down slowly kneeling until her knees were resting on the floor. Then her tongue found his navel. Dipping down inside the small indentation where they had once been joined as mother and son, as one, she slowly twirled her tongue around it. While she slowly twirled her tongue round and round his belly button, her fingers were busily working on his belt and quickly had it pushed back through its buckle. Finally leaving his belly button, her lips kissed down over his belly as her finger unbuttoned his pants.

Bobby heard the whisper of his zipper as she pulled it down its track and spread his pants open. Then he felt her clawed fingers dig down under the waistband of his shorts and jerk them down.

As she did, his rock-hard penis sprang out into the open, fully ripened and ready for battle. Jutting out stiff and hard, it twitched up and down menacingly with each beat of his pounding heart. She didn't think she had ever seen anything so evil, so vile, yet so beautiful.

Pushing his shorts down around his ankles, she lifted his leg and helped him step out of them. Then setting his foot back down on the floor, she lifted his other foot up out of his shorts. Now her son stood before her, naked as the day he had come from her womb.

Transfixed, Bobby watched his mother lean toward him.

Then she eased her hand behind the thick, swollen shaft of his up thrust cock, slowly bent it down and pursed her lips around the big, purple plum that sat atop it.

"Mother..." Bobby groaned as his mother's pink lips closed down around the shaft of his penis just below the flared rim of its head. Then he felt her begin to gently suck as her tongue twirled round and round the swollen head of his cock.

As she sucked, her hand lifted up to his big, dangling balls and lovingly cupped them in the palm of her hand. Staring down in a testosterone-induced fog, he watched her lean back and let the spit-covered head of his penis slip out from between her lips. Slowly, she kissed down the rounded underside of his cock all the way down to where she held his balls in her hand. Then she lifted the fleshy sack that held them and leisurely sucked one of the big orbs into her mouth.

Bobby could feel his mother's hot tongue licking round and round his ball as she stared up over his belly into his eyes. As they stared into each other's eyes, she let his testicle slither out of her mouth. Then she quickly sucked his other ball into her mouth. Sucking it out away from his body with her mouth, she nipped at it with her sharp, little teeth. She didn't nip hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to let Bobby know that she held his masculinity in her mouth.

Then, easing her head back, she let the ball slip out of her mouth. Bobby felt a cooling breeze brush across the spit-covered orb as his mother gently blew on them. Watching on in a daze, Bobby saw his mother reach out and take his hands in hers. Grunting softly, she pulled herself up onto her high heels in front of him.

"Bobby's Mommy has been so bad," she murmured, feigning a girlish pout and



sticking out her lower lip.

"Yes, Bobby's Mommy has been very, very bad," Bobby mumbled. "Bobby thinks Mommy needs a spanking...don't you?"

"Yes...Mommy has been so bad...Mommy needs a widdle panking," she whispered babyishly.

"Mommy needs to come with Bobby so Bobby can give her a spanking so she can be a good, little girl again..." Bobby told her, dropping one hand and pulling her across the room toward the stairs with the other one.

"Yes, Da-Da..." Monica baby talked, obediently following along after him.

This was a new perversion in the sick, little game they usually played before their lovemaking, Bobby told himself. She had never called him Da-Da before. Was this just another secret she had hidden from him and the world? Did she secretly want to fuck her father, too? Had fucking her son awakened other incestuous desires? It was something he would explore later, but now there was his own sick fantasy to satisfy.

Stopping at the foot of the stairs, Bobby let his mother step up beside him as they started up.

Reaching down to her ass, he softly cupped one of the firm, quivering cheeks in his hand and gave it a rough squeeze.

"Da-Da is going spank this...spank Mommy's cute, little ass and make Mommy behave and not be a bad, little girl..." Bobby told her as she clacked up the stairs beside him in her stiletto heels.

"Yes...Da-Da...Mommy has been such a bad, little girl...she needs a spanking to make her be a good, little girl..." she murmured.

Then, as they reached the top of the stairs, Bobby drew his hand back and gave her ass a soft love tap.

As they made their way down the hallway toward her bedroom, Bobby watched her big breasts jiggle and quiver as they rested in the satin-lined cups of her brassiere. The milky-white triangles of skin covering the upper halves of her

breasts were shaped in the outline of the bathing suit she wore while sunbathing and contrasted sharply with the tan of the rest of her skin. The rest of her skin except for the upside down triangle of creamy-white skin that covered the tip of her rounded underbelly where it too had been covered by her bathing suit.

Stepping into her bedroom, Bobby grabbed her hand and roughly tugged her over to the bed. Plopping down on the edge of the bed, he slapped his legs together and patted his thighs.

"Bend over Da-Da's legs," he ordered her, tugging down on her arm. "Bend over so Da-Da can give Mommy her spanking..."

"Yes, Da-Da..." she sniffed, feigning a tearful sob.

Leaning down over her son's legs, she could feel his hairy legs scraping against her belly as she readied herself for her spanking. She couldn't explain why, but spanking had become a necessary part of their sick, little game. It excited her and made their lovemaking wild and almost bestial.

Then a shiver of excitement sparked through her fevered brain as she felt Bobby slowly peel the garter back off one of the cheeks of her ass.

"Is Mommy going to be a good, little girl?" Bobby asked, sharply bringing the palm of his hand down against the quivering softness of her ass.

"Yes—Da-Da—Yes—Mommy will be a good, little girl," she girlishly giggled.

"Is Mommy going to let Da-Da fuck her little pussy?" Bobby muttered, bringing his hand down on the reddened flesh a second time. As he did, the vulgar sound of flesh striking flesh echoed back off the walls.

"Yes—Oh, yes—Da-Da—Mommy wants Da-Da to fuck her little pussy with his big cock—" she cooed, wriggling her creamy-white ass at him.

"Does Mommy like Da-Da's big cock?" Bobby grunted, bringing his hand down for a third time as a reddened outline of his hand began to form on the creamy-white skin.

"Oh, yes, Da-Da, Mommy loves Da-Da's big cock," she murmured softly.

"Now Mommy better be a good, little girl," Bobby told her, slapping her ass one final time.

"Yes, Da-Da, Mommy will show Da-Da just how good she can be..." she giggled, as she felt the garter slap back against her stinging ass.

Bobby's cock was so hard, he could pound nails with it. He had never been into spanking until he had spanked his mother. Now the spanking excited him just as much as it excited her. It made him feel dominant over her. And she seemed to accept her role in their sick, little game with eager enthusiasm.

Grabbing hold of his mother's waist, Bobby jerked her up off his legs and slung her down onto the bed. As he did, she immediately rolled over onto her back and her legs shot apart like they were spring loaded. With her nylon-encased legs spread apart, the gaping gash of her womanhood lay between them, open and oozing out her readiness for him.

Turning, Bobby crawled up onto the bed and up between her widely-splayed legs. His big cock stuck out under his belly like a missile slung underneath the belly of a fighter with its big, purple warhead armed and primed. Lunging for it, she grasped it in her fingers and frantically guided it down to the juice-slickened opening of her sex.

Then Bobby felt the moist warmth of his mother's pussy clutch down around the barbed head of his cock. Sliding his hands under the backs of his mother's shoulders, Bobby curled his hands around her shoulders and roughly pulled her back at him as the same instant he lunged into her, driving his cock into her balls deep in one savage thrust.

"So big..." Monica groaned as Bobby held his cock buried down inside the hot, sucking muck of her pussy.

Then, pulling her down on his embedded peter with his hands, Bobby grunted and thrust into her again, driving the head of his dick even deeper into the tight clutch of her cunt.

Then again, and again, and again, ramming deeper and deeper into her every time.

Bobby heard a little gasp of air escape his mother's lips every time he hunched

up into her. Then Bobby began to rock back and forth, pumping his big, hard peter in and out of his mother's hot, sucking pussy.

As her son fucked her with wild abandon, Monica could feel his big, hairy balls slapping up against her ass every time he ripped his cock back into her. Although restrained by the brassiere, her big, droopy tits still heavily tugged at her chest as they tried to flounder up and down inside their satin cups. Throwing her arms out, she dug her clawed fingers into the bed sheets and held on for dear life as her son viciously pummeled her pussy with his big cock.

The spanking had primed her and now the furious fucking was rapidly pushing her toward release as she felt the perfect storm forming down inside her womb. She would never be able to get enough of the big slab of cock-meat that was quickly battering her into submission and about to bring her release for a second time today

"Oh, God—Oh, God—Oh, God..." she gasped out as she felt a fiery explosion of pleasure erupt in her womb. Her whole body went stiff and began to shake as she thrust herself back at Bobby's pounding attack. As she came, her pussy collapsed down around Bobby's pistoning cock as she furiously milked it, trying to get it to give up its liquid treasure

But it was to no avail as Bobby tirelessly pounded away at her exposed vulnerability with his cock. She could hear him huffing and puffing, but there was no change in the depth or pace of his pounding attack on her pussy.

Bobby was the man! He felt like he could go on and on until she cried uncle. He wanted to make her come and come and come

Minutes passed slowly and she felt herself slipping closer to another upheaval but Bobby never relented in his merciless rape of her tight, clutching pussy. She had never been fucked with such brutal determination as her son violently fucked her toward another orgasm. How long could he go on like this? She frantically asked herself as rivers of sweat poured off her to soak down into the bed sheets below.

As Bobby fucked his mother with crazed abandon, he could see the glistening sheen of sweat covering his mother's breasts and belly. He could feel her slippery nylons rubbing against his hips as they worked back and forth at a frantic pace while his mother slapped her legs against him.

"Come, Da-Da—come in Mommy's pussy, Da-Da..." Monica panted out wondering just how much more abuse her battered, little pussy could take

Bobby was apparently too busy humping away at her pussy to answer as she felt herself lifting higher and higher. Lifting toward the prize that had been so elusive before, but now came so easily with her son. She couldn't explain the difference. Maybe it was the sheer perversity of it all. Fucking her young, handsome son was so wrong and it exposed her to so many new-found emotions, shame and guilt among them. But there were so many other emotions, it was hard to separate them out as they formed into one big, muddled mass of feelings.

Then suddenly, she felt Bobby tense as the head of his cock swelled out and she knew that his eruption was imminent

"Oh—Oh—Oh—God—Oh—Fuck—" Bobby cursed as he felt his balls finally explode and send out their fiery contents down through his cock. As they did, his cock lurched down deep inside his mother's clutching pussy and spewed out a thick, hot spume of molten semen.

