

Mothers and Sons

Volume Nine



Baron LeSade

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Moms and Sons, Volume Nine

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A MOTHER'S LOVE IS BLIND

What a day, Lillian thought as she pulled into the driveway. The boss had been all over her case from the moment she had arrived for work and didn't let up until she walked out the door. But at last, relief was just a few steps away. Throwing open the car door, she slid out and reached back in to retrieve her briefcase. Glancing up as she pulled the satchel across the seat, she saw that Timmy had left his bike leaning up against the garage. If she had told him once, she had told him a hundred times to put it in the garage or some morning he was going to wake up and find it gone.

Well, I guess I'll have to remind him one more time, she complained to herself.

Striding up the walk, she found the door unlocked. And how many times had she told him to lock the door? Too many to count. Maybe he'd had a hard day, too, she thought. But I've still got to remind about the rules.

But first things first, she smiled walking over to the bar. A drink will make everything better, she laughed to herself, quickly plopping a couple of ice cubes in a glass. Watching the amber gold flow out of the bottle and over the cubes and hearing the tinkle of the ice against the glass, she knew her day was going to get better soon. Tossing down the first shot, she refilled her glass and gulped down another drink.

There, that ought to take the edge off, she told herself. Now one to sip on. Filling the glass for the third time, she kicked off her high heels and took off her suit coat. Unbuttoning her blouse a couple of buttons, she fanned herself with the edge of blouse as she unzipped her skirt and let it slide down her legs to the floor. I bet I look a mess, she told herself, standing her in my blouse and pantyhose, but at least I'm comfortable.

Let's see, fix supper or talk to Timmy? Might as well get the distasteful chore out of the way first. Padding down the hall to his room, she thought she heard him crying. Stopping outside his door, she listened and yes, he was in his room softly sobbing.

Now what, she wondered, reaching for the doorknob.

"Timmy, what's wrong?" she asked, turning the knob and pushing the door open.

"Mom," he jumped as she stepped into the room. "Mom, you startled me."

"I'm sorry. What's wrong? Why are you crying?" she asked him stepping over to where he sat on the bed.

She saw that tears were trickling down his cheeks as his eyes dipped down to the Y of her pantyhose. She knew that he couldn't see anything, but felt a little uncomfortable as his eyes lingered down there for several seconds too long.

Clearing her throat to get his attention, she self-consciously dropped her hand down to cover herself from his peering eyes.

"What's wrong, Timmy?"

Finally, he looked back up into her eyes.

"It's too embarrassing," he wept. "I'm too embarrassed to talk about it. Especially with you."

"Talk about what?"

"I said I'm too embarrassed to talk to you," he sobbed.

"Oh, Timmy, stop that," she said, sitting down beside him and wiping the tears off his tear-stained cheeks with the backs of her fingers. "What could be so terrible that you couldn't talk to me about? I am your mother, after all..."

"Mother, I'm ashamed," he blubbered. "It's too embarrassing."

"Tell me what it is and I'll help you," she said consoling him by running her fingers through his soft, curly hair.

"Mother, it's, it's not, not some-something a boy, can, can talk to, to his mother about," he sputtered, tears still trickling down his cheeks and dripping down onto his shirt.

"Nothing is that bad," she chided him. "If you can't tell your mother, then who can you tell?"

"NO ONE!" he said emphatically. "I ca-can't tell any-anyone."

"Yes, you can," she whispered, "you, you can tell me. I won't tell anyone else. It will be our little secret. Yours and mine. No one else's."

She could see that she had put a dent in his armor as the sobs changed to sniffles and he looked deep into her eyes as if to affirm his trust in her. She knew that he was wavering.

"Please, it'll be our secret," she said, almost under her breath. "Just you and I."

"I, I do-don't know h-how," he whimpered. "I'm too em-emb-embarrassed."

"Just tell me what happened," she urged him, still running her fingers through his hair. "What did you do?"

"Nothing. I didn't do anything," he complained.

"Then what's wrong?"

"Oh, God," he started sobbing again. "I can't."

"Please," she pleaded with him.

Trying to hold back the tears, he started again.

"The, the, bo-boys, boys at, at school," he sniffed, "they, they call, call me names."

"What names?" she wanted to know already hearing the pain in his voice.

"It's too em-emb-embarrassing," he muttered, wiping off the tears with the back of his hand.

"What, what do they call you?" she asked him again.

"You'll think it's fun-funny, too," he fussed.

"NO, No I won't," she declared.

"You promise?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, I promise," she assured him.

"They, they, they call, call me, me, P-pen-penc-pencil-di-dick," he finally spit out after a sputtering start.

She was stunned. She didn't know what to say. She didn't know what to do. What could she say? What could she do that would make up for that? How small was he? Oh, why were children so mean to each other, she angrily wondered?

"Uh, why, uh, why do they, they call you, uh, uh, that, that name?" she stammered.

"Be-becau-because I have, have a little, little, tiny, damn p-pen-penis," he mumbled.

"Oh," she blushed, stymied.

"I, I've, I've got, got the, lit-littl-littlest one, one in the, the whole, whole school," he wept, tears starting to trickle down his cheeks again.

"But, but doesn't, does it, it get bigger, bigger," she stuttered and stumbled, trying to chose words that he would understand and words that wouldn't offend him, "bigger, when it, uh, you know, when it gets hard."

"MOTHER," he gasped. "Now you're emb-embarrassing me."

"I'm sorry," she mumbled, "but doesn't it?"

"Jeez," he wheezed.

"It does then," she surmised.

"Yeah, yeah, it, it gets a lit-little bigger," he whined, clearly humiliated to be talking about his physical handicap in front of his mother.

"How big, how big, is it?" she finally asked.

He stopped sniffing long enough to stare into her eyes with a flustered look on his face.

"It's, it's th-three, three in-inches long," he muttered so softly she could barely hear him.

"Did, did you say thr-three inches, inches long?" she asked him.

"See, I told you that you would think it's funny," he moped. "Everybody acts like I'm a freak or something."

"NO! NO! No, you're not a freak," she exclaimed.

"Hugh's is big," he whimpered. "Real big, so why is mine, mine so little?"

"I don't know, Honey, that's just the way things happen sometimes..." she whined. "Uh, why, uh, how, how big, how big is Hugh's, uh, pen-penis?"

"N-nin-nine inches long," Timmy growled, "He showed me and, and measured it."

"Nine—Nine inches—" Lilian gasped, losing herself for a moment. "Uh, well, well, maybe, maybe you're just taking, taking longer to grow," she tried to tell him.

"It's not fair," he fumed. "Everybody thinks he so, so cool, just cause he, he has such a big, big, uh, big thing. And everybody, everybody thinks, thinks I'm such a dork cause I have, have such, such a little, little cock, uh, penis."

Never in a million years, she thought, could she have speculated that this conversation taking place. A part of her was mortified, discussing the size of her son's penises while another part of her was aching with the hurt Timmy must be feeling.

There was nothing she could do. Nothing she could do that could make his little penis any bigger. Nothing that would convince him that, not to be gross but, it wasn't the size of his, uh, tool wasn't everything. But, it was how he used his, uh, tool that counted. And then there was Hugh. Why was he built so large? Timmy was right. It wasn't fair. Maybe, Hugh had gotten his share and a portion of Timmy's, too, she dementedly thought. Or he just took after his father while maybe, Timmy took after her. Was it her fault? Had she somehow passed along the wrong genes to Timmy? She must have. How else could you explain it?

"It's ugly," Timmy raged. "I hate it. I hate my little thing."

"No, honey," she assured him. "It is just a little smaller than the others. It isn't ugly."

"How do you know?" he asked her. "Have you ever seen it?"

"Well, uh, yes, uh, yes, plenty of times..." she blushed, suddenly feeling as if she were walking on quicksand, "uh, plenty of times...when you were a baby."

"Yeah, but, but that was years ago," he complained, "and, and it's probably, probably the same size it was then."

"Now, now, Timmy," she tried to console him.

"I just hate it," he boohooed. "Sometimes, sometimes, I just, just want to cut it off."

"Oh, God, NO!" Lillian swore. "Never think that. It could never be as bad as that."

"It is, too," he groaned. "It's ugly."

"Let me see, see it," she blurted out, wondering where the words came from.

"Huh?" Timmy grunted in shock. "What did you say?"

"I, uh, I said let me see it," she softly said. "I want to see if, if it is, is as ugly as you, you say it is."

"Why? Why do you want to see it?" he sniveled. "So you can laugh at it, too."

"NO! I would never laugh at you," she scolded him.

He just sat there looking at her as if she had just slapped him. He didn't move a muscle.

Bringing her drink up to her lips, she self-consciously downed the rest of it and slowly put the empty glass down on the floor. Slowly, she eased off the bed and sank down to her knees beside it. Crawling on her knees, she deliberately inched her way around in front of him. Keeping her eyes fastened onto his, she reached

out and felt around the waistband of his pants searching for the snap that held them fastened. It only took her seconds to find it. Still gazing into his eyes, she gingerly unsnapped his pants.

She heard a sharp intake of breath as she took the zipper tab in her fingers and slowly unzipped his pants.

"Stand up," she whispered.

He timidly stumbled up onto his feet and stood there trembling. Still staring into his eyes, she carefully spread his pants open and eased her fingertips down into the tight waistband of his shorts. Then, ever so gently, she began to tug them down over his hips.

Once the waistband slipped down over his hips, his pants quickly dropped to the floor.

Not wanting to frighten him any more than he already was, she deliberately lowered her eyes down to the small, insignificant penis that dangled down out of his almost hairless crotch.

"See, it's ugly," he grunted.

"No, Baby, NO!" she loudly declared, "It's a little small-that's all."

"See I told you that it was little," he blurted out, tears flowing down his cheeks like water from a dam burst.

"B-but it is beautiful," she went on, stopping the flow of tears for a moment.

Yes, yes, he was small. His little cock looked to be about the aforementioned three inches as it dangled down before her.

Just then, she heard the front door slam.

"Hey, is anybody home?" she heard Hugh holler out.

"Stay here," she shushed him, hurriedly getting to her feet and rushing over to the door. "I'll be back later."

"Uh, okay," Timmy snorted, not knowing what else to say.

Closing his door behind her, she headed for the living room.

"Oh, hi, Mom," Hugh said as he spotted her walking toward him.

She saw his eyes flicker down to the Y at the bottom of her belly just as Timmy's eyes had done at same instant her eyes wandered down to his crotch. Maybe Timmy was right, she told herself blushing slightly, as she saw the obvious bulge jutting out against the crotch of his pants.

"Hi," she said, stepping over to the bar. "How was school today?"

"Fine," he grinned, "Like your outfit."

"Uh, would you like to take in a movie tonight?" she asked him, pouring herself another drink in a new glass.

"Uh, yeah, sure, I guess," he stammered, surprised by the abruptness of her question. "Why?"

"Uh, Timmy and I are having a, a little heart to heart talk," she said unable to keep the blush from turning darker, "and I'd just like to have the place to ourselves, if that's okay with you."

"Sure, it's fine with me," he grinned. "So what kind of trouble has pencil, uh, Timmy, uh, gotten himself into now?"

"That's between him and me," she frowned, digging into her purse and bringing out a twenty dollar bill.

"Will this be enough?" she asked him shoving the bill into his hand.

"More than enough," he smirked.

"Good, you can get you a bite to eat first, then," she told him refilling her glass and watching him as she took a sip of it.

"Uh, okay," he said with a puzzled look on his face, "I guess you want me to leave now."

"That would be nice," she smiled at him.

"Uh, okay, uh, well, uh, bye," he muttered, turning and heading for the front door. "What time do you want me home?"

"Ten, ought to be fine," she said.

"Ten, it is then," he told her closing the door behind him.

She continued to sip on her drink as she walked over and looked out the front window watching him until he turned the corner and disappeared from her view.

What had she done? She didn't even know why she had done it. She just knew that she wanted to be alone with Timmy. So somehow she could make him realize that the size of his penis wasn't the most important thing in his life. But how was she going to do that?

Maybe, maybe she could show him that there are other things. Other things and ways to make a woman feel good that didn't depend upon the size of a man's cock. But, how could she do that? He was her son. And she couldn't do anything like that with him. Not with her dear little Timmy.

But he had to know. Had to know that his manhood wasn't dependent on having a monster cock, like Hugh's, she sickly thought. Stopping by the bar, she poured her sixth drink since getting home. For some reason the line between incest and her son's sexual education was blurring. It didn't seem as immoral as it had earlier. What was wrong with a mother wanting to protect her little baby from all the bad things the boys at school were saying about him?

Maybe she could instill a little pride in him. Give him something that the other boys at school didn't have. Give him something that he could treasure the rest of his life. Show him that even though the other guys had big cocks, he would have something that they didn't have.

Determinedly, she set her glass down on the bar and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. Then with a shrug, she let it slither down her arms. Smiling to herself, she topped off her glass, gathered up her discarded clothing and strutted down the hallway toward her room.

Stopping outside Timmy's door, she slowly opened the door and peeked inside.

There he sat, staring at her with his pants still pulled down around his ankles. He hadn't moved except to sit down. You little darling, she thought to herself, you are in for the night of your young life.

"Timmy, dear," she cooed to him, "why don't you get undressed and take a shower, hon. I'll be right back. Okay?"

"Uh, okay," he mumbled looking like a deer caught in the headlights of a car.

Smiling wickedly, she closed the door and tottered down to her bedroom.

In fifteen minutes, she stood outside his door again. She had quickly showered and this time she wore new makeup and a robe. And nothing else under the robe. She had to make him believe in himself. Make him know that he was important, too. Make him think of himself as a man, she told herself as she lazily pushed open his door.

"Mom," he said, standing by his bed without a stitch of clothes on. "Uh, what, uh, did, uh, do, do you want me to put, on?"

"Nothing, dear," she smiled at him, slowly padding over to where he stood watching her. "Remember, I said that I wanted to look at your, uh, your penis."

"Uh, yes, uh, but, uh, what, what about Hugh?" he blushed, "I don't want, want him to see, see you looking, looking at my, uh, my little, uh, penis. He'll laugh at it."

"He went to the movies," she said, reaching down to the knot she had tied in the belt of her robe.

"Oh," he gulped.

"We're here all alone," she whispered, tugging on the knot until it came undone and the belt fell down alongside her hips. As it did, the opening running down the front of her robe parted slightly bringing Timmy's eyes down to it.

"Just the two of us," she softly said, shrugging her shoulders and letting her robe slither down her body into a puddle around her bare feet.

"MOTHER!" Timmy blurted out, stumbling back away from her in shock.

"Mother, you don't have any clothes on, for God's sake."

"I know, dear," she gushed, "is that all right with you?"

"Uh, I, uh, jeez, uh, I, Mother, uh, what..." he stammered, his face burning brightly as he gawked at her with his mouth hanging open.

"Don't you like me naked?" she asked him slowly pirouetting around so he could see.

"Uh, yes, I, uh, I guess, yes, but, it, it makes me, uh, nervous, and, uh, but, what, what are you, uh..." he asked, his voice trailing off into silence.

"What am I going to do?" she finished his question for him. "I'm going to show that it is not the size of a man's penis that makes him a man."

"What, what do you mean?" he was finally able to choke out as he ogled her nudity.

She knew that she was no raving beauty with her small, pendant breasts, but she also knew that she was naked and she was his mother. Either of them enough to give a boy his age a near heart attack.

"See," she smiled, looking down at his cock as it quickly hardened. "It's already getting bigger..." she told him, seeing that his little cock had already begun to swell and firm up.

"UH, uh, yeah—" Timmy gulped.

Almost, as if by magic, it only took Timmy's little cock seconds to rise to full erection, jutting up out of his groin hard and stiff.

"Oh, and it looks so hard..." she murmured.

"Yes," he hissed, "it's so hard, it hurts."

"Do you want me make it stop hurting?" she softly asked him, reaching out and brushing the tips of her fingers down his twitching cock.

"What? Why? Why are you na-naked, Mother?" he dumbly asked as his now

four-inch penis jerked and twitched threateningly close to eruption.

"I'm going to show you," she whispered, lovingly flicking a short, pink fingernail back and forth across the little cleft just below the corona of his cock, "show you that you don't have to have a big, uh, big penis to make a woman feel good."

"Mother..." he groaned as she slowly knelt down on her knees in front of him. "What?"

"I want you to make love to me," she said, watching his cock flail about violently as the words sank into his fevered brain. "But first, first, I want you to... to come in my mouth."

His mouth flew open wider as he gawked down at her in shocked disbelief.

But before he could react, she leaned forward and quickly sucked all four inches of his ripened meat into her mouth.

"OHMOTHERFUCK!" he blathered out as his hips began to jerk back and forth uncontrollably. She could hear him gasping and grunting as he furiously fucked her mouth. He was out of control, totally and completely.

But no sooner than she had begun to suck on him, his dick began to buck and jerk inside her mouth. Lunging forward until she felt the head of his dick bump up against the opening of her throat, suddenly, a jet of hot, sticky cum burst out of the head of her son's dick coating her tonsils with its sticky heat. Now she could taste the salty sweetness of his cum on her tongue as it gushed out of him in thick, hot spurts. Reaching around and clutching the cheeks of his clenched ass in her hands, she pulled his belly against her face. With her lips encircling the base of his little prick, she felt it shudder and shudder as it fired off volley after volley of thin, juvenile cum into her sucking, swallowing mouth.

"Ohmother—Ohmother—Ohmother." he groveled out as his small, immature balls convulsed sending out more and more of her son's semen into her mouth.

It wasn't going as she had planned it, she feverishly thought as he emptied his balls into her mouth. Why was she getting warm down there? She hadn't planned on that. She just wanted him to come inside of her while she faked an orgasm and make him think he was a real man. But now, now she was getting hot, too.

But that would be too much. Too much to ask for. Wouldn't it?

At last she felt his cock stop jerking and bucking inside her mouth. But she didn't let him go. She continued to suck and pull on his cock with her lips until she felt it begin to stir and harden again.

"Mother, mother," he anxiously blathered, "Mother, you're making it hard again."

"Yes, yes, baby," she exclaimed, letting his recharged little cock slither out of her mouth.

"I want you to put it in Mommy's pussy and make me come, too," she cooed to him, pushing up off her knees. "Can you do that?"

"Oh, God, mother," he muttered. "I'll try."

"No, Timmy," she growled at him. "I don't want you to try. CAN YOU DO THAT?"

"Yes," he said, timidly at first, then with more conviction, "Yes, YES! YES, I CAN MAKE YOU COME, TOO!"

"That's right," she purred, crawling onto his bed and flopping down on her back. "Mommy's baby is going to make Mommy come."

At first, he looked confused as he gawked down at her lying on her back with her legs spread wide apart and her gaping cunt ominously staring up at him. She could see the doubt creep back into his eyes as he peered down at the great fleshy wound between her legs surrounded by its forest of curly hairs.

"Come on, Timmy, you can do it," she urged him on reaching out to him, inviting him down between her outstretched legs. "You're my man. Put it in me, and make Mommy come. You can do it. I know you can."

She watched him tentatively put a knee on the bed between her legs. Then, he quickly crawled up between them, his hard, little cock bobbing up and down wildly. Maybe she had been wrong. Maybe he couldn't make her come. Maybe he was too small. But, it had been such a long time since she had let that happen, it wouldn't take much. Six long months and the fire raging down between her legs was growing hotter and hotter as her son lowered his little penis down to the

gaping hole. Oh, God, she clamored to herself, I'm so big and wet, he won't even feel it go in me. I shouldn't have done this. I might ruin him for life. If he fails now, he may never want to fuck another woman in his whole life. But it was too late now. She was already committed to making him a man, one way or the other.

"Come on, Baby," she drooled, grabbing his little sword and guiding it down to the oozing scabbard of flesh between her legs. "Put it in Mommy and fuck her with it. Fuck her with your beautiful cock and make her come."

"Oh, Mother," he gasped as he pushed his hot, little poker down into the blistering heat of her cunt. "It's so hot."

"Fuck Mommy, Baby—" she ordered him, grabbing hold of his ass and pulling his juvenile penis down into the seething core of her need.

"Yes, Mommy. Fuck, Mommy. Fuck Mommy." Timmy muttered beginning to work his hips back and forth and sliding his undersized cock in and out of her clutching, clinging cunt.

She could feel it. She could feel the hot, little ingot of steel plowing in and out of her faster and faster. Holding onto his ass tightly, she kept the frantic bounding of his ass from growing to violent and dislodging the pistoning cock from her gluttonous cunt.

