

MOMS AND SONS - VOL SIX

(Dancing with Mom)



Baron LeSade

MOMS AND SONS - VOL SIX

(Dancing with Mom)



Baron LeSade

Moms and Sons, Volume Six

(Dancing with Mom)

Published by Baron LeSade at Smashwords

Copyright 2013 Baron LeSade

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, internet, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the owner.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re—sold or given to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your personal use only, then please return and purchase your own copy as you are breaking the law. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Liability

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious and those involved in sexual situations are over the age of eighteen. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental. No responsibility or liability is assumed or accepted by the author for any claimed financial losses and/or damages sustained to persons from the use of the information used in this publication, personal or otherwise, either directly or indirectly. While every

effort has been made to ensure reliability and accuracy of the information within, all liability, negligence or otherwise, from any misuse or abuse of the operation of any methods, strategies, instructions or ideas contained in the material herein, is the sole responsibility of the reader. By reading past this point you are accepting these terms and conditions and acknowledging that you are eighteen.

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

Table of Contents

[Do You Want to Dance](#)

[The Dance](#)

Do You Want to Dance

Chapter One – The Prelude

Chapter Two – Tee Time

Chapter Three – Lights-Camera-Action

Chapter Four – Awaiting Trial in the Dungeon

Chapter Five – The Trial

End

Chapter One – The Prelude

It was a steamy Saturday afternoon and Jason was sitting by the pool listening to the throb of the music blaring from the speakers. His parents were inside dancing and having a few drinks. He hoped the neighbors didn't mind because they had the music cranked way up. But everyone in the neighborhood was probably used to it as this was a kind of a Saturday ritual for them. He couldn't remember when it had begun, but at least once a month, they would have a few drinks and spend the afternoon dancing. And then, they would disappear into their bedroom for the night, or at least they used to disappear into their bedroom...

Jason smiled to himself, guessing what must have gone on in their bedroom as he had heard the sounds of their lovemaking last late into the night many times. Not that he could blame his father, George because Carey was a fine looking woman for her age. Let's see, he thought, she must be around thirty-nine, no, thirty-eight. He could almost picture his father and mother fucking as he sat sipping on a beer and working on his tan. Knowing that he shouldn't be thinking about his parents in that way, he felt his cock gradually begin to harden and grow inside his baggy bathing suit. He couldn't help it though, they were just so obvious sometimes.

But then, about a year ago, things had changed. They had started going out for the night after their afternoon of dancing instead of spending the night in bed. The sounds of their love-making no longer came from their bedroom when they returned from their night out. In fact, Jason couldn't remember the last time he had heard them making hay down in their bedroom. He didn't know why. They still acted like they were in love and all that stuff, but the sounds just never came from their room anymore.

While their Saturday ritual had changed, their observance of Sunday hadn't changed in years. His parents would get up, read the paper, have breakfast and then play a round or two of golf. You could bank on that one because it never changed, he thought to himself...

Sweat ran down his arm as he set the empty beer can down and flipped open the cooler sitting by his chair. Wishing he had a girl to dance with and then spend the night in bed with, too, he popped open another beer and promptly chugged half of it down.

Belching loudly, he heard the patio door slide open. Turning his head, he

watched as his mother and father gamboled out onto the patio.

"Haven't you burnt to a crisp yet," his mother chirped at him as she and his father swirled and pirouetted across the patio.

"No, not yet," he laughed watching his mother's big, round tits wiggle and jiggle under the wispy bikini top.

He knew that he shouldn't be ogling her breasts, but the bikini she wore did little to hide them. And if she was going to flaunt them, he might as well enjoy them.

"Want to join us?" she asked him, holding out a half empty bottle of Jack Daniels.

"Sure," Jason grinned, taking the bottle from his mother and pouring some into his beer can.

"My own special kind of boiler maker."

"Sounds good," she giggled, still cavorting to the beat of the music, "can you make me one?"

"Sure," he laughed, reaching down and flipping open the lid of his cooler.

"Don't forget about me," his father chimed in as he flounced around in rhythm with the music.

"Two Jason boiler-makers coming up," he said, pulling two more beers out of the cooler. Popping the first one open, he chugged half of it down.

He was lucky, he thought to himself. His parents didn't mind if he drank as long as he drank at home. As long as he didn't get too drunk, they didn't say a word. In fact, they almost encouraged him to drink.

Jason tipped up the bottle of Jack and poured a healthy splash into the can.

"Here you go, Mom," he grinned, handing her the beer.

"Thank you, Sir," she laughed, tipping up the can and taking a long pull on it. Then, still rolling her hips and moving with the beat of the music, she grinned at

him as she stifled a burp. Jason laughed and watched a trickle of beer dribble down her chin and drip down onto her heaving breasts.

Jason jerked out another beer and quickly chugged half of it down. Burping quietly, he quickly topped off his father's beer with more Jack and handed it back to him. His father took it and promptly downed most of it before setting the can down.

"Well, you got me out here to dance," he announced to Carey, "Let's do it."

"Watch this for me," his mother told Jason handing him her beer can.

Jason took her beer and watched as she began to sensuously twist and turn in rhythm with the music. A sheen of perspiration covered her beautifully tanned skin, glistening and sparkling in the bright sun. Sipping on his drink, he let his eyes wander over her body as he felt his manhood continue to stir and harden down inside his bathing trunks. It all made for quite the sensual show; the heat; the sun; the primitive throb of the music; the booze; her glistening skin; her billowing mahogany hair; her wonderful breasts bouncing and bobbing erotically; her tight, quivering ass; the sweeping arc of her gorgeous legs all swam in his head as he found himself thinking about what she and his father did in bed. Did they do any kinky stuff or was it just plain vanilla fucking.

Cut it out, he reprimanded himself. That is your mother you're fantasizing about and a son shouldn't be thinking those kinds of thoughts about his mother. It would probably make him go blind or something. But, he had to admit, she was a beautiful, sexy woman. The prettiest mom on the block, by far.

She sure didn't look thirty-eight, he thought. She didn't look a day over thirty. If she was as wild in bed as she was on the dance floor, his father must have a hard time keeping up with her, he grinned as he watched her bump and grind, rubbing her sweat-slicked body all over his father.

He could tell that his father was tiring quickly as he danced slower and slower. His father was definitely beginning to show his age with the beginnings of his spare tire jiggling up and down around his waist as he danced...

Finally, after three fast dances in a row, Jason's father was huffing and puffing like a locomotive chugging up a mountain.

"Gotta take ab-brak, Carey," he panted as the song finally ended. "Yur just too much fer me," he wheezed, gasping for air and holding his chest while he staggered over to one of the chairs and flopped down in it.

"You must be trying to give me a heart attack," he grumbled, tipping up his drink and finishing it as he sat in the shade of a big beach umbrella.

"Wimp," she laughed, taking her drink from Jason, her hips still undulating to the throb of the next tune.

Swaying suggestively to the primal pulse of the music, she turned the beer can up and downed her drink in one long gulp.

"Nother one, barkeep," she chirped, her hips still swaying to the beat of the music.

"Sure thing," Jason told, popping open another beer.

Quickly gulping down half of it, he splashed another healthy shot of Jack into it before handing it back to her.

"Do yuh wanna dance?" she grinned down at him over the rim of the beer can as she took a sip of her drink, her shapely hips never stopping.

"I thought you would never ask."

"Well, come on," she giggled, reaching down to help him out of the chair.

Jason couldn't help ogling her big, full breasts as they jiggled and heaved as she pulled him to his feet.

"Shume on and we show t old man hows done," she laughed, her speech beginning to slur as she began to bump and grind to the beat of the music.

Jason shuffled his feet in time with the music and watched on appreciatively as his mother danced. What in the world is keeping her big tits from flopping out, he wondered as he pranced around her.

Then, as he lifted his eyes from her bobbing, rolling breast, he saw her watching him with a smirky, little grin playing at her lips.

Her eyes locked on his as she danced closer to him. Staring into her deep, tawny eyes, he found himself almost hypnotized by the sinuous movement of her beautiful, tan body.

Then she danced up even closer. Weaving herself around him, she gently brushed his hip with hers and then with a graceful twist of her hips, she brushed his other hip.

Why was she teasing him like this, he uncomfortably wondered? And right in front of his father.

Still unable to take his eyes off her, he watched as she leisurely slipped around behind him. Turning his head from one side to the other, he tried to follow her movement, but she stopped directly behind him. He started to turn and face her when he felt the touch of her soft, round butt on his butt.

What in the hell was going on? He had never seen her act this way toward him. She was teasing him with her body. And it was working, he groaned to himself as he felt his rock-hard cock throbbing painfully. Maybe it was the booze or the sun or the pounding throb of the music that was making her act so crazy, he thought as he felt her rub the soft, roundness of her firm ass against him.

The wicked thrill of being taunted by his mother in such a sexually suggestive manner was making his head swim as he stood still reveling in the feel of her ass against his.

God, how can I be getting hot and bothered by my own mother, he muttered to himself as he pushed back against the insistent pressure of her firm ass?

All of a sudden, Jason remembered that his father was sitting on the patio watching their obscene conniptions. Blushing with shame, knowing that they must look like a pair of birds acting out some primal courting ritual, he nervously glanced over at his father...

With a start, he saw his father's head had flopped down on his chest and his eyes were closed. Had he had a heart attack?

Then he saw his father's chest rising and falling and he realized that his father had just dozed off.

"Yura preddy good dancer," his mother complimented him in a low, sultry voice as she finally moved out from behind him, twirling around in front of him again.

"So are you," he whispered back, trying to match his movements to hers, "and pretty, too."

"Oh, really," she lecherously grinned, bumping him with her hip again, "you mean that you think your old mom still has it?"

"Of course," he grinned back a little bump and grind of his own, bumping his hip back against hers. "Prettiest mom in the neighborhood."

Just about that time the music on the radio stopped

"Well, thank you," she said, breathing heavily as she stepped up and put her arms around his neck.

They both stood there looking into the other's eyes, panting and waiting for the next song.

Then, just as the song began, she leaned up and gave him a quick, soft kiss on the lips.

Then the music started up again, but this time it had a much slower beat.

"Yuh know hw to slow dnce, too?" she grinned at him, pulling him up against her big, soft breasts.

"Well, I don't know if I am as good as you," he said as she pressed herself against him and they began to sway to the beat of the music.

Then as they danced belly to belly, a strange look came into her eyes.

Flustered that she knew he had an erection, he didn't know what to do.

"Oh, my..." she blurted out, her face flushing a bright red.

"Jeez, Mom, I'm sorry," he mumbled.

"Are yuh drunk, Jasn Wright?" she gushed out, staring into his eyes.

But, she didn't try to pull back or move away from him as they continued to sway to the sound of the music.

"Yeah, a little. Aren't you?" he was finally able to say.

"Yes, I tink so," she mumbled as they continued to sway to the rhythm of the music with their bodies pressed tightly together.

He wanted to press himself against her and show her just how hard she had made him, but he knew he couldn't. She was his mother...

Then the song ended, but they continued to dance and sway until another slow song began.

Finally, Jason found the courage to ever so gently press his insistence against her.

"It's sure is hot out here," she murmured, but still made no effort to back away from the subtle pressure of his maleness pressing against her belly. "Don't you tink so?"

"I tink so," he mimicked, pressing his cock against her even more insistently.

"I tink I would like go inside n dnce," she finally said, "would you?"

"Yes, I would," he softly said, gently pulling her to him tighter.

Glancing over at his sleeping father again, Jason thought he felt his mother press herself against him ever so slightly as he slowly danced her toward the patio door.

Finally, they were at the door and Jason reluctantly eased away from her to open it.

He didn't know what would happen when they got inside, but a nagging little doubt in the back of his head told him that she would tell him to go away and stop bothering her.

But she didn't.

He watched as she slowly stepped inside and stood waiting for him to join her. Thanking his lucky stars, he quickly stepped inside and pulled the door closed behind them.

Looking over his shoulder, making another quick check on his father, Jason turned and found his mother smiling and slowly swaying, rolling her hips to the rhythm of the music. As he stepped toward her, she quickly melted into his arms again as they began to gently sway to the beat of the music once again.

Jason was on very unfamiliar footing. Where was this all leading anyway, he wondered as they danced belly to belly around the room? What did he think was going to happen? His mother was acting very drunk, and very UN-motherly as she pressed her soft, warm body against him. He had never considered his mother to be anything other than his mother, but now, he was having different thoughts. Weird, sick thoughts about her. His own mother. But after all, she was a woman, too. And at the moment, she was acting more like a woman in heat than his mother.

As they danced, Jason tried to keep an eye on his sleeping father out by the pool.

Jason's mind was in chaos. The feel of his mother's soft, hot skin plastered against him was making him giddy. He needed a woman. But this wasn't just a woman. This was his mother. He couldn't want her. It just wasn't right for a son to want to, to, to, hell, he couldn't even say it.

But, even though he couldn't say it, his body's primal instincts were strong, and he felt himself slipping deeper into the cesspool of desire for his mother.

Growing bolder, Jason slowly moved his hands down her back. Not rushing it, it took him several moments to finally reach her lower back where the swell of her perfect round buttocks began. Then, running his hands down over the soft outswell of her buttocks, he moved his hands down until he was cupping her wondrous ass in his hands. It was so soft and squishy.

He felt his body shudder in excitement as he gently pulled her against his hardness as they danced. She made no move to stop him.

Then, when he had been expecting her to object, she surprised him even more when she wrapped her arms around his neck and began to press roll her hips and suggestively rub herself against his rock-hard cock as they danced.

With her pressing herself against him, he found himself growing bolder by the moment as he loosened his hold on her firm, round ass. Light-headed from the passion flowing through his body, Jason slowly caressed her back as he searched for the strap of her bikini top. Finding it, he fumbled with it until he found the tiny clasp that held her top wrapped around her big round breasts. Pushing and poking at it with his fingers, he was surprised when all of a sudden it gave way and he felt the straps go limp in his hand.

"Oh," she whispered.

Still holding onto the slack straps, he felt his mother slowly back away from him for a moment. Looking down at her beautiful, full breasts, he felt the strap slip out of his numb fingers as the wispy top of her bikini slowly fell down between them to the floor. As it did, she pressed her big, naked breasts into his hairy chest.

Glancing out the door to check on his father again, Jason felt his mother lean up and nibble on his ear.

Thankfully, his father slept on.

Could this really be happening? He couldn't believe it was, but he knew he wasn't dreaming.

Buoyed by the rapid exposure of his mother's mountainous tits, Jason quickly slid his hands back down to her butt, this time searching for the knotted bows on her hips that held her bikini bottom together. Finding them. He plucked at them and they both suddenly unraveled under his fingers.

What in the fuck was he doing, he asked himself? Everything had a dreamlike quality about it as he pushed the loosened bottom down over the soft, swell of her hips. Inching back away from him again, she let him push it down until all at once, it slithered out of his fingers, immediately sliding her wickedly-long legs until it curled itself around her ankles.

He was so excited, he could barely breathe as he felt his mother step back away from him.

He watched on in stunned disbelief as she daintily hooked the bikini bottom of the tip of her shoe and kicked it up into the air.

Jason gawked on, watching the wispy piece of material and her shoe both fly up into the air as his mother wobbled and grabbed onto his arm for support.

He could see that she had a tipsy grin on her pretty red lips as held onto his arm to keep from falling while she proceeded to kick her other shoe off. The high heeled pump slipped off her dainty foot, did a couple of loops in the air and landed against the baseboard by the bar.

She was now naked. She didn't have a single stitch of clothes on.

As if she was finally aware of what was happening, she slowly turned and looked out at the patio to where his father lay on the chaise lounge.

Letting his eyes follow hers, he saw that his father was still sleeping.

Then, she turned back around and stepped back up to him. As he started to pull her into his arms, she surprised him when she slipped her thumbs into the waistband of his bathing trunks. Gawking at her in disbelief, he watched her as she quickly push down, shoving his trunks down his muscular legs, freeing his rock-hard penis that rapidly sprang up out in the open to greet her.

"Oh, God—"she wheezed, staring down at the twitching, bobbing giant as she let go of his trunks and let them fall down around his ankles.

Her eyes were the size of silver dollars as she staggered a couple of steps, openly gawking down at the stiff, pink column of rock-hard meat jutting up out of his groin.

Stopping, she stood weaving unsteadily for several long seconds as she looked down at his cock and then back up to his face.

"Nuther dink," she mumbled, turning, looking over at the bottle of Jack Daniel sitting on the bar beside them.

"You want another drink?" he asked her.

"Yes, need nuthr dink."

"You sure?"

"Need nuthr dink..." she fussed, turning back to him and staring at his big cock as it bobbed up and down in front of him.

"If you're sure..." he told her, picking up the bottle of Jack Daniels and handing it to her.

Feeling her take it from him, Jason watched as she turned it up and chugged down a long gulp.

Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, she handed the bottle back to him.

"Bebber," she softly said.

Feeling the emotion arcing between them, Jason brought the bottle to his lips and chugged down a mouthful of the stinging liquor.

"Mother, what do you want me to do?" Jason groaned as he stood staring at her.

"Raymnd potent," she blubbered, leaning against the bar. "Long time."

"What?"

"Raymnd impont," she said again. "No sx, long, long time."

"Dad's impotent, ED?"

"Yesh. Long time."

"I didn't know..."

"Yesh."

"Why?"

"Done No, bup impont."

"I'm sorry..."

"Need feel lubed by man."

"Huh?"

"Lubbed by man."

"Loved by a man?"

"Yesh..."

"But, are you sure? This way?"

"You lub me?"

"With all my heart."

"I lub you."

His heart leapt into his throat as he listened to his mother. But she was drunk!
Wasted!

It was clearly obvious that his mother wanted him to make love to her.

She was begging him to make love to her... Or at least that is the way it sounded to him.

His felt his cock twitch as the significance of her words echoed through his fevered brain. She wanted him to make love to her. My God, he groaned to himself. Fuck her? Fuck her while his father lay sleeping on the patio. He could wake up any second. Should he give in to this greatest of temptations? His mother was drunk. What would she think tomorrow? Would she hate him for taking advantage of her when she was so vulnerable? God, there it was right in front of him. The opportunity to make love to his mother—

But there were so fucking many things that could go wrong with this golden opportunity.

Yet, the reward? The reward was huge. His mother! Fuck his mother. The one thing that had been on his mind since he'd reached puberty. The prize that all boys dreamed of but would never let themselves admit. She was offering herself to him. To have his mother. To fuck her. He knew he would burn in hell for doing it, but how could he refuse? But was the chance to be bathed in this evil, wicked pleasure for that one brief instant when he came inside of her worth the risk. Filling her with his seed. Planting himself back in the same fertile garden in

which he had grown. To drown her hungry cunt in his hot syrup.

The temptation was too great. He couldn't resist it.

"Do you want another drink," he asked her, holding the bottle out to her.

"Had nuff," she crookedly smiled, holding out her hand to him. "Wnt you now."

Turning up the bottle, he took a long, deep swallow, letting the acrid poison burn down his throat and explode in his belly.

Setting down the bottle, he took his mother's hand and slowly shuffled over to the patio door where he could see out to where his father slept. It was difficult walking with his trunks wrapped around his ankles, but he didn't have time to reach down and take them off. Even as much as he wanted her, he knew that they couldn't let his father catch them screwing. They had to keep the terrible pact they were about to enter into secret. Secret from the whole world or suffer infamy. They had to hide the odious act they were about to perform from everyone else. It would be their secret. No one else could ever know about the forbidden, incestuous act of love they were about to commit.

He could see that his father was still lying in the chaise, his head turned to the side, his chin resting on his shoulder. He was still asleep. But for how long? How much booze had he had? Was it enough to keep him knocked out until they had perpetrated the heinous crime?

Dropping to his knees, Jason gently tugged his mother down beside him.

"Oh, Jasey, dis so wrong," his mother groaned seemingly coming to her senses, realizing what they were about to do and knowing how wrong it was. But then, as if to dispel that notion, she eased down on her back, slowly spread her long legs apart and held her arms out to him.

"If so wrong, need to stop—" he grunted, furious that he had come this close to heaven to have her voice her condemnation of what they were about to do.

Why had she balked just before he slipped himself inside her silken gate?

"No. Wrong. Yes—But want you smuch," she whimpered.

"I want you, too, but don't want to hurt you," he wheezed.

"Pleasssse, Jase, please just make love to me—" she gushed.

Standing on that razor-thin line between agony and ecstasy, Jason slowly reached over and gently pushed her long, graceful legs farther apart.

As they slowly parted, he stared down between them at the luscious furrow of glistening, pink flesh as it gradually came into view below the forest of dark, curls covering her mons. The gate of forbidden pleasures was wetly unfolding right before his eyes.

He couldn't believe it, but there it was.

The deep, mysterious core of her sexuality. The one place on earth he was banned from entering. The forbidden portal. Forbidden to only to him and no other man in the universe. Only him. But now he was about to defile its sacred sanctity. He was about to possess her in a way he had no right to possess her. To possess her body as a man. To enter her as a man where he had once come from her as a child.

Then a shiver of perverse excitement tickled through his body as he watched a trickle of thick, creamy juice dribble down out of the fleshy pit between her legs. He was hypnotized by wonder of it all as the fleshy wound lay open and vulnerably exposed below the forest of soft, mahogany curls covering her soft, unguarded underbelly.

This couldn't be happening. It was all too impossible; too unbelievable. Who would have imagined this would be happening? Even an hour ago, he couldn't have dreamed anything this crazy and unimaginable. His whole life was about to change and it was all happening so fast it was making his head swim.

Finally, he was able to snap out of his self-inflicted trance and slowly reach down to the soft, fleshy gash between his mother's outstretched legs. Delicately, he ran his trembling fingers down the soft, meaty folds of flesh surrounding her secret place, reveling in its captivating softness. He couldn't believe how soft and smooth it was as he basked in the wicked sensation of control...

Then he slowly eased a finger down into the burning hole of hot, clinging flesh.

"Yessssssssshhhhhhhh," his mother groaned as he gently explored the sticky, wet heat of her cunt with his finger.

Unable to comprehend the magnitude of what they were about to do, he slowly eased his finger out of the wet, slippery opening.

Groaning, he rolled over onto his hands and knees above her.

"You want me?" she asked him with a panicky, lost look in her misty, brown eyes as she reached up to his bobbing manhood and grabbed it.

"Yes. Oh, God, Yes," he blurted out as he felt her bend his maleness down toward the wet, slippery slit between her soft, white thighs.

As she bent him down toward her, he slowly lowered his hips, forcing himself down at her.

"I can't stop now, mother," he croaked as he felt the head of his cock touch down on the soft, slippery folds of flesh guarding the opening of her pussy.

"Want you," she wheezed, rolling her hips, curling them and pushing herself up at him.

"Fucking God," he gasped, thrusting himself down at her.

As his hips lurched down at her, he felt the hyper-sensitive head of his penis miss its target and slither down between her legs and into the crack of her beautiful ass.

"Not in," his mother complained as he pulled back, withdrawing to gather himself for another assault on the forbidden portal.

Then, as she fumbled with his cock, repositioning him for a second try, he looked out onto the patio and saw his father slowly lifting himself up out of the lounge.

"OH, Jesus! Dad's awake," he gasped as he watched his father stretch his arms out and yawn.

"Get off," his mother groaned, arms and legs flailing, pushing him out from

between her legs, trying to roll away from him.

"Damn," he snorted as he leaned back up onto his knees and struggled up onto his feet.

"Go hide, I stop him," she frantically whispered, pushing at him, shoving him toward the bathroom. "Hide bathroom."

Bending down, grabbing up his bathing trunks from around his ankles, he jerked them up as he saw his father was already lumbering across the patio toward the house.

His head spinning from his father's sudden awakening, Jason staggered toward the bathroom. Would he make it to the bathroom before his father made it to the door? Damn it, why wouldn't his legs work faster, he whimpered as he struggled across the room. Finally, he crashed into the bathroom, and grabbed for the door to close it, but just as he did, he heard the patio door slide open and knew if he closed the bathroom door, his father would see it. See it and know what was happening—

"CAREY WRIGHT!" Jason heard his father blurt out as he stepped inside the house. "What in the hell are you doing? Have you lost your fucking mind? What if Jason sees you like that?"

Peeking out from the crack between the door and the frame, Jason watched as his father suspiciously looked around the room.

"He's sleep in room," she grinned up at him, "Don't worry bout him."

"What are you doing," he growled lurching over to where she lay on her back looking up at him.

"Waiting for you."

"What?"

"Thought this might give you idea," she leered up at him, spreading her legs and running her fingers over her oozing pussy.

"What you mean?"

"Don't remember what we used to do on Saturdays?" she drunkenly leered up at him as she slowly struggled up into a sitting position.

"Yes, but..."

"Want to try again?" she mumbled, reaching up and grabbing the bottom of his bathing trunks and giving them a jerk.

Jason watched on in disbelief as his father's bathing trunks went sliding down his chubby legs to his knees, freeing his big, dangling sausage of a cock.

Then before his father could move, his mother leaned forward and sucked his father's limp, lifeless cock into her mouth.

Jason thought he was going to cum all over the bathroom wall as he watched his mother devour his father's cock. She was like a crazy woman. Even soft, his father's cock had to be six or seven inches long and she sucked it into her mouth like it was a string of spaghetti. She took every last inch of his floppy prod into her mouth as she squeezed and pulled on his big, dangling balls.

She was doing all of this knowing that he was standing in the bathroom, not twenty feet from them. It was insane. It was like his mother had gone completely bonkers. First him...and now his father and right out in the open, in front of God and everyone?

Then, Jason saw the muscles in his father's legs begin to tighten as his cock slowly began to reemerge from his mother's red, sucking lips. To his shock and amazement, he saw that his father had the beginnings of an erection.

But his mother had said that he was impotent. What was happening? Had she lied to him?

"Oh, Baby, look," his mother squeaked as she let the half-hard prick slither out of her mouth.

All three of them stared down at George's spit-coated cock as it fought to raise its great purple head.

"I can't believe it," his father groaned as she quickly sucked it back into her mouth. "It's getting hard. I can feel it."

As Jason watched on in amazement, his mother began running her finger up and down the hairy crack of his father's ass, pausing occasionally to tickle his asshole with a long, red fingernail.

"Damn, Carey, it's getting hard. Damn, I can feel it getting hard."

"Ummmmhhhhhhuuuuhhhhhh," she mumbled out around the rapidly expanding shaft of his huge cock.

Jason found his hand on his own cock as he gawked at his parents. It was just too much to take so fast as he slowly began to stroke his cock in rhythm with his mother's bobbing head.

"Look, Georgie," she squealed as she finally jerked her mouth off the fully hardened organ, "it's hard again."

"I see, Carey. I see," his father chortled, dropping to his knees between her legs.

"Lay back," he grunted at her, "cause I'm going to give you a royal fucking."

"Fuck, yesh," she exploded, leaning onto her back and grabbing hold of the huge, bounding prick.

"Put that big son bitch in me n fuck me, baby."

Jason was shocked at his mother's language. He would never have thought she was capable of such talk. But there were a lot of things he hadn't thought she would be capable of doing. Like trying to fuck her own son.

And she had come very, very, very close to doing that too.

Then, almost before he could comprehend what he was watching, his father had driven his cock into her. There was no hesitation on his father's part and within moments, he was furiously pounding his cock into her hungry cunt.

"Oh, Fuck. Oh, God. Oh, Shit. Feels so good. Can't believe it—" George blathered as his butt rose and fell, driving his great ramrod into her drooling pit.

"Oh, yesh. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me." his mother whimpered as she urged him on with her hands, legs and feet.

"Oh, Lord, oh, lord, oh, lord," his father grunted as he pounded his cock into her at a murderous pace.

"Loves it. Loves it," his mother squealed out in pleasure as the giant prick slithered in and out of her.

"Oh, no. Feel it coming. Oh, no. Feel it coming. It's coming..." he heard his father pant as his hips began to move up and down faster and faster...

"No. No. No yet," his mother implored him as she dug her long, red fingernails into his back. "Want fuck longer."

"Can't stop. Can't stop. It's comingjeeezzzzzeeshhhhhh," his father blurted out as his butt crashed down sending his cock into her all the way up to its thick, hairy hilt.

"No. No. No. Wait. No yet..." she begged to no avail as he emptied himself into her.

Jason watched on with perverse curiosity as his father's big, fat ass tightened, wiggling and jiggling each time he hunched himself into her to release another jet of cum inside her hungry, absorbing cunt. Five, six, seven, eight, and then nine times, he groaned and shoved his cock into her before his fat ass finally stopped jerking and wiggling.

He was finished.

"George. Wnt more." Carey groaned as she felt her husband's depleted cock slowly retreat and ooze out of her cunt along with its creamy load of expended cum.

"Sorry, but been so long..." he mumbled as he rolled over onto his back beside her. "Too long. Too long since I came. Sorry..."

"Kay, Gorgy," she mumbled, rolling over toward him and reaching down to his shriveled manhood.

"Maybe, more later," she soothed him.

"Maybe. Tired now. Go to sleep," he sighed, closing his eyes.

"No. No here. Go bed," she told him, shaking his shoulder. "Gup. Go Bed. Jason see you."

"Damn, that's right," he complained, groaning and awkwardly sitting up. "Forgot."

Watching from behind the bathroom door, Jason saw them struggle to their feet and totter up the stairs. It was like the blind leading the blind, but somehow, they made it.

Carefully creeping out of the bathroom, he listened to them clump down the hall and into their bedroom.

"God, that was close," he groaned, letting go of his stiff cock and watching it bound up and down in rhythm with his pounding heartbeat.

Now what, he wondered? Maybe he would just go on up to his room and beat off. It looked like the fun was over for the day.

He had been that close. He had within a cunt hair of being inside of his mother's pussy. So fucking close, yet so fucking far. He could still feel his scrotum tighten just thinking about how close he had come to fucking her. Another five seconds and he would have buried himself all the way up to the hilt in that hot, sucking hole between her legs. Fuck, he probably wouldn't have to beat off. He could just lay down and think about it and he would cum all over the place.

Peeking up the stairs, he lurched over to the bar and grabbed the bottle of Jack. Hurrying over to the stairs, he launched himself up then as fast as his wobbly legs would carry him. Thankfully, the raucous throb of music that was still spewing out of the speakers covered any sound he made.

It seemed to take forever, but he made it to the top of the stairs and lurched down to his room. Quickly slipping inside, he closed the door behind him and staggered over to his bed. Slamming the bottle down on the night stand, he flopped down on his back.

God, he thought as he lay there, I almost fucked my mother. I came within a heartbeat of putting my cock inside her hot cunt. As thoughts of what it would have felt like, his hand found his cock again and began to stroke it.

"I was almost inside of her," he complained out loud. "I almost fucked my mother. And she wanted it, too."

Once again, he could feel the pools of semen backed up inside his balls begin to boil and bubble. If only he could have emptied his balls into her hot, sucking hole between her beautiful, long legs. Let it cook and simmer inside of her hot cunt until she spit out another him.

As the wicked thoughts filled his mind, he knew that it would only be moments before he started spewing his essence out into the air. Wasting it. If only he could put it inside of his mother. Fill her cunt with it. Drench her pussy with his wicked seed...

Throwing his head back and closing his eyes, he slammed his hand up and down his cock in rhythm with the music blowing out of the speakers.

Closer and closer he came as the music drove him on. Faster and faster his hand flew up his cock.

Then it came. A white-hot jolt of pleasure tore through his cock as it jerked and spurted out a huge gob of hot, creamy cum into the air. He tried to imagine what it would feel like to be spurting off inside of his mother's hot cunt and his prick lurched and fired again and again and again until it was empty.