"Unnnn..." Monica groaned out, grunting as she thrust herself back against her son and felt the heat of his semen spread out through her pussy as its walls were coated with the sticky goo. Grinding her groin back against his hairy groin, she could feel every twitch of his cock as more and more of the thick, gelatinous goo spurted out into her. As his cock emptied its vile essence into her, she could feel his fingers digging into the skin of her shoulders as he pulled her back onto the erupting giant embedded inside her overflowing cunt.

She didn't know how long it lasted, but it felt like hours before his cock finally stopped pulsating down inside her cum-filled pussy. It felt like he had pumped at least a quart of the gooey cream into her pussy as she looked down between her tits and over her sweaty belly to where their bodies were joined in incestuous unity.

"Damn..." Bobby cursed, leaning back and slowly easing his big, goo-covered cock out of her overflowing pussy

Monica watched on with sick fascination as his big, slime-covered cock flopped out of her and drooped down between his muscular legs when he pushed up onto his knees. And as it did, there was still one long strand of his pearl-covered jism obscenely stretching down from the big head of his penis to the open, oozing

wound between her legs.

"Wow..." she softly mouthed, looking up into her son's eyes. His eyes had a dull, satiated look, but she knew that the satiation was temporary and passing as he leaned down and placed a soft, lingering kiss on her lips...

**The End**

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**Jason's Fantasy**

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Jason had just come from the nursing home after visiting his father, Ned. Ned had, had a debilitating stroke some months earlier and had to be put in the nursing home to recover. Nursing homes were so depressing, he thought to himself. All those old people just sitting around waiting to die. Kind of like me and my love life...all alone, no one to love, just waiting to find someone to love, but that someone never seemed to come along...

Well, Friday night and no date again. Guess, I'll run by and check on mom while I'm at it, he told himself. See if she needs anything. Just rebounding from his third divorce, and living alone in an apartment, he had asked Emily, one of the girls at the office if she wanted to go out, but she had told him that she already had plans. He didn't know what the problem was. Well, maybe he wasn't the handsomest guy on the block, but his three wives hadn't had any complaints about his looks. Forty years old, six foot one, one-ninety, muscular with rugged good looks, maybe like a younger of John Wayne. But he hadn't been able to keep his dick in his pants and one by one, his wives had sent him packing. Maybe next weekend he could score...maybe...

Now that his father was in the nursing home, his mother Marta lived alone in their house. Not that she an invalid or anything. Far from it! In fact, she was an attractive, active sixty-five year old and kept herself in good shape with her treadmill. She had retired from her job as secretary and now did a lot of gardening, and kept the house spotless. She and Ned had been rather solitary people before the stroke and didn't have many friends, so once Ned had been forced into the nursing home, she was left pretty much alone. And she loved it when Jason stopped by. Sometimes they would just sit and talk for hours.

Parking his car in the driveway, Jason hopped out and walked up to the front door. Pushing the doorbell, he heard it ring inside as he waited for his mother to answer the door.

Suddenly the door opened and his mother stepped up to him and swept him into her arms.

"Jason, dear," she gushed, giving him a big hug, then stepping back. "I'm so glad you stopped by. I was just thinking about you! Come in, come in."

Surprised at the warmth of her welcome, Jason stepped around her into the house.

"I just went by and saw Dad, so I thought I'd stop by and see if you needed anything," he said, watching her close the door, noticing the smell of alcohol in the air.

He was surprised for a second time when he saw that she was wearing a thin, filmy nightgown that left little to the imagination. He could easily make out her unrestrained breasts as they bobbed underneath the almost transparent gown. His mother was only around five foot four or five and while her breasts weren't terribly big, on her slender frame, they seemed big. She seemed taller today for some reason, he told himself. It was then that he noticed that she was wearing high heels. A transparent nightgown and high heels...on a week night...when she was home alone? Was she expecting someone?

"I was just having a drink and watching TV," she smiled, stepping over to the television.

As she leaned down to turn it off, the gown stretched over her butt and Jason could easily see that there were no panties underneath it. Jason couldn't stop the tickle of aroused excitement spark through his cock.

Standing back up, she walked over to the bar, her long legs flashing back and forth, easily visible under the shimmering gown.

"Can I get you a drink?" she asked him, topping off her glass with another splash of the amber liquor.

She seemed totally oblivious to her near nakedness as the sheer gown hardly hid any of her bountiful attributes.

"Bourbon," he said, stepping over to the couch and sitting down.



He watched her drop a few ice cubes into his glass and tip up the bottle. Pouring about three fingers into the glass, she set the bottle back on the bar and picked up both glasses. Jason's eyes sought out her jiggling, bobbling breasts as she came walking toward him. The ice was merrily tinkling against the glass as she walked toward him with her breasts heavily bobbling.

The fragrance of lilacs and bourbon filled his nostrils as she stepped up and handed him his glass.

"I was hoping that you might stop by tonight," she told him, sitting down beside him and curling her long legs up under her. "I've been so lonely with Ned gone..."

"I thought you might be," he knowingly smiled, reaching out and intimately touching her thigh.

She dropped her eyes down to his hand as if he had shocked her or something. Quickly pulling his hand back, he dropped it back in his lap.

"I'm sorry, did I shock you?" he asked.

"No! No, I just wasn't expecting it," she smiled, reaching over and giving his hand a gentle squeeze.

But as she did, he felt her fingers brush across his semi-dormant penis. He didn't know if it had been an accident or not, but he knew that its dormancy was soon going to be a thing of the past as he felt it immediately begin to stiffen and harden under his hand.

"It's all just so frustrating," she murmured, "and I'm so lonely..."

"It's okay, Mom," Jason said, reaching back over and patting her on the thigh again. "Any time you need to talk or, or anything, you give me a call and I'll come running...okay?"

"Oh, I appreciate everything you do for me..." she said, nervously fluffing her blond hair as she looked over at him.

Looking into her sparkling, emerald-green eyes, he saw that they were misting over, on the verge of tearing.

"What's wrong? What's wrong, Mother?" he asked her, giving her thigh another intimate squeeze.

"Oh, it's just all so confusing and frustrating," she sniffed. "I'm not ready to stop living...but with your father in the nursing home...I miss his company...miss him in a lot of ways..."

"I miss him, too, Mom," Jason told her. "But, remember, I'm here for you if you need me..."

"Oh, Jason, Honey! I don't know what to do..." she wept softly. "I...I want... want some...need something but I don't have anyone to turn to..."

"What? What do you want, Mother?" Jason asked, reaching up and wiping away a tear from her soft cheek.

She had the skin of a movie actress, he told himself as his fingers brushed down the silky smoothness of her face. She kept herself immaculately groomed all the time. He couldn't remember ever seeing her without makeup. And all the cremes and ointments in her bathroom were enough to start her own drug store.

"There are some things...some things that you can't give me!" she told him.

"What, Mother? I've got a good bit of money saved up..." he said. "Just tell me what it is..."

"Money can't buy everything, Dear," she said, bringing her glass up to her full, red lips and taking a long, deep drink.

"What then?" he asked her, mirroring her and taking a long drink, too.

"Companionship..." she mumbled. "The companionship between a man and a woman...the companionship that you can never give me..."

"Oh..." Jason muttered, his face reddening.

"I'm sorry," she wept. "I've had too much to drink! I should never have said anything to you! This is my problem and I can't saddle you with it! Just forget that I ever said anything..."

"That won't solve it," Jason told her, reaching around her and giving her a soft, intimate hug.

"But what? What can I do?" Marta asked, dabbing at her eyes with a kerchief, wiping away the tears to keep her mascara from running. "I feel so bad even talking to you about it..."

"We'll think of something," Jason whispered, tenderly tilting her chin up with the tips of his fingers.

Leaning toward her, he slowly, softly gave her a long, lingering kiss on her lips. As he did, her eyes fluttered shut. Amazingly, he felt no resistance whatsoever.

Finally, he eased his lips off hers and leaned back away from her.

"Oh, Jason...we can't," she whispered. "Can we?"

"No one will ever know, Mother," Jason murmured, sensing an opportunity in the making.

"We'll know...and it's so wrong...I'm your mother...and you're my son..." she whispered, her lower lip quivering from the emotion flowing between them. "It's incest, Baby...Incest!"

"But what can it hurt? You're not just my mother...you're a woman, too..." Jason charged on. "A woman who needs to be with a man...a real man...and I'm a man! I'm that man!"

"Oh, this is all so confusing...so puzzling...so complicated!" she whimpered, clutching at his thigh with her hand. "You know that your father can't anymore...and it's been so long...so, so long...but this...this can't be the answer! Can it?"

"Yes..." he mumbled, dropping his own hand down to hers and gently lifting it over onto his hard, throbbing penis. "I'm a man...you're a woman...I love you...and you love me...no one else will ever know...what could go wrong?"

"It's not that simple, Jason," she murmured, leaving her hand resting on his swollen cock. "I don't want to do anything to destroy our relationship! I don't want to do anything to drive you away..."

"How-how could that happen?" he frantically asked her. "Sharing our love for each other...sharing our love in that special way...it would only make our love stronger..."

"You really think so," she wept, tears coursing down her cheeks as she gave his cock a soft, tentative squeeze. "You don't think the guilt would eat us alive? Your father lying there in his bed, barely able to move...unable to take care of himself...and while he lies there, you...you and I...you and I in his own bed! Why if he found out, it would kill him..."

"But he'll never find out! He'll never know..." Jason argued. "But don't you think he would want you, you taken care of...since he is incapable of doing it himself? And what better person to do that than his own son?"

"Oh, you make it sound so simple," she said, her voice quavering with emotion. "You're probably right, but we'll never know. I could never ask him!"

"I can't let you suffer like this," he murmured, lifting her hand off his penis and lying it on the couch beside her hip. "Let me, let me do this for you, Mother..."

She watched him through her tear-stained eyes as he eased down off the couch and onto his knees in front of her. Placing his glass on the coffee table, he crawled over in front of her on his knees. Reaching out to her, he gently, but insistently pushed at her legs. He met with resistance at first, but then ever so slowly they began to part. An inch, then two, then three, the opening between them grew. Continuing to press, he kept pushing them apart until there was enough room for him to move up between them.

Then, as she stared down at him in disbelief, he reached down to the hem of her sheer gown. Taking hold of it with his trembling fingers, he slowly lifted it up her long, curving legs. More and more smooth, tanned skin came into view as he lifted the gown higher and higher.