Yes, yes, she told herself as she milked and squeezed on the hammering prick with her cunt muscles. It felt wonderful. It was wonderful to have her son's cock sawing in and out of her. Even more wonderful than she could have imagined.

Then she felt the first sensuous tickle of her orgasm gathering deep inside her cunt.

Yes, it was going to happen. Yes, she was going to come. She was going to come and her son, her son with his beautiful little cock was going to make it happen.

"Yes, Baby, Fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy hard," she coaxed him, digging her fingernails into his ass and lifting her feet up off the bed.

"Like this, Mommy? Like this?" he wheezed, slamming his cock down into her as hard as he could.

"Yes, yes, yes, Baby," she hissed, wrapping her legs around his waist and driving her heels into his gyrating ass.

Pounding her heels into his ass, she felt the itchy tickle deep inside her pussy rapidly growing into painful torment as his little cock sliced in and out of her feverishly.

"Hurry baby, Fuck Mommy harder," she blathered out, using her whole body to urge him on, "Mommy's almost there. Mommy's about to come."

"Mommy's about to come," he echoed her, jerking him back and forth faster and faster. "Timmy's making Mommy come. Timmy loves Mommy."

The last three words he uttered were like pouring gasoline on a bonfire. Her cunt convulsed around her son's thrusting cock and began to spasm wildly as jolts of pure, raw pleasure sizzled through her cunt and burst into her brain. It felt like she was being electrocuted as sparks of electricity danced and darted around inside her head.

"OHBABYYES!" she gasped out as she pulled his little cock down into her gushing cunt as deep as she could.

Just then, as her clutching cunt wrapped itself around her son's prick, she felt it lurch and begin to spew out its lethal load of hot, sticky cum into her gluttonous cunt.

"Timmy come too," he wheezed as he humped his spurting cock down into the hungry core of his mother's femininity.

Her cunt was gobbling the little cock alive. It gave the tiny organ no mercy as it mercilessly sucked and pulled on it, trying to drain every last sperm out of it.

They were one now. There was no mother and son. They were one. There was no little penis. There was just one fiery conflagration of gratification consuming them both.

Yes. Yes. Yes, they had done it, she told herself as she groveled in its wicked pleasure. She had made him a man. And he had made her a woman again. Now they had each other. He wouldn't need another woman. He was hers. No one else would tease and torment him because of his tiny tot. He had his woman.

~*~

"MOTHER! TIMMY! GOD—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she heard Hugh screech from the doorway....

The sweet interlude following Lillian's ordination into the unholy communion of incest was shattered by the angry, accusatory voice of her older son.

"Mother, what, what are you doing?" Hugh growled from the doorway as he stood glaring at the two of them. "Why, why are you, you letting Timmy, Timmy do that to you?"

"HUGH!" she gasped, trying to push Timmy off her.

Timmy rolled off her, pulling his tiny prick out of her cunt as he whimpered in shock and humiliation.

"Mother, how could you do that, that..." Hugh condemned her, but couldn't keep from letting his eyes wander down over her naked body, "... with Timmy?"

Unbelievably, Lillian found herself and Timmy playing the roles of delinquent children while her older son acted as the outraged parent.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she wept, pulling the sheet up to cover herself from his leering eyes.

"I can't believe it," Hugh muttered, "I can't fucking believe it."

Why had he come back so early, she foolishly asked herself as she cringed underneath the sheet? She should have known that something would go astray. It always did.

"Why, why are you back so early?" she floundered out not knowing what else to say as she lay penitently looking up at him.

"I thought something weird was going on, when you said you and Timmy were having a heart to heart," he said. "I just wanted to hear what you were talking about... but this, this is crazy. I'd never have guessed in a hundred years. God, I still can't believe. You and Timmy?"

"Just leave us alone," Lillian cried, "Please, just leave us alone."

"Why? So he can fuck you again?" Hugh blurted out.

"NO!" she whined pathetically.

"Why should I leave then?" he sarcastically asked.

"Would, would you go to your, your room, Please?" she finally asked. "Just go to your room and, and I'll be down there in a minute."

"Huh? What? Oh, I see," he grinned maliciously. "Now it's my turn?"

"Hugh, please," she fussed, "don't be vulgar."

"Sure, Mom," he chuckled. "Whatever you say. I'll be waiting."

He spun on his heel and was gone before she had a chance to tell him that wasn't what she meant. Things had gone from bad to worse to catastrophic for Lillian in little longer than the blink of an eye.

Timmy lay beside her in a state of shock. His eyes were as big as saucers, his mouth was hanging open with a dribble of spit trickling out of the corner of his mouth and his poor little dick had shriveled down to a tiny stub.

"I'm sorry, Timmy," she bleated, her voice begging for his forgiveness, not knowing what else to say as she quickly slipped out from under the sheet and stood up. "I'm so sorry."

She could only imagine what must be going on in his mind.

"You're not, not, you're not going to, to let him do it to you, are, are you?" he sobbed, grabbing for her but missing as she quickly stepped away.

"No, honey," she hedged, realizing that it was highly probable that Hugh would exact his revenge on her. "But, I've got to talk to him."

"Don't go, please, Mom," Timmy impotently whined.

"Just stay here and I'll be back to tuck you in later. Okay?"

"Don't let him do it to you, Mother," he told her. "Don't let him put his thing in you."

"I won't," she said hoping that she could think of some way to prevent that from happening. "I won't."

"Promise?" he muttered.

"Oh, baby, I can't promise anything anymore..."

But she knew that in her heart of hearts, Hugh would want his fair share of her misguided affection, too.

How stupid she had been. How could she have let this happen? But now that she had been caught in the act with Timmy, how could she deny Hugh the same, she asked herself, reaching down and picking up her robe?

Seducing her younger son and then denying the same for Hugh would be tantamount to telling him that he wasn't as good as Timmy. Jesus, you dumb bitch, she berated herself. You sure fucked everything up this time with your pseudo-psychology.

Pulling her robe on, she gave Timmy a sick smile as she jerked the belt into a knot before she angrily turned and started for the door. Padding over to the door, she stopped for an instant, turned around and blew a kiss at Timmy as she wiped a tear off her cheek. Then, taking a deep, ragged breath, she stepped out into the hall and closed the door behind her.

Heavyhearted, she trudged down the hall to Hugh's room. It seemed to take only seconds as her fevered mind frantically searched for an answer. How could she avoid the inevitable and escape from horrendous consequence of her stupidity.

She could just say no, she thought. But what would he do? She knew that Hugh had a cruel streak in him like his father had had. She didn't know what he was capable of, and she couldn't risk finding out?

Peering into his room, her worst fears were confirmed. Hugh was lying in the middle of his bed without a stitch of clothes on and he had his hand wrapped around the gigantic malignancy jutting up out of the swirl of curls covering the tip of his belly.

Transfixed, she gaped at the evil creature as it stared back at her with its single, oozing eye. It was pure evil—

Like a deadly pink cobra swaying back and forth, it seemed to be trying to lure her close enough for it to strike.

Then, inexplicably, she felt herself being drawn to it.

Why? Why was she answering its evil call? Why was she letting this happen, she asked herself as she took small, faltering steps toward the monstrous reptile and its depraved handler?

But as she drew nearer, she knew somehow, she had to keep the deadly serpent from striking her. Not let it strike out and plunge itself into the forbidden sanctity of her womanhood where it would unleash its hoard of lethal venom into her. She knew that she couldn't let that happen, but she couldn't stop herself as she felt herself being lured closer and closer by its wicked magnetism.

Seconds later, she found herself standing by his bed glaring down at the degenerate corruption sticking out of her son's groin. As she looked on in absolute disgust, Hugh defiantly slowly stroked his hand up and down the perversion.

"Do you like it, Mother?" Hugh smirked as he lovingly stroked the swollen aberration.

She couldn't speak. The revolting scene had melted the nerve endings inside her brain and words wouldn't form. But even if they had, they would have been blocked by the wad of cotton that had formed in her mouth and was growing larger with each passing second.

"It's bigger than Timmy's," he leered up at her as she stared down at the giant slab of meat as her son stroked it familiarly. "Isn't it?"

"Um-huh," was all she could manage to mumble as she tried to fight off the numbness filling her brain.

"Would you like to touch it?"

"Um-huh," she idiotically intoned slowly bobbing her head up and down.

Why had she said yes? Why, she asked herself again and again as she found her trembling hand reaching out to the pillar of petrified manhood protruding up out of her son's groin.

STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT! Her conscience frantically screamed as her fingers inched closer and closer to the fiendish hulk of demonic flesh.

Her fingers touched the horror!

The skin on the tips of her fingers sizzled and smoked as a fiery bolt of lightning ripped up her arm and exploded inside her brain. She tried to jerk her hand away from the evil thing, but its lure was too strong. All she could do was stand there and let herself be electrocuted.

Finally, the electrifying shock diminished to a burning ache and she found she could move her fingers once again.

Delicately, she fingered the monster. It was so swollen, it looked as if the tautly drawn skin covering its evilness would split any second if she touched it.

Slowly, almost as if she were in a trance, she sat down on the edge of his bed. In a lust-induced fog, she eased her hot, clutching fingers around the abomination. Squeezing it gently, she brought her other hand up to the lurching, twitching giant.

With both of her hands girdling the colossus, she watched Hugh move his hand away. Throbbing with depraved potency, the giant cock exuded wickedness as she could feel the strong, pounding tic of its pulse vibrating up her arm.

Lillian stared down at the reptilian creature she now held imprisoned in her hot grasp. The thing was so grotesque, it was beautiful, she sickly thought as she began to solemnly stroke it with both hands. Reverently caressing the swollen barrel of his cock with her soft fingers, she found herself fascinated by the profusion of thick, blue veins crisscrossing the thick shaft of the mammoth.

"Yeah, Mom, beat my meat for me," Hugh sneered, raising his arms up and folding them back under his head.

A spume of self-hatred raged up from her heart. She wanted to tear off his horrid cock and beat him to death with the malignancy.

"Beat it good," he snickered.

Maybe, she numbly thought, maybe if she could make him come with her hands, he wouldn't want to fuck her. If she could make him come, maybe he would let her go. At least for now...until she could come up with a plan. A plan to save her from herself and prevent the atrocity from happening again. At least give her time to think up some way of avoiding the inevitable assault on her womanhood by the creature she now held clasp in her hands.

Tightening her grip on the bulging shaft of his monstrous penis, she began to slide them up and down the hot, pulsing shaft faster and faster.

"Oh, Yeah, baby, oh, yeah," Hugh grunted as he felt his mother's soft, hot hands squeezing him tightly as she stroked him faster and faster.

Watching her, he couldn't believe it was really happening. He was lying there in his own bed, with his own mother jacking him off. It was like a crazy, mixed up dream. A dream that had never occurred to him until tonight. He hadn't really thought of his Mother this way. Not that she was ugly or anything. She was just his Mother and you didn't do this kind of thing with your mother.

But it was all different now, he laughed to himself.

And that wasn't all. He was going to fuck her, too. Fuck her just like his pencil-dicked brother, Timmy had done. Except, when he got through using his big, bad cock on her she would know she'd been fucked. And not be able to get enough of it, he evilly grinned. Hell, after he was through stretching her pussy, she probably wouldn't even be able to feel Timmy's tiny, little peter. Yeah, he chuckled out loud and saw his mother give him an angry glare as her fists tightened around his manhood.

Thinking about how it would feel to fuck her and all the other wicked, perverted things he was going to do to her was like adding fuel to the fire. The reservoir of bubbling, seething cum inside his balls was threatening to burst forth at any second now.

His mother had better slow down, he told himself, or he would shoot off pretty soon.

"Uh, Mom, better cool it, uh, cool it a little," he panted as her hands raced up and

down his cock even faster. "Cool it or I, I'm, I'm gonna come."

"Um-huh," she murmured, squeezing harder and jerking her hands up and down faster.

"Mom, MOM, STOP," he blathered out to no avail as she coldly smiled down at him, viscously attacking his primed prick with her hands.

Yanking his hands out from under his head, he lunged at her, but it was too late.

"I'M GONNA-OH FUCK—I'm—COMING!" He bellowed out as she felt his cock twitch in her hands.

Then with a powerful lurch, it spit out a gigantic gob of thick, pearly-white cum straight up in the air. It came jetting up out of the creature's evil eye and flew two or three feet straight up in the air as she watched on in amazement.

"FUCK," he gasped as his cock wrenched a second time and another enormous wad of his gooey gunk shot out of the obscenely-large hole in the head of his cock.

She watched the glimmering gob of gunk as it shot up and then arced down to splatter down onto the bed sheet. Staring at the big puddle of his gummy jism, she felt another shockwave shudder through his cock and another gush of his thick, ripe cream gushed out, but this time instead of shooting up into the air, it ran down the great swollen head to coat her hands with its vulgar stickiness.

"God," Hugh grunted as his cock lurched again and again, spewing out more and more of its toxic load drenching her hands in its sticky heat.

Gripping the monster as it disgorged its pestilence, she watched the thick, syrupy cum run down over her hands, coating them with the gelatinous cream. Squeezing tighter and tighter, she roughly milked his cock, coaxing out every drop of cum she could.

Something inside the lurching monster must have broken, she thought as it wouldn't stop spewing.

This went on for the longest time before Lillian felt the tremors pulsing through the giant prick begin to weaken and wane. Then, at long last, it gave one final

quiver and it was all over.

"Oh, fuck," Hugh wheezed as his mother unclenched her fists and gently laid his rapidly shrinking penis down on his cum-drenched belly.

Running her hands up and down his sheet, Lillian wiped off as much of his hot, glutinous cum off her hands as she could.

"God, mother, why did you do that?" he finally grunted, "I wanted to fuck you."

"Um-huh," she muttered.

Looking down at the disgusting froth coating her hands, she felt a wave of shame wash over her. Standing up, she lurched away from the bed.

Tears came to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. Holding her sticky, cum-coated hands out in front of her, she stared down at them as if they were contaminated with some horrible, infectious contagion while she slowly backed away from his bed.

"Where are you going?" he asked her.

"My, my room," she muttered, finally able to speak.

"Stay for a while," he leered at her. "I still want to fuck you. Fuck you like Timmy did."

"No! No! I can't," she said, disgustedly wiping her hands on her gown, trying to wipe the gelatinous scum off.

It was burning her hands. His evil, seed-filled cum was burning her hands. It felt like she had poured acid on them. She had to hurry and wash it off. She could already feel blisters beginning to form, she frantically thought as she rushed over to the door and threw it open.

"Tomorrow," she blurted out holding her inflamed hands out in front of her as she ran down the hallway to her room.

She had meant to say that they would talk tomorrow, but all she had been able to say was 'tomorrow'. Now he would think that he could fuck her tomorrow.

"Stupid bitch! Stupid bitch! Stupid bitch!" She raged at herself.

She had forgotten all about Timmy in her rush to escape from Hugh's room.

Flying into her room, she threw off her robe as she rushed across the room and jumped into the shower. Somehow she was able to turn on the water with her charred hands as the guilt-laden cum dripping from her hands ate away at her skin.

"Wash it off! Wash it off," she blathered out loud to herself as she stood shivering under the spray of icy water.

Holding her hands directly under the spray, she frantically rubbed her hands together frantically trying to wash away the thick, gooey semen. Weeping, she could see the big, bulging blisters covering her skin as she desperately scoured the festering skin with soap and water.

Finally, several minutes later, she stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. Quickly toweling off the water, she stepped in front of her mirror. Slowly peeling the towel back, she fearfully looked down at her hands expecting to find her skin red, blistered and peeling. But it wasn't. Her skin was just as soft and smooth as it had always been. It had just been her conscience playing a sick, evil joke on her, she thought as she slowly dropped the towel to the floor and examined her hands. Nothing. There was nothing to even indicate that anything had happened. It had all been in her mind.

Now what, she asked herself as she walked over to her bed? Throwing back the covers, she slipped underneath them. Tears poured down her cheeks wetting the pillow under her head. Deep, rasping sobs escaped from her as she flicked off the light and cried herself to sleep....

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What? What was that? There was someone in her room, she groggily thought as she rubbed her bleary eyes and stared into the darkness.

Turn on the light, you fool, she told herself. Why? So the burglar or whoever it is can see that you are a woman, all alone and defenseless? That would be stupid.

Pulling the covers up under her chin, she waited, hoping the intruder would go

away and leave her alone in her misery.

Then suddenly, the bed shook ever so slightly as someone or something bumped into it.

"Wh-who, who's there?" she fearfully whispered.

There was no answer. Just then she felt the covers being ripped from her hands and all at once she found herself uncovered and naked once again.

"Who? What? What do you want?" she wheezed, groping for the covers and feeling the bed shake and shudder as someone crawled up onto it.

Hands grabbed at her as she tried to fight off her attacker. But he was stronger than she was and she soon found herself pinned to the bed.

"What do you, what are you doing?" she sobbed, straining futilely against the hands that held her captive on her own bed.

Suddenly, she felt hard, hairy knees forcing their way between her legs. Oh, no, I'm going to be raped, she cried out to herself. And as she fought to keep her legs clasp together, she quickly realized that this too was going to be a losing battle.

Her legs tired too quickly as the man's knees applied more and more pressure against her legs. After a few moments, the strength in her legs was completely gone and she felt them being slowly pried apart by her attacker.

"No, no, don't do this," she blathered out as the hairy legs spread her legs wider and wider apart. As her legs parted, this left her vagina open and vulnerable to his onslaught.

All at once, her mouth was covered and she felt a hot, probing tongue stabbing into her mouth as her attacker hungrily attacked her mouth with his. Jerking her head from side to side, she was able to evade the gluttonous lips for a few moments. Then, even as she fought against the invasion on her mouth, she felt the round hardness of a huge cock nudging up against the soft fleshy lips of her cunt.

"No, don't," she gasped as the lips engulfed her mouth again and the tapered roundness of the cockhead found the wet, slippery opening of her pussy.

It had to be Hugh. Who else could it be, she feverishly thought as she squirmed and writhed?

Once again, her efforts were useless as the penis-head began to edge down inside the wet, slippery opening of her cunt.

It must be Hugh, or some psychotic rapist.

"Hugh," she coughed out as the head of his monstrous penis began to inch down deeper into the tightness of her aching cunt. "Hugh, please don't do this."

"Yessss, Mother—" he hissed back at her. "It's my turn now."

He was just too strong. She couldn't stop him as he slowly eased more and more of his huge cock down into her slaving snatch. This was to be her punishment for breaking the sacred covenant between mother and son with Timmy. Now the holy decree of self-denial that existed between mother and son would be torn asunder once again. This was the second time the sacred vows of self-restraint would be defiled by her. Defiled by her and her wicked sons.

The fight went out of her as she gave up and went limp. She would let him have his way with her and get it over with, she told herself as he savagely attacked her mouth with his mouth and tongue.

As he felt the strength flow out of his mother's arms, Hugh let go of them and turned his attention to her breasts. He ruthlessly teased and tormented them as she lay below him unmoving.

Even as his hands plucked at her jiggling breasts, his gigantic cock was slicing deeper down into the inviolate core of her womanhood.

Her son was fucking her. He was fucking her and she was letting him do it. She just wanted it over with. Let him have his way and leave her alone. Leave her alone in her grief. That is all she wanted.

But even as she told herself this, she felt a sick, perverted sparkle of excitement fire off inside her overstuffed cunt. And it was caused by her son's freakish organ that was invading her sanctity. No, she couldn't let that happen. It was bad enough that she had, had an orgasm with her younger son, Timmy, but that had been different. It had been a sharing of love between the two of them.

Consensual and giving of their love to one another. Not, not this abomination of lust being foisted upon her by her older son. She still loved him, no matter what he was doing to her. He didn't care about her. All he was interested in was the aching, inflamed hole between her legs. He only wanted to satisfy the depraved sickness between his legs. He would let the malignancy growing down there feed on her. Feed on her and satisfy its unholy hunger without any regard for her feelings. She was just the instrument he would use to satisfy his blasphemous craving. He would use her and then toss her aside like so much trash. Like the whore slut she was. But why shouldn't he? That's all she was. She was just so much trash. A slut—A whore—

Rudely pinching and teasing her nipples with his fingers, he drove his cock deeper and deeper into her tight, clutching heat until at last the entire nine inches of his hot, swollen meat was buried inside her cunt.

