

Mothers and Sons, Volume Seven

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A PICNIC WITH MOM

Martha Steward glanced down at her watch.

One thirty and not a customer in sight. It had been a slow day and looked like it was going to stay that way.

"Stacy, I think that I'm going to take off," she said, stretching and yawning. "Do you think that you can handle it by yourself for the rest of the day?"

"As busy as we are?" Stacy laughed back at her, "Gee, I don't know, Martha."

"Okay, then. I'll be at home if anything comes up," she smiled, sliding a set of keys down the counter to the other woman, "and put yourself for double time for the rest of the afternoon."

"Hey, thanks, boss," Stacy said, stepping over and picking up the keys, "I'll see you tomorrow then?"

"I'm afraid so," Martha said, strolling toward the door.

Stepping out into the mall, she saw that it just as empty as her store. Some days were like that, she told herself as she listened to the echo of her high heels pinging off the tile floor as she made her way down the concrete walkway.

But when you had days like this, you could take off anytime you felt like it, if you owned your own business, she thought as she stepped out into the bright afternoon sunlight. Small consolation, though, for all the headaches

that came with that privilege. All in all though, it wasn't that bad. It made her and Nathaniel a nice living and she enjoyed designing dresses, anyway.

She felt an angry flush as she thought back to how hard it had been making a go of it for the first couple of years after Luis the louse had left her.

"That son-of-a-bitch," she muttered, "up and leaving me after fourteen years. Leaving me alone to take care of everything while he ran off with some two-bit whore half his age. He's lucky that I didn't shoot him."

But I took the bastard to the cleaners; she laughed to herself as she strolled toward her car.

The house, the country property, enough money to start her own business and a hefty child support settlement. Too bad that it had recently stopped. But now that Nathaniel was eighteen, the last financial ties to Luis had been severed. All things considered though, it had worked out quite well for her, she smiled.

Yes, everything had ended up okay. Everything but the one thing that she didn't allow herself to even think about anymore. But that was a small price to pay for her freedom. Besides, there were other ways of keeping those needs in check, regardless of how sterile and passionless they had become.

Stop it, she told herself. Just be thankful for what you do have.

Then all of a sudden, she felt like celebrating her freedom. Why I think I'll just take Nathaniel out to dinner and then maybe we can take in a movie or something tonight...if he doesn't already have a date.

Slipping into her car, she popped the top back and roared off toward the freeway.

Flying along at seventy miles an hour, she let the wind whip her long, blond hair out behind her as she basked in the warm rays of sunlight streaming into the open top.

Turning off the freeway, she sped up her street until she could see Nat's car in the driveway.

What was he doing home so early, she asked herself, turning into the driveway and parking her car alongside his. Then she remembered. The school was having half-day classes all week because of teacher's conferences.

It seemed to her that the kids were always off for some reason or other. When were the teachers going to stop goofing off and start doing what they got paid for? Oh well, she thought, she had voiced her opinion at the last PTA meeting and pissed off several of the teachers in the process. At least they knew what she thought of them now, not that it had made any difference in the number of hours that the kids attended class.

Stepping out of the car, she quietly closed her car door and slipped over to the back gate.

"I wonder what the boy does when he is home by himself," she wondered aloud as she opened the gate and let herself into the backyard.

Reaching down, she slipped off her high-heeled shoes, then stole quietly down the walk alongside the garage in her stocking feet. Padding up to the window of the recreation room, she could hear the television blaring. She felt kind of silly spying on her son like this and giggled nervously as an anxious tickle of excitement trickled down her spine. She didn't know why she would feel excited, but the thought of watching Nathaniel when he didn't know he was being watched was titillating. Grinning expectantly, she peeked into the window.

A jolting shock ran tore through her brain as she focused in on the picture on the television screen.

There on the screen was a boy and an older woman lying on a blanket in the woods. The boy had woman pushed down on her back and had her blouse spread open. The woman was protesting, but it was to no avail as her brassiere sprang open and her big, floppy breasts tumbled out into the open.

"No. No. Bobby, we can't do this," Martha heard the woman say.

Martha could hardly breathe as she watched on in dazed shock.

NATHANIEL WAS WATCHING A PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIE!

"But, mother, I love you so much," the boy groaned as he buried his face in between her breasts while he pushed her skirt up and slipped his hand inside her panties.

"Oh, my God," Martha muttered, as she watched on in horrified shock at the scene unfolding on the television screen.

"But, Bobby, we can't. It would be so wrong," the woman complained, still trying to fight the boy off. But even as the woman fought, Martha could see the woman's resistance was waning.

"Mother, I need you so much," the boy groaned as the camera panned in on his hand and showed that he had his finger buried up inside her pussy; buried inside her all the way to the last knuckle.

At last, Martha tore her eyes away from the television only to find Nathaniel sprawled out on the couch without a stitch of clothes on.

"Oh, My, God—"she gasped. He was **MASTURBATING!**

She couldn't believe what she was seeing. He was lying on the couch, buck naked and slowly running his hand up and down his jutting penis.

"Don't you know that it is incest?" Martha heard the woman on TV ask the boy.

Martha felt like her knees were going to give way at any moment and her lungs were having difficulty bringing in enough oxygen for her to breathe. Suddenly, she realized her heart was beating a mile a minute as she watched on in utter disbelief. Maybe she was having a heart attack, she frantically thought as she stared at her son.

"But no one has to know but you and I," the boy continued on, now sliding his finger in and out of the woman's pussy.

Damn, Nathaniel is big, she stupidly thought as she watched his hand sliding up and down the thick, bloated column of meat jutting up out of her son's groin. It must be eight or nine inches long, at least, she feverishly thought as she found her eyes locked onto the devilish sight. Then, she saw that he had something in his hand. It was pink, and it looked like a pair of panties.

Yes it was a pair of panties. He was jacking off with a pair of panties wrapped around his giant penis!

Finally, she was able to tear her eyes away from his big penis only to find herself once again staring at the television screen.

The boy had gotten the woman's panties off and was standing on his hands and knees over her.

"No, Bobby, please don't do this to me," the woman pleaded half-heartedly as she reached down to the boy's big, hard penis bobbing above her fur covered pussy.

The outlandish scene on the screen mesmerized Martha. She couldn't take her eyes off it. She watched on, knowing that she should feel repulsed by the inference of incest that the actors were portraying, but strangely she wasn't. Actually, she found herself becoming more excited as she watched the boy's huge, purple-headed penis descend down to the woman's wet pussy.

Suddenly, she found herself caught up in the symbolism being acted out by the pair on the screen. My God, she found herself thinking, the boy is really going to fuck his mother.

She felt a rush of excitement flow through her whole body the instant the boy's giant penis slipped into his mother's waiting pussy.

"Oh, yes, baby, fuck your mommy," Martha heard the woman exclaim as the boy rammed his cock down into her fleshy hole.

Then, without waiting, the boy began to pound his cock into the woman as fast and hard as he could as she groaned and panted, goading him on with her hands and legs.

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Yes, Baby, fuck Mommy," the woman blathered out as she raked her hands up and down the boy's back urging him to hump her harder and harder.

Suddenly, the boy jerked his cock out of her and grabbed hold of it as it began to jerk and spurt out its creamy load all over her stomach and tits.

"JEEZ MOTHER," Martha heard the boy exclaim.

But wait, she thought. That wasn't the boy on television.

IT WAS NATHANIEL!

Jerking her head around, she saw that Nathaniel was coming; shooting great, thick wads of cum up into the air as his hand shot up and down his cock furiously.

"Oh, God, Mother," he groaned as he continued to beat his cock into submission.

If Martha had been shocked before, she was thunderstruck now.

Why was Nathaniel groaning out her name while he was coming? Oh, No. He couldn't be thinking that! No, it couldn't be. Not, my Nathaniel. He can't be thinking that.

As she watched, her whole body began to tremble. There was no way to mistake the horrific implications of what she had just witnessed.

HER SON HAD JUST EJACULATED! AND CALLED OUT HER NAME WHILE HE WAS DOING IT!

It was absurd. It couldn't have happened.

But she hadn't thought it up. She had witnessed it. It had really happened, or had she just imagined that he was calling out her name. If he hadn't, then her imagination was running wild. Maybe she had just imagined that he was calling out her name.

OR MAYBE SHE HAD WANTED HIM TO CALL OUT FOR HER!

Even before she could comprehend the depravity of such a thought, she felt a warm rush of perverted excitement spread out below her waist and juices began flowing out of her pussy; flowing out of her and trickling down her inner thighs, coating them with her own warm, sticky sap.

"God," she groaned under her breath as she slipped her hand under her skirt, "I'm leaking like a sieve."

"Oh, mother, what a great picnic," the boy on television exclaimed as he stood up, his big cock now dangling down, big and swollen while it flopped about.

"Yes," she smiled back up at him as he reached down to help her up off the blanket, "we'll have to come here more often."

Suddenly, Martha jumped with fright as the TV screen went blank. Then she saw Nathaniel slowly get to his feet and toss the remote control back down onto the couch. Yawning, he reached down and picked up the towel that he had spread out on the floor in front of him.

This isn't the first time he has done this, she told herself as she watched him lumber over to the television and pop out the DVD.

Staring at his tight, muscular buttocks, she watched as he casually strolled out of the room.

Staggering back away from the window, she reeled back over to the gate. But even as she walked, she could feel the slippery wetness down between her legs as her thighs rubbed together. Realizing the extent of her excitement, she fumbled with the gate latch and finally got it unlatched. Letting herself out, she was still having trouble breathing as she stumbled over to her car and got in.

Backing down the driveway, she turned out onto the street. She didn't know where she was going, but she had to get away from the house...and Nathaniel.

She put the car on autopilot as her mind swirled around crazily.

It was only natural for boys to masturbate. She knew that. And Nathaniel was at the peak of his hormonal years, so she shouldn't be surprised to find out that he did actually masturbate. All boys his age did the same thing. And it was understandable that he would use a DVD in today's high tech society. Why would you want to use a magazine when you could satisfy almost any kind of fantasy you could think of with all the pornography that was available on the Internet? But the disturbing thing was his choice of pornographic material.

Mother and son incest! She still couldn't believe it. Had she done something wrong in raising him? Something that caused him to have fantasies about her. Something was wrong, that was for sure.

But now what, she asked herself when she realized that she had stopped the car? Surprised, she found herself sitting in front of the gate that led into their country property. Why had she driven here of all places?

This was the place that she and Luis had planned to build their country house some day; but the divorce had short-circuited those plans.

Setting the brake, she slipped out and threw open the gate. Getting back in the car, she popped the brake off and drove up the gravel path until she came to a grove of trees. This was where they had planned to build the house. Stopping the car, she turned the engine off and sat there. It was so quiet and peaceful, she could almost forget the turmoil inside her head. Stepping out of the car, she slowly walked over to the trees, her shoes making soft, crunching sounds as she strolled through the carpet of dry, brown leaves covering the ground. The soft chirp of the birds flitting through the trees made her feel safe and happy.

"What a wonderful place for a picnic," she murmured, flicking at the leaves with the toe of her shoe.

But how could she be thinking of a picnic after what she had just witnessed.

"OH, MY LORD," she blurted out when she realized the trick her mind had just played on her.

A picnic! What in the world was she thinking? Why had she thought of a picnic, she asked herself as her mind went spinning back to image of the boy and his mother screwing on the blanket? Was she subconsciously admitting to herself that she too found the idea of sex with her son a possibility? No, she couldn't. No, she couldn't even think about a horrid thing like that.

This is ridiculous, she told herself, glancing down at her watch. Five o'clock! Where had the time gone?

Hurrying back over to the car, she jumped in and hurried back home.

Making as much noise as she could, she went inside.

"Hi, Mom," Nathaniel smiled at her from the kitchen table where he was eating a sandwich.

"Hi. I'm sorry that I'm late," she mumbled, knowing that she must be blushing like a virgin on her first date as her face began to glow warmly. "I got tied up at work."

"That's okay. I went ahead and fixed my own dinner."

"That's good. I'm not hungry," she self-consciously mumbled.

"Well, I'm going to run over to Tim's after I eat. I'll be back around ten."

"I'll probably be in bed by then, so I guess that I'll see you tomorrow," she told him, somehow making her lips smile as she stepped over and gave him a peck on the cheek. "I love you."

She couldn't let him know that she knew about his little session on the couch. He must never know what she had witnessed.

"Love you, too, Mom," he grinned back at her as she turned and walked out of the kitchen.

Was she imagining it or did she feel his eyes poring over her buttocks as she walked across the room.

Reaching the door, she quickly glanced back over her shoulder just in time to see Nathaniel flick his eyes up away from her butt and smile sheepishly. He had been. He had been looking at her butt!

Thank goodness he's leaving for the night, she told herself as she ducked around the door and away from his probing eyes. That'll give me time to think without having to face him.

Slipping off her heels, she tossed them down by the bed as she sat down and started peeling off her blouse. Slipping it down over her shoulders, she quickly unbuttoned her brassiere, letting her breasts spill out from their frilly prison. She had always wanted bigger breasts, but had come to the conclusion that it was never to be as she cupped them, tweaking the small rubbery nipples. Unless she had a boob job, she smiled to herself. What would Nathaniel think about that, she wondered? The woman in the movie had had big breasts.

"Stop that," she chastised herself as she jerked her hands away. "Just what in the hell are you trying to do?"

Shaking her head in disgust, she quickly stood up and unbuttoned her skirt, letting it drop to the floor.

Standing by her bed, wearing only a frilly, white garter belt and hose, she stared at the image of the thirty-eight year-old-woman across room staring back at her from the full-length mirror standing by her closet. Not too bad for thirty-eight years, she told herself, unfastening the garter belt and bending down to peel her hose off.

"Damn," she blurted out as she saw that her pussy was still wet and slippery.

Angrily throwing her hose and garter belt on the bed, she grabbed up her night robe and pulled it around her. What was she going to do? She couldn't walk around leaving puddles everywhere she sat down. Damn, why did I have to take off early today anyway, she complained? If I hadn't come home and caught Nat doing that awful thing, then none of this would be happening.

Just then, from downstairs, she heard the sound of a door closing. Nat must be leaving, she told herself, slipping out of her room and hurrying over to the window. Pulling back the curtain a couple of inches, she watched as Nat's car backed down the driveway and then quickly sped off down the street.

"You're getting to be quite the sneak," she scolded herself out loud, "lurking around and spying on your own son all the time."

Then another thought sizzled into her mind. Did he have any other secrets hidden in his room?

Just the thought of finding out more of his secrets sent another tingle trickling through her pussy as she turned and hurried down to his room.

Stopping outside his door, she took a deep breath and slowly pushed open the door.

This was wrong. She shouldn't be invading her son's privacy, but after what she had witnessed, she couldn't stop herself.

His room was in its usual state of disorder as she stepped inside. Stepping over a pile of dirty clothes, she went to his chest of drawers and pulled open the top drawer. Ruffling through the jumble of shirts and socks, she didn't find any new surprises. Sliding open the next drawer, she felt something under the pile of shorts. Lifting his shorts out, she saw four DVD packets lying on the bottom of the drawer. Setting his shorts down, she reached down and pulled the cases out.

She felt her heart begin to palpitate and her hands tremble as she picked up the first one with numb fingers.

Forbidden Love: A story about a boy's strange affection for his mother and how she returned his errant affection...

Laying it down on the top of his chest of drawers, she picked up the next one.

Loving Mother: A story about a mother's twisted love for her son...

Her mind was numb. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. Laying the second case on top of the first one, she picked up another one.

Taboo: A story of forbidden love between a mother and her son...

Her traumatized brain was doing flip-flops inside her head.

In a daze, she laid the case down on top of the others and picked up the last one.

A Picnic with Mom: A story about the strange twisted love of a boy for his mother...

"Oh, Lord," she mumbled, realizing that this was the one that he had been watching when she had caught him masturbating.

Four of them, and they were all about the same thing; mothers and son having sex. Breathing hard, she poked around in the drawer for a few moments but found no other incriminating evidence of her son's deviant obsession.

What now, she asked herself? Do I confront him and ask him what in the hell he thinks he is doing? But then he would know that she had been snooping around in his room, invading his privacy. But which was worse? Nathaniel knowing that she knew about his aberrant desires or letting him continue to fantasize about...fantasize about what? She could hardly bring herself to admit it. Fantasize about having sex with HER!

She needed time to sort that question out, but in the meantime she would hide her knowledge of his deviant obsession.

Her hands were shaking so badly she thought she would drop the videos as she tried to carefully replace them back under his shorts so that he wouldn't notice.

Pausing for a moment, she wondered if the other drawers held any other surprises. Quickly, she went about pushing and poking around under his clothes to see if there were any other unexploded land mines waiting for her.

Finally, she stopped; satisfied that there were no more surprises hidden in his chest of drawers, she closed the drawers and stepped back.

Looking around to see if there were any other places that he might hide more secrets, her eyes stopped on his nightstand. What horrors would be hidden there, she wondered as she made her way over to it through the clutter on the floor. Standing by it, she bent down and slowly pulled the top drawer open.

At first glance, it looked like there were just several magazines lying in the drawer.

Hoping that was all there was, she reached in and lifted the magazines out of the drawer. As she did, she saw them. There in the bottom of the drawer was a pair of panties. Pink panties.

Timidly, she plucked them up to examine them.

As she studied the sheer, pink panties, she wondered where he had gotten them. Then it slowly came to her.

THEY WERE HER PANTIES—

HE HAD A PAIR OF HER PANTIES!

Then it came to her like a slap in the face. These were the same panties that he had been masturbating with this afternoon.

"Oh, for God's sake," she cried out, dropping the panties back into the drawer, not knowing what else to do.

Where would his degeneracy end, she asked herself, as she ran her fingers over the silky softness of the material? Then her fingers felt something. Looking down at the panties, she saw a large, flaky, white stain on the panties. She knew that the stain was dried semen. Her son's dried semen on her panties. She was mortified. But then she spotted the pictures that had been hidden underneath the panties.

She nearly passed out as she reached down with trembling fingers to pick up the pictures. Anger and humiliation welled up inside her as she saw that they were pictures of her.

The first picture wasn't too bad. It was the one with her in her string bikini that she had worn the year they had gone to Hawaii. It left very little to imagination, but she was wearing a bikini. The bad part of it was that he had it secreted away in his drawer. That could only mean one thing, especially with all the mother and son pornography that he had secreted away.

She still couldn't believe that Nathaniel was capable of such a thing as she slowly shuffled the next picture to the top.

"OH MY GOD," she groaned as another spasm of disgrace shot through her mind.

It was one of the pictures that Luis had taken of her one night when they had gotten drunk. In the picture, she didn't have a stitch of clothes on; she was lying on her back with her legs spread and her pussy gaping wide open. The only thing she was wearing was a big, wide, drunken smile.

She felt like the floor had dropped away and she had been dropped into a furnace as sweat began to run down her face.

Where had he gotten this picture? She had burned all of them after she and Luis had broken up. Or at least, she thought she had, but as she looked at the next one, she knew the sickening truth. Nathaniel must have found them before she had burned them and made copies.

Flipping to the next one, she was horrified. In this picture, she was sucking on Luis' big, hard cock.

She was having difficulty breathing as she slowly shuffled the next picture to the top of the stack.

"Damn," she muttered as she saw the picture.

It was a picture of her pussy spread apart and there was a trickle of juice running out of it.

Now what in the hell do I do?

Should she leave them or take them and destroy them. Then Nathaniel would know that she had been prowling around in his room. Another dilemma for her to think out, she thought, dropping the pictures back into the drawer and covering them with her panties. Dropping the magazines back on top of the panties, she lurched back away from the nightstand.

Now she was in a complete state of shock as she stumbled out of his room and back down to her bedroom. Flopping down on her bed, she started crying.

She cried in big, jerking sobs for the longest time as her mind writhed in misery.

Slowly, she ran out of tears. Wiping her mascara stained face, she knew that she needed some time to sort the whole sordid thing out.

Giving herself a few minutes to regain her composure, she finally picked up the phone and called Stacey.

She told Stacey that something had come up and she needed to take a couple of days off.

After she hung up the phone, she realized that she had just made a tragic mistake. Now she would be trapped at home with Nathaniel during the afternoon, instead of safely at work. She started to call Stacey back and tell her she had made a mistake, but after a few moments, she dropped the phone back into its cradle. Glancing over at her alarm clock, she saw that it was only eight o'clock.

She needed a drink. Anything that would slow her swirling mind down a little.

But a little while later, after two doubles, her head was still spinning just as fast as before. Maybe even faster she thought as she sat at the kitchen table with the bottle of scotch in front of her.

Finally, she gave up and went to bed. Turning out her light, she lay there trying to think of a way to...

A way to what, she finally asked herself? It was all spilled milk and there was no way she could go back and undo it. She now knew that her son had a crazed obsession about making love to her. She also knew that he had pictures of her naked and performing lewd acts with his father. She knew that he masturbated with her panties. And she could only imagine that he used her pictures to fantasize about while he was masturbating, too.

But that was him. What about her? Hadn't she gotten all hot and wet just watching him and the movie this afternoon? That was hardly the normal reaction a mother should have while she was watching her son jack off, was it? Was it? If it was, she had never felt it before?

It was disturbing, but she did have to admit that she found it sexually arousing watching him run his fist up and down his big, hard penis.

Suddenly, she felt herself breaking out in a sweat as her hand stole down under the sheets to her seeping womanhood.

She couldn't help it, she told herself as she found herself wet and slippery down there once again. It had been three years since she had felt anything towards a man.

But what did she mean? A man? Nathaniel wasn't a man. Oh, he was a man all right, she sickly thought remembering how big he was as he lay sprawled out on the couch beating his meat. But he was her son. How could she even think of him in that way? He was her son; not some pussy-hungry pervert that was trying to get in her pants.

Or was he?

But as she had found out that afternoon, he obviously was built like a man.

Why did her dear, little darling Nathaniel have to grow up and turn into a man anyway?

Now everything was all screwed up.

Then she groaned as her finger found her bulging clitoris. A warm flush of pleasure spread out from her clitoris as she gently fingered it and tried to sort of the chaos swirling through her mind.

Nathaniel was still a boy, she told herself, even though he was obsessed with her and was physically endowed with fully developed genitalia. Oh, quit trying to fool yourself. Nathaniel wasn't a boy anymore. He was a man! Albeit a young man, but a man all the same.

But he had never let on that he wanted to make love to her. He had always treated her with the utmost respect and affection. But now that she knew, it would color everything he did with the sickly tint of incest.

God, if only she hadn't sneaked up and caught him. If only, if only, if only. If only he wasn't her son, then there wouldn't be a problem. If only there weren't mores against mother and son sex, there wouldn't be a problem. If only, she was stronger and wasn't so tempted. What? What had she just thought? Was she going crazy? What did she mean? Was she was tempted to... No, she couldn't even think about such insanity.

Maybe she was going crazy. Why else would she be thinking about such a horrid thing?

Tossing and turning, she spent the rest of the night wrestling with the evil thoughts filling her mind.

Finally, just before sunrise, she fell asleep...

The sun was shining in through her bedroom window when she finally woke up.

Groggily, she got out of bed and stumbled down to Nathaniel's room. Thankfully, he had already left for school. She was in the house all alone.

Pulling out the DVD that Nat had been watching when she caught him masturbating, she popped it into the DVD player and watched it from beginning to end.

She could see why it would be so exciting to a boy Nathaniel's age. Remembering back to her younger days, when she was Nat's age, she recalled that all the boys were obsessed with sex. Their goal in life at that age was to fuck anything that walked and wore a skirt. Driven by their hormones, they never had a moment's peace.

And in the film, after their fateful picnic, the mother doted on the boy, giving herself to him any time, any place and anywhere he wanted it and in any way he wanted it. There seemed to be nothing that she wouldn't do for him. In the end, they ended up moving away and living as husband and wife in some town where no one knew them. It was the perfect ending to a dream world for the boy, she thought. He had his mother's love, sex any time he wanted it, and no one to discipline him. What more could a boy ask for, she asked herself as she flicked off the player and put the DVD back in his drawer.

But, what about the mother, she asked herself? Was it as good for her?

Why couldn't it be, she found herself asking? Was there any love in the world stronger than that of a mother toward her son? Her daughter? Her child? If there was she didn't know of it.

In the movie, the mother still had her son's love, but not only that, she had his love as a lover. She could only imagine how strong her love for him must have been after that. It must have been twice as strong. She could only wonder at a love so strong. If they were careful and strong enough to carry it off, it would be heaven to commit yourself to someone you loved that deeply and without reservations. The perfect love—

Suddenly, a warm, fuzzy feeling filled her head. Could she have that, too? Was she crazy to even think such a thing? But it was too dangerous?

What if something went wrong and their grievous sin were exposed to the world?

But, what if she tripped, fell and broke her neck walking back to her room. Life was amuck with "what ifs" and if you let them control your life it wouldn't be worth living anyway.

But what if they made love and Nathaniel found that she wasn't as exciting as he thought she would be? What if he found her to be a bore? What if he found out, she really wasn't as sexy as he thought she was?

"Oh, you are so stupid," she blurted out loud to herself. "Didn't you just tell yourself that if you let the 'what ifs' run your life, you might as well go ahead and crawl into your grave."

With the decision made, she found her whole body glowing with warm, fuzzy feelings. She was going to make love to her son—

God, it had all happened so fast. How?

How should she do it? Why not do it the way she found out about his obsession?

A picnic!

She would take him on a picnic and seduce him instead of him having to force his way on her like the boy did in the movie. But she would have to make it seem like it wasn't planned. She didn't want him to think that she was the slut she really was. Or was she a slut? She just wanted to make love to her son. Sweet, passionate love to the person she loved most in the world. What was wrong with that?

She didn't want to think about that, because she knew that it was terribly wrong.

Knowing that he would be home from school around one or so, she hurried down to her room and dressed. She made a quick trip to the local delicatessen where she bought the special 'lover's picnic'. Packed inside their own picnic basket were sandwiches, several suggestive tidbits of such things as pickled asparagus, mushrooms and kiwis and more. Also there were two bottles of wine and wine glasses. There was everything that she needed to set her sinister plan into motion.