This is what his father would want, isn't it, he deliriously asked himself? He would want his wife to have what he could no longer give her, wouldn't he? But all that didn't really matter now. Not at this moment! Now it was between him and his mother. His father was nowhere in the picture...

Pushing the gauzy material up over her knees, he slowly pushed it higher and higher up her quivering thighs. The fold of cloth in his fingers was now only six

inches away from the hidden secrecy of her womanhood. Then four, three, two inches away from revealing the hidden treasure that lay between her legs. Pausing for a moment to catch his breath, he looked up into her emerald green eyes. They had an unfocused, distant look as if she were looking straight through him.

Then he felt an almost imperceptible movement of her hips as she inched toward him ever so slightly. At the same moment, her long legs lazily parted further. Breathlessly, he pushed the gown up, expectantly staring down between her legs.

There it was! At last! There it was, he feverishly told himself as the delicate, pink folds of flesh slowly came into view. He didn't think he had ever seen anything so beautiful, so fragile. Gawking down at the wet, glistening gash, encircled by a sprinkling of soft, blond curls, he saw his mother's hands curl around the crumpled folds of cloth and slowly lift her gown higher up onto her softly rounded belly.

Inching his hands around behind her bare butt, he curled his hands around it and ever so gently pulled her toward him until her little round ass was perched on the edge of the couch. Now her pussy lay before him, exposed, vulnerable, and invitingly available to him. Now she lay half sitting and half lying, her head resting against the back of the couch as she watched him through her tear-rimmed eyes.

With trembling fingers, he delicately fingered apart the fleshy folds of soft, pink flesh that hid the opening of her sex from view. Her whole pussy was sopping wet and a little stream of juice was slowly trickling out of it. Jason had never seen a pussy so wet as it glistened wetly in the soft light.

"Mother..." he groaned, slowly lowering his mouth down onto her pussy.

"Jason..." she whispered as he eased his tongue out between his lips. Gently dipping his tongue into the oozing opening of her vagina, he slowly licked his way up the juice-covered vestibule between her gorged pussy lips all the way up to the jutting nub of her clitoris. He didn't think he had ever seen a clit as big as hers, as it jutted up out of its fleshy hood at least a good half or three-quarters of an inch. Jutting up like it was, it seemed to be begging for his attention which he immediately began to lavish upon it.

Pursing his lips around it, he began to gently suck on it as he flicked his tongue

back and forth across it.

"Unnnnnnnnnnnnnnn..." she groaned out, her hips involuntarily lifting as she pressed herself against him.

She was so aroused and primed, he deliriously thought. How long would it take? It didn't matter, he told himself because he was going to keep teasing her clit until she came and came and came. He was going to give her what she hadn't been getting for so long...give her what she so deserved. He was going to give her the relief his father could no longer provide her.

It had only been seconds before he felt her little butt begin to jiggle and shake as she thrust herself against his mouth.

"Oh...oh...oh...oh, Godddddd!" she gasped out, her whole body stiffening as he continued to brutally attack her clit with his mouth and tongue.

He could feel her hot juices pouring out of her pussy, splashing out onto his chin, covering it with its moist warmth.

It must have taken her the better part of a minute to finish, but Jason never stopped licking and lapping at her clit, even after her ass had dropped back down onto the couch.

"Oh...Jason...my dear..." she murmured out as he continued his onslaught on her clit.

He could feel her clit softening, retreating back down into its little sheath, but he didn't relent.

As he continued to suck and lick at her clit, she slowly lifted her legs up and draped them over his shoulders. He could feel her clit slowly begin to harden once again, thrusting itself up out of its fleshy sheath, thrusting itself up against his ravaging tongue. As it did, he could feel the tips of her high heels brushing against his skin just below the warm softness of her calves that were now pressed against his back.

Slurping away at her squiggly clit, he slowly eased his hands up under her sheer gown. Pushing them higher, he found her big, sagging breasts. Clutching at them, he found her big, puffy nipples with the tips of his fingers. Pulling,

plucking, pinching them, he quickly teased them back to hardness.

Savagely attacking her big, hard clit, he kept up the onslaught as he felt her begin to quiver and groan for a second time. Her hands curled down into his hair, pushing him down against her groin as she thrust it up against his mouth.

Moaning out her gratification, she was thrusting herself up against him with little grunting humps. It went on and on until at last, he felt her clit begin to soften once again.

"Oh, Jason...Jason...Jason..." she softly whispered as she caressed his hair with the tips of her fingers.

One more...once more...Jason told himself still raking his tongue back and forth across her clit that had once more shrunk back down into the protection of its fleshy burrow leaving only its tender, sensitive tip exposed. Digging the tip of his tongue down into the fleshy hood, he mercilessly tickled and teased it as he dug his hands down into the flesh of her pendulous breasts.

Hurry! Hurry! He silently screamed at her. His cock was so hard, he thought its tightly stretched skin was on the verge of splitting. He had never been so hard.

The malignancy down between his legs had to be fed. It was telling him that it wanted to feast on the liquid treasure that he was now feasting on. It wanted to return to its birthplace and take back its birth right...the right to possess her womb and his mother just as he had those many years ago.

Hot, gooey juice was pouring out of her pussy onto his chin, running down it and dripping down onto his shirt as he feverishly tongued her hardening clit. The soft, blond hairs encircling her gushing pussy tickled his nose as he ravaged her. And his nostrils were filled with the rich pungency of her fermenting juices, which made his aching cock even harder. She was so hot...so wet...he couldn't wait to get his prick inside the oozing gash that was pressed up against his chin.

Humping herself up against him, she was sliding her hot cunt up and down on his chin covering it with a thick coating of her estrous while he hungrily devoured her. Murmuring out her pleasure, she basked in the warm, building pressure down inside her achingly-empty womb. It had been so long for her, and no one had ever lavished such a caring, determined assault on her clitoris. It was as if her son's only care in the world was the bringing of pleasure to her.

Forfeiting his own needs, he was heaping all of his attention on her in a way no other man had ever done before. Not even Ned. She was light-headed with love for him! If only, if only she had known how he felt toward her before...all that wasted time...but she knew that it would probably never have happened anyway...the catalysts just hadn't been there...but now! Now there would be no more wasted time! She was going to take full advantage of her new and devoted lover! She did feel a little guilty about Ned, but as Jason had said, it wasn't her fault that Ned couldn't take care of her needs...and someone had to...who better than her own son...

She could feel herself slipping toward another climax as Jason devoutly mouthed and tongued her aching clit. Going for her third orgasm, and he hadn't taken his mouth off her for the entire time. But she would stop him after this one...stop him and make him take her...take her like the slut she was...let him have his reward for bringing her such pleasure...reward him for taking over for his ailing father who could no longer satisfy her needs!

Jason could feel it again. The tightening of her muscles, the pattering of her ass as she thrust herself up against his mouth, the curling of her fingers down into his hair, the sting of her sharp heels digging into his back; all signals of her impending upheaval. Please, Mother, please, Jason silently pleaded with her as she writhed her way toward her orgasm. The throbbing thing down between his legs had to be fed. Had to be allowed to glut itself on the forbidden fruit that lay between his mother's outstretched legs. It was so hard, he was afraid it was going to poke a hole in his pants as he slurped and licked at her clit. Although he knew it was eight inches long, it felt like it was at least a foot long as it jutted out against his shorts and pants, hard and stiff.

Closer and closer, she climbed. The pressure inside her womb growing almost unbearable as she fought and clawed her way to the summit one more time.

Jason could feel her fingernails digging into his scalp as he looked up over her heaving belly to where his hands were clutching and clawing at her quivering breasts.

She was gasping for air now, clawing and straining as she climbed up the last few inches. Then it was on her as her clit blossomed into a flaming blowtorch of pleasure one more time.



"Oh-God-Oh-God-Oh-God!" she gasped out, digging her heels into his back and shoving herself against his mouth.

Her pussy began to spasm and convulse, squirting out thick, gooey gushes of her pussy-juice onto his chin every time another spasm of pleasure jolted through her. This is what heaven must feel like, she deliriously thought. One stupendous orgasm after another that lasted forever and ever. On and on it went, as she writhed and thrashed about under the fiery touch of his mouth and tongue. She was nearing the point of exhaustion as her muscles screamed out for relief. Dizzy from the sizzling jolts of electricity throbbing through her head and pussy, she finally felt the throes of her orgasm begin to weaken. As they did, she melted back against the couch, gasping for air, staring through a pleasure-induced fog at Jason who was looking back up at her with his icy, blue eyes.

Tiredly, she lifted her arms and put them on his shoulders.

"Now..." she murmured, pushing him out from between her wide spread legs.  
"You..."

Then, as she rolled over onto her back on the couch, she watched Jason quickly get to his feet. His hands shot down to his tented pants and he quickly ripped them open. Staring at the big bulge jutting out against the material of his shorts, she sickly wondered just how big he was. His father, Ned's penis had been a full seven inches when hard before the stroke and Jason's looked every bit that big, she sickly thought as she watched Jason hook his thumbs under the waistband of his shorts and shove them down his hairy legs. As he did, his peter sprang out into the air, hard and stiff, throbbing menacingly as it impatiently bobbed up and down.

"Big...so big," she murmured, staring at the evil creature jutting up out of her son's hairy groin.

It was like some venomous serpent seeking its prey. And she knew what that prey was, she frantically thought as she lifted one long, shapely leg up onto the back of the couch. Then, with her other foot resting on the floor, she splayed out her leg, opening herself wide open to him. Resting her head on the arm of the couch, she saw that he was staring down at her with a look of adoration and love. Shamelessly staring back at him, she reached down and took hold of the hem of her gown. Slowly, she lifted it all the way up above her heaving breasts. Now,

with her gown wadded up under her armpits, her weeping pussy and big, jiggling tits were totally exposed to his ravenous eyes.

"Oh, God!" Jason grumbled, crawling onto the couch and leaning down over her.

His pants and shorts were still wrapped around his ankles, but that wasn't going to stop him. He had to have her. Now! Have her here and now. Nothing else in the whole wide world mattered at this very moment. Just her...her and him...and the consummation of their love for each other...and the fulfillment of their sick needs.

He stared down into her love-filled eyes, watching a big tear slowly trickle down her cheek as she reached down and fumbled with his jutting penis. Why was she crying, he frantically wondered? Did she want him to stop? Holding back, he leaned down and gently kissed the tear off her cheek.