"How does it feel to have a real cock in your pussy, Mother?" he sarcastically asked her.

She didn't answer him. Instead, she squeezed down on his pulsing prick with her cunt muscles and felt another spasm of excitement quiver through the widely-stretched channel of her vagina.

"Unh, nice, nice," he smirked, slowly withdrawing his juice-coated prick back down the drenched channel of her pussy.

The years of self-denial hadn't blunted her need for sexual gratification, she thought. Worse. Something inside of her had just been torn open. And when it was, her own wicked need escaped from its prison inside her soul. She had kept the depraved sickness locked away all those long, lonely years but now it was free. Free to glut itself on the evil buried down inside her belly. And she was totally unprepared for as it overwhelmed her. Overwhelming her with a need so selfishly corrupt, it couldn't be denied.

She had lied to herself before. She had told herself that she didn't want Hugh to fuck her. But now she did. Now she wanted him more than she had ever wanted anything in her whole life.

She wanted him in a very different way than she had wanted Timmy. She wanted Hugh to abuse her, defile her and drag her through the vile filth of incestuous squalor. And she wanted to savor every disgusting moment of their unnatural

coupling as she opened her mouth and hungrily sucked his tongue inside. Lashing at his tongue with hers, she flailed her tongue around the inside of his mouth furiously as she vulgarly frenched him.

As they ate face, Hugh's hips shot forward burying his rock-hard prick all the way up to its hairy hilt in the soft, clinging meat of her aching cunt again.

"Um-huh," she muttered into his mouth as they sucked and slurped at each other.

The silence of the room was spoiled by a cacophony of lewd, vulgar sounds as they began to fuck. The vulgar slurp of her tight, wet cunt as it clutched at his pistoning cock, the obscene sound of their bellies slapping together and the creaking groan of the bedsprings protesting against the abuse being heaped on them by their thrashing bodies echoed throughout the room.

God, she groaned to herself as Hugh attacked her with a ferocity she had never before experienced.

Then a flash of shame filled her head. God, I hope that we don't wake Timmy, I couldn't face him, now.

But the giant cylinder of granite-like hardness sliding in and out of her glutinous cunt soon drove all thoughts of Timmy from her mind.

"FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK YOUR MOTHER," she growled at Hugh as she clawed and ripped at his back with her fingernails.

The unholy fire in their loins was now burning out of control, coalescing their bodies together in an evil, twisted consummation of their incestuous love. Joined together as one now, they writhed and groveled together defiling each other in the most despicable ways imaginable.

Coarse, ugly, vulgar fucking sounds reverberated off the walls. The rich, ripe aroma of her arousal was so thick, they could barely breathe as they wheezed and panted, absorbing the heated, sex-filled aroma that permeated the air.

Finally, with sweat dripping down and splashing onto her, Hugh felt that familiar tight, tickling sensation in his scrotum. He knew an upheaval of monumental proportions was at hand. The band of pain grew tighter and tighter until he could no longer stand it. Suddenly, his hips lurched forward sending his cocked cannon



deep into her slaverling softness. Then he roared out with pain and liberation as he felt his balls explode and send their fiery load spewing out through his jerking, twitching cock and into his mother's hot, clutching cunt.

"OHHHHYYYYEEsssssssssss," he heard his mother babble as she began to shake and shudder under him.

Holding his spurting, spewing manhood buried deep inside the clenching clutch of her fiery core, he emptied his hot cream into her spurt after fiery spurt. Over and over again, his pumping cock jerked and spewed out load after load of his potency until her cunt was flooded with his potent syrup. Then, the thick, creamy cum began to spill out of her and drip down onto the bed below.

Her eyes rolled back into her head as she shook and groaned underneath him. Wanting even more, she dug her nails even deeper into the scratched and torn skin of his back.

Finally, both of them came coasting down from the degenerate heights of their incestuous consummation.

Gasping and gulping for air, neither of them spoke.

The wild, passionate cravings had been temporarily satiated. But down inside that place where all emotions are born, the monster still lived. And it hungered for their souls. And so strong was its hunger, it wouldn't let them rest.

"Again. Do it again," she panted as she felt his hardness stir inside of her.

"Yes, yes," he hissed, crawling out from between her legs dragging his slowly shrinking monster out of her cum-drenched cunt.

"NO, please, please don't take it out," she pleaded with him.

"Wanta see," he grunted, flicking on the light.

"Please, again, now," she wheezed blinking in the glare of the light as she clawed at his retreating cock.

"Yes, again," he grunted, quickly reaching down and physically rolling her over onto her stomach.

"What? What are you doing?" she complained. Then she sensed that he wanted to take her from behind and she quickly struggled up to her hands and knees.

The moment she was up, he clambered around behind her upturned butt. When he did, she quickly spread her legs for him as he slipped up between her soft, white thighs and grabbed hold of his slowly-wilting manhood. Then she felt him fit the swollen, cum-coated head of his cock back into the socket of her oozing, dripping cunt.

Releasing the monster on its own cognizance, he shoved it up into the slippery chute of her pussy and began to slowly work his hips back and forth, sliding his resurgent manhood in and out of her slaving womanhood. Staring down at the soft, rounded perfection of her ass, he lovingly ran his hands over it, fondling and gently caressing the firm, soft globes of flesh. Slowly, adoringly, he ran his hands up over her back, tickling the smoothness of her flawless skin. As his hips rocked back and forth plowing her fertile garden with his mushroom-headed plow, he ran his hands down under her. Softly caressing her smooth, jiggling stomach, he quickly found the undulating cups of her breasts as they swung back and forth in beat with the steady, insistent pounding he was inflicting on her pussy.

"Feels good, Baby," she cooed as his fingers found her nipples and gently toyed with them.

Then all at once, he felt her long, sharp fingernails gently tickling his flouncing balls. Another shudder of excitement ran through his body as she gently grasped them, pulling on them and urging him to fuck her faster. Reluctantly, he let go of her breasts and slipped his hands back up around her waist and grasped her tightly. Holding her firmly in his grip, he slowly began to pull her back on his pistoning cock every time he shoved it back into her waiting wetness. Once again, the sound of flesh slapping against wet flesh filled their ears as the rhythm of their fucking slowly increased. Rocking back and forth faster and faster, he pounded his thick, glistening prick into her drooling gash. Drenched in her pussy juice, his battering ram glimmered in the bright glare of the lamp as he drove it in and out of her. Like a slow freight gaining momentum, he fucked her faster and faster until he felt his balls begin to tighten and scrunch up against the base of his cock.

"HurryBabyHurryBabyGonnaCumGonnaCum," she gushed out as she thrust her

hips back at him every time he sent his cock plowing into the wet core of her cunt.

"YESYEsYesyesyesyesconnnnnnnn," she groaned out as she began to shake and shudder again.

Feeling her pussy clench down around his cock, he slammed himself into her. Letting go, he erupted in her again. Spurt after spurt of thick, hot, seed-filled cum spewed out into her as he re-sowed her fertile garden with his insulting potency. Again and again, his hips bucked and hunched into her as his cock lurched and jerked inside her, firing over and over until he had no more ammunition to fire.

He held himself inside of her until the final wave of his orgasm washed over him. Then he slowly leaned back, letting his withering manhood slither out of the weeping, seeping gash of soft, slippery meat between her legs. Sitting back on his heels, he felt his cock begin to shrivel and shrink down between his cum-splattered thighs.

"MOTHER!" Timmy cried from the doorway.

"What the..." she sputtered, jerking her head around to look in the direction of the door.

"MOTHER! MOTHER!" she heard Timmy wailing from the doorway.

"Timmy," she groaned as she felt the last, little tickle of her orgasm sparkle through her drenched cunt.

"I, I, you, you said, you said you wouldn't let him do it to you," he whimpered accusingly.

"I'm sorry," she muttered.

Why was she always apologizing to her sons for what they were doing to her? They were fucking her and she was the one that ended up asking for their forgiveness? There was something ludicrous about that. Something even droller than the fact that she was being fucked by her own sons.

Well, she wasn't going to apologize to them anymore. Something had happened

today. It had happened to all of them. She wasn't going to take the blame for all of it. Not anymore. They were all willing participants in the debauchery. While she was the adult, there was certainly enough guilt to go around for them all.

"Timmy, come here," she ordered him as he stood by the door glaring at them.

"But, you said..." Timmy started to say.

"Mother said for you to come over here," Hugh chimed in.

Surprised at her older son's collaboration, she smiled at him and ran her hand down his strong, muscled thigh.

He smiled back at her and lovingly fondled one of her drooping breast.

Obviously pouting, Timmy slowly shuffled across the room to the bed.

As he clomped across the room, Lillian knew that a decision must be made.

Now that the need inside of her cunt had been quieted for the moment, she could think more clearly. She knew that they should stop their depravity now, now, at this very moment. Or, live in a world where mothers and sons had no right to live. A world where the roles each of them played would be blurred and unclear. A world where she would be their mother some of the time and then she would be their lover, some of the time. Some of the time, they would be her sons, yet, other times they would be her lovers. It would be very difficult to keep all the characters playing their respective roles without tripping over and infringing on the rights and roles of the other characters. In other words, a chaotic mess—

So which would it be? It was her choice to make. But even as she asked herself the question, there was little doubt in her mind of the answer. She knew this was her responsibility. They were her responsibility. And yet, they had to have a voice in the decision.

But once the choice was made, there was no way they could return to the old, sane world. They would be destined to live the rest of their lives in incestuous wedlock. And they could never divorce themselves from it. Once done, it could never be undone. There was no divorce from Incest. Once it was committed, it was committed. There was no taking it back and they had already stepped over those boundary lines.

"Now I want the both of you to listen to me," she said, easing back against the headboard as she sat down. "We've done something terrible and awful. And in the eyes of the law, we've committed an egregious crime. In the eyes of God, we've committed a mortal sin. A grievous and atrocious transgression against man and nature. "

She now had their undivided attention as Timmy sat down on the bed beside his brother. It was only then that she realized that Timmy was naked too. We must be a pretty sight, she sneered at herself, a mother and her two teenage sons, naked and sitting on a bed talking about sex and living in incest.

"We can all go to jail for doing what we did," she went on. "It was wrong. So very, very wrong. But what's done is done and we can't undo it. If anyone ever finds out it will ruin all of us. So, we can't ever tell anyone about what we did. Never ever! Do you understand?"

Both boys glanced at each other and then nodded their heads in agreement as they looked back at her.

"But now, we need to make a decision," she gravely said, stopping to look deep into the eyes of each of her sons for several long, pregnant seconds. "Do we stop it now? Stop it and never mention it ever again? Leave it as a deep, disgusting secret between us? Or, do we, we go on. Go on and try to make a new life for us? A new life where we live together like this?"

She stopped speaking and waited. The boys seemed like they didn't know what to do as they anxiously looked at each other and then back at her.

"Uh, uh, go, go on, uh, go on like this," Hugh finally muttered.

"And what about you, Timmy? What do you say?" she asked seriously.

"Uh, yeah, uh, like Hugh said, uh, go on," he grunted.

"There can't be any jealousy or envy," she declared. "None. Never. Do you understand?"

Both heads bobbed up and down in compliance once again.

"Okay," she smiled. "Then I guess that we need to figure out where we go from

here."

The choice had been made. There had been no right answer, but they had chosen. There would be time aplenty for recriminations later, she told herself, but now was the time to consummate their wicked marriage. She wanted her sons. She wanted her sons to love her. To need her. To make love to her. She would sacrifice it all for them, if only, if only they would do the same for her. She must show them that there was no room for jealousy and envy in their new life. She would dedicate herself to them and ask only for their love in return.

Neither of the boys said a word as they raptly stared at her.

They need something else. Something to bind them together. Something to consecrate their unholy wedlock. But what, she asked herself?

Suddenly, it came to her.

"Wait," she bubbled, jumping up off the bed and running over to her jewelry box. Flipping it open, she rifled through the contents as both boys hungrily watched her delightful little tits wriggle and jiggle. Smiling from ear to ear, she rushed back over to the bed her saggy breasts flouncing around even wilder.

Smiling happily, she handed each boy a diamond ring. They were her engagement and wedding rings that she hadn't wore since the boy's father had died five long years ago.

"What, uh, what?" Hugh asked staring down at the sparkling diamond encrusted band lying in the palm of his hand.

Lillian reached out and took his left hand in hers.

"Hugh Cox, with this ring," she whispered, "I promise my love. To be your lover, your wife, and your mother 'til death do us part."

Lillian slowly eased a band of gold onto her son's ring finger then leaned forward and lovingly kissed him on the lips.

Then she turned to her younger son.

"Tim Cox, with this ring," she whispered, "I promise my love. To be your lover,

your wife, and your mother 'til death do us part."

Lifting his left hand up, she slipped the other gold ring onto his ring finger and then gave him a long, lingering kiss on the lips.

Finally, she broke the kiss and leaned back.

Extending her left hand out between the two boys, she waited to see who would be the first to join her in this unholy matrimony they were concocting.

Hesitantly, Hugh reached out and took her hand in his. Easing her engagement ring off his finger, he grasped it between his finger and thumb and slowly slid it onto her finger.

"Mother," he solemnly said, "with this ring, I promise my love to you. To have you, to hold you, to honor you, to cherish you, and to obey you, to love you 'til death do us part."

As he finished speaking, he leaned forward and lovingly, softly kissed her full on the lips for the longest time.

At last, he leaned back as she tried to catch her breath from the passionate kiss.

Looking over at Timmy, she watched as he took her hand in his hand. Then, he slipped the ring she had just given him off his finger and eased it down around her finger, just behind the one Hugh had given her.

"Uh, Mother," he hesitantly said, "with this, uh, ring, I promise to, uh, love you. To, uh, have you, to, uh, hold you, to honor, uh, you, to cherish and, uh, obey you, uh, 'til, uh, death do us part."

Smiling bashfully, he leaned over to his mother and gently kissed her on the lips.

They all sat back humbled by the moving experience.

"I don't think that we need to change much," Lillian finally said. "I will continue to go to work and you will go to school. We will share chores exactly the same way we have always done. We won't change anything that will make anyone suspicious of us. In fact, I don't think we need to change anything except doing this."

"What do you mean, Mom?" Hugh asked, reaching out and tenderly toying with one of her budding nipples.

"I think it would be best, after tonight," she said, "it would be best if I slept with one of you one night and the other the next night."

"But, what if, what if I wanted to do it, uh, do it some other time, and it's not my, you know, it's not my turn," Hugh frowned.

"I'm not going to be your live-in whore, young man," she angrily declared, jerking her breast away from his groping hand. "If you want it, you'll have to ask for it. If I want to give it to you, I will. If I don't, I won't. Understand?"

"Uh, yeah, uh, sure, uh, I'm sorry," he muttered.

"Are you okay, Timmy," Lillian asked her younger son as he sat there with a blank look on his face.

"Yeah, I guess," he mumbled, "it's all just so crazy mixed up and stuff."

"I know, honey," she smiled, "but it'll be okay. Just wait and see."

"Okay," he sheepishly grinned.

"So it's settled then," she sighed. "We're going to live like one big, happy family."

As she spoke, she dropped her eyes down to find that both of the boys were obviously enthused about the arrangement as their cocks were both standing at attention, jutting up out of their laps..

Such a difference, she wickedly thought as she compared the two. Tiny Timmy's cock stood only half as tall as his brother's towering giant. It was small and beautifully shaped as if carved out of the finest ivory while its counterpart was huge, bulging with big, blue blood vessels, and so grotesquely vile it was also beautiful.

"Well, let's celebrate then," she cackled with depraved excitement.

She could only imagine that her sons were looking on this as a dream come true.



What oversexed, horny teenager boy wouldn't? To have their own live-in slut. A slut who would furnish them with their heart's desire and the flick of a hat? But they couldn't know what depraved needs were growing unchecked down deep in the bubbling, seething caldron of her womanhood. She had always been oversexed, but her husband had been able to satisfy those needs up until his death some five years ago. Since then, those cravings, urging and desires had only been sporadically satisfied. Now, now she had two willing and capable love slaves. And she would teach them how to please her every way imaginable. And she was going to start right now.

Bending down, she flicked out her tongue and lapped her way up and down Hugh's giant, evil organ. Feeling it dance and twitch under her tongue, she licked her way up to the great barbed head of his cock leaving a trail of her spit glistening up the shaft. The taste of her pussy juice still lingered on the skin of his swollen peter as she nipped and teased its great, swollen head. Then, as she toyed with Hugh's colossus, she let her hand wander over to Timmy's wee weenie. While she wickedly worried her older son's monster cock with her mouth and lips, she squeezed and tickled her younger son's little wand until she had both of them gasping for breath.

"Would you boys like to fuck your mother?" she asked softly as she moved away from Hugh's cock and scooted over to her younger son's twitching member.

"Fuck, yes," Hugh snorted.

"Yes, ma'am," Timmy puffed.

"At the same time," she said, dipping her mouth down and sucking all four inches of Timmy's cock into her mouth in one hungry gulp while she toyed with Hugh's prodigious organ with her hand.

"Oh, God," Hugh grunted as she felt his cock lurch with expectation in her hand.

"At the same time?" Timmy blurted out. "How?"

Making sure that Timmy's little rod was dripping with spit, she let it slither out of her mouth.

"Hugh can fuck me in the pussy," she grinned wickedly, "and you, you can fuck Mommy's little winkie."

"Winkie?" Timmy snorted. "What's a winkie?"

"Mrs. Winkie," she smirked at him, getting down on her all fours and waving her ass in his face. "MY WINKIE! Mommy's anus—"

"Oh, jeez, jeez, you mean you want me, me to fuck you, fuck you in the ass?" he groaned out incredulously.

"Unless you don't won't to," she pretended to pout, kicking her leg over Hugh, straddling him and crawling up his legs until the drooling pit between her legs was hovering just above his mammoth cock.

Timmy couldn't speak as he watched his mother reach down between her legs and grab hold of his brother's giant prick. His mother wanted him to fuck her in the ass! Oh, fucking God, he couldn't believe it.

Quickly, Lillian lifted the enormous cylinder of rock-hard meat up and fitted its great, swollen head into the wet, slippery opening of her vagina. Then, with a groan, she leisurely sank down on it, impaling herself on it. She was so wet and slippery, it easily slid up inside the juice-slickened chute all the way until their bellies ground together.

"Oh, God, I love it," she gurgled out as the huge cock spread her open, stretching the elastic channel to the limit as it filled her with her son's throbbing meat.

As her ravenous cunt devoured his colossal penis, she clutched and squeezed on it letting her pussy caress and fondle it as it speared up inside her belly.

"Now, Timmy," she ordered her younger son as she leaned over Hugh and shoved her droopy tits into Hugh's face. "Put your pee-pee in mommy's winkie," she baby talked.

Looking down, he was mesmerized by the sight of his mother's beautiful, round butt staring back up at him. It was awesome. He had never seen such a beautiful butt. But then again, he had never seen a woman's naked butt before either. This was all new and untrodden territory. Being handicapped by the size of his cock, he'd never had the courage to even ask a girl out, much less fuck one.

But now, not only was he getting to see his first naked butt, he was going to fuck it!

It looked just like an upside down heart with a crack running straight down the middle splitting it into two perfect, round globes of silky-smooth skin. It was flawlessly formed. Not a pimple, not a mole, nothing, nothing to mar its perfection. And hiding down in the crack, he could see her 'winkie' peeking out at him. And she was going to let him stick his cock in it, he wickedly thought.

"Timmy, you'd better hurry up," she tittered, "before I change my mind."

"Fuck, yes..." he grunted.

Panting with anticipation, he quickly scrambled up between his mother's and brother's legs and crouched down over her. Standing on the balls of his feet, trembling with excitement, he took hold of his little cock and guided its dainty little warhead down to the tiny, darkened ring of puckered flesh between the cheeks of his mother's ass. Fitting the small, spit-coated head of his cock onto the wrinkled pucker, he quickly began to strain and push it down into the resistance of her anal sphincter.

"Push, baby, push," Lillian grimaced as she felt the tapered tip of his little prick quickly penetrate the inviolable tightness of her asshole.

Because his cock was so small, it was only a matter of seconds before his cockhead popped into her asshole immediately followed by the remaining four inches of his cock.

"Ouch," she yelped when she felt the nipping stitch of pain spark from her ass.

Timmy had been pushing so hard, all four inches of his stiff little prick slammed down into her anus all at once.

"Jeez, I can feel his cock rubbing against mine," Hugh clamored.