A wave of humiliation and guilt washed over him as he held his shrinking cock in his hand and thought of what he had done. Or had he? Had it all been some weird, sick dream? No. It couldn't have. But as close as he had come, he could only imagine how wonderful it would have felt to have the profane heat of her tight cunt wrapped around his cock as he slowly slipped off into sleep...

~~~

As he slowly came swimming out of the fog of sleep, he felt someone shaking his shoulder.

"Jason," came a whisper, "Are you awake?"

"What, uh, what?" he mumbled, surprised to hear his mother's voice opening his

eyes and seeing that it was dark.

"Wake up, Jason, we need to talk," she whispered to him.

Oh, no, he thought. Here it comes. She is going to tell me how bad I am for doing what I did this afternoon.

"Uh, okay," he muttered, waiting for the tirade to begin.

"Not here. Come with me," she softly said, reaching down and taking hold of his hand and pulling on it. "Let's go downstairs where we don't have to whisper."

He rolled out of bed and started to stand up before he remembered that he was still naked.

"Uh, uh, Mom," he started.

"What?"

"Uh, I, uh, I don't have any clothes on," he told her, reaching down for his trunks that he had tossed there earlier. "Need to put my trunks on."

"I don't want your father to hear us and wake up. Just bring them with you," she said, pulling him toward the door.

"Uh, okay," he said, grabbing his bathing trunks, tripping along behind her out into the even darker hallway. Jason's reeling brain was in chaos. He didn't know what was going to happen. It was so dark, he couldn't even see what his mother was wearing.

I hope we don't fall and break our stupid necks, he told himself as they quietly inched down the stairs.

Once down the stairs, his mother turned and headed toward the guestroom. Jason knew that his mother didn't want to risk waking George. He could almost hear the butt-chewing he was going to get for trying that stupid trick on her that afternoon. Looking down at his watch, he saw the luminous hands pointing to eleven o'clock. Damn, it had been eight hours since he had tried to fuck her. No wonder she seemed sober now, although he could still smell the lingering odor of alcohol mixed with her perfume as he trailed along behind her.



Stepping inside the room, she tugged him inside and after a quick check behind them, she closed the door.

"I'm not going to turn the lights on," she told him pulling him over toward the bed. "I don't want to risk your father catching us."

Just then, they stumbled against the bed.

"I got awfully drunk this afternoon," she started out, pulling him down on the bed beside her. "And I did some things that I shouldn't have done," she went on, not waiting for him to respond.

"Uh-huh," Jason fearfully gulped, waiting for the other shoe to follow.

"Things are a little hazy in spots," she told him, resting her hand on his bare thigh, "but I do remember that we almost made love."

"I'm sorry, Mom," Jason whimpered, not knowing what else to say. "I should never have done what I did."

"Maybe it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been so drunk..." she paused, gently squeezing and slowly running her hand up his thigh.

Jason realized that he was getting an erection, but there was nothing he could do to stop it as her hot, little hand crept higher. Thankful that the darkness was hiding it, he waited for her to continue.

"But, then it probably would have," she continued, "sometime, someplace..."

"Huh," Jason blurted out, not believing what he was hearing.

Had his mother just confessed that she might have done it, even if she wasn't drunk? What was going on?

"But I'm afraid that I don't have any excuse now," she said.

"I'm not drunk and I still want you."

Jason felt his heart lurch, pounding so hard, he knew it was going to explode any second.

Then his mother leaned back against the headboard...

Jason felt like his cock was going to explode. It was so hard. Was his mother just teasing him or was it really happening again?

"Do you still want me?"

"More than anything."

"I want you, too."

Jason couldn't speak as he felt his mother's hand on his arm. Then she took his hand and pulled it over to her. As she gently pressed his hand down between her outstretched legs, Jason felt the warm wetness brush against his fingers. Jesus, Fucking, Christ, she didn't have any panties on and she had her legs spread wide open.

"Maybe I would never would have thought of it, if, if George didn't have E.D, but he does. And after a few months, I began having wild, crazy thoughts about sex. I was getting to the point that every man I saw, I wondered what it would be like to go to bed with him. Then one day, I saw you out by the pool and before I could stop it, I began to wonder what it would be like to make love to you. I tried to ignore it, but it wouldn't go away. It was getting more and more difficult to control those urges. I never thought it wouldn't happen, but all at once, out there on the patio this afternoon, I realized that I had to have you. I wanted to feel you inside of me. I wanted to have your hot, throbbing penis inside me. Inside of me, spewing out its cream inside of me. Filling me with your seed. Filling me with your hot, potent cream. Filling me and creating another life inside me."

It was beyond Jason's wildest dream. To hear the words his mother was speaking.

"I'm sorry. Sorry that I couldn't control this evil craving to have you inside me. Sorry that I am dragging us both down into a hell of our own. To bring you down with me..."

Jason couldn't stand it any longer. Lurching up onto his knees, he rolled over between her outstretched legs.

"Oh, yes, Baby," she moaned, reaching down for the shaft of burning steel that

jutted out of his groin, "I have to have you."

"God, mother, I love you..."

"I won't let anything stop us this time. Nothing. No matter what happens, I must have you—"

This time there would be no drawing back. No reprieve. No pardon. This time it would be to the end. This time he would fuck his mother!

Her fingers felt like they were on fire, as he felt her slowly push him down between her legs, guiding him down to the smoldering gash that dissected her soft, underbelly.

Then he nearly came when his cockhead touched the soft, pouting lips surrounding her cunt. He was once again poised at the gates of heaven. But this time nothing on earth could stop him. He would possess her or...

"Carey. Carey. Where are you?" They heard George's voice from the living room.

"Stop. We can't now—" she hissed pushing her away from him.

"Son-of-a-bitch," Jason groaned rolling off his mother.

"Roll over onto the floor on the other side of the bed and I'll get him back upstairs," she urgently whispered.

"Not again," Jason hissed back at her.

"I'm sorry..." she softly said. "So sorry..."

Rolling off the bed and onto the floor behind the bed, he heard his mother speak.

"Yes, George, I'm in here, trying to get some sleep."

Then Jason felt the bed shudder and creak as she got up and walked out of the room.

"You were snoring so loud, I couldn't sleep," she laughed from just outside the door as Jason silently cursed his father...

[Return to the Top](#)

# Chapter Two – Tee Time

Jason woke to the raucous warble of a bird sitting just outside of his window. Slowly opening his eyes, he felt the throb of a tiny headache behind his eyes. Too much booze yesterday, he thought. Then the incredible events of yesterday unfolded from his memory banks.

"Fuck," he blurted out. "I almost fucked my mother. Twice!"

He still couldn't believe how close he had come to the Promised Land. He had stood at the threshold twice. Twice, and he had still been turned back. He could still feel the touch of her soft, fleshy cunt lips on the head of his cock.

Groaning in frustration, he grabbed his cock. Damn, it feels like it is hard enough to drive nails, he thought as he shucked his hand up and down it roughly. If he didn't get some relief pretty soon, his balls were going to explode. But how? Today was Sunday and he knew that his parents played golf every Sunday. In fact, he couldn't remember the last Sunday they had missed.

This required some hard thinking, he thought, rolling out of bed and staggering to his feet.

"First things first," he told himself as he plodded into his bathroom with his giant prick jutting out in front of him like the barrel of a cannon, swiveling from side to side in search of a target as he walked.

Opening his medicine cabinet, he popped a couple of aspirins into his mouth and quickly washed them down with a gulp of water.

Fifteen minutes later, he emerged from his room wearing a tee shirt and a pair of baggy shorts to hide his seemingly ever-present erection.

Plodding over to the top of the stairs, he stopped. He could hear his parents talking down in the living room.

"I just don't think I can make it today, George," he heard his mother say.

"Oh, what's wrong?" he heard his father ask her.

"I think that I had just a little too much Jack Daniel yesterday," she replied, "and now I have a humdinger of a headache."

"Did you take anything for it?"

"A couple of Aleve, but they didn't help a whole lot."

"Well, if you're sure you don't want to go, I'll ask Jason."

"Okay."

Jason felt his prick lurch again. Maybe this was his chance. If he stayed home with his mother, maybe he could get into her panties even if she did have a headache. Or maybe she was faking it so she could stay home with him. Either way, it was worth a try, he thought, starting down the stairs.

"Oh, here he comes now," he heard his mother say.

"Hi," he grinned as he walked over to where they sat sharing the Sunday paper. As usual, his father had the sports section and his mother the editorial section. The brains and the brawn as he sometimes called them.

"Good morning," his mother smiled over at him with a pained look on her face. "And how are you this morning?"

"Fine," he lied, "just dreading having to start my homework."

"Oh. How much do you have to do?" his father asked him.

"Enough to keep me busy most of the afternoon, I'm afraid."

"Then I guess that you wouldn't be able to go golfing. Your mother has a headache and doesn't want to go."

"Oh, I wish I could, but I'd better not."

"Well, that's too bad," his father went on, turning back to the paper and flipping a page.

"Where are the funnies?" he asked his mother.

She shuffled through the papers and pulled out the sheaf of brightly colored pages and handed them to him. Then, as he took them from her, she winked at him.

Oh, shit, he thought, he was right. She didn't have a headache. That was as good as her coming right out and telling him that she was going to stay home with him. Stay home with him and. Stay home with him and let him fuck her. Finally. Finally they would be alone...

Plopping down, he sat and faked reading the funnies, but he was so excited he couldn't concentrate enough to read.

Finally, after what seemed like hours to Jason, he saw his mother put down her paper and stand up.

"I'm going to start breakfast," she said, slowly moving off in the direction of the kitchen.

"Need any help?" he called after her, watching the sexy sway of her hips underneath the thin robe she wore.

"Sure, come on in and I'll put you to doing something." she told him.

As he got up, he heard his father rustle the paper. Looking over at his father, he saw that he had gone back to reading the paper. Grinning, Jason followed his mother into the kitchen.

Stopping at the door, he turned and glanced back at his father. He was still sitting with his back to the kitchen busily reading the paper.

Stepping into the kitchen, Jason saw his mother standing at the counter with her back toward him. Hurrying across the room on his tiptoes, he slipped up behind her, snaked his arms around her, cupping her big, soft breasts in his hands softly squeezing and fondling them through the thin gown.

"Oh, you startled me," she chirped, pressing her butt back against his swollen hardness.

"I'd love to have melons for breakfast," he whispered, nibbling on her ear.

"Well, it feels like we won't be having any sausage for breakfast," she whispered back at him, grinding her butt against his cock, "it feels like it frozen solid."

"I would love to put it in your oven and cook it all day long," he groaned,



squeezing and pawing her breasts through the thin material.

Just then, they heard George rustle the paper and they flew apart like they had been spring loaded.

"Why don't you peel some potatoes," she said loudly, pointing to the potato bin, "and I'll start the bacon."

Stepping across the room, he glanced out the door and saw that his father was still sitting in his chair reading the paper. Grabbing up several potatoes, he dropped them into the sink and turned the water on. As he washed the potatoes, he turned and watched his mother putting the bacon into the frying pan sitting on the stove. After a few seconds, he turned off the water and lifted the potatoes out of the sink. Holding the potatoes in his hands, he started for the cutting board when he saw his mother turn around and face him.

He nearly choked. It was all he could do to keep from dropping the potatoes as he stared at her big, bare breasts jutting out of the front of her robe. He couldn't believe all this was happening as he openly gawked at her beautiful tits. Then he promptly tripped over his own feet.

"Jeeezzzzz," he blurted out loudly as the potatoes went flying all over and he grabbed at the counter to keep from falling.

"Ooopppsss," his mother giggled, quickly jerking her robe closed and hiding her breasts.

"What's going on out there?" they heard his father yell from the living room.

"Jason just tripped and dropped the potatoes," Carey yelled back, trying not to laugh.

"Yeah. I'm okay. I just tripped over my big feet," he barked out, scrambling around on his hands and knees picking up the potatoes that had rolled all over the kitchen floor.

After that they went about preparing breakfast deciding not to tempt fate any further and kept their hands to themselves.

"Breakfast is ready," Carey finally called out to George as she and Jason sat

down at the table.

The small kitchen table where they usually ate breakfast at was brimming with bacon, eggs, potatoes, and fruit. The table was a small one. Small enough that with a little effort, Jason could reach under it and touch his mother's leg. Hearing the paper rustle out in the living room as his father got up out of his chair, Jason quickly ran his hand down under the table to his mother's leg, pulling her robe open in the process.

"Stop that," she mouthed at him as he pulled his hand back out from under the table.

"Um, looks good," George said, strolling into the kitchen and laying the folded paper by his plate. "Good enough to eat," he laughed at his own joke.

"Dad," Jason complained, "that was a lame joke..."

"Your headache any better?" George asked as he broke his toast in two and took a bite off it.

"Still there, I'm afraid," Carey grimaced.

"Wish it was better..." George told her. Carey's headache seemed to put a damper on the conversation as the three of them sat eating in silence until their plates were cleaned.

"You're sure you don't want to go golfing," George asked her one last time as she stood up and started clearing the table off.

"I'm afraid not...I think I'm going upstairs and take a nap as soon as I see you off. Maybe that will make it go away."

"Well, I guess that I'll head out then," George said pushing back from the table.

"Sure you don't want to go Jason?" he asked, turning and looking over at Jason.

"Sorry, Dad," Jason said, helping his mother put the dishes in the dishwasher. "Maybe next time," he said watching his father slowly plod out of the kitchen.

After a few seconds, Jason heard his father open the front closet. Next, he hear

the clatter of golf clubs as his father pulled his golf bag out of the closet.

"Well, I guess I'll be back around three or four," his father said walking into the kitchen with his golf bag slung over his shoulder.

"Have fun," Carey told him, giving him a peck on the cheek as he gave her a little hug. "I'll make sure that I don't make a fool of myself next week so I can go with you."

"Okay," he grinned at her, "I'll keep you to that promise."

"Okay."

Jason and his mother stood watching George as he walked out into the garage closing the door behind him. Neither of them moved as they stood watching the door and listening and after a few seconds, they heard George pitch his clubs into the trunk.

Looking at each other, they still didn't move as they waited. Then they heard him start the car.

Jason was on edge. Was it really going to happen? Then he saw his mother step over to the kitchen window and look out. Watching over her shoulder, he watched George's car slowly back down the driveway.

Seeing his opportunity, Jason reached down, unbuttoned his short pants and pushed them down off his hips. As they went sliding down his legs, his throbbing, bobbing prick sprang into the open already rigidly pointing up at the ceiling. Seeing that his mother was still watching out the window, he tiptoed up behind her. Using her as a shield between him and the car, he reached down and slowly lifted his mother's robe up over her butt.

"What the—" she blurted out as Jason lifted the bottom of her gown up around her narrow waist.

"God, what a beautiful ass," Jason whispered, staring down at his mother's firm, round ass.

Jason was trembling with excitement as his mother nervously glanced back over her shoulder at him then turned back to wave at George. His mother was playing

along with his presumptuous act as she continued to wave to his father acting like nothing was happening as the car reached the street and backed out into it.

Then to Jason's amazement, he saw her inch her tiny feet apart, spreading her legs and exposing the wet, pink lushness between them.

"It's tee time, Mother—" Jason grunted, reaching down and grabbing his cock. Keeping low, still using her as a shield, Jason bent his knees and shuffled up between his mother's legs.

Now she was straddling him, her wet, juicy pussy hovering just above the head of his steel-hard prick. Holding his cock up, he quickly rubbed the tapered head of his cock up and down the dripping furrow of her cunt several times to anoint the massive mushroom-tipped harpoon with her slippery wetness. Then wheezing with passion, he probed the slippery softness searching for the opening of her sex. Then he felt the head of his penis part her lips and slowly slither up into the juice-slickened opening of her vagina.

Finally! Finally, he was inside her. Inside her hot, soft pussy again. But this time as a man, not as a child, a baby. He was THE man, he groaned to himself as he lunged up into her, driving all eight inches of his cock up into the hot, sucking core of her femininity.

"JESSUSSFUUCKKKINGCRSSSTTT," he gasped as he felt his throbbing, pulsing giant penetrate the burning, clutching core of his mother's pussy.

"OhhhhhGoddddd—" she growled back at him through clenched teeth, grunting and thrusting herself down onto him trying not to let her emotions show on her face as the car slowly began to drive off down the street.

Finally, he had done it. At last, he had his cock buried inside the sacred depths of her holiest of holies. He was fucking his mother!

"Nothing can stop us now," he cried out, curling his hands around her waist, holding on, grunting as he quickly began to impale his mother on his eight-inch weapon.

"Oh—No—Stop—Oh—God—He's coming back—" he heard his mother gasp between thrusts.

"SON-OF-A-BITCH!" Jason cursed out in a rage.

"Stop—" his mother urged him, "he's almost back to the garage."

Groaning with frustration and rage, Jason grunted, jerked back and pulled his juice-drenched penis back out of his mother's drooling cunt.

"Ouch—" she yelped as the monstrous slab of meat popped out of her tight, sucking twat. "That hurt."

"Sorry," Jason growled, reaching down and jerking his pants back up as he stepped back out from between her legs.

"That's okay," she mumbled, slapping her legs together and shaking the back of her robe down from around her waist to cover herself.

"Damn," he cursed again, "if we could have had just a little more time."

"I know," she told him, "later..."

"God, if I don't get to make love to you pretty soon," he muttered, stumbling back over to the table, "I'm going to go stark, fucking, raving mad."

"Me, too—" she groaned, giving him a frustrated, exasperated look.

Flopping down in his chair, Jason picked up the paper his father had left, shook it, spread it out on the table and pretended to read it as his mother fussed around at the sink.

"I'm back," George beamed, walking in through the garage door with his clubs draped over his shoulder. "It wouldn't have been any fun playing by myself, so I decided to stay home with the two of you."

"You don't have to," Carey complained as he strolled out into the living room.

Then they heard the rattle of the clubs as he replaced them in the closet.

"I thought you were going to take a nap," George said as he came walking back into the kitchen.

"I was just finishing up here..." she said, laying the dishrag she been using down

in the sink.

"And I thought you had homework to do..." George said, opening the refrigerator.

"I'm fixing to head up to my room and get started on my homework...right now," Jason told his father, putting the paper down and slowly getting to his feet. Glancing down, he saw that there was a telltale bulge sticking against the front of his shorts and quickly spun around to hide it.

"Well, I think I'll just read for a while and then work on my P-51," his father said as Jason irately clomped out of the kitchen with his hands covering the bulge in his short pants.

"I only need a couple more hours and it'll be ready for the big show next week end. Maybe I'll take best model of the show with it."

"Good luck," Jason called back over his shoulder as he went trudging up the stairs.

Fucking bastard, he seethed. I was so fucking close...again. But this time, he'd done it. He'd actually fucked her. He'd fucked his mother! Really fucked her. Put his cock in her wonderful, tight pussy and fucked her.

"Jeez. I guess that makes me a mother-fucker," he snorted to himself. "I can't believe it finally happened."

But it wasn't enough. Even though he had fucked her, he hadn't finished. It wasn't really fucking unless you finished, was it. He needed that. He had to finish inside her wonderful softness. Fill her with his hot, creamy cum. Drench her delightful pussy with his wicked jism.

Unsnapping his pants, he let them fall to the floor as he grabbed his cock.

"Fuck," he gasped, "It's still fucking wet from her."

Slowly stroking himself, he peeked out the door and watched to see if his father followed his mother upstairs. He only had to wait a few moments before he saw his mother slowly padding up the stairs. Alone!

Seeing that she was alone, he gently shoved his door open with his foot.

As his door opened, she glanced over at it. There he was. Standing there watching her while he slowly stroked his cock. The very same cock that had, only moments earlier, been buried deep inside her.

When she saw what he was doing, a sexy little smile played across her lips. Stopping, she stood watching her son's hand working up and down on his massive prick.

Then suddenly, she reached down and jerked on the belt of her robe. As she did, it fell open revealing the front of her naked body.

"Oh, God," Jason groaned as he watched her spectacular tits bobble up and down as she stood watching him stroke his cock.

Finally, after a few seconds, she clutched her robe around her, anxiously glanced over her shoulder at the stairs and went hurrying into her bedroom.

Reaching down and pulling his shorts back up, Jason cautiously sneaked over to the top of the stairs and peered down. His father was sitting in his favorite chair, his back to the stairs, reading a book.

Jason had finally tasted the sweetness of the forbidden fruit and now he was powerless to resist its captivating allure. Now he was being drawn to her like a moth to a candle. But he would have to be careful not to get burned by the flickering flame...

He had to have her. Possess her. Fill her sacred chalice with his vile seed. The overpowering yearning to impregnate her was slowly driving him crazy. If only his father was gone. Out of the way. Then he could have her. God, how he hated his father—he wished his father was dead-gone—

Now he knew how a dog must feel when it found a bitch in heat. He had seen male dogs following a bitch in heat all over, ignoring everything else, fighting, quarreling over the bitch, just waiting for a chance to jump on her and fuck her. That was the way he felt now. His mother was that bitch in heat and even acting her part. She was in heat and it was his place to see that she was impregnated. Nothing else mattered—

The only problem was the other male. And the only other male that he had to worry about wasn't even interested in her. But he was keeping them apart. Damn him, Jason thought. It's a good thing we don't keep guns in the house, he thought, I might even be tempted to use it to get him out of the way.

"You're going crazy," he muttered to himself, shaking his head and trying to clear the sex-crazed fog filling it.

Looking back down the stairs, he saw that his father hadn't moved.

"To hell with it, I have to do it—" he growled to himself, turning, tiptoeing down the hallway toward his mother's room. What would he do if his father came upstairs and caught him in bed with his mother? He didn't know and at the moment, he didn't care. He had to have her—

A wicked, crazed smile curled his lips as he quietly pushed open the door to his mother's room.

She was lying on her back with her eyes closed. Her soft, white robe was partially open and one of her big, beautiful tits was exposed to his leering, teenage eyes as he tiptoed across the room. As he got closer he saw that her pussy was also partially exposed. Ogling the furry forest of curls that covered her soft underbelly, he leaned down and slowly ran his fingers through the luxuriant tangle of soft, brown hair.

"What the—" she sputtered, her eyes flying open, her hand flying down to his hand to push it away as she anxiously looked back over at the open door.

"Are you crazy?" she hissed at him.

"Yes. You drove me crazy," he frantically whispered back.

"This is too dangerous," she vehemently blurted. "We can't risk getting caught."

"I'm past the point of caring," he groaned, running his hand up and down the soft smoothness of her thigh.

"It is too dangerous for you to be in here."

"But if I don't have you soon, I think I am going to explode."



"I won't let you get us caught," she warned him. "Now if you don't stop it, I won't ever let you do it to me."

"Huh," he gasped out, pins and needles stabbing into his hands.

"You heard me. If you don't leave this very minute, it will never happen. I promise."

Wounded to the quick, Jason staggered across the room. She had threatened him with a fate worse than death.

"How could she do such a thing", he complained to himself as he stumbled out of her room and reeled down the hall. She would have cut him off. Never let him inside of her again. Now he was in a hell of his own creation. He had to have her. But to have her, he had to go to her and if he went to her, she wouldn't let him have her. He was going crazy, he thought as hormones raged through his body setting his mind on fire with lust for her.

Quietly stepping back down the hallway, he took a quick peek down the stairs and saw that his father hadn't moved. Now what, he wondered? He was in a quandary. He didn't know what to do. He had to do something, but there was nothing to do as he nervously paced up and down by his bed.

He hadn't been in his room for more than two minutes when he heard his father's heavy steps on the stairs. God, he shuddered, they had come that close to getting caught and it would have been his fault. All his fault. Thank God, his mother had chased him out of her room. She had been right. As usual.

After three or four minutes, he heard his father heavily pad back down the stairs.

He still didn't know what to do. Maybe he ought to jack off and get it over. His balls were on fire. They were so full of cum, they felt like they weighed a ton and were about to explode.

Flopping on the bed, unzipping his pants, he angrily jerked his cock out and began to mercilessly beat it into submission. But he had only been stroking it for a few seconds when he heard a tiny tap on his door. Stopping his hand in mid-stroke, he listened. But then, suddenly before he could move to hide his cock, his door came swinging open—

"For Christ's sake," he heard his mother curse when she saw him lying there with his hand wrapped around his stiff, jutting prick. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"I'm sorry," he apologized, not knowing what to do with his cock.

"Never mind," she muttered, "your father is in his workroom working on that model plane of his."

"Uh-huh," Jason mumbled, not seeing the significance of that.

"Well, as long as he is working on his plane," she went on, "he keeps his radio on."

"Yeah, so?"

"So, that means we are going to be in the cabana next door making love—"

"Huh," he grunted, surprised at his mother's blunt suggestion and even more shocked by her plan."

"But it's right next door. There will only be a wall between us. He might hear us."

"He'll have his radio on. And you know that he always turns it off when he leaves his workshop. So when we hear his radio go off, we stop and go out by the pool and pretend to be sunning. What do you think? Or do you want to stay up here and jack off all by yourself?"

"Fuck, no," he blurted out, blushing realizing that he still had his fist wrapped around his cock.

What was he blushing for, he laughed? He was fixing to fuck his mother.

"Let's go," he grinned, jumping up.

"No. We'll go down separately. So if he sees us we can just say we are going to go sun for a while. And put your bathing suit on."

It was only then that he realized she was wearing her bathing suit.

"OKAY! I'll meet you down there," he gushed out.

"Till then," she grinned, leaning down and giving him a kiss and tickling his tonsils with her tongue. "I'll be waiting."

Jason let out a growl as she turned and slipped out of his room. He could hear her laughing as she went down the hall.

It seemed like hours, but he could only wait a couple of minutes before he slipped out and hurried down stairs after her. He couldn't believe that he was finally going to get to do it. Fuck her and fill her with his semen. Impregnate her with his evil seed.

Trying to act nonchalant, he strolled out to the patio, looking around to make sure his father was still in his workshop. He didn't see his father anywhere so he hurried over to the little room built onto the garage. His heart was in his throat as he opened the door and stepped inside.

The hot, summery fragrance of coconuts filled his nostrils. His mother must be drenched in suntan lotion, he thought as he saw her sitting on the edge of the bed, smiling up at him suggestively. She was NAKED! Then he heard the music coming from the workshop next door. Grinning obscenely, he leaned down and shoved his bathing trunks down, letting his rock-hard cock spring free.

"Beautiful," his mother mouthed to him as his cock jutted out menacingly ripe and pointing straight up at the ceiling.

"You are too," he silently mouthed back at her as he stumbled over to the bed with his cock slashing back and forth impatiently.

As he stopped by the bed, he watched his mother roll over onto her back and slowly, seductively spread her wickedly-long legs apart. Gawking down at the patch of fur covering her mons, he watched her womanhood slowly show itself. Glistening wetly in the subdued light of the room, it slowly unfurled like a beautiful pink rose blossoming into maturity on a hot summery day. Then as she held out her arms to him, he hurriedly crawled up between his mother's outstretched legs.

"Unhhhh," he mumbled when he felt his mother wrap her hot fingers around his cock.

"Shhhhhhhh," his mother shushed him, holding her finger on her soft, sensual

lips.

The music next door played on as he felt her guide the fat, swollen head of his twitching cock down to the wet, gaping emptiness between her legs.

Was he going to make it through heaven's gate this time? Was he actually going to get to fuck her again?

His heart was pounding like a jackhammer. He knew that if his father was listening next door, he would surely hear them. The roaring in his own ears was so loud, it was almost drowning out the music coming from the next room. It was about to happen. He was about to slip his throbbing penis inside his mother's vagina. To fuck her and fill her up with his cum.

Then he felt the hot, fleshy lips of his mother's cunt slowly part as he slithered down into her burning ring of fire. As he eased his cock down into the hot, clutching softness of her cunt, he felt it collapse down around the aching shaft of his cock, pulling him deeper and deeper into the forbidden depths of her cunt.

He had died and gone to heaven, he thought as he groveled in the sheer depravity of it all. He was fucking his mother. Fucking her!

At last, his belly touched down on hers and he knew that he had all eight inches of his cock buried down in the hot, burning core of her cunt...

Then as he ground his cock round and round inside her tight wetness, their mouths met in a fiery kiss. Grunting and groaning, they pressed their bodies together as their mouths hungrily devoured each other.

Finally, they had to break for air. Then, after the many unsuccessful attempts as his mother lay underneath him gasping for breath, he began to slowly saw his prick in and out of her wondrous, glorious sex-hole. He wanted to pound his cock into as hard as he could, but he knew that it would make too much noise. It took all of his will power to keep from slamming his cock into her clutching, clinging wound, but somehow he was momentarily able to control the urge as he fucked her with long, deep, thrusting strokes. Panting like a dog in heat, he continued to slide his drenched cock in and out of her as she slowly lifted her legs and bent them back, letting him impale her to the limit every time he slid his cock into her.

But as hard as he tried, he couldn't hold back forever and as the point of no return drew closer and closer, his hips began to slash back and forth faster and faster. Like some monstrous fucking machine, his cock wildly plowed in and out of her sopping hole. He had never fucked a woman so hard. But she took everything he was giving her without protest.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, gonna cum," he whispered out passionately as his hips rocketed back and forth frantically.

"Yesssss, Yesssss, Me, too," she hissed back at him, thrusting herself up at him every time he impaled her with his enormous prod.

"Come in me, come in me, come in me," she wheezed as his hips flashed back and forth maniacally.

Then all at once, he felt his balls erupt into a fiery upheaval of spewing, spurting, molten cum. The floodgates inside his testicles were blown apart and a spewing gusher of his white-hot semen violently spurted out into his mother's hungry, sucking cunt.

"Oh, Yesssss," she hissed again as her arms and legs began to flail about wildly. Over and over again, his mighty cannon fired off inside of her, quickly filling her to overflowing with his rich, potent semen. It was even more wickedly depraved than he imagined it would be as he emptied his gigantic load of sperm-saturated semen into his mother's hot, clutching cunt. Her cunt was a giant sucking hole, pulling him deeper and deeper into its sacred depths. Sucking and pulling on him, her cunt sucked out every last drop of his hot, thick cum until he thought he was completely drained. Then suddenly, he felt his prick gathering itself for one last ball-twisting ejaculation.

"Ayyynnnnnhhhhhhh," he grunted as the mighty engine lurched and spewed out one final, burning gusher of cum into her.

"Oh, Yesssss," his mother groaned, hunching herself up at him and locking her pussy muscles down around his emptied weapon.

Exhausted, physically and mentally, Jason flopped down onto his mother.

"Ooof," she grunted as his weight fell on her, but she didn't push him away.

They lay in a collapsed heap for several moments before it dawned on him...

The music had stopped. The fucking music had stopped—

When, he groggily wondered?

How long ago had it stopped? He had been so engrossed in fucking his mother, he had become totally oblivious to everything else.

"The music. The music has stopped," he sputtered, jerking his cock back down the drenched tunnel of her cunt.

"No, no," she trilled, "don't take it out yet. It feels so good inside of me."

"But, but, what about dad?" he groaned, stopping his backward exodus out of her burning pit and slowly easing his softening cock back inside her...

[Return to the Top](#)

## **Chapter Three – Lights-Camera-Action**

"I don't think he'll mind," his mother laughed in a strained, crazed laugh as he slowly pushed his cock back into her.

"Shhhhhh," Jason shushed her, "he might hear us."

"Oh, I don't think that matters now."

What in the hell was she talking about, he wondered, bewildered by the sudden change in her behavior?

"I think he heard enough to get the picture," she cackled, squeezing down on his cock with her pussy muscles...

"No pun intended, of course," Jason heard his father say from behind him.

"WHAT IN THE HELL..." Jason gasped, lurching backward, jerking his stiff cock out of his mother's cunt as he struggled to turn and face his father.

"Ouch," his mother yelped out as the boy's giant plunger popped out of her drooling cunt.

"What? What the fuck?" Jason sputtered as turned around and saw his father step out of the little closet that joined the room to his workshop. And he was NAKED, too.

What was happening, he deliriously asked himself?

Jason's mind feverishly fought to sort out the mess he found himself in...

First, why was his father in the room?

Second, why was his father naked?

Third, if his father was impotent, why was he sporting the biggest erection Jason had ever seen in his whole life?

His father's gigantic cock looked as big as a fucking horse cock as it stood pointing up to the ceiling, jerking spasmodically.

Fourth, and the weirdest of all, why did his father have a camcorder in his hand?



"Wha..." Jason grunted again.

"Did you get it all on tape?" he heard his mother ask from underneath him.

"Every last, delectable, little detail," his father laughed, "I think you might win the Oscar for the wicked wife category."

"Well, they only award Oscars for acting, Dear, and I'm afraid I wasn't doing a whole lot of acting," she smiled, lecherously reaching out and tickling Jason's wilting penis with a long red fingernail. "It was all from the heart."

Was he going crazy, Jason wondered as he looked back and forth between his parents? Or maybe he was already crazy? Maybe, he had gone insane and was just dreaming the whole macabre thing...

"How would you like to star in a sequel, my dear?" George grinned down at her, his giant cock testifying to his own readiness as it twitched up and down excitedly.

"But, of course, I would," she giggled. "And I am guessing that you are volunteering to star in this sequel. Right?"

"You guessed it," he roared, laughing and slipping the camcorder strap off his hand.

"Here, Jason," he said, thrusting the camcorder at him. "Your turn to be the cameraman. I am going to be the star of this film."

Jason couldn't believe it. His head was swimming in confusion. He had been on top of the world only moments before. He had been the king. The conquer. The Lord of the Land.

Now, only seconds later, he was the dupe. The dunce. His holiness had been excommunicated and expelled from the Promised Land.

He had been completely and totally conned by his parents.

"Take the camera and move out of the way, boy. It's my turn now," he heard his father say from far, far away.

Staring up at his father, Jason staggered off the bed, his wilted cock dangling down, flopping around every which way.

"Here, take it," his father told him again, shoving the camera into his stomach.

"Oomph," Jason grunted as the camera dug into his stomach.

"And try and get some good tight shots of me sliding my cock into your mother's tight little cunt."

Taking the camera from his father, Jason numbly stood staring down at the bed. Standing there in stunned silence, Jason watched his mother smile up at him as his father quickly crawled up between her widespread legs.

"Are you ready?" his father grunted.

Jason watched in stupefaction as his mother took hold of his father's gigantic sausage-like cock and guided it down toward the slobbering, pink-tinged mouth between her legs.

"We are waiting," his father impatiently growled over his shoulder as he waited for Jason to start filming.

Somehow, his hands and arms began to work on their own volition. He made no conscious effort that he could recall, but he suddenly found himself staring through the viewfinder down at his father's big, hairy ass. Stumbling back a couple of steps, he focused down on his father's giant, grotesque penis as it hovered above the glistening, pink gash between his mother's legs. Then as he panned down to his mother's cunt, he saw a stream of white, watery cum slowly trickling down out of it. His cum. His own jism, oozing out of his mother's cunt.

A perverse thrill shot through his prick as he flicked on the camcorder and zoomed in on his mother's gaping gash, capturing it with the camera. Then, as he panned back, he watched on in shock and disgust as his father's thick, gargantuan penis slowly began to disappear down into the big, wet hole of his mother's cunt.

Suddenly, it all came to him. He was watching a reenactment of the very same spectacle that had brought him into the world. But there was one horrific difference, this time. This time, the garden had already been plowed and sowed

with seed. She was already filled with semen. His mother's hot, wet cunt was already overflowing with his [Jason's] thick, gelatinous cum. His own semen. And now his father's cock was preparing to refill the deep chasm with a second deposit of life-producing syrup. Their essences would be mixed together inside the boiling caldron of his mother's cunt.

A blast of perverse excitement sparkled through his cock as the portent of what was happening washed over him.

He panned down on the meaty gash of his mother's cunt where his father's giant prick was now pistoning in and out. There he focused onto the seepage of juice and cum oozing out of his mother's cunt. It was his cum trickling out of her. He couldn't get over that sick, depraved thought. His cum seeping out of the very same hole that he had been forced out of so long ago. But now that same hot, wet gorge was filled with his father's mammoth penis.

Closer and closer, he panned in on the amalgamation of their bodies. As he did, he could hear the wet squish of his father's monstrous cock sliding in and out of his mother's clinging cunt.

Their giant genitals grew bigger and bigger in the viewfinder as he zoomed in closer and closer. As grotesque and disgusting as it was, he found himself becoming excited by it.

But as he watched the obscene union of their bodies, his mind was still smarting from his betrayal.

His mother had used him. He had thought it was a spiritual thing between him and her. Something deep and loving between the two of them. Something sacred. A secret that they alone would share forever and ever. But it had all been a sham. It hadn't been that way at all.

His mother and father had used him like some prostitute to get their sick, depraved kicks and now they were still using him. Making him film them while they fucked.

But as much as he despised them for tricking him, he had to admit that he had gone along willingly. Like a sheep being led to slaughter, he had eagerly gone down the path to his own demise.

Keeping the camera focused on them, he watched them grunt and snort loudly. Making loud, obscene sounds as they fucked, it somehow reminded him of two hogs fucking.

They seemed completely oblivious to him as his father's big ass bounded up and down faster and faster. His mother had her eyes closed and her head thrown back as his father wheezed and panted above her. Jason kept filming as he watched his mother slowly lift her long, beautifully-tapered legs up and drape them over his father's hairy legs to gain leverage as she ground her belly into him every time he pounded his cock into her slaving oven. Even the ridiculous sound of their bodies slapping together was wickedly exciting to Jason as he filmed the freakish spectacle.

As they totally ignored him, he slowly panned back away from their genitals. Stepping back a few steps, he moved around to the side to catch a whole body shot of his copulating parents.

Had they forgotten that he was in the room, he wondered as they continued to fuck. His father's huge, hairy ass rocked back and forth like a runaway freight train, drilling his cock into her furiously. She was taking all he was giving without quarter as she dug her long, red fingernails into his back. As the sweat rolled off his father, Jason wondered how much more his father's heart could stand.

Disgustingly, his father's fat, flabby belly was sloshing back and forth like a big, pink inner tube as he pounded his prick into her.

"Esssss, Esssss, commmmiiiiinnnnngggggg." he finally heard his mother hiss as she grabbed hold of his father's ass and dug her nails into him. "Harder, unh, harder, unh, harder, unh, Fuck, unh, me, harder."

"UnhhhUnhhhUnhhhUnhhhUnhhh," his father grunted as he slammed his cock into her as hard and fast as he could.

Sensing that an eruption was imminent, Jason circled back and pointed the camera down at the fleshy weld of pistoning flesh where their bodies became one.

"Come, unh, on, unh, George, unh, fuck, unh, me, unh, like, unh, Jason, unh, did, unh, Harder, unh, unh, harder, unh, harder," she snarled at him, clawing and

scratching at him.

Suddenly, his father's ass began to quiver and shake as he slammed his cock into her in one final, piercing lunge.

"FUCK! COMMMIINNNGGGGTOOO!" he bellowed like a gored bull.

"YESYESYESYESYES!" Carey screeched as she threw her legs up and drove her heels into her husband's twitching ass, driving him even deeper into her convulsing cunt.

Jason had never seen anything so wickedly depraved as his mother's hot, clutching cunt sucked on his father's spurting prick. He could only imagine what was going on in the depths of her steaming cunt where his father's cum was spewing out and mixing with his own semen. Her cunt was like a giant sucking hole, pulling his father deeper and deeper into its sacred depths.

He gawked through the viewfinder as the meaty flesh surrounding his mother's cunt sucked and pulled on his father's prick. Her cunt was spasming wildly around the giant shaft just like it had done to Jason's own dick only moments earlier. Pulling the cum out of his father's cock just as it had sucked Jason's own cock dry before.

Staring down at their bodies, Jason watched his father's big, wrinkled asshole clench and tighten every time he hunched his cock into her. Strangely, he found himself wondering if his ass hole had done the same thing when he had filled his mother's cunt with cum. Weirdly, he found himself laughing to himself as the contractions grew smaller and smaller until at last, they stopped.

"Gawd," George groaned as he flopped down onto her heavily.

"Giiisssssshhhhh," she gushed when his body nearly knocked the breath out of her.

Slowly flicking the camera off, Jason stepped over to the bed and tossed the camera onto the bed.

"I guess that you're through with me," he said, turning toward the door. "So I'm going up to my room."

Without waiting for a reply, he walked out of the room...

~~~

Flopping down on his bed, he wanted to cry, but couldn't. What had started out as a perfect day had taken a calamitous turn for the worse. His whole world was turned upside down. Destroyed. He felt like he was the one that had just gotten fucked! Not his mother. Everything was different now.

He felt like he had just moved in with a pair of strangers. People that he had thought he knew, but didn't. It was like turning over a rock and finding horrible, sickening things underneath it...

"Mind if I come in?"

Turning, he saw his mother standing in the door.

"I guess not," he mumbled, staring at her.

"Good," she smiled at him as she strolled toward his bed.

She had taken the time to throw on a lacy, red night-robe, but it was so sheer, he could see right through it. And it was obviously apparent that she wasn't wearing anything underneath it either. Even though he was still angry at her for deceiving him, he couldn't stop the tickle of excitement that trickled down through his cock.

"Are you still mad at me?" she asked him, sitting down on the edge of his bed.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, unable to keep from glancing down at her jiggling, quivering breasts.

"But, you still like my tits, I see," she smiled, shrugging her shoulders and letting the gown whisper down around her hips.

"That's not fair," he gulped, watching her big tits wiggle and jiggle enticingly.

"You didn't like the game?" she asked him, running her fingers through his hair.

"No," he growled. "I thought you really wanted me. Not just to use me in some sick, twisted game you and dad cooked up."

"I did," she said. "I've wanted you for a long time, but I had to hide it. Finally, I just couldn't stand it anymore and I had to have you. You may think what we did was cold and cruel, but you don't know what it took for me to convince your father to do it."

"Huh?"

"Yes, I'm afraid that I had to use black mail of sorts on your father to get him to go along with this," she smiled.

"I don't understand," he winced, his head full of cotton.

"Well, it is kind of a long story," she went on, letting her fingers trail down one of his nipples.

"Tell me," he said, letting her toy with his tiny, hardening nipple.

"I guess it all began when your father and I got married," she started. "I am afraid that I was terribly oversexed even back then. It was okay at first, what with your father being a sex-starved young man himself. But over the years, my sexual needs have only increased, while your father's decreased and he wanted it less and less."

She paused for a moment, letting her hand track down over his belly to his slowly-hardening cock.

"I couldn't seem to get enough of this," she said, lifting his cock, "and it was just getting worse and worse. I wanted it every day and he wanted it once a week, if that often. It was beginning to drive us farther and farther apart. The more I wanted it, the more frustrated he got and the less he wanted."

Then she stopped. Looking deep into his eyes, she gave his cock a gentle, loving squeeze.

"I know you think I'm crazy. Think I'm sick. But I couldn't control it. Then one day, I was watching you work out by the pool and I began have fantasies about making love to you," she whispered softly, giving his prick a hard squeeze.

"It was slowly driving me crazy. I was always sexually excited, but he wouldn't or couldn't satisfy me and you were right there in front of me all the time. And I couldn't have you! Finally, I gave him an ultimatum. More sex from him, or I was going to have to find someone else to take care of my problem."

Jason watched her as she was unconsciously fondling and toying with his hard prick as she talked. It was almost as if she were talking to it and not him. Trying to convince his hard manhood, that they had done the right thing.