"What's wrong, Mother?" he whispered, keeping his penis away from her exposed pussy.

"Nothing...nothing..." she murmured, "this...this is just all so much...you know how emotional I can get...don't stop...I want you!"

"God," he gasped, inching his hips forward, letting her bend his cock down at the oozing, weeping wound between her outstretched legs.

A spark of excitement shot through his cock as its head nudged up against the soft, giving flesh that awaited him. Then he felt her guide the tapered tip of his penis down between the soft folds of flesh to the juice-slickened opening of her sex! This was it! The moment he had longed for but had never allowed himself to even think about. He was about to enter back into the sacrosanct chamber that had once given life to him. About to defame it, defile its purity and sweetness and fill it with his noxious seed. Even though it was disastrously wrong, there was no stopping it. He had to have her for his own.

With a soft murmur, he leaned forward and slowly eased his penis down into the clutching warmth of her accepting pussy. The head of the monster spread her open, stretching the channel with its wide girth as it dove deeper and deeper into the hallowed chamber.

So this is what his father had all these years, he giddily thought as his mother's

tight, hot cunt wrapped itself around his invading penis while it slid in deeper and deeper. The emotional excitement was even more exquisite than the physical rush of pleasure as his cock slid down into her.

"Mother..." he groaned when his curly brown pubic hairs met and tangled with her soft, blond ones.

As he held himself buried down inside the clutching tightness, he felt her leg drop down off the top of the couch. She slowly hooked her ankle around the cheek of his ass and dug the tip of her high heel down into his hairy ass forcing him even deeper into the mush of her clutching pussy. Then her arms snaked around his neck and she pulled him down to a hot, passionate kiss. He could feel the hot, swollen hardness of her nipples burning holes into his chest as she hungrily ate his face. With tongues slashing and twisting, they kissed open-mouthed for what seemed like an eternity.

He was inside her now! Totally immersed in the moist warmth of her womanhood. He had never felt anything like it as the emotional chaos of the moment washed over him. The significance of the sheer, wicked decadence of what they were doing was overwhelming. He was having sex with his mother. SEX! He was fucking his mother! Fucking his dear, sweet mother!

"Jason..." she finally groaned out, breaking their kiss and clutching her cunt down around his embedded penis. "Now...Honey...now!"

And she was asking him to do it, he feverishly thought...asking him to fuck her! There was no fighting back against him...no warding him off...no resistance... she was welcoming him down into herself with a passionate and embracing admission of her acceptance of their wanton disregard for society's restrictive mores...

"Yes-yes-yes!" he hissed, jerking his hips back and driving his cock down into her all the way to the hilt again...and again...and again as he began to pound his cock down into the hot, weeping hole between her legs.

Hammering his cock into her, he could feel the sharp tip of her heel digging into his bounding ass as her big tits began to slosh up and down in cadence with his savage attack on her pussy. Her eyes were closed as her head patted against the arm of the couch, her blond hair spilling out around her pretty face. Jason could feel her hands on his back, clutching, clawing, scratching, urging him on as he

fucked her with wild abandon. He still couldn't believe that it was happening. Only an hour earlier, he had been bemoaning his lack of pussy, and now this. He was making love to his mother! Making love to her and desecrating her most cherished of treasures.

They were like animals. Caged for an eternity, and now free! Free to mate with each other!

His mother's face wore a frown as she strained to reach her finish for a fourth time. Jason wanted to help her, but his own needs now overshadowed hers. He had to consummate the defilement. Had to spew his vile seed into her womb. He was animal now and had to reproduce himself down inside her. There were no emotions now. It was all physical, as he felt the burning pressure building down inside his slashing balls. The fiery pain was filling him with its urgency. He couldn't hold back any longer.

Then it exploded! A fiery spasm of electricity sparked through his cock as it jerked and spewed out a giant gusher of white-hot cum into her pussy.

"Mother! Mother!" he gasped out as a sharp sting erupted out of his ass as she dug her heel into his butt forcing him ever deeper into the clutching tightness.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she hissed, clinging onto him, pulling him down onto her as his cock continue to spew out its virulence into her hot, sucking cunt. Jason felt like his whole body was liquefying and pouring down into her. He had never felt such exquisite pleasure. Physically, it was sheer ecstasy, but with the added emotional burst of knowing that it was his mother he was filling with his noxious seed sent it over the top, threatening to make him pass out from the sheer magnitude of it all.

Her cunt was like a tight, silk glove, wrapped around his cock, pulling, clutching, milking on it as it coaxed out more and more of this thick, rich, sperm-filled cream. Their open mouths met again groaning out their gratification into the other's mouth as they hungrily devoured each other's face. She was thrusting her big tits up at him, grinding them against his hairy chest at the same time she was hunching her hot pussy up around his spurting peter.

Her hot pussy was taking it all...taking everything his big balls could produce... taking it, sucking it down, and begging for more...until, at last she had taken it all, sucked out every last drop of semen from his aching balls.

Finally the stinging pain in his ass let up as his mother slowly lifted her long leg up and draped it back onto the top of the couch once again.

Lifting his mouth off hers, he stared down into her love-glazed eyes as she looked deep into his.

"That...that was...oh, God..." he groaned out.

"Yes...yes, it was," she murmured. "You...you were right..."

"About?" he mumbled, feeling his cock softening down inside the hot mush of her cum-filled pussy.

"About me needing a man," she smiled up at him. "And you being that man..."

"I still can't believe it happened," he told her. "You and I...it was fantastic..."

"And," she said, clutching her pussy down around his cock and making it go slithering out of her pussy, "the first of many..."

"Yes..." he told her, easing back and dropping a foot down onto the floor.

"Can you...can you spend the night?" she asked as he slowly got to his feet. "Spend the night with me?"

"Can I?" he choked out. "I couldn't think of leaving you now...now that I've found you..."

His heart was about to burst with love for her as he watched her drop her leg back down on the couch and push herself to a sitting position.

"It feels so wonderful to have someone again," she smiled up at him as her gown went rustling down over her jiggling breasts. "But I never dreamed it would be you. All those sleepless nights, and the answer was right here all the time...right here under my nose...but who could have known..."

"I know," he said, stepping back as she put her hands down on the couch to push herself up. "I'm so, so glad I decided to drop by tonight...what if I hadn't?"

"I don't even want to think about it," she murmured, pushing herself to her feet

as her gown went slithering down her long legs.

"Me, either! It's like one of those dreams you have when you're falling and can't stop..." Jason mumbled. "That's the way I feel when I think about what would have happened if I didn't stop by..."

"Stop thinking about it," she smiled. "You did stop by..."

"Yes, I did," he grinned, stepping out of his pants and shorts.

Bending down, he scooped them off the floor and tossed them on the couch, covering the big wet stain on the cushion.

"Another drink," she smiled, reaching down and fingering his limp dick. "A nightcap before bedtime?"

"Sure," he grinned, reaching out and cupping one of her big, pendulous breasts through the sheer material of her gown.

Turning, she dislodged his hand and reached down to the glasses on the coffee table. Jason looked on, admiring her wriggling ass that was easily discernible through the filmy gown as she stepped over to the bar.

As she poured their drinks, he bent down and pulled off his shoes and socks, then peeled his shirt over his head. Now naked, with his big penis flopping about heavily, he strolled over to the bar. Stepping up behind his mother, he reached around her, cupping her big, saggy tits in his hands as he nibbled his way up her long slender neck to her ear.

"I love you..." he murmured, gently squeezing and fondling her breasts as she leaned back against him.

He could feel her pressing her butt against him as she turned her head and offered her lips to him. He gave her a long, lingering kiss and felt her cold fingers find his limp, dangling penis. He could feel his cock slowly begin to respond to the intimacy of the kiss and the touch of her fingers on it. Feeling the warmth of her body pressed against him as he held her in his arms, he didn't want the embrace to ever end. He had never felt so close, so near to anyone as he did this very moment. The quiet serenity of their intimacy was pure ecstasy, he thought as her tongue found his. Another charge of energy jolted through his

cock as it slowly began to swell and grow. As it did, the touch of her fingers grew more insistent, plucking and pulling on it.

Finally, she turned her head, tearing their lips apart as she stepped away from him, dislodging his hands. He could see that she was struggling to catch her breath as she swept up the two glasses and handed him one.

"To us...and the future," she breathlessly said, tapping her glass against his and then tipping it up and taking a long, deep drink off it.

"To us..." he mumbled, following her lead and taking a big gulp of his drink.

"Come," she told him, taking his hand in hers and leading him down the hall toward her bedroom.

Looking down, Jason saw that his cock was half-hard, with its big, purple head drooping down toward the floor, bobbing up and down heavily as he followed her down the hall.

Letting go of his hand when they stepped into the room, Marta clopped over to the big, king-sized bed. Turning to face him, she set her glass on the nightstand and leaned down, slowly lifting her gown up her body and off over her head.

"Come," she told him again, letting the gown flutter to the floor by the bed.

Feasting his eyes on her beauty, Jason stumbled toward her with his big dick still trying to lift its head into the air. As he stepped up to her, she swept him into her arms and their lips met once again in another fiery, passionate kiss. Their bodies pressed together, arms clutching tightly, they kissed for the longest time before she finally broke the kiss and stepped back.

"Lie down on the bed," she breathlessly told him, stepping aside so he could crawl up on the big bed.

Following her orders, Jason crawled up on the bed and rolled over onto his back. As he did, his big dick flopped about heavily, then came to a rest down between his muscular legs. Then he watched his mother quickly crawl up on the bed and straddle him. Standing over him on her hands and knees, she inched up until her head was above his cock and her pussy was above his face.

Sixty-nine, he giddily thought. His mother was going to suck on his dick. The thought that his mother would take his peter in her mouth and suck on it sent another charge of energy into his prick. Then he saw her knees slither out away from his head as she slowly lowered her pussy down toward him. Reaching up, he wrapped his hands around her perfect, round ass and gently pulled her down.

Finding the jutting nub of her clit with his lips, he closed them around it and gently began to suck on it. As he did, the rich pungency of her overheated cunt filled his nostrils with its heady aroma. Licking and lapping at her hardening clit, he could feel her hot juices dripping out of her cunt onto his nose.