"I know," she groaned, "there's only a little, tiny, thin piece of me between the two of you."

"God, it's so tight," Timmy grunted as he began to slide his cock in and out of his mother's hot, gripping asshole. "And so hot."

"Fuck Mommy's winkie," Lillian urged him on elated by the sensation of the two pricks invading her secrecy at the same time.

She had never experienced the depraved fullness of having two cocks in her body at the same time, she thought as Timmy humped his little cock into her asshole harder. Yes, she had taken a cock in the ass before, but not at the same time her pussy was stuffed with another beautiful, hard cock. It felt wonderful to have both her holes filled with hot, hard cock. And the fact that the hot, hard cocks were her son's cocks was deliriously wicked.

"Jeez," Hugh growled out again, as she squeezed and milked his cock with her cunt while Timmy pounded away at her ass with his miniature cannon, "it feels like Timmy is jacking me off with his cock."

"Yes, yes it does," she panted, feeling a spark of orgasmic delight fire off somewhere deep inside her loins.

Crouching over her up-thrust ass, Timmy held her around the waist as he dug his toes into the mattress clasped her between his knees as he banged away at her asshole while she groveled in the sinful abuse. Then, all at once, she sensed the impending eruption of Timmy's bantamweight contender as his breathing became ragged and wheezy and his hips began to jerk back and forth erratically. It wouldn't be long, she knew, the way he was humping his little codpiece into her. Sparks were flying from her battered asshole and had set fire to the core of her cunt where his brother impatiently waited its turn to defile her.

"Gonna come, gonna come, gonnaahfuckfuckfuck," Timmy blathered out as his hips lurched forward, burying his mighty mite into her ass as deep as it would go.

"Yesssss," she hissed as she felt his cock bucking and jumping inside her abused asshole.

She could feel each blistering spout of his boiling cum as it shot out onto the delicate lining of her asshole. It was like getting cum enema, she thought as he pumped her ass full of his watery, bubbly jism. And as he poured out his life essence into her asshole, she felt herself inching closer and closer to her own cataclysmic release. She was already tottering on the edge.

It seemed like he had been coming in her ass forever when the jerks of his cock began to wane and weaken. Then the contractions stopped all together as he lay atop her sweaty back, panting to catch his breath with his cock still lodged down inside her asshole. As he lay there gasping for breath, she could feel his baby

cock shrinking back down her cum-drenched anal canal. Then all at once, he jerked back and wrenched his pampered pud out of her anus.

"Ouch," she grimaced as his tiny tot popped out of her abused asshole followed by a stream of his expended jism.

She felt the bed shudder as he fell over onto his back at their feet.

"Fuck me, fuck me, baby," she growled as she held onto Hugh and rolled over onto her back with his mighty prick still buried deep inside of her cunt.

Her back had barely touched the bed before he was furiously pounding his prick into her overheated cunt. She loved the feel of his gigantic penis sliding in and out of her cunt as it scraped against the highly sensitive little ball of her clitoris. The sheer depravity of what she was doing had sent her skittering up to the very edge of another orgasmic chasm and now she stood teetering on its edge waiting for her son to give her the final push that would send her plummeting down into the all-consuming depths of her orgasm. She couldn't stop it. She suddenly felt her inner self lose its balance and slip over the edge. She must have plummeted for hours down into the deep abyss of pleasure as her brain deliriously drank in the joy and delight that poured up from her cunt where the battle raged on. She wanted it to last forever. If only he could fuck her forever and never stop.

Rockets were exploding. Bombs were bursting inside her head. It seemed as if everything in her life had been insignificant and meaningless up to this moment. Now her life had meaning and love once again, she thought as she floundered in the ecstasy of incestuous rapture.

Then, just when she thought it couldn't get any better, the gigantic monster inside her cunt released a maelstrom of fiery cum into her cunt. Like the wicked, evil depravity it was, it struck at her again and again, each time loosing another virulent offering of its deadly venom into the clutching constriction of her sucking, clutching cunt. She celebrated this satanic delight that now filled her body by absorbing her son's gift down inside her cunt until she had finally sucked his balls dry.

As she shook and shivered while the unholy pleasure wracked her entire body down to the very last atom. It was as if a current of electricity was pouring through her cunt, shocking her and threatening to electrocute her if it didn't end soon. But she didn't care, she didn't want it to ever end. Digging her heels into

the bed, she thrust herself up against Hugh as she tried to suck his whole body down into her salivating cunt. She wanted to absorb him back into her womb where she had nurtured him so long ago. Love washed over them drowning them in its joy and happiness. Locked together by the unholy love they felt for each other, they were one and the same. Mother and son. Lovers forever...and ever...

**The End**

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**The Nudist**

Brice sat at the kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal. Sunday mornings were usually quiet and boring since his mother, Emily slept in most of the time. Daydreaming and wondering what he was going to do to fill his day, he didn't notice his mother come strolling into the kitchen.

"Well, what are we having for breakfast," she asked him.

Being caught off guard by the sudden and unexpected arrival of his mother, Brice jumped at the sound of her voice, splashing out a big puddle of milk and in the process, nearly knocking his bowl of cereal off the table.

"Damn, mother," Brice blurted out, turning around to face her, "you scared the— JESUS-FUCKING-CHRIST—MOTHER—" Brice exclaimed.

As he gawked at his mother in open-mouthed astonishment, his chin dropped and his eyes bugged out.

There stood his mother standing in the kitchen doorway as naked as the day she had been born.

"MOTHER," Brice gasped again, trying to keep his eyes from flitting up and down her naked body but failing miserably. "What in the..."

"Well," she started, slowly walking over to the table where Brice sat openly gawking at her, "I've been going to a nudist camp for a couple of months now, and it made me feel so good, I've decided to do it at home, too."

"I don't know about that," Brice muttered, staring at the vast amount of bare skin only a yard or so away from him.

"Why," she smiled down at him, "does it make you uncomfortable?"

"For God's sake, Mother," he groaned, unable to stop his eyes from dropping down to her clean-shaven womanhood. "You walk in on me without a stitch of clothes on and ask me if it makes me uncomfortable?"

"There are other boys with their mothers at the camp," she said, sitting down in a

chair across from him and removing some of the temptation from his roving eyes, "and they don't seem to have a problem."

"They must be homos or have ugly mothers," he choked out, his eyes now concentrating on her soft, jiggling breasts.

"Oh, come now," she softly laughed, blushing as she saw him unable to keep his eyes off her breasts.

Brice was also blushing as he tried to keep his eyes off his mother's lovely breasts. Little did she know that she had lit the fuse on a time bomb that had lain hidden down inside Brice's darkest of dark places. She didn't know that her son, Brice had secretly wished that he could make love to her for the longest time, and now here she was sitting in front of him without a stitch of clothes on. Brice knew that it was a long step from seeing her naked to getting her into bed, but she had foolishly made the first mistake.

"Why don't you try it?" his mother quietly said.

"Huh?" he gulped. "You, you want me to take my clothes off too?"

"Maybe you wouldn't be so self-conscious then," she smiled at him.

Brice could feel his face burning as it turned bright red. Yeah, right and how would I explain the hard on I'm getting?

"I don't think that, that would be a very good idea," he said.

"Why not?"

If his mother could see the giant bulge sticking out under his shorts, she would know why, Brice thought as his cock grew bigger and harder by the second.

"I just don't think it would be a good idea," he grunted.

"Oh, come on," she said, getting up and walking around behind him, "don't be such a sissy."

"Mother, I wouldn't..." he started as he felt his mother's arms brush down his side and her fingers dig under the hem of his tee shirt. Then she began to pull it up



over his head.

He could feel his mother's soft breasts nudge up against the back of his head as she struggled to pull his shirt off. He put up a token resistance for few moments, and then capitulated and let her pull it up over his head.

"See. That's not so bad, is it?" she laughed, lying his shirt on the table by his bowl of cereal.

"Uh, I, uh, guess not," he mumbled as she slowly pulled his chair out away from the table.

"Mother, I don't think you want to do this," he blushed as he covered the giant bulge with his hands.

"Oh, Brice Standish, don't be such a prude," she laughed, walking around in front of him and kneeling down. "You would think that I had never seen it before."

"Mother, I don't..." he said as she reached out and grabbed hold of his shorts by the waistband.

"You forget that I used to change your diapers," she giggled, pulling at his shorts, "and had to wash your little thing off."

Feigning a fight for a few seconds, he suddenly stopped resisting. She had been pulling against his resistance and when he let go, she jerked his shorts all the way down to his knees before she could stop.

As his shorts skittered down his legs, his giant prick lunged out into the open sticking straight up in the air, primed and ready. Both of them stopped and stared down at the malignant monster jutting up out of his groin. Eight inches of thick, hard flesh, crisscrossed with bulging blue blood vessels as it stood in the morning sunlight beaming through the window, pulsating in rhythm with every beat of his heart.

"MY GOD—" his mother gasped as she gawked at the twitching monstrosity.

Neither of them moved for several long moments...

Then Brice slowly bent over and pushed his shorts down the rest of the way and kicked them off.

"Maybe you're right, mother," he proudly smiled. "I'm beginning to feel less self-conscious already."

His mother stumbled to her feet backing away from him as she did.

"I didn't know," she gasped, unable to take her eyes off his enormous erection. "I didn't know that you..."

"Didn't know that I what mother?" he asked her, clenching the muscles of his stomach and making his huge cock lurch up and down evilly.

"Didn't know that you had a, an..."

"Didn't know that I had a hard on?"

"Yes. I didn't know that."

"Do you want to know why I have one?"

She didn't answer him. She just turned and reeled toward the door leading to the pool.

As she slid open the door, Brice followed her.

"Mother, don't you want to know why I have a hard on?" he asked her again as she lurched over to the rock wall by the pool.

"No—" she whimpered.

Brice watched as she leaned down and picked up the hose they used to shower off before getting into the pool.

"You don't?" he asked again, grinning, enjoying the feeling of control of the situation as she turned on the water and let the stream of spray down over her small breasts and down the front of her body.

Suddenly, her whole demeanor seemed to change as she unblinkingly looked over at him, smiled, slowly raised her leg, lifting a tiny, bare foot up on the short

wall of rocks circling the shower area. As she did, it fully exposed the fleshy, pink folds of her pussy as the spray of water cascaded down over them.

Brice couldn't help but glance down between her tan, firm legs at her smooth, hairless pussy as she brazenly directed the spray of water down over it.

"Why?" she defiantly asked him, staring at him as she let the water trickle down over her pussy.

"I, uh, I have, uh, always wanted to, to fu, uh, see you naked" he stammered, suddenly finding himself no longer in control as the concrete under his feet suddenly turned to quicksand and he began to sink down into it while his mother stood brashly displaying her exposed womanhood to him.

"So you have always wanted to fu? Did you mean fuck me?" she asked him, smiling as she slowly turned the spray in his direction. "Well, if you've always wanted to see me naked, too. What do you think about that?"

"Think?" he muttered as he felt the spray of warm water brush across his slowly-wilting manhood.

"Yeah, what do you think? Now that you've seen me naked. Do I measure up to your expectations?" she mischievously smiled.

What was happening, Brice wondered? He thought she had been shocked by his effrontery, but now he didn't know. Now she seemed back in control, leaving him floundering in his own ineptitude.

"Uh, great. I, I think you look great," he said, clenching his belly muscles, making his cock dance up and down as he tried to regain the upper hand again, "and how to I stack up against the other boys at the nudist camp?" he fumbled on, trying to regain the upper hand. First, she had shocked him by walking in on him naked, but tables had turned when she had seen his erection and now she had just volleyed the ball back into his court.

"I'm impressed," she smiled, looking down, playing the stream of water up and down his cock as she talked. "Very impressed," she calmly told him.

"Mother. I think you're just trying to embarrass me," he said, perplexed by what was happening.

"I didn't know you were quite so well endowed," she softly laughed, reaching down, turning the water off and hanging it back on its little hanger. "The boys at the camp would be envious."

"Have you really been going to a nudist camp?" he grinned, feeling a little less rattled by her calmness as he eased down on one of the chaise lounges by the pool.

"You don't see any tan lines, do you?" she smiled back at him, spreading her legs a little wider apart.

"Not a single one," he grinned back at her, dropping his eyes back down to her hairless mons and pussy, "not even down there."

"So what do you think?" she asked him, letting her hand drop down between her legs as she extended out a long, slender finger and gently probed the fleshy folds apart.

"About what?" Brice muttered, occupied by watching her finger probing the fleshy folds apart, feeling the energy flowing back into his prick as it once again began to lift its big, purple head. "Your pussy?"

"No, silly, not my pussy. Us being nudists?" she laughed, making her little bare breasts jiggle and shake as Brice looked up at them.

"Uh, you mean all the time?"

"Well, while we are at home...and of course, when we go to the camp," she explained to him, noticing that his focus had shifted from her pussy to her breasts.

"I, I don't know about that, Mom," Brice timidly grinned, looking down at his almost fully-recharged cock. "This might present a problem...at the camp," he added.

There was something strikingly wrong with this picture. He'd never seen his mother acting like this before. Was she drunk? High on marijuana? Something else? His mother was no novice when it came to mind-altering preparations. He knew that she occasionally did alcohol and marijuana, but was she certainly wasn't an addict or anything. But maybe there was more that he didn't know

about--

"Well," she smiled, spreading her legs a little wider apart, drawing Brice's attention back down from her small, quivering breasts to the fleshy gash between her legs. "I suppose that we would have to come up with a remedy to fix that," she smiled. "Wouldn't we?"

"Uh, yeah, yeah, I guess we would," he hopefully grinned.

"Do you like my pussy, like this?" she suddenly asked him as he continued to openly gawk down between her splayed-out legs.

"Uh, like this?" he mumbled, wondering what she meant.

"Shaved—" she smiled, running the tip of her finger around the smooth, hairless skin surrounding the fleshy folds.

"Uh, uh," he stalled, wondering what he should say. "I think, uh, it's, uh, it's pretty."

"Do you now?" she smiled. "So you like it bald like this?"

Brice was dumbfounded. What was going on? Him and his mother sitting out by the pool without a stitch of clothing on and discussing her bald, shaved pussy? Un-fucking-believable—

"I've never seen a real one without any hair...only pictures," he bumbled on, feeling totally out of his element and on shaky, uncharted ground. He suddenly found himself neck-deep in the quicksand he had been mired ankle-deep in before. Just what are you supposed to say when your mother asks you if you like her pussy shaved or not?

She smiled, seeming to find his comment funny.

"How do you like mine?" he suddenly asked her, reaching down and grasping hold of his cock, pushing it up, holding it up in the air. "Uh, my cock—" crazily wanting to make sure his mother didn't confuse his cock with her pussy. "My cock—" he inanely repeated, squeezing it and slowly running his hand up it.

"I just told you that I found it quite impressive," she softly laughed, "quite

impressive indeed."

Seeing that his mother didn't seem shocked, he decided to blunder on, floundering deeper and deeper into the clutching quicksand.

"And the other boys, with their mothers at the camp," he idiotically grinned back at her, "what were theirs like?"

"Much smaller, I'm afraid," she said. "But then again, they weren't, uh, hard, erect, so I couldn't really compare them."

"Oh?" he narcissistically grinned, as he felt the warmth of a blush spread out over his burning cheeks.

"Apples and oranges...or more appropriately, bananas and noodles..." she snickered making her little tits bobble and shake again.

Neither of them spoke for several long, pregnant moments, both seeming to be waiting for the other to continue on down the path they had chosen to embark upon, this fine spring day.

"It's hard to believe," Brice finally said, deciding to throw caution to the wind and see just how far his mother would let the farce continue before she stopped it as he dropped his eyes back down to her exposed womanhood.

"What's hard to believe?" she asked him, following his eyes back down to her pussy.

"Number one, that we are sitting here naked and talking like this," he said, pausing for a moment to let that sink in before he pushed on.

"I'm enjoying it, aren't you?" she smiled, brushing the tip of her finger across her jutting clit.

"It's awesome," he grinned back at her, staring down at the finger, watching it slowly flick back and forth across his mother's clit.

God, he gasped to himself. She was playing with herself. Sitting right there in front of him with her legs spread open so he could see while she played with her clit. It was at that moment that Brice realized that he was probably going to get

to fuck her. Fuck his mother! Un-fucking-believable—

"And number two?" she asked, breaking his train of thought.

"Number two?" he mumbled, momentarily lost.

"You said, number one was the fact that we were having this conversation...so I just assumed that there was a number two." She smiled.

"Uh, oh, yeah, number two. Number two is that I could have ever come out of such a tiny, little place like that," he boldly said, making an obvious inference to her pussy.

"Why, yes, it is, isn't it? It is amazing, isn't it?" she blushed this time, spreading her legs apart another couple of inches.

"It looks so tiny and soft and pink," he went on, astonished by the whole conversation that had led up to this moment.

"Would you like to touch it?" he heard his mother ask him.

What? Touch it? Brice thought his heart was going to explode out of his chest. Touch her pussy? He had fantasized about doing that for almost as far back as he could remember. But now, to actually touch it?

"You mean, you mean, touch, touch you down there? Touch IT?" he asked, his voice quavering with pent-up emotion.

"Why not?" she said, softly poking, spreading the fragile folds of pink flesh, "after all, like you said, you came out of it once upon a time, didn't you?"

"Really, you mean it?"

"Why not? What can it hurt?"

"Nothing," Brice smiled, feeling a spasm of electric excitement spark through his cock, making it twitch but covering its movement by slowly getting up, "What can it hurt?" he duplicated her answer.

"I do know one thing, though," she said, frowning, slapping her legs together and

carefully pushing up onto her little bare feet, sending her breasts into convulsions of delightful movement as she did. "My butt is killing me from sitting on these frigging rocks," she told him, leaning back, looking over her shoulder at the dark red blotches on her ass left where the rocks had been digging into the soft, pliant flesh.

"I bet it is," Brice told her, disappointment splashing across his face as she eased down off the rock wall.

"Oh, don't look so heartbroken," she laughed. "I'm just going inside so I can be a little more comfortable. Come on..."

"Uh, okay," he glumly said, wondering if his opportunity had just escaped. Maybe she had changed her mind or something.

Why would she really let him touch her down there, anyway, he wondered? Then his eyes were drawn back to her little bobbling breasts as they twitched and shook while she patted herself dry with a towel?

"Are you ready?" she asked him, throwing the towel over her shoulder, turning and heading for the house.

"Sure," he responded, walking along behind her admiring the way her delightful little ass jiggled and twitched from side to side as she walked.

"You like that, too?" she snickered over her shoulder seeming to sense that he was watching her ass as she walked.

"Uh, yeah..." Brice mumbled, feeling like a little boy caught doing something he knew he shouldn't be doing.

Brice could smell the lingering fragrance of coconuts and palms wafting in the wake of his mother's passing as she padded along ahead of him. As he did, he was fighting the urge to catch up to her and cup her tight little ass in his hands. But somehow he was able to overcome the compulsion.

As they left the sweltering heat of the patio, Brice continued to follow his mother as she padded across the living room, stopped in front of the couch, turned and slowly melted down onto it. Neither of them spoke as he stood looking down at her while she coquettishly looked up at him and smiled. Then



keeping her eyes locked on his, she slowly, deliberately spread her legs apart until her pussy gradually unfurled itself. It was then, that Brice realized just how wet she was as the fleshy folds wetly stuck together. She was wet all right...and it wasn't from the water she had splashed on it earlier.

Was his mother excited? Aroused? Did she want him like he wanted her, he feverishly wondered? No, it couldn't be. Surely, she didn't just wake up this morning and decide to taunt him with her body like she was. Something weird was going on here.

"Are you going to stand there all day," she smiled, "or don't you want to touch it anymore?"

"Huh, uh, yeah, uh, yeah, sure," he inanely mumbled, slowly bending down onto his knees between her outstretched legs.

He was close enough now to smell the deep, rich musk of her pussy as he tentatively reached his hand toward the fleshy pink folds of flesh between her legs. He had never seen anything so evocatively exciting in his whole life! It was like a luscious, pink rose; its satiny petals wetly glistening with her womanly dew.

Brice felt like his heart was going to burst out of his chest. It was beating so hard, it was making him lightheaded. Just then, just as his finger brushed across the yielding softness of the silky lips, he felt a tingle of electricity shoot up his arm and explode in his reeling brain. He had just touched IT! He had just touched his mother's pussy! It was unbelievable—

He couldn't believe it. His poor brain was doing flip-flops inside his head, bouncing off his skull, flopping around like a floundering fish out of water.