Rushing back home, she hurried down to her room to put the final stages of her plan into motion. It was warm outside so she could get by with just a blouse and a skirt. Deciding that no brassiere would be just too obvious, she quickly slipped on a lacey little half cup outfit that pushed up her tits making them seem twice as big as they really were.

"Sorry, Nathaniel, but all's fair in love and war...and that's all Mommy has," she frowned, pushing and poking at her breasts until she had them settled down in the small, squeezing brassiere.

"To wear panties or not to wear panties is now the question," she smirked lifting the short skirt that struck her just above the middle of her thigh.

"Why have to struggle with such an unnecessary obstacle when it gets down to that stage of the game," she told herself letting the skirt fall back down in place.

Walking over to the bar, she made herself a double and sat down on the couch to wait for Nathaniel.

Sipping her drink, she impatiently flicked her long, shapely leg up and down making her high-heels sandal lightly slap against the sole of her foot.

"I feel like a black widow spider," laughed, running her hand down between her legs to the sticky wetness there. "And soon I will have him in my web. And I suppose that means that I will have to eat him when I am finished having my way with him if I want to live up to the title of black widow. I doubt that he would protest too much, if I did."

Suddenly, she heard the kitchen door rattle.

"Hi, honey, I'm here in the living room," she called out, jerking her hand out from between her legs.

I nearly ruined it before it got started, she told herself quickly crossing her legs.

"Oh, Hi, Mom," she heard him say from the kitchen as she heard the door close.

"What are you doing home?" he asked, stepping into the living room and setting his book bag in one of the chairs. "Are you sick?"

"Heavens, no," she exclaimed, "I've never felt better."

"That's good, but why are you home?"

"I just thought I'd take a day or two off and spend them with you," she smiled, taking another sip of her drink.

"What with you having the afternoons off this week."

"Oh. Really?" he asked with a confused look on his handsome face.

"You don't mind do you?"

"NO. No. I don't mind at all," he grinned back at her, "I'm honored to have the company."

"Well, how does a picnic in the woods with your mother sound?"

"Huh," he muttered, his face reddening. "A picnic?"

"Yeah. A picnic," she innocently smiled, "A picnic with mom."

"Uh, uh, yeah, uh, sure," he stuttered, his blush darkening.

"Is there something wrong with my idea," she asked him.

"No, no, it just reminded me of something else," he choked out.

"What was that?" she coyly asked.

"Uh, nothing, nothing," he coughed, his face now crimson.

"Well, I'm ready to go as soon as you are," she said, lifting her long leg and letting him get a flash of thigh.

"Uh, I'll, uh, I'll be right back," he stammered, glancing down her exposed thigh.

"Okay," she smiled, slowly getting to her feet and exposing more thigh in the process, "I'll wait for you out in the car.

With a little spin to make her dress flare out, she walked over to the bar and sat her glass down as she heard Nathaniel clumping toward his room.

"So far, so good," she whispered to herself as she strolled out to the car.

Sliding under the steering wheel, she rearranged her short, clinging dress to give Nathaniel an eyeful of her soft, creamy thighs while she drove. Pretending to shift gears, she watched the hem of her dress slide upwards until it stopped just short of revealing her drooling womanhood. Maybe going without panties had been a mistake, she giggled to herself in giddy excitement.

"I just hope that I don't stain the seat covers," she said out loud, reaching down between her legs to the wetness seeping out of her overflowing cunt. Lifting her legs, she fumbled with the folds of her dress, trying to double them underneath the flowing river of juices. Realizing that trying to keep the drool off the seat with her dress would be futile, she slung open her purse, and shoved her hand down inside it.

Ah, there it is, she thought as her fingers found the soft, cushiony pad she always carried around for an emergency. But not this kind of emergency, she laughed to herself, but it would save her leather seat covers. Shoving the pad down between her legs, she arranged it to soak up the flow of excitement pouring from her pussy.

Inching her dress back down a couple of inches, she saw Nathaniel shuffling out of the house toward the car. Her eyes hidden by her sunglasses, she saw that he had changed into a T-shirt and a pair of jogging shorts.

Smiling, she glanced down at his crotch. She couldn't be sure, but there appeared to be a telltale bulge poking out as he walked toward the car.

"Is this okay," he asked, stopping.

"Sure," she grinned, "Perfect."

Smiling to herself, she watched him slide into the passenger seat.

"Buckle up and we're out of here," she told him.

When she heard the metallic clank of his seat belt, she shifted into reverse and drove out into the street.

With the top down and the wind blowing in her hair and billowing out her blouse, she watched Nathaniel out of the corner of her eye as she drove. She watched his eyes nervously dart from her breasts down to her skirt as it inched ever higher and higher until it was poised on the brink of exposing her secret place.

"Oops," she finally yelped, reaching down and jerking her skirt back down a couple of inches.

With satisfaction, she watched the red blush on his cheeks reappear once again as she sped down the road toward their clandestine destination.

"Where are we going?" he yelled out over the howl of the wind as they sped along.

"A secret," she shouted back, speeding up.

Then miraculously, they were at the cut off as she jerked the wheel around steering the car off the paved road onto the gravel one leading back to their parcel of land.

"Isn't this the way to the place that you and dad were going to build your house?" he asked, now able to speak without yelling as the car rolled along at a more sane ten miles an hour.

"One and the same," she declared, shifting down into second and giving him another flash of bare, pale thigh.

"You mind opening the gate?" she asked him, bringing the car to a stop.

"Sure," he said, slipping out of the car.

Now they were at the scene of the crime (at least she hoped that it would be the scene of the crime).

Driving through the gate, she stopped and waited until he got back inside.

Stopping in the very same place she had stopped the day before, she turned off the engine and smiled at him.

"Well, here we are," she chirped, jumping out of the car and leaning down into the back seat. She knew that he would be able to see down her blouse as it ballooned out when she picked up the blanket and picnic blanket.

"Spread this out over there under the trees," she told him, tossing the blanket to him.

She watched as he shuffled through the thick matting of leaves to the place she had pointed to as she followed along behind with the basket.

With a quick shrug, he whipped out the blanket and let it settle down into a perfect square atop the mantle of leaves under the trees.

"This sure is a pretty place," he remarked, looking around at the secluded glen.

"And private, too," she said, kneeling down on the blanket and opening the basket. "No one will even know we're here. Here all alone, just the two of us."

She saw his face turn bright red once again as she reiterated the lines she had heard in the movie verbatim.

Sitting on her knees, she pulled out one of the bottles of wine and tossed it to him along with the wine opener.

"Make yourself useful," she told him.

Barely able to contain her excitement, she waited nervously as he opened the wine.

Smiling up at him, she held out the two wineglasses and let him trickle the sparkling, red liquor into the glasses.

"Isn't this wonderful?" she smiled up at him as she took a sip of her wine.

"Yeah, it is nice," he mumbled, taking a quick drink of his.

"Here," she said, patting the quilt by the basket. "Come and sit down here by me."

As he bent down, she rolled off her knees stretching out her long, bare legs.

She was quite good at this, she told herself as she smiled over at him. She would make a good seductress, even if the intended victim was already in her clutches even before she had begun.

Leaning back, she slowly let herself down onto the blanket. Lying there, staring up into the canopy of leaves, she couldn't think of any place that was beautiful as this. And the thought of venerating that beauty with the birth of a new love was almost overwhelming.

"Do you like it here?" she asked, slowly rolling over and facing him.

"Uh, yeah, it's, uh, it's really nice out here," he struggled through the words as if he could barely speak.

"Such a nice place to begin," she murmured softly.

"Huh? Uh, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," she smiled, sitting up and reaching into the basket.

"Are you hungry?"

"Starved."

Before she knew it, every morsel inside the basket was gone; consumed in a whirl of gluttony that shocked even her.

"Wow," she exclaimed, "You were hungry."

"I told you I was starved," he grinned, refilling his glass for the third time.

"Mine, too," she told him, holding out her glass for him to fill.

Then a strange melancholy settled over her as she laid back and looked up into the canopy of trees above them again.

What was she doing, she asked herself as she watched the breeze flitting among the leaves causing them to dance and frolic as if the whole tree was swaying to music? She was going to murder the relationship she had with her son. She was going to kill one and try to replace it with another, more sinister and wicked. But isn't that what he wanted? Would he be happier with the new one? What if he grew tired of her and found someone else? Then what would she have left? Nothing; nothing but empty memories of physical pleasure. But it wasn't too late. They hadn't done anything, yet. She could still stop it.

What did she want? She could feel the warring sides inside her head as she fought with herself.

Yes, do it!

No, don't do it!

It's what he wants!

He's just a boy, he doesn't know what he really wants!

It's a sin!

It's just another way of showing him how much you love him!

Then, as she lay there, she heard another breeze rustle through the trees sending the leaves into another fit of movement. But this time, she felt the warm breeze caress the bare skin of her legs with the touch of a lover's hand. As it did, she felt the soft, silky material of her skirt being lifted and turned back on itself. Taken by surprise, she suddenly felt the breeze whisper across the inflamed lips of her vagina, cooling the wetness as it blew over them.

She started to move her hand down to push her skirt down, but glancing up, she saw Nathaniel gawking down at her exposed womanhood. His eyes were as big as saucers and his mouth had dropped open.

Had the breeze been an omen? Was it meant to be?

This was her last chance to stop it. Her last chance to beg it off as a terrible accident and let them get on with their lives with some semblance of decency.

All at once, her whole world stopped. The birds suddenly stopped singing; the breeze died. There wasn't a sound except the thundering beat of her heart.

Finally, she moved. But instead of pushing her skirt down, she slowly spread her legs wider.

"Is it what you expected?" she softly whispered.

"What? Huh?" Nathaniel blubbered, looking like the proverbial cat who had just ate the canary.

"Does it look the way you expected it to look?" she asked again, her voice quivering with emotion.

"What? What do you mean?" he muttered, still unable to move his eyes away from her exposed femininity.

"Isn't this what you wanted?"

"What? I, uh..."

"Isn't this your fantasy come true?"

This time he didn't answer. He just stood on his knees staring down at her as she slowly moved her hand down to the wet slit between her legs.

"Isn't this better than looking at a picture of it?"

"How? What? What do you mean, Mom?"

"I know," she said, slowly rubbing her throbbing clitoris with her finger as her son watched on incredulously.

"I know all about your DVDs and my panties and my pictures," she continued, glancing down at his crotch.

This time there was no question in her mind. There was a huge bulge there now.

"And I saw you yesterday. I saw you watching the DVD and I saw what you did. What you did with my panties."

"Oh, No," he groaned. "I'm sorry."

"Why are all your DVDs about mothers and sons making love?"

"Uh, uh, I don't know," he groveled, his face burning brightly.

"Since that is the only kind of DVD that you have," she said softly, moving her hand away from herself, "it would make me think that you would like to do that to me."

He didn't answer. His face was so red, she was afraid that he was going to start sweating blood as she slowly inched her hand over onto his thigh.

"Do you?"

"Oh, God," he gasped as she slowly ran her hand up his thigh.

"Well, do you?"

"God, yes," he moaned as she touched him through his pants. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" he almost screamed.

"I never knew before yesterday," she said, sliding her fingers down under the waistband of his shorts. "I don't know what I would have done if I had known, but the more I thought about it, the more sense it made to me."

As she slowly tugged his shorts down, she could see the big, round head of his cock jutting out from under the waistband.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she whispered as she delicately eased the stretched waistband down the bloated shaft of his big penis.

"How? How could I tell you that I wanted to, to, to do it to you?"

"I don't know," she simpered nervously, wrapping her hand around the hard roundness of his cockhead. "I really don't know how you could tell your mother that you wanted to do it to her. Tell your Mother that you wanted to fuck her—"

Twisting his cockhead in her hand, she felt a warm spurt of pre-fuck sap spew out of his cockhead and quickly coat the palm of her hot hand with its slippery wetness.

"But I do," he blurted out. "I want to do it to you right now. I want to fuck you, Mother—"

"I can tell," she mewed, spreading his slippery emissions down the pulsating column of hard, hot meat.

"Mother, I want you so much," he grumbled, hooking his thumbs under his waistband and thrusting his shorts down around his knees.

"How bad do you want me?" she demanded, running her juice-slickened hand up and down his cock.

Slowly, she eased her hand back away from the jutting monster. Staring at the bulging evidence of his manhood, she waited for him to answer her.

"More than anything else in the world," he blurted out trying to walk on his knees but nearly falling as he tripped on his shorts.

"Fuck," he complained, jumping to his feet and shucking his shorts off over his feet.

Martha watched on with a whisper of apprehension filling her mind as her son jerked his shorts off and stood over her with his giant penis jutting out threateningly.

And it had been so long since she had been with a man.

"Please, lord, don't let it hurt," she mumbled under her breath as she watched the virulent creature slashing the air above her.

"Oh, mother," Nathaniel moaned as he dropped to his knees between her outstretched legs. "I love you, so much."

They had already gone far beyond the bounds that any mother and son should go, and now they were about to join their bodies together commit a heinous, wicked abomination against mankind.

As he scrambled up between her outstretched legs, she knew that she had to stop it now or be forever cursed by the wickedness they were about to render upon each other.

But this thought flitted through her mind like a butterfly flitting through a barren garden and finding no place to land as she reached up and took hold of her son's lurching manhood.

She felt him shudder as she wrapped her hand around him and bent him down toward the wet, waiting wound between her legs.

She could feel his stomach heaving as she brought the bulbous hardness of his cockhead down to the drooling woman-flesh. Slowly, she brought him to her and gently rubbed the head of his cock up and down the sopping furrow of flesh, coating it with her juices. Up and down, up and down, she drug it until it was dripping with her readiness. Finally, she guided the swollen hardness of his maleness down to the salivating opening of her womanhood and tenderly fitted it into the hot, clenching socket.

"Now," she whispered, pushing herself up at him, sucking him down into her pussy.

"Jeeeeeazzzz," he gasped, shoving himself down at her and driving his cock deep into the blistering heat of her tight, grasping cunt.

As his cock slashed down into the strangling stricture of her womanhood, the trees above began to sway and bend as they were whipped by a mighty wind.

She felt her son drive himself deeper and deeper into the inviolate chasm of her sacred motherhood; violating her in the most despicable way a son could violate his mother. She thought she felt the earth under her shudder, as if recoiling from a mortal blow.

Now the trees were whipping about madly as if to show their anger at being forced to observe the heinous atrocity taking place at their feet. As they swayed back and forth violently, she could feel herself being buffeted by the wind, but it couldn't stop the exaltation that she felt as her son's penis stretched her vagina open and filled its clinging tightness with his hot flesh.

How could she have ever let this happen, she lamented as the gods showed their anger by sending the savage wind to harass them while they fucked?

Then the birds began to curse and squawk diving down at them in protest as they flapped through the swirling bedlam of tree limbs being whipped into a frenzy by the wind.

None of this stopped her son as he continued to thrust his cock down into her. Then at last, he had his giant prick buried up to the hilt inside her hot, clutching cunt.

They were again mother and child; as one, his hardness filling the void that had been empty for so long. Her son had returned; returned to the sacred chalice that had sucked the seed from his father's manhood to create Nathaniel as a child; and was now coaxing the boy child to do the same; to refill her with his hot, creamy potency; to let her once again feel its hot strength flowing inside her womb.

But even as they became one, a part of her mourned the death of her son's innocence and her virtue.

But, before she had the opportunity to mourn its demise, Nathaniel began to work his hips back and forth and within moments, the remorse mutated into delight as his cock began to work its magic on her.

Even though she knew what they were doing was a mockery against decency, there was nothing that could stop the spasms of pleasure gushing up from the core of her womanhood as her son raked his great man-cock in and out of her slobbering slit.

Whimpering her acquiescence, she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist as he kept pounding his cock into her. As he rocked his hips back and forth, driving his bloated manhood in and out of her salivating cunt, she began to kick her heels down onto his bouncing ass in cadence with his violent attack.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes," she hissed, raking her fingernails down his back and urging him to fuck her harder and harder.

Unbuttoning her blouse, she wondered how long she would go on with the useless charade. As she shrugged her shoulders and let her blouse slip down her arms her breasts, swollen and bulging with milk, they flopped out into the

open. Since Debbie had been born, she had given up on wearing a brassiere around the house. She didn't see any point other than modesty's sake and for Alan's sake, but now, in her numbed state, that didn't even seem to matter anymore. Then, like one of Pavlov's dogs, she found herself bending over and slipping her panties off.

Now why did I do that, she asked herself, staring at the flimsy nylon briefs in her hand? Just a force of habit, I guess, she tiredly told herself, starting to bend over and slip them back on. Then she stopped. It was just too much trouble, she said to herself, tossing them on the bed.

Picking up the plastic cone with its latex hose, she deliberately fitted it onto her big, aching breast, centering it on the darkened tip and its big, bulging nipple. Flicking on the switch, she heard the machine begin to hum and felt the suction on her nipple. She watched as her thin and watery milk began to flow down the tube in gentle pulses. And as more and more of the white liquid dribbled into the bottle, it began to thicken.

As usual, she felt herself becoming aroused as her milk began to flow. It was strange, but she had always been aroused when she had nursed Debbie, too. So aroused, that she had almost had an orgasm on several occasions. This had bothered her so much, she had asked her doctor about it. Her doctor had told her that if had something to do with a hormone called oxytocin or something like that and that the hormone started the milk flowing. The doctor had also told her that it was the hormone that made women want to "cuddle". That explained the warm sense of fulfillment that came over her when she had nursed. Now that was lacking as the cold, lifeless little machine hummed away, mechanically sucking at her breast. She craved the gentle touch of warm flesh on her skin instead of the cold plastic. If only she could have another baby to satisfy that need. But now, with Brad dead too, she couldn't even turn to him to make another one.

A single tear leaked out of the corner of her eye and slowly trickled down her cheek as she mourned the loss of her husband and baby.

Reaching up to wipe away the tear, she suddenly saw Alan standing in the doorway watching her.

Her first impulse was to cover her breasts and tell him to leave, but she didn't. She wanted to be near someone and he was the only one that was left. He was all she had now. Slowly, she turned off her breast pump and pulled it away from her breast.

She hadn't taken her eyes off Alan as he stared at her exposed breasts seemingly entranced by them. She could feel a little stream of warm milk still seeping out of swollen nipple, running down over the areola, slowly dribbling down the curved underside of her oversized breast and finally dropping down onto her now flat and childless belly.

What should she do? Alan was gawking at her like he had never seen a woman's bare breasts before, but as he was a junior in high school, she assumed that he had seen plenty of breasts.

She knew that she should tell him to leave, but the need for affection was overpowering, regardless of its source. Finally, she lifted her arms and stretched them out toward him, beckoning him to come to her. A look of shock and disbelief spread across his face as he stumbled, tripping over his own feet as he slowly started across the room toward her.

She couldn't believe that she was asking her son to come to her. She shouldn't do this. But, she wanted to be held. Held and protected from all the pain and suffering that was swirling around her. And she wanted to hold him to her breast. Let him suckle. Suckle away the pain and emptiness that filled her heart.

"Mother," Alan sobbed as he dropped to his knees in front of her.

"Baby," she wept, wrapping her arms around the back of his head and pulling his cheek against her belly.

As her arms went around him, she suddenly remembered that she had taken off her panties as she felt the cotton material of his tee shirt brush up against the raw, inflamed flesh of her sex. Then his muscular arms lifted up and encircled her bare buttocks, roughly pulling her belly against his peach-fuzzed cheek.

Holding onto to each other as if their lives depended on it, they both began to cry. Softly at first, the sobs came, but as the moments dragged by, the sobs grew in intensity until they were wracking their bodies, they futilely tried to comfort each other.

Laura knew that what they were doing was somehow wrong, but it felt so natural to be held by her son. He was the only thing she had left. It couldn't be wrong, she thought. Both of us need to cry. To cry and wash away the grief that they felt.

Finally, after the longest time, the tears finally stopped, but she couldn't let go of him, afraid if she did, he would leave and she would be alone again. She didn't want to be alone. Not now. Not ever again—

She could feel his hot breath on her tear stained belly as she held his face pressed against it. It felt so wonderful to have someone to hold and comfort her, she thought as she tenderly ran her fingers through his hair. He was all she had left in the world now. The others that she loved had been taken from her. Now she was all alone except for Alan. Just the thought of being alone again made her feel all cold and dead inside. But holding onto her son kept that terror at bay for the moment as she gathered him in closer.

Rejoicing in their closeness, she barely noticed the first tender touch of his soft lips on her stomach as his head turned slightly in her arms. Then, she felt another touch, soft as a butterfly's wings as Alan's lips slowly kissed their way up her belly toward her aching breasts. She had just begun using the breast pump when she had noticed Alan looking at her and it hadn't had time to even empty one breast. The third kiss was even more obvious as she felt his lips leave her belly and slowly kiss up the rounded underside of her breast. The big rubbery nipple protruding out of the circle of pebbled flesh on the tip of her breast was still oozing and she realized that Alan was following the trail of milk up to it.

Distraught, she didn't know what to do. Was he just trying to comfort her? If he was, and she pushed him away, she would feel terrible. She had been using the breast pump hadn't she? Why waste it now? Why not let Alan have it? He had suckled her breasts when he was a baby. What could it hurt? No one else would ever know.

All at once, she felt his hot, soft lips on her nipple. She had no control over the feelings stirring inside her as a shot of adrenaline gushed into her blood stream. The same flush of arousal she had felt when she had nursed her now-departed daughter now came rushing back into her brain with a vengeance.

A part of her reeling brain cried out for her to stop him, while another part of it pleaded for her to let him go on. She knew she should stop him, but she found she couldn't. What could it hurt, she asked herself as she felt him begin to softly suck.

Just as he had done so long ago, his lips were softly pulling and milking as she felt her milk begin to flow again while his lips became more insistent. Her little baby boy was suckling from her breast again. As depraved as it was, she loved the feel of his lips pulling on her nipple; pulling on it and sucking out the sweet, rich milk of her breast. Her sweet, luscious mother's milk—

Then, as he sucked on her breast, she felt his hand on her other breast. Gently at first, he began to fondle and caress her breast as he suckled.

This was a dream, she told herself as she felt his mouth pulling harder and harder on her aching nipple. Just as his sucking was becoming more determined, his hand was squeezing her soft, pliant breast with more boldness as she felt it begin to leak and ooze too.

She knew that she should stop him, but she couldn't. It felt so wonderful. And, strangely, she found herself becoming more and more stimulated by her son's mouth and hand on her breasts as he hungrily pulled at one nipple with his lips while his fingers were teasing and gently plucking at the other one.

She knew that he was sucking on the breast that she had been using the pump on and didn't know how much milk it had left.

What would he do when it ran out of milk?

As she anxiously waited for him to suck the breast dry, she found that she was still lovingly running her hands through his hair.

Abruptly, she felt him lurch back away from her breast. While a part of her was glad that he had finally moved his lips away from her breast, another part of her felt a sudden emptiness. Torn between relief that he was done and craving the closeness, she was stunned when he turned to her other breast and quickly sucked its bulging nipple into his mouth.

Another sudden flush of sexual arousal rushed through her body as she felt the milk flowing from her other breasts begin to thicken.

How could nursing her son arouse her, she asked herself as she found herself cradling his head, holding his mouth to her breast? Her knees were growing weak as she held onto Alan for support too.

Was it really wrong? Hadn't they done the very same thing long ago, she wondered as she felt the milk pouring into his mouth from her breast?

Confused by her reaction to his nursing, she felt herself growing more and more aroused. A part of her was appalled by her body's reaction to her son's intimacy as she felt a warmth spreading out from her loins. She couldn't believe it, but there was no denying that she was feeling the first beginnings of an orgasm.

How could this be happening, she asked herself, pulling her son's head tighter against her breast?

She couldn't let herself have an orgasm. Not like this. Not in front of Alan—

That would make what had started out as something soft and loving into something twisted and sick out of the closeness that they were sharing. But, no matter what she told herself, the flames inside her loins were flickering higher and higher, growing hotter and hotter.

Then, Laura felt Alan's hand on her drained breast. She felt his fingers skim along over her breast until they found her tingling nipple. Before she knew what he was doing, she felt him take the nipple and gently roll it between his finger and thumb.

There was no way she could ignore the implication of this. He was obviously trying to arouse her.

Just the thought of her son sucking on one breast and teasing and tormenting the other breast was too much.

Clawing and fighting to hold onto control, she tried to stop herself from falling into the pleasure filled abyss of the orgasm that was beckoning to her. She felt herself sliding ever closer to the pit as Alan pawed and fondled her breasts.

She couldn't help it. She couldn't deprive her body of what it craved. Letting go, she threw herself over the edge and felt her body being possessed by the heart-stopping pleasure that rushed over her. As the delight welled up out of her loins, she began to shake and quiver while jolt after jolt of sheer, sexual gratification washed through her body.

"OH, NOOOOOoooooooooooo," she moaned as she fell back away from her son.

"What?" he gasped, standing on his knees between her legs watching her in wide-eyed bewilderment?

She couldn't answer him as she let the waves of pleasure pour over her. All she could do was gasp and wheeze while her body contorted with pleasure as she staggered back and fell against her bed.

But as the fires of her climax consumed her, she found her hands rushing down to her groin. The molten core of her sex was melting, caving down in on itself and she needed more as she hunched herself up against her hands, her fingers finding her clit and frantically stroking it.

She knew that Alan was gaping at her in openmouthed amazement, but she couldn't stop. Then, milk began to flow out of her breast on its own, pouring down over her stomach and soaking her skirt.

Shaking and whimpering throughout her orgasm, she watched on helplessly as Alan lurched to his feet and stumbled across to her. Then before she could stop him, he was leaning down over her with his lips locked around one of her spewing nipples, hungrily sucking and pulling on it.

She didn't know how long her orgasm lasted, but at last she felt it begin to wane.

Dazed and groggy from the mind-shattering orgasm, she lay on her bed unable to move as Alan continued to gently nurse on her breast.

At last, he stopped sucking and lifted his mouth up from her breast. His lips were covered with her frothy milk as he looked into her eyes.

"Are you okay?" he timidly asked, running his tongue around his lips, licking away the white bubbly milk.