Then he felt the tips of her fingers on his throbbing penis. She slowly lifted it up into the air and leaned down over it. Slowly, loudly, she slurped his cock into her mouth as her hot lips closed down around its thick shaft. He felt her hand curl around its hairy base to hold it upright as she began to work her lips up and down it. Groveling in the decadence of their degeneracy, Jason attacked her clit and pussy with his licking, lapping tongue while she devoured his cock. As she did, her big, saggy breasts were dangling down with their big, puffy nipples brushing the hair covering his chest.

As his peter stiffened and grew, she slowly lifted her mouth off his cock and roughly began to jerk her hand up and down its hardening shaft. After a few moments, her hand settled back down around the base of his cock and her mouth eased back down over it. Now her mouth replaced her hand, sliding up and his cock, hungrily sucking and licking at it.

Then her hand once again replaced her mouth, roughly jerking up and down his fully hardened peter as she stared down at the monstrosity. She could see the muscles in his belly tightening, hardening as she clutched her fist around his cock, stroking it faster and faster. Suddenly, she stopped, feeling it twitching ever so close to an eruption. Staring down at the rigid slab of man meat, she saw the twitches slowly begin to weaken as she held it in her hand.

Frantically lapping at her clit, he could feel her hot breath on his throbbing penis as she held it clutched tightly in her hand. Her big clit was now jutting out hard and ripe as she worked her pussy up and down on his juice-smeared chin while he attacked her clit with renewed determination.

God, what head, he sickly thought as he felt his mother's lips sink back down



around the shaft of his primed cock. She knew just how to bring a man along, bring him up to the fevered pitch of eruption and then back off, leaving him tottering on the razor's edge. Then, just as his heart was beginning to slow and he was slowly regaining some control, she was at it again, quickly bringing him back to point of no return. But this time, she was sucking with long, slow slurps, not the bobbing attack of earlier. Slowly, but inexorably, he felt himself lifting back toward eruption, as her sucking became more and more determined.

The burn down inside his aching 4 balls was growing hotter and hotter.

As her head slowly bobbed up and down, her hips were jerking up and down while her pussy pattered against his nose. As it did, her juices were being splattered everywhere, coating his face, running down his cheeks onto his ears. His face was literally covered with the thick, pungent goo.

He was working his own hips up and down, slowly fucking his mother's hot, sucking mouth as she coaxed him closer and closer to eruption. Suddenly, she stopped again as her lips lifted off his twitching peter. Then he felt her fist wrap around his cock as she held it upright and gently blew on it.

Attacking her clit with savage ferocity, he anxiously awaited the return of her lips to his cock. At last, he felt her lips slowly encircle the swollen head of his cock, stopping just below its flared edge. Sucking on it, she flicked her tongue back and forth across it as her hand tightened around it and began to work up and down its shaft. Her hand worked up and down faster and faster until it was jerking up and down on it. Her whole body seemed to be moving as she humped her pussy down at his face, her back arching and bowing while her hand flew up and down his jutting cock.

This time! This time, Jason feverishly thought, as the burn down inside his balls was becoming unbearable.

At last, at last, he frantically thought as he felt a spasm of pleasure rip through his cock. As it did, it lurched in her hand and spurted out a giant gob of thick gooey cum into her hungry, sucking mouth. He was coming in her mouth. He was coming in his mother's mouth. The thought that he was actually coming in her mouth was almost as exciting as the physical pleasure that was throbbing through his peter as it jerked and kicked in her hand while she continued to roughly jack him off.

She was swallowing his liquid treasure as fast as he could produce it and she could suck it out. Savoring the taste of the thick, viscous cream spewing out of his penis, she slowed the stroke of her hand down to a crawl. Then, wrapping it around the base of his cock, she squeezed down hard and slowly worked it up the shaft, squeezing and milking it, forcing out the last precious drops of his virulent seed into her mouth. Dropping her hand back down, she milked it up his cock again as it finally stopped lurching and began to die in her hand. But she continued to wring out the last of his virulence even as his cock began to wilt and soften in her fist.

"Mother..." Jason moaned out around her clit as he began to attack it again.

Letting go of his penis, she let it flop down between his thighs as she began to concentrate on her own release. She could feel his tongue slashing back and forth across her throbbing clit, pushing her closer and closer. His fingers were digging into her ass, pulling her down against his hungry mouth. Grinding herself against his mouth, she let him carry her away toward another glorious upheaval of pleasure. With her head hanging down, she stared back down between her droopy tits to watch him ravage her clit. Her long, blond hair was hanging down brushing the bed as she humped her pussy against Jason's gluttonous mouth and drew closer and closer. The throbbing burn down inside her clit was seeping deeper and deeper, filling it with fiery impatience. Her graceful back was arching and bowing as she feverishly thrust herself at him and inched closer and closer to deliverance. Then she felt his hands lift off her quivering ass as she watched them wrap around her dangling tits. Like a dairyman, he clutched at her breasts, pulling on them, milking them as if she were one of his dairy cows. She was so close, she could feel the burn beginning to spread out from her clit as his plucking, insistent fingers found her swollen, puffy nipples. The spark of excitement that jolted down to her clit was the final straw as she felt her pussy and clit blossom into a fiery burst of pure pleasure.

Throwing back her head, she let out a primal scream as she thrust herself against him, grinding her pussy into his face. Her clit felt like it was a foot long as it jutted out against his slashing tongue, hard and ripe. Jason's fingers relentlessly teased and tormented her nipples, sending even more hot excitement down to her convulsing pussy.

Jerking her throbbing clit out from between his lips, she quickly centered her spurting cunt over his mouth. As she did, gush after gush of her hot, thick cunt-

juice poured out into his mouth.

Opening his mouth wider, Jason sucked more and more of the sweet nectar into his mouth. Savoring the sweet pungency of the fermented liquor of her loins, he drank it down like a man wandering the desert, dying of thirst and finding an oasis. Jason couldn't believe how much she could spew out when she came. Her pussy was like an artesian well, its waters bubbling up out of her in a never-ending flow.

Finally, with an agonized groan, she slowly dropped down on top of him. He could feel her tits pressing against him, just under his chest. Her head rested on his groin, just above his limp prick. As she lay atop him, he felt her breathing slowly returning to normal...

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Jason was lying on his back with his hand wrapped around his big cock, holding it pointed straight up in the air. His mother was balancing on her feet straddling him with her legs bent at the knees. She had one hand planted on his hairy chest and the other one was thrust down between her legs. The wet gash of her pussy was directly above the jutting slab of meat as she looked back down between her legs. Looking down at him, she began to flex her legs and slowly lower the weeping hole down toward his prick. Watching on in giddy anticipation, he saw her spread the fat, fleshy lips of her pussy apart with her fingers, then slowly fit the oozing opening down around the tapered tip of his peter.

"Mmmmmmm..." she murmured out as she flexed her legs further and slid her cunt slithering down his cock, letting it consume him inch by inch until at last her pussy lips were encircling the hairy base of his big prick. Squatting over him with her hands on his chest for balance, she smiled and clutched her pussy, making it squeeze down around the embedded giant.

"I love the way you feel inside me," she murmured pushing up and slowly lifting her pussy up his glistening, juice-drenched peter.

"You're always so wet," Jason said, reaching for her jiggling breasts.

"You make me that way," she murmured, using her legs to slowly work her cunt

up and down his rock-hard prick.

"Good," he grinned, clutching at her pendulous tits, tweaking and plucking at her swollen, puffy nipples.

After a minute or so, her hips slowly ground to a halt. Lifting her pussy up until only its swollen, bloated head was inside her, she stopped again.

"Hold it" she grunted. "Hold it straight up..."

Wondering what she was up to, he dropped one hand off her tit and wrapped it around the base of his cock and held it so that its big, barbed head was pointed straight up. Then he watched her push up and lift her pussy up off his cock.

Reaching down, she held his cock with her fingertips. With her hand in front of her pussy, Jason couldn't see what she was doing, but he soon felt her pussy settle back down around the head on his dick.

"Nuuuunnnnnnn..." she groaned out, her face contorting into a grimace as her pussy slowly slid back down his cock.

Jason didn't know what he she had done, but her pussy somehow seemed tighter than before as it consumed more and more of his peter.

"It's so tight," he murmured out as her hand slowly lifted away from her pussy.

"Oh...God," Jason gasped as he stared down at her pussy.

It was still gaping wide open, but his penis was no longer inside it. His cock was in her ass. She was fucking him with her ass...

"Mother!" he grunted, gawking down at her pussy that was still oozing out its juice while down below it her ass cheeks were crushed down on the curly hairs encircling his peter.

Then he saw his penis slowly begin to reappear as she slowly pushed up with her legs. It was just about the most exciting sight her had ever seen as more and more of his big, thick cock oozed out of her hot, clutching asshole.

Still balancing on her little feet, he hands resting on his chest, she began to

slowly rock up and down on his jutting prick. Her asshole was so hot and so tight, Jason had to struggle to keep from shooting his wad as he saw the grimace on her face slowly begin to soften. She had dropped her head forward and now her long, blond hair was hanging down around her face. The tips of her hair was brushing against her jiggling, bobbling tits as she fucked him with her ass.

Then, he saw her slide her ass all the way down his cock, taking all eight inches up inside the tight mush of her ass. Holding his cock imprisoned inside her, she leaned forward and grasped his arms in her hands. Wondering what she was doing, he heard her give out a soft, murmuring grunt as she rolled over onto her side, pulling him along with her. Catching her intent, he rolled with her until he was lying on top of her. Somehow, in the shuffle, she had straightened her legs and now she lay with the back of her thighs resting against his belly and the soft curve of her calves were crushed against his chest. Her bright, red stiletto heels now rested alongside his head, their smooth surface brushing against his temples. Bent almost in double, her beautiful ass was now tilted up, giving him unrestricted access to it. Then Jason felt her hot hands curl around his waist as she began to gently push and pull on him, urging him to fuck her ass.

Slowly at first, Jason began to rock back and forth, sliding his throbbing penis in and out of the tight restriction of her clutching asshole. She responded by thrusting her ass up at him every time he drove it down deep into her rectum. Fucking her pussy had given him such perverted excitement, but this, this only added to that perversion. He was fucking her in the ass...and he hadn't even asked her to...she had come up with it all on her own. She was so goddamned hot. He had never dreamed that she would be such a wild woman in the sack...if he had known just how hot she was...he would have been trying to seduce her since way back when...