"He acted like he didn't believe me," she mumbled as she began to lovingly stroke his giant nine-inch prick as she paused again.

"Then I told him that I wanted you, if he couldn't or wouldn't take care of business, I was going to seduce you."

"What did he say?" Jason somehow croaked out.

"He just looked at me like I was crazy and stormed out of the house in a rage."

"You weren't home that day or I would have gone to you right then," she went on after a few seconds. "And this whole crazy thing would have started a lot earlier," she softly laughed, "if you had been home. Then I began talking about making love to you around him all the time. Finally, one day, he just said okay."

"Just like that?"

"I guess I just wore him down. But, then I knew that I had to convince him to become involved in it too. If I did it all on my own, he might use it against us later. So I let him think up the plan to seduce you. The teasing part was his idea. After he conceded, I think he got excited thinking about it. That's when he came up with the idea to film it. So, that is how we got from there to here."

Jason couldn't believe his ears. He couldn't believe that the oversexed woman sitting by him, slowly running her hand up and down his prick was his mother. He would never in a million years guessed that she was capable of such callous indifference toward incest. She was talking like it was a normal thing that everyone participated in. Like it was nothing out of the ordinary for a mother to seduce her son.

"And now, on top of all that," she dementedly laughed, "he wants to fuck more

often, too. Crazy, huh?"

Jason didn't know why, but he felt a sharp stinging barb of jealousy dig itself into his heart as he heard his mother telling him that his father wanted to fuck her more often now that he was involved in their sick, little world of incest and deceit.

"So do you understand now?" she asked him.

It all sounded crazy to Jason. Was his mother a nymphomaniac? Or was there any such thing? Why hadn't she seen a psychiatrist? Didn't they treat things like that? Talking about crazy. Take a good look at yourself. Here you are being offered a never-ending supply of pussy and you're questioning it? And the best kind of pussy in the world, too. Mommy pussy—

Maybe he was the crazy one and needed to see a shrink. He knew that he ought to just let sleeping dogs lie, but he couldn't stop himself.

"Have you ever seen a psychiatrist?" he mumbled.

"Are you crazy? And miss out on all this?" she laughed, a touch of madness creeping in around the edges of the laugh. "I don't know why I am like this. I just can't get enough of this wonderful monster," she said softly squeezing his cock again, "I guess my genes are just all screwed up. Maybe I'm missing some of the genes that a mother is supposed to have, but whatever it is, I know I should be shocked for even wanting to make love to you, but I'm not."

Hesitating for a moment, she bent down and lovingly kissed the big, round head of his cock.

"I guess it is all up to you now," she said, "If you want us to stop, we'll stop. But I want you to know that I want you. No matter what you decide, I'll love you just as much one way or the other. The decision is yours."

"What do you mean?"

"If you think that I was wrong to do what I did," she told him, "If you think what we are doing is wrong, we don't have to do it ever again."

"I just don't know what to think," he said, "I just thought it was a thing between

you and I. And then when Dad popped up, it just made me feel like you had used me. It hurt. That was why I was mad."

"I can understand that," she said, pausing for a moment to smile. "You said you were mad. Does that mean that you aren't mad at me anymore?"

"Damn, Mom, how could I stay mad at you," he laughed, reaching up and pulling her down to him. "I will be glad to be one of your love slaves."

"Oh, good," she giggled, kissing him on the lips, long and hard.

"I've got to go fix some supper," she smiled, trailing a long, red fingernail up his twitching cock.

"What about tonight?" he asked her, squeezing her tits and flicking the big, hard nipples.

"What about tonight?"

"Can we do it again tonight?"

"Oh, I don't think so," she mocked.

"Why not?"

"Haven't you heard the old saying 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Well, you can sleep on it all night and think about what we can do tomorrow," she smiled wickedly, "just as soon as you get home from school."

~~~

Jason had never spent a longer day in school. Every minute seemed to take an hour to drag by. Finally, when three o'clock rolled around, his cock was so hard, he knew that he could pound nails with it.

"Hay, Jase," he heard one of his pals holler at him as he tore across the parking

lot toward his car.

"Yeah, what do you want?" Jason hollered back without stopping his headlong dash to his car.

"Hey, man, hold up," the boy yelled, chasing Jason across the lot.

"What. What do you want?" Jason groaned, stopping and letting his friend catch up.

"A bunch of us are going over to Leroy's for drinks. You wanna come?"

"Uh, naw, I've got some chores to take care of at home," he lied. "My mom has laid down the law and she said if I wasn't home right after school, she would ground me for a month."

"Boy, I'm glad I ain't got a grouch like that for a mom," the other boy loudly laughed. "I think I'd run away from home if I did."

"Aw, she's not that bad," Jason said, anxiously walking toward his car. "She just has some things she wants me to do, today."

"Well, see ya later," the boy hollered, turning and heading back the way he had come, "and good luck with your mom."

Man, I don't need any luck with my mom, Jason snickered to himself, wondering what his friend would think if he knew that Jason was rushing home to fuck her.

Tossing his books through the window, Jason threw the car door open and jumped inside his car. Roaring out of the parking lot, he saw his friend grin and wave at him as he went flying by.

It was all he could do to keep his car on the road as he sped toward home.

What will she be wearing, he wondered? Will she have anything on at all? Will she be waiting downstairs? Or will she be up in her bedroom lying in bed with her legs spread apart and her big, juicy pussy just waiting for my big, old cock? What will she want to do? Will she want to fuck? Or will she want to suck on me? Or will she want me to eat her pussy? Or will she want to do it all? God, maybe, just maybe, she'll want me to fuck her in the ass. Oh, God that would be

the best ever, he groaned to himself as he finally turned up his street.

There it was. Their house. And waiting inside was his mother. Waiting for him. Waiting to fuck his silly brains out.

Oh, No, he complained to himself, I'm not even home and I'm about to come in my fucking pants just thinking about her.

Skidding up into the driveway, he slammed on the brakes and turned off the engine. Throwing open the door, he grabbed his books and made a mad dash for the house.

Out of breath, he stopped just outside the door. Now that he was here, about to face the reality of fucking his mother again, he felt light-headed. Dizzy with excitement. Like he was about to faint. There was a roaring in his ears and his heart was pounding so hard, he could barely think. Swallowing hard, he tried to get rid of the bale of cotton that had suddenly found its way into his mouth.

God, what's wrong with me, he gasped, looking down at his shaking hands as he started to reach for the doorknob. I'm fucking coming apart at the seams. I am a nervous wreck and I haven't even opened the frigging door.

Taking a huge, deep breath, he slowly exhaled it and reached for the door. His hand was still shaking, but at least it was controllable. Tremulously, he turned the knob and pushed the door open.

Feeling the hammer of his heart filling his chest, he stepped inside...

Jason stopped just inside the door. The house was eerily quiet. He listened, but the only sound to be heard was the rhythmic tick of the grandfather's clock sitting in the corner of the living room.

He felt a twinge of disappointment that his mother had not been at the door to greet him. But he didn't know why he felt disappointed, he knew she was waiting for him somewhere in the house. She had to be. She had promised him, hadn't she?

"Mother, are you home?" he finally hollered out.

"Yes, Dear. In the kitchen," he heard her softly laugh.

Dropping his book bag on the floor by the door, he hurried across the room.

"STOP!" his mother commanded him from inside the kitchen before he even had a chance to step into it.

"What? Why?"

"For just a minute," she hollered out to him.

"Okay," he complained.

"Now, close your eyes," she told him. "I have a surprise for you."

He felt an electrical shock fire through his steel-hard prick as his mind ran wild with anticipation.

What was this all about, he wondered standing by the door with his eyes closed tightly?

"Now, put out your hands," she ordered him.

He could tell that she was closer now, as her voice sounded much nearer. Then he got a whiff of her mystical perfume. Angel's Kiss, it was called. He loved its fragrance, especially on his mother. Another spark of excitement tore through his throbbing cock as he fretted impatiently.

As he stood waiting, his eyes closed and his arms extended out before him, he could only wonder what she had planned for him.

A stronger suggestion of Angel's Kiss filled the air as he felt the air stir around him.

Suddenly, he felt two bands of icy, cold steel encircle his wrists and heard the frightening snap of metal against metal.

His eyes flew open. His mother stood in front of him with a wicked smile on her face. Looking down, he saw that he was wearing a pair of shiny, steel handcuffs.

"What in thu..." he spluttered, jerking his hands back in a helpless gesture of defiance.

"You're under arrest," she trilled, stepping back, holding onto a little metal chain that was connected to the cuffs wrapped around his wrists.

"What, what are you doing?" he muttered, feeling a tickle of anxiety trickle down his spine.

"You are under arrest for the incestuous ravishment of your helpless old mom," she devilishly grinned.

"What? What do you mean?" he mumbled.

"And you are going to have to go to the dungeon to await your trial," she announced, her lips turning up into a diabolic smirk.

"You're, uh, kidding, uh, aren't you, mom?" he nervously grinned.

"I am afraid not, dear," she laughed, reaching up and planting a long, hard kiss on his lips.

Breaking her lip lock on him, she stepped back and grinned.

"I have a cell all prepared for you," she smirked, turning and trailing the long, silver chain over her shoulder as she gently tugged him out of the kitchen.

The shock of being handcuffed began to wear off as she hauled him along behind her.

He suddenly became aware of what she was wearing as she admired her body under the sheer transparency of a soft, red baby-doll top. Underneath the transparency of the thin material, the only thing she was wearing was a pair of thong panties. Nothing else.

As he trailed along behind her, he saw that she was now almost as tall as he was. She was perched atop a pair of 4 or 5-inch bright red spike-heeled sandals with sexy, crisscrossed spaghetti straps encircling her shapely ankles and arcing her long, sculpted legs into perfect symmetry. Beautiful, long, graceful legs, perfectly shaped and formed.

His eyes found her perfect derriere as she strode across the room. The two perfectly-rounded globes of hard, firm flesh swelled out on either side of the

deep cleft between them where her thong panties disappeared down between them. Like the haunches of an elegant thoroughbred, the muscles underneath the bronzed gold of her skin, rippled and quivered seductively with every step she took.

He was so intent on drinking in the beauty of her wondrous backside, he nearly slammed into her when she suddenly stopped at the head of the stairs leading down into the basement.

"What? Where are we going?" he mumbled when she started down the stairs.

"To the dungeon, Silly," she smirked, "where did you think?"

"Down there?"

"Yes, down here. Where did you expect a dungeon to be? In the attic?" she cackled maniacally.

"But, but, where?"

"Come on," she laughed, "and you'll find out."

Even the clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop of her spike heels on the stairs sounded sexy to Jason as he obediently trailed along behind her.

Perplexed, he looked around, wondering what she meant when she said her 'dungeon' was down in the basement.

"I don't see it," he said when they arrived at the bottom of the stairs.

"Of, course not, you silly boy," she devilishly giggled, "it's in a secret place. We wouldn't want anyone accidentally stumbling onto it."

Looking around the room, he was still baffled. There was no place that could hide a dungeon.

Strolling over to the shiny, clean, heating and air-conditioning unit that covered one wall of the basement, she turned and smiled at him.

"Well, what do you think?"

"What do you mean?" he grunted, running his eyes from one end of the unit to the other end.

He saw nothing that indicated it was anything but what it appeared to be.

Laughing quietly, she dropped the chain that ran to his handcuffs. Reaching out, she placed her hands alongside one of the sections of the unit and pulled.

The panel slowly slid open making a slight scraping sound as it slid along the floor.

Then, with the panel open, she stepped back and let Jason look inside. He could now see that there was a small passageway leading through the center of the unit to a door in the wall of the basement.

Gently pushing him aside, his mother ducked her head and stepped into the passageway. As she did, Jason saw that she had a long, gold necklace hanging down between her big saggy breasts. It had several keys dangling from it.

Pulling the chain out from between her breasts, she selected one of the keys and fitted it into the lock. Then with a grin, she turned the knob and pushed the door open...

[Return to the Top](#)



## **Chapter Four – Awaiting Trial in the Dungeon**

It was dark in the room. Jason couldn't see a thing. He felt the cuffs bite into his wrists as his mother stepped into the room and tugged him in behind her.

"Come in," she smirked, pausing for a second, "said the spider to the fly..."

Uncertain of himself, Jason was wary of what maybe hidden in the darkness that surrounded him as he waited to see what his mother was going to do.

Suddenly the bright flare of a match flashed in front of him, temporarily blinding him.

Blinking in the bright burst of light, he watched his mother slowly put the match to the wick of a candle. With a sputter, the wick caught and a soft, gentle halo of light spread across the room.

Looking around the room, Jason could make out vague, frightful shapes draped on the walls and hanging from the ceiling. But it was hard to distinguish what they were by the light of a single candle.

"Can't you see?" he heard his mother chuckle as she picked up the candle and held it up into the air.

Pulling him along behind her like she was leading an animal to slaughter, she stopped to light another candle. Then another. And another. As she lit more and more candles, the room slowly brightened and the macabre objects in the room came into focus.

Jason was staggered by what he saw.

The room was full of every type of erotic toy he could imagine.

Chains, leather, and plastic contraptions of all sizes and shapes hung from the walls and ceiling of the room. The chains, ominously hanging from the walls sparkled devilishly in the flickering light of the candles, while black and red leather straps hung down sinisterly from the walls. Looking about fearfully, he saw that there were even more menacing creations suspended from the ceiling.

It was plainly obvious that they were designed for the more prurient tastes of his mother and her 'prisoners.'

An icy thought ran through his head as he stood staring at the implements of torture and pleasure.

He was now his mother's prisoner. A prisoner in her dungeon. A prisoner of the woman who had brought him into the world. The woman who had nurtured him and cared for him all of his life. Never in a million years would he have thought her capable of what she had shown him during the past day or so. But now, as he stood staring at the implements of her love dungeon, he realized that he didn't know the woman at all. But then, you could never know what a person was really like down deep inside their heart of hearts...could you? Even if that person was your mother. Only they knew what they were like inside.

But, now Jason was getting a shocking peek into his mother's heart of hearts and he had to admit that what he saw there scared him a little bit.

Now that he was finding out just how little he did know about her, he was having second thoughts about letting her have control over him. He didn't know just how far would she take this prisoner/dungeon thing?

Struggling with the unknown consequences of their wicked, forbidden tryst, he hadn't noticed that his mother had finished lighting the candles.

Abruptly, he felt himself being jerked across the room. As he shuffled along behind her, he turned and saw another wall covered with what had to be the largest collection of dildos in the world.

As he stared, openmouthed at the bizarre collection of sexual accouterments, he heard the rattle of metal scraping over metal. Then, all at once, he felt his arms being tugged into the air.

"What thu..." he sputtered as he heard the chilling snap of another lock snapping shut.

His head spinning, he found himself with his arms pulled above his head and his body pressed up against the warm, padded basement wall. Finding himself defenseless was frightening enough, but realizing that it was his mother, the mother he no longer knew, that had put him in such a position set off alarm bells in his head.

A prickle of fear shot up his spine as he watched her turn and smile at him.

"Well, my little fly," she softly laughed, slowly strolling over to a table in the center of the wall of dildos, "what do you think?"

Jason was too bewildered to speak. All he could do was stand and gawk at her.

"Cat get your tongue?" she smirked. "Don't you like it?"

He couldn't answer. His heart, lodged in his throat was making speech impossible, he could barely even breathe.

"Well, you might as well enjoy it because this is your home until the trial."

What did she mean by 'the trial' anyway? And just when would it be? Hours, days, weeks, months? When?

He tried to speak, but his mouth was filled with cotton and words wouldn't come out.

"Don't you find it funny," she said, smiling proudly, "that it has been down here all this time. Right under your nose and you never knew it."

Smiling wickedly, she strolled over in front of him with an exaggerated sway of her hips. Stopping only inches from him, she slowly lifted the top of her gauzy little baby-doll up over her head and let it slither out of her fingers to the floor.

"Like my tits?" she whispered, cupping the big, pendulous mountains of flesh, lifting them up to him as she inched closer to him.

"Yesss," he was finally able to croak as he strained against the restraints, wishing he could grab hold of the big mountains of tit flesh.

"Wouldn't you love to touch them? Squeeze them? Stick your big cock between them and fuck them?" she mischievously grinned, running her hands over her breasts, cupping and lifting them teasingly. Then she reached over and pulled one of the big, pink dildoes off the wall and stuck it up between her breasts. Slowly stroking the big evil-looking thing up and down between her jiggling tits, she smiled wickedly. "Wouldn't you like to fuck Mommy's big titties?"

"Oh, God," he gasped, rattling the chains as he tried to free his hands.

"Wouldn't you like to suck on my big, ripe nipples," she whispered, flicking the great, swollen paps with the dildo as they jutted out enticingly.

Clawing the air with his fingers, Jason jerked and pulled on the chains trying to free himself.

"I know you would, but..." she cackled, pushing the dildo back into its holder and reaching down to his belt buckle.

With a quick flick, she jerked his belt out through its loops and tossed it to the floor.

"But, down here, I make the rules," she sadistically grinned, popping open his pants.

"Actually, there is only one rule down here," she giggled, roughly spreading his pants open, "and that is that MOM RULES. Understand?" she growled, grabbing his pants and tugging them down around his ankles.

"Yes," he groaned.

Staring into his eyes, she dug her fingernails into the tender flesh of his waist as she grabbed hold of the waistband of his shorts.

"Good," she grunted, quickly shucking his shorts down his muscular legs.

As she did, his huge, hard cock flopped out into the open.

"Nice," she gurgled as his cock jumped and danced up and down wildly.

Before he knew what was happening, she slipped to her knees in front of him and was kissing the head of his bouncing cock.

"God, Mother—" he groaned, watching her big, full lips encircle and suck the head of his cock inside her mouth.

As he struggled lurching forward, she dropped her head down and sucked almost half of his rock-hard cock into her hot, sucking mouth before he knew what was happening.

Jason was stunned as he watched her soft, red lips quickly slide down his throbbing barrel of meat.

Stopping with almost half of his nine-incher inside her mouth, she gave his cock a few quick, hard sucks. Then, she slowly let it ooze out from between her lips.

"You like that," she taunted, licking her tongue around her lips.

"Fuck, yes," he groveled, struggling against the steel restraints holding him away from her.

Grinning lecherously, she slowly rose to her feet again

"Good, because I love to suck cock. Especially, big, hard cocks like yours," she smirked, reaching up and grabbing hold of the front of his shirt.

"We don't need this shirt," she grunted, jerking her hands apart and ripping the shirt open.

Jason heard buttons ping off the walls and floor as she laughed and tore the remnants of his shirt off his arms.

Tossing the torn, ragged remnants of his shirt aside, she suddenly dropped to her knees in front of him again. Just as before, her head shot forward and she consumed at least six inches of his monstrous cock.

Digging her long, sharp fingernails into the cheeks of his ass, she held onto him as she sucked and toyed with his hot, hard cock with her tongue.

Jerking her head back, she let his twitching penis lurch up and down wildly as she reached down and quickly tugged his shoes, socks off.

He could already feel the tightening precursor of a cataclysmic eruption gathering in his balls when she suddenly sucked him back inside her mouth again.

"You're making me crazy," he gasped.

Leaning back, she let his prick slither out of her mouth as she looked up at him with a wild madness in her eyes.

"Good!" she cackled insanely, "I don't want to be the only crazy person down here."

Alarm bells were clanging in his head again as he watched her slowly push back up onto her high-heeled stilettos.

Had she really slipped over the edge, he fearfully wondered? If she had he was in no position to stop her from doing anything she wanted to him. There wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. He was her prisoner. Her prisoner and chained to the damn ceiling.

Smiling diabolically, she leaned against him, crushing her big, soft breasts against his chest.

Then, her lips found his and her tongue forced its way into his mouth. Probing, touching, exploring him with her tongue, she pressed herself against him in a most un-motherly fashion.

As he struggled against the restraints that held him, he felt his mother wrap another restraint around one of his wrist. Already trapped and constrained by the handcuffs, he wondered why she was putting a second set of cuffs around his wrists.

But he only pondered that puzzle for a moment as his mother continued to fuck his mouth with her tongue.

Thrusting his tongue into her mouth, he hungrily probed the hotness of her mouth. Maybe, if he got her hot enough, she would let him go so they could fuck. Then he could escape—

Dueling combatants, their tongues parried and slashed at each other as his mother hungrily ate his face.

His mouth plastered against hers, his tongue twisting and coiling inside her mouth, he barely felt his mother snap the second constricting band around his other wrist.

Breathlessly, she abruptly tore her mouth from his and stumbled back away from him gasping for air.

"No—no—" she crazily laughed, wagging her forefinger back and forth in front of his face.

Could she read his fucking mind, Jason fearfully wondered? Shaking her head, she smiled and reached up to the necklace hanging from her neck.

Stepping up to him once again, she shoved herself up against him, flattening her breasts against his chest as she reached above his head.

He felt her struggling with the handcuffs, and for one foolish moment he thought she was going to release him. Smiling in relief, he felt the restricting coolness of the steel handcuffs slip from around his wrists.

Trying to flex his arms, he found he was still solidly anchored to the wall. Glancing up, he saw a pair of red, velvet straps wrapped around wrists now. Straining as hard as he could against the restraints, he couldn't move his wrists more than a half inch from the cushioned wall.

While he grappled with wristbands, his mother fell to her knees in front of him and once again dove on his cock, hungrily sucking half of it inside of her hot, slurping mouth. As Jason groaned out in anguish and despair, she began moving her head around in circles, twirling his cock around the inside of her hungry mouth.

"Fuck!" he gasped, hunching his hips forward, trying to drive his cock deeper into her mouth.

"Ummmmmmmm," she hummed, sucking and pulling on him with her mouth, but not letting him force his cock any deeper.

Finally, she jerked her head back, letting his painfully-stiff prick pop out of her mouth.

"Delicious," she fiendishly laughed.

As Jason's senses reeled from the ferocity of her attack on his cock, she quickly bent down and jerked his legs apart. Shoving his heels back against the wall, she hurriedly snapped a band around one ankle.

He now had both wrists and one ankle securely bound to the wall.



Foolishly, in a tiny act of defiance, he kicked his other foot out away from the wall.

Laughing softly, she slowly reached up and grasped his dangling balls in her hand.

Looking into his eyes, she slowly began to squeeze his balls.

"Please put your foot back," she softly whispered, coldly smiling at him, gradually increasing the pressure of her grip around his balls.

Staring down at her in rebellion, he felt his testicles begin to ache and shrivel as his mother continued to tighten her grip on his balls.

"Mother, you're hurting me," he complained.

She didn't flinch. She just stared back at him with a cold, taunting grin on her face.

"Oh, really," she said, "I wonder why that is?"

"Mother," he groaned as her fingers tightened ever tighter around his aching balls.

"Remember what the rules are down here?" she murmured.

Still he fought back in a futile gesture of bravado.

"Put you put your foot back," she ordered him, squeezing even harder.

"Fuck," he blurted out, abruptly jerking his heel back against the wall.

"Very good," she smiled, releasing her hold on his aching testicles. "You're learning..."

Staring down at her angrily, he didn't fight her as she quickly attached the other leg iron around his ankle.

Now, he found himself spread-eagled out against the wall with his arms and legs securely pinioned to the wall.

"That's better," his mother murmured, getting to her feet.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked, his voice cracking with anxiety.

"I guess you'll just have to wait and see, won't you," she trilled, walking over to the wall filled with all manner of leather devices.

"Let's see," she said, pausing for a moment, pinching her chin between her finger and thumb, studying all the implements. Then, with a soft, demonic giggle, she reached out and pulled a muzzle down from the wall.

"This should keep you quiet," she grinned, holding the mask up for him to see.

"And this...well, you'll find out," she giggled, pulling down a sinister black leather strap with several shiny snaps and fasteners on it.

Jason followed her with his eyes as she sauntered toward him with her big, floppy tits dancing and bobbing around crazily.

It was quickly obvious that this wasn't the first time she had used this particular piece of equipment as she quickly fitted the muzzle over his chin, pushed the little red ball into his mouth and snapped the contraption closed.

He could only watch on in silence as she finished adjusting several of the straps and buckles on the monstrosity.

Stepping back away from him for a moment, she shook out the other long leather strap.

Grinning evilly, she spread the leather noose at one end of it wide open. Slowly reaching down to his jutting manhood, she teasingly slid the soft, leather strap around his pulsating cock. Easing it down the thick, hard shaft of his cock, she delicately lifted his big, dangling balls and pushed the strap down under them.

Now, the black leather strap was wrapped securely around the base of his cock and balls. Ever so slowly, his mother began to pull on the strap of black leather, tightening it around his cock and pulling his balls up next to the rigid shaft of his cock. She continued to pull it tighter and tighter as Jason felt his balls begin to ache from the pressure.

Apprehensively, Jason stared down at his throbbing cock as it slowly began to darken. It was obvious that the strop was so tight it was constricting the blood flow from his imprisoned prick and testicles.

Still pulling the cord tighter and tighter, his mother took his hard, swollen penis in her hand and gently pressed it up against her cheek.

Closing her eyes, she rubbed the big, discolored thickness of his cock against her cheek as her tongue flicked out and tickled the aching tightness of his bulging balls.

Gradually, she licked her way onto his cock as the ache inside his balls became worse and worse. Speechless, he watched as her small, pink tongue flicked its way toward the plum-colored head of his swollen penis. His whole cock had already changed from a dark pink to a light purple. Still the pressure increased as she pulled black leather constrictor tighter and tighter. Finally, she eased her mouth down around the bloated roundness of his icy-cold cockhead.

The bloated, swollen plum of his cockhead burst into fire as her hot, sucking lips closed down around it. As the heat of her mouth enveloped his throbbing penis-head, he felt like he was going to faint.

Like a starving calf, his mother assaulted his cock, sucking and pulling on it hungrily with her mouth and lips.

But, even as she devoured his cock, the aching tightness around the base of his cock increased. Tighter and tighter, she pulled the noose, until the pressure was so great, he knew that she was going to pull his cock out by its roots.

But his mother seemed oblivious to his pain as she continued to hungrily slurp on his cock.

Harder and harder, she sucked on him as his cock turned darker and darker purple.

Jason squirmed with an agonizing mixture of pain and pleasure, but was powerless to do or say anything to stop her.

Then, suddenly, she let go of the strap and grabbed hold of his cock with both hands.

The pressure disappeared. A flood of pure, sweet relief exploded inside his balls as the stroop dropped to the floor with a rattle.

"Unnnnggghhhhhhhh," he grunted as he felt his balls begin to melt and flow out into her hot, sucking mouth.

He had never felt anything like it. It was as if she was literally sucking the insides of his balls into her mouth.

A warm cocoon of pleasure settled down around his cock as the creamy contents of his testicles began to trickle into her mouth. Instead of the hot stinging spasms of pleasure that usually accompanied his ejaculation, there was only a steady gush of pleasure pouring from his abused cock and balls.

Then, finally, ecstasy wracked his body when he felt his cock begin to jerk and kick as it began to spurt out its frothy load into his mother's hot, sucking mouth.

The warm softness of the pleasure soon became hot bolts of sheer delight as gob after gob of his potent cream spurted out into her mouth.

It seemed, for a while that he had an endless supply of thick, hot cum, but at last, he felt his cock stop spurting. As it did, his legs gave way and he slumped down but was held upright by the wrist and ankle bands. Otherwise, he would have fallen flat on his face.

Lifelessly hanging from the wall, he watched as his mother eased her mouth off his shrinking manhood and looked up at him.

Grinning wickedly, she got to her feet.

He couldn't move as he stood pinned to the wall like some giant butterfly in some mad scientist's collection of mutant insects.

"Nice. Very nice...very tasty..." his mother smiled, slowly licking her tongue around her lips, licking away a few drops of his creamy cum that had escaped her ravenous mouth.

Tiredness settled over his body as he swam in the wonderful afterglow of his eruption. All he wanted to do was sleep. Sleep and dream of his mother sucking his cock.

His eyelids were becoming too heavy to keep open. Slowly, they closed.

If he had kept them open, he would have seen his mother select another diabolical piece of equipment from the wall.

Stepping back in front of him, she knelt down.

Jason abruptly caught another strong whiff of Angel's Kiss and fought to open his eyes.

At last, they fluttered open and he saw his mother kneeling down in front of him.

Looking up at him, she smiled wickedly and reached out to his thick, heavy softness.

What was she doing now, he wondered, his mind still drugged from his orgasm?

He felt her gently lift his shrunken prick and watched on in shocked stillness as she wrapped a red, leather strap around the top of his scrotum. As she moved her fingers back away from his dangling balls, he saw that his balls were now separated from his cock by a band of red leather. And hanging down from it were two more red straps.

"What am I doing?" she tittered, smiling up at him and seeing the confusion in his eyes, "Is that what you want to know?"

Nodding his head up and down quickly, he watched her reach down and pick up a round steel ball about the size of a tennis ball encapsulated in a web of red leather.

"Oh, I like big, dangling balls," she laughed, attaching the weight to one of the straps dangling down from the tether circling his balls. "The same way you like my, big, floppy tits."

He immediately felt a dull, constricting ache in his balls as she let go of the steel ball. Gawking down between his legs, he watched his own balls being squeezed down into a tight, round ball of shiny flesh about the size of a baseball. Then, she leisurely picked up the other steel globe of shiny metal and attached it to the other dangling strap. As she gently released her hold on the second ball, he saw his balls shrink down to the size of a tennis ball. A tennis ball that was being

scrunched down so tightly, it was slowly turning purple.

The steel balls pulling on his testicles must have weighed ten pounds apiece, he thought as it felt like his balls were being ever so slowly pulled out by their roots.

"There," she evilly laughed as she stood up. "They ought to hang down nice and low by the time I get back."

"Ngnngggghhhhhhhhhh," Jason impotently blathered into the mask.

"I'll be back in a while," she grinned, reaching down and giving his hardening prick a squeeze. "See you are already getting hard."

"Ngnngggghhhhhhhhhh," he uselessly growled again as he watched her turn and clop across the room with her hips absurdly swinging from side to side.

"See ya," she laughed as she ducked down and stepped out of the room.

THEN SHE WAS GONE! How could she leave him alone like this?

The ache in his balls steadily grew worse as he impatiently waited for her to return.

It had to be some insane joke. She wouldn't really leave him alone like this for long.

Glancing down, he was afraid that he would see his balls lying on the floor, pulled by their roots, but instead, he saw that his cock was hard again.

But this time, its hardness wasn't the result of excitement. It was the result of blood flowing into it that couldn't escape. Oh, God, what if I get gangrene and they have to cut it off.

Fear fueled by the pain produced a sheen of sweat on his forehead as he glared down at the deepening purple of his cock and balls.

. He had been right all along. His mother was mad. Crazy as a fucking loon and now he was going to die down here in her dungeon to prove it. Then all at once, his whole body was bathed in sweat

His cock grew harder and harder from the ingestion of blood as the purple grew deeper and deeper in color. The head of his cock now looked like a big, ripe plum.

The ache was becoming a stabbing pain. The pain filled his whole groin with agony as he helplessly waited.

What was she trying to do to him? Was she trying to maim him for life for fucking her? Was this her revenge on him for defiling her? Was this her way of telling him that he should never have dishonored his mother?

When was she going to come back?

Time crawled by as the gnawing pain in his testicles turned fiery.

But still she didn't come back.

Straining against the bonds, he groaned and moaned to no avail as the shackles held him securely attached to the wall. Then as he lurched to try and escape, he jostled the balls hanging down from his testicles and made them pull down even harder.

A nauseous bubble of misery welled up from his belly as he willed the steel balls to stop moving.

There was no relief when they did stop and the pain became so great, he began to sob.

Tears began to flow, mingling with the sweat to form a stream dripping off his chin. The sweat in his eyes stung, but he was afraid to move. Afraid the steel balls would move again and de-root him.

"Oh, we're not going to be a cry baby are we?" he heard as his mother laugh from across the room.

SHE WAS BACK! SHE WAS BACK TO SAVE HIM!

"Hrrrrzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz," he groaned futility.

"Hurts?" she asked, seeming oblivious to his pain.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she grinned, obviously not troubled by his predicament. "Does Baby want Mommy to take it off?" she smirked, slowly strolling over to where he stood spread-eagled against the wall.

Jason's head went up and down furiously as he tried to convince her of the terrifying and grisly severity of the situation.

Blinking through the pain and tears, Jason saw that his mother was naked.

"Well, okay," she said teased, "I'll take it off if you are going to be a cry baby."

Leisurely, she reached down and fingered one of the shiny silver balls.

"I like the way your balls look. All tight and purple and everything."

"Mmpphhhsssssss," he shouted into the mask as she delicately scratched the skin that was stretched agonizingly taut over his testicles.

"Oh, okay," she grinned, unhurriedly lifting one of the gleaming balls and disconnecting it from the torturous apparatus.

"Gdddddddddd," he groaned into the mask as the pain inside his testicles lessened slightly.

Deliberately taking her time, she ever so slowly lifted the other ball up and disconnected it from the device. Finally, cupping his tortured balls in the palm of her hand, she unsnapped the leather band that encircled them.

The skin of his scrotum, stretched and protracted by the prolonged pull of the two heavy, steel balls was now the color of cherries.

His cock was still hard and stiff jutting out above the dangling balls.

Smiling insolently, his mother bent down and sucked his jutting maleness into the mouth again.

The pain and torment slowly disappeared in a gentle swelling of pleasure as his mother lovingly sucked on his cock. As she sucked on him, she gently, tenderly fondled his dangling, tortured balls.



The torture of before was quickly replaced with a wondrous feeling of joy. She had saved his testicles. Saved them from being slowly pulled from his body.

The fact that she had put him in that predicament earlier somehow escaped his mind now.

She had stopped the pain. She had made it go away and now she was bringing him pleasure again.

As he slumped down against the restraints in relief, he watched his mother let his cock slither out of her mouth.

As he looked up wearily, she stepped over to the side of the table and reached up to a row of buttons. Grinning at him, she began to push buttons.

Jason heard a creaking groan of machinery behind him and felt the section of the wall where he stood begin to move. Slowly, the wall creaked forward a few steps and then began tilting backwards as it did.

What in the hell was going on now, he wondered as he felt himself being tipped backward?

At least he didn't have to worry about falling, he thought, as the tethers around his wrists and ankles held him securely fastened to the wall.

"Baby going bye-bye," his mother laughed as the wall continued to move and tilt backwards.

At last, he found himself lying flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling when the wall finally stopped moving.

It was then that he saw the big, swinging cradle above him. It reminded him of the baby swing that he had when he was a little baby. Except this one was made of leather and it was much bigger. Big enough for an adult. Big enough for his mother.

"Remember when you were a little baby and I used to swing you in your little swing?" she asked him, reaching up and pulling down a little electrical box with a wire running up to the swing.

"Unnnnhhhh," he uselessly tried to communicate around the hard, rubber ball in his mouth.

He watched her stab a red tipped finger into one of the buttons on the switch and heard a motor whir. Looking up above his head, he watched the leather swing quickly move down toward him.

"But this time, I get to swing," she laughed as the contraption dropped lower and lower.

Suddenly, it thudded down onto the wall by Jason's head.

Grinning lecherously, his mother quickly crawled up onto the wall.

Picking up the swing, she pushed another button and the swing started rising back up into the air. After a couple of seconds, she stopped it.

Holding onto the swing with her hands, she carefully slipped one foot through the contrivance. After several quick adjustments, she raised her other leg and slipped her foot into the device. Now she was now suspended above the table, slowly swinging back and forth above him.

Then his eyes found the opening in the bottom of the swing. And there in the center of the opening was his mother's cunt; glistening wetly in the flickering light of the candles.

The straps and bindings of the swing held her legs pressed up against her big tits leaving her pussy totally exposed and vulnerable from below.

"Like the view," she giggled as she slowly swung back and forth above him.

"Ummmmmmuhhhss," he choked out against the mask.

"Well, I hope so," she grinned, pushing another button on the switch in her hand.

Jason watched on, awaiting what he hoped would happen.

His mother slowly descended down toward him with her defenseless cunt poised directly above his jutting cock. As she sank down toward him, his cock began to instinctively jump and twitch.

Lower and lower she sank, until the glistening opening of her vagina was poised only a couple of inches above his twitching prick.

"Oh, he looks like he is excited," she giggled as she reached down around her hip and took hold of his prick.

Gently lifting his lurching cock, she quickly fitted its swollen head up into the drooling opening of her cunt.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh," she sighed as the head of his cock slithered up into her drooling pit.

Then Jason saw her push another button and her cunt slowly dropped down, swallowing his cock all the way up to its hairy hilt.

Then, just as the lips of her cunt squished down around the base of his cock, she stabbed another button. The swing stopped its downward plunge, leaving his cock completely buried up inside her cunt.

"I love it," Jason heard his mother whisper as she pushed another button.

A motor whirled and he felt his mother's pussy begin to move upward, slowly disgorging his juice-drenched prick as the swing pulled his mother upward.

Up, up and then, just when he thought his cock was going to pop out of the channel of her hot, hungry pussy, she pushed another button and everything stopped.

"Now," she laughed, pausing for a moment. "It is programmed. All we have to do is enjoy."

With that, she pushed still another button and the motor began to hum and buzz. Quickly, his mother's tight, gulping cunt enveloped his cock, sliding down until he felt her cunt lips around the base of his cock. Then her cunt quickly jerked back up, regurgitating his cock until only the cock head was inside her. Then the motor groaned again and her cunt squished back down onto him. Up and down, up and down her pussy rose and fell on his cock as the motor worked while his mother sat in the swing, her head thrown back, obviously enjoying the feel of his monstrous cock invading her cunt over and over again.

Jason stared up at his mother as the machine pulled her up and down. He couldn't believe that this was happening to him. It was preposterous. Only in his wildest dreams would it happen. No, not even there, and yet, it was happening...

As she lurched up and down above him, she slowly twirled around in a circle so that every time her cunt slithered down on his cock, she was in a different position. One time she was facing him; then she was slightly turned away; then his cock was sliding in sideways; then he was fucking her from behind; then she slowly rotated around to face him again.

As her cunt swallowed him and spit him out over and over again, he could feel the stockpile of cum inside his gonads roiling and seeking release. But still, her hot cunt continued to suck and milk at his cock.

His mother, lewdly held up by the bizarre contraption, descended, dropping down on his cock until the entire length of his thick hardness was buried up inside her. Suddenly, just as the lips of her cunt settled down around the base of his cock, she stabbed her finger into the control panel. The downward motion of the swing stopped and his mother began to slowly spin around in a circle.

As she did, she clamped down on his prick with her cunt. Jason had never felt anything like it. Her pussy wasn't traveling up and down now, but instead it was twirling around. With his cock inside her.

He could feel the tight squeezing and pulling on his throbbing cock as his mother milked him with her cunt. At the same time, she began to spin around faster and faster. Soon she was twirling round and round like a spinning top, as she sucked on him with her hungry cunt.

Struggling to free himself, he groveled underneath his pirouetting mother only to feel the trip hammer break inside his balls, losing a gigantic geyser of creamy, hot cum up into his mother's twirling vagina.

"Aiiieeeeeouuuuuu," she screeched, stabbing at the button with her finger.

His mother lurched to a stop as Jason's balls spasmed and fired another volley of hot, thick cum up into her clutching vagina.

The swing began to shake and quiver as his mother was whisked away into a mighty orgasm of her own.

Chains rattled and leather squeaked as she twisted and writhed above him. But he continued to grunt and thrust himself up into her as his cock spurted and spit out its lethal load into her drenched pussy.

Again and again, Jason's giant prick kicked and shot its hot, creamy load into her. There was so much of it, it soon began dripping down out of her drenched cunt and splashing down on his abused balls.

Still, they grunted and snorted, connected together in incestuous union. At last, with one final gasp, Jason felt his balls go empty.

Then with one last squeeze of her pussy on his cock, Jason's mother sighed and sank back down into the swing as Jason's cock rapidly shrank back down to normalcy inside her belly.

As his shriveling cock began to retreat down the soaked channel of her cunt, his mother tweaked another button and the motor whined again. Ever so slowly, she lifted up off of him, until his lifeless penis slowly slithered out of her cunt and lifelessly flopped down onto his belly.

"Ohhhhhh," she giggled as at least a cup of thick, foamy syrup gushed out of her cunt and splashed down onto his depleted prick.

"That was fun," she grinned down at him.

Trying to catch his breath, Jason watched his mother slowly disentangle herself from the swing.

After a few moments, she stood looking down at him as she sent the swing purring back up to the ceiling.

"Did you like it?" she giggled.

Staring up at her, she seemed to be ten feet tall, he thought as he slowly nodded his head up and down.

Then she knelt down and slipped off the tilted wall. Jason followed her with his eyes as he watched her squat over a bidet in the corner of the room.

As he watched, she smiled at him and turned the water on. They stared at each

other as Jason listened to the trickle of the water washing away their sins.

When she finally stood back up, Jason saw water dripping down from her womanhood.

She laughed when she saw him staring down at her.

"What's wrong," she asked him, casually strolling back over to where he lay, "haven't you ever seen a woman use a bidet before?"

He could only shake his head back and forth in answer.

"How about a little snack," she softly said, crawling up onto the wall by him.

"Unhuh," he mumbled against the leather bindings as she reached up and unsnapped the mask.

As she pulled the awful leather mask from his face, he took in a long, deep breath of fresh air.

"That better?" she laughed, throwing one long, shapely leg over him.

She was now straddling his face and he found himself staring straight up into the wet, glistening pink of her gaping womanhood. It was a wondrous sight to behold as the meaty gash slowly descended down toward his lips. As it came closer, Jason could see that the big, fleshy lips were red and gorged. The sight sent a shiver of excitement knifing through his limp prick. And then the engorged lips of her cunt finally brushed over his own lips.

The moment their lips touched, she reached down and grabbed hold of his hair and jerked his head up off the padded wall. Mumbling unintelligibly, she shamelessly shoved her pussy down onto his mouth and ground her cunt against it.

Wickedly, she rubbed the hot softness of her dripping cunt into his face, smearing her juices everywhere as he began to hungrily lap at her pussy.

Delighting in the wicked taste of her juices, Jason eagerly searched for the slippery ball of her clitoris.

"OHGOD," she suddenly gasped as his tongue found the quivering little nub.

Feeling the tiny hardness under his tongue, Jason began attacking it with a vengeance. Raking his rough tongue back and forth across the fluttering little ball, he heard his mother purr with happiness.

As she writhed above him, Jason stared up through the forest of cunt hairs and watched her big, droopy breasts wiggle and jiggle as he devoured her.

Running his tongue around the hot softness of her drooling womanhood, he teased and sucked on the slippery little bulb of her clitoris, tickling it with his tongue as her purring became louder and louder.

The movement of her body was growing more and more animated as he locked his lips around the fleshy little projection and raked his tongue back and forth across it furiously.

Suddenly, she began to groan loudly.

"Ghnnnnn, Ghnnnnn, Ghnnnnn, Cooommmmeeee," she chanted as she frantically hunched herself into his face.

"Nowwwwwww," she screamed, jerking on his hair and pulling his face into her lurching groin even harder.

Then as she held his face flattened against her pussy, her ass began to quiver and shake. Throwing her head back, she gave out a primal scream as her whole body shook and quivered wildly.

Jason thought he was going to suffocate as she writhed atop of him for what seemed like an eternity, but, at last, the jerky movement of her body began to slow.

Smothered by the wet softness of her cunt, Jason felt her slowly disentangle her fingers from his hair. His lungs were aching for air when suddenly, she let go of his hair and his head dropped to the wall.

Gasping for breath, he looked up at her heaving breasts.

"God, you give good head," she groaned.

Both of them puffed and panted for several moments before she slowly crawled off him.

Throwing her legs down off the tilted wall, she paused for a moment and then clopped down onto the floor.

Staggering over to the wall, she jerked a couple of straps off the wall and lurched back over to where he lay watching her.

"My turn now," she told him, stretching one of the straps across his chest and hurriedly snapping it to the wall.

Wondering what she meant, he saw her stretch the other strap across his thighs and snap it into place.

Then with a mischievous grin, she reached down to the section of the wall and lifted it. Jason felt the padded wall spin in a vertical plane until he suddenly found himself suspended and staring down at the cement floor. He was hanging upside down below the wall, held there by the leather straps.

As he hung there, he looked down his body and saw his lifeless penis dangling down from his groin.

What in the hell was his mother up to this time?

As if to answer his question, his mother slipped underneath the table and sat down on the floor. Scooting down a little, she stopped when his flaccid prick was dangling down just above her head. With a grin, she quickly sucked his hanging cock into her hot, sucking mouth.

This is too crazy, he thought as he felt the hot sucking heat of his mother's mouth pulling on his manhood.

This couldn't be happening to him. This kind of stuff only happened in the crazed mind of a madman. But even as he denied that it was happening, he felt his cock beginning to respond.

After a few moments, she let his hardening penis slither out of her mouth.

"It's getting hard," she smirked, as it dangled above her head.



Easing it back into her mouth, she slowly began to suck more and more of it into her mouth. The more she sucked inside her mouth, the harder and longer it grew until it was finally fully ripened and sticking straight down.

Scooting up directly underneath the thick, roundness of his cock, his mother arched her neck and once again began to suck him into her mouth. As she forced her mouth farther and farther up the glistening shaft of his cock, he felt the tingling head of his cock nudge up against the opening of her throat.

He felt a tiny gurgle of a gag contract her throat for a moment.

As it did, she stopped until the gagging reflex stopped. Then she began pushing up at him again.

As her full, red lips encircled the throbbing shaft of his cock, the restrictive opening of her throat tightened down on the head of his cock.

It seemed to be stuck until all at once, the head of his cock, lubricated by her own spit squished down into her throat.

"Guauuuunnnnnn," he heard her gag as the giant column of meat penetrated down into her throat.

Then his cock quickly slithered down into her mouth until her full, soft lips surrounded its hairy base.

He couldn't believe it. His mother had taken all of his cock down into her throat. His mother had deep-throated him. She had sucked all nine inches of his cock down into her throat. God, how could she do it?

Then he felt the tight constriction of her throat muscles tightening down around his cock as she began to swallow and swallow and swallow. Every time she swallowed, the tight rings of cartilage circling her throat worked up and down on his cock, milking and pulling on him.

He had never felt anything so excitingly wicked. She was jacking him off with her fucking throat. His mother was sucking him off with her throat.

As he watched her throat working up and down every time she swallowed, he could feel the lake of molten semen inside his balls gathering for an eruption.

And she wouldn't even taste it, he thought. The cum would go right down into her stomach.

But as the eruption was gathering in his dangling balls, his mother jerked her head back and let his cock pop out of her mouth.

Gasping for breath, she grinned up at him.

"Had to catch my breath," she trilled, "it was choking me."

Then, before he could speak, she hungrily sucked the giant, swollen head of his cock back into her mouth.

Sucking and pulling on it savagely with her mouth, she reached up and began to roughly stroke his cock.

"I'm, I'm going to, to cum, cum if you, you don't stop," he groaned as he felt her hot, sucking mouth attack the sensitive head of his prick. "Gonna cum, gonna cum."

Spitting his giant prick out, she grabbed it with both hands and began to stroke it savagely.

"Do it," she cried out at him, "Fill my mouth with you sweet cream. Let me drink all your cum. Shoot it all into my mouth. Empty your balls into my mouth. I want to taste you in my mouth."

As the last words escaped out over her lips, she passionately sucked him back into her mouth.

That was all it took. The moment her mouth closed back down around his cock, the massive monster exploded, sending out a gigantic gusher of his thick, virulent cum into her mouth.

"MMMMmmmmeeessssssss," she mumbled out around the spasming shaft of his cock as it jerked and spurted out another gigantic geyser of semen into her mouth. Then, as his body jerked and flounced against the restraints holding him pinned against the table, his cock fired over and over again, filling her mouth with his rich cream until it overflowed and flowed down her chin.

That was when Jason passed out...

[Return to the Top](#)

## **Chapter Five – The Trial**

"Well, how did the accused sleep last night?" Jason heard his mother ask as he struggled up out of the murky mire of sleep.

"Huh?" he muttered, starting to stretch his arms and finding he couldn't.

What was wrong? He couldn't move his arms! Oh, GOD! Was he paralyzed? Was this God's punishment for fucking his mother?

Then it came back to him. He was still chained to the table.

"Here, let's do away with some of these irons," his mother whispered to him, bending down over him and unlocking one of the leg irons.

Jason watched groggily as she slowly slipped the other band from around his other ankle.

Slinking around to the side of the table like a cat on the prowl, she reached down and slipped a small silver band around his right wrist before he even knew what was happening.

Smiling like a Cheshire cat, she unfastened the other restraints and slipped them off his wrists.

Finally, he was free, he thought, well almost free except for the tiny little chain linking them together. At least he could stretch and move his arms and legs.

"Did you enjoy your night in confinement?" she asked as he tried to rub the sleep out of his eyes.

"Some," he grunted, "but it was a bummer after you left."

"Well," she drawled, "'almost time for the trial."

"Trial," he mumbled, finally clearing the sleep out of his eyes.

Had she slipped over the far edge, he asked himself? Was she really going to put him on trial?

He suddenly became aware of what she was wearing. Maybe she had really slipped off the edge.

It wasn't the long, flowing black robe that covered her from her neck to ankles that made him wonder. It was the wig she was wearing that caught his attention. It was one of the funny, glaring white things that the English barristers wore in court.

He couldn't keep from chuckling at the paradox. Dressed as a prim, stuffy judge of the law on the one hand, yet committing a crime even as she acted out her part as a judge.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You supposed to be a judge or something?" he asked her, slowly sitting up and facing her.

"I am your judge and jury," she pompously grinned.

"What are you going to try me for?"

"I told you yesterday, but I'll tell you again when the trial begins," she told him, jerking on the chain and slowly pulling him to his feet.

He wobbled and nearly fell, as there was no blood in his legs.

"Jeez," he grunted, grabbing for the tilted section of wall.

Wobbling and holding on to the wall, he felt the pin and needle pricks of pain in his legs as the feeling began to seep back into them.

"Getting your land legs back?" she laughed, reaching down and grabbing hold of his thick, dangling prick.

Even as she spoke, Jason felt a shiver of excitement course through his cock.

"Oh, he's waking up, too," she grinned, squeezing and fondling it as it twitched.

"What time is it?" he grumbled, feeling his cock begin to swell and harden as she fondled it.

"Around nine. Why?" she laughed.

"I'm supposed to be in school. Remember?" he muttered.

"Oh, I've taken care of that. You're sick today," she grinned, "and maybe tomorrow, too. Who knows?"

"And where's Dad?"

"Out of town for a couple of days," she laughed. "Per my orders..."

"Oh," he said, a smile beginning to play at the corners of his lips.

"But first," she smiled, "breakfast for the condemned..."

"Condemned?" he grunted. "I thought you said there was going to be a trial?"

"Oh, I did, didn't I," she giggled. "And we will..."

Laughing derisively, she jerked on his chain and led him up out of the dungeon.