"What do you think?" Emily timidly asked him, seeing the look of incredulity in his eyes.

"It's so soft...I never felt anything so soft..." Brice softly murmured, letting the tips of his fingers trail down the dew-covered lips.

Growing braver, he gently probed the mushy folds of warm, slippery flesh, waiting for his mother to stop him, push his hand away and tell him enough. But she didn't!

Glancing up at her, he saw that she was still smiling as he felt her legs invitingly spread apart a tiny bit further. Growing bolder with each passing second, he slowly ran the tip of his finger down the slippery slit between the gorged lips until it was touching the oozing opening at the very bottom of her pussy.

"That feels good," she murmured, gently easing her legs wider apart.

Buoyed on by her words and her seeming complicity, Brice ever so gently cupped one hand around her hip, holding onto it as he eased the tip of his finger down into the oozing, sticky opening of her vagina.

"Ohhhhhh," she murmured out as he slowly pushed his finger down into the tight, clutching restriction all the way up to the last knuckle.

Brice didn't know what to do next as he sat on his knees in front of his mother with his finger buried down inside her vagina.

"Would you like to kiss it?" he heard his mother whisper from somewhere far, far away in the lust-drenched fog that now surrounded him.

"Yessssss," he hissed, gradually easing his dripping finger back out of her sopping cunt.

"Be gentle..." she whispered, leaning back, resting the back of her head against the couch as she watched him.

Brice was euphoric. Kiss her? Kiss her pussy? This was so far out of the box, it was unfathomable. His whole world had gone spiraling out of control. First seeing his mother naked for the first time in his life. Being told she wanted them to be nudists. Stripping down to his birthday suit in front of his mother. His mother seeing him hard for the first time in his life. And now this? To actually kiss her pussy? He just hoped he didn't have a heart attack from all the excitement coursing through him and ruin it all—

Lowering his face down between the tanned smoothness of his mother's thighs, he felt her hands on the back of his head leading him down, guiding him to the glistening gash of pink flesh. Did she just want him to kiss it?

Pursing his lips he gently kissed her right on the lips of her weeping pussy.

Or could he lick it with his tongue?

Opening his mouth, he eased his tongue out from between his lips. Then it touched the soft, pliant lips bordering the seeping core of her pussy.

"Oh, yessssssss..." she softly whispered as Brice gently probed the slippery softness of her pussy with his tongue.

As he tentatively explored the mysterious secrecy of her sex, he felt his mother's fingers pressing against his temples, holding his head, pushing this way and then that way, guiding him up the fleshy furrow to the kernel of hard, jutting flesh sticking out of the little hood at the very top of her pussy.

"Yes, that's it, there, yes, lick it there, Baby," she softly groaned as he roughly flicked his tongue across her clit.

He was licking his mother's clit—

The perverse wickedness of it all sent a tremor of perverted excitement spasming through his body and he nearly shot his wad right then and there. Fighting to hold his eruption back, he was barely able to keep it in check as he grew bolder, ravishing and lapping at his mother's fleshy portal with his tongue. Then he felt her begin to squirm and roll her hips. Timidly at first, she gently pushed her pussy up against his mouth and tongue but soon she was moaning and humping her pussy into his face with shameless abandon. Her fingers curled down into his hair, grasping it and pulling him down against her with every lurching twitch of her hips. She had cast all sense of restraint aside. She was bent upon gratification and she didn't care what she had to do, who she had to use to get it.—

Then Brice felt her body begin to tighten as her hips rolled and squirmed, jerking up and down, painting Brice's face with the copious fluids seeping out of her bounding sex.

"Yesssyesssyesssyesss—" she hissed, pulling on his hair, grinding herself against his lips, shoving his face into her salivating pussy and holding him there.

Brice could feel her whole body trembling, shivering as she tripped off into her release. Her head was tossing from side to side, her tiny feet were pushing off the floor to gain leverage as she groaned and moaned her way through what must have been a cataclysmic orgasm for her.

His mother was having an ORGASM! And he was causing it—Fucking amazing  
—

How could all this be happening? Only minutes earlier, he had been sitting at the table eating his cereal and now here he was sitting between his mother's outstretched legs, lapping and twirling his tongue all over and around her sex—eating his mother's fucking cunt! Un-fucking-believable—

At last, his mother stopped moaning and he felt her grip on his hair begin to slack off. He was finally able to lift his head and suck in a big breath of air as her hands dropped to the couch beside her hips.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she whimpered, "I don't know what happened to me. How I could make you do such a horrible thing?" she wept, tears coursing down her cheeks, dripping off her chin onto her quivering breasts. "I'm a horrible mother  
—"

"No-no-Mother, you're not—" Brice frowned. He knew that his face was covered with the creamy, sticky exudate that had gushed out of his mother's pussy as she came as he lovingly stared up into his mother's tear-rimmed eyes. "I loved it, Mother—"

Several long, silent moments passed as they stared into each other's eyes, both of them seeming to search for an answer. Any answer. Any answer to explain what had just happened between them?

Finally, Emily lifted a hand up and lovingly ran the tips of her fingers through the short hair on Brice's temple.

"You don't think I'm a fucking whore," she softly murmured, "for, for making you do that to me?"

"I've dreamed of doing that to you so many times, I've lost count," he timidly told her, strangely feeling a warm blush heat up his cheeks.

Then, to his stunned amazement, he heard her softly say, "So have I."

Brice couldn't believe his ears as he watched his mother slowly scoot back on the couch.

"What? Really?" he gasped not believing it.

"Yes," she smiled, reaching up, inviting him onto the couch and up between her legs.

"Come to Mother," she gurgled as he crawled up between her legs. "Let me touch you..." she told him, reaching down and gently grasping hold of his bobbing cock.

Standing on his knees between her legs, Brice started to lower his hips and guide his jutting maleness down at the juicy, exposed flesh between her legs, but she stopped him.

"No, not yet," she whispered, "I want to suck on you."

The bombshell that exploded inside Brice's reeling brain made him woozy with feverish expectation. His mother wanted to suck on his cock? Just the thought had him so primed it was all he could do to hold the eruption back.

"Mother—" he grunted out, lifting one leg over hers and settling his knee down on the couch just outside her hip. Then, holding onto the back of the couch to keep from falling, he lifted the other one to straddle her legs as she slapped them together.

"Bring it here so I can suck on you," she implored him, insistently pulling on his prick.

"But, mother," he futilely complained, "I'm too excited. I'm going to come—"

But she was adamant and kept pulling on his cock, pulling him up her body until he straddled her chest and his jutting, overripe cock was bobbing up and down above her soft pink lips leaking a long strand of pre-fuck down onto them.

"It's okay," she murmured softly, flicking out her tongue and licking it off. "It's okay to come in my mouth...I want you to come in my mouth."

He almost lost it again when he heard her say that she wanted him to come in her mouth. But drawing on the last dredges of control he could find, he was somehow able to hold it back. Straining as hard as he could, he looked down and watched her gently wrap her fist around the thick, veined barrel of his cock and

slowly bend it down, forcing the big, purple cockhead down toward her open lips.

Then he saw and felt her soft, pink lips close down around his cock as she sucked him inside her mouth. It felt like a circle of fire had enveloped his cock as his mother began to suck gently suck on him.

Brice knew he could only last a few seconds. The raw edge of excitement was just too much. His mother was sucking him off! Oh, God, he gasped, as his mother lovingly teased and tormented his penis with her tongue and lips.

Suddenly, Brice lost all semblance of control and began to jerk his hips back and forth forcing his cock in and out of his mother's hot, sucking mouth.

HE WAS FUCKING HIS MOTHER'S FACE!

He was fucking her mouth and she was hungrily milking his cock with her hot, clenching lips. He had never felt anything so wondrously wicked in his whole life.

Suddenly, a bomb went off inside his head and he felt his penis explode inside his mother's mouth. Kicking and jerking violently, his cock began to spurt and spew out its creamy load of cum into her mouth in thick hot gushes. He couldn't stop it and it erupted over and over again. He felt like his whole body was melting, liquefying and pouring out into his mother's mouth. And she was sucking and sucking and sucking, pulling him into her mouth and swallowing every last drop of the creamy jism he was ejecting into her mouth. Soon there would be nothing left of him but his huge, jutting cock as the rest of him would be down inside her belly.

He wished it could go on and on forever and forever. He had never felt such pleasure as his cock spurted and spurted again and again. Her mouth was full of it and it began to ooze out around the shaft trickling down her chin to drop down onto her heaving breasts.

At last, there was nothing left to spurt and his cock stopped firing off inside her mouth.

As he groaned and pulled his cock back out of his mother's mouth, she roughly shoved him back down her body.

"Hurry and put it in me while it's still hard," she told him, pushing and shoving him down her body.

He could feel his cock already weakening and softening as he struggled back down her body.

Hurrying as fast as he could, he quickly found himself burrowed up between his mother's silky-smooth thighs as she feverishly clutched at his wilting penis fumbling and trying to fit the tapered head down in the slippery opening of her vagina. Suddenly, Brice felt the head of his cock penetrate the constricted opening and slip down inside the clinging softness of her wondrous cunt. He couldn't stop now. Grunting and shoving it into her, he could feel it slithering down into the flooded channel of her weeping vagina.

"Push it in," she grunted.

Snorting, he hunched himself down at her and felt his prick slide down into the burning heat of her cunt until it was buried all the way up to its hairy hilt inside her.

"Yesssss, Baby, fuck me," she groaned, squirming and rolling her hips, grinding her hairless groin against him as her pussy clutched and squeezed down around his invading cock.

Slowly at first, he began to work his hips back and forth being careful not to let it slither out of her. As he did, he could feel his cock beginning to stiffen and regain its rigidity as it slid in and out of her hot, wet pussy and before long, his butt was bounding up and down furiously.

Soon, the couch was groaning and creaking as he fucked his mother with deep, hard thrusts.

"Yes, Baby, yes," she hissed as he pounded his cock into her pussy and she used her hands to goad him on, pushing and pulling on his hips, urging him to fuck her harder and harder.

Working his hips back and forth like a steam engine, he hammered his cock into her at a frantic pace. As his cock slid in and out of the fiery circle of tight, clinging flesh, he realized that his first eruption had only drawn out some of the molten lake of cum in his balls. Now another charge of superhot cum was

gathering itself for another eruption. But this time, he would be sending his cum spewing out into the sacrosanct chamber of his mother's cunt. Filling her cunt and womb with his vile seed. Filling it to overflowing with his potency. Filling her with the seeds she needed to create new life. A new life that would be part him and part her. Their wicked union would produce the evidence of the consummation of their incestuous matrimony.

It would only be a few moments. A few moments and she would be taking his seed from him again. But this time taking it into the fiery core of his creation. Would it create a new life inside the very place he had been created? Would he and his mother unite in unholy, incestuous wedlock to make a baby?

She must have sensed how close he was to coming as he felt her begin to tremble and quiver.

"Now, Baby, now. Come now, Baby. Give Mommy your sweet cream—" she groaned out as her body began to shake, "come with me. Fill me with your seed so it can grow inside me."

She wanted him to shoot his cum into her and make her pregnant! She wanted him to come inside her. He was going to make his mother pregnant.

Then it came—

Like a fountain bursting forth inside her as his cock began to twitch and spurt, spewing his evil seed into her.

"GGGGGGggggggggodddddddddd," he bellowed out as he felt her womb open and begin to suck his malignant sperm down into the hot core of her womanhood.

He could feel the hot, thick goo of life spurting out into her as she milked him with her cunt. Once again, he felt like his whole body was melting and pouring out into her. But this time down into his mother's hot, clinging cunt as she absorbed him into her to make them one.

Would it make a baby? Would it make a baby? Would it make a baby? That was all he could think about as his cock emptied its milky milt down into her.

Groaning with effort, he thrust himself against her harder and harder, trying to



thrust his spewing monster deeper and deeper into the core of her femininity. He had defiled her as no son should ever defile his mother and now, even now he wanted to take it beyond that. He had defiled her body, now he wanted to take over her mind. Take it over and make her his slave. His slave to satisfy his every wish and produce other slaves to do his bidding.

"Oh, God," he heard his mother whimper, "we did it. We did it. I know we did it. I know we made a baby."

Had they, he wondered? And if they hadn't? If they hadn't made one, he laughed to himself, they would the next time, or the time after that, or...

**The End**

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**In the Night**

David found his new life strange in many ways. Strange, but weirdly erotic and fascinating. It was nothing like what he would ever imagined it would be like. In fact, he didn't even think that it existed until his date with Lorraine. That date, and the following romance had indeed changed his whole life. Somehow, he had finally broken her hold on him and now he was out to find his own soul mate.

Driving up in front of his mother's pretty ranch style house, he parked, turned off the ignition and lights. He hoped his mother was still up. He hadn't called her because he wanted to surprise her. Well, it was only eight o'clock so she should still be up, he thought to himself.

Walking up to the door, he saw that his mother, Velvet had finally taken down the sign that announced to visitors that George and Velvet McBride lived in the house. It was about time, he thought, as his father had been dead for over two years now.

Ring the doorbell, he waited impatiently for a few moments before the door finally opened and his mother stood looking at him with a surprised look of unexpected joy on her pretty face.

"David, my dear, what a pleasant surprise," she bubbled, reaching out and giving him a soft, loving hug.

What was David doing here at this time of night, she wondered?

His mother was still the most beautiful woman in the world, he told himself. Unlike most women who lost their looks as they grew older, Velvet, like her name just grew softer and more beautiful. Like a fine aged wine.

"Hi, Mom," he grunted, feeling the softness of her big, proud tits pressing against his chest as they held each other. "Hope you don't mind that I stopped over."

"Mind? Why I'm overjoyed," she gushed, stepping back and holding him at arm's length. "I wish you would do it more often."

David hoped that she would still feel that way later. Later after he did what he came to do, he told himself. Letting his eyes travel up and down his mother's thinly-concealed body, he saw that she was only wearing a gown of soft,

shimmering satin. The gown caressed every nook and cranny of her delightful body emphasizing them in scintillating highlights.

"Mom, you never get a single day older, I swear," he said appreciatively. "You're still the prettiest lady in town."

"Why, thank you, David," she laughed, basking in the glow of his complimentary comment. "And you're still the best looking kid on the block."

"Thanks," David chuckled.

"Here, come on in, I was just having my evening sherry," she said, leading him into the living room.

David walked behind her admiring the roll of her pretty, round butt under the thin material of her gown as she walked. And to think, he told himself, it would be his one day soon, if things went according to his plan.

"Would you like one, too," she asked him, walking over to the bar.

"Sure," he told her still ogling the curves of her delightful body silhouetted under the satiny gown.

He knew that what he was doing was wrong. Dreadfully wrong, but he had to do it. It was the only way he could share his dreadful new secret with her.

"Thanks, Mom," he said taking the drink from her.

Lustily watching her as she stepped back over to the couch he felt a charge of excitement fire through his cock. She had apparently been sitting and reading when he drove up as evidenced by the open book lying turned upside down on the couch.

"So, what do I owe to the honor of having you visit your old mom...on a weeknight?" she asked him, gracefully melting down onto the couch., wondering what had brought her son to her house on a weeknight.

"Oh, I just got lonely and thought I'd drive over and see my Mom," he told her, sitting down beside her and taking her hand in his, "and you're not old, Mom. In fact, I think you're getting younger every day the way you look."

His hand was cool to the touch, she thought. Maybe a little too cool.

"Are you feeling okay?" she asked him.

"Sure. Why do you ask?" he wanted to know.

"Uh, your hand seems to be a little cool," she smiled at him, giving his hand a gentle squeeze. "I just thought maybe you were coming down with something."

"No, Mom. You know what they say, cool hands, warm heart," he laughed.

"Oh," she laughed with him.

They sat talking until around ten o'clock, David relishing his mother's attention as he feasted his eyes on her beauty. His eyes were repeatedly drawn down to her delicate arch of her graceful neck. Her skin was so soft and smooth, he could even see the pulse of her carotid artery ticking just below the delicate white skin. Watching it, he felt a sudden and exciting rush of erotic fascination.

Finally, his mother told him that it was bedtime for her.

"You are spending the night, aren't you?" she asked him, hoping that he was so they could spend the day together tomorrow.

Velvet didn't get to spend much time with him anymore and she treasured each moment with him.

"Of course, Mom...whatever you want..." he beamed back at her.

"Well, fine, I'll get the guestroom ready for you."

"Okay, I'll run out and get my overnighter."

His mother got up and strolled over to the guestroom, her beautiful hips swinging back and forth provocatively under the clinging satin gown as David watched on with hungry eyes. He still couldn't believe how beautiful she was. Finally, when she disappeared into the guest room, he got up. Trotting out to his car, he quickly retrieved his overnight bag from the trunk and hurried back inside.

"Your room is ready," Velvet told him as she saw him standing in the door as she gave the pillow one last poke to fluff it up.

"Thanks, Mom. Didn't mean to put you to all this," he grinned, setting his suitcase on the end of the bed.

"It was no trouble at all, Honey. I'm just glad you dropped by..." she gushed.

"Me, too," David smiled.

"Well, night, night, and sweet dreams," his mother smiled at him, giving him a peck on the cheek.

"You, too," he told her, watching her turn and start for the door.

David seems to be paying an unusual amount of attention to my body tonight, she smiled to herself. Although, it's a little disconcerting to have my own son ogling me, it's nice to know that I've still got the looks to turn the guys on even if I am forty-five. And my gown doesn't hide the fact that I'm a woman, she laughed to herself walking into her room and closing the door behind her.

David stripped down to the buff and crawled into bed. Running his hand down to his big, hard prick, he slowly stroked it as he thought about his mother. She was a fucking goddess, he told himself. How could he be so lucky to have such a beautiful mother? And soon, she would be with him. Be with him and they would live and love forever.

David dozed off thinking about her and wondering what she would look like naked.

Waking up, he looked over at the clock on the nightstand. The bright, red numerals stated that it was one thirty-seven. Looking out the window, he saw there was a big, full moon shining in the window and lighting his room. Shaking his head to clear the sleep from his brain, he slowly rolled out of bed. Standing by his bed, he saw that his cock was already standing at full attention. Smiling to himself, he reached down and gave it a couple of strokes as he crept across the room to the door.

Quietly opening it, he slipped out into the living room and tiptoed down to the door of his mother's bedroom. He had to feed the craving that was forcing him to

do this, he told himself reaching down and gently turning the doorknob. As quietly as he could, he pushed the door open and stepped inside her bedroom.

There she is, he told himself, seeing his mother lying in the bed with only a sheet covering her body. In the light of the full moon, he could make out every delightful sweep and curve of her delectable body under the thin sheet. A quiver of perverse excitement sparked through his cock making it jump and twitch as another equally vulgar jolt of expectation washed over his mind.

Tiptoeing over to her bed, he stopped and stood staring down at her, his eyes drawn to the delicate curve of her neck. There it was again. Even in the moonlight he could see it. See the fragile pulse of her heartbeat slowly undulating just below the pale smoothness of her delicate throat. It was captivating and he stood watching it for the longest time before he slowly bent over down over her...

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Velvet felt herself slowly bobbing back to the surface of wakefulness. For some reason, she felt weak and tired almost like she had a hangover. But she knew that she had only had one glass of sherry and it had never affected her that way before. And she had a faint, vague craving for something to eat, but she didn't know what it was she wanted. Strange, she told herself, trying to sit up and finding she couldn't.

What in the hell is going on, she asked herself, making another try. Finally she was able to push herself up to a sitting position. As she did, her big, heavy breasts tugged at her chest, jiggling and bobbing wildly as she stared down at them. Damn, I need to get some sun, she told herself. I'm as white as a ghost. At last she struggled to her feet and wobbled over to the window and looked out.

A searing pain shot through her eyes as she looked out into the morning sunshine. Closing her eyes, she stepped back away from the window and pulled the curtain. I'm going flipping crazy, she moaned. I must have a hangover. Even sunlight hurts my eyes. I just don't understand it. I think I'm going back to bed for a while. And I was planning on having such a nice day with David she told herself staggering back over the bed. Dizzily, she crawled back onto the bed and pulled the covers over her.

Just then, there was a soft knock on her door.

"Mom, are you up?" she heard David ask her through the door.

"No, Honey, I don't feel very good," she answered him.

"Can I come in?" she heard him ask through the door.