"Uh-huh," she tiredly mumbled.

"What happened?" he asked her, reaching over and gently teasing a puffy nipple with his fingers.

"I think that it would be best if you left and let me take a nap," she smiled at him, reaching up and pushing his hand away from her breast. "We can talk about it later."

"Uh, okay," he muttered, slowly getting to his feet. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, Baby, I am fine," she told him, smiling weakly.

"Well, okay, then," he smiled back down at her. "I'll check back on you in a little while."

"Yes, do that," she said, closing her eyes and listening to his steps fade as he slowly walked across the room. She heard the door close and almost immediately fell asleep.

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As she woke, she had a nagging sense of guilt. Then it came back to her. Alan had caught her using the breast pump and then she had let him suck on her breasts. How could she have let him do that, she wondered as she slowly opened her eyes? And that was when she saw Alan once again standing in the doorway, smiling happily. Looking down, she saw that her breasts were still bare.

"I wondered if you were going to sleep all day," he grinned, walking across the room toward her.

"Why, what time is it?" she asked, starting to reach for the bedspread to cover herself, but finding her arms so heavy, she could barely lift them.

"Nearly seven," he told her, sitting down on the bed beside her.

"Seven? You mean I slept for five hours?" she asked incredulously.

"Yeah. You must have really been tired," he said, starting to reach for her breast.

"Alan," she said, finally able to lift her arm and drape it across her breasts to keep his hands off them, "we can't do that anymore."

"Why?" he asked, frowning.

"It is just not something that mothers and sons do. You know that..." she told him as she felt him gently caressing her arm with his fingers.

"But it was okay when I was a baby," he countered, letting his fingers trail down to the jutting underside of her breast, "and this afternoon."

"That was when you were a little baby," she told him, moving her arm down a little to bar his hand from the underside of her breasts, but uncovering the big, puffy nipple in the process, "and this afternoon, we'll that shouldn't have happened. I just wanted to feel close to someone."

"But you enjoyed it," he recounted. "And so did I."



"Yes, but that still doesn't make it right," she said exasperated. "It was still wrong."

"How can it be right then," he asked her, moving his fingers up over her arm to her exposed nipple, "and wrong now?"

"Alan, don't," she complained, moving her arm up and trying to push his fingers away from her tingling nipple. "You know as well as I do that mother's don't let their grown sons nurse."

"How do you know?" he came back at her, squeezing her nipple between his finger and thumb to keep her from forcing his fingers away from her nipple.

"Ouch," she yelped. "Please stop."

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, reluctantly releasing her nipple.

"We just can't let that happen again," she went on.

"But it felt so good to be so close to you like that," he sniffed. "I just wanted to be with you and hold you and you hold me. I've been feeling so all alone since Dad and Debbie died. And then when we did that, it made feel so warm and happy inside. It was like I had finally found something that could make the pain go away."

"Oh, baby, I'm sorry, but..." she started.

"And now we can't even do that," he whimpered, turning away from her.

"Oh, Alan," she groaned, struggling to sit up.

"I wish that we could," she gushed, reaching out and pulling him to her. "I wish that we could." She could feel him sobbing as she held him tightly with her breasts flattened against his back.

"Who would know?" he whispered between sobs.

"We would," she told him, feeling her own tears starting again.

"But if it makes you feel so good," he whined, "and I like to do it, how can it be so bad?"

Wishing she had stopped him the first time, she found her willpower beginning to weaken.

"Oh, Baby," she protested, "we just can't...we can't do it. It's wrong..."

"But it made us so happy," he said, his shuddering sobs finally stopping.

"I know," she whined, "I know."

"Don't you want to be happy again, Mother?" he asked her, slowly turning, looking at her over his shoulder.

"Yes. Yes, Alan, I want to be happy again," she sobbed, "but we have to find some other way to be happy."

"But, Mom, I'm tired of feeling sad all the time," he told her, turning, escaping her arms, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her to him.

"But, Alan..." she started to say.

"Can't we do it, again? Just for a little while? Just until we can get over Daddy and Debbie being gone. Just that long?"

She didn't know how to turn away his latest counter. It would be nice to feel so close to him during this time of their greatest grief. They would have each other to comfort and console one another, but it was so wrong.

"Just that long, Mother? Until we can get over it?"

She knew she had to say no, but how could she? She wanted it as badly as he did, but she was the grown up and had to make the choices for both of them.

"I promise that if we do it, I will stop anytime you tell me to stop," he burrowed in, sensing that she was weakening.

"I promise..." he repeated softly when she didn't speak.

It had felt so wonderful to be so close to him, she told herself. What could it hurt, if she let him nurse for a little while? Just for a week or two, until the pain was less.

He must have known that she was going to let him, as he let go of her and moved back away from her, letting his eyes drop to her breasts. He could see that both nipples were swollen and hard with a little stream of milk leaking out of them. They got that way when she was aroused...

"But only," she began, slowly moving her hands under her breasts and cupping them, "only for a few days."

"Oh, Mother," he gushed, leaning down and quickly sucking one of her bulging nipples into his mouth.

"Yes, Baby," she crooned, taking his head in her arms, cradling him to her breast. "Just for a few days."

It took a few moments, but as she felt the flow of milk increase, she also felt the fires in her loins begin to flicker and grow just as before.

She could hear him hungrily slurping on her breast as he pulled at her with his mouth. As he suckled her breast, she found it soothing her frayed nerves even as it lit the fires of desire inside the hot, aching emptiness between her legs.

Once again, she felt herself being swept toward another orgasm as he ravenously attacked her nipple. Suddenly, she felt an overpowering urge to taste her own milk.

What would make her want to do something so bizarre, she asked herself as she stared down at her unoccupied breast? She wanted to lift it to her mouth and suck on it. To taste her own milk. Then, she found her hand under her breast, cupping the heavy, swollen pap and slowly lifting it up. Staring at the big, dilated nipple as it rose toward her lips, she wondered why she had never wanted to do it before.

She felt the bloated, pink nub touch her lips and she tentatively eased her tongue out between her lips. Running her tongue around the big nipple, she felt Alan stop sucking on her other breast. Glancing over, she saw that he was leaning back staring at her as she held her nipple to her mouth.

Slowly, she opened her mouth and lifted her breast higher as she sucked gently on her nipple. Slowly at first, the thin milk began to trickle into her mouth. Then, as she began to suck harder, the stream grew in size. Now she could taste the thick, sweet milk that was streaming into her mouth. Gently sucking on herself, she filled her mouth and then swallowed it. It tasted good, she thought. Richer than she had thought it would taste. Now she could see why Alan liked it so much. But, she had to stop. There was something decadent and perverse about doing it in front of Alan, she told herself as she slowly eased the nipple out of her mouth and let her breast back down to her chest.

Smiling at her son, she daintily flicked out her tongue and licked the remaining milky froth from her lips. As she did, she watched Alan ravenously attack her breast once again. Happily, she watched him sucking on her breast as she felt herself slipping down the slippery chute toward a second orgasm.

Reveling in the warmth emanating from her pussy, she suddenly found herself looking down at Alan's groin. What she saw there amazed and shocked her. There was bulge jutting out of his crotch the size of a baseball bat.

He had a huge erection!

Gawking at the monstrous bulge, she didn't know what to do. This wasn't a part of the deal that they had made. She had agreed to let him nurse, but now he was excited. But even as she floundered in the treacherous muck she found herself mired in, she felt the flames inside her vagina begin to grow hotter and hotter. Why shouldn't he be aroused? Wasn't she?

She wanted to touch herself. Touch herself and relieve the growing inferno between her legs. But if she did, what message would it send to Alan who was already aroused to hardness?

As she fought the battles waging inside her head, she began to sweat. Alan was making little whimpering sounds as he devoured the river of mother's milk flowing from her breasts. Suddenly his hands were all over her breasts, pulling and squeezing them roughly.

As he groveled and drank from her breasts, she ran her hand down to her skirt and quickly unbuttoned the waistband. Pushing the zipper down, she pushed her hand down inside her skirt.

Oh, my goodness, she gasped as her hand slithered down over the soft curls of hair covering the pit of her belly. Why don't I have any panties on? Then, as her finger sought out her aching clitoris, she remembered she had pulled them off by force of habit earlier.

As her finger found her throbbing clitoris, she saw Alan move his hands away from her breasts and down to his pants. Through the growing blur of wickedness, she watched him fumble with the snap on his pants for a moment. Then with a grunt, he shoved his pants down to his knees, freeing the gigantic monster jutting out of his groin.

"Godddddd," she groaned as his giant penis sprang up from his belly, hard and ripe.

"Touch it, mother," she heard him groan as he reached over and grabbed her other hand and jerked it toward the towering monolith of muscle and flesh. "Please, Mommy, just touch it."

"Oh, No, I can't," she wheezed as she watched while Alan tugged her hand closer to the mammoth penis.

"Please, just touch it," he implored, thrusting it at her hand, "it hurts so much."

Suddenly, she felt the round, hard head of his penis nudge her hand.

"PLEASE MOTHER," he groaned out, pushing it up against her hand.

She knew she should jerk her hand away from the impatient monster, but she unexplainably found herself opening her hand and slowly wrapping her fingers around the jutting perversion.

"Oh, Chrissssssttt," he exploded as she squeezed the huge column of hard muscle.

As her fingers encircled it, she felt it jerk and watched on in horror as a giant spume of thick, hot cum erupted from the hole in the tip of the head of his cock.

"Mother, mother, mother," Alan blathered as his hips rocked up and down and his horrific peter spurted out gob after gob of thick, clinging cum onto the bed.

She was shocked and horrified by the sudden eruption of his cock. She didn't know what to do, but almost unconsciously, she began to slide her hand up and down the massive barrel of his cock as it lurched wildly in her hand.

She was disgusted by what she was doing, but she hated to see Alan in so much pain and couldn't stop herself from masturbating her son as he futilely shot gusher after gusher of thick, poisonous semen up into the air.

She couldn't believe how much cum he was shooting out as he grunted and gasped. With wicked delight, she watched the trembling muscles in his belly tighten and relax over and over again as the enormous cock loosed its milky load out onto the bed beside her. Wondering when it would stop, she suddenly felt his massive cock torn from hand.

Watching on in shock and horror, she found herself paralyzed as Alan struggled to his hands and knees above her.

His eyes were filled with madness as she watched him scramble over and crawl up between her outstretched legs.

"No, no, no, we can't—" she whimpered as he reached down and flipped her skirt up. "No, no, we can't..."

Ignoring her, he grabbed hold of his jerking, spurting penis and forced it down between her legs.

"No, no, we can't..." she wailed, trying to push him away.

She knew that there was no way she could stop him as she suddenly felt him slither inside of her.

"OH GOD..." she gasped in shock and horror as her son's monstrous perversion slid down into the hot, clutching core of her vagina.

She hated him for doing this to her, but loved the feel of his great cock as it filled her emptiness.

"Oh, no, we can't," she whined, thrusting herself up against him and feeling his belly slap down against hers.

He was inside her. Totally and completely buried down into the sacred sanctity of her cunt. Defiling her in a way no son had the right. Then as she silently cursed him for wishing this depravity on her, he began to fuck her. Driving his cock down into her cunt with a savage fury, he fucked her with deep, hard, bone-jarring strokes.

For a few seconds, she was too stunned to react. Then, shamefully, she found herself responding to him. Thrusting herself up to meet his attack, she took everything he could give her and wanted more. Wrapping her arms around his heaving waist, she dug her fingernails into his back, goading him to fuck her harder as she lifted her legs and drove her heels into his pistoning ass.

"Harder. Fuck me harder," she gasped as she urged him on. "Fuck me 'til you can't fuck anymore."

Staring up into his glazed eyes, she saw the animal in him. He was no longer her son, but some crazed beast that was bent on his own sexual gratification only. But, the frightening part was the reflection of her in his eyes. She, too, had turned into some demented horror, letting her son copulate with her so that they could drive away the demons that haunted them. She could feel the flames of hell licking at her soul as they fucked.

Suddenly, it consumed her, filling her head with brilliant flashes of light. As the fiery heat of her cataclysmic orgasm consumed her body, she heard a voice screaming.

"MOTHERMOTHERMOTHERMOTHER," it screamed over and over again.

But she was immersed in her own gratification and couldn't respond. He would just have to find his own pleasure. This moment was hers and hers alone...and it could not be shared...

## **The End**

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## **A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY**

Andy heard the phone ring. Standing just inside the kitchen door, he listened to the answering machine begin to recite its message.

"Hello, this is the Dillon residence. Samantha, Howard, and Andy are unable to come to the phone, but if you will leave your name and number after the beep, we'll get back to you as soon as we can..."

"Uh, hello, this is Steven Givens and I..."

Just then, Andy heard his mother pick up the receiver.

"Hello...Steven Givens, of all people...Why haven't you called...Oh, I see...Yes, I can understand why you might be a little wary...But it's been over two months...I know, I missed you, too...No, he's out of town until next Tuesday...Well, my son, Andy is here...You're in town now...Certainly...You can sleep in the guest room...My, my but you are a naughty boy...I'm sure that something can be arranged...Seven o'clock...That will be fine...I can hardly wait to see you again...Leave that to me...Yes, just like that night in the cabin...Yes, yes, me too...I'm all a twitter...Okay...Seven o'clock...Bye!"

Andy didn't know what to think, but based on what he had just heard, it sounded like his mother had just made a date with some guy named Kevin. But he couldn't believe that his mother was capable of anything so indiscreet as an affair. And flaunting it right in front of him? Un-fucking-believable...

Thinking back on the conversation, he recalled that she had said that it had been two months since she had seen him. What had happened two months ago? Then he remembered that his mother had gone skiing by herself about that time.

Damn, had she met someone while she was skiing? Met someone and did it with him? Naw, she couldn't have. Not his mother.

Just then his mother came walking into the kitchen.

"Oh, I didn't know that you were in here," she said, smiling nervously.

"I just got here. Why?"

"Oh, I just got a call from a boy I met while I was skiing back in January," she went on, walking over and opening the freezer. "I told him if he was ever in town to come over and I would introduce you to him. You're both about the same age..."

"Oh," Andy said, trying to act nonchalant.

"You are both about the same age, and, I, uh, I just thought you'd like to meet him," she said, reaching into the freezer and pulling out a frozen slab of meat. "He's kind of cool..."

"How come you never mentioned him?" Andy suspiciously asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she smiled at him, putting the roast into the microwave.

Andy could see the sparkle in her eye. She was almost bubbling over as she flipped the microwave on and opened the fridge.

"He's coming over for supper tonight around seven," she said, leaning down and shuffling through the vegetable bin.

Andy couldn't help but watch her skirt slowly inch higher up her smooth, ivory thighs as she did.

"I told him that he could stay over in the guest room so he could save some money," she said, speaking into the fridge as she selected some vegetables.

"Is that okay with you?" she asked him, standing up, turning and smiling at him as she set the makings for a salad down on the countertop.

"Hey, it's okay with me," he laughed, "but what is Dad going to say about you having a guy over?"

"Oh, Silly," she coughed out a strained laugh, "I'm not having a guy over."

"Sure, mom," he grinned, "I was just kidding."

"I know," she said, turning back around to the vegetables.

Suddenly, he saw his mother in a different light as he let his eyes wander down over her body. She still had a killer bod, he admitted, watching her short skirt flick back and forth across her nice, firm buttocks. And she had always had great legs, especially when she wore heels. In fact, he thought that was why his Dad had married her the way he went on and on about her 'great gams' as he called them. Although she was bare footed now, her legs were still shapely. While she had her back to him at the moment, he knew that she filled out her blouse beautifully. Suddenly, he found himself wondering what it would be like to suck on her big breasts; like he had when he was a kid. Just the thought of doing something like that gave him a perverse thrill to think that he had once sucked on her big tits.

Yeah, now that he thought about it, he could see where a guy would try and hit on her. Up in the mountains, all by herself and he knew that she like to have a drink or two on occasion. They could have met on the slopes and carried the conversation on into the bar and eventually to the cabin she had rented...or maybe his cabin or room?

"If you wouldn't mind," she smiled turning around to face him, "could you go and make sure the guest room is straight?"

"Uh, sure," he blushed, unable to keep his eyes from dipping down to her big breasts pushing out against her blouse.

"He will be here around seven," she told him as he looked back up to her face just in time to see a faint smile flit across her lips.

"Okay," he said, trudging out of the room.

Ten minutes before seven, Andy heard the doorbell ring. Stepping out of his room, he heard his mother clapping across the foyer toward the door in her high heels.

So she was wearing her heels for the boy. Quickly hurrying over the door, he got a glimpse of his mother as she sped toward the door. She was wearing one of her sexiest dresses. It was a tight little affair with a low cut top, leaving most of her ample breasts exposed to view while the hem of the dress struck her mid-thigh, leaving most of her long, curving legs bare and barely covering her cute, little tush. It was almost embarrassingly evident to Andy that she was putting on a show for her young guest.

Slipping back out of view, he watched through the crack between the door and doorframe as she opened the door. Then, with a quick glance over her shoulder, she grabbed the boy and pulled him into her arms, giving him a

long, passionate kiss. Finally, after a few seconds, she quickly stepped back and dabbed at his lips with the napkin she had conveniently had with her to remove all traces of the lipstick she had put on his lips.

"Well, hello, Steven," she said, a little louder than necessary and Andy knew it was for his benefit as she held onto the boy's hand and pulled him into the house.

"Uh, uh, hello, Mrs., uh, Mrs. Dillon," Kevin stuttered, still flustered by her sudden and unexpected display of passion.

"I'm glad you could come," she smiled, glancing over her shoulder again.

"Me, too," he grinned back. "Your husband isn't here?" he asked.

"No, he's not here, so come on," she softly laughed, turning and pressing her butt up against his crotch, "let's go see if we can find my son."

"I can't wait to meet him," he said, running his hand down over her butt in a most familiar manner.

Stepping away from him, she took his hand and led him across the room toward where Andy stood hiding. Andy quickly sneaked across the room and stopped in the doorway on the opposite side of the room. Then, just as they walked into the room, he stepped forward, giving the appearance of just entering the room, too.

"Oh, there you are," his mother bubbled.

"Andy, this is Steven, my skiing partner at Squaw," she laughed, stepping aside as Kevin stuck out his hand.

His mom sure knew how to pick them he thought as he shook Steven's hand. He was about the same size, height, and build as Andy and he was almost as handsome, Andy thought as they pumped each other's hand.

"Why don't you boys get to know each other while I put dinner on the table," she smiled, turning and walking away from them toward the kitchen.

Andy watched his mother walk away, her hips swaying just a little more than necessary, but not too exaggerated.

"Dinner won't be long," she said, stopping at the door and smiling at them.

"Your mom is a super mom," Steven grinned at Andy as Samantha disappeared into the kitchen.

"I know," Andy said, feeling just a little jealous and peeved at the boy's familiarity with his mother.

"And boy can she ski," Steven said, as the boys stood eyeing each other uncomfortably.

"ANDY, COULD YOU COME IN HERE FOR A MOMENT..." Andy heard his mother call out from the kitchen.

"Be right back," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

Walking into the kitchen, he saw his mother smiling and holding two glasses of wine.

"Here you go," she said, handing them to him. "You guys get to know each other."

Andy took the glasses and returned to the living room.

The rest of the night was like watching a movie for Andy. His mother fawned over Steven like a teenager on her first date, laughing at every joke, no matter how lame and dumb it was, heaping attention on him like he was the new found Messiah.

Finally, two bottles of wine and a couple of hours later, she leaned back away from the table.

"You know guys, I am really beat," she yawned, stretching. "I think I am going to call it a night."

"Yeah, man," Steven echoed, "I've got to drive another five hundred miles tomorrow, so I think I'll hit the sack, too."

"Andy, would you mind showing Steven to the guest room?" Samantha smiled, "and I'll clean up the kitchen."

"Sure, Mom," Andy said, pushing his chair back and getting up.

Starting out of the kitchen with Steven in tow, Andy knew that his mother was going to rendezvous with Steven later in the evening. They were going to meet in the guestroom and fuck. His mother and the guy walking along behind him were going to fuck all night right under his nose. And he was going to have to lay in his room and know what they were doing.

But then, out of nowhere came an idea. An idea so hideous and outrageous, only a pervert could have thought of it.

"Uh, here. Here are your accommodations for the night," he said loud enough for his mother to hear, then led Steven into the room and closed the door behind them.

Once they were alone, Andy confronted Steven.

"Look, Dude, I know what's going on and it just ain't gonna happen," he declared, bowing up, trying to make himself as big and intimidating as he could.

"What? What do you mean?" Steven asked him with a look of surprise on his face.

"You and my Mom meeting later. It's not going to happen, because you're going to leave," Andy told him.

"I, uh, I don't know what you're talking about—" Steven mumbled, realizing that they'd been caught.

"You're going to leave quietly...so Mom doesn't know you're even gone," Andy directed. "Because you don't want a big, ugly scene where I threaten to tell my Dad and get you in all kinds of serious trouble. Get it?"

"Uh, yeah, Man, yeah. We don't need to do anything drastic here," Steven fumbled, back toward the door. "Hey, look, Man, I'm sorry—"

"I don't want to hear it," Andy scoffed. "Come on. You're getting out of here..."

Opening the door, Andy peeked out and then motioned for Steven to follow him as the two of them stealthily crept down the hallway, out into the living room and over to the front door.

"I guess that we won't be seeing you anytime soon," Andy smiled, quietly opening the door.

"Yeah, guess not—" Steven muttered and went sulking down the driveway out to his car.

Andy stood watching until Steven's car disappeared out of sight before he went hurrying back to the guest room.

Walking over to the bed, he quickly turned back the covers and then went casually walking back into the kitchen where his mother was just finishing up the dishes.

"Well, since you guys are going to hit the sack so early," he yawned, "I guess I will just go to my room and read or something."

"Okay, Honey," his mother smiled, leaning over and giving him a quick peck on the cheek. "I'm glad that you and Steven hit it off so well tonight."

"Yeah, Mom, he's cool," Andy lied.

Heading into his room, he left the door slightly ajar and hurried into the bathroom. Taking a quick shower, he toweled off and flipped his light off. With a towel wrapped around his waist, he quickly wadded his bedding into a lump that would resemble a sleeping figure if one didn't become too inquisitive. Then he stealthily crept out into the hallway. Tiptoeing down the hall toward his mother's room, he saw that there was a sliver of light coming out of her doorway. The door was open just a crack. Heart in his throat, Andy quietly crept up to the door and anxiously peeked inside.

There she was standing in front of her floor-length mirror and she was naked! He felt a spasm of excitement jolt through his cock as he stared at her. He'd been right, he told himself. She was planning on joining Steven, but was she going to be in for a huge surprise, he laughed to himself, groping his hardening cock through his pants. Two of them, he smirked.

Standing watching his mother through the tiny slit, he saw her bend down and pick up the little vial of perfume she kept on her dresser. Lifting the dauber out of the bottle, she set the bottle back down. Then she cupped one big, pendant breast and lifted it. Running the dauber underneath the breast, she left a trail of her perfume behind. She repeated the same thing for her other breast and then made several other dabs with the dauber on her long, graceful neck. Then she slowly spread her legs and ran the dauber along the soft, flesh of her inner thighs.

This only proved his earlier assumptions. She certainly wasn't going to all this trouble to sleep alone. She was going to Steven's room. Or at least she thought she was, he laughed to himself. Finally, she returned the dauber to the bottle and picked up her hairbrush.

Turning away from the door, Andy slowly crept down to the guestroom. Smiling at his own ingenuity, he quietly opened the door and slipped over to the bed. Reaching over to the lamp, he quickly unscrewed the light bulb until the light went out, plunging the room into total darkness. Quickly slipping under the covers, he waited.

Time seemed to crawl by as he checked his watch every ten or fifteen seconds until finally, around ten thirty, he heard a rustling sound at the door.

Was it his mother? It had to be—

Waiting anxiously, he tried to see into the darkness, but couldn't. Then suddenly, he felt the bed shudder as someone bumped into it.

"Oops," he heard his mother mumble under her breath.

Afraid to breathe, he waited as his mother quickly pulled down the bedspread. Now he was lying on the bed, stark naked with his mother only inches away from him. His head was reeling with sexual excitement and fear as he felt the bed softly shudder when his mother crawled into the bed with him. Then her soft, round, warm body brushed up against his as he felt her soft, hot fingers on his chest. He could feel his mother's warm breath on his shoulder as the fingers tentatively flitted over his chest for a few seconds and then began exploring their way down over his belly toward the jutting scepter of his manhood.

Then he felt his mother's fingers wrap themselves around his throbbing maleness.

He thought his heart was going to burst as it hammered away down inside his chest.

"Oh, I don't remember it being so big," she whispered to him as she roughly squeezed and groped his twitching prick.

"Uh-huh," he grunted, trying to disguise his voice.

"But it has been so long," she murmured continuing to fondle and caress his cock as her soft, warm lips tickled up his shoulder and onto his neck. "I guess my memory is playing tricks on me—" she whispered into his ear.

"Uh-huh," he mumbled again as he felt her hot, soft body pressed up against him and her lips found his ear.

Feeling like his heart was going to explode at any moment, Andy felt her pressing her body against his as her lips brushed across his cheek searching for his. Then a sudden burst of skyrocketed lit the room as their lips touched. Her mouth was open and he could feel her tongue on his lips as she nipped and sucked on his lips.

His heart was hammering a mile a minute as his mother forced her tongue into his mouth and slowly began to run her hand up and down his throbbing, aching cock. Andy couldn't ever remember being so hard. Every drop of blood in his body had been pumped into it.

"Blaabby," his mother gurgled as she drove her tongue into his mouth.

Finally, overcoming his initial fear, Andy wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him tightly. As he did, he could feel her push herself against him, the kinky mat of pubic roughly rubbing against his hip. Murmuring softly, she rubbed herself against him as she frenched him deep and hard.

Growing bolder by the moment, Andy quickly found one of her big, soft breasts and began to roughly knead and fondle it.