~~~

Belching crudely, Jason pushed his plate away and wiped his lips with a napkin.

"Good breakfast," he grunted.

"That's gross," his mother chastised him for his rudeness. "Let me warn the defendant," his mother coldly said, "I will not tolerate any disrespect in my court."

"What court? This is the kitchen," he laughed.

"The court is in session," she spat out, rapping the table with a knife, dangerously close to his hand.

Jason felt a tiny sparkle of apprehension as he moved his hand back.

"Guilty or not guilty?" she asked him, coldly staring into his eyes.

"Of What?" he stammered, "I haven't even heard the charges yet."

"Listen well, for I shall not repeat them—" she declared. "That you did, willfully

and with premeditation, on four separate occasions on the 18th and 19th of August 2013, perform lewd and indecent acts of sex on your mother, one Carey Wright.

"But, I, but, we didn't have sex those..." he started to say before he was interrupted by his mother.

"Guilty or not guilty?" she asked him.

"Not, not guilty, then," he grinned at her.

Standing up, she jerked on his chain and pulled him up.

"Do you swear that you will tell the truth, and act according to the truth as you remember it?"

"Uh, yeah, uh, I guess so," he mumbled.

"Come on and we'll see if we can't jog your memory," she told him, tugging him out into the recreation room.

As they entered the room, Jason heard the same music that had been playing that hot, intoxicated afternoon when he and his mother had almost fucked.

"Do you deny that on Saturday, Jul 18th, you and your mother were dancing in this very same room?" she asked him, reaching up and opening her gown.

"Uh, uh, Yes, yes, your honor, uh, we did do that," he muttered, a small grin tweaking the corners of his mouth.

"And was your mother dressed like this?" she smiled, shrugging her shoulders and letting the robe slither to the floor to reveal the exact same bikini she had worn that hot, Saturday afternoon.

"Uh, Yes, yes, your honor," he grinned, looking up at the wig that still sat perched atop her head, "except she wasn't wearing that silly wig."

"Yes, yes, of course," she said, "she wasn't wearing a wig."

Then his mother smiled and began slowly swaying to the rhythm of the music.

He turned to face her and she quickly melted into his arms again as they began to gently move to the beat of the music just as they had that hot, August afternoon.

Where was this all leading anyway, he wondered as they leisurely danced around the room; belly pressed against belly; groin against groin.

Jason's mind was in chaos, just as it had been that sultry Saturday afternoon. The feel of his mother's soft, warm skin plastered against his was making him giddy with desire.

"Didn't you put your hands here?" he heard her whisper to him as she took his hands and pushed them down onto her tight, firm butt.

"Uh, Yes, your honor, I did," Jason said, cupping her wondrous ass in his hands.

As they danced, he felt her body trembling as he gently pulled her against his naked hardness.

Then, she wrapped her arms around his neck and began to rub herself against his throbbing manhood as they danced.

"Did your mother do this?"

"Yes, your honor, she did that," he panted, breathing heavily

As they danced, Jason slowly caressed his way up her back, searching for the strap of her bikini top. Finding it, he fumbled with it awkwardly until he found the tiny catch that held it closed. Pushing and poking at it with his fingers, he was surprised when all of a sudden it gave way and he felt the straps go limp in his hands.

Not knowing what to do next, he continued to dance, until he felt his mother slowly back away from him. As she did, he felt the straps slither out of his numb fingers. Quickly looking down, he watched the wispy top of her bikini slowly fall down between them to reveal her beautiful, full breasts.

"And then what did you do?" he heard his mother ask him as she pressed her big, naked breasts into his bare chest.

Jason quickly dropped his hands down to his mother's wonderfully rounded hips.

His fingers immediately found the waistband of her bikini bottom and hurriedly slipped under the thin material.

"I wanted to see her naked," he choked out as he slowly began forcing the strings down over the soft, swell of her hips. Inching back away from him again, she smiled as she let him push the soft, clingy material down over her hips. The feathery wisp of cloth crept down her thighs, until all at once, it slithered out of his fingers and fell down her wickedly long legs and curled itself around her trim ankles.

"And what were you thinking when you saw your mother naked?"

He could barely breathe as his mother stepped back away from him.

He watched on in disbelief as she daintily hooked the bikini bottom of the tip of her pump and kicked it up into the air.

Jason laughed softly as the wispy cloth and her shoe both flew up into the air. Just as it had that sweltering Saturday afternoon when it all had begun.

Smiling at him, she flicked her other foot and sent her other shoe flying across the room.

She was now naked. She didn't have a single stitch of clothes on, but she still wore the silly, white powdered wig.

His cock jumped and jerked as he drank in her loveliness.

"Then what did you do on that fateful afternoon, Jason Wright?"

Dropping to his knees, Jason gently tugged his mother down beside him.

As they stood on their knees, their bodies pressed together, he listened as she asked him still another question.

"Did your mother try to stop you from ravaging her?"

"Maybe a little," he said as he slowly pushed her down onto her back.

"What did she say?"

"She, uh, she said," he wheezed, reaching over and slowly pushing her long, gracefully shaped legs apart, "she said that it was wrong. But, but, that she wanted me anyway."

"And you didn't stop?"

"I asked her if she wanted me to," he groaned, "but she said she wanted me."

As his mother's legs slowly parted, he stared down at the luscious, wet gate of flesh buried in the forest of soft curls down between her legs as it gradually came into view. Below the swamp of dark, curly hairs, her wet, slippery pussy was damply unfolding before his eyes once again.

He couldn't believe it, but there it was.

He felt himself transported back to that sizzling Saturday afternoon as he watched a trickle of her excitement dribble out of the fleshy pit between her legs. He was mesmerized by wonder of the big, fleshy wound staring back up at him from below the forest of soft, mahogany curls covering her soft underbelly.

Slowly, he reached down to the soft, fleshy gash between his mother's outstretched legs. Delicately, he touched the soft, meaty folds of flesh surrounding her secret place, reverently running his fingers around the drooling pit.

"Did you put your finger inside her on that terrible Saturday afternoon?" he heard her ask him.

"Yesssss, just like this," he whispered, slowly easing his finger down into the burning hole of hot, clinging flesh.

"Ohhhhhhh, I see," his mother groaned as he gently explored the sticky, wet heat of her cunt with his finger.

"Thennnnnnnnn, uh, what did you, uh, do thennnnnn," she breathlessly asked as he explored the depths of burning pit with his long, thick finger.

"She, she asked me if I wanted her," he breathlessly huffed.

"And, and, uh, uh, what did you, uh, say," she panted.

"I said, GOD, Yes," he mumbled, slowly easing his finger out of her. "I told her that I wanted to make love to her."

"And, then?" she wheezed.

"I told her I couldn't stop."

"Then?"

Groaning, he lurched himself up to his hands and knees and crawled up over her.

"I crawled on top of her...Like this."

"Unh-huh..."

"I tried to put it in her," he gasped, "but it didn't go in."

"And did she help you then?" his mother softly said, reaching up to his bobbing manhood and grabbing it.

"Yes. GOD, Yes," he blurted out as he felt her force his hardness down toward the wet, slippery hole between her soft, white thighs.

As she bent him down toward her, he slowly lowered his hips, forcing his maleness down at her.

"Like this?" she gasped, forcing his hardness down onto her waiting cunt lips.

"Yessssssss," he croaked as he felt the head of his cock touch the soft, hot folds of flesh surrounding the opening of her pussy.

As his hips lurched down and forward, he felt the bulging head of his cock knife between the lips of her cunt and slither down into the hot, meaty depths of her cunt.

This time there was nothing to stop him. No interruption by his father. Nothing could save her this time. She wouldn't be able to tease and torment him. He would have her, totally and completely.

"I WANTED TO DO THIS," he moaned, grunting and impaling her with his thick, hard cock, driving it down into the hot, sucking mush of her cunt. Shoving

it all the way up to its hairy hilt inside her hot, sucking cunt.

"Oh, Yes," his mother squeaked as she felt herself suddenly filled with his giant maleness.

This time it was him inside her; not his father. It was him that was pounding his cock into her mercilessly instead of watching his father fuck her.

There was no hesitation on his Jason's part this time as he furiously hammered his cock into her hungry cunt.

"Oh, Fuck. Oh, GOD. Oh, Fuck," Jason grunted as his butt rose and fell, driving his great ramrod into his mother's drooling pit.

"Oh, yes, yes, yessssss," his mother whimpered as she urged him on with her hands, legs and feet.

"I love it. Love it," his mother squealed out in pleasure as Jason's giant prick slithered in and out of her.

"I can feel it coming. Feel it coming. It's coming," Jason groaned as the fiery pool of superheated cum inside his boils began to bubble.

Then, suddenly, it came to him. From down deep inside the depraved core of his brain, a diabolic thought found its way into his consciousness. Why not pay her back for what she had done to him that hot, miserable day? Pay her back for the humiliation and shame he had felt.

"No. No. Not yet," his mother implored him as she dug her long, red fingernails into his back. "I want to come too, Baby. Hold it, hold it, please."

Wheezing, Jason groaned out his need as his hips began to move up and down faster and faster...

"No. No. No. Baby, wait, just a little more, please, wait..." she begged him as she thrust herself against him harder and harder.

Sawing his cock in and out of the tight, clutching ring of her cunt, Jason struggled to hold back the flood of cum that was coming to a boil inside his testicles.

"Gonna come, gonna come," he gasped, fighting to stave off the inevitable.

"Just, unh, little, unh, little, unh, more, coming, unh, soon, unh, just, unh, keep, unh, keep, unh, fucking, unh, fucking, unh, mommy," she blabbered, holding onto his ass and pushing and pulling him down into her at a merciless pace.

Jason felt like his balls were about to explode as he held back the monstrous explosion building inside them.

Suddenly, all at once, Jason jerked his hips back, yanking his rock-hard cock out of his mother's clutching, grasping cunt.

"WHAT? WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she shrieked.

"Can't do it, judge," he panted. "You said to tell the truth. I didn't fuck my mother on the hot, August afternoon. Came close. But didn't fuck, judge. In fact, I didn't even get to put my cock inside of her. So, I couldn't have done anything lewd and indecent with her that time."

"But, but you can now," she moaned, clutching at him and trying to pull him back on top of her, "you can come in her now."

"No, no, wouldn't be right," he smiled, slowly catching his breath, "truth, whole truth, nothing but the truth."

"Well, then," she growled, struggling to her feet, "if you aren't going to cooperate with the judge, I have no other choice."

"What?" he asked, looking up at her.

"We just have to move on to the second count."

"Uh, okay," he laughed, lurching to his feet.

Glaring at him angrily, his mother turned and stomped toward the guestroom, dragging him along behind her.

Stepping inside the room, she tugged him inside and closed the door. The drapes had been pulled and the room was semi-dark.

"Is this about the way it was that night?" his mother asked him in her judicial voice again. "That night when you had the second opportunity perform another lewd and indecent act of sex with your mother."

"It was darker," he grinned, as she led him over to the bed.

She paused, slowly running her hand up and down his thigh.

"And what did your mother do that night," she went on, stroking his thigh with her hand.

Jason grinned, his cock still jutting out hard and angry.

"She, uh, she sat down on the bed and leaned back against the headboard.

Then he watched as his mother sat down and leaned back against the headboard.

"Like this?"

"Yes, but it was dark and I couldn't see her that well."

"Then what did she do?"

"Uh, I, uh, I think she, uh, she spread her legs apart, uh, but like I said, it was..." he stopped as his mother reached up and put her hand on his arm.

"You mean like this?" he heard his mother whisper as spread her legs and took his hand, pulling pulled it over to her. As she gently pressed his hand down, he felt the hot wetness of her cunt under his fingers once again.

Spreading her legs even wider apart, she let go of his hand as he fingered the hot softness of her pussy.

"Then what did you do?"

"I, uh, I got up and, uh, I got between, between her legs," Jason said, lurching up onto his knees and stumbling up between his mother's outstretched legs.

"And did your mother do this?" she asked him, reaching down for the shaft of burning steel that juttet out of his groin.

Her fingers felt like they were on fire, as he felt her slowly push him down between her legs, guiding him down to the smoldering gash that dissected her soft, underbelly.

Now he would possess her for a second time within moments. Take the treasure that she had used to tease and taunt him with that night. Tormenting him, only to stop him within a split second of taking her. To stop and leave him alone and frustrated while she went with his father. Left him alone to go to his father's bed. They probably had a good laugh and fuck at his expense after that.

Then his cockhead touched the soft, pouting lips surrounding her cunt. He was once again poised at the gates of heaven. He was poised to possess her again.

"Why didn't you finish it that night?" his mother groaned.

"You should tell me, judge," Jason grunted, easing all nine inches of his rock hard prick down into the sweltering heat of her womanhood.

"Did you want to taunt her? Tease her?" his mother growled, squeezing herself down around his cock.

"She was the one who pushed me away," he barked back at her as he began to saw his cock in and out of her hungry cunt.

"Maybe she was just testing you," his mother wheezed, thrusting herself up at him every time he hammered his cock into her.

"Why? Why would she want to do that?" he labored, working his hips back forth faster and faster.

"Maybe, unh, she, unh, was, unh, testing, unh, testing, unh, you, unh, to, unh, to, unh, see, unh, see, unh, how, unh, how, unh, much, unh, much, unh, you, unh, wanted, unh, her."

"I, ungh, I, ungh, could, ungh, have, ungh, killed, ungh, killed, ungh, for, ungh, for, ungh, her, ungh, that, ungh, that, night," he growled out, grabbed up her legs and bending them back, pushing them up against her big, wiggling tits.

She was now totally at his mercy as he furiously pounded his cock down into her sopping cunt.

"Damn, unh, Damn, unh, if, unh, you, unh, had, unh, fucked, unh, her, unh, this, unh, way, unh, that, unh, night, unh, she, unh, would, unh, have, unh, been, unh, yours, unh, forever, unh, and, unh, ever."

"But, ungh, she, ungh, she, ungh, was, ungh, she, ungh, was, ungh, teasing, ungh, me."

Jason could feel her fingernails, like claws, digging into his back as he ravaged her with his giant cock.

As they fought and groaned, their bodies crashed together with such force, the bed began to creak and groan threateningly. They were like wild animals; oblivious to everything except the crashing joining of their bodies. Each of them wanted to rule, to dominate, and to command the other.

Growling and spitting, they slammed their bodies together as the putrid joining of their bodies made them one.

"FUCK, UNH, ME, UNH, FUCK, UNH, ME, FUCK, UNH, ME, UNH, FUCK, UNH, ME," she brayed, throwing back her head and baring the soft vulnerability of her throat to his teeth.

Like a vampire, he sank his teeth into the upturned softness, stopping just before he drew blood. Sucking and tonguing her throat, he continued to pound away at her cunt with his steel-hard penis.

Finally, he pulled away from her throat.

As he did, she attacked his throat and he felt the sharp sting of her incisors as they nicked the skin of his throat. Then she began to suck on him. Sucking hard and tightly until he felt like the skin of his throat was going to burst.

As she sucked on his throat, her cunt squeezed and pulled on his cock. Pulling and coaxing him to fill her with his venomous seed.

Then, he felt her teeth bite into the skin of his shoulder. It took every ounce of his will power to lunge back, pulling his cock out of her as he did.

"OHFUCKPLEASEEEEEEEEEEE," she pleaded with him, clawing and scratching him, trying to pull him back down inside her ravenous cunt. "I'm

sorry for what I did... did that night... but, please, please just put it back inside me... Please."

"But, but, I can't tell a lie, judge," he wheezed, his cock jumping up and down wildly. "I didn't get to fuck her that time either."

"But, you can now," she urged him. "You can put it back in and fill me up with your rich cream."

"No, can't. Not right," he mumbled.

"To hell with you then," she growled, spinning around and throwing her legs off the bed.

Lurching to her feet, she jerked on the chain roughly as she pulled him to his feet.

Jason felt a lance of pain shoot through his wrists as the bands of steel cut into his arms.

"Ouch," he yelped.

"Serves you right for messing with the court," she angrily leered.

Jerking the wig back into position, she leaned down unlocked the band around his wrist. Glaring at him, she reached over and tapped on the nightstand.

"I hereby declare this court is in recess until such time as I call it back into session.

"Since you don't want to fuck, take a nap," she told him, sauntering over to the door. "I'm going to get something to eat."

"Yes, your honoress," he laughed, smiling and closing his eyes to feign sleep.

He lay there, unable to sleep, listening to his mother slamming things around in the kitchen.

Smiling at the success of his contrivance, he reached down and wrapped his hand around his cock.

He could still feel the wet juices from her cunt as he slowly stroked his impatient cock. He didn't know how much longer he was going to be able to hold it back. It was becoming harder and harder to keep from dropping his load inside of her cunt, but he had to make her suffer. To tease her just like she had teased and tormented him.

It seemed to be working; he laughed to himself as the racket from the kitchen continued.

Then all at once, the sounds in the kitchen stopped.

Struggling up to a sitting position, he sat there for a moment, listening.

Slowly getting to his feet, he plodded out of the room and headed for the kitchen.

Stopping at the door, he turned and glanced back at where his father had sat yesterday. Yesterday, he said to himself, why it seemed like years ago.

Turning back, he stepped into the kitchen and saw his mother standing at the counter with her back toward him. She was wearing the same thin house robe she had worn yesterday, and perched atop her head was the silly, white wig.

Tiptoeing across the room, he slipped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her, cupping her big, soft breasts in his hands.

"Oh, you startled me," she muttered, pressing her butt back against his swollen hardness.

"You have such big, soft tits," he whispered.

"Well, I am afraid that I can't say the same for your cock," she complained back at him, grinding her butt against his cock.

"It's your fault," he laughed, squeezing and pawing her breasts through the thin material.

"Don't blame me," she fussed. "You had two opportunities to soften him up, but you wouldn't do it."

"Oh, well," he laughed, kissing her neck and pressing his cock into her.

"Well, now that you are awake, court is back in session," she loudly said as she ground her butt back against his swollen prick.

"Is this where the plaintiff, Carey Wright was standing yesterday morning," she drawled out as he continued to massage and fondle her big, drooping breasts, "when you decided to tease and taunt her for a third time?"

"Uh, yes, your honoress," he grinned, "exactly in this place."

"And your father was backing the car down the driveway. Correct?"

"Yes, your honoress," he whispered, playing her game to the hilt.

"Then what did you do," she asked him, bracing herself by grabbing hold of the counter ledge.

"Well, your honoress," he started. "I crept up behind, uh, the plaintiff, uh, Carey Wright, uh, my mother just like this."

"And what did she do?"

"She didn't do a thing at first," he went on. "She just stood there looking out the window trying to act like nothing was happening."

"And what did you do?"

"Reached down and lifted her robe up."

"Show me how."

Slowly, he reached down and lifted the hem of her robe up around her waist.

"Then?"

"I told her what a pretty ass she had," he grinned.

He heard his mother snicker as she tried to regain her composure.

"Just like yours," he went on, staring down at her firm, round ass, "your

honoress."

"And what was your mother doing while all this was going on?"

"Waving at my father."

"Like this," she asked, raising her hand and slowly waving it.

"Yes, exactly."

"Did she at any time show her acceptance of what you were doing?"

"Yes," he shivered. "She spread her legs apart so I could get up between them."

"Like this," she whispered, slowly shuffling her legs outward, opening herself for him just as she had done the day before.

"And then, Jason Wright," she said, her voice beginning to waver ever so slightly, "What did you do?"

"I told her that it was tee time," he grunted, reaching down and grabbing his cock.

Jerking with excitement, he bent his knees and quickly hobbled up between her legs. Now she straddled him, her pussy hovering above his steel-hard prick. Holding his cock, he quickly drug the head of his cock up and down the dripping furrow of her cunt several times to anoint the massive mushroom tipped harpoon with her slippery wetness. Then wheezing with passion, he searched for her waiting womanhood.

Suddenly, he felt the bulbous head of his cock find the juice-slickened opening of her vagina.

"Theennnnnnnn?" she wheezed as she felt his monstrous prick slither up into her cunt.

"I had to put it into her. I was about to go crazy wanting to fuck her" he blathered out, lunging up into her and driving his cock into her all the way to the hilt

"YESSSSssssssssssssssss," she gasped as his throbbing penis pierced the

burning, clutching core of her pussy.

"Annnnnneeeeeehhhhhhh," she whinnied back at him through clenched teeth, grunting and thrusting herself down onto him.

"Just like this," he growled as he quickly began to grunt and groan impaling his mother on his nine-inch love-spear.

"Then what happened?" she moaned as she ground herself down onto his embedded monster.

"He came back," Jason complained as he began to slide his prick in and out of the mouth of her cunt faster and faster.

"If you had only known," she drooled, grinding herself down onto his pistoning prick.

"Known what?" he whimpered, driving his cock up into her hot cunt as hard as he could.

"Known that we were just playing with you," she panted, jerking her hips up and down in rhythm with his pistoning hips.

By now, Jason was humping up into her so hard, he was actually lifting her off her feet every time he drove his monstrous cock into her.

"But, ANH, I, ANH, didn't, ANH, know, ANH, did, ANH, I?" he growled pounding his cock into her as hard as he could.

"I'm, GOD, sorry, GOD, please, GOD, forgive, GOD, me," she blathered between blows. "Just, GOD, make, GOD, me, GOD, come, GOD, please, GOD, please, GOD..."

As he drove his cock into her, he could feel the semen in his balls gathering steam as her cunt was growing tighter and tighter around his pounding prick."

"Gonna, GOD, gonna, GOD, yes, GOD, yes, GOD, coming," she gasped.

"NOOOOooooooooo," he barked out, jerking his cock out of her and sending her juices flying all over. "NOT YET."

He stumbled back away from her. Stopping at the table, he held onto it until he could get control of his legs again.

"Oh, you little bastard, I ought to hold you in contempt of the court," she hissed at him, turning around and glaring at him.

"But your honoress, I am just trying to make it as close to the way it was that day as I can."

"You little son of a bitch," she snarled, "I'm so mad, I could cut your fucking balls off."

"You wouldn't want to do that," he laughed at her, "then I couldn't fuck you."

"Bastard," she hissed.

"Now what?" he asked as they stood glaring at each other.

"Fuck, let's get this damned thing over with."

"Lead the way, your honoress," he leered.

"You'd better stop fooling with the judge," she told him, "or you'll end up in the dungeon again."

"Oh, No," he said, clapping his hands together, "No, judge, please don't throw me back into dat dirty, old dungeon again."

"Go to your room," she told him, "when I call you, come to my room. Do you understand?"

"Uh, I think so," he mumbled, tramping out of the room.

Bounding up the stairs two at a time, he was soon standing in his own room recalling the last rejection of that infamous day. That had been the last time she had rejected him before fucking him.

"Fuck, I'm wet from her again." he smiled as he reached down and grabbed his juice-coated prick.

An expectant shiver ran through his body as he slowly stroked his cock.

The moment he had been waiting for was fast approaching. The moment of cleansing. He had gotten his point across. There was no need to prolong the agony any longer. But she didn't have to know that.

"Now," he heard his mother call out.

Wanting to provoke her just a little more, he shoved his door open with his foot and waited.

"Are you fucking coming or what?" he heard her yell out.

It was time; he smiled as he lurched out of his room

Pulled along by the raging hormones coursing through his blood, he was powerless to resist the allure of her pure, sweet cunt any longer. Its captivating seductiveness was drawing him to her like a moth to a candle.

He had to have her. Possess her. Deposit his seed inside of her again and again. The overpowering craving to impregnate her with his evil seed was driving him on.

"You are crazy," he muttered to himself, shaking his head to clear the sex-crazed fog filling it.

Stopping for a moment outside her door to gather himself, he slowly pushed open the door to his mother's room.

DEJA VU! Except for the anemic, white wig sitting atop her head, it was just like that afternoon.

She was lying on her back with her eyes closed. The same soft, white robe she had worn yesterday was partially open, revealing her big, beautiful tits. Grinning expectantly, he tiptoed across the room. As he got closer he saw that, just as before, her beautiful pussy was also partially exposed.