She was looking up at him from between her ankles where the tiny, leather straps that held her shoes on encircled them. The grimace had completely disappeared and had been replaced by a grim, determined look. Then her eyes closed and a tiny frown creased her forehead as she began to hump herself up at him harder. It was almost like she was trying to get his big cock even deeper into the hot depths of her ass. Was she about to come, he frantically wondered? Picking up the pace to accommodate her as his big, dangling balls slapped up against her upturned ass, he worked harder.

His belly was covered with a film of her hot juice as it scraped back and forth

across her empty cunt. Now he could feel it. He could feel her asshole slowly tightening around his pistoning prick, her hamstrings straining as legs began to stiffen and push back against him. This was all so fucking crazy. He was fucking his mother's hot ass and she was about to have a frigging orgasm. How fucking unbelievable was that?

Then, all of a sudden, her head flew back as a choking gasp escaped from her lips and she thrust herself up against him. Her long fingernails dug down into his skin pulling him down onto her as her legs began to quiver and stiffen. Her spasming asshole was tightening down around his embedded cock so tight, he thought it might snap it in two. He was fighting to hold back his eruption until she finished, but the moment she was done, he was going to fill her hot ass with gallons of his creamy cum.

Groveling in the perverse delight of her orgasmic seizure, she dug her claws into him, holding him imprisoned down inside her pulsating ass. She could feel the muscles encircling her asshole contracting and relaxing around the implanted monster that filled her ass with its bloated hugeness.

Then, the contractions slowly weakened and she relaxed her hold on him. The moment she did, he was back at her like a man possessed, pounding his cock into her benumbed asshole with a vengeance. But the frenzied attack only lasted a few moments as she could feel his peter swelling with pre-ejaculatory excitement.

Just then, Jason gave out a loud, grunting groan and drove his cock down into her ass as deep as it would go. The evil creature was jerking and lurching down inside her ass as it spilled out its malignance into her battered rectum. Jason's face was contorted into a mask of agony as his ass clenched, re-clenched and re-clenched as he dug his toes in forcing himself deeper and deeper into her ass while his peter emptied its vile load into her. She didn't think it was going to ever end as his big peter continued to jerk and spurt.

But at last, she felt the fury of his attack begin to wane as his cock finally stopped firing off down inside her ass...

"That was fantastic," Jason grunted, pushing up and slowly easing his softening prick out of her cum-filled ass.

"So you liked it?" she murmured when his prick came slithering out of her ass

followed by a stream of his creamy cum as her anus lazily closed. "You liked my cherry ass!"

"Cherry?" he muttered. "You never..."

"No, I never..." she smiled up at him as she dropped her legs back down onto the bed. "It was my first time...you're the only man who has been there...not even your father has been there..."

Jason was filled with adoration for her. She had given him her ass, which she had never shared with any other man. It made him feel so special...so privileged...now it was something private and exclusive between the two of them...she had never let another man have it...it was his, and his alone!

Jason had been living with his mother for two weeks when they got news that Ned could return home in a week. Jason was devastated knowing that he would have to move back to his own apartment. Not only would he lose his steady supply of his mother's fantastic pussy and ass, but he wouldn't get a chance to convince his mother to fulfill his one last fantasy. A three-way with another guy! But, what the hell, he thought to himself...he had a whole week to work on it. His father, Ned wouldn't be home until next Friday!

That night at the supper table, Jason thought he would bring up his fantasy...

He was sitting across from his mother who was wearing the same gown that she had worn on that first, fateful night as she sat picking at her food.

"Mother..." he said, trying to gather enough courage to continue.

"Yes...Honey...what is it?" she asked, a soft smile on her lips.

"Have you ever...ever, uh, you know...done a...done a three-way thing?" he was finally able to choke out.

"What? What do you mean?" she asked him, frowning with a confused look on her pretty face.

"You know...you...you and two guys..." he muttered, wishing that he hadn't started it all now.

"No! Never! I've never done anything like that!" she indignantly told him, a hint of anger creeping into her voice. "Why do you ask?"

"I...I don't know...I was just wondering..." he said, having difficulty getting the words out.

"Why? Why would you ask me a thing like that?" she asked him, staring at him in disbelief.

"I'm sorry...sorry...forget I said anything..." he mumbled, his face turning red as he stared down at the food in his plate.

"You? You don't..." she said, her mouth dropping open as she stared at him. "You don't want us...you and me...and...and another man...do you?"

"Forget I ever said anything," he mumbled, picking at his food with his fork, wishing there was a hole he could crawl into.

"Isn't what we're doing sick and twisted enough for you?" she snarled. "Now you want to bring another man into it...and make it even sicker and more perverted? I...I can't believe you!"

"I'm sorry...forget I said anything," he tried again, pushing his plated back and getting up.

Her eyes angrily followed him as he slowly trudged around the table to where she sat staring at him in stunned incredulity.

"Don't touch me," she warned him, reaching out and pushing him away. "I thought we had something special...something between us that was...was sacred...something that no one else could ever even imagine...and now you want to desecrate that by bringing another person into it...How could you?"

With that, she shoved herself to her feet and went storming out of the room. Jason listened to the clomp of her high heels on the floor as she rushed toward her bedroom. Then, the angry slam of her door echoed throughout the house as she disappeared inside it.

What an idiot, Jason fumed at himself. Not only had he screwed up ever having a chance at a threesome, he had probably fucked the whole thing up. She would



probably never even speak to him again, he angrily thought to himself as he cleared the dishes off the table and stacked them in the sink.

Their first argument, he told himself. And it had been a doozy! Not only that, it could be there last argument, too! He had never seen her so angry!

Stepping over to the bar, he poured himself a big drink and took it over to the couch. Sitting there in his misery, he wondered what he could do to make it up to his mother, but nothing came to his mind. A second drink brought no results, as did a third and a fourth.

But at least, the sharpness of their conflict had been dulled by the alcohol he tipsily thought as he sat staring out into the darkness. Backing off the booze, he wished that he could go to her and somehow explain what he had meant. But he couldn't, because in his inebriated state, he would only make things worse! If that were possible...

Finally, Jason decided to go back to his apartment. It was only eight blocks away, and the walk would probably do him some good...

The next day passed in a blur for Jason, but he somehow got through it...

Getting into his car, he sat contemplating whether he should go to his mother's house or not. Finally, he gathered up enough courage to face her. Reaching down, he turned the ignition key and slowly drove toward her house.

Stepping up to her front door, he anxiously rang the doorbell and waited. It was only a few moments before he saw the door open. As it did, he saw his mother standing there looking at him. He couldn't make out her mood as her face showed no emotion at all.

"Come in..." she finally said, stepping aside for him.

It was then, through the fog of dread, he realized that she was wearing her gown. The same gown that put everything on display for the world to see. Even in his dire predicament, Jason felt a stirring down inside his pants.

"Where did you go last night?" she asked, shutting the door and turning to face him.

"I...I went back to my apartment," he muttered, wishing there was something he could do to erase the day before.

"You want a drink?" she asked him, stepping across the room, her sheer gown billowing out behind her like a ship's wake.

"Uh, uh, sure," he grunted, not knowing what to make of her demeanor.

He stood quaking in his boots, watching her fill two glasses with the amber liquor.

He still couldn't keep his eyes off her breasts as she came jiggling back toward him, her high heels pinging off the hardwood floor.

Handing him his drink, she turned and clopped over to the couch with her drink in her hand. Plopping down on it, she looked over at him and patted the couch beside her.

"Come," she softly said.

What was going on, Jason asked himself? Was she going to tell him that it was over between them? Was she going to tell him to pack his bags and hit the road?

There was a loud roaring in his ears, his mouth was filled with cotton as he stumbled toward the couch.

Fearfully sitting down beside her, he waited. Waited to see what his fate was.

Then she slowly reached out and laid her hand on his thigh.

"I did a lot of thinking last night," she murmured. "Thinking about what you said..."

"Uh, I'm, I'm sorry..." he muttered, wishing he could find that hole to crawl into again.

"Back before you...you and I...I was seriously considering taking things in my own hands," she went on, giving his thigh a little squeeze. "I was contemplating inviting Randy, the boy who mows my lawn, to help me out with my dilemma..."

"You...you and Randy?" Jason choked out, staring at her incredulously. "Why... he's ...he's just a kid...he can't be more than eighteen!"

"Yes, he's only eighteen," she said. "But I was getting desperate. And I thought since he was only a boy, I could control him easier...keep the affair from becoming common knowledge. Having a boy around to do odd jobs would be a lot easier to explain than having a man around, if you know what I mean...who would think a woman in her sixties and a teenage boy? You know, who would believe it?"

Jason sat listening to her, hardly able to believe that his mother had been considering an affair with her lawn boy. But why not? She had been sexually frustrated by his father's sudden stroke. Hell, she was a woman, after all as he had found out in the last few days. A real, live woman with needs like any other woman, even if she was his mother. But why was she telling him this? Was she...could it be...she and Randy...and him...the three of them?

"I still have some reservations about the threesome thing..." she said, as if reading his mind. "It's not something one just up and jumps into..."

Jason was too stunned to speak as he sat staring at her, wondering where it was all heading.

"But..." she said, pausing to smile while she looked deep into his eyes, "If it is something you really want, I'll consider it. But it's something we have to take one step at a time...First, Randy...then...then, we'll see where it leads us..."

"Uh, uh, okay," he was finally able to mumble, unable to believe that she was actually considering it after her reaction the previous night. But what did she mean, first Randy...and then they'd see where it took them? Did that mean she was going to do it with Randy first? Just her and Randy? Jason felt a spasm of jealousy fire off in his spinning brain.

"Randy is going to mow my lawn tomorrow after school," she told him. "I will invite him in and seduce him...then...then...we'll just have to wait and see..."

Jason couldn't believe that they were sitting on the couch, calmly discussing his mother getting fucked by another man...well, an eighteen year-old boy! He hadn't even considered how he would feel letting another man fuck his mother. All he had thought about was just how fucking hot it would be. But now, now he

was having second thoughts about it all.

"What's wrong?" his mother asked him. "I thought you would be overjoyed that I might agree to your sick fantasy," she coldly smiled as if she reading his mind like a book.

"Uh, I...I don't know," he muttered, his face reddening. "I never really thought about you...you and another man..."

"What? What did you expect? How could you have a threesome without that happening?" she asked, taking a sip off her drink.

"I don't know...I just didn't think..." he floundered. "You and Rand?"