How could this be happening, he asked himself as he groveled in the sheer amazement of the moment? He was playing with his mother's big, soft breast and she was loving it. And while he was fondling her, she was stroking his cock with her hand and frenching him with her tongue. His MOTHER! And they were both naked. Naked and lying on the bed together. Just the thought of all that almost made him shoot his wad as he fought to hold it back.

All at once, his mother jerked back away from him.

What was wrong? Did she know? What had happened? A spasm of fear shot through him as he felt the bed shake and jump.

What was she doing?

Suddenly a hot, soft expanse of flesh brushed up against his shoulder. The bed shook again and he felt more soft, warm flesh press up against his other shoulder. What was going on, he dizzily wondered as he felt the flesh clamp against his shoulders?

Then, all at once, he felt something brush down his belly and his cock was being sucked into a fiery wet furnace.

"Oh, God," he gasped as he felt his mother's lips encircle his cock and suck it inside her mouth.

His mother was sucking on his cock! His head was spinning. His mother was sucking on his cock. His dear, sweet mother was sucking on his cock. His dear, sweet mother, indeed—

And sucking so hard, it felt like she was trying to suck his balls up through his cock and into her mouth. Then he abruptly became aware of the hot, musky smell of his mother's sex filling his nostrils. The scent was growing stronger and stronger until all at once he felt a hot, wet flesh pressed against his lips. It was his mother's pussy and she was rubbing it in his face. She wanted him to eat her pussy while she sucked on his cock. Oh God, he thought, thinking he was going to pass out from the sheer perversity of it all. His mother was sixty-nining him.

Then a spasm of excitement tore through his body bringing the reservoir of cum in his balls to boiling point. Lapping at the salty wetness of her cunt as she recklessly slurped away at his cock, he knew he couldn't hold it back much longer. It felt like she was trying to suck the head of his prick off as she sucked harder and harder.

He had never come in a woman's mouth before. But he wasn't going to be able to say that much longer if she didn't stop sucking on him.

But this wasn't just any woman. This was his mother. And it was his mother's mouth that he was about to shoot his load into—

"Unggghhhhhh," he groaned out as he arched his back and thrust his hips up, trying to shove his cock deeper into his mother's hot, sucking mouth.

The spasm of pleasure that tore through his cock nearly fried the synapses in his brain as his cock heaved and spewed out a huge gush of thick, hot cream into his mother's mouth.

He didn't know what his mother would do since he had never come in a woman's mouth. He thought that she might be disgusted if he ejaculated in her mouth, but as his cock lurched again and spurted out another massive gusher of cum into her mouth, she just sucked harder. The he heard the faint gurgle as she swallowed. Oh, God, he thought, she was swallowing his cum. The thought his mother drinking his cum only fueled more monstrous eruptions as his cock lurched and spewed it out into her mouth again and again.

What would she do if she knew that it his cum, her own son's cum? Her own son's cum that was spurting out into her mouth, filling it while she was swallowing it down, he feverishly wondered? She didn't relent as she sucked and pulled on his cock while it emptied itself into her mouth? He wanted to lick her pussy, but the intensity of his eruption stopped him from doing anything but savor the wicked pleasure pouring from his cock.





Then, when it was hard and ripe again, Andy felt his mother sit up on his chest and scoot down over his stomach. Suddenly, he felt her lift his rigid hardness up. All at once, he felt his throbbing cock enveloped in the hot, wet heat of her cunt as she eased her pussy down on to him.

He had never felt anything so deliciously wicked before as her hot, clenching cunt slid down the thick fullness of his erect penis. She was so hot inside, he thought it was going to burn him as he slithered deeper and deeper into the forbidden depths of her cunt.

Straddling him, her back to his face, she slowly began to ride his cock, sliding her pussy up and down the juice-drenched monster, softly groaning in delight as he began to pump up and down on him.

Fucking her from below, he reached out and grabbed hold of her jiggling ass. Cupping the wriggling mass of soft, ass flesh in his hands, he fondled the jouncing cheeks as he drove his cock up into her over and over again. If only he could see, he wished as he pounded his cock into her. See what it looked like down where the wet, squishy sound was coming from. To see his cock sliding in and out of his mother's hot, clinging cunt. While it was wonderful fucking her, it would be so much more wicked if he could see what they were doing.

Imagining what she must look like as she bounced up and down on his cock, he tried to picture her naked on top of him. He could almost see her big, heavy tits heaving up and down as he squeezed and caressed her frolicking ass.

Up and down, up and down she rode, clinching and pulling on his cock with her tight pussy as she huffed and puffed. Sliding his hands up onto her hips, he held her and helped her by lifting and dropping her back down on his jutting prick, letting the big, thick column of meat slide all the way up to its hairy hilt every time she dropped back down on him.

Time seemed to slow to a stop as she fucked him. In an out, in and out, his shaft of hard, hot meat impaled her over and over again. It was ecstasy for Andy—

Then, finally after what must have been twenty or thirty minutes, he felt her begin to weaken and tire.

"Not strong enough, Baby," she panted, slowly raising her hips and letting the tower of his manhood wetly slither out of her overflowing cunt. "You're going to have to finish it."

"Uh-huh," he grunted, scrambling to his hands and knees as she flopped down on her back beside him.

As she lay on her back, he reached out to feel his way over to her in the darkness. Finding her with his hands, he crawled over her and quickly straddled her. As her hands flitted over his body and found his jutting prick, he quickly crawled up until his cock brushed against her soft, wet lips. Straddling her, with his knees brushing against her shoulders, he eased his hips forward and slid his cock into her mouth.

She quickly sucked his juice-slickened prick back into her mouth as he stood on his hands and knees above her slowly working hips up and down. Fucking his mother was exquisite, but to have her willingly take his cock into her mouth was even more perversely wicked, he thought as he pumped his cock into her mouth. But she had already proven that she would take him in her mouth, now he must take her the other way. Take her in the cunt and fill it with his cum, too.

What if he made her pregnant, he wondered? Just the thought of such a depraved thing almost made him shoot his load into her mouth.

"Unghhhh," he grunted, jerking his twitching cock out of her mouth.

"What's wrong, Baby?" his mother whispered as he scrambled down her body. "Don't you want to come in my mouth, again?"

"In your pussy—" he hissed, clambering up between her outstretched legs. As he did, he felt her hand on his cock, pushing it down, guiding it down to the hot, wet slit between her legs.

"Oh, yessssss—" she whimpered as his cock slithered inside of her.

Feeling his cock slip into the hot, sucking core of her womanhood, he grunted and shoved it in all the way up to its hairy hilt.

"So big," she crooned as he held himself buried deep inside her.

Then he felt her pussy begin to contract and squeeze down on his cock. She was milking his cock with her pussy, he feverishly thought as he slowly backed his cock back down the clinging heat of her cunt. Then, he eased himself back into her and began to rock back and forth, driving his cock in and out of the frothy slit between her legs.

Fucking her with deep, forceful strokes, he leaned down and sought out her mouth with his. In the darkness, he stroked his cock into his mother's pussy as he hungrily kissed her. Andy wished that he could see what she looked like with her legs spread wide apart and their sweat drenched bodies slapping together. If only he could see her.

He was tempted to reach over and flick the light on and watch his big, hard cock sliding in and out of her drooling hole. What would she do if she saw that it was him fucking her, he wondered as he probed her mouth with his tongue? But he knew, even if she didn't. He knew that he was fucking his mother. She might never know that she

had fucked her son, but he would know. And maybe, just maybe, someday, he would tell her. Tell her that she had sucked him off and then took his cock into her pussy and let him come inside of her.

Sawing his cock in and out of her, he finally tore his mouth away from hers. Gasping to catch his breath, again he wondered what would happen if he made her pregnant? What if he made his own mother pregnant with his own child? The wicked depravity of such a thing sent another evil thrill whirling through his head. Was she able to have a baby? After all, she was forty years old. Could a woman that old have a baby he dumbly wondered?

The thought of such wickedness shot through his head and before he could stop it, his cock began to jerk and spurt out its noxious load into his mother's tight, clenching cunt.

"Oh, yes, Baby, yes, fill me up with you hot cream," she panted, clawing and scratching at his ass as it bounced up and down violently.

"Fill my hot pussy with your sweet cum," she groaned as Andy felt her cunt squeezing his cock, milking it to get every last drop of cum out of it.

Twitching and jumping inside of the cum-drenched sheath of his mother's vagina, his cock spewed out gob after gob of his lethal cum into her.

Humping his cock into her as hard and deep as he could, he finally left his cock buried into her all the way to the hilt as it spit the last of its virulent potion into her. He had done it. He had finished inside his mother's pussy. Damn, I guess that makes me a mother fucker, he laughed to himself as he felt his cock slowly begin to wither and die down inside of her overflowing cunt.

"That was delightful," she murmured, nibbling on his ear as she continued to squeeze and tweak his dying cock.

"Um-huh," he grunted, slowly backing his cock out of her until it slithered out completely.

"Oh," she complained, "I wish that we could fuck all night."

"Uh-huh," he mumbled again, slowly rolling off her.

"But, I guess that I had better go back to my room. We wouldn't want Andy to catch us," she whispered, pausing for a moment and then continuing, "Would we?"

"Uh-nuh," he said under his breath as he felt the bed lurch when his mother scooted over to the edge of the bed.

"Night-night," she whispered. "It was awesome."

"Uh-huh," he inanely grumbled as the bed shook again.

Then as she opened the door, Andy caught a flitting silhouette of her naked body outlined in the dim light as she waved back at him and closed the door.

God! He had done it. He had carried it out without getting caught. He had fucked his mother and she didn't even know it had been him. Just the thought of it was almost enough to make him hard again he grinned as he rolled out of bed.

Shuffling over to the door, he slowly opened it a crack and looked out. In the dim light, he didn't see his mother, so he hurriedly stole back to his bedroom and got into bed. Lying there, he still couldn't believe that he had just fucked his mother. But he had and he'd gotten away with it.

Finally, he fell asleep reminiscing about the feel of her sweet pussy sucking on his cock.

Suddenly, he was jarred out of sleep by the sound of his mother's voice.

"Are you going to stay in bed all day long?" she asked him from the doorway of his room.

"Huh? What?" he foolishly mumbled as he rubbed his eyes and tried to bring the clock on his nightstand into focus.

"It's almost noon," she laughed, "and you're still in bed."

"Uh, Oh, I, uh, I guess that I, uh, I was really tired," he lied.

"Why is that?" she asked him, slowly strolling over to his bed. "Did you have too much wine last night?"

Strange that she was still wearing her house robe, he thought as he tried to clear his head and think up a plausible subterfuge for his fatigue.

"Uh, yeah, I guess that's it," he muttered. "How many bottles did we drink anyway?"

"Oh, a couple," she smiled, fiddling with the knot in the belt of her robe, "but I'm not all fuzzy-headed, like you."

"Maybe, maybe I drank more than you did," he said, his eyes fixed on her long, graceful fingers toying with the knot.

"Are you sure that it was the wine?" she smirked, slowly unthreading the knot, "or was it something else?"

"Huh? Uh, something else?" he choked out, "What-what do you mean?"

"I got up early," she went on, dropping the belt ends and letting them dangle down in the front of her robe as it slowly started to open, "to have breakfast ready for Steven. But, funny thing. He was already gone...without even say good-bye. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

"Huh?" Andy gulped, realizing that she must know that it wasn't Steven she had fucked.

Andy knew that he had been caught as a spark of fright shot through his brain. What was she going to do to him now that she knew what he had done?

"I found that strange after what happened last night...don't you think?"

"Uh, what-what do you mean after what happened last night?" Andy floundered, the ground underneath him suddenly becoming quicksand.

"You don't know? Your memory's that short? That is a little disappointing...because I remember every second. Every single second—" she coldly smiled, casually reaching up, pushing the shoulder straps of her gown down her arms and then letting the gown go slithering down to the floor to reveal the naked body underneath it.

"Does this jog your memory? But wait—No, it was dark last night and you couldn't see a thing could you?" she softly laughed, making her big, heavy tits bobble and twitch.

All Andy could do was lay there gawking up at his mother in a dazed stupor. She knew! She knew that it was him! His mother knew that he had fucked her!

"Uh, I, uh, I don't know, uh, what, what to, uh, say," he blathered, gawking at her naked body as she slowly walked toward his bed, seductively rolling her hips from side to side in her best streetwalker interpretation.

"And you thought that you had gotten away with it?" she chuckled, reaching down and jerking the covers back off him, "Didn't you?"

"Uh, I, uh..." he started only to be interrupted by her.

"Didn't you?" she snickered.

"Uh, I, uh, yeah, I, uh, I thought I had," he blathered out, staring down at her wriggling breasts.

"I knew it wasn't Steven last night," she laughed out loud. "Steven's equipment is not anywhere near as well-constructed as yours."

"But, uh, but, why didn't you, you stop, stop me?" he blurted out as she slowly crawled up onto the bed beside him.

"I knew that you knew about Steven and me," she smirked, reaching down and playing with his rapidly hardening prick, "so I needed to buy your silence."

"Huh?" he grunted.

"I figured that if I let you do it to me," she snickered again, "I wouldn't have to worry about you telling anyone."

"Jeez," he grinned, "Really?"

"Was I right?" she asked him, running her hand up and down his big, fat cock. "You're not going to tell your father are you? I would be such a shame to miss out on all the free stuff you can handle when he's gone..." she intimated.

"I, uh, I won't tell. I won't tell anyone. Ever—" he smiled.

"I called Steven and told him that we couldn't see each other anymore," she said, slowly rolling over onto her to her hands and knees, her big tits swinging and swaying underneath her. "I told him that it was just too dangerous and we couldn't risk getting caught."

"Uh-huh," Andy gulped, watching his mother's big, dangling breasts swing and sway under her as she moved over to where he lay gawking up at her.

"But now," she grinned, lifting one long, graceful leg over his legs and straddling them, "I need another young lover to satisfy all these wild urges I get."

"Uh-huh," he choked out.

"And what better confidant, could a woman have," she giggled, inching up until her pussy was hovering just above his stiff, hard cock, "than her own son?"

"Oh, God!" Andy groaned as he watched his mother slowly lower her drooling cunt down and rub it along the underside of his throbbing manhood.

"Don't you agree?" she whispered as she slowly sucked his cock up into her ravenous cunt...

## **The End**

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## **SAVED FROM THE DEVIL**

Mary's whole body shook as she wept. Everything was going wrong. Her life had been hell for the last two weeks since Clarence had left her. He hadn't even had the courage to tell her why. He had just left her a note telling

her that it was over and he was leaving. She had thought he might finally be the one. The one in the parade of men that she had been with since Sam died.

She just didn't care anymore. Nothing was going right. And today had been the capper. The house was a disaster; she couldn't even find a clean bowl for her cereal, so she hadn't eaten breakfast. Then the flat on the way to work. Ended up with two broken fingernails, dirt and mud up to her elbows and late for work. Her boss had threatened to fire her on the spot, but recanted only because he was short of help. But finally after she had gotten the fifth set of orders fouled up, he called her into the back and gave her, her walking papers.

"If you ever get your head screwed back on straight," he had shouted to her, "come back and I'll give you your old job back, but not until then."

If she could just make it home without another disaster befalling her, she told herself, she was going to crawl into bed and sleep forever.

Finally, she pulled back out onto the street and peering out through tear filled eyes, somehow managed to make her way to the street she lived on. Turning the corner, she saw a car parked out in front of her small, dilapidated little house and her heart did a happy flip-flop.

David was home. A happy warmth came bubbling up from her heart for a moment, before she remembered the shape the house was in. What will he think, she wondered, remembering the pots, pans, and dishes piled high everywhere in the kitchen and clothes strewn everywhere?

The happiness quickly turned to anguish as tears began to stream down her face once again. She couldn't do anything right—

But the thought of seeing David drove away the tears momentarily as she stopped the car and jumped out. Wiping away the tears with the back of her hand, she rushed up the sidewalk.

Throwing open the door, she stopped dead in her tracks. The kitchen was clean. Not a single dirty dish was in sight. In fact, it was spotless. And in the place of the dirty dishes, the table was set for two, with a bottle of wine in a wine cooler and candles.

What was going on, she asked herself?

"David. David, are you here?"

"Yeah, Mom," she heard him call out from the living room, "I'm in here."

"What are you doing home?" she bubbled as she swept into the living room and saw him standing by the end table with a dust rag in his hand.

"Just straightening up a little," he laughed, dropping the rag and throwing his arms out. "How about a little kiss and a hug?"

"Oh, Baby," she gushed, rushing over to him and throwing her arms around him, "you don't know how much I need one."

"That's kinda what I thought," he said, holding her tightly as she began to sob again.

"Oh, Baby, I'm so glad to see you," she spluttered, hugging him even tighter.

"I thought you might be needing a friend," he told her, "so I took some time off to come and spend a few days with you."

"Oh, God, do I ever need you," she mused, trying to stop the flood of tears flowing out of her eyes.

"Okay, okay, but first things first," he laughed softly, "Turn off the faucets."

"I'll try," she sniffed, "but I am just so happy to see you."

"Here, you go put this on," he told her handing her a package, "and then come into the bathroom and I'll have a bubble bath all ready for you."

Smiling for the first time in what seemed like years, she giggled and took the package from him.

"What is it?" she grinned.

"You'll just have to open the package and see," he told her, putting his hands on her shoulders and turning her toward her bedroom. "Now go and put it on."

Hurrying into her room like a little girl with a birthday present, she ran into her bedroom and quickly closed the door. Dropping the package down onto the bed, she tore the wrapping off.

"Oh, how pretty," she gushed to herself.

Reaching down, she picked up the soft, filmy gown.

Running one hand underneath it, she saw that she could see the outline of her hand through the gossamer material. It was sheer, but not too sheer. It reminded her of the gown she had worn on her wedding night David's father, Sam.

How come he always knows exactly what I need she asked herself as she swiftly peeled her clothes off and slipped into the gown?

Opening the door, she bashfully stepped out of her bedroom.

"You look dazzling," her son grinned at her as she timidly walked toward him.

"Thank you for my present," she softly said. "How do you always know what I need?"

"Cause, I'm your little boy," he grinned down at her, "and little boys always know what their mommies need."

"I hope that you like it," he told her, taking her hand and lifting it above her head as he slowly spun her around.

"You know how much I like soft, silky things," she cooed, pulling him to her and giving him another hug.

"You like it then?" he grinned, hugging her back.

"I love it," she giggled, stepping back.

"Well, ma'am," he smiled, taking her hand and leading her into the bathroom, "your bath is prepared."

"Oh, Honey, I can't thank you enough," she grinned back at him, leaning up and giving him a peck on the cheek.

"You take your time," he told her, walking back over to the door and pausing, "and when you finish, we'll have some supper."

It seemed like all the cares of the world were slowly evaporating as she luxuriated in the warm caressing water. Sipping on the glass of wine David had left for her, she watched her big, heavy breasts gently bobbing in the warm water.

I wonder what kind of wine this is, she wondered? It has a strange taste to it. I've never had any wine like it before.

Smiling, she suddenly realized that her nipples were hard. Why, she wondered as she raised her hand and gently rubbed one of the tingling buds. What was happening to her, she asked herself as she felt an unfamiliar warmth spread out from her pussy. What was going on?

Puzzled by her body's reaction to the water and wine, she pulled the stopper out and watched the water disappear down the drain.

Sitting there in the empty tub, she had the strangest feeling. She had never felt anything like it. Her arms felt heavy and listless as she lifted her hands and ran them over her body. She felt so relaxed and mellow; she didn't have a trouble in the world. It was like all her worries had been washed away by the strange wine. Now, the only thing that mattered was that she was happy for the first time in a long, long time and nothing was going to change that.

But at the same time, underneath the feeling of quiet serenity, there ran a current of excitement. She couldn't explain it. She almost felt like she had taken some weird drug. A drug that had quieted her while at the same time it excited her.

She didn't know why, but she found herself growing more and more excited as she towed off. Then, as she delicately lifted the gown and let it fall down over her body again, she had the oddest feeling. It was the same feeling she had, had on that wedding night, with Sam. It was almost as if she were dressing for bed. Dressing for her lover, she thought as she ran her hands over the soft, silkiness, feeling her body underneath it.

Shaking her head, she laughed and picked up the wine glass.

"You're acting like a silly little girl," smiling and muttering to herself as she drank the last of the wine.

She hadn't eaten all day and she could feel another wave of warm soothing serenity spread out over her body from the alcohol.

Picking up the hairbrush by the sink, she ran it through her long, shoulder length hair as she looked at herself in the mirror. Another shiver of expectation flowed down her spine as she saw that the gown revealed the outline of her body, but hid the details from view. I hope that David likes it, she strangely thought, smiling to herself.

Running her hands down her body one last time, she felt a tiny, nagging irritation somewhere down deep inside her sedated psyche. It was trying to tell that something was amiss, but she couldn't for the life of her remember what it was. She just knew that she had to go to her son and show him how much she liked her new present.

Her fingers were strangely numb as she slowly turned the doorknob. It was as if the wine was washing away her senses one by one. She started to step out of the bathroom and almost tripped. Now it was spreading to her legs, she laughed softly to herself.

Am I getting drunk, she asked, as she caught herself and stood holding onto the door? If I am, it's not like any other drunk I've been on.

"Mom, are you okay?" she heard David ask her as she stood holding onto the door.

He sounded like he was a million miles away as she turned and looked toward the sound of his voice.

"My legs don't seem to want to work," she foolishly grinned as she watched him walking toward her.

"Let me help you," she heard him say.

She watched him striding toward her, noting that something was wrong. He was dressed funny. She had never seen him wearing anything so funny before.

"You look silly," she giggled as he stepped up to her.

"What," he grinned, gently sliding his hand around her waist, "you've never seen a butler before?"

"A butler?" she smiled, letting him slowly lead her toward the table.

"Yes, a butler," he said, helping her down onto her chair. "I'm your butler for your evening repast."

That nagging little annoyance came back to her as she watched him pouring her a glass of wine. She knew that he shouldn't be dressed like he was and she knew that she should be wearing more than a filmy nightgown, but somehow, she just didn't care. She was with her son and happy. Besides, he wouldn't do anything to hurt her.

"Where did you get such a costume?" she smiled at him as he handed her the glass of wine.

"I bought it especially for this occasion," he smiled back at her, slowly turning around in a circle. "Do you like it?"

There wasn't much to like or dislike, she laughed to herself as she watched him slowly revolve around in front of her. All he was wearing was a black bow tie around his neck and a skimpy pair of black thong briefs.

She felt a whisper of embarrassment as her eyes wandered across the bulge pushing out against the thong. Suddenly, she felt another surge of confusion as she found herself wondering about the size of his penis hidden underneath the thong. She felt her face warm as she blushed knowing from the size of the bulge, it must be a very big one.

"I, uh, I don't know," she stuttered, not sure what to say.

"I bought it just for you," he smiled, reaching down and pulling the waistband out and letting it snap back.

She was growing more flustered as she wondered what he meant by that.

"Uh, what, what kind of wine is this?" she asked him, trying to divert the conversation onto more stable ground.

"It's a special blend that I prepared just for you," he smiled again, watching her take sip of it, "do you like it?"

"It has a strange taste to it," she said, taking another sip, "I've never tasted anything quite like it before."

"It does have a special quality, to it, doesn't it," he softly chuckled. "I think the more you drink, the more you'll like it."

"It makes me feel funny," she giggled.

"It's supposed to," he laughed, turning and walking over to the counter.

She watched his tight, hard ass quiver and ripple with each step as he walked. She knew that they shouldn't be doing this, but something had killed her inhibitions. Was there something else in the wine? Wine had never made her feel like this before.

Staring at her son's ass clench and tighten as he worked at the counter, she suddenly found herself staring at the big bulge under the black thong as he quickly turned around.

Glancing up, she saw that David was quietly laughing as another wave of embarrassment washed over her.

"I hope you like it," he mischievously smiled.

"What," she gulped, feeling her face turn bright red.

"The meal," he laughed again, slipping the plate in front of her.

"Oh," she shyly mumbled, looking down at the plate.

Time flew by and before she knew it, the meal was over...

She had never had such a wonderful meal, she thought as she pushed the plate back away from her.

"That was wonderful," she gushed, taking another sip of the wine.

"Glad you enjoyed it," he told her, sweeping up the dishes and putting them in the sink.

"Now you are in for some plain old indulgence," he said, taking her hand and pulling her to her feet.

"What do you mean?"

"You just sit here on the couch and sip on your wine and you'll find out," he smiled, turning her around and gently pushing her down onto the couch.

What was he up to now, she wondered as she watched him pull the ottoman over in front of her?

She watched as he sat down on the ottoman and reached down to her feet. Gently, he lifted her feet up and rested them on his legs. Then she saw the nail polish in his hand. He was going to paint her toe nails, just like he had done when he was a little boy.

A rush of pleasant memories spilled out into her brain as she watched him delicately lift one of her feet. But what was he doing now, she asked herself as he bent down and tenderly kissed her big toe. He'd never done that before—

"Oh, goodness," she whispered as he opened his mouth and gently sucked her toe into his mouth.

She had never felt anything so sensual as he softly sucked on her toe and tickled it with his tongue at the same time. All at once, a jolt of pleasure shot through her body. It washed over her pussy and made her nipples swell to immediate hardness. It was almost like a tiny orgasm, she groaned to herself, fighting to keep from pulling away from him.

"Oh, David," she whispered as he let her toe slip out of his mouth, only to suck the next one in line into his mouth.

Luxuriating in the intimate touch of his tongue and lips on her toes, she felt her whole body growing warm. Her arms were so heavy now, she was having difficulty holding the wineglass to her lips as she slowly sipped on it and reveled in the moment.

There had to be something wrong about this, but, for the life of her, she couldn't figure out why. It just felt good...

Then David brought up her other foot and baptized each of its toes in the sucking warmth of his mouth.

At last, he laid her feet back on his legs and opened the bottle of nail polish. Through the haze of total indulgence, she watched him lovingly paint each toenail a soft, feminine cherry pink.

When he was finished, he gently let her feet back down to the floor and stood up. Walking over to the end table, he set the polish down. Smiling at her, he slowly moved around behind the couch.

"That was nice," she smiled, looking up at him as he bent down over the back of the couch.

"And now for madam's massage," he spoofed, running his fingers along her shoulders.