Stopping for a moment to ogle the furry forest of hair that covered her soft underbelly, he leaned down and slowly ran his fingers through the luxuriant tangle of soft, brown curls.

"And this is the way you found the plaintiff," she smiled up at him as she opened

her big, blue eyes and looked up at him.

"Yes. Exactly," he whispered.

"And did you find it exciting?" she smiled, flicking the robe apart and exposing her whole body to him.

"I was past the point of caring," he groaned, running his hand up and down the soft smoothness of her thigh.

"Did the plaintiff, Carey Wright, spurn you yet again?"

"Yesssss!" he vehemently hissed.

"But, but," she mumbled softly, "she wishes she hadn't. If she could do it over again, she would do it so differently."

"Then maybe Jason would have done it differently, too," he grinned.

"But, what..."

But before she could finish, he knelt down and buried his face in the lush tangle of soft curls covering her underbelly.

"Oh, oh, you aren't trying to bribe the witness, are you?" she cooed, spreading herself open even wider for her son's invading mouth and tongue.

Inhaling deeply, Jason drank in the exquisite aroma of her boiling honey pot. Like an aphrodisiac, the rich, penetrating scent of her musky hole sent a sliver of white-hot excitement slicing through his cock.

"Ummmmmmmm," he hummed his answer as he ran his tongue around the succulent folds of flesh surrounding the deep wet wound bisecting the sacred span of delight between her soft, smooth thighs.

Eagerly, he savored the sharp, succulent taste of the juices flowing from the overheated hole. Tasting once again the wondrous flavor of her body, the same strong, taste he recalled from before birth. The same wonderful female syrup that he had been immersed in as he had formed inside her body. Trembling with excitement, he lapped up the liquor of her loins as more and more of the thick,

syrupy nectar came pouring out of the sticky pit. Sucking the sweet juices into his mouth, he let the clinging syrup coat his tongue as he reveled in the taste of her excitement.

Listening to her mew softly, he eased his tongue into the hot, pulpy core of her vagina to lap up another mouthful of her wondrous juice. As he did, he felt the mouth of her cunt gently squeeze down on his tongue as she worked the muscles surrounding her cunt to milk his tongue.

Another shiver of pure, unadulterated joy shot through his cock as he slowly eased his tongue out of the clinging entrance of her pussy.

Sucking on her big, fleshy cunt lips for a moment, he leisurely lapped and tickled the corpulent flaps of flesh as he made his way up to the small pea-sized extrusion of slippery flesh eagerly jutting out of its fleshy little sheath.

"Oh my, oh my," she squeaked as his tongue brushed across the rubbery little knob of flesh.

Rubbing his face in the hot, sticky gash, he flicked his tongue back and forth across the slippery little button as she moaned out her appreciation.

"You, you, never did, did, this to, to, the plaintiff, did, did you?" she panted, pushing her pelvis up, thrusting her pussy against his hungry mouth.

"Unh-uhn," he mumbled, stroking her clitoris faster and faster.

Arching her back, she ground her cunt into her son's face as he mercilessly attacked the soft, wet flesh of her vagina.

Defiling the raw bundle of nerves with his tongue, he quickly pushed a finger into her the oozing slit between her legs.

"The, the court is, is in recess, recess for now," she puffed as she hunched her hips up at him, pushing herself into his face harder and harder as she flung the silly, white wig across the room.

He wouldn't stop until he brought her to completion, he told himself as he slavered over the slippery little button. He would defile her until she begged for him to stop. They were no longer just mother and son. They were lovers sharing

such intimacy that no others before them could have ever felt. The already unwavering love of mother and son had been thrust into Satan's own fiery furnace where it had been mutated into this. This most wondrous of loves. Incestuous love. Coming from the ovens of hell, it was so wondrous, no man could put it asunder. A love, so deep, so malignant, they would kill rather than be separated. A love so powerful and deep, no mortal man could ever separate them.

Grabbing hold of her ass, he pulled the hot, indecency of her ripe cunt into his face. He wanted to swim in her juices, to plunge himself into her clutching ring of fire. To force himself back into her womb and be reborn again.

Sucking and pulling on the knob of her clitoris, Jason felt her whole body tensing tighter and tighter.

"Oh, God, Oh, God, ohgodohgodohgodohgogohogododdddddddddddddd," she groaned out as she began to twitch and jerk.

Her hips jerked and bounced like a broken car spring as she was consumed by her orgasm.

"Finnnnnaaaallllllyyyyyyyy," she screamed out, writhing about uncontrollably.

Jason wouldn't stop. As she rose on the crest of her orgasm, he devoured her throbbing clit. Sucking it inside his mouth, he nipped it with his teeth and pulled on it with his lips as his tongue tormented it cruelly as she rode out that wave of joy and found herself rising on another even more intense wave of pleasure.

"Ohmygod. Ohmygod. Ohmygod," she blathered as her hips jerked and jumped.

On and on went the wild gyrations as Jason doggedly abused her painfully-inflamed clitoris. Like the bitch in heat she was, she couldn't get enough of the wonderful sensations pouring from her cunt. But as wondrous as it was, she needed more. She needed him. She needed him inside her. She needed him inside her filling her with his huge, hot cock. Filling her with his rich, powerful sap.

"Fuck me," she blurted out, pushing him away from the aching soreness of her clitoris.

He scrambled up from between her legs with his cock jutting out like a huge, fleshy harpoon. It was loaded and ready to be driven into flesh. His mother's hot, clinging flesh. But this time, there would be no pulling back. This time it was to the death. He would drive it into her and release its poisonous load into her.

Scrambling up between her outstretched legs, he reached down and swept them up. Pushing them back against her breasts as he exposed her slobbering cunt to his bobbing, dancing cock. She was totally vulnerable to him now. But as he lowered himself down at her, to impale her on his giant weapon, he felt her grasp him. She was guiding his malignant monster down to her waiting cunt. She was helping him to attack the soft, defenseless temple of her sanctity.

She wanted him to rape her. Ravage her and abuse her with his gigantic cock.

Then he was inside of her. Filling her with his hugeness. Spreading and stretching the hot, tight confines of her pussy to their very limit; yet she accepted him totally and fully.

He couldn't hold back and abruptly began fucking her as hard as he could. Driving his prick down into her forbidden depths like a runaway pile driver.

"Oh, Fuck, Me, Fuck, Mommy," she clamored out as he laid waste to her cunt with his giant of a prick.

He was a madman gone berserk as he pounded himself into her over and over again.

But as incensed as the assault was, it couldn't last. Within moments, the boiling, bubbling pool of cum inside his testicles reached the flash point.

"CAN'T STOP. GONNA COME. COME IN YOU," he bellowed out, spearing his penis into her as deep as it would go.

"Oh, Yes, Baby, fill me with your hot cum. Make Mommy's pussy run over with your sweet, hot syrup," she urged him.

Then it came spewing out of his cock like a great geyser of molten cream. Spurting and jetting out into her in great, burning gobs.

As it did, she was sent reeling back into another mind-exploding orgasm...

~~~

It seemed to last forever, but at last they both collapsed in a heap of exhausted flesh.

Jason couldn't move for the longest time. But at last he slowly rolled off his mother.

Smiling, his mother rolled over on her side and looked deep into his eyes as she spoke.

"I am afraid that the court finds you guilty."

"But, I thought, I thought I proved my case," he said, grinning tiredly.

"Yes, you did well," she sighed, "but..."

"But what?"

"If the court found you not guilty," she wickedly smiled, "it would have to set you free..."

"Oh," he chuckled, "and the judge doesn't want me to go free?"

"No!" she adamantly declared, "I must sentence you to life. Life imprisonment in the arms of your mother. Without the possibility of parole."

"Well, then..." he whispered, leaning over and giving her a soft, loving kiss on the mouth, "I guess I will just have to abide by the decision of the court."

"So, you won't be seeking an appeal?" she softly laughed.

"No, ma'am. I'm guilty as charged and I won't be seeking an appeal..."

"Good," she grinned back at him, "I had hoped that you wouldn't."

"And," he told her, easing back up between her legs, "I am ready to begin my confinement right now."

"Ohhhhhh, so am I," she laughed, wrapping her legs around his waist and squeezing him between them...

**The End**

[Return to the Top](#)

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

**The Dance**

## **Chapter One – The Dance**



[Chapter Two – Another Dance](#)

[Chapter Three – Yet Another Dance](#)

[Chapter Four – Save the Last Dance for Me](#)

**The End**

## **Chapter One – The Dance**

Alison McKenzie was naked and standing in front of her floor-length mirror looking at her reflection. Not bad, she smiled to herself. Especially for a thirty-six year old divorcee with an eighteen-year-old boy. Maybe my titties are a little too saggy to pass for a twenty year old, anymore, she mused. But they only sagged because of their size and weight. And their size should make up for their droop, she told herself reaching up and cupping them in the palms of her hands. Curling her hands up over her breasts, she tweaked their big, rubbery nipples between her fingers and thumbs. As she did, the sensitive nubs quickly responded by swelling and hardening. Staring at the reflection of her icy, blue eyes, she wished that it was a date she was going out on instead of chaperoning a herd of horny teenagers at the school's annual semi-formal dance.

One of the disadvantages of having an eighteen-year-old, she fussed at herself. But at least he was a good kid and didn't give her any problems. I should be thankful for that. And he was a good looking kid, too. She knew that she would have to pay particular attention to him tonight because any time there were girls around, they buzzed around him like bees around honey. Not that she could blame them. He was, after all, the handsomest boy in his class, if not the whole school. Hell, if he weren't her son, she could go for him herself. But enough of that, she told herself. He was her son so that was the end of that...

Turning her attention back to the mirror, she reached up and gave her curly, black hair a couple of fluffs. Studying her face, she was quite proud of it. Maybe it was a little naïve-looking with her big, blue eyes and pouty, pink lips, but she was quite happy with it. Continuing to sweep her eyes down her body, they found her big, droopy breasts again. Age and gravity had done their work on them, but they were still enough to turn a man's head when she entered a room, she laughed. And she'd even seen Robbie eyeing them every once in a while. Especially when she wore her skimpy, white bikini.

Continuing her survey, she ran her eyes over her flat belly and narrow waist, which were maintained that way by her almost religious adherence to her exercise regimen. She spent an hour a day down in their basement in their little make-shift gym come rain or come shine. And it showed, she told herself.

Down below the indentation of her belly button, was the mat of soft, black curls that covered the tip of her belly. Like a black arrowhead, the neatly-trimmed tangle of curls pointed down to the ruffle of pink flesh protruding out from her

mons. And she could see that the pleat of dew-cover flesh running down from the swollen jut of her clitoris was softly shimmering in the glow of the lamp sitting on her vanity.

Seeing that made her realize just how much she needed a man. Damn Horace anyway, she muttered to herself running her hand down over her belly to the itch between her legs. Running her fingertips through the tangle of black curls she quickly found the hard, jut of her throbbing clit. Ticking her fingertip back and forth across the sensitive little nub of nerve endings, she ran her eyes down her long, shapely legs to her tiny, dainty feet. Nice legs, she told herself. Thanks Mr. Stairmaster...

Quite a nice package, she told herself. What man wouldn't find her attractive? Well, Horace hadn't been super enthused, she frowned. But what did he know. He'd chosen some new, right off the show room floor model when he could have had her. But he had always liked the young ones and she should have known that sooner or later, he skip out on her with a younger version, she angrily told herself. Well, that was just his loss, she angrily fumed.

Slowly rubbing her fingertip back and forth across her clit, she continued to study her reflection.

Glancing down at her little, silver wrist watch, she saw that she only had an hour to get ready for the dance. Shaking her head to clear her reverie, she jerked her hand away from her clit and padded over to her chest of drawers. What to wear, she asked herself? I'm feeling in a flirty mood so I think I'll wear something sexy, she giggled to herself. Why not? No one will see, but it makes me feel sexy when I wear provocative lingerie. But who knows, maybe I'll get lucky and sneak out to the parking lot with some studly, horny teenager...

Yeah right, and risk getting caught? And right in front of your son and his friends? I don't think so...too risky.

Pulling open her lingerie drawer, she pored over all her unmentionables trying to decide which ones to wear. Pulling out a pair of her sheerest black panties, she tossed them on the bed and continued the search for rest of her ensemble. Pulling out a pair of sheer, black hose, she tossed them down beside her panties. Then she chose a frilly, black half-cup bra that would push her big tits up and support them yet leave them daringly exposed at the same time. Might as well give all

those horny teenagers an eyeful and show them what we older ladies have to offer, she laughed to herself. All those lovely, young lasses don't have the corner on tits, if I have to say so myself. Running around with their pert, little tits that haven't felt the tug of a baby's lips, they don't even know that some men like them saggy...

Lastly, she chose a lacy, black garter belt with six long, elastic garters hanging down from it. Even though no one would know about it or see it, just wearing a garter belt just made her feel sexy. But maybe that was a bad idea. After all this was a high school dance and everyone there would be eighteen or younger... except the chaperones, of course.

Stepping back over to the mirror, she wrapped the lacy, black garter belt around her narrow waist and fastened the clasp. Then she spun it around until two of the long, black garters were dangling down in front, two down over the curve of her hips, and lastly, two dangling down over the cheeks of her tight, firm ass. As she turned and walked back over to the bed, she could feel the jiggling straps of elastic brushing against her skin.

Plopping her ass down on the bed, she picked one of the nylons and wadded it into a ball, then poked her toes down into it. Unraveling the knot of black nylon as she slowly pulled it up her long, curvaceous leg, she continued to pull until the nylon's lacy top was wrapped around her thigh. The black nylon starkly contrasted with the milky white of her thigh as she plucked at the nylon smoothing out the wrinkles. Picking up the other hose, she quickly pulled it up around her other leg. Smoothing out both of the nylons, she stood up. Then, reaching up to one of the dangling garters, she stretched it down to the top of her hose and clamped it onto it. Repeating the process, she worked around her body until she had all six garters secured to the scalloped tops of her nylons.

Smiling to herself, she walked back over to the mirror and slowly turned, studying her reflection in the mirror. Looking over her shoulder, she saw that the garters in the back were stretched tight, creasing the skin of her firm ass.

"Perfect," she smirked out loud as she padded back over to the bed.

Leaning over the bed, she felt her big tits tug at her chest as she picked up her sheer, black panties. Then holding them between her hands, she leaned down, lifted her foot off the floor and slowly slipped it through the lace-edged

waistband band and leg hole. Still leaning over, she pulled the panties a short way up her leg and then dropped her foot back down to the floor. Lifting her other foot, she arched it and dropped it through her panties. Then she stood up, pulling her panties up her legs as she did. Pulling them up over the swell of her hips, she let go of the stretchy waistband and it snapped into place around her narrow waist.

Reaching down to the bed again, she picked up the little black brassiere. Running her finger along the lace fringe running along the top edge of the bra, she marveled at its softness. Wrapping the bra around her narrow waist, she hooked the two clasps on the back strap that held it together and then slowly spun it around until the velvet lined cups were facing forward down below her big tits. Then she tugged it up until the cups were just under her breasts. Cupping one of her big tits in the palm of her hand, she pulled the bra up and gently eased her breast down into it. Then quickly settling her other breast down into the strapless brassiere, she gave the bra a couple of tugs here and there and stepped back over to the mirror.

Looking into the mirror, she could see that her big, puffy nipples were sticking out just above the lace-lined top edge of her brassiere. Smiling at her reflection, she reached up and ran a fingertip across one of the swollen nubs of sensitive flesh. As she did, she felt a shiver of excitement fire off down inside her pussy. What has gotten into me, she asked herself? I feel like a teenager going on one my first date...

Then she turned her attention back to the mirror. Not bad. Not bad at all, she told herself as she ran her eyes up and down the reflection of her body. What man... or teenage boy, for that matter, wouldn't be happy to cuddle up next to her?

Stepping into her closet, she pulled her little, black dress off its hanger. It was a strapless, sheath cocktail dress that flattered her figure and brought out the best of all of her assets. Quickly slipping it on, she stepped into her four-inch black patent leather sandals. Feeling her tits tug at her chest again, she bent down and quickly fastened the little silver buckles on the tiny straps that wrapped around her trim ankles.

Standing back up, she smoothed out her dress and clapped back out to the mirror. Perfect, she told herself as she admired her reflection in the mirror. The black satin dress clung to every nook and cranny of her figure like a second skin,

highlighting every delightful swoop and curve. And her big tits billowed up out of the top like two, big, pink balloons, threatening to spill out into the open with every move she made. Down below, the bottom of her short dress struck her at mid-thigh leaving most of her long, shapely, nylon-clad legs available for everyone's viewing pleasure. Yes, the boys at the dance were going to be very pleased with her exhibit...

~~~

Wonder if mom's going to wear her sexy, black dress, Robbie wondered as he straightened his black bow tie and studied his face in the mirror. She looks so damned hot in it. She'll have every guy at the dance drooling all over her if she does. There won't be a limp dick in the whole place he jealously thought. Including me.

Robbie's attitude toward his mother depended a lot on his mood. And the hornier he got, the more his attitude changed toward the carnal. Being a normal, hormone-ravaged teenager, he was in a continual state of horniness but when he got really, really horny, his mother changed from being just mom. Then she was a sexy, hot MILF that he would love to get his hands on. It was difficult not to think of her a woman instead of his mom when he got in that shape. She was clearly one of the, if not the prettiest woman in town. And with just the two of them living all alone in the big house since his father had left her, the temptation to try something was growing stronger and stronger with each passing day. Sometimes it felt like being locked in a cell with a beautiful woman and he couldn't do a damned thing about it. She was his mom. But even if she was his mom, and there wasn't anything he could do about it, there was nothing that could stop him from thinking about her. Thinking about her and what he would love to do to her...

He didn't know why he thought about her the way he did. It had all started back when puberty reared its ugly head and he had realized just how pretty his mother really was. Most of his friend's moms were the plain, garden variety, whereas his mother was beautiful. Oh, sure some of his friend's moms were pretty, but none as pretty as his mom! Or maybe it was just his warped perception of her that made her so pretty. No, he told himself. That wasn't it. Not the way she turned heads when she walked into a room. Her entrance into a room was like flicking a

light on and every man in the room would turn and gawk at her. It was so disgusting for him to see that look in their eyes and know that he must have the same look in his eyes. Strangely, his mother didn't seem to notice as she basked in the admiration the men were bestowing on her.

She seemed to enjoy being in the spotlight all the time. He could also see the look of irritation in the other women's eyes when every eye in the room was on his mother and not them.

One last look in the mirror and a quick pat of his hair and he was off. Clomping down the stairs, he saw his mother sitting on the couch with a drink in her hand.

"Wow, Mom, you look killer," Robbie snorted, appreciatively running his eyes up and down her svelte body.

"I take it that is a compliment," she smiled at him.

"Yeah, it's a compliment," he snickered, unable to keep his eyes off her and stumbling a couple of times as he made his way over to the bar.

"You look nice, too" she told him as he pulled a beer out of the little fridge and popped it open. Stepping back over to where his mother sat, he continued to ogle her.

"You're going to have every boy at the dance drooling," he told her, tipping up his beer and taking a long swig on it.

"Including you?" she asked, unable to ignore the look in his eyes.

"Mom..." he complained, but was unable to stop the bright red blush that spread out over his cheeks.

"I'm sorry..." she purred, winking at him as she took a sip of her drink. "Should I go up and change into something a little less provocative?"

"No—no—that dress's fine, but be prepared to have all the guys gawking at you all night long," he told her, unable to keep his own eyes from dropping down to her big, half-bare breasts one more time.

"That's kind of the point...isn't it?" she softly laughed, making her big tits

quietly jiggle down inside the bodice of her low-cut neckline.

She was beautiful! And her tits. Her big tits looked like they were on the verge of spilling out of her little, black dress at any second. And her long, curvaceous legs were perfectly shaped and arced by her tall, spiked high heels as she sat with her legs crossed, slowly bobbing one dainty foot up and down. What was she wearing under her dress, he lewdly wondered? He would give his right arm to just get a glimpse...

"Every time you wear that dress, I keep waiting to see your boobs pop out," he grinned at her.

"Would you like that?" she asked, grinning and batting her big, blue eyes at him.

God, yes, I'd love that, but what do I tell her?

"Uh, uh, I just think it would be embarrassing if they did," he blushed again.

"Well, I'll try to keep them from falling, uh, popping out," she grinned again, reaching up to the neckline and giving it a couple of quick tugs to pull it higher. "I certainly don't want to embarrass you..."

What would he think if they did spill out and he saw what I was wearing, she naughtily wondered? What would he think when he saw that my nipples weren't even covered? What would he do? The thought of Robbie seeing her nipples was disquieting on the one hand, but strangely arousing on the other hand, she thought to herself as she felt her nipples swelling and hardening down inside her little, black dress.

"Well, I guess we'd better be going," she said, uncrossing her long legs as she spoke.

Robbie was unable to keep his eyes from darting down between her legs as she did. And as he did, he caught a brief glimpse of black silk shimmering softly in the dim light. A jolt of excitement fired off inside his cock as it began to swell and harden, too. Then his mother leaned forward and set her empty glass on the coffee table. As she did, Robbie eyed her big, quivering breasts expecting them to flop out of her dress at any moment. As the dress billowed out slightly, Robbie could see down inside it a tiny bit. Just enough to see her big, puffy nipples sticking out over the top edge of her bra.

She had some kind of half bra on and when she bent over, you could see her damned nipples, he giddily thought. That was just about the most exciting thing he could think of, as he felt another searing jolt of electricity spark through his cock. They were something to see, he feverishly thought as he watched her push up to her spiked high heels. Then she leaned down and gave him another shot of her big, pink breasts as she swept her little opera purse off the coffee table. Robbie listened to the sexy clack of her high heels on the hardwood floor as he feasted his eyes on the perfect roundness of her swishing buttocks, perfectly outlined under the tight, black dress while she walked to the front door.

"Well, are you going to stand there all day ogling me, or are you coming?" she said, pausing at the front door to wait for him to open it for her.

"Yeah—yeah—uh, coming—coming," he muttered, hurriedly stepping across to the front door.

Stepping up to the door, he jerked it open and stood aside so she could step through the doorway. Following his mother out into the darkening dusk, he tagged along behind her like a little puppy dog following its mother.

"Are you coming with me, or are you taking your car?" she asked standing by her car waiting for him to open the door for her.

"I'll take mine. I might want to run over and have a shake or something after the dance," he told her, pulling her car door open for her.

"Okay, then I'll see you there," she said crawling in under the steering wheel. But as she did, her short, black dress rode up her thigh to reveal a large expanse of creamy, white skin above the top of her hose. As it did, Robbie saw the long, black strap of elastic reaching down from her dress to the top of her nylon.

She's wearing garters, Robbie frantically thought as he watched her reach down and reposition her short dress.

"Oops," she laughed, seeing his eyes dart down to her exposed thigh.

Garters! His mother was wearing a frigging garter belt! How frigging hot was that, he asked himself as he slammed her door shut?

"Uh, see you there..." he mumbled, stumbling back and clomping over toward

his car.

He'd seen, she told herself as she cranked her car. He saw that she was wearing a garter belt. What did he think, she wondered? What had crossed through his mind when he saw that his naughty mother was wearing a garter belt? She hadn't intended for him to see. It had just been an accident. But what was he thinking now, she wondered as she drove along? Or had it been an accident, she laughed to herself. Teasing poor Robbie could be so much fun.

Pulling into the parking lot, she waited for Robbie to join her. Then they both walked up to the auditorium, hand in hand. Once inside, Alison went to her post at the front door where she was in charge of handing out name tags. Robbie started mingling with the other students and minutes later the band came on stage and struck up.

Robbie kept sneaking furtive looks at his mother as the night wore on. Him and just about every other guy there! She was so damned hot, he kept thinking as he danced with just about every girl at the dance. Well, all the good looking ones anyway. But they didn't fit the bill for him. He liked his women older, more mature. Like Mrs. Jensen, his English teacher. And his mother, he sickly thought. Not flighty and girlish like most of the girls were.

Around ten o'clock, he saw that his mother had finished passing out name tags and was standing by the door watching him. Deciding to ask her for a dance, he weaved his way through the swaying couples over to where she stood.

"Having fun?" she asked as he stepped up beside her.

"A little. But I thought I would ask the best looking girl here for a dance," he grinned.

"Oh, which one is she?" she flirted back, batting her big, blue eyes at him.

"You Mom! Who did you think?" he smirked back at her, reaching for her hand and beginning to pull her out onto the dance floor.

"Okay, if you insist..." she purred, letting him pull her out to the dance floor.

Turning her to face him, he stood about a foot away from her. Raising her hand into the air, he eased his other hand around her waist to the small of her back.

Then as he slowly shuffled his feet, leading the way, he gently pulled her to him.

He could feel her big tits softly brushing against his chest as they slowly swayed to the beat of the music. Their bellies were also gently touching as they danced. Feeling her warm, soft body in his arms, Robbie began to respond as any hot-blooded young male would and he felt his cock growing harder and harder with each passing second...

What was that, she asked herself as she felt his hardness brush against her belly? Was that an erection? Did Robbie have an erection, she frantically asked herself? Was she turning him on? Was she turning her own son on? Feigning a slight stumble, she gently thrust herself against him. This time there was no doubt about it, she queasily thought. He had a hard on! And in all likelihood, she was the cause of it!

What should she do, she wondered as panic began to set in? How could he be aroused by her? How could he? He was her son for Christ's sake. She couldn't let anyone see! She had to stop it.

"Uh, uh, I think we'd better stop," she whispered, stepping back away from him.

Her face crimson, she quickly weaved through the dancing pairs back over to her place by the door. Hoping no one had noticed their interaction and the bright red covering her face, she watched as Robbie threaded through the crowd and came toward her.

Glancing down, she thankfully saw that aroused condition was covered by his suit-jacket as it hung down over his crotch.

"What's wrong, Mother?" he whispered, seeing the panic-stricken look on her face.

"I think we were dancing a little too close," she whispered back, nervously glancing around the room to see if anyone had taken an interest in their interaction. "Someone might think the wrong thing..."

"Wrong thing? It was a slow dance, Mom," he whispered.

"Robbie, I could feel it!" she blurted out. "I'm your mother for Christ's sake!"

"I'm sorry, Mom. I couldn't help it..." he apologized, looking around to see if anyone had heard his mother's soft rant.

Alison couldn't believe they were having this conversation. She and Robbie talking about, about him getting an erection while he was dancing with her. It was ludicrous.

"I'm, uh, I'm going to the little girl's room," she mumbled, holding onto her purse and fleeing across the auditorium floor.

You did it to yourself, you fool, she railed at herself as she fled across the gym floor. Dressing up like a trollop and parading around in front of him and all his classmates with your tits hanging out like some kind of two-bit whore. What did you expect him to do?

Stepping out into the darkened hallway, she fled down toward the safety of the girl's restroom. She could stay in there for a while until she regained some of her lost composure, she told herself. Jerking the door open, she hurried over to one of row of white, porcelain sinks. Setting her purse on its edge, she dampened a towel and patted her face, hoping that she wouldn't smear her makeup.

Looking into the mirror, she saw a much older woman than she had seen earlier. How could anything that trivial change her so much, she frantically wondered? This afternoon she had been comparing herself with a twenty year old, but now? Now there was a much older woman staring back at her. Feeling haggard and worn, she stood holding onto the sink for the longest time. Luckily no one else came in as she finally glanced down at her watch and saw that she had been standing there for ten minutes.

Taking a deep, cleansing breath, she gathered herself. Giving her curly, black hair a little fluff, she picked up her purse and headed for the door.

Stepping out in the darkened hallway, she was surprised to see Robbie leaning against the wall just across from the door to the restroom.

"Robbie," she murmured. "What are you doing here?"

"I just came to make sure everything was okay between us," he told her, pushing off the wall and stepping toward her.

"Yes...yes, everything is okay between us," she murmured as he stepped up in front of her.

"Good," he grinned. "Want to finish our dance then? I'll try not to, uh, uh, you know..."

"You mean out here?" she asked as she could hear the faint sounds of a slow dance playing in the background.

"Uh, yeah. No one can see us out here," he told her stepping closer and slowly pulling her into his arms.

"Oh, okay, I suppose," she whispered as she melted into his arms.

They danced, slowly swaying to the music as their bodies brushed against one another in soft intimacy. She could still feel his manly hardness brushing against her belly, but this time, for some bizarre reason, it didn't bother her as much.

So much for him trying not to, to you know, she sickly thought. She knew that she couldn't let it go any further, but in a sick, twisted kind of a way, she found it flattering that she could elicit such feelings from her own son.

The music ended, but Robbie made no move to break his hold on her. Then, to her utter shock, he kissed her cheek. But it didn't end there as he kissed his way down onto her neck and gently nibbled his way down to her shoulder.

At first, she couldn't move as she felt him kissing and lightly sucking his way down her neck. One side of her was excited beyond belief, but another, saner side was screaming into her ear to get her attention and stop the madness. She had to stop him. This could not go on. It had to stop! Stop before she let something irreversible happen.

She already felt like she was about to swoon as she felt herself losing control over the whole situation.

Then she felt his lips retrace their way back up her neck to her cheek. As she breathlessly waited, paralyzed by the unbelievable event playing out, she felt his lips tickle across her cheek and finally touch her lips.

He kissed her...on the lips!

The kiss was soft and gentle at first, but growing more and more insistent with each passing moment. Then she felt his lips open and the tip of his tongue brushed across her lips. Her whole body went stiff as it throbbed with the excitement of the moment, but another part of her was in straight-out panic mode wanting to flee before the whole thing spiraled completely out of control. Unbelievably, she felt her own lips starting to part...

Just then, the hallway doors crashed open and a couple of giggly, teenage girls stepped out into the darkened hallway. A beam of light slashed down the hallway lighting Alison and Robbie as Alison urgently stepped back away from him, trying to pretend nothing had happened between them. But something had, she sickly thought as the two giggling girls came clacking down the hallway toward them. Turning her head away from the girls, hoping that the girls hadn't recognized who they were, she gently pushed Robbie away from her.

Alison and Robbie stood silently waiting as the two girls marched down toward them and the restroom. Giggles and snickers followed the two girls down the hall like the wake of a ship until they finally disappeared into the restroom.

"I'm going back," she frantically whispered, glancing around nervously. "You follow later so no one will suspect anything."

"Okay," he grunted, watching her turn and flee back down the darkened hallway.

It had almost worked, he giddily thought. Almost. He had sensed that she was right on the edge of responding to his kiss. Damn girls, anyway. He'd have to find out who they were and make their lives a living hell, he promised himself.

Peeking out through the little windows on the doors, Alison saw that no one seemed to be looking, so with a quick fluff of her hair, she stepped back out into the auditorium, across the gym and over to the front doors. Stopping briefly, she explained to the other chaperone that she had to run out to her car for a minute and quickly stepped out into the humid night air. Her heart was racing and she could barely catch her breath as she went running across the parking lot to her car. Throwing the door open, she slid inside and slammed the door shut.

Gasping to catch her breath, Alison tried to come to terms with what had just happened in the hallway. She couldn't believe it had happened.

Robbie? Her sweet, innocent Robbie? How could he have done such a thing?

But the disturbing part was as much as she was sickened by the thought of what had happened, she couldn't get the images out of her head. And what if the girls hadn't entered the hall when they did? What if they'd been moments later while Robbie was kissing her, she fearfully wondered? Would she have lost control and kissed him back? What then? How far would she have let it go? And if it had somehow got out of hand, where would it have led? Eventually to her bed? To Robbie's bed? It was too sickening to even consider.

Then as she wrestled with the conflict swirling around inside her fevered brain, an image of her and Robbie, naked and in bed making love flashed before her eyes. Her and Robbie, arms interlocked, their bodies locked together and joined at the hips in such a despicable, reprehensible way. The image made her sick to her stomach... but yet... yet what, she frantically asked herself. It can never happen. She mustn't ever let that happen. But, she fearfully thought. They will be going home soon. They'll be alone in their house with no eyes on them then. No interruptions to stop them from doing what she knew they could never do.

Just then another spasm of fear sparked through her reeling brain as she saw Robbie step out through the auditorium doorway. She saw him looking around the parking lot, apparently searching for her car. Then he spotted it and started walking toward her car.

Panic-stricken, she didn't know what to do. Should I leave, she frantically wondered, watching him stepping closer and closer? What does he want? Does he want to take over where he left off in the hallway? What should I do?

But her reeling brain wouldn't respond as she watched Robbie walk around the car and slide in through the passenger side door.

"I wondered where you went," he told her, closing his door and sliding over next to her.

"I had to get some fresh air and think," she told him, cringing up against her car door.

"Mother... I, I have to tell you how much I love you," he whispered, scooting closer and running his arm around behind her head. "I can't hold it back anymore."

"Robbie—Robbie—we, you can't—" she cried.

"I can't stop myself," he groaned, gently pulling her toward him.

Then he leaned toward her and found her lips with his. Alison was in full panic mode once again. She couldn't let this happen, but she was powerless to move, paralyzed by the enormity of what was happening between them. She felt his lips open and felt the tip of his hot tongue brush across them. Fighting to hold back the panic welling up inside her, she felt her own lips open to let his tongue slip between them. Then his tongue touched hers and sparks flew, numbing the inside of her mouth.

Holding the back of her head in the palm of his hand, Robbie continued to pull her to him as he probed and explored the inside of her mouth with his inquisitive tongue.

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it, her panicky brain screamed at her. You can't let this go on. You have to do something to stop it. She tried to lift her arms but it felt they felt as if they were made of cement and she was unable to overcome the weight pulling down on them.

Oh, God, No, No, No, No, her brain shrieked at her as she felt Robbie's hand slip up under her skirt and slowly make its way up between her legs. He couldn't touch her there! How could he do such an obscene, despicable thing? But just as she railed at the thought of him touching her down there, she felt his fingertips brush across her thin panties and touch the sensitive lips of flesh covering the secrecy of her womanhood.

Just then, the lights on the front of the auditorium came glaring on and the doors swung outward as a hoard of students came pouring out through the open doorway.

Jerking back away from his mother, Robbie eased his hand out from between her legs and scooted back across the seat to his door. As he did, he saw his mother staring at him like a deer caught in headlights. Her big, panic-stricken eyes were flared wide open and she seemed to be staring right through him.

"I'll see you at home, Mom," he smiled at her, reaching to push his door open.

"Huh? What?" she mumbled, batting her eyes, slowly coming out of her daze.

"I said I'll see you at home," he grunted, shoving his door open.

"Uh, yes, right, home..." she muttered, turning away from him and reaching for the keys she had already put in the ignition.

Driving along alone, she couldn't shake the sick, panicky feeling that possessed her. What will happen next, she frantically wondered? What will happen when they get to the house and they're all alone? All alone and no one to save her for a third time? I know we can't go any further but is kissing out of the question, she woozily asked herself? I can still taste him and feel his lips on mine...

Coming to a shuddering halt in her driveway, she threw open her door and rushed up the front walk to the front door. Fumbling with the key with her shaking hands, she was finally able to get it unlocked and stumble inside. Once inside, she slammed the door shut and quickly clacked across the room to the bar. Grabbing the bottle on the bar, she splashed out three fingers of booze into a glass and quickly tossed the fiery liquid down her throat.

As she did, she could feel the liquor searing her throat on its way down to her stomach where it exploded in a fiery burst of heat. Waiting for the numbing effect to spread out from her belly, she splashed another healthy dose of liquor into the glass and swigged it down. Then, just as she felt the warm glow of the alcohol begin to quiet the screaming panic inside her head, she saw the front door swing open.

He was home, she fearfully thought as she watched him softly close the door behind him and spin the lock closed.

Then he turned toward her and started undoing his bow tie as he slowly walked toward her. Quickly splashing a third dollop of booze into her glass, she tilted her head back, tossed the drink down and slammed her empty glass back down onto the bar.

"Thirsty, Mom?" Robbie asked, stepping up in front of her.

"I was..." she mumbled fearfully waiting to see what he would do next.

"This time there won't be anyone to stop us," he told her, reaching out and easing his arm around her waist.

"No, Robbie—you can't do this—it's wrong—I'm your mother—" she whimpered as he pulled her to him.

"I know, Mother, but I can't help the way I feel toward you," he told her, stepping closer, covering her mouth with his and beginning to rape her mouth with his hot, probing tongue.

Even as sick and wrong as it was, she couldn't stop her body's response to the passionate kiss. She could feel her big, sensitive nipples swelling and protruding out over the top of her bra to rub against the material of her little, black dress. Her little clit was sticking its head out of its fleshy sheath and rubbing against her panties while she felt herself growing wet with anticipation. Anticipation of what, she frantically asked? They couldn't go there. No! No, they couldn't do that! They could kiss! That was okay, but they couldn't go any further...

But try as she might, she couldn't make herself stop it.

Then another surge of panic filled her fevered brain as she felt Robbie ease his hand up under her short dress. Oh, God, please, stop him, she silently pleaded as she felt him slip his fingers down under the stretchy waistband of her panties. But even as she begged for a reprieve from the inevitable, she felt her own legs part to open herself to him. The kiss went on and on as she felt his fingers tickle down through the nest of soft curls perched atop her jutting clit. Then she almost fainted as his fingers brushed across her hyper-sensitive clitoris. She was so supercharged; she almost slipped into an orgasm right then and there as her wobbly knees threatened to give way any second.

What was happening to her, she dizzily asked? How could she be reacting this way toward her son's sick, twisted demands? She was his mom for God's sake. His mother. Not some slut he'd met on the street. But she was most certainly acting like one, she sickly thought, letting him kiss her and paw her like she was some common whore. His whore mother!