"Yes, Honey...I'm decent..." she called out.

David pushed the door open and stepped into the room. His mother was lying under the sheet just as he had left her last night. She didn't look well. His heart ached to see her suffering so, but he knew she would be better soon. But first she had to be initiated into her new life. Her new life as his soul mate.

"I don't understand it. I feel like I have a hangover, but I only had one glass of sherry last night," she complained.

"Let me fix you something for breakfast," he told her, walking over and pulling all the curtains closed.

"Oh, thank you, the sun was hurting my eyes," she mumbled.

"I know, but it will get better...I'll be right back," he told her, pulling up the sheet and tucking it under her chin, the backs of his fingers brushing across the crook of her neck.

"Thank you. You're such a wonderful son," she praised him.

David left the room leaving Velvet alone. What did he mean when he said he knew that the sun hurt my eyes...and that it would get better, she groggily wondered? Maybe I said something. I don't know. I just don't have the energy to think now.

Twenty or thirty minutes later, David came strolling back into her room with a tray in his hands. Setting the tray down, he took one of her pillows and propped it up against the headboard. Then, he peeled back the sheet and lifted her up back against the pillow. As she slept in the nude, she was now naked from the waist up but somehow, it didn't occur to her that she needed to cover herself. After all it was only her son, David in the room with her. And he had seen her breasts many times before because she had nursed him when he was a baby, she dizzily muddled to herself.

David quickly placed the tray down on his mother's lap as he openly ogled his mother's magnificent breasts. So pale, big, round, and soft, they were the most beautiful breasts he had ever seen. He wanted to take them in his hands and squeeze and fondle them all day long...but that would come later, he smiled to himself.

Velvet looked down at the plate sitting on the tray. Why there's nothing on it but little, juicy pieces of barely cooked meat. But strangely, she found it was exactly what she wanted. Reaching down with her fingers, she snatched a piece of meat and shoved it into her mouth. Hungrily devouring the chunk of red meat, she felt a trickle of blood slowly dribble down her chin and drip down onto her big, white breasts. God, I'm eating like a pig, she complained to herself, but continued to wolf down the almost raw meat until the plate was empty while David sat on the edge of the bed watching her.

"My, my," David laughed, taking her plate and setting it on the nightstand, "you were a hungry little piggie."

As she sat groggily staring up at him, he leaned over and wiped her mouth and chin with a soft cloth. Then as she watched him, he delicately ran the cloth over her bloodstained breasts, wiping them clean, too. She thought that his hands tarried a little long on her breast, but the condition she was in, nothing seemed to make sense anyway.

"There," he said dabbing the last drop of blood off one of her big, swollen nipples. "Now you lay back down and take a nap. Okay?"

"Whatever you say, David, dear," she mumbled, sliding back under the sheet and rolling over onto her side.

David left her room with the tray and empty plate as his mother quickly dropped off into a troubled sleep.

David had never felt such vitality and strength. It was as if all his batteries had been recharged at once. It had been good with Lorraine, but never this good. And it was only going to get better and better, he told himself. He could barely wait.

An hour later, he quietly slipped back into his mother's room. She was still lying on her side under the covers sound asleep. Smiling to himself, he crept over to where she lay and stood looking down at her greedily. He could feel his thick,

hard cock throbbing with anticipation. He had never been so hard, he groaned. He slowly unzipped his pants and let the nine-inch monster flop out of the opening in his pants. Then, slowly, he began to lovingly stroke his giant prick as he leaned down over his sleeping mother...

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God, I feel like hell, Velvet groaned to herself as she slowly woke. She felt even worse than she had in the morning. And she was ravenously hungry again. Wishing David would bring her some more of the delicious meat, she tried to roll over but found she couldn't.

Had she had a stroke, or a heart attack? There was definitely something tragically wrong. Where was David? Maybe he could make her feel better. But first she needed to have something. She didn't know what but the craving was growing stronger and stronger.

Just then, she saw the door to her room slowly swing open.

It was David, she told herself as she saw her son standing in the doorway. Her dear, beautiful son. He had come to save her, she drunkenly thought. But, wait, he, he didn't have any clothes on. He was naked. He was just standing there looking at her as he slowly ran his hand up and down his big, hard penis. What was happening, she feverishly wondered?

"Mother, are you feeling any better?" David asked her, casually stroking his cock as he leisurely walked over to the bed where she lay drunkenly watching him.

"Uh, I, uh, no. No, I feel worse. What, what are you doing, honey?" she mumbled as he stepped up to her bed. "Why, why don't you, you have clothes on?"

"Mother, I've come to help you,' he smiled down at her.

It was then that she saw her son's teeth. Why hadn't she noticed them before? Two sharp fangs curved down out of his mouth jutting down over his lower lips. What in the heck was going on she asked herself?

"What, what, how?" she asked him, befuddled by what was happening to her.

David reached down and slowly peeled the sheet back off his mother's body. A perverse shudder of depraved expectation rippled through his body as his eyes feasted on her beauty. Now it was going to happen. Now his mother was going to become his body and soul. And he would become hers, flesh and soul. Looking down at her beautiful, delicate neck, he could see the two fang punctures where he had gorged himself on her wondrous, life-giving blood. Now he would return the favor, letting her glut her craving with his, no, not his blood, their blood. And as he gave his blood to her, he would also share his potent essence with her until they became one again. Just as they had been so long ago.

Crawling onto the bed, he crawled up between his mother's long, shapely, outstretched legs. Reaching down, he gently spread them wider and eased down onto his belly between them.

"David—what are you doing?" Velvet mumbled, staring down at him in disbelief.

David didn't speak. He simply lowered his head, dropping his mouth down onto the succulent, fleshy wound between his mother's legs.

"David, no, we can't," she feebly protested just as she felt a sharp, stinging flash of pain rip up from her cunt.

"David, No," she shrieked when she felt herself weakening as David began to ravage her clitoris with his tongue.

David felt the wonderful gush of power and strength fill his brain as he sucked the blood from his mother's cunt while he licked and lapped at her clit all at the same time.

The wondrous jolts of wicked pleasure were searing his brain as he drank from her most holy of chalices. His body felt like it was going to burst with joy and strength as his mother's blood coursed through his veins. He was now her and soon she would be him.

At last, after gorging himself on her bloody treasure, he withdrew his fangs and savagely attacked her bulging clitoris with his mouth, lips and teeth.

Velvet had never felt anything like it. It was as if her essence was pouring out of her cunt into her son's hungry mouth. As it did, he was bringing her such

lecherous pleasure with his tongue, she felt herself being washed along a river of pleasure. As she let herself bob along on the waves of delight, she heard a roaring in her ears that was growing louder and louder. She didn't know where the roaring was coming from but it was drowning out every other sound. Or maybe it was because she could feel a cataclysmic orgasm building down inside her ravished cunt.

David furiously licked and lapped at the core of his mother's femininity urging her along toward her release. He could feel the muscles in her thighs tightening against his cheeks as she fought for the finish.

"Oh, oh, oh, David, oh, oh, oh," she grunted, grabbing hold of his hair and shoving his face down into her drooling cunt.

David attacked her with even more energy as her hips bobbed up and down shoving her wet, slippery clit up against his ravaging tongue.

"Make me come, make me come, make me come, please," she pleaded with him grinding her slavering cunt against him with shameless abandon.

Then, like a million Roman candles going off inside her head, her orgasm exploded inside her brain and cunt.

"Godddddddd," she gasped thrusting herself up at him as her body began to jerk and twist.

She had never felt anything like it. It was awesome. It was like being washed over the Niagara Falls. It was like jumping from an airplane with no parachute. It was like falling off the Empire State building. All of that at the same time as she let herself give in to the catastrophic gush of electrifying pleasure welling up from her cunt.

David never wavered, keeping his mouth locked around her cunt, his tongue frantically lashing her spasming clit as she writhed below him.

At last it was over. Her body fell back down onto the bed in a melted, limp heap of lifeless flesh as David slowly lifted his blood-drenched mouth up from her cunt.

"Oh, God, David, what, what have you done?" she muttered when she looked up

and saw her son's blood-coated chin.

"I drank of your essence," he smiled, showing her his long, pointed teeth.

"But, but why?" she asked him, not daring to believe what was happening.

"I'm afraid that I had the fortune, or misfortune, whichever you feel, to date a vampire," he explained to her. "And now, now I'm afraid that I'm one, too."

"Oh, oh, no, not, not you, David," she whispered in shock and revulsion.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he smiled, showing his sharp fangs once again.

"But, but, why, why did you do this, do this to me?" she asked him, feeling a strange sense of betrayal welling up inside her along with a bizarre new craving.

"I wanted you. I've always wanted you. And, and now, now, you and I will become one," he said.

"What, what do you mean," she asked, having difficulty speaking because her mouth felt strange. Like she had something in her mouth that didn't belong there.

Slowly getting to his feet, David walked over to her dresser and picked up her hand mirror as his giant cock slowly starting to wilt.

What was he doing, she wondered as she ran her tongue over her teeth? Her teeth felt different for some reason. Maybe it was just the fact that David's teeth were so different, it made her think about her own teeth.

She couldn't help but stare down at her son's giant cock as he strolled back over to the bed. It was now softening and dangling down between his muscular thighs like a big, thick, pink snake.

"See," he said holding the mirror up in front of her.

"OH, MY GOD," she groaned when she saw there was no reflection in the mirror.

"What? How? I can't see myself," she whimpered in fear.

"No, you can't," he said, "because now you're a vampire, too."

Glancing over at the chrome base of the lamp sitting on the nightstand, she saw that she was now sporting two big, glistening white fangs just like her son's.

Reaching up to her mouth, she fingered one of the two long, sharp canines that protruded down out over her lower lip.

"Why? Why did you do this?" she groaned.

"So we could be together," he smiled, baring his long fangs once again.

"Forever."

"Forever?" she whimpered. "What do you mean?"

"After I was initiated into the fold of the vampire cult by Lorraine, I did a good deal of research on the subject," he told her. "And I found there are vampires living today who are hundreds of years old and they never age, like mere mortals. So in essence, I've given you eternal life."

"But, but" she groaned out, not knowing what to say.

"Just think, you'll stay as beautiful as you are now," he told her, letting his eyes run down her gorgeous body. "Forever—"

Still weakened by the loss of blood and the shock of finding out that she was now a vampire, she lay watching her son's eyes travel up and down her body. Then the giant of a cock hanging down between his legs began to slowly lift out from between his legs once again.

"So, I guess, that if we are now going to live forever," he smiled wickedly, "we don't have to worry about our mortal soul."

Saying this, he reached down and slowly lifted his stiffening prick.

"We can be together, both spiritually," he growled, "and physically."

"But, but, you're my son," she declared. "Mothers and sons should never do anything like that."

"But, mother, it doesn't matter now," he smiled, "we're going to live forever, remember."

"Oh, David, this is all so confusing," she groaned, trying to keep her balance but found herself so weak, she slowly toppled back down onto the bed. "I'm so tired and weak, I can't think straight. This is terrible."

"But I'm going to fix that," he said crawling onto the bed on his knees. "I'm going to share my essences with you and make you well."

"But how?" she asked him, watching him shuffle up between her outstretched

legs.

She thought she knew how, but she was afraid to admit it. She also knew that she should stop him as she stared down at the evil malignancy jutting of his groin. But she didn't have the strength.

He looked down on her with an evil, leering grin on his face. Slowly he bent over her and grabbed hold of his enormous penis. Leering, holding the evil ogre in his hand, he slowly bent it down, aimed its tapered, mushroom-shaped head down at the fleshy gash between her legs. As Velvet stared down at herself, she was amazed to find that there was no blood. But he had just bitten her down there. How could it have healed so fast? It was crazy!

THIS WAS IT, he told himself. THIS WAS THE DAY HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR HIS WHOLE LIFE. THIS WAS THE DAY HE WAS GOING TO FUCK HIS MOTHER.

He gently rubbed the bloated head of his cock up and down the slippery gash covering it with her sweet juices. Then, with a groan, he slowly pushed his penis down into the fiery depths of her pussy.

God, he was doing it. He was really doing it, he groaned to himself as more and more of his evil monster disappeared into the fleshy rift between his mother's lovely legs.

"Oh, No," she gasped as she felt his penis slither deeper and deeper inside the clinging tightness of her cunt.

She knew that it wasn't right. What they were doing was horribly wrong. But she didn't have the strength to stop him now. She was so weak, she could barely even breathe.

"Oh, God, Mother, you're so hot and wet inside," he panted, sliding all nine inches of his thick, hard prick down into her cunt as it stretched open wide to accommodate the monster.

He was so big. How could she take all of him back inside her?

"Oh, no," she groaned, feeling her pussy being stretched open wider than it had ever been stretched before. "Oh, David, you're so big. Your penis is so big, It's

spreading me wide open."

"Good," he grunted, slowly backing it out until only the swollen, bloated head remained inside the defiled chamber.

Then, with a demonic smile playing over his lips, he began to rock his hips back forth fucking her with deep, penetrating strokes. The knowledge that he was fucking his mother filled him with a perverse pleasure that he had never felt before. Looking down at cock as it sloshed in and out of her weeping cunt, he knew that he would not be able to hold back the tidal wave of cum that was bubbling and boiling down in his floundering balls. His cock, drenched with her hot juices already wanted to pump out its noxious payload of thick, gummy, sperm-filled cum into his mother's tight, sucking cunt.

Velvet was so weak, she was unable to respond to the hammering attack on her cunt, but she could feel herself sliding toward another orgasm as David fucked her.

Suddenly, she heard him grunt and felt his cock explode deep inside her cunt. He was coming inside her. Her son was coming in her cunt. Oh, God, she groaned to herself as she a sudden gush of energy and strength well up from her pussy. What was happening, she wondered as his cock shot out its toxic load of fiery cum into her? She couldn't explain it but with each gush of cum that poured into her pussy, she felt more and more vitality flowing through her bloodstream. She was coming back to life, she shuddered, reaching down and digging her fingernails into her son's tightly clenched ass pulling him deeper and deeper into the sucking hole between her legs.

Then she saw the tick of her son's carotid artery bulging out on his throat. It was beating just below the skin. Suddenly, she had an urge to sink her teeth into it. Sink the long fangs into it and suck out the blood streaming through it.

Releasing her hold on his ass, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her. Opening her mouth, she bared her long, sharp fangs and plunged them into his neck.

As she did, a hot, seething gush of his blood poured into her mouth quickly filling it with its fiery potency. Sucking more and more into her mouth, she swallowed the thick gore and felt an indescribable rush of power and energy. She had never felt anything like it. It was like being reborn again.



Jerking her teeth out of her son's neck, she furiously milked her son's spurting prick as she felt herself lifting off into another stupendous orgasm.

"Fuck, coming," she muttered out over her blood stained lips as she threw her legs up and began to quiver and shake.

David could feel the backs of his mother's calves slapping against his thighs as he thrust into her deeper and deeper.

As she felt the life flowing back into her body, she felt her son's giant prick gushing out more and more of his wondrous life-giving essence into her. She reveled in the exquisite pleasure welling up from her cunt as it collapsed down around the monstrous invader that was spewing out its potency into her. She had never felt anything like it. The energy, the force, the strength was pouring into her from her mouth and cunt.

David felt as if his cock would never stop erupting down inside the fiery core of his mother's wonderful cunt. He knew he had spewed out gallons and gallons of cum into her, but his cock wouldn't stop until at last, there was none left inside his aching balls. Fucking his mother had been even more ecstatic than he had imagined it would be, he thought to himself as he felt his dying prick begin to slither back down the cum-drenched channel of his mother's vagina. He had now filled the sacred chamber from which he had come with his purest of essences. Filled it with his hot, potent cum.

David woke up from his nap feeling wonderful. He was full of power and happiness. He had never felt so vital, so alive, and so full of desire. Looking around, he saw his mother sitting in her bedroom chair across the room.

"Oh, hi, Darling," she smiled at him baring her sharp, white teeth, "I thought you were going to sleep the night away."

"Mother," David grunted, running his eyes down her body. "You're so fucking gorgeous."

"I've never felt sexier in my whole life," she raved, running her hands down between her legs. "I feel like I want to ravage you and make you fuck me all night long."

"That won't take much ravaging," he laughed softly, "because that's exactly what

I want to do to you."

"I've never felt like this before," she giggled happily. "I feel like a teenager again and now all I want to do is fuck."

"I don't see anyone stopping you," he grinned at her, rolling over and sitting up.

His cock quickly reared its evil head as he openly gaped at his mother. Somewhere along the line, while he was asleep, she had slipped into a pair of sheer, black nylons, a lacy, ruffled garter belt and a pair of sexy, five-inch stiletto heels.

As he watched her, she looked back at him, smiled lifted her legs, spreading them apart and hooking the pointy heels on the cushion. Then she seductively eased her arm around her hip and slowly spread her cunt lips apart with her fingers.

"God, what a beautiful cunt," he marveled staring down at the fleshy rift of glistening pink flesh between his mother's splayed out legs.

"You really think so?" she smiled at him, bending over, cupping a big, dangling breast, moving it aside as she looked down at her pussy.

"It's the most beautiful cunt in the whole world," he groveled.

"I'll take your word for it," she smiled, slowly getting to her feet, "but I'm more partial to what you have between your legs."

"Why don't you come over here," he grinned back at her, wrapping his hand around his giant cock, "and I'll let you play with it."

"I'd love to," she said, slowly sauntering across the room, provocatively swishing her hips from side to side as she did.

David swept his eyes up and down her body as she strolled toward him, letting them feast on her giant bobbling udders and then down to the furry nest covering the tip of her tummy down between her long, sculpted legs.

"You're so damn pretty," he remarked, ogling her, "I could come just looking at you."

"No, no, no," she softly laughed, stopping by the bed and looking down at him adoringly, "Don't want to waste any of that precious stuff."

"Me, either," he said, reaching up and fondling one of her mountainous tits, plucking at the stiff, rubbery nipple as she reached down to his stiff prick.

"I wonder," she mused, "would it work the same way if I swallowed it as it did when you came inside my cunt?"

"Why don't you try it and find out," he grinned mischievously.

"I think I will," she leered at him, crawling onto the bed and rolling over onto her back.

"Bring him up here," she cooed.

With a grin on his face and his sharp fangs protruding out over his lips, he struggled up to his hands and knees. Crawling over her, he straddled her with his monstrous cock jutting out over her face.

David watched as her tongue slithered out from between her long, pointed incisors and lovingly licked the bulging underside of his cock from the dangling ball sac all the way up to the bloated glans. Her sinuous tongue snaked over and around the vein-encrusted shaft of his aching cock, lovingly licking and lapping at it.

David eagerly awaited the moment she would take him into her mouth, but she continued to lick and lap his throbbing scepter.

What was she doing, he feverishly wondered as several minutes passed and she still hadn't taken his cock into her mouth? He could hardly wait for the instant her hot, sucking mouth closed down around his cock.

She seemed to sense his growing need as she teasingly kissed and licked his bulging cock head, gently nuzzling it and pulling on it with her lips. She was tormenting him by not sucking him into her mouth, as he quickly approached the height of excitement.

David was anxiously fidgeting and fretting as she still hadn't taken him into her mouth. She seemed to be taking great delight in teasing him as he grew more and

more impatient. It seemed to David like she had been toying with his primed cock for hours and he was almost in agony as he waited for her to take him into her mouth.

Trying to get her to take him into her mouth, David gently maneuvered his giant cock head down onto her lips again and again only to have his mother kiss the shiny, purple ball and move her lips back up to the bobbing shaft of his monster.

"Damn it, Mom, don't you want it," David complained guiding his bulging cock head back down onto her lips one more time.

"Patience, my dear, patience," Velvet murmured, kissing his cock head and moving her lips away from it once again. "It's a virtue, you know."

One more time, David shrugged his hips and moved the big, mauve head down onto her soft, red lips. Teasingly, she kissed and licked the bulging cock head, gently nuzzling it and pulling on it with her lips and running her sharp fangs across it. She could see that he was becoming more and more demanding as she toyed with the ball of firm flesh perched atop his wavering baton. Then ever so slowly, she opened her mouth and sucked only the tip of his cock head in between the glistening incisors. His whole cock quivered and jerked with impatience as she gently sucked on the tip for several moments. Finally, without warning, she sucked the whole head into her hot, hungry mouth. Sucking as hard as she could, she bit down on the oversensitive cleft just behind his glans penis.