She could feel his soft, strong fingers on her shoulders, kneading the tense muscles. She felt like she was going to melt and sink down into the couch as she began to totally relax. His fingers once again worked their magic as they had always done. She could remember the hundreds of times he had given her shoulder massages and never had they failed to transport her into nirvana. And now was no exception.

"That feels wonderful," she murmured sleepily as he plied her shoulders with his fingers.

Then she felt him gently push the straps of her gown down over her shoulders. As he did, she leaned forward just a little to help him free the gown.

Oops, she thought when the soft, slippery material rustled down her arms and fluttered down into her lap.

David's fingers paused a moment as she felt his eyes on her exposed breasts.

Mary knew that she should pull up her gown or cover them with her arms and hide them from her son's peering eyes, but her arms didn't want to move. Unable to move her head either, she looked down at her breasts and saw that they were softly quivering as they rose and fell when she breathed. And her arms were partially hidden from view by the rounded edges of the pale, quivering flesh. And her arms seemed paralyzed. How could she move them?

As she pondered this problem, she felt her son's fingers begin to move once again. Closing her eyes tightly, she willed her arms to move, but they remained paralyzed. Why? What was wrong with her? She knew that she must cover her breasts, but she couldn't.

Finally, she felt some feeling returning to her fingers. She could finally move them as she gathered her strength to lift the top of her gown back over her breasts.

But, just as she started to lift her arms, she felt her son's fingers slip down from her shoulders and slowly begin to move down the slope of her breasts. What was he doing? She was stunned. Too stunned to move as paralysis set in again and his fingers caressed their way down over her breasts. This was something she wasn't prepared for. Never had she imagined that anything like this could happen between them. Not to her. And especially not with her son David. He was the epitome of goodness in her eyes. He could do no wrong. Not her David.

Yet even as she struggled with the reality of his fingers gently inching their way down over her bare breasts, she couldn't deny the warmth that was washing over her body, flowing down and centering itself in her warm, wet womanhood. As his fingers wandered lower and lower, she still couldn't lift her head but she opened her eyes, moving them down, watching her son's strong, probing fingers caress the flesh of her breasts. As she did, she was shocked to see that her nipples were so swollen, they looked like two big, pink ping-pong balls jutting out of the darkened tips of her breasts.

This couldn't be happening, she told herself as her son's hands slowly slid down under her breasts and cupped them. Unable to breathe, she watched as he gently lifted her breasts and began to tease and toy with her bloated nipples.

Oh, for god's sake, she groaned inwardly as the nerve connecting her nipples to her clitoris sprang into action. All of a sudden, she felt her neglected clitoris begin to beg for attention as it painfully ached to be touched.

WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HER? For Christ's sake, how could she let her son excite her this way? Her son. She knew that she shouldn't be having such feelings, but she couldn't stop the excitement rushing into her brain.

There was no denying what she was feeling. Down underneath the gown, between her legs, there was a storm gathering. She hadn't felt so aroused by a man in ages. Not since David's father had she felt such excitement. And it was so strange. While she had no feeling in her arms, her neck, her legs, it seemed all of her sensations were gathering down in the wet, sticky core of her sex.

But this was forbidden. She wasn't allowed to become excited by her son. Then, a tiny, wandering thought flitted through her brain.

What would it be like to make love to David?

Just knowing that she could even allow herself to have such a thought sent a torrent of guilt ripping into her brain. Please, please forgive me for ever having such a thought she begged to her God.

But even as she prayed for forgiveness, she felt her son's hands slowly ease her breasts back down. Then, they were gone.

Thank goodness, she groaned, the Gods had answered her prayers. Finally, she was able to breathe as she exhaled a great shuddering gasp of breath that she had been holding in her lungs. He had stopped. Now she could cover herself and remove the temptation from him. But even as she was thinking about it, she heard David step around in front of her. Then, before she could move, he was on his knees in front of her.

"Mother," he softly whispered, leaning forward and tenderly kissing one quivering white breast.

Oh, no, this was even worse, she complained to herself as she felt the warmth of his lips slowly encircle an achingly-sensitive nipple.

She couldn't let this continue, she thought as she felt him gently sucking on her nipple, tickling and teasing it with the tip of his tongue. She wanted to push him away. Tell him that it was wrong. Tell him that they would burn in hell for what he was doing. But she couldn't.

But she didn't know why—

Then it came to her. She wanted him to do it. Wanted him to keep it up and even do it to her other breast. It made her all warm and happy inside to have him suckling her breast again. It was wrong and she knew it. Terribly, sinfully wrong, but then why did it feel so good?

As he nibbled at her nipple, she suddenly felt his hands on her thighs. His mouth and tongue were becoming more insistent as now she could hear his mouth slurping quietly at her breast. The tingle of excitement running down from her breast was also growing stronger. At last, her son's lips relented and slipped away from her aching nipple.

But before she could react, she felt his lips find the other nipple and quickly suck it into his mouth. Her feelings were rapidly rushing out of control once again. Then she felt him ease his hands up under the gown.

No, not that, not there, she groaned to herself as she felt his hands began to work their way up her trembling thighs toward her burning womanhood. That would be too much to endure. She couldn't let it go that far. She had already let it go much, much too far, but she could never let that happen. But, even as she told herself to stop him, she let his hands creep higher and higher toward her aching femininity. She could feel his hands inching nearer and nearer to the sacred chalice of his birth. No son could be allowed to touch that holy chalice.

Once a son had been expelled from the nurturing warmth of his mother's sanctity, he could never return to it. Once he had been banished from her sanctified womb, he was banned for life and could never, ever be allowed to partake of its wondrous sanctity again.

Now his lips, hot and burning, sucked and pulled on her swollen, aching pap more insistently.

Then she groaned as she felt his fingers find the aching softness between her legs. She couldn't stop him. All she could do was stare down at him as he nuzzled her breasts. It was as if he were trying to coax milk from her barren breasts once again while he teased and tormented the bloated nipple.

Suddenly, she felt his fingers exploring the tender flesh surrounding her forbidden womanhood. Why couldn't she lift her hands and push the probing, poking fingers that explored the pliant flesh around her vagina. Suddenly, she realized how wet she was when she felt a long, thick finger find the fleshy slit and easily slide into it.

"Awnooo," she whispered, but couldn't stop the involuntary parting of her legs as she spread herself for him.

Her protest, weak and feeble as it was, only served to goad him on as he sucked on her tingling nipple even harder.

She felt him push his finger deeper into her weeping slit until it was all the way in, buried up to last knuckle.

How could this be happening, she asked herself as her head began to spin crazily? It wasn't supposed to go like this. It had started out so innocently. Just dinner and the enjoyment each other's company. But, now he seemed determined to enjoy more than just her company.

She could barely breathe as he held his finger down inside of her for the longest time.

She wished she could move, but her body was completely ignoring all directions from her brain.

Then, at last, a glimmer of hope sprang into her heart, as she was able to move her arms. But it took every last ounce of her strength as she put her hands on his chest and pushed.

Thankfully, she felt his lips slip away from her painfully-sensitive nipple. But her relief was short-lived as she watched in horror when his lips began to slowly kiss their way down toward her vulnerably-exposed womanhood.

As bad as it had been before. It was a million times worse now as his lips found and encircled her clitoris.

He was destroying everything.

He had been the one stable thing in her life. The one thing she could depend on through thick and thin. And now he had turned into a man. And all men wanted the same thing. Her heart was breaking as she watched him bury his



face down into the softness between her outstretched legs. Tears filled her eyes and began to run down her face, but he ignored her exasperation.

But even as she cursed him, she could feel his tongue on her clitoris. But it felt like no tongue she had ever felt before. It was flaming hot and as rough as sandpaper as he hungrily lashed at her sanctity.

Staring down at him with disgust and shame, she saw that his skin was turning red. A deep, evil scarlet red. Blinking her eyes to clear them of the tears, she gaped down at him in amazement and was even more shocked by what she saw.

It looked like two little, red nubs of hard, shiny bone were slowly pushing out through his flesh and hair. It looked like...No, it couldn't be. But it looked like he was growing horns. As the protuberances grew longer and longer, she felt his tongue savagely attacking her.

There was no way she could ignore the brutal attack on her cunt, which was now afire with excitement. The feelings pouring from her pussy were overpowering as she suddenly felt herself being consumed by an unholy desire for gratification. She should never have let her son bring her to this point, she argued with herself, but she had never felt like this before.

The horns continued to sprout out of his head as he ravaged her with his wildly lashing tongue.

Then, just as the horns stopped growing, her son slowly lifted his face up from the sticky gash between her legs. As he stared up at her, she felt a numbing fear settle down over her. The face staring back up at her wasn't her son's. It was an abomination with red, piercing eyes staring at her coldly as she watched him open his juice-covered lips.

Suddenly, his tongue came slithering out like some evil, reptilian thing. She called it a tongue because it came out of his mouth, but it was like no human tongue she had ever seen. Like some evil snake, it grew longer and longer as it flicked up over her breasts. As it touched her, she felt its fiery heat scorch her skin. Then, it rasped across one bulging nipple and she thought it was going to explode. She didn't know how, but she felt herself growing more and more excited as the long, evil tongue lashed about tormenting and teasing her nipples relentlessly.

Groaning, she wanted it to go back down to her cunt. Suddenly, she felt energy pouring through her arms as she threw her hands out and grabbed hold of the horns jutting up out of his skull. Grunting, she drug the ghastly head back down between her legs until she felt the hideous creature's tongue find her clitoris once again. As the evil thing raked back and forth across her clit, she felt an orgasm fighting to escape from deep inside her womb.

Whimpering in defeat, she slowly began to hunch her cunt up against the thing's face. Grinding herself into his face, she pulled down on his horns and held him thrust up against her cunt. She could feel the wicked delight pouring from her as the monstrosity ravenously lashed her clitoris.

Then, she felt the tip of the big, thick tongue circle the fleshy slit and slide down into her vagina. God, how despicable, she revolted. The monstrous thing was fucking her with its tongue. She had never imagined a tongue could be so large and so thick as it slid down into her and filled her pussy with its scorching heat. Nothing could be more wicked, she groaned to herself as she felt the tongue begin to slide in and out of her cunt.

"Oh, God," she cried out as she began to push and pull the horns in rhythm with the in and out tempo of the tongue. She couldn't be doing what she was doing, she told herself as she fucked the thing's juice-drenched face. Grunting and snorting with effort, she pulled him down into her cunt and felt the fires inside her cunt growing hotter and hotter.

**SHE WAS GOING TO COME!**

How could she have let herself come this far, she feverishly wondered as she felt the cataclysmic eruption of pleasure building inside her drooling cunt? It was her son, her very own flesh that was making her lose control and destroy herself for these precious few moments of self-gratification.

Her angel had turned into a devil and was now dragging her down into the very depths of hell with him. But after all, he was just a man and all that men really wanted from women was sex.

"It's coming, it's coming, it's coming," she panted, holding onto the horns and jerking his head back forth while she ground her cunt into his face. "I'm going to finissssssssssh."

Then it was upon her, pleasure pouring out of every pore of her body as she cried out in anguish.

"I can't, oh, God, wonderful," she blathered as the evil tongue furiously slid in and out of her burning hole.

Her whole body was engulfed in ecstasy as the pleasure of her orgasm crashed down on her. She had never felt anything like it. Wickedly evil, it took her breath away as she held the thing's mouth plastered down on her cunt while his tongue continued to knife in and out of her pussy.

Time seemed to stop as the waves of sick pleasure washed over her again and again. The pleasure beat upon her like waves beating onto the shore making her wish it would never stop.

Finally, the spasms began to ebb and grow weaker until at last they stopped.

Exhausted, she sat unmoving as her son slowly lifted his head from between her legs. Shame and disgust came welling up out of her soul as she watched him put his hands on her knees and push himself to his feet.

She couldn't move. Sprawled out on the couch, her legs spread apart, she tried to move them but they seemed to weigh a thousand pounds each. She was mortified as she just lay there with her cunt, still wet and sticky from her son's slobber and her juices and burning from the horrific orgasm that had raged through it, openly exposed to her son.

Her gown, the one he had bought her, now lay in a wrinkled mess twisted around her belly, leaving her heaving breasts uncovered, too. Her arms, now made of lead had sunk down into the couch and she couldn't lift them. All she could do was pitifully look up at her son who stood leering down at her with an evil grin on his face.

Stunned, she watched his hand slowly drop down to the side of the thong he wore. She knew what he was going to do and couldn't do a thing to stop him. Then her mind reeled in shock when he flicked the snap and the thong dropped away from his dangling cock.

"Oh, God," she gasped as his cock suddenly flopped into view.

She had never seen anything so purely evil as it flounced from side to side. The grotesque thing hanging down from her son's belly quivered and shook sickly with its giant, bloated head almost touching his knee. It was as big as a horse's cock.

All she could do was stare at the grotesque monster as her son leered down at her.

Finally, David reached down and grabbed her hands. With a jerk, he pulled her to her feet. Her legs didn't want to hold her up, but after a couple of seconds, she felt the blood pulsing into them. Dropping one of her hands, David began to pull her toward her bedroom.

Stumbling along behind him, she felt her gown slip down around her ankles. She tripped and nearly fell, throwing out her hand to stop her fall. As she did, she grasp hold of something hanging down from David's ass. Struggling to keep her feet, she gasped in horror when she saw that she was holding a thick, hairy tail hanging down from her son's ass.

Retching in disgust, she jerked her hand away from the hideous perversion.

"You don't like it?" she heard her son cackle as he gave her arm a tug.

She couldn't speak. All she could do was stare at the wriggling depravity as she lurched along behind her son. Or was it her son? With horns and a tail, he could be only one thing.

It was Satan. Her son, David was the devil? How could that be? How could she have raised the Devil himself and not know about it?

Her mind reeling under the barrage of terror, she felt herself being led to the sacrificial altar.

Laughing evilly, David pushed her down onto her back and stood by the bed looking down at her.

Wondering why he was just standing there leering at her, she dropped her eyes down to the malignant growth hanging down from his belly. It had been huge before, but now she could see it visibly growing right before her eyes. Watching on in horror, she watched it swell and grow harder each with each passing moment. Slowly, its evil head began to lift up into the air as she watched on in disgust and fright.

Within seconds, it was jutting out perpendicular to the floor, sticking straight out at her as she watched it pulse and throb with evil energy. Higher and higher rose the monstrous head as the penis grew, until at last, it stood straight and hard, pointing straight up at the ceiling. It was horrendous with its wicked, bloated head almost centered between her son's hard, little nipples.

He knew he would split her apart if he put the ghastly monstrosity into her. She could never take anything that big.

But even as she told herself this, David reached down and roughly shoved her legs apart. Watching on in shock and disgust, she saw him quickly climb up between her outstretched legs. Staring down at the abomination jutting out of his groin, she could only hold her breath and pray as it dropped down out of sight between her legs.

Then she felt the hard, round head of his monster pressing against the soft, fleshy lips surrounding the drooling opening of her vagina. Looking up, she found herself looking into the cold, unforgiving eyes of her son as he forced the horror into her.

"Oh, David, please," she begged as the bloated prick-head began to slip down into the constricting tightness of her cunt.

Ignoring her pleading cry, David smirked evilly and continued to shove his cock down into her burning cunt.

Watching in shock and horror, she saw his long, sinuous tongue slink out between his lips as his prick knifed deeper and deeper into her aching wetness. Like some loathsome snake, his tongue slithered over her lips and forced its way into her mouth. Now her son was fucking her twice over. Nothing could ever be so horrendous, she thought as she felt both of the hard, fleshy monsters invading her body.

Feeling she would be split in two any second, she felt his mammoth penis filling her pussy to its limit, but it continued to force its way into her womb. Then, just at the moment, she thought she would explode, it stopped. Now she could feel his hard, flat belly lying against her own. He had his entire gargantuan penis inside of her stretched,

burning cunt. Her son had his penis inside of her. Her son, the fruit of her loins was now filling the empty void he had once filled with his whole body. But now, his cock seemed even bigger than his whole body had seemed then as she felt herself being spread with its evil heat.

Incapable of thought, she felt her son's tongue slowly slithering out of her mouth at the same instant he began to back his enormous penis out of her pussy. Then she felt his wet, slithering tongue wrap itself around her neck as his hips began to slowly rock back and forth. She didn't move. She just lay there and let him slide his cock in and out of her aching cunt afraid that the evil tongue would strangle the life out of her if she resisted.

What else could she do? Her son was fucking her. Her son, the devil or whatever the abomination was.

Now his tongue found its way down to her breasts and to her tingling nipples as it lapped and licked at them. The scorching heat of his tongue sent a shiver of excitement racing through her as his cock plowed her sodden slit harder and harder.

Oh, God, she thought to herself as she felt the tickle of another orgasm begin deep inside the battered, abused depths of her cunt. No, no, she couldn't let it happen again, she told herself. She could never orgasm while her own son was fucking her. She would never be able to live with herself if she let that happen again. She could never let the thing, whatever it was have that satisfaction.

But even as she fought against the growing flow of pleasure, her son's jackhammering cock was beating down her defenses as it tore in and out of her clenching cunt.

Suddenly, she couldn't fight it any more. Throwing her arms up around his waist, she clawed at his ass and suddenly found her hands wrapped around his tail. But now, instead of being limp, it was jutting up into the air, hard and tense, just like the monster of a cock jutting out of the other side of his body. Grabbing hold of the hot, column of sinew and hair, she began pushing and pulling on it, urging her son to fuck her even harder.

Grunting and gasping like two fighting animals, they fucked. She was horrified that she had given in so easily, but she had to have gratification now. Nothing else mattered. She had been driven to the point of insanity and now she had to claim at least something from the brutal assault by her son.

She was jerking and pulling on her son's tail so hard, she thought she would wrench it out by its root, but he ignored it and just kept pounding his prick down into her.

The quivering excitement welling up from inside her pussy was growing and growing as her son's tongue was now lashing about like some crazed snake. She could sense his excitement as his tongue slithered about wildly, lashing her body.

Then it was upon her. Crying out her anguish and pleasure, she felt her cunt squeezing down on her son's pistoning cock urging it to release its noxious load of cum into her.

"Come. Come in me," she implored him, damning herself for saying it.

But it seemed to be the trigger that caused him to lose control because suddenly, he shoved his cock down into her as deeply as he could.

"Fuuuuuuuukkkkkkk," he gasped as she felt his cock explode inside her.

Buckets of burning, thick cum came spewing out of the monster buried down inside her cunt as he groveled atop her, jabbering in a tongue she had never heard before. And her pussy spasming in its own pleasure with each jerk and lurch of her son's penis sent her ever deeper into ecstasy and hell.

Her son was filling her with his evil seed. Filling the chamber where he had once been conceived. Would the fiery evil pouring into her cunt, take root and grow producing another devil inside of her?

How could she even let herself think such a thing? Look what her son had turned out to be. The devil incarnate. And now that devil was trying to create his own progeny inside of her once again.

Suddenly, her mind went blank...

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When Mary woke, she was afraid to open her eyes. What would she find? Would she find the evil creature still lying in the bed beside her? Or had it really just been a bad dream? A nightmare?

But the ache inside of her distorted vagina told her that it had been no dream.

Slowly she opened her eyes. Fearfully turning her head, she saw that David was asleep and lying beside her. But gone were the horrible appendages he had sprouted earlier. This was her David, not the horrible creature of before. It was all she could do to keep from pulling him to her and cradling him in her arms. The love she felt for him at this moment was overwhelming. The relief that washed over her was so intense, she suddenly felt herself passing out...

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This time she was awakened by a soft humming sound. Still groggy, she opened her eyes and found herself staring up at David just as before when the creature inside of him was fucking her. But this time, there were no horns jutting from his skull. Instead, it was encircled by a glowing halo.

What was going on this time, she woozily asked herself? Then she saw his wings. They were making the soft, humming sound as they slowly moved them back and forth behind his back. First horns and a tail and now a halo and wings. She had gone mad! There was no other explanation for it.

As she stared up into his face, she had never seen such a look of love and benevolence. He looked like the pictures she had seen of the angel Gabriel. And David was naked, too.

Once she realized that he was naked, she couldn't keep from looking down to see if the demonic penis was still there.

What she saw almost took her breath away. Jutting up out of his belly was the most beautiful penis she could ever imagine. It was perfect in every way. Not too big, not too small, it was just the size it should be. Just like the one her husband, Sam had. And she could remember all the pleasure he had brought to her with it. It was so beautiful; she wanted to touch it. Touch it and kiss it, to make love to it with her mouth. She wanted to make it hers, to possess it forever.

Groaning, she struggled to her knees and gently pushed David down onto his back, trapping his feathery wings underneath him and tilting his halo.

Staring down at the gorgeous, pink phallus, she delicately reached out and took it in her hands. She could feel the throb of its hot potency as it gently pulsated in her hands. She had never felt such magnetism. It was as if there was some irresistible force emanating from the beautiful column of pink flesh. Holding it upright, she bent down and lovingly sucked the big, bulging head of the cock into her mouth.

"Oh, god," she heard her son groan as she ran her tongue around the hard, smoothness of the bloated cockhead.

She had to have it all, she told herself as she forced her mouth farther down the pulsating stem of his cock. She wanted to suck out his rich, creamy load; suck it out and savor its sweetness; savor it and drink it healing strength. Slowly sucking as she pushed her mouth down around his hardness, she consumed more and more of his jutting prick. Looking up at him as she sucked, she saw him staring back at her with love flowing from his eyes. She had never felt such emotion before. It was as if the outpouring of love between them was a palpable thing. Keeping her eyes locked onto his, she slowly let his glistening, spit covered penis slither out of her mouth before quickly sucking it back inside her hot, sucking mouth. Watching his eyes widen with pleasure, she slowly began to fuck his cock with her mouth. Sliding her mouth up and down the wet, slick barrel of his cock, she clenched her lips down around it tightly. She could feel his excitement coursing through the thick, meaty pillar of muscle as his breathing grew raspy.

She could feel herself growing impatient as she hungrily sucked on her son's cock. She wanted to feel the powerful penis kick and buck as it spewed out its creamy load into her mouth. She wanted him to send his bubbly treasure up through the fountain of meat and into her mouth. She wanted him to hurry and fill her mouth so then she could take him inside her cunt. Take him inside her cunt and let him fill her womb with the potency of his clean, pure semen to wash away the horrid force that she could already feel fighting its way toward her eggs.

Sucking on his cock harder and harder, she slid up mouth up and down faster and faster. She could hear him wheezing and feel his hips humping up and down as he fucked her face. Grabbing his balls in her hand, she squeezed and toyed with them, urging him to spill his foamy prize into her mouth.

"Jeeezzzzz," he suddenly blurted out as his hips lurched upward, sending his cock deep into her hot, clinging mouth and throat.

Then she felt his cock begin to twitch and jerk as it spurted out a gigantic gusher of hot, sticky cum directly into her throat. But she wanted to taste it, she deliriously thought, jerking her head back until the great swollen head was in her mouth.

The frothy man-milk filled her mouth with its overpowering flavor as she sucked and pulled at the gushing monolith. Pulling on his balls with her fingers, she tried to coax more and more of the ambrosial cream from them. Locking her lips around the thick, throbbing shaft of his cock, she held the head of his prick imprisoned inside the hot, sucking prison of her mouth. Another shudder of his penis was followed by another massive expulsion of gummy, thick cum that quickly filled her mouth again. Sucking and swallowing the viscid semen, she coaxed him to fill her mouth again and he quickly complied with another gigantic gusher of cum. She had never tasted such sweet cum as it welled up from deep inside his testicles. She couldn't believe how much of it there was as his cock continued to kick and spurt out thick, hot streams into her mouth. Over and over again, it went on until at last, the twitches of the gushing giant began to weaken and the flow of creamy cum waned and finally stopped.

Letting the emptied cannon slip out of her mouth, she hungrily ran her tongue and down the spit drenched barrel of his cock, eagerly lapping up the overflow that had escaped her mouth and ran down the shaft, coating his dangling balls. Gently, coaxingly, she gently sucked them into her mouth one at a time, teasing and fondling them with her tongue. For a moment, she had felt the eager hardness of his cock soften and begin to wilt, but as she

sucked and teased his balls, she felt his maleness regain its strength, beginning to stiffen and swelled again. He was indeed an angel working a miracle to become so hard so quick.

Suddenly, she felt a stirring in the air. Letting his big balls ooze out of her mouth, she sat back on her haunches. In amazement, she watched her son's wings beating the air as he slowly lifted into the air in front of her. With his wings beating slowly, he began to circle around behind her. Turning her head, she followed him with her eyes until he settled to the bed behind her. Glancing down, she saw that his magnificent scepter was still jutting out ripe and ready. Then she felt his hands on her back, gently pushing her down; pushing her down onto her hands and knees.

Leaning forward, down onto her hands, she felt his hands gently exploring her vulnerably exposed womanhood. He softly tickled and probed the weeping wound between her legs for several seconds before he moved his hands down to her thighs and began to slowly force her legs apart.

He wanted her to spread her legs, she anxiously thought as she quickly moved her knees out, opening herself to him even more. He was going to take her from behind; mount her and claim his prize like a stallion claiming his mare; taking her and claiming her as his own to use and have.

Anxiously waiting the touch of his maleness on her tingling femininity, she felt his hands, soft and gentle, touching her all over. Then she felt the stir of air caused by his slowly fluttering wings as he moved up between her widespread legs. Time seemed to stand still as she anxiously waited. Suddenly, she felt the big, round head of his cock touch the soft, tender flesh of her cunt. Steeling herself, she waited for the thrust of his cock up into the delicate sheath of her pussy.

But he didn't thrust it into her. Instead, he began to slowly ease the giant cylinder of hard flesh up into her waiting wetness. Slowly, tenderly, he slid the massive muscle into her as she spread her legs apart even wider to accommodate his hugeness.

This was the son she knew, she affirmed to herself, gentle and kind. Not like the other creature that had fucked her. Yes, this was her son and he was going to make love with her. Make love with her and drive out the evil memory of the devil.