Then another shock of alarm clanged through her brain as she felt him slowly ease a finger up inside her. He was inside her, she frantically thought. He had his finger up inside her vagina, invading the sanctity of his own birthplace. It was almost too much to ask a woman to bear. To have her own son violate her in such a despicable, vulgar manner was asking too much!

"Robbie!" she was finally able to gasp when he broke the kiss. "Please don't..."

But he ignored her as he continued to slide his finger in and out of her hot, wet hole at the same time he rubbed his thumb back and forth across her swollen,

throbbing clit.

"You're so wet, Mother..." Robbie whispered.

Then he slowly nibbled down her neck and onto the flat plane of flesh above the swell of her big tits. As he did, she felt his finger ease back out of her vagina.

Thank goodness, she anxiously thought.

But while he was pulling his hand out of her panties, she looked down and watched it ease out from under her skirt and lift up to the neckline of her dress. Digging his fingers down under the neckline, he gently tugged it down under her big, saggy breasts and exposed her ripe, swollen nipples. Like two big, purple grapes, they jutted out almost begging for attention.

"No, Robbie, please don't..." she futilely pleaded as she watched his lips kiss their way down over the slope of a breast to one of the hard, jutting nipples. Then, as he pursed his lips around the swollen nub, she felt the tip of his rough tongue tickle across her super-sensitive nipple.

"Why is your nipple so hard, Mother?" he murmured out around the swollen pap.

She couldn't help it, she frantically thought. Her body was on autopilot, reacting on its own to his demanding touch. And there was nothing she could do to stop it.

As he gently sucked and teased one nipple, his fingers were on the other one, gently pinching and tweaking it. The sparks of excitement his lips and fingers were eliciting from her sensitive nipples were sparking down to her aching, throbbing clit making it even more aroused and swollen.

At last, Robbie stopped teasing her nipples. Then she watched his arms reach out and wrap around her. Wondering what he had in mind now, she felt his fingers on the back strap of her little half-cup bra. Then suddenly, she felt the tension go out of the bra as he unfastened the clasp on the strap. With the bra unfastened, he slowly pulled the ends of the strap around her body and peeled it off her big, droopy breasts.

"So pretty, Mother..." he murmured, laying the discarded brassiere on the bar and then cupping the quivering globes of soft, smooth flesh in his hands.

"Robbie, don't do this... I'm, I'm begging you..." she implored.

Ignoring her again, he gently eased her big tits back down onto her chest and dug his fingers down under the neckline of her dress. Then as she fearfully watched on, he began to tug the little, black dress down away from her dangling, jiggling breasts. Continuing down, he slowly peeled it down over her firm, flat belly and down over the curved swell of her hips. As the dress moved lower and lower it revealed her frilly, black garter belt and its six long garters. Then her sheer, black panties came into view as he pushed her dress down over them. Before it had seemed flirty and sexy to wear such sheer panties, but now she shamefully realized that everything she had was on display through the silky thinness of the panties.

Dropping her hands down, she tried to hide herself from Robbie's leering eyes. But as she did, he reached out and grasped hold of her wrists. Pulling them aside he continued to leer at her exposed pussy.

Then as she shamefully stared down at him, he let go of her arms and dug his fingertips down under the stretchy waistband of her panties.

"Please don't, Robbie," she begged, fighting with him and trying to push his hands away.

"Don't, Mother—they're so pretty, I don't want to have to rip them off you," he softly, but firmly told her.

There's nothing I can do, she told herself as he slowly peeled her see-through panties down her long legs. Once her panties were down around her ankles, he slowly lifted each spike-heeled pump up into the air and pulled her dress and panties out from under them. Picking up the dress and panties, he pushed up to his feet and laid them on the bar beside her discarded brassiere.

Stepping around to her side, Robbie quickly swept her up in his arms. She frantically clutched at him, wrapping her arm around his neck to keep from falling as he trudged across the living room carrying her toward the stairs.

Watching his mother's big tits jiggle and quiver, he started up the stairs with her in his arms. While she didn't weigh that much, climbing the stairs with her in his arms was quite a challenge as he huffed and puffed his way up. His face was red and sweaty from the exertion by the time they reached the top of the stairs.

"Don't hurt yourself," his mother warned as he continued on down toward her bedroom.

"I didn't," he panted back.

Clomping into her feminine bedroom, Robbie stumbled over to her bed and gently deposited her down onto it.

"This is so wrong, Robbie," she murmured lying on her back looking up at him as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt. He'd apparently already taken off his suit coat in the car before he arrived at home, she thought.

"We'll make it right, Mother..." he told her, peeling his shirt back over his brawny shoulders.

Alison couldn't help but admire the well-defined muscles of his chest and abdomen as she fearfully awaited her fate. She didn't know what to do. She knew that what they were doing was wrong. Terribly, terribly wrong, but there seemed to be no stopping it. Robbie was going to take her! Take her and use her! Use her body to satisfy his twisted cravings.

Then suddenly, as the realization of the inevitability of it all sank in and she lay watching Robbie unfastening his pants, a strange peace came over her. They weren't murdering anyone. They would just be doing what millions of men and women all over the world did every day. She would still be Alison and he would still be Robbie when it was over. No one would ever know what had happened between them except themselves.

Then she watched Robbie's pants go slithering down his hairy, muscular legs. As they did, she was startled to see the big, purple head of his penis sticking up out from under the waistband of his white, jockey shorts. Oh, God, he must be huge, she sickly thought as the physical side of the sordid affair momentarily pushed aside the psychological side.

Then she watched on in fearful apprehension as Robbie hooked his thumbs under the elastic waistband of his shorts and began to slowly push them down over the rounded curve of his hips. Staring directly at his penis as it slowly emerged out from under the waistband, she was stunned by its size and length. She had been right. It looked huge. The giant's big head was almost identical in size and color to that of a big, ripe plum. The thick, pink shaft of his big cock

was lightly crisscrossed with bulging, blue blood vessels and almost as big around as her wrist, she fearfully thought as she watched it evilly ticking up and down in rhythm with the beat of his heart. And the two enormous balls hanging down below his penis in their fleshy sac looked as big as tennis balls. She knew that the fiery passion and fever of the moment must be warping her perception. But even if it was, she frantically thought as she watched the malevolent creature bob and dance while Robbie struggled out of his pants and shorts, they were still oversized.

She would never have dreamed that her son possessed manly attributes of such frightening proportions. And now, within a few short minutes, she would not only be witness to the size of the frightening creature malevolently jutting up out of his groin, she would be the recipient of its malignant power.

How could she have let things get so far out of control, she sickly wondered? Then she watched Robbie slowly crawl up on the bed. As he did, she couldn't take her eyes off the evil presence jutting straight out under his wash-boarded abs. A sick, panicky feeling spread over her as she prepared herself for the imminent defilement. Then she watched Robbie reach down to her legs and slowly push them apart. As her legs parted, she saw Robbie staring down at the glistening wound between her legs. Why was she so wet, she frantically wondered? Even though she was disgusted with her body's reaction to the upcoming rape, she knew that she would need all the lubrication she could muster to keep Robbie's monstrous cock from hurting her as it slid down inside her poor, little cunt.

But then, to her surprise, she saw Robbie ease down on his belly between her long legs hiding his huge penis between his belly and the bed. This was so, so wrong, she guiltily told herself as she reached over and pulled a pillow up under her head so she could watch her son. She had conceded defeat knowing that resistance would only make things worse.

~~~

Robbie took in a deep, shuddering breath through his nostrils. The cloying scent of her femininity rushed inside his nose and clung to his olfactory receptors sending her pheromone-laced message straight into his brain. The scent of her

estrous spoke not of her resistance, but of her acceptance as her body readied itself for him. While she was outwardly resisting his advances, somewhere down in the twists and turns of her brain, something must be sending her body different signals, he sickly thought. Looking up into her pretty face, he slowly eased his long tongue out and lazily licked it up the goo-filled channel between her thick, gorged pussy lips.

As he did, he felt her body shudder and her eyes closing as he tickled his tongue over the swollen jut of her clit. Pausing in the frontal attack on her clit, he slowly kissed and licked his way down one soft, warm inner thigh from her pussy all the way down to the top of her hose and back again. As he did, he left a wet, glistening trail of his warm saliva behind his tongue while he slowly licked his way back up to her pussy.

Another quick swipe of his tongue across her clit and he heard another soft murmur escape her lips. But before returning to the assault on her clit, he kissed and fondled his way down her other inner thigh to the top of her other nylon. Kissing his way back up toward her pussy, he marveled in the smooth softness of her creamy, white skin. It was as smooth and perfect as a baby's skin.

Returning his attention back to her hard, jutting clit, he saw that she had pushed the pillow out from under her head and it was resting back on the bed. Reaching up to her clit with both hands, he gently peeled the fleshy, little sheath back away from it with his thumbs. Now, as the little knob of stiff flesh stuck up, vulnerably exposed and defenseless it seemed to be begging for his tongue. Pursing his lips around the little nub, he gently sucked on it as he tickled his tongue back and forth across it.

He could feel his mother's beautiful butt writhing and squirming as she thrust herself up against his determined attack on her defenseless clit.

Alison felt herself losing all semblance of control as Robbie wreaked havoc on her exposed, vulnerable clit and pussy.

She could feel his hot probing tongue touching her intimately as it roamed over the soft, fragile flesh between her spread pussy lips. Then she felt him suck one of her fleshy, limp pussy lips into his mouth. She could feel his sharp teeth gently nibbling at the sensitive fold of flesh before letting it slither out of his mouth only to be replace it with the other fleshy flap of skin. Then, she felt him



move back up searching for the jutting nub of her clit.

"Yes-yes-yes!" she hissed out as she felt the tip of his tongue finally find her clit once again. "My clit..."

Slowly at first, he began to twirl his tongue around the swollen bulb of flesh, fluttering it, trying to make as much contact with it as possible.

"Oh Robbie," she groaned out, ignoring the fact that this was her son bringing her such pleasure. Then she felt one of his hands slip down under her, cup one of the cheeks of her ass and pull her against his lips and lashing tongue.

At almost the same instant, she felt the fingers of his other hand find the wet, oozing opening of her womanhood. Teasing and tickling her clit with his tongue, he eased two fingers into her and began to gently pump them in and out of the goo-filled channel of her pussy.

Holding her pressed against his mouth, Robbie twirled his tongue around her jutting clit, licking and lapping at it while she wallowed in the throbbing pulses of pleasure surging up from her clit.

She couldn't hold back anymore, regardless of how sick and twisted it was. She had to forfeit herself to him.

Murmuring out her pleasure, she lifted her hands up off the bed and curled them down into his hair. Rocking and murmuring, she ground herself against him. As she did, he mercilessly attacked her throbbing clit with his tongue and furiously worked his goo-coated fingers in and out of her clutching pussy.

She had been too long without a man's touch and now there was no way she could refuse her son. He was now the man in her life and she would give herself to him heart, soul, and body.

Faster and faster, Robbie worked his fingers in and out of her as he impatiently lapped at her clit.

Eyes closed, head thrown back against the bed, Alison could feel an orgasm swelling and forming inside her womb. Robbie seemed to sense that she was on the verge, swirling his tongue around her clit faster and faster as she groveled in the waves of pleasure that were washing up from her throbbing clit, pushing her

closer and closer to the point of no return.

"Oh, Robbie! Robbie!" she moaned, bowing her back, tilting her hips up off the bed while she continued to hump her pussy against his insistent lips and tongue.

Suddenly, she felt a fiery burst of pleasure explode inside her pussy and brain. As it did, her pussy began spasming around Robbie's pistoning fingers, clutching, gripping them in her tight clasp. Her pussy tightly clutched at his fingers and at the same time spewed out gush after gush of thick, hot juice onto his hand. There was so much of the sticky goo, it was literally dripping off his hand, running down his arm and dripping onto the bed below.

Alison shuddered, her legs shaking and trembling uncontrollably as she came. Her convulsing pussy was frantically milking and pulling at his fingers as he continued to work them in and out of the sopping hole. It had been so long, she reveled.

Keeping his other hand curled around her clenched ass cheek, he feasted on the nectar gushing forth from her spewing pussy, pulling her against his lips as he drank from the well of her motherhood.

Drinking his fill, he brought his tongue back to her clit and began to lash at it again. He could feel the tremors of pleasure pulsing through her body as he continued to fuck her with his fingers.

Panting fretfully, she sorrowfully felt the last tickles of pleasure weakening and dying down inside her pussy as she weakly lifted her head and looked down over her heaving breasts at her son's juice-smeared face slowly backing away from her pussy.

Still trembling from the rush of adrenaline that had poured through her body, she saw that his cheeks and chin were glistening wetly with her juices.

Now! Now, she fearfully thought. Now was the time of reckoning. Still reeling from the effects of her cataclysmic upheaval, she watched Robbie push up to his hands and knees over her. Dropping her eyes down below his belly, she saw that his big, evil prick was still as hard and stiff as a bar of steel as it shamefully bobbed up and down below his belly.

Staring at his big, hard cock thrusting out below his muscled belly, she could see

that its big, evil head was glistening wetly with a thick coating of lubrication as it impatiently twitched up and down.

This was it, she frantically thought! This was the moment she had been fearing all night. From here, there could be no turning back. Once this was done, it was done! And there could be no way of undoing it! Even now, in the fiery passion of the moment, there was doubt! And fear! What would happen to them? Would they be swallowed up in the fires of hell? Or would they create a bond that no man could ever sever? Whichever, she couldn't stop herself now. She had to have him. Take him inside her and let him fill her with his sweet essence. Fill her with his love!

Trembling with panic and doubt, she paused for a moment...then she reached for him.

"Mother..." Robbie groaned out as she slowly reached down between them and grasped hold of his cock with the tips of her fingers. It was so hot and hard, she could feel the throbbing tic pulsating through it.

Another spasm of panic worked through her fevered brain as she fearfully clutched at his penis, bending it, pushing it down, aiming it at the goo-smeared opening of her vagina. Fitting the rounded, tapered tip of the evil, foreboding head into the juice-slickened furrow, she slowly rubbed in up and down the slit, mingling her own hot, slippery juices with the slippery lube that continued to ooze out of his cock. Then she stared down between them as his giant penis began to slowly ease inside her.

Finally, she frantically told herself as she heard him grunt and felt his cock go knifing down into her waiting womanhood.

It was done! He was inside her! They were doomed...

Now she was his, she fearfully thought, groaning as she let her pussy engulf the thick, throbbing shaft of his maleness. Now she was his! She would have to be whatever he wanted her to be! She would be his whore! His slut! His lover! His mother! Anything! Anything he wanted, she frantically thought. She would always be his mother, but now she would be so much more for him...whatever he wanted her to be—

"Oh, God, forgive us! What have we done?" she groaned out in agony and

apology as the fleshy lips of her cunt settled down around the hairy base of his jutting prick.

He groaned, thrusting up into her even deeper, grinding his groin into hers, and forcing his cock ever deeper into the seething depths of her pussy.

Their eyes met and the passion of the moment arced between them filling the air around them with fiery sparks of electric excitement.

"Mother, I love you so much..." he groaned out digging his fingers into the soft flesh of her waist and thrusting himself down inside her.

"Oh, Robbie! Robbie, what have we done? What have we done?" she wept, tears cascading down over her cheeks.

"Mother—oh, Mother—can't stop—too much—" Robbie groaned out as Alison felt his cock kick down inside her. Then she felt his warmth begin to spurt out into her aching empty womb filling it with the seeds of life. A gush of the clinging cream gushed out into her vagina every time she felt his penis twitch down inside her. One fiery spurt after another, it spurted out into her until it had totally immersed her womb in its clinging warmth. Then she felt the thick goo begin to ooze out around the buried shaft of his big cock. As it oozed out, she could feel it trickling down into the crack of her ass and coating her anus with its sticky warmth...

[Return to the Top](#)

## **Chapter Two – Another Dance**

Alison and Robbie lay gasping for breath, their arms and legs still intertwined, their sweaty bodies pressed against one another. They couldn't move for the longest time as the gravity of their actions fully dawned on them. They would be forever changed by the single life-altering moment they had just shared. They would still be mother and son, nothing could ever alter that fact. But now, now they were more than that... they were lovers, too. Co-conspirators in rebellion against the mores and rules laid down by society. Mother and son, defying the law of the land to set their own boundaries. Set their own new set of rules to live by. To wallow in their own incestuous iniquity.

"Sorry, Mom..." Robbie softly groaned, pushing up off her and slowly easing his limp cock back out of the cum-filled channel of her vagina.

"So am I," she murmured back as Robbie flopped down on his back beside her. What was he sorry for? Was he sorry for what they had done, or was he sorry that he hadn't been able to last longer and prolong the defilement?

"So, what now, Mother?" he asked her, rolling over onto his side to face her.

"What do you want?" she asked him, rolling over onto her side to face him.

"I want to show you how much I love you, Mother..." he whispered. "I want to be your lover... forever!"

"What we did can never be undone," she told him. "Now we're both damaged goods. But despite that, I don't know if I could ever let myself love another man. I need you to fill the emptiness that once filled my heart. Fill it with your love and kindness. Can you do that for me?"

"God, yes, Mom..." Robbie groaned out, reaching out to pull her into his arms. "I'll do anything you say."

"No, wait," she told him, putting her hands on his chest to stop him. "I want to make love again to seal our covenant..."

"Okay, but..." he murmured, looking down at his shrunken penis.

"I know... I want to," she murmured, scooting back down the bed until her face was even with his wilted cock.

Lifting his limp penis up, she leaned in closer and eased her tongue out. Then she began to sensually lick her tongue around over his cock, licking away the gooey coating of creamy cum that covered it. Starting with the big, swollen head, she slowly licked it clean then moved on down to the thick, pink shaft. As Robbie lay watching her, she kept slowly licking at his cock until every last vestige of cum had been replaced by a glistening sheen of her spit. Then, she finally moved down onto the big, fleshy sac that contained his balls. Lifting it, pulling it this way and that, she licked the sac clean. Then, she opened her mouth wider and slowly sucked one of the large orbs inside her warm mouth. Holding it in her mouth, she rolled it around as she continued to lick her tongue over the concealed gonad for several long seconds while she gently sucked on it. At last, she let the spit-covered ball slip out from between her lips and quickly sucked the other one into her mouth. As she teased and toyed with his testicles, Robbie could feel the energy beginning to flow back into his limp penis as it slowly began to uncoil and harden.

Then he watched on with giddy expectation as she let his ball slip out of her mouth and moved her soft, pink lips back up to the head of his penis. Looking up at him, she gave him a bashful smile and lifted his penis up into the air. Still looking up into his eyes, she opened her mouth and slowly pulled the big, purple head of his penis into it. Robbie felt a spasm of electric excitement fire off in his head as he watched her lips close down around the shaft of his penis just below the crowned rim of its head. Then he felt her gently increase the suction until her cheeks were hollowed by the force of the suction.

Robbie watched on with sick fascination as his mother's full, pink lips slowly crept down the thick shaft of his cock, sucking more and more of it into her mouth. As she did, he could feel her hot, little tongue twirling around his cock, licking and lapping at it with determined purpose. He could feel, and see that his cock was swelling and hardening as she coaxed it back to life with her mouth and lips. Then he felt the head of his penis nudge up against the back of her mouth. But she didn't stop. Giving out a soft gurgling gag, she forced her mouth down as he felt the head of his penis slip through the opening into her throat. She kept pushing down on his cock until her pouty, pink lips were encircling the hairy base of his embedded penis.

She was making soft choking sounds as Robbie felt her throat muscles clutch at his buried cock while she swallowed once, twice, three times before slowly backing up off his rapidly hardening penis. Staring down at his cock as it came

slithering out of her mouth, he saw that it was covered with a sheen of spit all the way from its big, round head down to where the shaft joined to his fleshy ball sac.

She had taken the whole damned thing inside her mouth and throat, he dizzily thought. All eight plus inches of the damned thing! She had just deep throated him. His mother had deep throated him, he giddily thought. It was the first time for him. Because of the size of his cock, no other girl had ever even attempted it, much less done it. But his mother hadn't only attempted it, she had done it!

Now the transformation from putty to steel was complete as his cock jutted up out of its hairy base, hard and ripe. With her hand fisted around the thick, throbbing shaft of his cock, she held it up with the great swollen head just below her lips. Then she leaned down and gave it a soft, lingering kiss. After she did, she let go of it, letting it slap back against his belly as she slowly rolled over onto her back. Splaying her long legs out, she reached down to her pussy and prodded her thick, wet pussy lips apart.

"Take me..." she whispered. "Take your mother and make her your woman... your lover..."

"God, Mother," Robbie choked out struggling up to his hands and knees beside her.

She was so beautiful, Robbie giddily thought as he crawled over her outstretched leg and up between them. His big, spit-covered penis was sticking out under his belly, ripe and ready to perform its evil task. But this time the fiery edge was gone. This time he would fuck her and show her that he was a man. No, this would not be a one and outer like before. This time he would fuck her all night long if she wanted it.

And yes, he would make her his. Claim his birthright to the sacred chamber between her beautiful legs. The chamber of his creation. He would make her his woman... his lover!

Then he saw her reach for him. Bending his rigid penis down, she aimed its big, tapered head at the oozing, juice-slickened slit as Robbie impatiently waited. At last the head of his penis touched her, its tapering tip sliding down inside the tiny slit. As it did, Robbie dipped his hips and plunged his rock-hard penis down inside the tight clutch of her hungry cunt. Driving into her, he thrust into her all



the way up to the hilt in one plunging stroke.

"Yesssssss..." she hissed out, thrusting herself up against him.

Then, keeping himself thrust down inside her, Robbie slipped his arms under the backs of her legs and shoved them up into the air. Pushing them up until the fronts of her thighs were rubbing against her gravity-flattened tits, he tilted her pelvis up to allow even deeper penetration into the sacred chamber of her womanhood.

As he did, he felt the head of his penis nudge up against something in the depths of her vagina. But as it did, he felt whatever it was shrink back away from his cock. Robbie drew back slowly and then sent his cock plunging back into the hot, clutching socket of her pussy. As he did, he felt the firm softness of her calves bounce on his shoulders while the slippery silkiness of her nylons rubbed against his cheeks. Her spiked high-heeled pumps waved in the air above his head as he began to pump into her with deep, thrusting thrusts.

Driving into her hot, juicy pussy all the way up to the hilt on every pounding stroke, Robbie could feel his big, dangling balls slap up against her firm ass every time he slipped his rigid meat to her. Her groin and ass were covered with her hot juices that were being splattered everywhere every time his big balls slapped up against her ass.

This was it, Robbie deliriously thought. This was what he had dreamed of for so long. His mother! His beautiful mother! He had thought it was too impossible! But now, now it was happening.

Pressing her legs back against her breasts, he leaned down between them and found her mouth with his as he felt her arms curl around his neck. They kissed, open-mouthed, tongues warring, twisting, intertwining. He'd never felt a pussy so hot, so tight, so soft and clinging as he pumped his big cock in and out of it. Every time his peter reached the zenith its backward retreat, he felt his mother's hot cunt clutch at its big, round head.

With her legs thrust back against her tits, the two long, black garters that stretched down over the cheeks of her beautiful ass were stretched tightly, digging down into the creamy, white skin of her ass and creasing the firm muscles under it. The tops of nylons were rubbing against his chest as he relentlessly pounded his cock into her.

Robbie could feel the tight muscles encircling her pussy clenching tighter and tighter as her back began to bow, lifting her hips off the bed. She's getting close, he told himself as he picked up the pace.

"Oh—Oh—Oh, I'mmmmmm..." she groaned out as her body suddenly went stiff and began to strain up against him, "—coommminnnngggg—"

Slowing his savage attack down to a slow, rhythmic pace, he let her ride out her orgasm on his cock as it lazily sawed in and out of her. He could feel her tight, hot pussy spasming, clutching at him as gushes of thick, hot juice poured out of her, drenching his big balls with its sticky heat.

Every time was better, Alison deliriously told herself as she felt the spasms of electric pleasure pulsing up from her pussy. She hadn't thought it could get any better than the first passionate upheaval, but it had she deliriously thought.

As Robbie felt his mother's body begin to relax and soften, he quickly picked up the pace once again and began to pound into her with renewed exuberance. He would make her come and come until she begged him to stop, he told himself as he looked down at her beautiful face. It had a pleased look of contentment on it as she smiled back up at him and clutched her pussy down around his pistoning peter.

"You make me so happy..." she purred out as tears of happiness began to trickle down out of her big, blue eyes.

Robbie's muscular ass continued to bound up and down as he tirelessly humped away at his mother's pussy. Then he felt her calves move outward and slide down off his shoulders. As they did, her legs were out so wide, they were almost like an upside down T. Spreading herself wide open, she grabbed her ankles and opened herself to him completely. Like a cheerleader doing the splits, she was totally at the mercy of Robbie's big cock as it wetly sloshed in and out of her pussy.

Robbie could hear the creak and groan of the bed intermingled with the loud, wet slap of their bodies crashing together intermingling with the soft, little mews his mother was making. Then he realized that he, too, was making soft grunting sounds as he pumped away at her hot pussy. All this filled his ears and added to perversity of their incestuous irreverence.

It had been one hell of a night, Robbie giddily thought as he continued to pump away at his mother's hot pussy. It was a night that had brought with it the completely unexpected fulfillment of his sick, twisted dream of making love to his mother. And now, even beyond that unbelievable occurrence, they were going to be lovers on into the future.

Alison couldn't believe it. This was her son. Her son, Robbie on top of her banging away at her pussy with his huge cock. His wonderful oversized cock, she giddily thought. How had it all happened so fast? One minute they had been just mother and son at a dance and the next minute, it seemed, they were in her bed making mad, passionate love. It was all so confusing. So disturbing. So wrong. Yet, so right, she told herself as she felt herself rising toward another orgasm. That was another strange thing about it all. In the past she had to fight for every elusive orgasm. With Horace she had to really work on achieving gratification. But with Robbie, it came naturally, easily, in fact, almost too easily, she happily thought thinking back to the first time he had touched her. He had almost brought her over the edge by simply touching her clit. And now she was about to have another climax.

Robbie could feel his mother tensing, her muscles tightening, her back arching, lifting off the bed as she neared release again. It seemed like it had been only seconds since her last one.

As she inched closer, Alison let go of her legs and lifted them up into the air. Wrapping them around Robbie's waist, she brought them together and locked them at the ankles.

Robbie felt his mother's hot thighs wrapped around his waist. He could also feel the slippery smoothness of her nylons rubbing on his back and butt as the sharp point of her spiked heels nicked his ass every time he drew back before ripping his cock back down into the velvety softness of her pussy. Her hands were now on his shoulders, claws extended and digging into his skin as she coaxed him on.

Her body, taut like the bow string on a bow, was straining tighter and tighter, ready to release itself in one more upheaval of gratification.

Resting his weight on his elbows, Robbie clutched at her big, undulating breasts and found the two big, swollen knobs jutting out of their darkened centers with his fingers. Kneading the swollen berries between his fingers and thumbs, he

mercilessly teased the sensitive paps as he continued to fuck her with relentless abandon.

As her back arched higher and higher off the bed, Robbie could feel the sharp tips of her high heels digging into his ass harder and harder. In response to her spurring prods, he began to rock his ass back and forth faster and faster. The bed under her wriggling ass was soaked with her juices as they poured out of her pussy. Her ass was even making wet, sticky sounds as it pattered up and down on the soaked cloth. This only added to the cacophony of lewd fucking sounds they were making as their bodies crashed together over and over again.

Almost, almost, Alison frantically thought as she strained harder, thrusting herself up at Robbie's pounding attack.

Then it was upon her as she felt her whole body burst in a superheated blast of pleasure so intense it took her breath away. Wave after wave of gratification washed over her as she clawed at Robbie and dug her spike heels down into his bounding ass. Fearing injury from her sharp heels, Robbie ground his ass to a halt. Keeping his cock thrust down inside her convulsing cunt, he could feel his mother shaking and trembling as she thrust herself against him. He could feel the knots of her nipples digging into his chest as she lay shaking, her head thrown back as she gnashed her teeth. It was all he could do to keep from blowing his wad, but he held back wanting to bring her off at least one more time before he got his jollies. Then he would come. Come inside her at the same moment she came. Then he would let her hot pussy suck out his cream. Let her take his sperm into her womb where it could take root and grow...

At last her claws dug themselves out of his skin and her high heels eased the pressure on his ass. Then all at once, her long legs unraveled and limply dropped down onto the bed beside his legs. They were still splayed out to the side leaving her open and vulnerable to his attack. Kicking his ass back into gear, he began to pummel the slippery, goo-filled hole down between her legs as she lay gasping for breath underneath him.

"Come, Baby, come for mommy. Come in mommy and make mommy happy again..." she murmured, clutching her pussy down around his peter as it sloshed in and out of her.

"With you—come with you—"Robbie panted out, shifting into a higher gear as

the bed below them wildly rocked back and forth making all kinds of strange new sounds. "Come at the same time..."

Robbie was beginning to sweat and it dripped down onto his mother, lubricating their bodies as they lewdly rubbed together. Sliding his hands underneath her sweaty shoulders, he cupped his hands around them and jerked her back down on his thrusting penis every time he ripped it back into her. His loud grunts almost covered up her soft mewls as they fucked like the animals they had become.

"Almost—almost, Baby, almost there..." she whispered as Robbie prepared to unleash the gallons of cum that was bubbling and boiling down inside his slashing balls.

His balls were so full they ached as they wetly slapped up against his mother's juice-smeared ass. If he didn't empty them soon, they would burst, he frantically told himself. He could feel her vaginal muscles tightening around his cock and knew that another orgasm was imminent.

All at once, his mother gave out a loud, groaning gasp and her pussy clamped down around his cock. Ramming his cock down into her as deep as it would go, Robbie let go and felt his cock give a mighty lurch. The force of the first spurt of cum sent his sperm-rich semen shooting deep into her hungry womb. Into her womb where it would join with her. Join with her and create life down deep inside her.

Spasms of white-hot pleasure fired off in his fevered brain as his cock jerked and spurted inside her, filling her with his potent seed. The pleasure was addicting and he knew that he would never have enough of it. Enough of her. He would have to have her and her wondrous pussy over and over again, but still, he knew he would never get enough of it.

At last it was over for them as his spent penis slithered back out of her overflowing pussy. They lay, lovingly looking at each other for several minutes before they could finally catch their breath...

~~~

"Would you like a drink, my Darling?" Alison purred, rolling over and sitting up on the edge of the bed with her long legs hanging over it.

"That would be nice," he murmured, watching her push up to her feet.

"I'll be right back," she told him, slowly swishing across the room.

Robbie couldn't keep his eyes off her tight, little ass as she provocatively swished it from side to side for him.

"I'll be here," he grunted as she disappeared out the door.

Alison could feel her big tits tugging at her chest as she stepped down the stairs. Stopping at the bottom of the stairs, she paused for a moment before continuing on over to the bar...

~~~

Fast forward three months. Three long, love-filled months spent in what seemed to be almost endless love making. Neither of them seemed to be able to get enough of the other one.

But, Alison was beginning to notice some nagging, troublesome signs. She tried to ignore them, but they just wouldn't go away.

She was having some cramping, almost premenstrual type cramps, but she had stopped menstruating so that couldn't be the cause, she fearfully thought. And she felt like she had to pee all the time while her breasts were tender and sore and they had gotten even bigger than before.

Poor Robbie was thrilled that her breasts were growing, but sorely disappointed when she complained about them being too sore and tender for him to play with. And her mood swings were getting more than a little annoying to him. One minute, she'd be happy and bubbling, the next minute she'd be on his case about some trivial thing he'd done.

She had put on around eight pounds of weight, but attributed that to laziness. And with all the exercise she was getting in bed, she would have thought she

would lose weight, not gain it. Alison couldn't put it off any more and made the inevitable trip to her doctor, who confirmed her suspicions.

Pregnant! Pregnant, she fearfully thought. Once she and Horace had divorced, she had stopped the pill, but the day after she and Robbie had become intimate, she had started them back up again. But, she now realized, it only took one screw up and you were saddled with your mistake for the rest of your life...

Oh, the thought of an abortion had flitted through her mind, but how could she kill something that she and Robbie had created? She just hoped that everything would work out and the baby would be normal...

"Pregnant?" Robbie snorted. "It's mine, isn't it?"

"Who else? You know that I haven't been seeing anyone else," she frowned as they sat eating breakfast.

"What? What are you going to do?" Robbie asked, pushing his half eaten breakfast away.

"I'm going to have the baby. I couldn't do anything to harm it," she told him picking at her food but not really eating anything. "It's ours..."

"What will the neighbors think?" he asked her.

"I guess they'll just have to think what they think. There's not much we can do about it at the moment," she complained.

"We could move to where no one knew us...and, and tell everyone we were married," he suggested.

"Let me think about it," she told him. "You've still got three months until you graduate, and I've got my job to think about in the meantime."

"I'll get a job when I graduate," he tried to convince her.

"And what about college?" she asked.

"We'll find a way," he told her.

"Well, we do have the alimony, and if you did get a job...we could sell this big, old house and buy a smaller one. We could probably make it by until the baby is old enough for me to go back to work and then you could go to college and get a real job. It would be tough for a while, but I think we could make it."

~~~

Alison was right and it was a strain for the next three months, but then they sold the house and bought a smaller one across town where no one knew them. With the money they made on the sale of the house, Robbie's new job, the alimony, and the money from Alison's job they got along comfortably and managed to put more money away to tide them over until the day when Alison would have to stop working. Luckily, her medical plan covered the cost of pregnancy and childbirth.

As time passed, Alison grew bigger and bigger. At first her belly swelled up to the size of a basketball, but soon it progressed to the size of a beach ball.

"Wow, Mom, did you swallow a beach ball?" Robbie snickered as Alison trudged in just back from her visit to the doctor's office.

"No!" she angrily complained, shuffling over to the couch and plopping down on it. "You were just careless with planting your seeds. The doctor said it's going to be twins!"

"Twins!" Robbie sputtered, stepping across the room and sitting down beside his mother. "Twins?"

"Yes, twins... a little boy... and a little girl," she smiled at him.

"Wow, I didn't know that I was that virile," he muttered, leaning over and slowly unbuttoning her blouse.

"Well, you apparently are," she told him watching his fingers slowly make their way down over her now oversized breasts, plucking each little button open as they went.

At last, with the final button unbuttoned, Robbie slowly peeled her blouse back to reveal the plain, white brassiere she wore for doctor's visits. Alison leaned forward and let Robbie push her blouse back over her shoulders. Her blouse slithered down her back coming to a rest between her and the back of the couch. Then Robbie reached behind her and plucked open the clasp holding the big, white brassiere wrapped around her chest. Pulling the straps down her arms, Robbie uncovered her now giant-sized breasts. Like two big, white Beluga whales, her two tits lay beached on the swell of her overgrown belly as Robbie lovingly tickled one of her big, swollen nipples with the tips of his fingers.

"Everything is getting big on you, Mom," he grinned, squeezing the nipple and watching a trickle of thin white milk drip down onto her belly.

"You don't think I'm too big and fat," she pouted, sticking out her lower lip.

"No. No, I think pregnancy is good for you. You look so happy...happy and, and I don't know, just happy..." he told her.

"I feel happy when I'm around you," she said, watching his fingers coax out a tiny stream of milk from her breast.

"You want to go upstairs and celebrate the announcement of the twins?" he grinned at her, plucking on her nipple harder.

"If you want to," she told him, leaning back against the couch.

"Of course, I do," he grinned, pushing up to his feet. Leaning down, he grasped her hands in his and gently tugged as she struggled up to her feet.

"I feel like an elephant," she complained as they trundled across the room, hand in hand.

"But a very pretty elephant, might I add," Robbie softly laughed, giving her hand a reassuring squeeze.

"I can't believe how comfortable I feel around you," she murmured. "I never felt this way around Horace. It's like, no matter what, I can trust you to do the right thing. It's like being with my soul-mate."

"Mother, I could never do anything to hurt you..." he told her as they stepped

into the bedroom they now shared.

"I know... I feel the same way," she smiled, watching him as he dropped to his knees in front of her.

As she watched him, Robbie reached out to unbutton the button on the elastic waistband of her maternity skirt. Fingering the little button through the buttonhole, he watched the stretchy elastic spring apart as her skirt went slithering down her long legs to the floor. Smiling up at her, he slowly eased his fingers down under the stretchy elastic waistband of her plain, white, doctor-visiting panties. Gently, he pulled them down off the distended swell of her big, white belly. Her navel was swollen and protruding out from her belly as Robbie slowly pulled her panties down her long legs. Once her panties were wrapped around her ankles, she stepped out of them and eased her legs apart as Robbie gently gave her big belly a soft, lingering kiss.

Wrapping his arms around his mother's hips and ass, Robbie gently forced her back onto the bed. Once she was sitting on the edge of the bed, Robbie took hold of her shoulders and pushed her down onto her back. Now she lay on her back, her big butt perched on the edge of the bed with her legs bent at the knees and her feet resting on the floor.

Standing between her legs, Robbie leaned down over her swollen, distended belly. Gently, lovingly he began to kiss the milky white skin that was tightly stretched over her belly. As his lips brushed over the smooth skin, he could see that it was lightly crisscrossed with faint, blue blood vessels. Lingering for the longest time, he continued to lavish kisses on her big, bloated belly as she lay on her back, eyes closed apparently basking in his attentive adoration.