Damn, David groaned to himself as he rapidly lost all control.

He knew that she must know that his eruption was imminent, as she bit and nipped at his cock head, sucking on him at the same time. He could see that she was eagerly waiting for him to ejaculate his creamy treasure into her mouth.

Suddenly he cried out and his hips lurched forward as he thrust his big, stiff cock forward. Expecting it, she was ready to accept him all the way to the hilt as she felt his cock slide into her mouth and quickly felt the giant cock head thud into the back of her mouth. Feeling his big round dick head slam into the opening of her throat where it lodged, he felt her gag momentarily. Then at last, he felt the prick head force its way into her throat and plunging in at least four inches deeper. Just as it ground to a stop, he felt it balloon out and jerk, spurting a suffocating fountain of his creamy sap down her throat.

His mother swallowed at the same time he ejaculated his creamy load into her throat and felt the cartilages in her throat squeeze down around him, milking his penis as it bulged out again and sent a second stream of his semen blasting down her throat.

Then, just as quickly as she had sucked him into her mouth, she pushed his hips back, dragging his penis head out of her throat and back into her mouth. Quickly, she began to suck and pull on the pulsating cock head, inspiring it to spurt another load of his milky jism into her mouth. It took no time for him to reward her efforts as a great gob of his fiery semen came spewing out of his cock and into her mouth again. She greedily devoured his thick, viscid offering and gluttonously waited for more.

She didn't have to wait long as David's giant peter jerked and spurted out another mouthful of his thick, creamy jism into her mouth.

As she gulped down his salty offering, she suddenly felt herself being filled with an overwhelming surge of pure, unadulterated power. As his mammoth cock continued to buck and kick, it poured more and more of the fiery milk into her mouth where she ravenously gobbled it down. She could feel its magic pulsing through her veins as she sucked and sucked. She didn't want it to ever stop pumping out the delectable treasure. She wanted to keep growing more and more powerful until she could rule the universe. Until she and David could rule the universe together.

But alas, as with all good things and after what seemed like twenty or thirty explosions, she felt the intensity of his eruptions growing weaker and weaker.

Then with one final quiver, it shot out its final offering and it was over.

Velvet had never felt such ecstasy. It was as if fire was pouring through her veins, filling her whole body with its wicked heat. She had never felt so loved. And she had never loved like this. She was obsessed with the man who stood above her with his shrinking manhood still lodged down inside her mouth as she gently, lovingly sucked on it.

"Oh, God," he groaned, scooting back, leaning down and driving his fangs into the curving softness of her beautiful neck.

"Yes, yes," she hissed to him. "Take my blood and make it hard again.

She could feel the divine feeling of the force coursing through her bloodstream pouring out into her son's ravenous mouth as he hungrily drank of her seething blood. Strangely, unlike before, there was hardly any noticeable decrease in her feeling of rapture as he partook of her essence.

David felt energy pouring through his body as he hungrily drank from his mother. As he did, his wilted prick suddenly sprang back to life. Never had he felt such strength. Now he could make love to her forever.

Finally, he slowly eased his blood-drenched fangs back out of the two oozing wounds in his mother's neck. Looking down at the wounds, he was surprised to see them already healing. Then only seconds later, the little weeping holes had completely disappeared and the pale, flawless skin of his mother's graceful neck was once again without blemish.

Suddenly his mother pulled his head down and snaked her tongue and began licking his lips. Staring up into his eyes, she hungrily lapped at his blood-encrusted lips, licking her own blood from his lips.

Moments later, his lips were devoid of any evidence of their incestuous liaison.

Raising up, David stood on his knees between her legs running his eyes up and down his mother's beautiful body. As he did, he saw his cock jutting out in front of him. It was gigantic. It had to be at least fourteen or fifteen inches long and as big around as a beer can. What had happened to it? Glancing up at his mother to see if she had seen it too, he saw her gaping at it in open-mouthed wonder as the gigantic creature bobbed up and down evilly.

Looking back down, he stared at the monstrous column of rock-hard man meat in amazement. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before, he thought as he studied the giant, twitching demon with its criss-crossings of huge, bulging, blue veins. Eyeing the foreboding serpent, he saw that it was arrogantly glaring back at him with its evil, oozing eye while it throbbed up and down in rhythm with his pounding heartbeat.

"What, what happened, what happened to you?" his mother gasped. "It's enormous. How did it get so big?"

"I don't know," he muttered, reaching down and wrapping both of his hands around the gigantic peter. "Nothing like this has ever happened before. It must be

something in your blood."

"It's bigger than a fucking horse cock," she groaned out in astonishment.

Wondering how he would ever get the evil monster inside his mother's tight, little pussy, he anxiously glanced down between her legs and was dumbfounded by what he saw. His mouth fell open as he unbelievably stared down at the gaping wound between her legs. His mother's previously pretty, petite pussy was now gaping open like the Grand Canyon.

"What? What's wrong?" his mother asked when she saw him gawking down at her pussy.

"Your, your pussy. It's big. Huge. It's like it grew. It grew just like my cock," he blabbered out.

"How? How can this be happening," she whined, looking down at her giant cunt.

Then she ran her hand down to it and fingered it open.

"I don't know," he muttered through the fog of confusion that closed in around him. None of this had ever happened between him and Lorraine.

"Oh, my God," she choked out as she ran her finger around the yawning chasm between her legs. "You're right. It, it feels like it's big enough to even take you."

"I think so," he grinned shucking his hands up and down the enormous tower of hot, hard prick. "Want to try it?"

"Yes. Yes, put that monster in me. Put it in me and fuck me like I've never been fucked before," she growled.

Backing down between her outstretched legs, he held the heavy slab of cock-meat in both hands and aimed the giant, purple-headed demon down the gaping gash of wet, pink flesh. Damn, he thought as he guided it down to the yawning pit, it must weigh twenty pounds.

His mother watched on anxiously as he deliberately positioned the big, tapered head of his cock down in the weeping opening of her cunt. Then, still holding onto the giant with both hands, he began to ease it down into the hot, clutching

hole.

"Oh, yes, yes," his mother hissed as the gigantic cock slid down into the fiery core of her juicy fuck-hole.

Slowly arching his back, David leaned down into her, thrusting his prick deeper and deeper into the velvet-lined sheath of her clutching cunt.

"God, that feels so good," she gurgled as he continued to feed the monster down into her inch by inch.

"You're so fucking hot," he grunted easing more and more of the overgrown prick down into her. "It feels like you're juices are boiling my prick."

"I feel like I'm deep-throating you from the opposite end," she gushed, locking her pussy down around the invading giant.

It seemed to take forever for David to get all of the evil serpent buried down into his mother's gluttonous cunt, but at last his belly nudged down against hers.

"I can't believe it," she wheezed, squeezing his giant cock with her cunt. "It's inside of me? All of it inside my cunt?"

"Yes—all of it. I can't believe it either," he grinned down at her as he slowly eased it back up the slippery channel of her pussy.

As they stared into each other's eyes, David began to work his hips back and forth, fucking his mother with slow, deep strokes.

The blue-veined monster easily slid in and out of her juice-drenched gorge as they fucked. David was in an ecstatic daze as he methodically pumped his cock in and out of his mother's tight, clinging pussy.

He had always loved fucking. But this was somehow different. Better. Because he was a vampire? Or because it was his mother? His mother, the vampire. Did it matter?

"God, I love to fuck," he panted, working his hips back and forth faster. "And most of all, I love fucking your hot cunt."



"And I love getting fucked," his mother purred, kicking her legs up into the air, wrapping them around his waist and locking her ankles above his back. "But most of all, I love getting fucked by your giant cock."

"You. You're the best fuck in the world," he groaned, fucking her harder. "The best fuck in the whole-fucking-wide world."

"Fuck me, Baby," she growled up at him, clamping her thighs around his waist squeezing him tighter. "Fuck me and talk dirty to me."

"I'm going to fuck you," he snarled at her, humping his cock into her harder and harder. "I'm going to fuck you until you can't fucking walk."

Leaning down, David found his mother's full, soft lips with his lips. Their lips touched softly for a moment before they were hungrily kissing and devouring each other with their hot, sucking mouths as their long, sharp teeth clashed together.

David drove his tongue into his mother's hot, sucking mouth as he continued to pound his cock into her fiery cunt with wild abandon. Tenderly chewing and nibbling on her full lower lip, he felt her hot, clutching pussy milking and sucking on his cock as it slid in and out of her.

David felt like his whole body was being sucked down into the sucking vortex between his mother's legs. As he viciously fucked her, she whimpered out her consent while he flung himself deeper and deeper into the pulpy tightness of her gluttonous cunt.

Slowing his rhythm for a few moments, he slowly, lovingly slid his juice-coated peter in and out of her as they kissed.

Finally gasping for breath, they tore their lips apart. The wicked abandon of their depraved kiss fueled the fire of their incestuous love and made everything even more excitingly depraved.

Staring deep into his mother's sultry, blue eyes, David slowly slid his juice-drenched back until it was almost out of her and then sent it ripping back into the hot, saturated gash between her legs.

Their bellies slapped together with a loud, sick slap.

"Unhhh," she grunted, almost having her breath knocked out of her by the force of the blow.

"Gonna fuck you hard now," he grunted as he began to hammer his cock into her with deep, bone-jarring strokes. "Gonna fuck you so hard, you bitch, you won't be able to walk when I'm through with you."

"Fuck me, you son-of-a-bitch," she growled out at him. "Fuck me until I can't walk. Fuck me hard and deep with that monster of a cock."

With his meaty, hard cock still jutting out sinisterly, David struggled up to his hands and knees above his mother to gain more traction for the fuck-fest that was about to begin.

"Oh GOD, yesssss," Velvet groaned out arching her back and thrusting herself up against him, absorbing all the force of the blows as David drove his big, hard cock down into the aching depths of her cunt.

Groveling underneath him, Velvet lashed out and grabbed hold of her son's bucking ass as he pounded his cock into her fiercely. Digging her long, pink nails into his bounding buttocks, she scratched and clawed at him spurring him on to higher speed.

Velvet had never felt anything like it.

Now, they had crossed over the line between good and evil. They were now wallowing in the wickedness of their incestuous love. Now she knew that she would never be able to get enough of her son's big, hard cock. Never, ever would anyone else be able to replace him in her heart, or her pussy either for that matter, she told herself as he frantically slammed his colossal cock into her. She couldn't explain it. His wonderful penis was the biggest cock she'd ever seen much less fucked. It was the best. It was the best fucking cock in the world. The biggest and best cock in the whole world. And it was all hers. No other woman would ever experience the exquisite feel of the giant sliding in and out of their pussies. She and she alone possessed the huge monster and she would share it with no one. And no one would ever know that it was hers. She would jealously guard their secret, forever.

Crying tears of happiness, she rocked her hips in unison with his as they fucked like lust-crazed monkeys.

"Oh! Yesssss! Baby!" She blubbered shamelessly as David rhythmically hammered his cock into her hot, clutching cunt.

How could he have fucked any other woman, David giddily wondered as he rocked his hips back and forth, sliding his throbbing prick in and out of the tightness of his mother's velvet lined cunt. He could never love another woman in the same way he loved his mother. The wickedness of their illicit love made it all so much more exciting, dangerous, and thrilling.

All at once, he shoved his cock into her as deep as he could and held it thrust down into the gluttonous heat of her hot, clinging vagina.

"Mother," he wept, "I could never, ever love anyone as much as I love you."

"Oh, yes, baby, I know how you feel because I feel the same way" she blubbered, tears streaming down her cheeks and ruining her makeup.

"I'll never leave you," he growled out as he began to rock his hips back and forth again.

"NO! NO! No," she hissed. "Never, never, never."

Squeezing her legs around his waist, she lifted her hips up off the bed as David stroked his cock into the drenched depths of her cunt with new energy.

Locking her arms around his neck, she grunted and lifted herself up against his rocking body. Now, totally wrapped around him, she swung back and forth underneath him like a pendulum, undulating with the rhythm of his powerful strokes.

Her womanhood was now completely vulnerable to the savage onslaught of her son's attack as she hungrily drove her fangs into his throat.

A coppery-tasting gush of his hot blood poured into her mouth as she hungrily sucked it out of his throat. Savoring the salty taste of his blood as it poured into her mouth, she suddenly felt herself rocket off into another cataclysmic orgasm.

"Yeah, mother, yeah, come, come on my big cock. Drench it with your juice, baby..." David panted, shoving his cock into her and letting her come around it. "Come on my big cock. Come and come and come..."

As her body writhed and quivered, David could feel the clenching waves of her orgasm washing through her cunt as it vulgarly sucked on his cock.

Then several moments later, she slowly pulled her teeth out of his throat as the last throes of her climax tickled through her cunt.

"Yes, baby, fuck me. Fuck your mother," she slavered, with his blood coating her full, soft lips. "Fuck your vampire mother—"

The loud, perverted slap of their bodies crashing together filled the room as he began to pound his cock in and out of her cunt again.

Finally, Velvet's arms grew tired and she released her chokehold around David's neck, dropping her shoulders back to the bed. Grunting and huffing, David didn't miss a beat as he continued to saw his cock in and out of her juice-drenched cunt.

He felt like King Kong, like Superman, like Samson all rolled into one. He felt like he could go all night long and tomorrow too.

"Baby, come, come, baby. Come in my cunt." Velvet panted, raking her long fingernails down his heaving back. Leaving long deep gashes that immediately healed over.

"Not yet, not yet, not yet," David blathered, working his hips back forth faster.

Ten minutes later, Velvet was consumed by another violent orgasm that tore through her body leaving her in an ecstatic daze.

"Come on, baby. Come in my pussy. Come in my cunt," she whined, urging him on with her body, her hands, her legs, her everything—

"Gonna come. Gonna come. Gonna come in your hot cunt," David panted as he savagely fucked her.

"Do it. Come in my cunt. Do it," she groaned, squeezing her legs around his waist as he brutally pounded his cock into her. "Fill, fill my, hot, hot cunt, with, with, your hot, cream."

The bedsprings croaked and complained bitterly as David's thick, juice-coated

cock mercilessly sloshed in and out of the drenched depths of her cunt.

Sweat was pouring off David and dripping down onto his mother as he felt the molten pool of semen begin to bubble and boil inside his balls.

"Feel it. Feel it. It's coming. Feel it coming. Almost there. My balls, are, about to, blow. Blow, and fill, fill up, your, your hot, hot cunt, with, my cream," David deliriously blabbered.

"Yes-yes—I feel it—give it to me—fill up my pussy with your sweet cream—" Velvet babbled

Huffing and puffing like a broken steam engine, David slowed his thrusts but slammed his cock into her all the way to the hilt with every teeth-chattering blow as the pressure down inside his flopping balls grew to the bursting point.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeahhhhhhhh," he blathered out ramming his cock into her as hard and deep as he could.

Then with a final heave, he felt his cock burst inside of her clutching, milking cunt spewing out a fiery gush of thick, sticky cum-syrup into her ravenous cunt.

"YES! YES! YES!" Velvet screamed out as she felt her cunt convulse and clamp down around the jerking, spewing cock buried inside it. "I'M COMING TOO!"

Their bodies, locked together in incestuous combat, writhed and twisted as his big cock loosed scorching gusher after gusher of his white-hot cum into his mother's hungry cunt.

Over and over, the deadly weapon recoiled and fired, lobbing volley after volley of his thick, virulent cream out into her womb as huge waves of pleasure washed over Velvet.

Finally, with a whimper, he felt the exquisite, unfathomable pleasure pouring up from his loin begin to fade into the tired, happy afterglow of fulfillment.

Completely consumed by the fires of her orgasm, Velvet wept as her long, statuesque legs dropped down onto the bed beside his.

As his depleted prick began to shrink and retreat down the cum-drenched

channel of his mother's pussy, David grunted and rolled off her.

"Unfucking believable," he wheezed. "That was the best fuck of my life."

"God, yes," she panted, "never, ever been fucked so wonderfully. You were magnificent."

"Jeez, Mom, you're going to make me blush," he smiled, exposing his long, sharp teeth.

"Well," she laughed happily, "now I guess that I won't have to worry about a vampire sneaking up on me in the night."

"Oh, I don't know," he grinned lecherously, "one never knows what evil lurks out there in the night..."

**The End**

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**Mother's Brand New Toy**

Stepping into her bedroom, Nancy tossed the towel aside and quickly stepped across the room and into the bathroom. Turning on the water in the shower, she looked down and studied her impressive tits as she waited for the water to warm. Then after testing the water with her hand, she stepped into the shower. Luxuriating in the feel of the hot water splashing onto her skin, she slowly soaped every nook and cranny of her body. As she did, her fingers paid particular attention to her swollen, bubble-covered nipples, roughly teasing and tweaking them to hardness. After several moments of this, she eased her hand back down between her long, curving legs.

With her eyes closed and her head thrown back, she slipped first one, then two, then three fingers up into pussy. Then she slowly began to finger-fuck herself. As she did, she slid her other hand down and began to diddle her clitoris with a finger.

Finally, Nancy reluctantly withdrew her sticky fingers from her pussy and licked the pungent juice off them before turning off the water and stepping out of the shower. Why was she so aroused she wondered to herself? It couldn't be the fact she hadn't had a man for three months could it? No, that couldn't be it, she sarcastically told herself. She hadn't had a man since Ted had left her.

Well, it's a good thing her son, Steve was out on a date tonight, she told herself, because I'm going to use my vibrator and get rid of that itch down between my legs.

Toweling herself off, she walked over and stood in front of the full-length mirror that stood by her closet.

God, you're a sexy bitch, she smiled to herself. You don't look thirty-seven, she laughed, fondling her big, dangling breasts. What man wouldn't be happy to get me into bed? What an asshole Ted had been, leaving her for some twenty something slut.

At last she strolled over to the nightstand by the giant bed. Patting off the last drops of water, she tossed the towel over her shoulder and reached down to the nightstand. Pulling out a drawer, she reached in and pulled out a shiny, purple vibrator.

Smiling to herself, she leaned down and crawled onto the bed. It was almost

obscene the way her big tits dangled down below her, jiggling and bobbling as she flopped down onto her back.

Flicking the vibrator on, she slowly ran it over her big, puffy nipples for a few moments, until her nipples became so hard and sensitive, she had to stop. Flicking off the vibrator, she dropped it and cupped her big heavy breasts. Gently massaging them, she imagined her hands were a man's hands. A masculine man with big, strong hands and a big, hard cock to go along with them. Picturing a big, hard cock in her mind's eye, she slowly moved her hands down off the firm, pliant flesh of her breasts and let them crawl down over her stomach.

Spreading her long, shapely legs apart, she let her hand slowly steal down between her soft, smooth thighs.

Delicately skimming her fingers over the soft, hairless skin surrounding her pussy, she lazily moved a finger down onto her aroused clitoris.

Her excitement was evident, she smiled, feeling the moist stickiness oozing out of the slippery slit at the bottom of her pussy.

Nancy moved her finger away from her clitoris and dipped it down into the slippery slit at the bottom of her pussy. Slowly sliding it in and out of the slit, she kept it up until it was covered with a film of the slippery goo. With her fingers lubed with her juices, she returned it to her achingly-sensitive clit and began to roughly flick it. She watched the muscles in her stomach tightening as she flicked the little nub of flesh jutting out of its fleshy hood.

Then she moved her hand away from her steaming cunt.

Letting herself cool down for a few moments, Nancy's thoughts wandered back to her son, Steve and the day she had caught him masturbating. In her fevered state of arousal, she didn't know why she would be thinking of her eighteen-year-old son's penis. She remembered that she hadn't believed how big it was. It must have been eight or nine inches long, she recalled. It had been hard to fathom her son with a man-sized penis as she suddenly felt her clitoris begin to tingle and itch with excitement.

What had happened to her? Was she going crazy? It was horrible to be thinking about her son while she diddled herself.



With a lurch, she began to feel around on the bed until she found the shiny, purple vibrator. Picking it up, she sickly found herself comparing the size of the vibrator to her son's enormous penis. The vibrator, she knew was just about as long as her son's mammoth prick, but it was nowhere near as thick.

Then with the image of her son's cock dancing through her head, she hurriedly flicked the vibrator on and slipped it down into her inflamed womanhood. Sliding the smooth cylinder between the big fleshy lips of her cunt, she groaned out in pleasure as she felt the tapered round tip of the vibrator slither down into her gaping gulch. Mewing with pleasure, she continued to slide the fake prick into herself until she had at least eight inches of the slippery shaft of plastic up inside her hot, clutching pussy.