Deeper and deeper into the sacred depths of her cunt went the giant penis. Spreading and forcing its way through the clinging wet mushiness of the tight sheath. She could feel it stretching her womanhood to accept its massive bulk as it slipped deeper into her. Finally, just when she thought it would never end, she felt her son's hard, muscular belly pressed up against her upturned buttocks. He had his entire penis buried up inside of her hot, aching pussy. He son was inside of her once again, but this time as a man and not a child or a devil. A heavenly man sent down to fill the void in her life and make it worth living again. The sensation of having him inside of her sent a bolt of pure pleasure ripping through her tormented brain as he held it inside of her.

"Oh, Baby," she softly murmured as he gently curled his hips, twirling the giant penis around inside her a circular motion.

"My dear, sweet mother," he crooned softly, backing his cock out of her and gently easing it back inside the hot, wet depths of her cunt.

"Yes, my baby," she whined back at him, "yes, baby, make love to mommy."

Gradually, he purposefully began to saw his cock in and out of her tight, clinging pussy. She had never felt anything so sensuous as her son's gigantic penis slithered in and out of her. She had died and gone to heaven and the gods had sent her, her own special angel, her own son, to satisfy her every need.

As he fucked her, the air was churned by the rapid flapping of his wings. Then she felt him lean down over her and reach underneath her. Still sliding his cock in and out of her, he grabbed her big, heavy breasts and began to squeeze and tease them. She reveled in the moment, pushing her pussy back at him and taking every last bit of his cock on every lunge.

An angel was fucking her. Her own sweet angel. Her own sweet son and she was groveling in the delightful sensation as his wonderful cock slowly slid in and out of her. Nothing could ever be the same now that an angel had made love to her. Her own lover and he was an angel.

Reveling in the sheer ecstasy of the moment, she could feel her son quicken the tempo as his wings began to beat the air faster and faster. His giant cock, greased by the abundance of juices flowing from her pussy, slithered in and out of her quicker and quicker. Then he began to pound his cock into her with a vengeance. She knew that he was nearing his salvation. He was fucking her harder and harder, preparing to douse the aching pain in her pussy and wash away the evil seed that the devil had put in her. She could hear him panting and grunting louder and louder as he stroked his divine scepter in and out of her cum-drenched chalice. Rocking herself back and forth against the mighty thrusts, she took all of him every time he buried himself into her.

It would be soon, she groaned as he slammed his magnificent hardness into her all the way up to its hairless hilt time and time again. Suddenly, she heard him gasp and drive his cock into her as deep and hard as he could.

Then it began to jerk and lurch inside of her as she felt it pouring out its fiery load into her cunt.

"Oh, Lord," she moaned, grinding herself back against him, taking him totally into her convulsing cunt.

"Yes, My Dear, enjoy—" she heard a loud voice filling her head.

As his cock filled her vagina with thick, creamy cum, she felt herself slipping off into another orgasm. She felt wings sprouting out of her back and then she and her son rose into the heavens, still locked together in incestuous sanctimony as his penis continued to spew out it his cleansing semen into her defiled cunt.

Higher and higher their souls flew while down below their bodies were locked together in unholy matrimony.

Hoping that it would never end as they danced among the clouds, she abruptly found herself falling, falling, falling back to earth. Faster and faster she fell, knowing that she would be dashed to her death when her body struck the ground.

Falling, out of control, she saw that they were spiraling back down to the bed where their bodies still lay, locked together and groveling in animal gratification.

Then, at the last second, she felt herself slipping back into her body, just as her son's giant penis spurted out its last gob of fiery cum into her cum sodden cunt.

Neither of them moved for the longest time as they lay locked together.

Finally, she felt him slowly back away, pulling his flaccid prick out of her battered pussy.

She heard him grunt as he flopped down on the bed beside her.

Rolling over, she felt tears gathering in her eyes as she looked over at him. She had never loved anyone as deeply as she loved him.

Looking through tear filled eyes, she was shocked when she saw his horns were back. Blinking her eyes in horror, she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

But now there were no horns. She must have imagined it, she sighed to herself. There were no horns, tails, wings, or halos. It was just her son, David lying on the bed next to her.

She knew that she could never let him leave her again. She had found her salvation. And as wrong as it was, she loved him as no mother should ever love her son.

"Mother, I'm so sorry," she heard him whisper to her as he looked up into her eyes.

"For making me the happiest woman on earth," she said softly, snuggling up against him and wrapping her arms around him.

"Did I really?" he grunted.

"You couldn't tell?" she murmured.

"I don't know. You seemed like you were on some kind of drug or hallucinating or something," he smiled at her strangely.

"What do you mean?"

"The way you were acting when you came out from your bath," he grinned.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"I couldn't believe it when you asked me to make love to you," he whispered.

"I, I, asked, I did what?"

"You don't remember?"

"No. I must still be hallucinating. Because, I thought that you..." she said, pausing to stare deep into his eyes.

"I did what?"

She didn't know what to think. Her head was spinning. What had really happened? Had she really seduced him? Or had he slipped something into her drink and had his way with her while she was helpless to defend herself as she remembered it? What had really happened? She wished she knew. But she saw nothing in his eyes to indicate it hadn't happened the way he told her.

Was he telling the truth? Had she really seduced him and in her mind made up the devil and angel to quiet her conscience? Or maybe she was just crazy as she had thought earlier. Whatever had happened, they had made love. She knew that. She knew that and there was no way to change that. And now she wanted more.

"Oh, I don't know. Just hush. Take a nap and rest," she smiled, slowly running her hand down to his limp manhood. "and maybe we can make love again later."

"Then you aren't mad at me?" He smiled.

"For what? You said that I seduced you. Why would I be mad at you?" she smirked, gently wrapping her hand around his fallen warrior and lovingly fondling it.

"I don't know. I've just never seen this side of you," he said.

"Well, you did seem to enjoy it," she smiled.

"Then we can be lovers?" he asked her.

"You would like that wouldn't you?"

She knew her answer as a twitch of excitement lurched through his cock.

"Yes, very much," he murmured, pulling her up against him tightly.

"And I can pick which lover I want," she laughed softly, giving his cock another squeeze.

"What do you mean?" He innocently asked.

"Never mind..."

But which of her sons would it be? Would the devil fuck her? Or would the angel make love to her? But did it really matter, she asked herself, it would still be her son inside her.

Wouldn't it?

## **The End**

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## **SUCH A WONDERFUL SON**

Amanda pushed her empty glass back and stubbed out her cigarette.

"This band really sucks," she hollered, trying to make herself heard above the raucous sound blaring from the giant speakers on either side of the bandstand.

"Oh, it's okay if you drink enough," the older redhead sitting across the table from her shouted back. "Have another drink."

"And the crop of studs in here suck too," Amanda complained, looking over the crowd.

"You're right there," the redhead agreed. "And they're all going after the young stuff from the college."

"I think I'll call it a night," Amanda grinned, slowly getting up.

"This early," the redhead complained, "it's only eight o'clock."

"These guys don't know fine, aged wine when they see it," Amanda winked at the redhead, "at least with one old broad gone, maybe it'll lessen the competition and you can get lucky tonight."

"Well, thanks a lot," Amanda's drinking companion laughed, "for tossing me to the wolves."

"Don't mention it," Amanda said, tossing a ten on the table, "and the next round is on me."

"Thanks," the other lady said as Amanda turned and headed for the exit, only to be accosted by an older gentleman half way across the dance floor.

"Leaving so early," he asked her, shouting to make himself heard above the cacophonous blare of the heavy metal band.

"I'm afraid so," she said, stepping around him, "while I still have some hearing left."

Leaning over and pressing his lips up next to her ear, he asked, "want some company?"

"I'm afraid not tonight," she smiled back at him.

"You're the best looking lady in the whole place," he went on, still trolling.

"My dear man, if you were about twenty years younger, I might consider it, but I'm afraid that I'm a sucker for the young ones. Nothing personal." Amanda smiled.

"Too bad," her grinned, "you don't know what you're missing."

"Yeah, I know," she said, reaching for the door, "I'll probably regret it, but such is life."

Giving him a little wave, she pulled open the door and stepped out into the comparative silence of the street. Shaking her head to clear the ringing in her ears, she fished her keys out of her purse. I didn't even drink enough to get a buzz on, she told herself as she made her way over to her car and got in.

She didn't know why she'd left the bar so early, she thought as she drove along. She still wanted to get high and it would have been really nice if she could have gotten laid. Thinking back, she recalled that it had been three weeks since she had gotten laid, and even then, it hadn't been anything to shout about. In fact, she had, had to go home and finish the job the man had started. Well, she told herself, that's what you get for being an old, divorced broad. Although, forty-eight could scarcely be considered over the hill, and she definitely wasn't lacking in the looks department either. Maybe she should have taken the man up on his offer, but after her divorce, she had found herself drawn to younger men. The ones where there would be no attachments formed. And now it had almost reached a point that she preferred them exclusively. Especially if they were all like Donald, she smiled to herself remembering the college sophomore and their brief, but inflamed affaire d'amour. Too bad it had ended so quickly, she sniffed.

Pulling into the driveway, she saw that Daniel's car was gone. Good, she told herself, shutting off the engine and pushing the door open. Swinging around, she lifted herself up on her long, perfectly-proportioned legs as her dress rode up to reveal the tops of her nylons.

Thinking of her racy underwear underneath the short skirt, she told herself that she could still feel sexy even if she was an old divorced crone. She still wore the old-fashioned garter belt and hose along with lacy panties. She could still see the look of amazement on Donald's face the first time he had seen her without a dress. His eyes had bugged out and she swore that he had almost been drooling.

Smiling, she smoothed her skirt down and sauntered over to the door. Unlocking the door, she stepped into the dark house.

Setting her keys down on the foyer table, she flipped on the hall light.

"Now what?" she asked out loud, listening to her voice echo back off the walls in the silence of the house.

"Horny, thirsty, and all alone. Some wonderful evening this is going to be."

Walking over to the wet bar, swaying her hips back and forth in an exaggerated pantomime of femininity, she slipped behind the bar.

"Amanda," she told herself as she filled a glass with liquor, "why don't you take your bottle with you, go upstairs and take care of things."

"Why, that sounds like an excellent idea, self," she laughed back, grabbing the bottle and heading clomping up the stairs to her room on her stiletto heels.

Strolling into her bedroom, she set the bottle down on her nightstand and flipped on her lamp. Reaching down, she flicked open the drawer and looked inside. Smiling, she examined the four vibrators that resided in the drawer.

"Okay, who is going to be the lucky one tonight?" she asked, running her fingers over them.

"You," she smirked, lifting out a big, white cylinder of hard plastic.

Tossing it down onto the bed, she reached down and unbuttoned her skirt. Grabbing the zipper tab at the top, she quickly jerked it down.

"Damn," she growled as she felt one long, red fingernail snag on the zipper.

Letting go of the zipper tab, she felt her skirt slither to the floor as she raised her hand up to examine the damage done to her nail. Studying the glossy, red nail, she saw that there was a small little tear on the rounded tip.

"Not too bad," she remarked, stepping out of her skirt and clomping over to her dresser.

Opening a drawer, she rummaged through it looking for her nail file. Ruffling through the drawer for several seconds, she saw that the nail file wasn't in the drawer.

"Daniel Cooke," she muttered, slamming the drawer closed. "If I've told you once, I've told you a million times to put my nail file back when you are through with it."

Strolling across her room, her stocking-encased legs whispering sexily, she headed down to her son's room. Looking down at herself as she marched down the hall and laughed. I must make a pretty sight, she thought, parading down the hall wearing nothing but a blouse, and my unmentionables. I probably look like some prostitute out on the prowl.

Throwing open the door to his room, she immediately strolled over to his chest of drawers. There sitting on top of the chest was a little wooden jewelry box that she had given him. Flipping open the top, she immediately saw her nail file, but the other contents of the box sent a shudder of astonishment through her body.

"Why, I never..." she muttered, staring down into the box.

There in the box her nail file lay atop line of ten home-rolled cigarettes. The cigarettes, twisted off on both ends, were bigger and thicker than regular cigarettes and Amanda imagined that they weren't filled with tobacco either. She was no prude and realized that Daniel had probably smoked marijuana, but to find it in his room was disconcerting. But then her eyes found the pack of rubbers lying half under the cigarettes. Rubbers? Condoms? Her baby used rubbers? A wave of embarrassment washed over her as she reached down and flicked the rubbers with her damaged fingernail. Somehow, it didn't seem possible. Her little boy using condoms. With who?

The thought of Daniel making love to a woman sent a confused message to her brain. Well, he was eighteen, she told herself, so she assumed that he had done it by now. She had just never thought about it. Never admitted it to herself that he was all grown up. Grown up and, and... strangely, she couldn't bring herself to say the word, but suddenly, she pictured Daniel naked and wearing a rubber.

For some reason, she found the fact that her son was doing it disturbing, but at the same time, she oddly felt a strange sense of excitement. Was he a good lover, she wondered? Stop it, she told herself. Don't go there. There were things that a mother should never wonder about and where she was treading was number one on the list.

Pushing the thought of her son's nefarious activities from her mind, she gently poked at one of the marijuana cigarettes. What did marijuana make you feel like, she wondered to herself? She had never tried it, but several of her friends had tried it back in the seventies. Maybe? Should she? Daniel would know that she had taken one of his joints, but he wouldn't say anything. Maybe he would just think he miscounted or something, she smiled, picking out one of the big, fat tokes. Why not? I wonder if it makes sex any better? Maybe that is why Danny uses it, she



perversely thought. Will one be enough? Her fingers seemed to have a mind of their own as they roved over the line of marijuana babies, finally selecting another fat toke.

Lying the two cigarettes on the top of the chest, she picked up the nail file and quickly rasped the burr off the end of her nail. Then, with a mischievous little smile, she gathered up the joints along with her nail file and quickly fled back to the security of her own bedroom.

Feeling strangely excited, like a cat burglar after a successful heist, she carefully laid out her loot on her night stand. Taking another drink from her glass, she wondered if mixing alcohol and marijuana would make her sick? Probably not, she laughed, not like mixing booze and beer. Leaning back, she slowly raised the white, silk blouse up above her small breasts. She had always been disappointed in her breasts except when she had been nursing Daniel. Recalling the feeling of his baby lips pulling on her nipples sent a tickle of pleasure coursing through her breasts as she cupped and gently fondled them. Studying them, she could almost see her baby Daniel nestled up against her breasts hungrily nuzzling her swollen nipples as he drank his fill of her milk.

Enough of that, she told herself, picking up the big, white vibrator and flicking it on. Grinning expectantly, she slowly eased the smooth coldness of the buzzing vibrator down inside the front of her white, lace panties.

"Oh, that tickles," she giggled as she slipped the humming cylinder down over her stomach.

"Ahhhhhhh," she finally cooed as she felt the rounded tip of the vibrator nudge up against her super-sensitive clit. "That's more like it."

Sitting up, she spread her long, lovely legs wider apart and lifted them up on the bed until she was sitting in a lotus position with the vibrator shoved down in her panties. Quickly she slipped the vibrator underneath the garter belt and slowly released it. Now it was trapped, pinned by her sheer panties and the elastic waistband of her garter belt, pressing against her mons pubis and clit as it merrily hummed away.

Luxuriating in the lovely feel of the pulsing throb of the vibrator on her nether regions, she reached over and picked up one of the tokes. Bringing it up, she ceremoniously eased it between her lips while she reached over and picked up a book of matches she kept in the ashtray by her bed. Opening the book, she tore off a single match. Quickly, she struck the match against the scratcher at the bottom of the book and watched the match-head erupt into flame.

Cautiously, she touched the flame to the end of the toke and inhaled slightly. The tip of the cigarette immediately flared into an ember as she felt the harsh sweetness of the smoke rush down into her lungs.

Coughing, she jerked the joint out from between her lips.

"Whew, that's strong stuff," she choked out when she was finally able to catch her breath again.

Waiting for a few seconds, she finally lifted the weed back up to her mouth and slowly inhaled another lung full of smoke. Although it was still strong, this time she was expecting it and didn't cough. Then, holding it in her lungs as she had seen others do, she waited for several seconds before she exhaled.

"Nothing," she said after her fourth drag off the shrinking toke. "Just the buzz from the alcohol."

Studying what was left of the weed, she suddenly felt an unfamiliar warmth spreading out over her body.

"Um, maybe not," she mumbled.

"Nice," she smiled crookedly, taking another drag off the toke.

Now the warmth seemed to be concentrated down inside her panties where the vibrator was busily humming away.

"Wow, things are heating up down there," she laughed out loud, taking a final drag off the joint as she reached down and pressed the vibrator against herself harder.

Engrossed in the euphoric effects of the marijuana and the vibration of the plastic phallus, Amanda didn't hear the front door open and close.

That smells like marijuana, Daniel told himself, shoving his keys into his pocket?

Then as he trudged across the room, the aroma grew stronger.

It was marijuana.

What? How? Where was it coming from? Was his mother entertaining a friend? He had never known his mother to smoke marijuana, but then again, he was sure that there was a lot he didn't know about his mother. But what was she doing home so early on a Saturday night? He thought she and her friend, Betty were going out on the town. Maybe she had changed her mind, he told himself as he quietly stole up the stairs. After all, he was supposed to be out on a date himself. But that had ended in failure when he and his girlfriend, Millie had gotten caught necking in Lover's Lane by a cop. It had scared Millie so bad, she had made him take her home. Now all he had to show for the evening was a hard dick and a pair of aching balls.

But that didn't answer his question. What was his mother doing at home smoking dope?

Stealing up the stairs as quietly as he could, he crept down the hallway to her door and pressed his ear against it. He couldn't hear anything, but a low buzz. There were no voices or other suggestive noises coming from the room,

so he assumed that she was alone. Now that he was standing outside her door, he knew that the aroma of marijuana was definitely more pronounced and her room was certainly the source.

He had seen his mother drunk before, but he somehow couldn't picture her smoking a jay. It just didn't seem like her cup of tea.

What would she be like under the influence of marijuana, he smiled to himself knowing that it made him mellow and happy?

Carefully, as quietly as he could, he slowly turned the doorknob and eased the door open a little bit.

"MY GOD!" he silently groaned when he saw his mother.

He couldn't believe his eyes as he watched her writhing on the bed with a vibrator shoved down inside her panties. It was obvious that he had caught her in the middle of an orgasm. Either that or she was having a fit of some kind. It was incomprehensible. His mother was doing herself with a vibrator. Daniel suddenly found himself sweating as he watched her groaning and making lewd movements with her pelvis as she held the vibrator shoved down in her panties. It was unthinkable, he told himself. His mother was having an orgasm.

Finally, she stopped groaning and writhing and slumped back down onto the bed, panting. Daniel was dumbfounded. He had just witnessed his mother having an orgasm!

He still couldn't fathom it. His mother? He had never even contemplated his mother having sex, and now this.

As he stood there gawking in at her, he became aware of what she was wearing. He was stunned. His mother was one more sexy woman lying there in her skimpy underthings and a blouse; a frilly, white garter belt, sheer flesh colored hose, and a lacy pair of white panties. He didn't think women wore those things unless they were dressing up for a man.

Exploring her body with his eyes, he watched her slowly ease the vibrator out of her panties and drop it on the bed.

His eyes dropped down to the V of white lace between her legs and he could easily see the big, wet stain spreading out from the crotch of her panties.

Then it happened. He felt that familiar prickle of excitement course through his cock.

"Fuck," he grunted, looking down at the huge lump in his pants.

He was hard.

How could that have happened? It was his mother for God's sake. How could he have gotten hard watching her? She was his mother. What was going on with him? Was he sick?

Reaching down, he grabbed hold of himself as he took one last look at his mother lying on her bed. How could he get hard watching her? No, he couldn't even imagine such a thing, he grimaced, slowly closing the door and removing the source of his temptation.

Stumbling down to his room, he closed the door and jerked his pants down letting his big, heavy cock lurch out into the open. An eight-inch cannon of hardened steel, cocked and ready to fire and now all he could do was shoot it off into the air. There were no other targets available close by—

Angrily, he teetered over to his chest of drawers. He needed a joint, too, he told himself, flipping open his jewelry box. He started to reach inside when he saw that one, no two of his tokens were missing.

So that was where his mother had gotten her weeds, he growled. His mother had been prowling through his jewelry box. Then he saw that her nail file was missing, too. She must have needed it and knew that he had taken it.

Stupid, stupid me, he complained. How stupid could he be? Then he saw the rubbers.

"Crap," he blurted out.

Now she knew that he smoked marijuana and used rubbers. He was so embarrassed, he didn't know what to do. He needed to calm down, he thought, picking up one of the tokens and lighting it.

A few, quick puffs and he felt the calming effects of the smoke slowly began to filter into his brain. What now, he asked himself? Looking down at his hard, stiff cock jutting out in front of him, he continued to suck on the malodorous joint of weed as he began to stroke his prick as he contemplated what to do.

Quickly finishing the weed, he lit up a second one. What about his mother, he thought, absently stroking his cock? Well, she had taken his marijuana, maybe she would like to take some of his cock, he woozily thought. Maybe he could get her stoned and fuck her. As the euphoria of the weed spread through his brain, the idea suddenly didn't seem so farfetched. It might even work, he told himself, setting his token down and stripping down to his birthday suit.

Wait a minute, he told himself. Wait a minute. What was he thinking? It was his mother that he was thinking about. His mother! The woman who had brought him into the world; the woman who had earned a living for the two of them after his father had left; the woman who had taken care of him all of his life. His mother. Now he was thinking about getting her stoned and fucking her? Seduce her and defile her in one of the vilest of ways imaginable?

Yet, as he counted off the reasons for not doing it, the calming effect of the marijuana repressed those protests and the evil, uncaring demon jutting out from his groin slowly took charge.

If he could get her high enough on the marijuana, he might be able to get in her panties. Looking down at his big, hard prick, he watched it bobbing up and down malignantly. It was as if the evil creature had a brain of its own and it was forcing its will on him. Reaching down, he slapped it and watched it slash back and forth wildly for a moment then come to a bobbing stop. Sometimes, he wished he could cut it off and then maybe it would give him a few moment's respite from the cursed affliction. Now it was about to drive him to create a heinous crime against his own mother.

Still, it drove him on. There was no stopping it. There was only one way to satisfy the dark craving down inside the graven penis rising up from his belly.

Standing up, he walked into his bathroom and pulled down his house robe from the hanger on the back of the door. Slipping it on, he wrapped it around himself and tied the belt. Looking down, he could see the great bulge jutting out in front of him like a tent, but somehow it didn't matter now.

He knew that he should be ashamed to go to his mother's room in such a condition, but the numbing effect of the marijuana made it seem acceptable. After all, he was going to set the monster loose on her anyway, so what did it matter?

Taking the last drag off his toke, he snubbed it out and grabbed up four more joints, stuffing them in the pocket of his robe. Smiling wickedly, he stopped in front of the mirror and raked the hair back out of his eyes. He knew that he was good looking. In fact, his mother was always telling him how handsome he was. So why wouldn't she like to get fucked by a good-looking stud like him, he loathsomely thought? Surely his mother who professed to love him more than anyone else in the whole world could understand. At least that was what she told him all the time.

Laughing at the lubricious joke, he waltzed over to the door with an imaginary partner in his arms. Soon, he would be doing the horizontal dance with his mother, he smiled to himself, letting himself out of his room. Walking down toward her room, time seemed to slow down to a crawl until he felt like he was walking in molasses. It seemed to take forever to walk the final few steps down to her room and his mind was racing as fast as his heart.

Then he suddenly felt a craving for a big, juicy burger. But that would have to wait, he told himself, because he had an even more demanding craving that had to be satisfied first.

Finally, years later, he stopped outside her door. Smiling inanely, he slowly pushed open the door. His mother was still lying on the bed wearing nothing but her scanty undies and her silk blouse. Staring at her, he found himself marveling at the beautiful symmetry of her body. The sweeping curves and flow of her body contours almost made him cry. And her hair. He had never seen such a glorious color. It was like strands of pure, white gold cascading out around her head. Her lips, full and pouty, were such a lovely color of crimson it almost made his eyes hurt. And her skin was the most perfect shade of pink in the world. She was the most gorgeous creature on the face of the earth, he thought as he waded through the syrupy air between him and the bed. She was a goddess. A goddess sent down from on high to satisfy his immorality.

Hours later, he found himself by her bed. Easing himself down onto it, he slowly reached out and ran his hand over the slippery smoothness of her hose. Gradually, he moved his hand higher and higher until it slipped off the top of her hose and onto the hot, smooth stretch of skin between the top of her hose and the lacy trim of her panties.

Just then, his mother moved. Opening her eyes, she stared up at Daniel sitting beside her.

"Oh, Danny," she cooed, smiling tipsily "didn't know you home."

"Uh-huh," he smiled back at her, fondly stroking the area of soft, bare flesh above her stocking top.

"Feel good," she said, closing her eyes again.

"Want nother toke?" he asked her, moving his fingers over to the lace trimmed band of elastic running down from her garter belt to the top of her stocking.

"Oh, I guess, I tink, uh, I spouse," she grinned. "I feel funny inside."

"Inside here?" he softly asked her, letting his finger brush over the soft swollen mound of her mons pubis.

"Um-huh," she sighed, slightly spreading her legs wider apart.

Quickly digging into the pocket of his robe of his robe, he pulled out a joint. As he reluctantly moved his hand away from the protruding mound of her womanhood.

"Here it is," he told her, holding it out to her.

"Huh," she asked, her eyes fluttering open.

Daniel could see that she was having difficulty focusing her eyes on his face as he lifted her hand and put the toke between her fingers.

"Tank you," she mumbled, slowly lifting the jay up to her lips.

"My pleasure," he grinned, lighting a match and holding it up to the joint.

Smiling foolishly, he watched her take in a big lung full of smoke.

As she held the acrid smoke in her lungs, she wondered what Daniel was doing in her room. She felt like she was drunk, but she didn't recall having that much to drink. And she didn't really feel drunk. It was a different kind of feeling. Like everything was happening to someone else and not her. She was just kind of there, watching, but not really participating in anything. And it was a good thing too, she told herself, because she was feeling like it would be nice to take Daniel in her arms and, and...

Finally, she blew out a cloud of the thin, blue smoke.