Finally, Robbie raised back up and reached down to his pants. Her eyes fluttered open and dropped down to his hands as he unbuttoned his pants and let them drop to the floor. Then Robbie quickly shoved his shorts down his legs and let his rock-hard penis spring out into the open. Her eyes momentarily flared open as she studied his hard, twitching penis.

"It always looks so hard... so angry and impatient," she murmured.

"It is when it's around you," he smiled down at her, running his fingertips through the forest of soft, black curls surrounding the secrecy of her womanhood.

Then, Robbie reached down and gently wrapped his hands around the soft, smooth flesh of her thighs just above her bent knees. As gently as he could, he tenderly pushed her legs back and up until her heels were resting on the edge of the bed. Dropping to his knees, he pushed her legs even wide apart and leaned down toward the gaping, oozing slit between them.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh... Robbieeeeeeee..." Alison murmured out as Robbie slowly licked his tongue up the sticky furrow between her two, big, gorged pussy lips.

Reaching the top of the furrow, Robbie slowly twirled his tongue around the jutting nub of her clit. Digging her heels down into the bed, Alison lifted her butt off the bed and ground her pussy against his mouth as her fingers clawed into the sheets on the bed.

"Robbie... Robbie," she groaned out while the bed jiggled and shook under her weight as she humped herself back against Robbie's insistent mouth.

The rich scent of her estrous filled the air as Robbie ravaged her clit with his flicking tongue. While he tormented her sensitive clit, milk was leaking out of her big, purple nipples, dripping down onto the bed sheets, leaving two big, damp circles on the sheets. Her big beach ball of a belly heaved and shook as she wriggled and writhed under the lashing attack of Robbie's slashing tongue.

As his mother twisted and turned under his assault, Robbie reached up and eased two long fingers down into the gooey hole below his chin. Slowly sliding his fingers in and out of the soft sheath of clinging velvet, he could feel the tight band of muscles encircling the opening of her vagina slowly tightening around his fingers. The skin covering her big belly was already stretched so tightly, it was difficult to tell when she was tensing the muscles of her abdomen, but the tightening of her vagina down around his fingers was a sure indication that she was on the verge of another orgasm.

Sensing her imminent upheaval, Robbie stopped fucking his fingers in and out of her and hooked them to find her G-spot. Quickly finding it, he began to roughly rub it as he licked harder and harder on her squiggly clit.

"OHHHHHHhhhh Roobbiieeee..." she squealed out as her legs kicked out and the backs of her thighs slapped down on Robbie's shoulders. Her whole body shook and quivered as she climaxed down around Robbie's embedded fingers. As her fingers clawed at the bed sheets, Robbie could feel every spasm that worked its

way through her vagina as it clutched at his embedded fingers. His hand was already covered with the thick, viscous goo that was pouring out her pussy as she groveled in the rushes of pleasure that were pulsing through her hyper-sensitive clit.

On and on it went, until at last, one final tremor shivered through her body and she went limp.

"Oh, Godddddddddd..." she whispered as her clawed fingers unfurled and released their death grip on the bed sheets. "It gets better and better every time."

"I'm glad," Robbie grinned, slowly pushing up to his feet between her legs. As he did, his hard, jutting cock was hidden from her view by her big, swollen belly. Standing by the bed, Robbie found that his cock was jutting out directly at the big, goo-smeared gash between her legs. They usually did it doggie-style, but today, he was going to try something new.

Reaching down, he once again lifted her legs up and settled her heels back on the edge of the bed. Then as she lay staring up at him, Robbie slowly lifted his penis and lazily rubbed its big, purple head up and down the goo-filled gash between her fleshy pussy lips. Coating the head of his penis with the slippery goo that was still seeping out of the tiny slit at the base of her pussy, he finally fitted its tapered tip in the slit and began to ease it down into her.

It still fascinated Robbie to watch the head of his cock spread her vagina open and ease down inside it. As the giant head spread her open, it was quickly followed by the thick, pink shaft of his prick which slowly, inch by inch, disappeared down into the channel of her tight, hot vagina.

Easing his peter deeper and deeper into the tight clutch of her vagina, Robbie watched his mother's hands curl around her big, saggy breasts. Then just as their groins bumped together, he saw her give her breasts a gentle squeeze and two tiny white streams of white milk shot up into the air out of the big puffy nipples sticking out of their darkened tips.

Watching on in fascinated rapture, Robbie felt a spasm of electric excitement fire off down inside his cock. There was just something about mother's milk that he found so exciting, he dementedly thought. Mother's milk! The nourishment of life. The milk she was producing to nourish their babies. Their babies! It was all so unbelievable. She was going to have their babies. Babies that they had made

together...

Grabbing hold of her legs, he splayed them wider apart and pushed them back. With her thighs spread so far apart, they were now rubbing against the rounded sides of her great swollen belly as he began to pump his cock in and out of the gaping wound between them.

Alison continued to squeeze and milk her swollen breasts, spraying Robbie's face and chest with the warm, white milk as he pounded his cock into her pussy.

The sheer decadence of it all was just too much for Robbie and he felt himself losing control. Just as he felt the fireball down inside his aching balls burst, Robbie let go of her legs and jerked back, pulling his big peter out of her clutching cunt just as the first ropy strand of thick clinging cum spurted out of his cock.

The first creamy gob of cum landed directly on her big, swollen belly as Robbie groaned and aimed his spurting penis at her belly. Jolts of pleasure ripped through his cock as it jerked and spewed out more and more of the hot, clinging cream of life onto her big, fat belly. Robbie's orgasm went on and on until her big belly was covered in the creamy goop. There was so much of the gooey cream, it was slowly beginning to run down over the rounded sides of her swollen belly and drip down onto the bed when Robbie's penis finally stopped firing off.

Letting go of his wilting penis, Robbie reached down and began to gently massage her swollen belly, rubbing the creamy cum down into her skin as he did. Looking up at his mother's face, he saw that she had her eyes closed and a happy, contented smile on her lips.

It took him several minutes to rub all of the gummy cream into her skin, but finally he was done. Then he reached over and picked up the big bottle of baby oil that his mother kept on her nightstand. It had become a nightly ritual for them to rub baby oil into the skin of her belly every night to keep the skin soft and supple and hopefully lessen stretch marks that were inevitable based on the size of her swollen belly.

Pouring out a stream of the slippery oil on her belly, he set the bottle back down and began to gently rub the oil down into the glistening skin of her belly. Then, as he gently rubbed, he felt the muscles of her belly suddenly tighten.

"Uh-oh, oh, oh..." he heard his mother groan as a sudden gush of watery fluid spewed out of her vagina. "It's time..."

~~~

Melisa and Thad came out fine. There were no apparent disfigurements or other abnormalities. Apparently they had dodged the bullet and came out with two happy, normal babies. Time passed and life was good for the McKenzie family. Alison had listed Horace as the children's father on the birth certificates and no one was any the wiser that Melisa and Thad were actually Robbie's children.

Alison had returned to work when the children were old enough to go to day care and Robbie had gone to night school to get his degree in engineering. He had gotten a new, well-paying job and had quickly risen in the company hierarchy. Things were good as the children grew into teenagers.

Seniors in Allentown High, they were the two most popular kids in school. Thad was the captain of the football, basketball, and baseball teams while Melisa was the captain of the cheerleader squad and the president of the senior class.

Melisa had blossomed into a beautiful, young girl in her eighteen years. Like her mother, she had ebony black hair, a pretty, pixyish face, and a body to die for. She had obviously inherited her mother's genes as her breasts seemed to grow larger with each passing day. And at five-foot-eleven with long, willowy legs and a 38-24-34 figure, she was the envy of every girl in Allentown High. While she domineered over the other girls in the looks department, Thad's six-foot-two, muscular frame, handsome face and charming demeanor made him one of the most sought boys in school, also...

~~~

Alison stood in front of her mirror studying the reflection of her body as she had on that day so long ago. Sometimes that fateful day seemed to have happened ages ago and at other times, it seemed only like it had all happened yesterday.

Life had been good to her and her religious approach to exercise had kept all her

muscles in perfect tone. There wasn't an ounce of flab or any other evidence of ageing except for the drooping sag of her big breasts. Well, what did you expect after three children, she asked herself, gently cupping her breasts in the palm of her hands. They were still heavy and full, she gleefully thought. And Robbie still found them fascinating as he was always poking and prodding at them when the children weren't around. Fifty-four years old and she still had the body of a woman half her age, she proudly told herself. Pretty enough to keep her thirty-six-year-old son happy and satisfied. How many women could claim that? Well, how many mothers would claim that they were interested in keeping their sons satisfied anyway, she sickly thought.

Easing her big breasts back down on her chest, Alison proudly strutted over to her closet and pulled down her long, flowing nightgown that she wore around the house every night. While it was soft and semi-transparent, it only hinted at the delightful treasures hidden underneath it. It hid her from exposure... unless she happened to stand in front of a lamp or some other source of light. Then her voluptuous figure would be outlined underneath it, but the details of her body would still be her secret. Well, her secret and Robbie's, she girlishly giggled.

But tonight there would only be Thad around to see it. Melisa and Robbie were going to the annual father-daughter dance at the school. Then her mind drifted back to the dance she and Robbie had attended lo those many years ago. The night it all began... she wished now that she could relive that night. The excitement. The thrill of finding new love. The wickedness of their incestuous coupling. The sheer perversion of it all...

Robbie stood in the bathroom looking at his image in the mirror. As he studied his reflection, his mind drifted back to that night eighteen years ago when he and his mother had attended another dance. The night it all began. And now here he was, the proud father of the most beautiful girl in school and fixing to take her to another dance. She would be the belle of the ball, he happily thought. It had been a temptation all those years as she had blossomed into the beautiful young woman she now was. All those years of her running around in her skimpy cheerleader uniform that barely even covered her cute, little rear end. But she was his daughter and he had already strayed down the path of incestuous depravity one time. He couldn't do it again. Not with her! He couldn't defile such beauty and innocence for his own sick, twisted cravings. Besides, he still had his mother to satisfy his demented appetite for the dark side of love.

"Honey, your date is here," he heard Alison call out from the bedroom.

Giving his bow tie one last tug and giving his hair a final pat, he turned and stepped over to the bathroom door. Taking a deep breath, he reached down and pulled the door open.

He couldn't believe the view that greeted his tired, old eyes. The two women standing looking at him bore a remarkable resemblance. The only difference being in age as they were both beautiful.

"My goodness..." Robbie murmured, as he saw that his daughter was wearing a dress almost identical to the one Alison had worn on that night so long ago. The short, satin dress fit her like a second skin clinging to every enticing curve and swoop of her body. Where had his little girl gone, and who was this beautiful, young woman standing before him now? Melisa was wearing sheer, black nylons and tall, black patent leather heels with a tiny leather strap wrapped around her trim ankle. Sickly, Robbie wondered if she was wearing a garter belt, just as Alison had done on that fateful night so long ago? And sheer, black panties. He could never forget the excitement, the thrill, the rush of conquest he had felt that night.

"You're beautiful..." Robbie choked out, finally able to step out of the bathroom and across the room to where the two women stood smiling at him.

Then he leaned over to Alison.

"And so are you," he whispered into Alison's ear, then giving her a soft peck on the cheek.

"Be careful..." she whispered back into his ear.

"I will..." he told her, reaching down and taking hold of Melisa's hand. "Are you ready to go, Princess?"

"Yes, Daddy," she coquettishly smiled, squeezing his hand. "All the other girls are going to be so jealous."

Stepping down the stairs, followed by Thad and Alison, Robbie let go of Melisa's hand and hurried through the kitchen to the fridge. Opening it, he pulled out the plastic container that held her corsage. Stepping back out to where

Melisa stood waiting, he nervously pinned her corsage on her dress. As he did, he could feel the swell of one of her big breasts pressing against the back of his fingers. And by the feel of her pliant breast, there didn't seem to be a brassiere anywhere.

The thought of her big breasts being bare under the thin covering of her dress set off alarm bells clanging inside his head. Then as he finally got the pin fastened, he thought he could make out the faint jut of a nipple sticking out against her dress just below the corsage. Another jolt of sick excitement fired off down inside his cock making it begin to uncoil and harden.

Get hold of yourself, his fevered brain screamed at him. Don't do anything stupid. That's your daughter you're gawking at like some lovesick teenager.

"Uh, uh, are you ready?" he muttered, finally able to step back away from her.

"Stand together, so I can get a picture," Alison told them as they saw she was standing a few feet away with their camera in her hand.

"Uh, okay," Robbie grunted, stepping up beside Melisa and wrapping his arm around her narrow waist. "This okay?"

"Perfect," Alison laughed, aiming the camera and taking three quick pictures.

As soon as Alison was finished, Robbie stepped away from Melisa and took hold of her hand.

"Now you two behave yourself tonight," Alison warned them as they hurried over toward the front door.

"We will," they both chirped almost at the same time, then looked at each other and nervously laughed.

Alison and Thad stood at the front door watching them as they stepped down the sidewalk with Melisa's tall, spike heels clacking loudly in the muggy night air. Stepping around to the passenger side of the car, Robbie graciously opened the door for his daughter. His beautiful daughter, he sickly thought to himself as she slipped into the car. As she slid onto the seat, her short, black dress rode up her thigh, exposing an expanse of creamy, white skin and a long, black garter stretching down to the top of her black nylon.

"Oops," she giggled, reaching down and brushing her dress back down to cover her thigh.

She was, Robbie frantically thought! She was wearing a garter belt! His sweet, little baby girl was wearing a garter belt! The thought of anything so outlandish was like taking a blow to the solar plexus. Robbie felt light headed, his knees threatening to collapse as he closed her door and wobbly started back around the car.

What else was she wearing under that short, black dress of hers? Was she wearing a brassiere? Panties? No bra? No panties? No, no, she wouldn't be that brazen...would she? The thought of her running around without panties, her juicy, little pussy bare and completely vulnerable was almost too much to handle as he finally stepped up to his door and jerked it open.

Now, he was at full erection, he frantically told himself. It was going to be difficult, if not impossible, to hide his condition from her at the dance. What would she think? What would she think if she knew that I have a hard on and it's all because of her?

Sliding into the car, he saw her eyes dart down to the obvious bulge in his pants and then back up to his face.

Trying to ignore her and the bright red spreading across his face, he gave Alison and Thad a quick wave and backed the car out into the street.

As they drove along, Robbie nervously glanced over at Melisa and saw that she was still smiling with a smile that was a cross between mischievous and innocence as she sat with her hand crossed in her lap holding onto her tiny opera purse.

"Do you really want to go to this dance?" she finally asked him as they were turning into the parking lot in front of the gymnasium.

"Uh, yeah, uh, sure, why wouldn't I? Get to go to the dance with the prettiest girl in school? What father wouldn't be proud to do that? And not only is my date the prettiest girl in school, she's the smartest girl in school, too. Hell, half, no, all the dads here would give their eye teeth for either one. And my date is both... the prettiest and the smartest..." he told her grinning at her.

"Well, if you're sure," she softly laughed, reaching over and intimately placing her hand on his thigh.

The intimate touch of her hand sent another jolt of electric excitement ripping through his rock-hard cock.

"Don't you want to go?" he asked her.

"Yeah. What girl wouldn't want to go to a dance with the handsomest man in town?" she laughed again. "You ought to hear what some of the girls say about you... no, maybe you shouldn't. Might give you a big head, uh, uh, pardon the pun."

As she spoke, Robbie saw her eyes dart down to the front of his pants again as a slight blush spread out over her cheeks. Pardon the pun? What had she meant by that? What had she just said, he deliriously asked himself?

Might give him a big head? And then she had glanced down at his crotch. Did she mean? No, she couldn't mean that... could she? No, she couldn't, he told himself. Not his sweet, baby girl...

"Well, here we are," he mumbled, trying to dismiss the insinuation of her last remark.

"Yep," she grinned at him, starting to reach for the door handle.

"No, let me get that for you. You're going to be the belle of the ball tonight and you should make a proper entrance," Robbie grinned, shoving his door open and stepping out into the growing dusk.

Looking down, Robbie saw that his suit jacket was hiding the obvious bulge in his pants as he hurried around the car to open Melisa's door.

Opening her door, he curtsied and made a sweeping gesture with his arm to welcome her out into the humid night air. But with his head lowered, he suddenly realized that he would have a perfect view up under her dress and between her legs when she stepped out. Melisa seemed to pause as she swung her long legs out of the car. And as she did, her legs parted. As they did, Robbie had an opportunity to look up between them. In the split second he had, he saw pink! Another jolt of excitement tore through his throbbing peter.

Melisa was either wearing pink panties, which he doubted because everything else she was wearing was color coordinated even down to her little black opera purse, or she wasn't wearing any panties at all. And if she wasn't wearing panties, she was clean shaven because he hadn't seen a hint of hair. The possibility that his daughter wasn't wearing panties and had no hair around her pussy was fascinating to him. His little Melisa, running around without panties. And at a school dance in front of God and everyone.

Closing the door after Melisa had stepped out, Robbie was in a lightheaded daze. What if someone saw her like that? Or maybe he was just behind the times and that was the current fad. It had a strangely unsettling effect on him to know that all the girls milling around in the parking lot might not be wearing panties. But it also made him feel like an old fogey. Why should it bother him what the other girls were...or weren't wearing under their dresses? There was only one girl he cared about and that was his sweet, little Melisa.

Then as he stood with the sick thoughts of naked pussies swirling around in his head, he felt Melisa take hold of his hand.

"Come on, Daddy, let's go inside where it's cooler," she giggled, giving his hand an intimate squeeze.

The auditorium/gymnasium was filled with girls and their fathers as the band was setting up on the stage. The girls were gathered together in small groups chatting while fathers gathered in their own groups of twos and threes seeming somewhat nervous and ill at ease.

Suddenly the band struck up and the girls began pairing up with their fathers and swirling around the floor to the beat of the music.

The first few dances were paced to keep the couples moving around the dance floor at a fast pace. It was strangely rousing to Robbie to see all the nubile, young bodies prancing and dancing around on the floor as their fathers tried to keep pace with them. But, he sickly thought, there was one girl that he was paying particular attention to! His daughter, Melisa! As she moved to the beat of the music, it was obviously apparent to Robbie that her big breasts were unrestrained down inside her tight, black dress as they freely bobbed and jiggled. Seeing that, he concluded that she was wearing nothing under her skin-tight dress except the garter belt. No panties; no brassiere; there was nothing but

soft, warm skin under the clinging, black satin material.

He may have to seek immediate medical attention, he sickly thought as he continued to try and keep up with Melisa as she sensually danced around on the floor. Don't those commercials for all of those erectile dysfunction medications say that if you have an erection lasting more than four hours, you should seek immediate medical attention? While it hadn't been four hours yet, he had been erect from the moment he laid eyes on his beautiful daughter in her tight, clinging black dress...

Finally the beat slowed and the father and daughters had a chance to catch their breath. But that spelled doom for Robbie as Melisa moved in closer. Wrapping his arm around her waist, Robbie tried to keep the distance between them so that she wouldn't feel his erection. But, to his dismay, that ruse worked only a couple of seconds as he felt Melisa dance in closer, her tummy intimately brushing against his swollen affliction.

Trying to hide his condition, Robbie backed away, but Melisa was apparently having none of it as she pretended to trip and purposefully thrust herself against his cock.

Then as they continued to dance dangerously close, Melisa whispered into his ear.

"Daddy, why are you like that?"

"What... what do you mean?" he urgently whispered back, hoping she wasn't referring to his boner.

"Why do you have a, a hard on?" she whispered back so low that no one else could hear.

"I can't help it," he softly whined. "You're so beautiful tonight..."

Melisa didn't ask anymore, but she moved in even closer as her tummy intimately brushed against his hard, aching cock. It was almost like she was planning out her next move as she danced teasingly close while they swayed to the beat of the music.

At last the dance ended and they stepped back apart from each other. Robbie's

mind was in a chaotic swirl of thoughts and emotions. He was confused and bewildered by his daughter's behavior. She had never exhibited anything that could have been construed as sexual feelings toward him in the past. At least none that he could put his finger on. Oh, she had always been flirty and teasing, but he thought that was just a part of being a teenage girl. After all, he had limited experience and contact with teenage girls before he and his mother had become lovers. So all this was a new and somewhat frightening experience for him.

"Come on, Daddy... let's go outside and get some fresh air. It's stuffy in here," Melisa giggled, grabbing him by the hand and tugging him toward the front doors of the gymnasium.

What was happening, he feverishly asked himself? Was she trying to seduce him he sickly wondered? He didn't know what to do as she pulled him along behind her. What could he do but go along with her? It was hard to believe that his sweet Melisa would do anything like that. Especially with him.

Pushing one of the doors open, she pulled him out through the doorway and slammed the door shut.

Then, before he could move, she thrust herself against him and gave him a long, frenching kiss. Robbie's fevered brain was awash with sick, twisted thoughts about his daughter as she raped his mouth with her probing tongue. This couldn't be happening, he deliriously thought. Not with his sweet Melisa! It all had to be a figment of his demented mind. But there was no way to explain away the kiss.

Then all of a sudden, Melisa broke the kiss and stepped back away from him. Lightheaded and breathless, Robbie stood looking at her as she gave him a mischievous smile and grabbed his hand again.

"Come on, Daddy. Let's go sit in the car for a while," she whispered, rubbing the tip of her finger up and down across the palm of his hand.

"My, God, Melisa, what..." he gasped feeling himself being helplessly tugged along toward their darkened car.

"Come on," she frantically urged him, pulling on his hand harder.

Reaching the car, Robbie jerked the door open. As he did, the dome light flashed

on, momentarily bringing them back to reality and blinding them as they nervously looked around to see if anyone had seen them.

Seeing no evidence that they had been observed, they both quickly slid into the car and slammed the door shut.

"Let's go to a place I know. It's more private..." Melisa whispered, reaching down and resting her hand palm down on his thigh.

"Uh, okay, where is it?" he asked, digging his hand down into his pocket to find his keys.

"Just go and I'll tell you where and when to turn," he told him, giving his thigh an intimate squeeze.

"So how do you know about this place?" he jealously asked, turning the ignition key and bringing the car back to life.

"I just do," she shot back, "now drive..."

Turning the steering wheel, he guided the car out of the parking lot as he waited for her next direction.

"Turn right," she told him inching her hand higher up his thigh and toward his aching, throbbing penis still hidden down inside his pants.

Turning the car right, he drove along feeling her hand creep higher and higher up his leg.

"Left," she directed as Robbie held his breath in anticipation of her touch on his penis.

Then he felt her fingertips brush against his cock through his pants.

"It feels so hard..." she murmured as her fingers searched for the tab of his fly's zipper.

"Melisa..." he groaned as she found the tab and slowly pulled it down its track.

"Don't you want me to touch it, Daddy?" she whispered into his ear as she leaned

over and ran the tip of her tongue around inside the lobe of his ear.

"Oh, God, Melisa, how much further?" he panted as he felt her hand dig down into the opening of his shorts.

"Just a little bit, Daddy," she told him as her fingers found his throbbing hardness and curled around it.

Robbie felt like his heart was going to explode as his daughter's hot, little hand squeezed and fondled his oversized penis.

"It's so big, Daddy," she murmured, measuring its length and girth with her inquisitive fingers. "How big is it, Daddy?"

"Eight—eight inches," he choked out, having difficulty keeping his mind on driving the car.

"Wow, Daddy, that is big," she sighed, giving his cock another squeeze. "Turn, turn in here..."

Jerking the steering wheel to the right, Robbie guided the car off the main road and onto a lonely, dirt road.

"There—right there—turn in and park under those trees over there," she whispered.

The bright car lights lit up the tangle of trees and Robbie could see a spot among the trees just big enough for a car to fit into. As he guided the car into the spot, he felt Melisa tug his big, hard cock out through the opening of his shorts.

"Melisa," he grunted as the car came to a stop and he turned it off.

Turning toward Melisa, Robbie felt her other hand wrap itself around his rock-hard cock as she roughly shucked both hands up and down it.

Then as he ran his arm around behind her neck, he felt one of her hands leave his penis. Then, all of a sudden, he was blinded by the glare of the overhead dome light.

"Whu—" he sputtered, blinking his eyes and trying to get his vision back.

"I want to see it," Melisa mumbled, dropping her hand back down to his cock and wrapping her fists around his hard, throbbing penis. "So big... so hard..."

With his arm behind her neck, Robbie reached up and turned the dome light off, then dropped his hand down to the swell of her bosom. Gently easing his hand down inside her dress, he felt a tremor of perverted excitement twitch through his cock as he cupped the soft firmness of her big breast in his hand. As he did, he could even feel the hard nub of her nipple brushing against his palm. Lovingly, he squeezed and fondled the soft, pliant flesh and dropped his other hand down between Melisa's legs. As his fingers brushed over the slippery smoothness of her nylons and off onto the warm smoothness of skin, he felt her legs part as she opened herself to his inquisitive touch.

Then he felt her hot breath on his lips as their lips touched. Before he could react, her tongue was inside his mouth, touching, probing, finding his own tongue and twisting around it. Her lips were so soft, he deliriously thought as they kissed.

Just like her mother's lips, he sickly told himself.

Inching his fingers higher up between her legs, he suddenly encountered wetness. He was touching her in the one place no father ever had the right to touch his daughter.

"Mmmmmmm..." she murmured out into his mouth as he gently explored the weeping wetness with his fingertips.

The soft folds of flesh were sticky and covered with the hot juices that were seeping out of the slit between them as his fingers gently probed them. Then, sticking out his middle finger, he searched for the slippery opening to her femininity.

Was she a virgin, he deliriously wondered? Then he found the tiny opening and eased his finger down inside it. Gently wriggling his finger around inside her, he searched for the hymen that would give evidence of her virginity. She had obviously been parking here with someone or how else would she have known about this parking place? So, she had parked here with someone, but had she gone all the way?

Suddenly, he felt her break the kiss and lean back away from him.

"Yes, Daddy, I'm still a virgin," she whispered. "I broke my hymen in cheerleader practice one day...I'm still a virgin...a virgin for you...I saved myself for you...I knew that this day would finally come and I wanted to be pure for you..."

"Oh, my sweet, Melisa," Robbie murmured as tears began to course down his cheeks.

"Don't cry, Daddy. Please don't cry..." Melisa told him, reaching up with the backs of her fingers and brushing at the tears.

"They're tears of joy, my love..." Robbie wept, overcome with the passion and emotion of the moment.

Then, the car was suddenly bathed in light again as Melisa flicked on the dome light. Blinking in the sudden light, Robbie watched as Melisa leaned away from him and slowly lowered herself down onto her back. Lying horizontal with the seat, still bent at the waist, Melisa gently pushed him back away from her.

Sensing what she wanted, Robbie slid back away and shoved his door open. Stumbling out into the muggy night, Robbie watched as Melisa lifted her legs and straightening them, swung them under the steering wheel and onto the seat. Now she lay with her body stretched out horizontal to the seat with her head brushing against the armrest on one door and her high heels hanging over the edge of the other side of the seat. Then, as he fumbled with the belt of his pants, Robbie saw her pull her skirt up around her waist and spread her long legs apart. Then she ran her hand down to the wet, oozing opening between them.

"Come, Daddy. Take me. Take my virginity and make me a woman," she softly murmured as she gently probed open the two tiny, pink folds of flesh that wetly clung together to cover the opening of her vagina. The opening of her virginity.

Robbie was so excited he could barely breathe as he struggled to get his pants down and free his rock-hard cock. Finally, he was able to shove his pants and shorts down his legs and his big, stiff penis sprang out into the open, ripe and ready to perform the heinous deed.

Standing on the grass beside the car with his pants and shorts wrapped around his ankles, Robbie leaned inside and wrapped his hands around Melisa's tiny waist and with a loud grunt, pulled her toward him. He kept pulling her across

the seat until he had his daughter's beautiful butt perched on the edge of the seat. Now her pussy was only inches from his hard, twitching cock as he reached down and gently lifted her long legs up and rested the backs of her calves against his shoulders.

He could feel the slippery smoothness of her nylons rubbing against his cheeks as her black high heels were above his head pointing to the heavens. And he was about to enter through heaven's gates as he reached down and slowly lifted his hard, throbbing cock up and aimed its wet, goo-smeared head at the tiny, oozing slit between her delicate, fragile pussy lips.

Inching his hips forward, Robbie felt the head of his penis nudge up against his daughter's pussy.

"Yes, Daddy—put it in me and take away my virginity—" she whispered, grabbing hold of the edge of the seat and pulling herself back against him as he slowly eased his cock into the hot, tight clutch of her pussy.

"Oh, God, Melisa, forgive me..." Robbie groaned out as a rush of guilt spilled through his fevered brain.

"Fuck me, Daddy—Fuck me with your big dick," she blathered out as Robbie dipped his hips and sent his peter plunging deep into the depths of her virgin pussy.

She was a virgin no more, he sickly thought to himself as he felt his hairy groin thud up against her soft, hairless pubis. He had selfishly taken that from her. He had taken his own daughter's virginity! He should be taken out and shot for a crime of that magnitude. What father could be so evil and cowardly as to take his own daughter's innocence and defile it in such a despicable way?

But he couldn't help himself as he jerked his cock back and sent it plunging back inside her again. Then again. And again. Then he could feel the backs of her calves slapping against his shoulders as he began to mercilessly pound away at her sweet, clutching pussy with his cock.

"Yes, Daddy, yes, like that, like that," Melisa screamed out into the damp, musty night air.

As Robbie pounded away at her pussy, he reached up and jerked the top of her

dress down off her big, floundering breasts. As he mercilessly pummeled her pussy with his cock, he wrapped his hands around her floundering giants and began to tease and tweak her swollen nipples.

"Oh—oh—oh—Daddy—" Melisa panted out as Robbie felt her hot, little pussy tightening down around his pistoning cock. Thank God, Robbie frantically thought to himself as he felt his own eruption was only moments away. Neither of them could take much more of the savage assault on her pussy without succumbing to the passion and fiery emotions that were ravaging their fevered brains.

"Oh, God, oh, Goddddddd!" Melisa screamed out as her pussy began to spasm and milk at Robbie's cock. Her legs stiffened and shook as her arched back lifted off the car seat and she thrust herself back at him.

It was more than Robbie could take and he felt his balls explode sending out a giant gush of cum spewing up from them and out into his daughter's convulsing cunt.

"Melisa—Melisa—Oh, God, Melisa—" Robbie groaned out, thrusting his cock up into her pussy as deep as it would go as it emptied its load of virulence into her womb.

Now he had defiled the two women in his life that meant the most to him. He was a horrible example of a son and a father. There was no excuse that could justify what he had done. Not in either case.

At last, drained of his potency, Robbie staggered back, pulling his rapidly wilting penis out of his daughter's cum-filled pussy. As it flopped out, it made a sick, slurping sound and he watched a stream of his spent cum drip down onto the seat adjustment lever and floor leaving a gummy puddle as evidence of their incestuous miscarriage.

As he stumbled back, Melisa's long legs dropped down and the heels of her high-heeled pumps dug down into the grass.

"I'm so sorry, Melisa," he groaned, reaching down and shamefully tugging his shorts and pants back up over his limp penis. "I should never have done that..."

"But I wanted you to, Daddy," Melisa complained, pushing up and sitting on the

edge of the seat watching him struggle with his pants...

[Back to the Top](#)

Chapter Three – Yet Another Dance

Alison and Thad watched Robbie and Melisa drive away then stepped back inside the house.

"I'm going upstairs for a little while," Alison told Thad as she started padding across the room in her bare feet.

"I think I'm going to watch a little TV," Thad said, watching the seductive sway of his mother's hips under the semi-transparency of her gown as she stepped across the living room.

Alison had known it all along. It had just been a matter of time and now that time had come, she resignedly told herself as she slowly climbed the stairs with an exaggerated swing of her hips. So tonight would be the night she would welcome Thad into the bond of incestuous wedlock.

As Thad had grown older, Alison had found herself growing more and more preoccupied with her younger son. She didn't know if it was the fact that he was younger that drew her to him, but she couldn't help herself and she was tired of trying to keep the family's dark secret from him.

It would be an easy conquest, she told herself. She had seen the way he looked at her at times. She knew that look. She had seen it so many times before in her other son's eyes. Yes, she knew that look all too well.

She knew she should feel some guilt or shame for what she was about to do, but eighteen years of incest with Robbie had dulled her sense of morality. It now seemed the natural thing to do. The right thing to do. And besides if one was going to be punished for taking a bite of the forbidden fruit, why not consume the whole thing?

Pausing for a moment, she turned and looked back down at Thad. He hadn't moved. He was still standing by the TV looking up at her. Looking up at her with that look in his eyes. That lustful, longing look that stirred her own feelings. Stirred them and made the juices start to flow down in the aching emptiness between her legs. The emptiness that ached for the feel of a son's hard, throbbing manhood...

She wasn't going to hurt anyone. It was just sex, wasn't it, she tried to tell herself? But she knew that it wasn't. It was more than that. So much more! It was

her love for her sons that drove her to this. She loved both of them more than life itself. She would do anything for them to prove that love to them. And maybe as she grew older, she needed their reassurance more. Needed their approval. Maybe she needed for them to prove to her that she was still an attractive, appealing woman. A woman who could lure any man into her bed.

But she didn't want just any man. She only wanted her own sons, she sickly thought.

Stepping into her bedroom, she quickly slipped out of her gown and tossed it on the bed. Turning toward the floor length mirror, she studied her fifty-four-year old body. She still kept up her daily exercise routine and it definitely showed. She couldn't pass for a twenty year old anymore, but she could easily pass for a forty year old, she told herself, reaching up and cupping her sagging breasts. A well-kept forty year old.

Her breasts that had once stuck out proud and haughty had sagged even more after the twins, but they were still big and full enough to please a man. And more than enough to satisfy a horny teenager, she sickly told herself as she plucked at the big rubbery nipples sticking out of their darkened tips. As she did, she felt a tickle of excitement travel down to her hypersensitive clit while her big, berry-sized nipples began to harden and swell under her fingers.

Easing her big tits back down on her chest, she ran her hands down to the curly mat of black curls covering the pit of her flat, firm belly. Plucking at the kinky, black curls, her thoughts returned to Thad. Would he like his pussy fur-covered like hers, or would he prefer it bald and hairless, like Melisa's, she absent-mindedly wondered?

She knew that Melisa shaved hers. She had accidentally stumbled in on Melisa one day in the bathroom. Her daughter had been shaving herself. Maybe that was the current fad, she had told herself, but she preferred the natural look herself. Oh, she shaved under her arms, but nary had a razor touched a single one of the profuse forest of curls that covered her private parts.

Quickly stepping over to her chest of drawers, she pulled her lingerie drawer open and pulled out the same garter belt she had worn that fateful night so long ago. Amazingly, even after eighteen years, it was still in good shape. Then she pulled out a pair of silky, black nylons. She decided she would forego the trouble

of putting on panties and bra tonight for all they would do was get in the way of what she had planned. What she had planned for her son, Thad!

Sitting down on her bed, Alison slowly pulled one hose up one long, shapely leg until the darkened band of doubled nylon was wrapped around her firm, cellulite-free thigh. Reveling in the feel of the slippery nylon on her skin, she lazily pulled the other nylon up her other leg. Then she reached down and plucked up the lace-edged garter belt and wrapped it around her narrow waist. Hooking the clasps together, she stood up. Reaching down, she slowly brought each long, dangling garter down to the top of her hose and attached them. As the stretchy garters tugged at the tops of her nylons, they scalloped the darkened band of nylon encircling the tops of her nylons. A few plucks here and there and she was almost finished with her costume for the night. Padding over to her closet in her stocking feet, she stepped inside and picked up a pair of tall, four-inch spiked heels. She knew that Robbie liked it when she wore her heels to bed with him, so she imagined that Thad would too. Hurrying back over to the bed, she sat and leaned down to slip them on her feet. As she did, she felt the heavy tug of her breasts pull on her chest. Looking at them, Alison could see that the big nipples were still hard and swollen, aroused by what was about to transpire downstairs between her and her son later on.

Quickly buckling the little, silver buckles on the tiny straps of black leather that encircled her trim ankles, she sat back up.

Standing again, she quickly slipped into her long, flowing gown and clopped back over to her mirror. Studying her reflection, she gave her short, black hair a couple of fluffs and pressed her lips together to even out their coating of pink lipstick. Then, smiling to herself, she quickly clacked across the room to the door. Flicking off the light, she stepped out onto the landing...

Sitting on the couch watching TV, Thad saw his mother slowly stepping back down the stairs. Her long, silky gown billowed out behind her as she gracefully descended the steps one at a time. As he watched her, he suddenly saw that she was wearing hose and high heels which she hadn't been wearing when she had gone upstairs. So what was with that, he puzzled?

At the bottom of the stairs, Alison paused, gave him a little smile and clacked over to the DVD player suggestively rolling her hips as she did.

What was she doing, he curiously wondered? Can't she see that I'm watching TV?

Looking through the DVDs, Alison finally picked out one entitled Music for Lovers. That should give him a hint, she thought to herself, slipping the DVD in the player and turning it on.

"Mom, what are you doing? Can't you see that I'm trying to watch TV?" Thad complained, reaching for the remote to turn the TV up.

"Since Robbie and Melisa are at their dance, I thought you and I could have our own little dance," she softly murmured, stepping over to stand in front of the TV and let the light shine through her gown to highlight the silhouette of her shapely legs.

"Oh..." Thad mumbled, not knowing what else to say...or do.

"Is that okay with you?" she asked.

"Uh, uh, I, okay, I guess we can," Thad choked out, checking out the silhouette of her body through the gown.