"Well," she said, pausing for another sip. "You'd better get used to the idea. Because, I'm going to seduce Randy tomorrow afternoon...whether you like it or not..."

"But, but," he stammered, not knowing what to say or do as another pang of jealousy ripped through his reeling brain.

His mother...his mother and Randy! He couldn't believe she was going to let the boy fuck her! What an idiot he was to even suggest this whole rotten mess! Maybe, if he showed her how much he loved her, he could talk her out of it.

As she sat staring into his eyes with her cold green eyes, he set his drink down on the coffee table and started to reach for her.

"No! No! Not tonight!" she emphatically told him. "Not until Randy is finished with me! You can't have me until he is through with me..."

"What? You mean...not until then..." he groaned, futilely dropping his hands into his lap.

"Yes! Not until then!" she said, taking a long sip on her drink. "But, if you would like...you can hide in my closet and watch! You can watch me and Randy! You can watch him fuck me! If you would like...Wouldn't that be the next best thing to a threesome?"

Jason felt like he had been hit in the stomach with a baseball bat as a spasm of

jealousy and rage washed over him. Why was she doing this to him? What had he done to deserve such treatment?

"In fact," she went on, pushing up onto her high heels and looking down at him. "I think you'd better spend the night at your apartment. You can come back here tomorrow around three and hide if you wish...if not, you can come over tomorrow night at eight and we can discuss the whole thing...and decide where we're going..."

"But, but..." he whined.

"No, buts, either, pardon the pun..." she said with a sarcastic laugh.

"I'll see you tomorrow..." she said, dismissing him and clopping over to the bar as he stared at her in stunned disbelief.

"But Mom—" Jason whined like a little whipped puppy.

"No—" Marta unequivocally declared. "Go—" she ordered, stabbing out her finger and pointing at the front door.

"Uh, tomorrow..." he choked out, struggling up to his feet.

He felt like a ten-year-old who had just been spanked and sent to his room without supper as he went slinking over to the front door with his tail between his legs....

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At noon, Jason feigned an upset stomach and left work. The whole morning had been a total waste anyway. He couldn't think about anything but his mother and the upcoming seduction of Randy. And the more he thought about it, the more jealous and angry he got.

At his apartment, he sat drinking, anxiously waiting for three o'clock to come. Finally, at two-thirty, he set off walking toward his mother's house. He didn't want to drive, because his car sitting in the driveway could give the whole thing away. Not that, that wasn't a good idea, he angrily thought. Maybe it would

prevent his mother from embarking on her lecherous mission. Down deep in his heart, he didn't believe that she would have the courage to pull it off and was using the threat of doing it as a way of getting back at him. But, on the other hand there was no indication that she wasn't going through with it either, he told himself as he walked along...

Finally arriving at her house, he stepped up and rang the doorbell. Waiting for her to answer, he wished there was a way he could take it all back and make things go back the way they were. But he was finding out that his mother wasn't the meek little Marta he had always thought she was. Now he was finding out that she could be cold and conniving, if she wanted to be. Before he had thought of her as a little weak and wishy-washy, but now he was finding out the when she set her mind to it, nothing would deter her...

Suddenly, the door swung open and he saw his mother standing in front of him. She was wearing the same gown she had worn on that first night. And everything was on open display once again.

"Well," she said, stepping aside and letting him step around her, "I see you decided to come watch after all..."

"You don't really have to go through with this, Mom," Jason whined. "Let's just forget it and go back to the way it was before..."

"But Jason, Baby," she softly laughed, closing the door. "I know I don't have to go through with it...but, Honey, I want to..."

"Mother, please..." Jason fussed "I'm sorry. I apologize. I don't want to go through with it."

"I wonder what his cock looks like," she absently-mindedly asked, seeming to ignore him as he stood watching her, drowning in the lake of jealousy he suddenly found himself floundering around in. "I wonder if it's as big as yours? It's got to be pretty close...the way he fills out his jeans. I bet it's a big one... what do you think?"

"Mother..." Jason groaned, watching her swish over to the bar.

It was then, he saw that she was wearing a pair of at least five-inch tall stiletto heels. They were just about the sexist thing he had ever seen with their slender,

spike heels and the dainty little strap of leather that encircled her trim ankles. And, they were bright, fire-engine red, sharply contrasting with the filmy white of her gown.

"Oh, do you like my new shoes?" she asked him when she stopped at the bar. "I bought them just for this special occasion. Do you think Randy will like them?"

"Mother," Jason whined. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"But, dear," she softly laughed, giving him a cold smile. "I thought this is what you wanted...drink?"

"Yeah...I guess," he muttered, stepping toward where she stood.

"Now, remember," she said watching him walk toward her. "Keep your hands to yourself. You can't have anything until Randy has had his first."

It was like he had an open wound and she was pouring salt into it by the cupful as barb after barb came whistling his way. And every last one of them landing right on target...

"Mother, please..." Jason whimpered.

"After Randy's through, maybe..." she said, taking a sip on her drink as she held his out to him.

Taking his drink from her, he glanced down at his watch. Seeing that it was already three-twenty, he knew that school let out around three-fifteen, so Randy would already be on his way. Just then, as if to prove his point, he heard a lawnmower start up out in front of the house.

"Well, he's here..." she said, clopping over to the window looking out onto the front yard.

"Mother, he can see you," Jason fussed.

"Isn't that the point," she laughed, standing back so that the neighbors could see her, but close enough to the window that Randy could see her if he looked. Then Jason saw her wave out the window knowing full well that the way the sun was shining through the window, the boy could see everything his mother had

through the thin, diaphanous gown.

"Oh, My, he is certainly filling out his pants nicely, today!" Marta exclaimed, looking over her shoulder at Jason and winking.

"God, Mother...give it a break," he muttered. "You've made your point..."

"I think it's about time for you to go to your little hideaway," she said, turning toward him. "You wouldn't want Randy to see you and ruin everything, would you?"

"Fuck!" Jason snorted, tipping up his glass and finishing off his drink in one long gulp.

Slamming his glass down on the bar, Jason turned and headed off down the hallway toward his mother's bedroom. Stepping into the room, he saw that the closet door was conspicuously open. She had been ready for him, he angrily thought. She must really be enjoying the way he was suffering...gloating in her victory over him!

Stepping into the closet, he shuffled around hiding behind her clothes and even pulling a pair of her boots over in front of him to hide his shoes. He didn't know how long he stood looking out through the opening before he finally heard the lawnmower chug to a stop.

Randy was done, he frantically thought. Finished mowing her lawn and now he was going to come inside and finish his business with her. After a few seconds, he heard the murmur of voices coming from out in the living room. Then, as he listened, the drone of their voices grew louder and louder.

"I've been thinking of this for a long, long time," he heard his mother say as she came clapping into the room with Randy in tow.

"God, Mrs. Campbell, you're so sexy!" Randy muttered, his eyes glued to her jiggling ass.

"You really think so," Marta murmured, letting go of his hand and leaning down.

Before Randy knew what had hit him, she pulled her gown up over her head and tossed it on the bed.

"Damn!" Randy cursed, staring at her in stunned shock as his gawking eyes flitted up and down her body.

Sickly, Jason saw that his mother had been right as the front of Randy's pants was bulged out impressively.

"Now, let's see what you have hidden in here," Marta grinned, easing to her knees in front of him. "It looks like a nice, big one..."

"Uh, yeah," Randy choked out as her fingers found the button on his jeans and popped it open.

"Oh...how big?" she giggled softly, spreading his pants apart to reveal the swell of his cock jutting out against the material of his shorts.

"Uh...eight...eight inches..." he grunted out as she dug her fingers under the waistband of his shorts and began to slowly inch them down off his hips.

Eight inches! God, he was just as big as I am, Jason sickly thought.

"Oh! My! It is a big one!" Marta exclaimed as his shorts slipped down off the stiff, erect monster.

As the waistband cleared the jutting monstrosity, it sprang to attention, so stiff and hard it shot up into the air and slapped against his belly.

Damn, Jason enviously thought. To Jason, through the fog of jealousy enveloping his head, Randy's cock looked huge. Even bigger than his own impressive organ!

Marta continued to push the boy's pants and shorts down his muscular legs until they were wrapped around his ankles. Then, much to the dismay of Jason, she turned her attention back to the monster jutting out of Randy's hairy groin.

"It looks good enough to eat," Marta grinned, glancing over at the closet.

As Jason looked on, she wrapped her hands around Randy's hips and turned him just a little. Just enough to make sure that Jason got the full benefit of what's she was about to do. Smiling up at the boy, she locked her eyes on his and teasingly bent his big peter down to her mouth. Then Jason saw the evil ogre twitch as his

mother eased her full, red lips down over its head and onto its thick shaft.

"Damn, Mrs. Campbell—" Randy snorted out as she gave his cock a loud, wet slurp.

Backing her mouth of his cock, she continued to look up at him.

"Marta, Randy, Babe, Marta. Call me, Marta," she told him, easing her mouth back down around his jutting cock.

"Marta," he choked out as she began to work her head back and forth, hungrily sucking and slurping on his twitching cock.

Jason was being torn in two as he watched his mother sucking on the boy's peter. One side of him was disgusted and repulsed by what he saw. But another side of him was growing more and more excited as he watched her. He couldn't help himself as he reached down and quickly unzipped his pants. Reaching down inside them, he jerked his peter out and began to slowly stroke it as he gawked on at them in a schizophrenic daze.

As he watched, Randy reached down and grabbed hold of a fistful of Marta's long, blond hair. She continued to suck on his cock as he began to roughly jerk her head back and forth by her hair.

"Yeah...yeah, Baby...suck that thing," Randy panted as his hips flew back and forth pumping his peter in and out of her Marta's mouth. "Keep sucking on it hard...yeah like that...cause old Randy's about to give you a mouth full..."

"Umpffff...Umpffff!" she gurgled out around this pistoning prick, trying to pull her mouth off the embedded giant.

Fighting against him, she finally succeeded in backing her mouth off his jutting cock.

"Save it...save it for my cunt!" she gasped out, pushing him away and struggling up onto her stiletto heels.

As she did, Jason watched Randy's big cock angrily twitching up and down, seemingly dangerously close to an eruption.

Scrambling up onto the bed, Marta rolled over onto her back and threw her legs apart. Randy had his hand wrapped around his cock watching her as she ran her hand down to her pussy.