As his mother puffed on the joint, Daniel moved his hand back down to the stretch of bare skin above her hose. If anything was going to happen, he somehow had to get her panties off, he told himself. But first he would have to undo the garter straps from her hose.

"Good, huh?" he mumbled as his mother blew out another puff of smoke.

"Uh-huh," she murmured, sucking in another lungful of smoke.

Moving his fingers over to one of the little wire catches fastened to her hose, he gently flicked it open.

"You doing?" he heard his mother ask him.

"Making you comfortable," he told her, quickly moving his hand over to another clasp and flipping it open.

That was nice of him, she thought. He was always so nice to her. He was really such a good boy. He had always been so loving towards her, she told herself, basking in the warm glow of the marijuana-induced euphoria. Everything was so wonderful.

Easing his hand underneath the soft firmness of her leg, he gently pushed up on her leg, lifting it from the bed.

"Doing now?" she muttered.

"Just undoing garters," he whispered.

"Oh," she woozily smiled. "Hep you."

Not believing that his plan was working so easily, he watched his mother slowly lift her legs up.

He was such a nice boy trying to make his mother more comfortable, she smiled to herself, taking the last drag of her joint. As she did, she dug the heels of her black, high-heeled pumps into the bed so that her uncooperative legs wouldn't flop back down onto the bed.

"Bebber?" she asked him, blowing out another puff of smoke into the air.

"Yes," he told her, quickly unsnapping the third of the four straps holding her hose up.

"Fimished," she smiled down at him, holding the butt of her joint out to him.

"Nother one?" he asked her, reaching up and taking the smoking remains of the toke from her.

"No. Nuff," she smiled drunkenly.

Smiling up at her, he saw that she was having to fight to keep her legs up off the bed so he hurriedly unsnapped the last hasp.

"There. Done," he told her as he watched her legs flop back down to the bed.

"Tank you," she muddled, smiling tipsily at him.

"Welcome," he replied back to her.

Such a wonderful boy, she thought, closing her eyes and luxuriating in the warm, fuzzy cloud that enveloped her brain. How could I be so lucky to have such a son?

Then she felt his fingers ease down under the tight, constricting pinch of the waistband of her panties. What was he doing now, she asked herself? Was he trying to take her panties off? Why was he trying to take her panties off?

"Doin now?" she asked him, trying to lift her leaden arms to stop him.

"Taken them off. Look too tight," he murmured, tugging on her panties. "Kay?"

He was such a nice son, she told herself. He would never do anything to hurt her. He was only trying to make her more comfortable. He had just told her that was all he was trying to do. Such a lovely boy.

"Oh-kay," she said, enunciating each syllable separately.

This was it, he told himself. Now he was only moments away from victory. Having her permission now, he gently, but steadily pulled down on her panties as they slipped down over her hips. And as they did, the wonders underneath the lacy material were revealed to his leering eyes.

As the waistband slipped down her stomach, the tangle of soft golden curls surrounding her womanhood came into view.

Daniel couldn't keep from stopping to gawk at the soft, furry forest of golden curls. His mother was a true blond, he realized. Staring down at the patch of golden curls, it was all he could do to keep from burying his face down in it. But not yet, he told himself. Be patient.

The throbbing ache in his penis was now almost unbearable as he doggedly pulled his mother's frilly panties down the long, slippery smoothness of her nylon-encased legs. Then, with a final tug, he pulled off her shoes and panties together, letting them drop to the floor with a thump.

Looking up, he saw that she hadn't moved. Her head was still propped up against the flower-decorated headboard. Her eyes were closed and she seemed untroubled by the fact that her womanhood was now exposed to his peering eyes.

"Bebber," she smiled as the constricting tightness of her panties was gone.

Oh, Daniel, she thought to herself, you are such a wonderful son. You make me feel so good all over. I wish that you could be a baby again and I could hold you in my arms and let you suckle me. Oh, that would be so nice...

Now that he had her panties off, he began to gently massage her leg. As he did, he ever so gently pushed her legs apart but did it so slowly she was unaware that he was even doing it.

"Such good boy," she cooed as he lovingly kneaded and stroked her long, curvaceous leg.

How could she be so lucky to have such a wonder son, she asked herself for the umpteenth time as she felt his fingers intimately stroking her legs. How could she show him how much she loved him? There had to be some way she could repay him for the kindness that he was heaping on her.

Now Daniel sat between his mother's outstretched legs staring down at the heavy, blood-engorged folds of flesh encircling the oozing opening of her womanhood.

His heart was in his throat. He had never seen anything so beautiful. He wanted to cry; to scream; to consume it; to bury himself in its soft, fleshy core.

"Beautiful," he whispered, slowly lying down between her legs with his face only inches above the weeping gash.

"Bubfil what?" she murmured, slowly opening her eyes.

"You. You beautiful," he softly exclaimed.

What was he doing? Was he looking down at her, her vagina? What was he going to do?

There was a nagging thought in the back of her mind telling her that something was wrong, but in her state of inebriation, she couldn't comprehend what it was. Daniel was doing something that was wrong, but she didn't know what.

Slowly, staring up into his mother's red rimmed eyes, he lowered his mouth down onto the softness of her love wound.

Their eyes locked as he eased his tongue down onto the soft smooth folds of flesh. Gently poking and probing at the corpulent folds of flesh, he searched for her clitoris. Then suddenly, her eyes widened and she inhaled deeply, Daniel knew that he had found it.

What was her Danny doing? He shouldn't be doing that to her. A son shouldn't do such a thing to his mother. But, but it felt so wonderful. And he was so gentle. Gentle and loving as he kissed her place. She couldn't stop him. She wanted him to do it. She wanted him to do it forever. She tried to swallow, but her mouth was so dry she couldn't.

Wallowing in the wickedness of his conquest, Daniel hungrily devoured his mother's vulnerable secrecy. She was a woman and he was a man now. Only one thing mattered for the moment. He must bring her pleasure. He must convince her of his love for her and this was his way of doing so.

His tongue, rough and hard, flicked the smooth, jutting bud of her clitoris relentlessly as she mewed her appreciation.

Oh, Danny, my boy, she groveled. You are making me feel so good. So good, I feel like I'm going to explode.

Then down in the depths of her cunt, she felt a spark of perverse delight swell into a fiery ball of pleasure. Her heart was racing so fast she felt like it would erupt from her chest at any moment.

Oh, my Danny, she crooned to herself, I love you so much. She could feel the fiery orb of delight swelling inside of her vagina; growing and filling it with the candescence of its unholy heat. Squeezing down on the bubble with her cunt, she tried to keep it from growing, but this only seem to make it grow faster. Now it completely filled her womb with its blasphemous fire as it grew more and more powerful. It felt like her pussy was about to implode down around the violent storm raging inside of it.

Suddenly, Daniel felt his mother's hips begin to jerk and thrash about uncontrollably. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she began to moan.

The fire inside her cunt finally burst shooting a stream of pure wicked pleasure shooting up her spine and into her spasming brain. As the fiery globe of animal gratification gushed into her brain, it exploded into a million skyrocketing of unbelievable joy and delight. Each rocket was a different color and the colors were so bright and vivid, she felt like her brain was being destroyed by their brilliance. Time stopped for her as the barrage of pleasure went on and on.

Daniel was afraid. His mother had been writhing and twisting for what seemed like hours and there was no let up. Finally, he lifted his mouth away from the clenching, contracting gash between her legs, but still it continued, fueled by its own burning need.

"Mother." He groaned, trying to hold her and stop the unnatural orgy of self-gratification that had possessed her. Then the spasmodic jerks began to weaken and diminish until at last, they stopped as she lay there gasping for air.

Thankful that she hadn't hurt herself, Daniel slowly lifted himself up from between her legs. He could see that her body was covered with sweat as he stood up on his knees.

"Firsty," she mumbled, opening her eyes and looking up at him. "So firsty."

Seeing the half-empty glass on her nightstand, he picked it up and handed it to her. Helping her lift up her head, he watched as she brought the glass up to her lips and turn it up. She let the drink trickle down into her mouth until it was all gone.

"More. More pwease," she croaked, handing him the glass.

Taking the glass, Daniel eased her head back down on the pillow and walked across the room to her bathroom. Filling the glass, he started to take it to her when he stopped. Setting down the glass of water, he smiled at himself in the big wall mirror as he reached down and untied the belt of his robe. Peeling it back, he smirked at his image as his rock-hard cock jumped out into the open.

"Now. Now it's your turn," he said out loud, wrapping his around the giant, throbbing column of swollen flesh. Fiendishly, he ran his hand up and down the evil entity delighting in the evil anticipation of what he was about to do.

Picking up the glass of water, he arrogantly strolled back into his mother's bedroom.

She was smiling expectantly as he walked through the door with her water. He watched her eyes widen and dip down to his jutting maleness as the smile slowly faded from her lips.

What was her Danny doing? Danny didn't have any clothes on. What was happening? But he was bringing her, her water and she was so thirsty, nothing else mattered.

"Here Mother," he shamelessly smiled down at her, "here's your water."

"Tank, tank you," she mumbled, taking the glass and emptying it in one quick gulp.

"More," she said, water dripping down her chin and dropping down onto her blouse.

"Oh, Mother, you spilled your water on your blouse," he said, taking the glass from her and setting it down on the nightstand.

"Huh," she mumbled incoherently.

"Let me take your blouse off so that you don't get any more water on it. Okay?"

Oh, he was so nice, she groveled inwardly. He had gotten her a drink when she needed it and now he was helping her take her blouse off so she wouldn't spill water on it.

Daniel bent down and quickly unbuttoned her blouse. He could see that she was staring down at his cock as he casually peeled the blouse back off her shoulders.

"Do you still want another drink?" he asked her, folding the blouse and laying it on the night stand. Then he reached down, tenderly cupping and gently squeezing one of her small, pouty breasts.

"Yes. More waber," she mumbled as Daniel gently tweaked her nipple with his fingers.

Easing his mother's breast back down on her chest, Johnny picked up the glass and went hurrying back into the bathroom where he filled the glass and returned. Handing it to her, he watched her guzzle it down in one gulp.

"Tank you, gin," she told him.

"You're welcome," he grinned down at her.

"Why nekkid?" she asked him, looking down at his cock.

"Did you like what I did to you while ago?" he asked her, slowly leaning down and crawling up onto the bed beside her.

"Ess," she lisped, watching her son's big cock stiffly twitching up and down as he inched ever closer to her.

He had made her feel so good. She couldn't remember the last time she had felt so good. But what did he want from her now?

"Wouldn't you like to make me feel good, too?" he asked her scooting closer and closer.

What did he mean? How could she make him feel good like he had made her feel good? Did he want her to— Did he want her to do the same thing to him? She couldn't. It was wrong for a mother to do such a thing with her son. How could he want her to do that to him?

"Wrong," she mumbled, helplessly staring up at him. "No nice."

"But, Mother," he said, stopping for a moment, "you let me do it to you. Wasn't that wrong, too? Or maybe it is because you don't love me."

What? How could he say that? She loved him more than anything in the world. It hurt her to think that he didn't think she didn't love him.

It was wrong!

But, she had let him do to her. I don't know what to do. I can't think straight. Too much marijuana and booze. How did I let myself get caught up in this?

"Don't you love me, Mother?" he asked.

Was that a tear rolling down his cheek or were her eyes deceiving her?

"Ess, Dan, lub you much," she blurted out. "Berry, berry much."

It took a Herculean effort, but somehow she managed to lift her hand up and grab hold of the huge, thick monster jutting out of her son's crotch.

"Wan you feeb goob too," she blathered out, pulling the huge, purple head of his cock toward her mouth.

Throwing his leg over her chest, he quickly straddled her with his prick pointing down at her lips.

He was such a good son. She had to show him how much she loved him. She loved him more than life itself.

Didn't he know that? If he didn't, she would show him that she did. Whatever it took. Even if it was wrong—

Holding onto the headboard with his hands, Daniel lowered his lips down and watched as his mother opened her mouth. Guiding the bulbous head of his cock down into the waiting circle of her lips, he almost lost it when the hot, clinging heat of her mouth enveloped his cockhead.

"Oh, Mother," he groaned as he eased his cock down into the sucking, clutching wetness of her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as she sucked his prick into her mouth.

She would show him how much she loved him. She would take his cum in her mouth. She would let his fill her mouth with his sweet, lovely cream. She would suck on him until he was empty. She would take everything from him. Suck on him until he couldn't come anymore.

Daniel couldn't believe it. His mother was lying under him sucking on his cock like she loved it. He could feel the liquid reservoir of molten semen rapidly reaching the boiling point as she hungrily slurped at his cock. He had waited too long and now regrettably it was going to be over in a flash. He was about to come in his mother's mouth. The thought of such blasphemy was all it took as he felt a searing jolt of pleasure tear through his cock.

"OH, MOTHER OF JESUS!" he cried out as his hips lurched and a gigantic spume of molten cream spurted out of his cock and into his mother's gulping mouth.

Never again would he feel such ecstasy as his hips jiggled and jerked and his cock spasmed again and again, spewing out mouthful after mouthful of his thick, potent man-cream into his mother's hungry mouth.

His cum was sweet as cream, she marveled as she pulled and sucked on his exploding manhood. Never had she tasted such delightful nectar as it poured out into her mouth in gushing spurt after gushing spurt. She had to have it all. She wanted to suck his balls inside out. She didn't want to leave a single sperm inside of him.

At last, Daniel felt the fervor of his eruptions begin to weaken. But he wasn't through. It wasn't enough. He wanted more. He wanted to possess her totally.

As he felt his cock jerk in a final death throe, he quickly pulled it out of her mouth. Scrambling backwards down her body, he slipped down between her legs guiding his still-stiff manhood down to the waiting wetness between her outstretched legs.

What was he doing now? No, he couldn't do that? Not that? It was too much. They couldn't do that. Not—

But before she could stop him, he grunted and thrust his cock down into her. With a groan, he hunched his hips and buried himself into her all the way up to the hilt.

"OH GOD," he groaned as he began to rock his hips back and forth, fucking her with deep, driving strokes.

She couldn't stop him. He was on top of her driving his cock into her mercilessly. It had been too quick for her to do anything about it.

But he is such a nice boy, she told herself as he ravaged her with his cock. He isn't hurting me. He is just trying to make me feel good again. He is such a good boy.

Then, that warm familiar spark of pleasure ticked off inside her pussy.

Yes, he is such a good boy, she told herself. Such a wonderful son...

**The End**

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## **THE LAST MAN**

Burt had just gotten himself another beer from the fridge and sat back down to watch the start of the second half. Glancing out the window, he was glad that he hadn't gone to the game. It had turned out to be a dark, gloomy

day, raining off and on all morning. Taking a sip on his beer, he watched the kicker advance on the ball and send it flying through the air.

Just as the kick-returner caught the ball, he heard the phone ring.

"Who the hell could that be?" he muttered, getting up and walking over to the phone.

"Hello," he said speaking into the receiver.

"Johnny, is that you?" he heard his mother ask.

It was his mother, Lilith.

"Yes, Mom, it's me," he said, noticing the pain in her voice. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, Johnny," she sniffed, "Hank left me."

"Not again," he mumbled into the receiver.

Johnny loved his mother very much; so much, that sometimes it hurt just being away from her. And now her latest boyfriend had dumped her. But he was just the last one in a parade of boyfriends that his mother had, had since Hal died. Johnny knew how much his mother had loved his dad and even though she kept trying to find another man like him she always came up short. None of them could live up to what she expected, and eventually, she ended up driving them off. Hank was the sixth one and after each break up, his mother, Marion took it a little harder. The last time it had taken Johnny a couple of months to pull her out of her depression. This time it would be worse. He just knew it would be.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," she whimpered, "I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Don't worry, Mom, Johnny will be over and take care of you. Okay?" he told her. Like I always do...

"Oh, Johnny, that would be so nice," she murmured, "you are such a wonderful son. I don't know what I would do without you."

I don't either, mom, he thought to himself.

"I'll be over there in a few minutes," he said. "I love you."

"I love you, too," she murmured back at him.

Hanging up the phone, he turned off the television and grabbed his coat. So much for not having to go out into the rainy, misty afternoon, he thought, pulling his coat on and heading out the door.

His mother lived on the other side of town, but with the freeway, he could make it over to her house in ten or fifteen minutes, depending on the traffic. Today, it was light and it took him only ten minutes.

Parking his car behind hers, he got out and started up the walk to his mother's condo.

His mother had gotten enough insurance to buy the little condominium and with the trust fund that Hal had set up for her, she didn't have to work. Maybe that was a mistake, Johnny thought to himself as he turned the doorknob and opened the door. Maybe if she had something to occupy herself, she wouldn't need the company of a man all the time.

"Oh, Johnny," he heard his mother cry out when he stepped inside. "I'm so glad you're here."

"I'm glad to be here," he smiled at her, shrugging off his coat and hanging it by the door.

"I didn't interrupt anything did I?" she asked him, striding over to where he was standing.

"I was just watching a football game," he smiled at her.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she murmured, slipping into his open arms. "You can watch it here. I don't mind..."

"It's okay, mom," he told her, pulling her up close to him and giving her a hug. "I can watch football anytime. What kind of a son would I be if I didn't help out my mom when she needed me?"

"Oh, you are a wonderful son," she cooed, snuggling up next to him and looking up at him with her big, soulful eyes. "A wonderful son that I couldn't get along without."

He could smell the alcohol on his mother's breath mingling with the sweet aroma of her perfume as she smiled up at him. How much had she had to drink this time, he wondered, taking her hand and leading her toward the living room?

"Would you like a drink?" she asked him as they walked by the bar. Well, that confirms my suspicion, he told himself.

"Uh, sure, I guess," he conceded, "but make it a weak one."

"Okay," she said, sliding in behind the bar.

Johnny walked over to the old overstuffed couch sitting by the fireplace and plopped down in its soft, warm familiarity. The old couch was like an old friend with its old, worn blanket cuddled down at the end. He had spent many a night in its soft, warm embrace when he had stayed over at his mother's house. He loved the smell of the couch. It was a blend of perfume, shampoo, makeup, and all the other lotions and cosmetics his mother used, and now he once again found himself enveloped in the pleasing scent of his mother. Inhaling deeply, he savored the delightful bouquet of fragrances as he waited for his mother to join him.



Watching her behind the bar, he saw that she was wearing the old blue satin gown that he had bought her for Christmas several years ago. He didn't know what she was wearing underneath it, if anything at all. She usually paraded around half dressed most of the time. In fact, her lack of modesty in his presence made him uncomfortable some of the time. Then she looked over at him and smiled as she stirred their drinks. Smiling back, he self-consciously looked away from her.

Since it was misty, cold and dreary outside, she had a fire going in the fireplace and the room was warm and cozy. It would have been pleasant if it wasn't for the air of depression heavily hanging over the room.

"I just don't know what I'm going to do," she sniffed, walking toward him with two glasses of liquor in her hands.

Johnny could see that the drink she kept was a much darker color than the one she handed to him.

"I guess that I am just getting old and ugly," she went on, easing down on the couch beside him.

"Aw, Mom, come on," he said, sipping his drink. "You're still the prettiest Mom in town."

"You always did know just what to say," she weakly smiled, leaning back and taking a sip of her drink.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" Johnny asked her, wanting to do something to get her spirits up.

"No, Honey," she softly said, "it's too much trouble to get dressed. But I'm feeling much better just being here with you."

"You're sure?" he asked her again, noticing her gown slip down off her shoulder a little to reveal the lacy blue strap of some kind of lingerie underneath, "because I'll take you anywhere you want to go. Dancing, or a movie, dinner, or anything."

"Maybe later," she said, stifling a yawn with her hand. "I just want to be with you right now."

"Do you mind if I put on some music then?" he asked her.

"No, no, go ahead," she smiled at him.

Smiling back at her, Johnny got up and walked over to the stereo. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that his mother was leaning back on the couch with her eyes closed. He could see the faint glimmer of a tear on her cheek as she reached up and wiped it away.

Looking through her DVDs, he found her favorite one and slipped it into the DVD player.

As he turned it on, the soft, melancholy notes of the song filled the room as he slipped back over to the couch and sat down beside her again.

"Need a shoulder to cry on?" he asked her, gently pulling her next to him.

"Oh, Johnny," she wept, laying her head on his shoulder, "I feel so bad."

"I know, I know," whispered, feeling powerless to stop her grieving. "Cry and it'll make you feel better."

Taking her drink from her shaking hands, he sat the glasses on the end table and pulled her to him. It was like having a knife driven into his heart with each gasping sob. Why did this have to happen to her? And why couldn't he do anything to stop it?

Maybe he could have her come and live with him. Maybe that would keep her from feeling so lonely all the time. Whatever it took, there had to be some way to keep her from getting hurt all the time. If only his dad hadn't gotten killed, then his mother would still have someone that loved her and cared for her as much as he did.

Then a sudden, strange feeling came over him, as he sat holding his mother. The realization, that he loved her more than anyone else in the world could ever love her. He wanted to stop the seemingly-endless procession of men in her life; they just wanted to use her and then when they were through, they'd toss her aside and he would have to pick up the pieces again. Couldn't she see that? What could he do to convince her that his love would keep her safe and from harm's way?

As he tried to think of a way to persuade her to come and live with him, he felt the wrenching sobs growing weaker and weaker until, at last, she stopped crying.

"I'm sorry for blubbering all over you," she sniffed, looking up at him with tears trickling still down her cheeks.

"That's what I'm here for," he softly said, wiping the tears away with his fingers. "I want you to cry until you get it all out of your system and feel better."

"I do feel better," she smiled at him through her tear-rimmed eyes.

"Good," he grinned.

"Could I have my drink back," she asked him, leaning back away from him.

"Sure," he said, leaning forward, retrieving it and handing it to her.

Her tawny, blond hair was disheveled and tousled and that made her seem even more helpless and vulnerable as Johnny felt another swell of compassion for her.

"I'm going to go wash my face," she said, pushing up off the couch.

"Okay," he smiled at her as she started for the bathroom.

He watched her pad softly across the room in her bare feet. There was only the hint of unsteadiness in her gait as he watched her hips swaying from side to side under the thin, satin gown.

Stopping at the door, she turned and blew him a kiss before she stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

What could he do to stop her pain? His heart was aching with misery for her, but there was only so much he could do. How could he get her to stop the useless search for someone to fill his father's place? There would never be another Hal. Didn't she know that?

After several minutes, the door finally opened and she came back into the living room.

"Did you mean that about taking me dancing?" she asked him, standing by the door with her gown spread open enough to reveal the straps of the blue nightie underneath.

"Uh, yes, sure. Where do you want to go?" he asked her, unable to keep his eyes from dipping down to the opening of her gown where he could see a wide expanse of bare flesh.

"I thought it would be nice to dance here," she smiled at him, holding onto the front of her gown to keep it from opening any wider.

"Here?" he grunted, not expecting that answer.

"Here, if that's okay with you."

"Sure, sure," he muttered, "I just thought you would like to go out somewhere. Get out of the house or something."

"Why would I want to go out when I have my best friend and the person I love most in the world right here?" she smiled, slowly walking over to where he sat.

Looking up at her, he saw that she had wiped away all the tears. But she still looked tired and drained as she held out her hands to him and helped him to his feet.

"Uh, may I have this dance, ma'am?" he grinned, slipping his arm around her small waist and taking her hand in his hand.

"I thought you would never ask," she said, pressing herself against him as they began to gently sway to the slow rhythm of the music.

Neither of them spoke for the longest time as they slowly swayed around the room arm in arm. It felt strange to be dancing so intimately with his mother as she melted against him, conforming to his body, almost melting against him until they seemed to become one. He loved the feel of her warm softness pressed against him as she followed his lead in perfect time with the music. Holding her tightly, feeling the soft warmth of her breasts pressed against his chest, he buried his nose in the soft curls of her hair and inhaled deeply of the sweet fragrance of strawberries.

Suddenly, as they slowly danced around the room cheek to cheek, a familiarly disquieting feeling washed over him. It had to be the intimate warmth of the room, the alcohol, his mother's obvious vulnerability, and her soft body pressed against his body, he told himself as he tried to quieten the faint but clear awakening of desire in his loins.

But this was his mother he was dancing with. How could he be aroused by his own mother? But the longer they danced, the stronger the feeling became and his body began to react to it.

Trying to stop it, he soon knew that he couldn't prevent his manhood from awakening. Damn, he thought to himself, what would his mother think of him now as they danced cheek to cheek, their bodies intimately pressed together. She would soon know that he was getting an erection.

What could he do?

Then, at the absolute worst moment, he felt his mother's lips graze his cheek as she gave him a soft, lingering kiss. Now there was no stopping the sudden surge of excitement in his loins as his unruly penis began to firm and harden even faster.

In the confusion and excitement of the moment, Johnny turned his head slightly and unexpectedly found his lips on his mother's soft, warm lips. For a few seconds, they didn't move, and just stood staring into each other's eyes seemingly dazed by the fact that they were actually kissing. Then, almost as if moved by some un-uttered command, they both slowly parted their lips as their tongues touched and their eyes fluttered shut.

Johnny couldn't believe it was happening as they passionately kissed, their lips crushing together, tongues intertwining. He could taste the sweet, alcohol tainted tartness of her spit as his tongue explored the intimate secrecy of her open mouth. Their bodies, pressed together from chin to knee had stopped moving to the beat of the music as they stood kissing. Time stopped!

Then, almost without even knowing what he was doing, he held onto her tightly and gently began to guide her over toward the waiting couch. Taking tiny, shuffling baby steps, he felt no resistance on his mother's part as she returned his kiss, slipping her hot, probing tongue into his mouth, her legs softly bumping against his as they stumbled toward the couch. His cock was so hard by now, he knew it was going to come ripping out through his pants any second as it rubbed up against his mother's softly-rounded tummy. Then, finally his mother stopped moving, the backs of her legs pressed up against the front of the couch.

Breaking the kiss, Johnny took a tiny step back and gently grasped hold of her shoulders. As he did, he saw her eyes slowly flutter open as if she were coming out of a trance. Then, as she sat staring back at him, he slowly forced her down onto the couch, holding onto her shoulders to make sure she didn't fall. Once she was sitting on the couch, Johnny slipped to his knees in front of her and found her lips with his again.