"Unless you would rather watch TV," she said, spreading her legs so that the whole TV screen was hidden behind her filmy gown.

"Uh, uh, no..." Thad mumbled staring at the silhouettes of her long, curvaceous legs under the chiffon gown.

"Okay, then..." she whispered, reaching down around behind her and turning the television off.

With the TV off, strains of soft, seductive music filled the room. Smiling at him, Alison slowly glided back across the room to the bar. Reaching into the fridge behind it, she pulled out a bottle of champagne and quickly popped it open. Then she tipped up the bottle and filled two glasses with the bubbly liquid. Re-corking the bottle, she clopped back over to where Thad sat watching her with a puzzled look on his face.

"What's wrong? You look confused," she murmured, reaching down and handing him his glass of champagne.

"I, uh, I just wasn't expecting this," he mumbled, taking his glass from her.

"Don't you like to dance?" she asked him over her shoulder as the sexy ping of her high heels echoed off the walls while she clopped over the dimmer switch for the living room lights.

"Uh, yeah, uh, I, uh, I do..." he muttered as she slowly dimmed the room's lights.

"There—that's better, don't you think?" she murmured, slowly stepping back across the darkened room to where he sat in stunned silence. "More romantic..."

"Uh, uh, yeah, I guess," Thad mumbled, unable to think of anything else to say as he suddenly found his mouth was filled with cotton.

Then he watched his mother lift her champagne glass up to her lips and take a slow sip as she looked at him over the top of her glass. Following her suit, Thad lifted his glass and took a sip, too.

As he did, his mother bent down and set her glass on the coffee table, then reached for his hand. Leaning over, Thad placed his glass down beside hers and pushed up to his feet. Stepping around the table, he moved up beside his mother and slipped his arm around her waist.

Trying to keep everything on an even keel and not trying to step over the bounds, Thad kept her at a discrete distance as they slowly swayed to the beat of the music. As they danced, feeling her soft, warm body in his arms had a quick and telling effect on him and he felt his big cock growing harder and harder with each passing moment.

Thad tried to hide the evidence of his arousal and held his mother at arm's length. But even as he tried to keep everything under control and above board, Thad felt his mother in move closer.

Struggling to keep their bodies from touching and revealing his secret, Thad felt his mother's belly brush up against his erection.

Oh, shit, now she knows, Thad angrily berated himself.

Already, Alison sickly told herself, moving closer and brushing against him harder. It was obvious that his penis was already fully erect, she told herself as

she pressed herself against him. It had only taken moments to achieve her goal, she giddily thought.

Now that he was ready, all that was remained was the seduction.

"Oh, my...you do like to slow dance, don't you..." she softly murmured, rubbing herself against his obvious affliction even harder.

"Mother—Mother, what, what are you doing?" he choked out, still trying to back away from her.

"You don't know..." she whispered.

"But, but, I don't understand," he whined, not sure what to do next.

What was happening, Thad frantically wondered? This was all so sudden, so unexpected, so unbelievable. He couldn't believe it, but it seemed like his mother was coming on to him...

Then all doubt was erased as she stepped back a baby step and dropped her hands down to the front of his pants.

Unable to breathe, his heart pounding, threatening to explode from his chest at any second, Thad stared down at his mother's hands as her long, graceful fingers made quick work of his belt. Then as he gawked on in bewildered amazement, her fingers plucked open the button on the front of his pants.

Alison could see the shocked look on Thad's face as she pinched the zipper tab of his fly between her finger and thumb and slowly zipped it down its track. Reaching the end of its track, she gently spread his pants open and let them go slithering down his muscular legs.

By the size of the huge bulge jutting out against the front of his shorts, Alison could see that Thad had apparently inherited his father's, uh, his brother's manly attributes.

"So big..." she whispered, gently brushing her fingertips over the bulge jutting out against the white cloth.

"Mother... what..." Thad groaned as he felt her ease her fingers down under the

waistband of his white, jockey shorts.

Then as he watched on in baffled astonishment, he saw his mother slowly push his shorts down his legs at the same time she sank down to her knees in front of him. As she did, Thad's big, rock-hard penis sprang out into the open, right in front of her face.

Thad stood in a state of shock with his shorts and pants wrapped around his ankles and his big peter jutting out, menacingly ticking up and down in rhythm with the pounding beat of his heart. He was in such a state of excitement, he was afraid that he would shoot his wad if his mother even touched him. Never in his life had he been in such a state of electrified excitement.

Gritting his teeth, Thad fought to hold back the surge of boiling hot cum that was threatening to come spewing up from his aching balls at any second.

Then, Alison gently grasped hold of his stiff, unyielding penis and pressed it back against his wash-boarded abs. As Thad stared down at her in frenzied expectancy, Alison wrapped a hand around his big, dangling ball sac and gently lifted it up out from between his legs. Placing a gentle kiss on each of his big balls, she slowly, teasingly sucked one of them into her hot mouth. Gently sucking on it while she pulled and plucked at his other ball with her fingers, she held it in her warm, wet mouth for several seconds before she let it slither out. Still fighting to hold back the tidal wave of boiling, roiling semen inside his balls, Thad watched her slowly ease her lips down around his other aching ball. As the moist warmth of her mouth closed down around his ball, Thad could feel her twirl her hot, little tongue all around it.

At last, Alison let his ball slip out from between her soft, pink lips. Then she eased her tongue out and slowly, teasingly licked it up along the swollen bulge running along the length of his big cock. As she reached the notched cleft where the shaft and head of his prick joined, she paused to flick her tongue back and forth a few times before she finally bent his cock down and slowly sucked its big, bloated head inside her mouth.

"Oh—oh—fuck—can't stop—" Thad gasped as his hips involuntarily jerked forward and Alison felt his cock twitch inside her mouth. As it did, Alison felt a huge gob of hot, sticky cum spurt out of the head of his cock and splat up against her tonsils, coating them with sticky goo.

"Can't stop, Mother, can't stop—" Thad cried out as his hands curled around her head and he began to jerk his hips back and forth as more and more of his thick, gelatinous cum spurted out into her hot, sucking mouth.

As the shaft of his big, thick penis slid in and out between her full, pink lips, a dribble of the creamy white goo leaked out of her mouth and slowly trickled down her chin to form a stringy strand that dripped down onto her gown.

As she hungrily sucked out her son's load of creamy cum, she could feel the strength of the twitches weakening at the same time the steel-hardness of his cock began to soften.

At last it was over. Thad had no more to give her. She had sucked out every last bit of his creamy load. Leaning back, she let his wilting penis slither out from between her cream-covered lips. As it did, it flopped back down between his trembling legs and hung there in defeated shame.

"God—God, Mother..." Thad groaned out, trying to keep from falling as all the strength flowed out of his shaking knees.

"Was it good for you?" Alison whispered, pushing up to her feet in front of him.

"God, yes... but I, I don't understand..." Thad whimpered, his voice quavering with emotion. "Why? What? I didn't know. What happened?"

Confused, ashamed that he hadn't been able to control himself, and embarrassed that he had just finished in his mother's mouth, Thad didn't know what to do.

"I, I think the time has come for you to know," she murmured, leaning toward him and giving him a gentle, loving kiss on the lips. "Your father...your father is, well, your father is your brother...your brother, too."

"WHAT? What do you mean?" Thad gasped, staring at her in wide-eyed astonishment. "How? How can that be?"

"Your, your father is...is my son, too," she whispered. "So while he is your father, he is your brother, too."

"I—I don't believe it," Thad muttered. "Dad, Dad is...oh, my, God..."

"So now maybe you can see why I am doing this..." she told him. "How could I not give you what I gave to him? That wouldn't be fair to you. Can you understand that?"

"I—I don't know," Thad muttered, still unable to believe what had just happened between him and his mother. "It's so hard to believe."

"It's true...I wouldn't make up anything like this...would I?" she asked him, dropping her hand down to his wilted penis and gently fingering it.

"Does Dad, uh, Robbie, oh, whoever he is. Does he know about this...about us...about you and me?" Thad grunted, feeling a spark of excitement tickle through his limp penis as his mother lovingly fondled it.

"No. No, he doesn't. Not yet, but I will tell him," Alison told him. "I don't want any more secrets between all of us."

"But, but what about Melisa? Won't she know, too?" he mumbled.

"Yes, yes, I suppose she will," Alison softly said. "She will have to make her own decision about what to do about it."

Just then, the DVD stopped playing.

Letting go of Thad's limp dick, Alison turned and clopped over to the DVD player. Starting it again, she turned to face Thad who stood gawking at her in stunned disbelief.

"There is no reason to stop our dance..." she murmured, reaching up, easing her fingers under the neckline of the filmy gown and slowly pushing it down over the slope of her shoulder. Then she reached over to the other shoulder and pushed the gown down off it, too. As she did, her gown suddenly went slithering down her body and puddled around her ankles.

"Is there?" she asked, stepping out of her gown as Thad gawked at her almost naked body in wide-eyed wonder and amazement.

Alison saw her son's eyes dart down to her tits as she slowly clacked across to the coffee table and picked up her glass of champagne. She could feel her son's eyes on her tits as they dangled down jiggling heavily with each move she made.

"You're so beautiful, Mother..." Thad groaned out as he stepped out of his pants and shorts, then toed his loafers off.

"Thank you," she murmured, batting her big, blue eyes at him.

Tipping up her glass, she finished her champagne and then set the empty glass down on the table.

Smiling, Alison slowly stepped back over to where Thad stood gawking at her in stunned silence. As she did, she seductively rolled her naked hips.

Then Alison pushed his shirt back off his muscular shoulders and let it go floating down to the floor.

Wrapping one arm around his waist, Alison snuggled up against Thad as they began to slowly sway to the beat of the music. As they danced, she reached down between them with her other hand and grasped hold of his big, dangling penis. Clutching and squeezing his cock, she tried to coax the life back into it as they slowly shuffled around the room arm in arm.

It took a few moments, but she finally felt life begin to flow back into the lifeless lump of meat. It began to slowly harden and swell as she plucked and squeezed it. Then, as it grew harder and harder, she felt Thad's hands curl around the cheeks of her firm, tight ass. Pulling her against him, Thad began to dry fuck her and grind his hardening cock against her furry pubis. Finally, once his cock was fully hardened once again, she lifted her hand away from it and draped her arms around his neck as they danced to the slow beat of the music. Hips swaying, pubes grinding together, they danced as Alison leaned into him and found his open mouth with hers. Grinding herself against his rock-hard cock, she gave him a long, deep, probing kiss as they danced.

Then, Alison felt herself being guided over toward the couch. Thad led, moving her as they glided closer and closer until at last, the backs of her calves nudged up against the front of the couch cushion. Looking into his eyes, Alison let herself be lowered down onto the couch.

With her head resting on the arm of the couch, Alison lay looking up at her son as he stared down at her with stunned adoration. Then she slowly lifted a long leg up and hooked her ankle on the back of the couch. Then with her other leg spread out wide she rested her foot on the floor as she opened herself for him.

The sole of one spiked high heel rested on the floor while the pointy tip of her other high-heeled pump pointed up at the ceiling.

She could see that old familiar look of lust and longing she had seen in Robbie's eyes so many times as Thad lifted his knee up onto the couch between her outstretched legs. This was it, she giddily thought as she watched Thad lean down over her. It was happening all over again. But now it was her youngest son who was about to partake of the forbidden fruit that lay down between her widespread legs. And she was about to willingly share that forbidden fruit with him. Share the illicit delicacy which her older son had already partaken of... many, many times before.

Then she watched Thad wrap his hand around the evil creature jutting out of his belly and lift its barbed head up to the waiting gash between her legs. She watched on with bated breath as her son fitted the round, tapered head of his penis down into the oozing slit at the base of her pussy.

"Mother..." Thad groaned out as she felt his hardness spread and penetrate the opening of her vagina.

"Yesssss..." she hissed out as his cock slipped deeper and deeper into the clinging channel of her vagina.

It was done, she woozily thought as Thad filled her clutching emptiness with his hard, throbbing manhood. Then she felt his groin thud up against hers as he completely filled the sacred chamber of her motherhood with his manliness. A shudder of perverse excitement rushed through her fevered brain as Thad lay atop her with his big cock buried down inside her. She had seduced her other son, she sickly thought. Now she had both of her sons under her evil spell.

But before she had time to think about it, Thad jerked his ass back and began to fuck her with deep, pounding thrusts, driving his cock into her all the way to the hilt on every plunging stroke.

Thad was every bit as big as his father, Alison told herself as her son's big penis slid in and out of her. Maybe even bigger, she sickly thought as the thick shaft of his cock pulled her clit down and rubbed against it.

Dropping her foot down off the back of the couch, she dug the tip of the heel of her high-heeled pump into Thad's bounding ass to goad him on as she felt herself

already lifting toward culmination. The fiery passion and heat of the moment were priming her, adding fuel to the fiery orgasm building down inside her womb.

"Yes, Baby, yes! Help me, help Mommy come..." Alison babbled out, digging her claws down into Thad's shoulders and thrusting herself back up at his pounding attack.

Alison had her head thrown back, eyes closed and was making soft mewling sounds as she strained toward her climax. Thad was huffing and puffing like a steam engine on a long, steep climb up a mountain as he relentlessly fucked his mother.

In fact, they were making so much noise, neither of them heard the click of the front door as it was unlocked. And neither of them saw Robbie and Melisa slip inside the house and shut the door behind them.

When they heard the loud, lewd sounds coming from the living room, Robbie and Melisa paused in the foyer to listen. As they listened, they looked at each other and frowned. Alison and Thad, Robbie jealously thought? How could his mother let that happen?

"Mother, Thad?" Melisa whispered, gawking at Robbie in shock.

"I think so," Robbie muttered, slowly creeping toward the doorway leading out into the living room. As he did, Melisa grabbed hold of his hand and followed him.

Reaching the doorway, both of them peered out around the doorframe into the living room.

As they did, they saw Alison lying on her back on the couch. Thad was on top of her humping away at her like there was no tomorrow. They watched on with perverted fascination as Thad's tight, clenched ass bounced up and down between Alison's widespread legs. Thad's ass glistened wetly with the sweat that was pouring off him as he jerked back and forth, driving his big, juice-drenched peter in and out of the meaty trench between his mother's long legs. As he did, Alison had her hands on his shoulders, holding onto him as she drove the sharp point of one of her high heeled pump into her son's bounding ass. Like a cowgirl on her horse, she was spurring him on, coaxing him, urging him to fuck her even

harder.

Robbie and Melisa could see their mother's big, saggy tits wildly flouncing up and down in rhythm with the cadence of their frantic fucking as the couch shook and wobbled under the savage onslaught.

How could he do that to her, Robbie sickly thought? She was his mother for God's sake. His mother! But, but wait, hadn't he done the same thing? The exact same thing. In fact, if he hadn't done it, too, none of this would be happening. Oh, he was one to be proclaiming morality and virtue all right, he shamefully thought. Especially after he had just come from taking away his own daughter's virginity...

Then, as Robbie watched on in a jealous fog, Alison gave out a long, strangled groan. Her legs shot out and her whole body began to shake and strain up against Thad as her back stiffened and arched up off the couch. Then as she continued to writhe and twist under Thad, her long legs lifted up and curled around behind Thad's rocking ass. Robbie watched on in jealous impotency as she dug her sharp heels into his bounding ass, pulling him deeper into her and bringing his savage attack to a momentary halt.

"Thad—Thad—Thad—my Baby," Alison gushed out, pulling him down to her as their mouths locked together in a deep, probing kiss.

The passionate kiss seemed to go on forever and ever until at last Robbie saw his mother slowly melt back down onto the couch as Thad lifted his lips off hers.

The moment Alison's legs dropped back down away from Thad's ass, it began to rock back and forth at a furious pace. Robbie and Melisa could hear the sick sounds of Alison and Thad's fucking resume with an even louder resonance as the couch creaked and groaned under the fucking mother and son.

Robbie knew that the savagery of their fucking couldn't last much longer.

"Fuckkkkk... fuck—fuck—fuck—" Thad cried out as he curled his hips upward and thrust up into his mother as hard and deep as he could.

Then Robbie watched on with sick fascination while his son's tight ass began to jerk as it clenched and relaxed over and over again. To Robbie, it looked like his son/brother had his cock buried so deep inside their mother's pussy, his cum

would start pouring out of her ears any second.

Thad continued to hump against her, thrusting his cock deeper up into warm clutch of her pussy over and over again as it spewed out its virulent load into her. There was so much of it, Robbie could see the thick, white cream leaking out around the embedded shaft of his son's penis. As it did, it puddled on the couch under his mother's ass, making a big, gooey mess.

At last, Thad gave out a soft groan and his muscles began to go slack. Then, as Thad and Alison lay locked together, their bodies intertwined in incestuous communion, Robbie saw his mother turn her head and woozily look in their direction.

As she did, her eyes and her mouth flared open as she stared at them in stunned shock.

"Robbie! Melisa!" she gasped out, trying to push Thad up off her.

Jerking his head around, Thad backed away from her, dragging his big, cum-covered penis back out of her as he did. Thad seemed too shocked to speak as he stared at them in stunned silence.

"When, uh, when did you get home?" Alison muttered, pulling her legs up and spinning around on her butt to turn and face them.

"A few minutes ago..." Robbie told her, slowly stepping closer to where she and Thad sat nervously looking at them. "So how long has this been going on behind my back?"

"Nothing is going on behind your back," Alison angrily retorted. "This was the first time and I was going to tell you..."

"Uh, yeah, yeah, she said she was going to tell you," Thad mumbled, self-consciously dropping his hand to cover his penis as he sat looking up at Robbie and Melisa like the cat who had just swallowed a canary.

"When...just when were you going to tell me," Robbie angrily asked.

"Well, I certainly wasn't going to go running out to the dance to tell you...now was I?" she muttered back, feeling that he was being more than a little unfair

about the whole thing. After all, hadn't he done the same thing? So how could he blame Thad for taking advantage of her offer? What was good for one son had to be good for the other son...didn't it, she asked herself?

"And I didn't do anything with him that I didn't do with you..." Alison excused herself. "Besides, what's good enough for one brother is good enough for the other brother."

"But, Mother..." Robbie started to say before he was interrupted by Melisa.

"Brother! Mother! Daddy! Thad! What's going on?" Melisa whined.

"Robbie is your father...but he, he is your brother, too," Alison told her as Melisa stared at her with a bewildered look on her pretty, young face.

"What?" Melisa gasped, turning to look at Robbie. "My brother? How? How can that be?"

"He's my son, too," Alison murmured.

"Everything is so messed up. I can't believe we've all been living a lie for the past eighteen years. Nothing is as it seemed. How can I ever believe anything you say anymore?" Melisa whined. "How could you?"

"That didn't seem to stop you tonight..." Robbie said, slowly stepping around behind Melisa and reaching up to the zipper tab on the neckline of the back of her little, black dress.

"What do you mean?" Alison choked out, her face blanching as she watched her son slowly run the zipper down the back of her daughter's dress. "You didn't! Tell me you didn't..."

"Daddy—Daddy—what are you doing?" Melisa whimpered.

"I'm just going to show your, uh, our mother what you wore to the dance tonight," Robbie said, reaching up to Melisa's dress and pushing it down off her big, bare breasts.

"Daddy, uh, uh, Robbie, don't, please don't," Melisa fumed, grabbing her dress and trying to keep Robbie from pushing it down farther.

The emotions swirling around the room were clashing, metamorphosing to fit the role changes that were occurring.

"Let me see..." Alison ordered her, going from her role of the straying lover to mother in a heartbeat.

"See..." Robbie exclaimed, his role changing from father to the betrayed brother as he tried to convince his mother that it wasn't his fault that he had strayed from the fold.

"Robbie—stop it—" Melisa, now playing the character of the wronged sister, fussed as she felt Robbie finally succeed in shoving her dress down around her ankles.

"Wow!" Thad blurted out, gawking at his sister in obvious, evident appreciation of her beauty. Thad seemed to be the least affected by the eddy of role reversals spinning around them.

"Melisa..." Alison hissed, "why did you..."

"Why did I?" Melisa barked back accusingly. "Why did I? Why did you?"

Then a calm seemed to settle down over the room as Alison looked down at herself.

They were dressed almost identical, she sickly realized. It was almost as if the same fiendish compulsion, or whatever it was, had driven them to dress the same. Both wearing black garter belts, black nylons, black high-heeled pumps and little else.

Melisa's breasts were bigger, fuller, but even though age had taken its toll on Alison's breasts, they were still eye-catching.

But down below, below their lacy, black garter belts, there was a striking difference. While Alison's secrecy was hidden by a profuse tangle of kinky, black curls, Melisa's was as bare and bald as a baby's butt with everything exposed and on display.

One of Melisa's arms self-consciously lifted to cover her quivering breasts while she dropped her hand down to hide her shaven pussy from her mother's glaring

stare.

As everyone stared at each other, the only sound in the room was the soft music playing in the background.

Then everyone watched as Alison lifted up onto her high heels and slowly clacked over to Robbie.

Wrapping her arms around him, she began to slowly sway to the music. Robbie smiled down at her and began to sway with her as they slowly shuffled around the room together.

"You're not angry with me are you?" she murmured into his ear, suggestively grinding herself against him as they danced.

"How could I ever stay mad at you," he whispered back, returning her suggestive nudge with one of his own. "You're my mother..."

Then she stopped and pulled her hands around in front of him.

"Why don't you get out of your stuffy, old clothes...and get naked like the rest of us," she purred, her fingers quickly undoing his belt and pants.

"Why not," he grinned, unbuttoning his shirt as she quickly shoved his pants down his legs and dug her fingers under the waistband of his shorts.

As his mother tugged his shorts down freeing his hardening peter, Robbie looked over and saw that Thad and Melisa were sitting side by side on the couch. Their arms were intertwined and their lips were locked in a passionate kiss while Melisa had her hand wrapped around her brother's big, limp cock and Thad had his hand buried down between her legs.

Peeling his shirt back over his shoulders, Robbie watched his mother ease down onto her knees in front of him. His big cock was already half-hard and trying to lift its big, plum-colored head as his mother fumbled with his pants and shorts, pulling them off over his feet. It took only moments for her to undress him. And then he stood before her with only his socks remaining as his last vestige of dress.

Kneeling on the big, furry rug in front of the fireplace, Alison looked up at him,

took his hands in hers and pulled him down beside her.

As Robbie knelt down beside her, she pushed him onto his back. Then she wrapped her hot, little hand around his semi-hard penis and leaned down over it. As she lifted her son's big cock up to her mouth, Alison could smell her daughter's sex on it.

"I can smell her on you..." Alison mumbled, slowly twirling her little, pink tongue round and round the big, purple head of Robbie's cock. "Was she a virgin?"

"Yes—yes, she was a virgin," Robbie whispered. "But not anymore..."

"Was Thad?" Robbie jealously asked.

"I don't know... I didn't ask him," Alison smiled, then lowered her soft, pink lips down around the head of his hardening penis...

[Return to the Top](#)

Chapter Four – Save the Last Dance for Me

Robbie felt a shiver of perverse excitement tickle through his cock as his mother began to gently suck on it.

Cupping her son's big, warm balls in the palm of her hand, Alison gently but insistently coaxed Robbie's big prick back to life.

As she did, Robbie lay watching Melisa doing the same thing for her brother. It was all so crazy, he dementedly thought as he watched his daughter's soft, pink lips slowly sliding up and down on her brother's hardening penis.

Thad's peter was every bit as big as his own, he told himself as his mother continued to worry and tease his cock back to hardness.

Finally, both cocks stood tall and proud once again as the women had worked their femininely magic on them.

"Make love to me...make love to your mother..." Alison whispered into his ear as she gently nibbled on it.

"In front of the children?" he whispered back.

"They'll never know," Alison told him, jerking her head in the direction of the couch.

Looking over, Robbie saw what she meant as Melisa was now lying on her back on the couch while Thad was on top of her pounding away at her pussy with his big cock.

Pushing up to his hands and knees on the rug, Robbie watched his mother raise up to her hands and knees, too.

"Arf—arf," she softly barked at him, waggling her butt back and forth in front of him.

"Arf—arf," he barked back, crawling up behind her upturned butt and lifting his penis up to her drooling snatch.

Easing his big, hard penis up into the moist warmth between his mother's spread legs, Robbie crawled up and leaned down over her. With his belly and chest

rubbing against her back, Robbie mounted her like the bitch she was. His bitch. His whore mother.

"Yes... Baby... yes," Alison urgently whispered as she thrust herself back against him. "Make Mother come, Baby. Make Mommy come..."

Robbie jerked his hips back and ruthlessly driving his stiff cock back down into her warm softness.

Moments later, Robbie was jerking his hips back and forth at a furious pace as his cock plowed in and out of his mother's juice-spewing cunt. It was all so fucking hot and exciting, he giddily thought. Fucking his mother, knowing that his son and daughter could see them, hear them. Everybody knew that he was fucking the most wonderful, beautiful, sexy woman in the world. Elation filled his soul while down below fire filled his flopping balls...

As his mother rocked back and forth on her hands and knees below him, Robbie could hear the sick, obscene slap of Thad and Melisa's bodies as they crashed together over and over again.

"Yes—yes—yessss—" Alison hissed out, filling the room with the sound of her pleasure as she thrust herself back against Robbie's relentless fucking.

Then Robbie felt her whole body tense and began to squirm and writhe as she thrust back against him, not allowing him to move. He could feel the tight, clutching muscles of her spasming cunt lock down around his cock, milking and sucking on it with unrelenting ferocity.

It was too much...

He suddenly felt a gigantic explosion down inside his balls. All at once, it felt like gallons of fiery cum came spewing up from the depths of hell as his cock jerked and spurted inside his mother's pussy. Filling his mother's hungry cunt with his huge load of white-hot man-lava, he kept his back arched, thrusting his cock down into the overheated depths of her cunt.

Both of them were uttering soft, mewling grunts as they thrust themselves against each other. This continued for the longest time, with the grunts growing fainter and fainter until at last they stopped altogether. Then, with a breathy sigh, Alison leaned away and let Robbie's big, softening penis slowly slither out of her cum-

filled cunt.

As Robbie's cum-covered cock flopped out of her pussy, it was followed by a thick, creamy gush of cum that splashed down onto the rug between her outstretched legs.

"Oh, Baby, Baby, that was so good," Alison murmured.

"Yes, yes, it was," he groaned, slowly backing out from between her calves.

Lying on his back beside her, gasping for air, Robbie turned and looked over at the couch.

Brother and sister were still frantically fucking, jerking back and forth like a broken spring. But they both must have sensed they were being watched as Thad's tight, muscled ass slowly came to a stop.

Then, slowly, Thad and Melisa turned and looked over at Robbie and Alison.

"Uh...don't...don't let us interrupt you," Alison finally said with an odd undertone to her voice. "Go ahead, Thad. Fuck your sister. I want to watch. I want to watch you fuck your sister. Robbie has seen a man fuck his daughter before...but, I haven't..."

Thad continued to remain motionless, staring across the room at his mother.

"Well, come on, Thad, fuck her. I want to see you fuck your sister," Alison told him, pushing up to her heels and slowly clapping over toward the couch where they lay watching her.

Robbie could detect a strange undercurrent of something in her voice, but couldn't tell what it was. Was it jealousy? Envy? Anger?

Stopping by the couch, Alison looked down at them.

"What's wrong, Thad," she laughed. "Did Melisa's poor, little pussy swallow your big, bad cock?"

Then she reached out and ran her long, white-tipped fingernails over Thad's ass, causing him to lurch downward, driving his cock deeper into his sister's pussy.

"That's the way, Thad," she laughed as Robbie watched on, perplexed by his mother's strange behavior.

"Yeah, Thad, do it, do it like Mother said. Fuck me—like Mother said," Melisa babbled out, kicking her feet up into the air and driving the heels of her high heels into his ass. "Do it—Do it—Do it—"

"Okay—okay—okay—" Thad grunted, jerking his ass up into the air and ripping his cock back down into her. "Like that—"

"Yeah—yeah—like that," Cassandra giggled, milking her pussy down around her brother's cock as it began to slide in and out of her pussy.

Then Robbie pushed up to his feet and strolled over to where his mother stood by the couch watching their children fuck. Grasping her by the waist, he turned her to face him. Thrusting his chest out, he ground it against her big, soft tits as he clutched at the cheeks of her ass, pulling her against him. She quickly grabbed the cheeks of his ass and pulled him into her as they hungrily kissed with open mouths. They kissed breathlessly for several long moments before Robbie pushed her back against the couch.

Pushing her down onto the end of the couch by the side of Thad's feet, Robbie straddled her and knelt down on his knees. Reaching down, Robbie lifted his lifeless peter up to her lips where she slowly slurped it into her mouth and began to suck on it.

The couch was lurching around wildly as Thad frantically worked away at his sister's hot cunt and Alison sucked and pulled on Robbie's cock.

"Oh, Thadddd..." Melisa cried out, clawing at her brother's back as her body began to porpoise through the waves of pleasure that were pouring over her.

Digging her heels into the couch, she thrust herself up at her brother as she groaned and strained her way through her orgasm.

Thad ignored her orgasmic cries and continued to pound his cock into her as he heaved back and forth atop her.

Huffing and puffing, Thad continued to pound away at his sister's glutinous cunt.

Feeling his mother frantically working on his now rapidly hardening cock, Robbie watched Thad's tight, muscular bouncing up and down at a frantic pace.

Watching Thad fuck Melisa was almost as exciting as fucking her himself, Robbie sickly thought.

Then, suddenly, Robbie heard Thad give out a loud, straining grunt as Thad slammed his cock down into Melisa's pussy as deep and hard as he could.

"FFFFFuuuuuuucccccckkkkkkk," Thad groaned out as his butt began to shake and quiver.

Robbie could almost imagine what was going down inside Melisa's hot, clutching cunt. He could almost picture Thad's giant prick spurting and jerking as it emptied its noxious load of sperm-filled semen into Melisa's hungry pussy.

But enough of them, he thought, seeing that his cock was once again sticking out hard and ready. Pulling his cock out of his mother's mouth, Robbie backed off the couch and kneeled down in front of his mother.

As he did, his big cock lay on the couch at the perfect level to penetrate his mother's waiting pussy. As he watched, his mother took his big peter in her hot, little hand and scooted toward him. Then she guided his cock down to the seeping hole between her legs. Her sweet, little ass was perched on the edge of the cushion leaving her pussy exposed and vulnerable to attack as she smiled at him. Then, teasingly, she slowly rubbed the round, tapered tip of his cock up and down the juice-filled furrow of her hungry cunt as Robbie tried to push into her. Finally, she couldn't resist any longer and let him push his stiff cock down into the clutching tightness of her juice-slickened cunt.

"Feels so good," he grunted out, easing his cock down into the wet core of her womanhood.

"Umm-huh," she murmured out, lifting her long legs up into the air.

Spreading her legs even wider, she curled them around Robbie and hooked her ankles around Robbie's clenched ass cheeks as he entered her with deliberate slowness. Pulling him against her with her legs, she thrust against him as she took him into her womanhood. Robbie continued to ease his cock down into the velvet-lined channel of her pussy until his big, dangling balls brushed up against

her upturned butt. As their groins ground together, Alison slowly released her hold on his ass and lifted her legs until the backs of her thighs were resting against Robbie's chest and the pointy tips of her high-heeled pumps were pointing up at the ceiling. Holding himself buried down deep into his mother's clutching cunt, he groveled in the sheer wickedness of it all.

Then, he realized that Thad and Melisa were still slowly fucking they lay only inches away. While he fucked his mother, Robbie couldn't see how it could any more perverse.

Then, he began to work his cock in and out of her tight pussy faster. The DVD player had long since quit playing and the silence in the room was broken by the sick slaps of Thad and Melisa's bodies whacking against each other and his mother's soft whimpers as Robbie's big balls slapped up against her upturned butt.

They all seemed oblivious to everything but their own sick, twisted needs as they fucked and groveled in the sheer perversity of it all. Mother and son, brother and sister, son and daughter, they fucked.

Robbie could feel the slippery smoothness of his mother's nylons rubbing against his belly and chest as she returned his thrusts with her own. Then, reaching out around her legs, she grabbed hold of Robbie's ass and dug her long, sharp nails down into it.

The couch was creaking and groaning as the two couples cavorted atop it. As Robbie grunted and huffed while hammering away at his mother's hungry pussy, he gradually picked up the pace.

Clutching Robbie's ass in her hands, Alison dug her long nails in and began to jerk him back and forth, picking up the pace even more. Concentrating on the task at hand, Robbie seemed oblivious of the other couple as he pounded away at his mother's glutinous cunt.

Finally, he felt her beginning to tense and prepare herself for the finish. Sweating and gasping for breath, Robbie humped into her harder and harder.

Then, with an evil grin, he jerked his ass back and drug his cock out of his mother's clutching pussy.

"What? What are you doing? Don't go," she moaned, as he backed away, his big, stiff cock dripping with her juices.

"Let's swap," Robbie muttered, pushing up to his feet as he slapped Thad on the ass. "You take Mom and I'll take Mel..."

"Huh?" Thad grunted, as his ass ground to a halt.

"Here. I got her all hot for you," Robbie laughed. "Finish her off."

"Damn, you, Robbie," Alison complained, "That wasn't nice. I was just about to finish."

"I know," he laughed, "I could feel it..."

With a demented grin, Thad struggled up, pulling his juice-slathered cock out of Melisa's drooling pussy. As Robbie stepped back, Thad dropped to his knees and crawled over between Alison's widespread legs. Then as Robbie crawled on the couch and up between Melisa's outstretched legs, he let her guide his twitching cock down to the juice-slathered pit between her legs.

"Yeah," Thad snorted, roughly driving his cock into Alison's primed pussy all the way to the hilt.

"Thad, Baby, give Mommy what she needs..." Alison panted, hunching herself back at him as he ground himself against her pubis. "Mommy was almost there..."

Then, they all began to fuck in earnest, as Robbie began to pump away at Melisa's pussy. The couch lurched and shook under the men's rabid attacks on the women's pussies while the sick sounds of their fucking filled the room.

Gasps, slaps, creaks, moans, and curses filled the air as the fornicating couples humped, pumped, pounded, and fucked.

Then, Alison began to shiver as her moans turned to cries and she strained back against Thad's pounding attack.

She wrapped both of her legs around Thad's heaving body and slammed her pussy against him. Thad felt her pussy clutching and milking his throbbing peter

as her orgasm ripped through her body, throwing her into violent convulsions of pleasure. But Thad didn't pause as he continued to thrust in and out of her, riding her through the pinnacle of her orgasm.

"Fucckkkkkkkkkk!" she screamed as she clutched onto him with all her strength, her nails piercing the skin on his back.

Slowly, her orgasm faded, but Thad continued to mercilessly attack her softening cunt. Then, as she was being jostled back and forth by the fury of Thad's attack, she looked over at Robbie and Melisa and smiled.

Suddenly, Thad groaned and thrust himself down into her as his big cock exploded down inside her pussy. As it did, his cum spurted out into her cum-filled pussy. As it did, her two son's seed mixed and formed into a single, gelatinous mass. At the same moment, she saw Robbie's ass jerk and contract as he grunted and thrust himself down into Melisa...

The End

[Return to the Top](#)

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

About the Author

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his four 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 latest offering, Moms and Sons, Volume Six, 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...

Mother and Son Incest Stories

The Garden Gates - Whore Queen - Mother's Milk

Love Potion - Different Names - Boob Job - Everything is Wrong

Cockball - Confession - Evergreens

Home Again – Home from the War - Nipples - The Train Ride

The Wedding - Tornado - Nymphomania: A desire to...

The Colonel's Wife - Déjà Vu: All Over Again - Affliction

The Evil Within - The Ride - Trading Spaces - Safari

The Queen and the Prince - The Prostitute - Recipe for Disaster

The Stash - Heaven...or Hell... - Back from the Beyond

One Stormy Night - Catherine and Seth - The Indian Lawyer

The Island - Mothers Know Best - Escort Service - Marooned

Infatuation - All Alone - Panties - Love-Thirty - Birthday Girl
Best in Show - A Visit to the School Nurse - Home on the Range
Home Alone - Saturday Morning
Moms and Sons, Volume One - Moms and Sons, Volume Two
Moms and Sons, Volume Three - Moms and Sons, Volume Four
Moms and Sons, Volume Five - Halloween

Father and Daughter Incest Stories

Daddy's Little Secret - Andria's Dream - Alana's Visit

Brother and Sister Incest Stories

My Sister's Milk - The First Time - A Love Story

Mother-in-law Stories

Black Friday - Erotica

Family Incest Stories

All Hail – The King I and II - Trailer Trash - House of the Rising Sons
The Voyage of the Molly Be Bad - Forbidden Love - A Stepmother's Revenge

Family Reunion - The Island of the Goddess - Family Secrets

The Dome

Interracial Stories

Oreo

Fairy Tales, Parodies, and other Fantasies

Father Gander's Naughty Tales – I & II

Goldilocks and the Three Bears and other Tales

Little Red Riding Hood - The Real Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Airey Putter and the Golden Dildo - Airey Putter and the Wishing Mirror

Sledge Hammer –Private Dick (The Cold Case)

Other Erotic Tales

Teacher's Pet - The Voice - Teacher's Tales - The Cheerleader Squad

Alien - The Last of the Dragons Voodoo Doll - Something Pretty

Prescription for Pleasure - Blackmail on the Prairie - The Beach House

Mrs. Molder

Coming Soon

The Ron Stories, Volume Three