Jason could see that it was covered with her juices as she lazily began to rub and flick at her jutting clit.

"Would you like a little taste of this, first?" she grinned up at Randy, slowly running her finger up and down the juice-filled crevice between her swollen, gorged pussy-lips then bringing it back to her clit.

"I've...I've never seen a clit that big," Randy grunted, crawling up onto the bed. "It looks like a little dick!"

"Well," she giggled childishly, "maybe you'd like to suck on it then, just like I sucked on your dick..." she softly laughed, turning, scooting around until her exposed, gaping pussy were pointing directly at the partially-open closet door.

Randy needed no further prompting as his head dipped down between her splayed-out legs and he lowered his mouth down onto the seeping wetness there.

"Ummmmmmmm..." Marta groaned out as the boy's long, pink tongue found her pussy.

Jason could see the boy's tongue licking up and down and over his mother's juice-drenched pussy as she gently thrust herself back up at it. He was enraged on the one hand, but growing more and more aroused on the other as he watched the boy devouring his mother's hot snatch.

Jason's hand was moving back and forth on his now fully-hardened penis as he gawked on in a testosterone-induced rage.

"My clit...my clit..." Marta murmured, running her hands down to Randy's head, digging her fingers down into the boy's sweaty hair, turning his head, guiding his tongue up onto her jutting clit.

The excitement of being eaten right in front of her son had her on the edge of a fiery eruption as she felt Randy's lips finally wrap around her protruding clit.

"Yeah, Baby, suck on it!" she growled out, thrusting herself up at him at the

same time she shoved his mouth down around her jutting clit.

Randy began to roughly suck and pull on her throbbing clit at the same time he flicked his tongue back and forth across its swollen tip. She could feel the pressure inside it building as he sucked and flicked harder and faster. The pressure down inside her salivating womb was growing hotter and hotter as it spread up to her pussy and clit. As it did, her pussy was pumping out juice by the spoonfuls. The thick, clinging goo was literally dripping from Randy's chin, dropping down to his shirt. Blending in with the sweat stains there.

Lifting her legs up, she clamped her thighs against his cheeks and draped her long, shapely legs down onto his muscled back, digging her long, sharp heels into his back and drawing him even closer. As she did, Jason could see that Randy was humping his hips up and down, rubbing his cock against the bed as he devoured Marta's hot, little cunt. Jason could feel his own juices beginning to boil and bubble as he dropped his hand away from this cock. He had to prolong the wait and save the load of cum down inside his ball for her cunt...

Clutching and clawing at Randy's back as she shoved her heels into it, she groaned out her nearness. Her pussy was jerking up and down, her naked ass pattering around on the bed. She felt herself rushing closer and closer to the grand conclusion. Closer and closer to that gush of adrenaline that would give her the fiery release she so wanted...and needed.

She couldn't believe how low she had stooped in the last few days. From frustration to incest and now to voyeurism and exhibitionism. And right in front of her son. She would never have guessed she could have become the slut she was. Maybe she'd been this way all along but had kept it hidden from herself and the world.

Whatever, she frantically thought. It didn't really matter right now. The only thing that mattered was the burning urgency growing down between her straining thighs. The flames grew hotter and hotter as she groveled under the boy's unrelenting attack.

Then, suddenly it was on her as she felt a rush of pleasure wash over her. As it did, she felt her pussy begin to spasm and convulse, forcing out gushes of her hot juice that spewed out onto Randy's goo-covered chin. Her legs shot out straight and began to quiver and shake, wetly slapping up and down on the boy's

sweaty back as she hunched herself up at his mouth. Grabbing hold of her quivering breasts, she mercilessly clutched and grabbed at them, taking out her own passion on them. Her head was flopping back and forth, slinging her long, blond hair about as she arched her back and thrust herself up at his hungry mouth. The demented perversion of her own wickedness fueled the climax, adding a new and unexpected intensity to it as she saw Jason peeking out from his hiding place in the closet.

"Wow...Randy," she finally groaned, her muscles softening and relaxing as she melted back down on the bed. "That was fantastic..."

"I like to do that..." he grinned, slowly running his long, pink tongue around his juice-coated lips and adding, "I like the way you taste, too..."

"You are quite a find," she smiled, pushing herself up to a sitting position.

Then, as he pushed himself up to his feet, Marta saw that his big cock was still sticking out, hard and ripe, primed to do its dirty deed.

"Impatient, isn't he?" she laughed, clutching her hand around his twitching peter and giving it a squeeze. "Let's see if we can find someplace to put him..."

Letting go of his peter, she slowly rolled over and pushed up onto her hands and knees.

"Nice view, Mrs. Camp...Marta..." Randy told her as she wiggled her hot, little ass at him.

"Well, crawl up here and give me some of that hot meat of yours," she snickered, spreading her legs apart wider to make room for him between them, then looking down between them to make sure that Jason had a ring-side view of it all.

Jason watched enviously as Randy crawled up on the bed and up between his mother's calves. Marta looked back between her big, dangling tits, watching the boy shuffle up between her legs. As she did, she could see his big dick pointing straight out at her as he curled his hand around the beast and slowly lifted its evil, barbed head up to her drooling cunt. She could see that she was so wet, a long, stringy strand of juice stretched from her pussy down to the bedspread below. She was so ready for him, she told herself as she felt the tip of his cock slide up between the gorged lips of her cunt. So ready, she told herself, leaning

back while he wrapped his hand around the swell of her hips and pulled her back onto the invading giant. Her gluttonous cunt consumed his huge peter in one long, hungry gulp as she pushed back taking him all the way up to his big, hairy balls.

His cock was now fully buried up inside her cunt as she felt his curly pubic hairs tickling the smooth skin of her upturned ass cheeks.

"Oh, yeah, Baby," she groaned out, as he continued to pull at her hips, sinking his big dick ever deeper into the hot, clutching depths of her pussy.

"You're so hot! So tight! So wet!" Randy grunted, jerking his hips back and pulling his cock back down the channel of her juice-slickened cunt.

Then he began to attack her pussy with a vengeance, plunging his cock into her pussy as deep as it would go on every lunging thrust. He was like a mad man, jerking her back on his peter every time he sent it ripping up into her pussy. She was loving the fevered attack on her pussy, but she had one last barb to send flying at Jason before she was finished with her revenge on him.

"In...in my ass...come in my ass!" she gasped out, jerking her hips forward and dislodging Randy's primed cock.

"What? In your ass?" Randy gasped, looking down at his twitching, juice-drenched prick as it bobbed up and down, its tapered head already buried in the crack of her ass.

"Yes! Yes! In my ass," she hissed out, purposefully staring straight at Jason.

Damn her, Jason silently cursed. She's going to let him have her ass, too. Bitch! Slut! Whore! He raged watching Randy grab hold of his cock and place its tapered tip down onto the puckered, pink opening of her asshole.

Holding onto his cock, keeping it straight, Randy leaned forward and slowly slid his cock into her asshole. Marta felt the sphincter resist at first, but as the giant cock-head spread her open, her anus began to relax and all of a sudden all eight inches of the rock-hard slab of boy-meat went slithering down inside her ass.

As Randy began to work his hips back and forth, she thrust herself back against him, taking him up to the hilt on every powerful stroke. She was being rocked

back and forth by the power of Randy's assault and she could see the clothes in her closet softly rustling as her eyes found Jason's big hard dick pointing straight out at her while he pounded his hand up and down it.

"Oh...oh...oh...feels so good," she murmured out, staring directly at Jason as she teasingly ran her tongue around her lips. "Feels so good in my ass..."

"So fucking tight! Gonna blow...gonna blow..." Jason wheezed out as his attack on her ass became even more frantic.

"Yeah...yeah...blow...come in my ass...come in my ass and fill it with your hot stuff!" she groaned out, humping herself back against his pounding attack.

Jason choked back a groan as he felt his peter lurch and spew out a giant gush of cum. He watched as the spume of creamy white goo shot out of his cock and splattered onto the door where it formed a stream and slowly trickled down it.

Watching Jason, Marta saw a thick, gooey stream of cum come spurting out of Jason's cock. Luckily, she sickly thought, he had aimed it at the door so it didn't hit the carpet and give him away.

Almost at the same instant, Randy drove his prick into her ass as deep as it would go and gave out a loud grunt. Then she felt a warm gush of his cum spill out into her ass as he pulled her back onto his cock.

Jason slowly milked his cock, squeezing out every last drop of cum as he watched Randy's ass clench and relax, clench and relax, clench and relax while he held his cock shoved down deep inside Marta's beautiful ass. He could only imagine how much cum must be spurting out of Randy's peter. It must be gallons, he sickly thought as Randy came and came.

"So much...so much cum," Marta groaned out as at last, she felt his prick stop firing off down inside her cum-filled rectum. "So much cum..."

"Yeah," Randy grunted, leaning down over her and giving her sweaty back a soft kiss.

Backing away from her, Randy slowly pulled his shrinking manhood back down her drenched rectum and out of her ass. She felt a slight twinge of pain as the big cock-head spread her asshole wider as it made its way out of it.

Jason watched Randy's big prick flop down between his thighs as it came slithering out of his mother's widely stretched asshole.

Marta flopped down on her belly and then disentangling her legs from around his, rolled over onto her back.

"That was very nice..." she murmured, lying on her back with her legs spread as she looked up at him.

"Yeah...awesome..." he grunted. "I never did it that way before..."

"Really?" she said, smiling up at him.

"Nope, never," he grunted.

"Well, maybe there are some other things that I can teach you," she said, running her hand down to her pussy. "But that will have to be another day. I'm afraid that you have to leave now because I'm expecting my son home pretty soon. And we wouldn't want him to find out about this."

"Uh, yeah, uh, okay," Randy said, backing off the bed.

Leaning down, he grabbed hold of his pants and shorts and pulled them up his hairy legs.

"Could you do a few chores for me on Thursday afternoon...after school?" she coyly asked, suggestively fingering her big clit as he buttoned his pants.

"Yeah, uh, yes, Ma'am, Mrs., uh, Marta," he grinned. "I sure can..."

"Good," she laughed softly. "I'll see you Thursday afternoon...but you'd better hurry on home now!"

Jason watched on in a jealous rage as the teenager reached down and gave Marta's ankle an intimate squeeze and then went clomping out of the room. Sometimes, you'd better watch out for what you wish for because it might not turn out just like you want...

The End

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About the Author

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his 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 Four, 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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