Standing on his knees in front of his mother, kissing her, Johnny reached out and tenderly ran his fingers through her soft, silky hair with one hand while he reached down and struggled to undo his pants with his other hand. His cock, now huge and swollen was throbbing painfully in the tight confines of his pants and if he didn't rearrange it soon, it felt like it was going to snap in two. By now, it was hurting so bad, he thought he would pass out from the pain as he struggled to shove it around to a more comfortable position. But it was so hard and tightly wedged in his pants, he couldn't get it to move. Finally, he had no other choice. Dropping both hands down to his fly, he quickly unzipped his pants and dug his hand inside his shorts to move his cock. But just as he did, the released tension caused the evil thing to spring out through the opening of his shorts, jutting out hard and impatient. There was no hiding it now. Everything was out in the open.

Not knowing what else to do, Johnny unsnapped his pants and roughly shoved them down around his hips as he continued to kiss his mother.

Now his cock, thick and hard jutted out of his groin twitching with excitement and expectation.

His mother, still seemingly unaware of Johnny's predicament, had one arm wrapped around the back of his head and the other one trapped between them pressing against his chest as they hungrily kissed.

Johnny broke his lips away from hers and slowly kissed his way down the soft, sloping smoothness of her neck as he tentatively ran his hand over her satin-covered breast. Waiting for any hint of resistance or unwillingness on her part, he eased one hand underneath the thin material and gently cupped one, big, soft, pendant breast. He felt her body twitch slightly as she took in a quick breath when his fingers brushed up against the big, swollen nipple jutting out of its tip. But she didn't move to stop him. Growing bolder by the moment, Johnny, gently took hold of her hand with his other hand and lovingly squeezed it as he brought his lips back up to hers. Then as he hungrily began kissing her again, he gradually guided her hand down toward his throbbing, twitching manhood.

Their passionate kiss consumed them as he gently forced her hand lower and lower. Pushing it purposefully, he felt her fingers skim over his belly and then glide down to the jutting, jerking monstrosity sticking out below it. Then, finally, she touched it!

As her soft, warm fingers brushed against it, he felt her whole body suddenly stiffen for a moment as he apprehensively waited to see what she would do. His diaphragm was suddenly paralyzed and he couldn't breathe as he anxiously paused. But, as the seconds slowly ticked by, she didn't try to draw her hand away as he held it pressed against his penis. As her fingers rested against the hot, firm flesh, he could feel the blistering touch of each fingertip scorching the sensitive skin. Then, ever so tentatively, he felt her move her fingers and begin to explore the rock-hard column of evil meat.

Finally able to breathe again, he hesitantly eased his hand away from hers fearing that she would jerk her hand away the instant he did. But to his delight and amazement, he felt her wrap her tiny hand around his lurching cock and give it a gentle squeeze. His heart was doing flip-flops down inside his chest as he felt her fingers tightly clutch his cock. His lungs stopped working again as he feverishly waited for her next move. It seemed like an eternity to Johnny before he finally felt his mother's fingers gently squeeze and pull on his twitching penis.

Groveling in the wicked pleasure swirling through his head, Johnny was growing more and more impatient as the enormity of what was transpiring between them sank into his fevered brain.

Never in a million years could he have imagined anything so wickedly thrilling like this. Yet it was happening. He was kissing his mother on the mouth, tonguing her and she was playing with his cock. The overwhelming depravity of such wickedness was making his heart race with anticipation. He was astonished that his mother hadn't resisted his advances and thrust him away. But even more unsettling was that not only had she not resisted his unforgivable trespass, but now she was beginning to respond to his overture on her own.

The kiss continued on, growing more demanding and insistent as her grip on his fevered manhood tightened while she slowly stroked her fist up and down it.

Shamefully, Johnny was fully aware of his mother's vulnerability and reached down with his free hand to slowly spread open her gown. As he spread the gown apart, he eased his hand down inside it and found his mother's other breast underneath its thin veneer of soft, slippery chiffon. Now with both hands wrapped around her quivering, drooping breasts, he lovingly caressed them. As he did, he could feel the jutting hardness of her nipples thrusting against his fingers through the sheer cloth. Gently pinching them between his fingers and thumbs, he twisted them, pulling on them and teasing them to swollen hardness. Finally, not wanting to lose the advantage he had gained, he delicately moved one hand lower. Anxiously waiting for any sign of refusal or resistance, he intimately felt his way down her over the slippery cloth of her nightie until his fingers encountered its lacy hem.

Not wanting to frighten her by his boldness, he paused for a moment before easing his fingers down under the delicate chiffon. Now his fingers were resting on her bare thigh, just above her knee. Touching her bare flesh, he felt another surge of adrenaline shoot out into his bloodstream sending a jolt of electricity searing through his cock making it twitch and lurch in her hand. Holding his breath, afraid that she would stop him at any second, he slowly pushed his hand up the soft, smooth skin of her thigh. Pausing again, he waited for any movement. When none came, he slowly moved higher. He was barely able to breathe as he moved his hand higher.

Then, another jolt of electricity tore through his reeling brain as his fingers found and touched the slippery flesh at the pit of her delicate, vulnerable underbelly.

As his fingers brushed over the soft, wet flesh, it suddenly came to him.

**HIS MOTHER WASN'T WEARING ANY PANTIES!**

She was naked underneath the sheer, delicate material of her nightie.

He felt feverish as his fingers slipped over the fragile flesh and up through the delicate curls above it and then back down to brush over the soft meaty folds of flesh surrounding the secrecy of her womanhood. Burning with desire, he tenderly fingered the soft, pliant flesh as he searched for the elusive, mysterious opening to the very core of her femininity.

All of a sudden, he found the wet, oozing slit between the thick meaty lips as he heard his mother softly moan into his mouth. Afraid that his mother might try to bolt and flee at any moment, he couldn't stop himself from slowly easing his finger down into the searing heat of her vagina.

Almost giddy with excitement, he pushed his finger down into the hot, sticky opening and felt the wet warmth part slightly allowing his finger to slide down into her all the way up to his last knuckle as his mother's legs crept apart opening herself to him.

He was so excited, he knew that his heart wouldn't be able to stand much more. Then, he nearly erupted as he felt his mother gently squeeze down on his embedded finger. He felt like every drop of blood in his whole body was now concentrated down inside his throbbing, aching manhood. And he was going to pass out any second as he felt the gentle undulations of her pussy softly milking his finger.

This was all too much for him as he felt an overpowering urge to make love to his mother. He had to have her and fill her hot, clinging emptiness with his poisonous seed.

Slowly, he withdrew his finger from the clinging heat of her cunt. It was dripping wet, coated with her hot, pungent juices as he fumbled with his pants, shoving and pushing on them until he finally managed to shove them down around his knees.

Now was the moment; the moment of finality. He was about to banish them into the forbidden depths of incestuous love from which there was no escape. They would have to wander for the rest of their lives alone in the depraved profoundness of their sin. They would have no one to turn to if he was wrong. It was a terrible burden that they would have to carry with them to their graves. It was a heinous thing for him to do, but he couldn't turn back now. He had to taste the wondrous sweetness of her sacred core. He would probably live to rue this day, but he was going to take his mother and hold her as he flung them down into that dark, forbidden abyss of incestuous love.

Now, he was past the point of caring. Nothing else could satisfy the overpowering need that was raging in his loins. He must possess her. Take her as his own. Take her as his woman.

Gasping for breath, he finally pulled back away from her. As he watched, her eyes slowly fluttered open again. Not knowing what he was looking for, he stared deeply into the big, sorrowful windows into her soul.

What he was doing to her was horribly wrong, but he couldn't stop himself. He was going to take advantage of her misery and defile her in the most despicable manner possible. Still, staring into her smoky, brown eyes, he knew that had to do it as he slowly ran his hand down her silken thigh and brushed aside her blue satin gown. Then, letting his eyes slowly drop down away from the swirling confusion in his mother's eyes, down over her beautiful sagging breasts, over her tummy and the wrinkled gathering of her nightie, he gaped at her exposed, vulnerable nethermost place.

It almost took his breath away. Time stood still as he gazed down at the delicate curls of finely spun gold surrounding her most sacred of places. He had never seen anything so exquisitely beautiful as the delicate pink-lipped velvety flesh encircled by a bush of burnished gold curls softly glimmering in the glow of the fire from the fireplace. His voice was stuck in his throat. He couldn't speak. He could barely breathe as he openly and brazenly drank in the beauty of her exposed femininity. Nothing he had ever seen could compare to the wondrous cleft of vulnerable, fragile flesh between her legs. And now that delicate breach was now defenseless to his senseless onslaught. He could only gawk and marvel at her womanhood, with its heavy, fleshy lips wetly clinging together. Then, at the very bottom of the thick, meaty lips, he saw the slightly-parted opening slowly oozing out a tiny stream of clear, shimmering juice.

He was enraptured and stood on his knees for several long moments just staring down at it. Shaking his head, he was finally able to tear his eyes away from the glistening gash between his mother's legs. Looking back up into her eyes, he saw she was gazing back at him with a look of numbed disbelief in her big, tear-rimmed eyes. Then as he slowly backed away from her he felt her hot fingers slip off his throbbing penis.

He wanted her so badly, his whole body was aching. Somehow, he had to make her see that they must consummate this new-found love, no matter what the consequences. He must convince her of his undying love without causing her to bolt and leave him alone in his shame.

Slowly, not wanting to frighten her, he gently put his hands on her soft, smooth, inner thighs and lightly pushed her legs further apart. At first, he felt a tightening of resistance, but as he continued to push, he felt her legs slowly relax and ease apart. As they did, he watched the thick, pink lips finally part with wet, stringy strands of juice still connecting them as the hot, deep core of her femininity was revealed to his peering eyes.

He had to kiss it. Kiss it and taste her essence. Taste the hot, bubbling broth that was slowly oozing out of the secret darkness.

He could feel her eyes on him as he deliberately bent down and lowered his mouth down toward the glistening opening of her sex. As his lips finally grazed the soft, yielding flesh, the hot, subtle musk of her womanhood welled up into his nostrils sending another spark arcing through his cock making it twitch and jump down between his thighs.

Letting his lips linger on the soft, gorged lips for a moment, he gradually eased his tongue out. Inhaling deeply through his nose, he reveled in the pungent scent of her womanhood as he slowly licked his tongue up the wet, fleshy furrow of her cunt.

He heard his mother let out a soft whimpering sob as he stopped his tongue just below the jutting little nub of her clitoris. Then, when he brushed the tip of his tongue across the little pearl, he felt his mother flinch as her trembling thighs brushed up against his cheeks.

He had never felt such raw raging emotion in his whole life. He wanted to consume his mother and become one with her. He wanted to share with her the love that was welling up from his heart as he lovingly caressed her clitoris with his tongue.

His mother was breathing faster, her breath now coming in wheezing gasps as he lovingly sucked and teased the tip of her hot, little clitoris.

Suddenly, he felt his mother's whole body go stiff and begin to tremble.

"Ohmygoddyyyyy," she groaned out as her body began to writhe and strain up against him.

He couldn't believe it. His mother was having an orgasm. He had given her have an orgasm, he told himself as he continued to torment her clitoris with his tongue. And he'd barely touched her.

As Johnny groveled in the sheer perversion of it all, his mother shuddered and wheezed for several long moments, before she gave out a soft, little sigh and her body went limp falling back down onto the couch.

Slowly, with his lips glistening with the juice of her womanhood, he lifted his mouth up away from his mother's pussy. Strangely, he felt a stab of guilt as he looked up to her face. He loved her so much, and yet he had done this evil and wicked thing to her. But still, he had brought her gratification...

There was no stopping him now. He must have her as his lover. The shame and hurt he was about to cause her didn't matter to him now. He had tasted her vulnerability and now only the driving, raging urgency jutting out of his loins mattered. It must receive its satisfaction, too.

Reaching down, he shoved his pants down farther and slowly shuffled up between her outstretched legs as his mother's eyes flickered open.

He saw a momentary blink of fright brighten her eyes for a moment as she stared up at him as if she couldn't believe her eyes. But Johnny couldn't wait any longer. Reaching down, he grabbed hold of his big, bobbing cock and pushed it down, guided the bulging, purple cockhead down to the juice-slickened opening of his mother's weeping vagina.

He felt his cockhead brush against the slippery softness of her womanhood. But then, before he could ease it into her, he heard her whimper and her hands lifted up to his belly, spread out on it and stopped him.

"No. No. I can't. Not, not with you—" he heard his mother sob.

Johnny didn't know what to do as he felt his mother's hands pushing him back away from her. Standing there on his knees, mortified by what he had done, he watched her draw her legs up and turn away from him.

"But, mother," he blubbered, "Please..."

"No, no. I can't do it with you," she cried, pushing herself to her feet as she went reeling away from him.

With a sob, Johnny struggled up to couch and flopped down. As he did, his pants slipped down to the floor and he sat staring down at the malignant curse jutting up from his groin. He hated it. He hated himself. He hated everything as he angrily cursed himself.

He wasn't fit to be her son. He was mortified. He had shamed himself beyond redemption. He knew there was no way he would ever be able to face his mother again as he glared down at the aching menace arching up from his belly.

But he had been so close, he evilly thought as he reached down and took hold of his throbbing manhood. Only seconds more and it would have been inside of her.

What could he do? Should he leave? Should he go to her and try to apologize? He had disgraced himself before the one person he loved more than anything in the whole world.

Wallowing in shame and degradation, he turned to look in the direction she had fled. As he did, he was stunned to find her standing at the end of the couch looking down at him.

He didn't know what to do as another wave of shame washed over him while he gaped up at her with tears in his eyes. He couldn't understand the look on her face. She didn't look angry or hurt. Just confused and bewildered. Several moments passed as they looked into each other's eyes, until at last Johnny saw his mother's eyes waver for a moment and then dip down to his jutting penis. Johnny was dazed by the sudden turn of events, but sensing her weakness, he eased his hand up to his big, jutting prick and held it so that she could see all of it.

She didn't take her eyes off his penis for several moments as she stood staring down at it. She didn't move. It was as if she was in a trance or something as she just stood there staring at it.

Not knowing what to expect, Johnny took a chance and slowly extended his hand out to her. She didn't move for several long moments as she looked down at his hand and then back to his jutting maleness in a numb stupor.

He held his breath and waited. At last, he saw her lift her hand and take hold of his. Maybe he had gotten a stay of execution, he told himself as hope washed over him. Boldly, trying to revive the excitement that had been whirling about them earlier, he gently pulled on her hand, pulling her down around the end of the couch and onto it. She resisted slightly at first, but after a couple of seconds stumbled down the couch toward him until she was standing beside him. Standing there, almost in a trance, she didn't move for several seconds and then slowly slipped down to her knees beside his legs.

He watched on with feverish anticipation as she ran her hands down his muscular thighs as she continued to stare at his thick, hard manhood.

Not knowing what else to do, Johnny held onto his cock, holding it pointed straight up into the air as she looked down at it. She seemed to be in a daze as Johnny reached up and slipped his hand around behind her neck.

Then, ever-so-gently, he began to pull her head down toward his waiting cock. Initially, he felt the muscles in her neck stiffen as she resisted, pushing back away from him as she fought back against his hand. But after a few seconds, he felt the muscles soften as he kept up the pressure and watched her lips slowly descending down toward his swollen, thrusting impatience. Her full, red lips dropped closer and closer to his bloated, swollen cockhead as her hand lifted up, her fingers uncurling to touch it again. Then, as she tentatively wrapped her hot, little fist around his throbbing cock he slowly moved his hand away from it and watched her soft, red lips move closer to the evil cockhead.

Finally, as she held his eager, straining manhood tightly grasped in her fist, she moved her mouth even closer until her soft lips were poised just above it. He nearly shot off as he watched on with giddy expectation when she gently kissed the rubbery round tip of his cockhead. It felt like she had touched it with live wire as a jolt of electricity sizzled through it.

"Ohjeeezzzzz," Johnny gushed as she tenderly kissed the swollen head of his cock with soft, butterfly kisses.

Then, while his head was still reeling, she opened her mouth and lovingly sucked the big, purple head of his cock into her mouth.

"OHGOD!" Johnny gasped as she sucked and swirled the head of his cock around inside her hot, sucking mouth.

Then, still bending over his cock, she took it in both hands and began to roughly jerk her head up and down, sucking almost half of his cock into her mouth with every down-lunging thrust of her mouth.

As she mouth-fucked him, Johnny couldn't stop himself from thrusting his cock up into her mouth every time her hot, clenching lips descended on him.

Hungrily, as if she were starving for his monstrous cock, she devoured it, holding it with one hand and cupping his ball with her other hand. Squeezing tightly, she shucked one hot, clenching hand up and down the spit-slickened shaft while her other hand squeezed and fondled his big, hard balls. It was as if she was trying to coax up the bubbling, boiling cum into her mouth.

Johnny tried to hold it back and make the wickedness last longer, but the sheer depravity of his mother's wanton attack on his penis was too much.

She hadn't been sucking on him for more than twenty or thirty seconds before he felt his balls implode and send a gushing geyser of fiery cum spurting out into her hot, slurping mouth.

"OH, MOTHER, Sorryyyyyyy—" he groaned out as his cock exploded filling her hot, sucking mouth with a thick, hot gush of his creamy seed.

She didn't hesitate as she gulped down gusher after gusher of the overheated jism spewing out of his cock. He couldn't believe it as he felt his cock erupt again and again, spurting out what felt like a whole gallon of his heavy, creamy cum until it emptied itself and finally stopped jerking.

Johnny lay on the couch gasping for air, unable to believe what had just happened. His mother, his dear, sweet mother had just sucked him dry with her mouth. She had sucked out every last bit of his cum. Sucked it out and swallowed it.

As he lay there with his head reeling, he saw his mother slowly let his depleted, softening prick slither out from between her lips and slowly get to her feet. Then, she reached down and took hold of his hand.

"Could you...would you...can we make love now?" she softly whispered, gently tugging him to his feet.

"Yes, but I thought..." he started to say, standing by the couch looking down at his rapidly shrinking manhood.

"Come with me," she whispered, pulling on his hand, leading him toward her bedroom, "I've changed my mind."

Johnny started to follow her but tripped over his pants. Stopping for a moment, he struggled as he tried to shove his pants down off his shoes. Finally, he kicked them off and turned to find her standing there waiting for him.

As he looked at her, she shrugged her shoulders and her gown went slithering to the floor leaving her wearing only her sheer, little blue baby doll top.

Taking her hand again, he followed her as she led him into her bedroom. Lagging behind her, he admired her beautiful, bare buttocks quivering enticingly with each step she took. Ogling the round globes of exposed, smooth, pale flesh, he watched the lacy hem of her baby doll dance and flutter just above the swell of her buttocks.

Before he knew it, they were standing by her bed as she turned to face him and sat down on the edge. Her eyes sparking with adoration, she quickly scooted back away from the edge.

Reaching down, Johnny grabbed the hem of his shirt and with one quick jerk, stripped it up and over his head.

Stopping for a moment, he paused to admire her exposed beauty before he quickly crawled up beside her and laid down. Her hand immediately found his limp manhood and began to squeeze and fondle it.

"You, you can you make it, make it big again, can't you?" she whispered, impatiently fondling his fallen warrior.

"Oh, yes, mother, but..." he started to explain that it would take a while.

"Let me help make him big..." she whispered.

"Oh, mother," he groaned, taking her in his arms and kissing her hungrily.

Locked in each other's arms, they kissed passionately as he felt the life slowly flowing back into his penis. He could also feel the flames of desire in his loin once again flickering to life. As his mother roughly massaged and kneaded his budding erection, he gently pushed the strap of her negligee down off her shoulder baring one of her big, soft breasts. Dropping his mouth to the bulging nipple sticking out of the center of the cup of dark, pebbly flesh, he began to suck on her as his hand pushed her top down off her other breast. Then, as he lightly sucked on her nipple, he gradually worked his hand down between her legs to her oozing love nest. Delicately, he ran his fingers up and down the slippery slit of her vagina as she pulled and coddled with his swelling cock.

She had sucked the raging fire from his loins with her mouth, but left in its place, the smoldering embers of desire that she was now slowly trying to stoke back to life.

Johnny felt the might returning to his penis, but his urgent need to be inside of her was growing at a much faster pace. Finally, with a grunt, he heaved himself up onto his knees.

"It's not hard enough yet, baby," his mother murmured, but still spread her legs for him expectantly.

Johnny looked down and saw that his thick, puffy cock was definitely showing signs of rebirth, but still needed more encouragement to reach full strength. Leaning down, he kissed his mother on the lips as he lifted a leg over her and straddled her. Breaking their kiss, he shuffled his legs up until he stood on his knees, straddling her chest with his big, half-hard cock heavily hanging down just above her lips.

"Help me, mother," he groaned as he watched her lift her head and quickly suck his cock into her mouth.

The warm suction of his mother's mouth quickly brought a rush of blood pouring into his cock as he watched her devour it with her mouth. Standing on his all fours, he slowly began to work his hips up and down, fucking her mouth as his cock swelled and grew. Wrapping a hot, clutching hand around his hardening manhood, she sucked harder and harder as she jerked on him, running her hand up and down his awakening manhood.

Johnny could feel the urgency returning. Finally, it jutted out stiff and hard. Primed and ready. Johnny prayed that she wouldn't change her mind again this time.

Slowly, he eased the thick gorged column of meat and muscle out of his mother's mouth, crouching down, quickly covering her wet lips with his as he quickly backed down her body.

His mind was swirling with the passion and emotion of the moment. All that had led them down to this catastrophic moment jumbled into his brain in a churning mass of chaos. The innocent dance, the unthinking kiss that led to another even more intimate kiss, touching his mother down there with his lips, her touching him and now they were only a moment away from the crowning culmination of the tragedy.

His mother sensed his readiness, his impatience, spreading her legs, opening herself to him as he settled down between them. Then she found his jutting maleness with her soft, hot fingers, clutching him, gently guiding him down to the warm giving wetness between her legs.

Feeling her gently guide the bald, swollen head of his cock down into the tight, clinging opening of her sex, Johnny slowly pushed himself down into her and felt her envelop him in her accepting warmth.

"Motherrrrrrrrr," he shuddered as he pushed himself deeper down into the clinging sheath of warm, slippery flesh.

As he pushed into her, Johnny felt a breath of warm air brush across his ear.

"No one must ever know," she whispered as he eased his hot, heavy manhood down into the fiery, embracing depths of her vagina.

"No one, but us," he wheezed, thrusting himself down into her all the way until the hairy base of his cock ground down against her. "No one else will ever know..."

When he was fully immersed in her accepting warmth, he began to slowly rock his hips back and forth as he stared down into her steamy, brown eyes. Then her eyes seemed to glaze over as she began to whimper and mew with each deep, penetrating stroke of his cock.

Johnny had never felt such love, such passion, such power in his life. He wanted to let his soul flow from his body into hers. He wanted to possess her totally, completely and yet let her possess him all at the same time. He wanted them to be one, now and forever.

"OH, Mother, I love you so much it hurts," he blubbered out as tears suddenly came coursing down his cheeks.

"I know, Dear," she murmured, tears running down her own cheeks mingling with his as they wept. "I know how you must feel because I feel that same way."

Dropping his lips down to her tear-stained lips; he tenderly kissed her as they made love.

Finally, he lifted his lips from hers, tasting the salty tang of her tears as he stroked his monstrous prick in and out of her with more strength.

"It has never been like this with anyone else," she cooed, slowly stretching her legs straight out to the sides and grasping them by the ankles. "Not even your father."

This knowledge sent a shiver perverse conceit rippling through his brain.

He had bested all the others! Even his father! He was THE MAN—

Then he became possessed. A madman, pounding his cock into her furiously as she enveloped him with her arms and legs, cocooning him, coaxing, urging him on. Never again would any other man ever touch his mother in this way, he told himself as he made wild, passionate love to her. He would be the last man in her life. The LAST MAN in the line of replacements for his father. Somehow, he would convince her that he was the one that would make her life complete. Make her so complete she wouldn't have any need for another man.

They were no longer just mother and son. Or man and woman. They were lovers fucking for the sheer pleasure of fucking. Sweat poured from their pores coating their bodies with its slippery wetness as they heaved together, their hips crushed together, welded together by the incandescent heat of their passion. Time meant nothing to them as they fucked and fucked.

"Yesss. Yesss. Yesss—" his mother hissed as he drove into over and over again.

He wanted it to last forever, but his mother's hot, clutching cunt was hurriedly leading him to the point of no return. The culmination of their lovemaking. Milking him closer and closer on bed-rattling stroke. He felt the burn spreading out from the head of his pistoning cock. The fuse had been lit.

He could hear his mother panting and groaning underneath him.

Then suddenly, he felt his mother's cunt squeeze down around his pistoning cock as her arms and legs clamped up against him.

"COME, now, baby, come now," she gasped as her body stiffened and began to tremble, "please, come, baby, come with me."

As she began to shake and quiver, Johnny couldn't hold it back any longer.

He felt his balls explode as thick, hot spurts of cum gushed out into her. Gigantic gobs of his hot potency welled up from his aching balls and shot into the sucking core of her womanhood as she milked him with her hungry cunt. It felt as if his whole body was melting and rapidly being sucked into the hot, clinging gorge of flesh between his mother's clinching legs.

Then as the last spasming contraction forced the final geyser of cum from his balls, he made himself a promise...



No other man alive would ever have his mother in this way again. She was his and his alone. He was going to be THE LAST MAN in her life, NO MATTER WHAT...

## **The End**

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### **About the Author**

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his four dogs, not to mention a goat and a cat. The Baron started writing erotica back in 2003 for a site called Mr. Double. After that, in 2006, he moved on to another free site called Literotica. After writing for Literotica for seven years where he rose to number two on their most favorite author list with a following of over 3000 readers, he decided to try his hand in the "for profit" field. Although most of the Baron's stories are in the incest genre, he does occasionally venture out into other genres.

If you enjoyed the Baron's latest offering, *Mothers and Sons, Volume Seven*, please feel free to drop him a line at [baron.d.esade@hotmail.com](mailto: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*  
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*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*  
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