There, she loathsomely thought. That's about how much he has.

Then disgustingly, she began to work it in and out of her tortured cunt as she imagined that it was her son's big, hard cock sliding in and out of her. Horrified by the wickedness of her thoughts, she tried to rid her mind of the evil images as she slowly fucked herself with the vibrator. Why was she having such sinful thoughts about him? She hadn't thought of him like that before. It had to be the lack of any sexual activity for three months, she told herself as she continued to work the big purple vibrator in and out of her cunt.

Down deep inside her pussy, she could feel the first stirrings of an orgasm begin to form as she clenched her eyes tightly and threw her head back...

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Just then, unknown to Nancy, Steve came strolling into the house. Strange, he thought, the house was deathly quiet. There was usually a television or radio on all the time his mother was around. And he knew she was around because her car was still parked in the garage.

Being as quiet as he possibly could, he tiptoed down the hall toward her room. He could see the light shining out through the open door way and assumed his mother was probably in bed reading a book or something.

In her haste to take care of her problem, Nancy hadn't taken the time to shut the door. And with the door wide open, Steve could see everything when he peeked into her room.

His mouth dropped open and his eyes bugged out when he saw his beautiful mother sprawled out on the bed fucking herself with the purple vibrator

He was paralyzed. He couldn't move as he stood gawking down at her in amazement and shock.

Nancy, with her eyes closed and her concentration centered on her cunt, didn't see her son standing in the doorway watching her fuck herself.

Steve had always had fantasies about his beautiful mother. And one of them had been to fuck her with a vibrator or dildo or something. Not to mention fucking her with his cock, too, he groaned to himself as he watched the shaft of purple plastic squish in and out of his mother's hot cunt.

What if he sneaked over and took it away from her and fucked her with it. What would she do? She looked like she was really enjoying it. Would she let him fuck her with it? Would she let him fuck her with his cock, too?

Knowing full well that his mother would probably kill him, he gathered his courage and stealthily moved across the room to her bed. This was an opportunity that would only come along once in a lifetime and he was going to try and make full use of it. Standing by the bed for a few moments, he watched her fuck herself as he steeled himself for the attack. Then she lifted her other hand, and began to tweak the nipple of her left tit.

Slowly, he lowered his hand down toward the vibrator as Nancy roughly stroked it in and out of her juicy cunt.

Nancy was vaguely aware of the faint aroma of after shave, but thought it was only a figment of her overactive imagination. Still unaware that her son was standing by her bed watching her, she still had the obscene image of his big, hard cock whirling through her head. She couldn't get mental picture of his cock out of her head as the force of her orgasm continued to gather and grow.

Then suddenly, she felt something nudge up against her hand and brush her fingers away from the vibrator.

Throwing her eyes open, she saw Steve standing by the bed with his hand on the vibrator. She was too stunned to move as she gaped up at him in shocked horror. Then he began to slowly fuck the vibrator in and out of her cunt.

“Let me do it for you, Mother,” he murmured softly as she lay paralyzed and unable to move.

This is what you get for having all those terrible thoughts about him, her mind screamed at her. Well, you wanted his cock. Here it is. No, No, stop him. Make him stop. Don’t let him do this to you. It’s not right. Make him stop it.

As time slowly ticked by, Steve was shocked that his mother had done nothing to stop him. Did she like it?

Why couldn’t she move, she asked herself? Had the shock of being caught by her son in such a compromising situation paralyzed her? No, it couldn’t have, she frantically thought. Because I can still feel the vibrator sliding in and out of me. Feel it and it feels good. Feels too good, she drunkenly thought as the fireball down inside her vagina grew and swelled.

“Does it feel good, Mother?” Steve murmured, seeming to read her mind as he stroked the purple vibrator in and out of her cream-filled pussy.

“Wh-wha-what?” she finally garbled out, somehow regaining limited control of her tongue.

“Does it feel good when I do this to you?” he asked her again, slowly sitting down on the edge of the bed as he kept sliding the plastic dick in and out of her pussy.

“Uh, I, uh, don’t...” she moaned out incoherently, but still made no move to stop him.

Growing bolder by the second, Steve reached down to his pants, unbuttoned them and slowly slid the zipper down. Then, still stroking the vibrator in and out of her oozing cunt, he dug down into his pants and extricated his big, hard cock from the tight confines of his shorts. As he did, he saw his mother’s eyes fly down to the towering giant of a cock.

“Oh, my God...” she gasped, staring down at her son’s jutting manhood.

It now seemed even bigger than she remembered it being as she watched her son move his hand over to her hand while he still slid the plastic cylinder of hard plastic in and out of aching cunt.

Then he slowly lifted her lifeless hand up from the bed and pulled it toward the imposing shaft of rock-hard meat sticking up out of his pants. She tried to stop her hand, but no matter how hard she tried, she didn't seem to be any strength in her arm. Watching on in horror, she saw her son gently place her hand down onto the malignancy jutting up from his groin.

Staring longingly into his mother's eyes as he lovingly slid the toy in and out of mother's sweet, juicy pussy, Steve lifted his hand away from his mother's hand. As he did, he watched her limp hand fall down to the base of his massive prick, but he saw no indication of any other movement.

Nancy stared down at her hand in shocked incredulity as it rested atop her son's big, hairy balls. Straining to move it away from them, she was shocked when her hand slowly unfurled and wrapped itself around the thick, swollen shaft of her son's huge cock.

No, no, no, don't do that, her conscience screamed at her hand as she watched her hand slowly raise itself up the length of her son's monstrous cock.

"That feels good, Mother," Steve murmured as he felt her hand tighten around his cock and then lazily retreat back down to the thick, hairy base of his cock.

"No, no..." she whimpered, but her clenched fist continued to slide up and down her son's rigid penis.

Why was she stroking his peter, she deliriously asked herself? She couldn't do that to him. She was his mother. How could she do anything so repulsive to her own son? She had to stop.

But instead of stopping, her fist worked up and down the giant cock faster as it clutched the hot shaft of meat even tighter.

As his mother roughly stroked his cock, Steve slid the vibrator in and out of her pussy faster and faster.

But as good as this felt, he told himself, he had to have more. Have it all. It was an opportunity that he couldn't pass up. The chance of a life time. It was the answer to a thousand prayers. He had to take her and make her his. He knew that he had to fuck his beautiful mother. Fuck her or go crazy.

“Mother...” he groaned slowly sliding the vibrator down into his mother’s hot, sucking cunt as deep as it would go.

Then, he lifted his hand away from it and tenderly lifted his mother’s hand away from his aching cock.

Slowly getting to his feet, he let his pants drop down his muscular legs to the floor. Then as his mother watched him with disbelief filling her smoky, brown eyes, he pushed his penis back through the opening of his shorts. Then, he pushed his shorts down his legs. As he did, he saw his mother’s hand steal back down to the vibrator that was still buzzing as it jutted out of her vagina.

“No, Steve, no,” she murmured, but even as she protested, her hand began to work back and forth as she fucked herself with the purple plastic dick.

Steve didn’t speak as he leisurely unbuttoned his shirt and watched his mother fuck herself.

“Honey, I don’t...we can’t, we can’t do this,” she whimpered softly, still lazily stroking the vibrator in and out of her wet, oozing pussy. “Do me with this, but we can’t do any more.”

“You want it, Mother,” he told her, dropping his shirt to the floor as he watched her staring down at his bobbing cock.

“No, Steve, Honey, we can’t,” she softly fussed.

“You know you want it,” he mumbled, wrapping his hand around the throbbing shaft of rock-hard meat, “I can see it in your eyes. You want this inside of you instead of that cold, hard plastic.”

“Yes, yes, you’re right...but we can’t,” she whimpered. “Yes, I want you, but we can never do that. It’s a mortal sin, Honey.”

“And I want you, too,” he groaned, kicking his shoes off. “I’ve wanted you for the longest time.”

“Oh, I wish,” she murmured, sliding the vibrator in and out of her pussy. “You don’t know how much I wish we could.”

Smiling down at her lovingly, Steve reached down and lifted her hand away from the vibrator. Then, still staring down into her smoldering eyes, he gently eased the glistening, purple vibrator out of her cunt. When the vibrator slithered out of the clutching hole, her pussy gave out a loud slurp as it reluctantly gave up its visitor.

Then, with a crooked smile on his mouth, he crawled up on the bed and eased up between her beautiful, outstretched legs. As he adoringly stared into her warm, brown eyes, he leaned over her, and starting at her shoulders, slowly moved his hands down and traced the outline of her big, beautiful tits with his fingers. Leaning toward her, he mashed his lips against hers and sent his tongue darting into her mouth as he gently lifted her big, heavy breasts in his hands.

As their mouths locked together, his fingers began to knead and toy with the supple, pliant flesh of her breasts, searching for her rock-hard nipples. Finding them, he coarsely tweaked and pinched the big, hard knobs as her breasts trembled under his fingers.

Kissing him back, Nancy wrapped her arms around him and grabbed hold of his butt. Pulling him to her, she could feel his hot, rigid maleness pressing into her belly. The feel of his giant of a cock pressing against her belly made her long to have him buried deep in her aching pussy.

Finally releasing her hold on his buttocks, she pushed back away from him, tearing their mouths apart.

"Oh, I need you," Nancy whispered loudly as she lay looking up at him with love pouring from her hot, brown eyes.

Then she felt his cock jerk with anticipation as he watched her spread her long, tan legs even wider apart for him.

"I know this is so wrong, but I need you so much," she moaned. "Please forgive me."

"My God, you're so fucking beautiful," Steve groaned raising himself up to his knees and staring down at the succulent, gaping pink gash between her legs as Nancy brushed her fingers up it.

Standing on his hands and knees crouched over her, he watched on dumbly as

she reached up and took hold of his throbbing, bouncing cock.

He nearly came just watching her bend his hardness down toward the gaping wetness between her legs with one hand as he felt her grab hold of his butt with her other hand and dig in her long nails.

Hoping she wouldn't faint when he put his gorgeous cock in her, she guided its huge, bulbous head down to her dripping slit. Fumbling like a virgin on her first date, she clumsily fitted the great, round cock head into the slippery, wet slit of her secret place. Now the giant mushroom-tipped weapon was poised at the portal of a place it should never venture. The dreadful intruder was about to desecrate her sacred motherhood and she could hardly wait as the stark realization of what was about to happen washed over her. Knowing that they were on the verge of committing a depravity of horrible consequences, she paused for one long, shameful moment. Then, knowing full well that she was committing a horrendous transgression against mankind and God, she dug her fingernails into his butt and pulled him down into her hungry cunt.

Suddenly, she cried out, her voice filled with anguish and pleasure as she felt the organ's huge head slither down into the sanctity of her most sacred of vessels.

Steve had waited impatiently as she paused with his cock head resting on her pussy, but the instant he felt her soft, meaty cunt slowly collapse down around his sensitive dick-head, he was unable to stop himself from driving his cock into her in one mighty lunge.

"OH, MY, FUCKING LORD," Nancy blathered out as she felt her son's thick, fat cock rip down into the wet, aching depths of her slaving cunt spreading it to its limit.

Deeper and deeper it plunged into her garden of forbidden delights until with a sick wet slap of flesh smacking against flesh, his hairy belly slapped against her soft belly.

She loved the feel of his huge cock filling her cunt. It fitted inside her perfectly. But the feeling only lasted a moment before she felt his thick cock retreat back the entire length of her sopping love-chute. Then just when she thought he was going to pull it out, he sent it ripping back into her exposed vulnerability without a moment's hesitation. Grunting, she felt his rock-hard stomach slap down on her belly again as he ground his dick into her womanhood even deeper than the first

deep, hard thrust.

"OH, Mother, it feels so good," he gasped and immediately began to slide his bloated monster in and out of her juice-drenched cunt with urgency.

"Yes, yes, yes," she hissed, clutching her hot cunt down onto the pistoning giant.

Throwing restraint to the wind, Nancy' wrapped her arms around her son's muscular shoulders, and held him crushed up against her gravity-flattened breasts as his hips slashed up and down wildly.

As his powerful hips rose and fell, he drove his petrified hardness deep into her accepting softness over and over and over.

Digging her long, sharp fingernails into his shoulders, she goaded him to fuck her even harder. In her mind, he was no longer her son. He had become her soul mate and lover as he pounded his cock into her harder and harder.

Wanting to give herself to him completely, she jerked her long, curvaceous legs up into the air and wrapped them around him his waist. Now she was totally exposed to his mammoth cock as it repeatedly knifed into her hot, clutching pussy. Each time his big, thick prod began to slice back down into the saturated tunnel of her meaty cunt, she dug her heels into his pistoning butt, urging him to shove the meaty column of boy-cock into her harder and deeper.

After a few minutes of feverish fucking, she could hear her son's breath coming in gasps as he tried to suck in enough oxygen to recharge his lungs and maintain the devastating pace of his frenzied onslaught. She also felt her own breathing growing more erratic and heavy as she felt her son's thundering prick driving her closer and closer to a stupendous climax.

Still he attacked her with his monstrous peter. The savagery of his attack almost drove the breath out of her every time his cock tore into her pussy. But it was propelling her closer and closer to a cataclysmic orgasm with each crashing penetration.

"CAN'T, UHH, TAKE, UNH, MUCH, UNH, MORE," she muttered out between strokes. "GONNA, UNH, GONNA, UNH, COME."

"ME, UHN, ME, UNH, TOO," Steve growled, struggling to hold back the

mounting flood of white-hot cum gathering inside his big balls until she came as they wildly slashed back and forth with the rhythm of his savage attack on her pussy.

His massive cock plowed in and out of his mother's seething pussy like the piston of a giant steam engine. In and out, in and out, it tore into her gluttonous cunt, sending both of them both skittering out of control toward a monumental orgasm.

As they slithered closer and closer to the edge, Nancy's heels beat a tattoo of urgency on his butt urging him to fuck her harder and harder.

Sensing his mother's ravenous need, Steve responded with one last burst of energy pounding his cock into her harder and harder. His hips became a blur as he drove his cock into the wet gash of his mother's vulnerability again and again.

Then in a massive explosion of emotion, they both plunged past the point of no return.

"FUCKING! UNHHH! OH! FUCK! I'MMMMMMM!
COMM MMMMMINNNNN!" Steve gasped out as he jerked his prick back too far, accidentally pulling it out of his mother's gulping cunt.

"OH, BABY, OH, BABY, I WANT IT IN ME, PLEEEESSSSSEE," Nancy wailed as she felt his giant prick pop out of her tight, clenching pussy.

Out of control, Steve couldn't stop himself as he felt his over-ripe cock give a mighty heave and shoot out a giant gusher of hot, thick creamy white cum out onto his mother's heaving stomach.

Realizing that Steve couldn't help himself, Nancy stabbed her hand down to his pulsating giant and grabbed hold of it and began to roughly milk it.

Then she felt his penis jerk again and the thick, puffy tube on the underbelly of his great penis bulged out under her fingers as the second burst of hot, sticky cream came rushing up out of his dangling balls to spew out onto her heaving belly. She wished he hadn't jerked his cock out of her aching pussy as his cock bucked violently and spit out another rope of thick, syrupy cum all the way up to her neck.

Ignoring her own needs for the moment, she pulled and squeezed on his throbbing, spurting cock as it kept gushing out an almost steady stream of young, potent jism onto her hands and belly.

Within moments, her throat, breasts and belly were covered with his hot stickiness. But still it spurted out over and over again, spewing out its vulgar, sticky, cream-colored syrup into her hand, up her arm and all over her belly. She was being drenched with his sticky ejaculate.

She didn't think he would ever stop.

But she knew the monster couldn't continue to fire, and sure enough, it finally gave one last little twitch and stopped spurting.

As she felt his cock stop ejaculating, she maneuvered it back down to her hot, slippery pussy. Stuffing the shrinking behemoth back into herself, she tried to revive it.

Even as his cock retreated back down his mother's battered pussy, Steve could feel his mother squirming and twisting underneath him with unfulfilled passion. Groggily, Steve was recovering from his mind-numbing climax and felt his cock slither out of his mother's hot, sucking pussy.

As she felt him slip out of her, she let her long shapely legs drop to the bed. Quickly rolling him off her, she grabbed up the vibrator and flicked it on. Running it down to her neglected wetlands, she quickly found her little man-in-a-boat and stabbed the humming toy onto it.

Steve opened his eyes to see his mother holding the vibrator on her clit. Feeling ashamed that he had finished and she hadn't climaxed, he clumsily scrambled down and pushed his face into her pussy. Brushing the vibrator aside, he hungrily attacked her jutting clitoris and sucked it into his mouth.

"OH, BABY," she gasped as she felt his tongue find her clitoris.

Holding her slippery little pea-sized clitoris between his lips, he roughly tickled and scraped his tongue across the sensitive little ball of nerves. Each time his tongue lashed across it, it sent electrifying jolts of pleasure up his mother's spine and then bursting into her brain.

Unable to restrain herself, Nancy wantonly hunched her hips upward, forcing her pussy into her son's face, smearing it with her juices and his own cum. As she hunched her pussy up into his face, she grabbed hold of his hair and rudely forced his face down onto her womanhood.

"YES, YES, YES, YES," she chanted, flailing her legs about wildly in a heedless display of un-motherly wickedness as he ravaged her tingling clit with his rough tongue.

Trying gallantly, Steve kept his lips latched down onto the soft, fleshy lips of her pussy as he tormented her aching clitoris. Making soft groaning sounds, she writhed under him as his tongue probed and poked at the firm little pea jutting up from its fleshy hood. She was squirming and twisting so much, he was having difficulty keeping his tongue on the hard, swollen nub as her hips thumped and pattered around the bed wildly. But he persisted.

Nancy could feel her son's determined assault was rapidly pushing her toward the jagged precipice of the monstrous orgasm she had almost reached before. Closer and closer she slid, losing more control with each tongue-lashing flick.

Suddenly, she felt herself falling upward, rocketing toward a peak of pleasure that she had never experienced before. Never had she climbed to such dizzying heights of joy and release. Her mind left her body spiraling upward toward fulfillment. No words could describe the sheer ecstasy that enveloped her whole being.

Steve felt his mother's body abruptly freeze as stiff as a board. Opening his eyes, he watched as the defined sharpness of each and every muscle in her body stood out when they all contracted at the same instant. All her muscles were locked into taut cords of unmoving rigidity. All of them except those around her convulsing vagina. While all the other muscles were locked into pleasurable spasms, the rings of muscles encircling her clutching pussy were uncontrollably contracting open and closed with labor-like contractions.

Unmotherly sounds of animal gratification spewed from her mouth as she was suffused with pleasure so deep, so pure, she knew no other woman had ever known. Higher and higher she flew until at last, she brushed against the fiery surface of the sun and felt herself finally start spiraling back down the soft, fuzzy side of her orgasm. Basking in the warm, happy afterglow, she slowly slid down

the back side and began to notice the soreness of her abused muscles.

Slowly, Steve watched as one by one, her rigid muscles began to relax and soften.

She had lost all contact with reality. Her deadened mind, still wallowing in a post-climatic stupor only knew that something wonderful had happened. And something terrible at the same time. While she hadn't passed out, she was so drenched with pleasure, she didn't know where she was.

Now as she slowly came out of the fog of satiation, she gradually became aware of something wet and warm still caressing her abused, hypersensitive clit. Gradually, she recalled that she had been making love. Making love was a wonderful thing, she numbly thought. In the pleasant, blurred contentment of love, she felt someone still gently licking her clitoris. She was at peace with the world and felt contentedly happy as she felt the warmth gently caressing her tingling clitoris. The only thing she could remember was how wonderful her orgasm had been. Why had this orgasm been so all consuming, so emotional, so profound she wondered, still basking in its inebriating aftermath?

Then slowly it started coming back to her. Little by little, like pouring cold honey in came creeping back to her. She vaguely remembered that she was doing something that was wickedly wrong, but she couldn't remember exactly what. Then she remembered that it had something to do with her son, Steve. Then she put the two of them together. She had been making love and it had something to do with her son, Steve. But how, he was her son and they could never, ever do anything like that?

Still drunk from the liquor of love, she tried to make sense of it, but her reeling brain wouldn't let her go there. Not there—

That was why it had been so profound, so all consuming, so emotional. It was Steve. It was STEVE licking her clit.

This revelation jarred her back to reality. Had she ruined their lives? She couldn't believe that anything so beautiful and awe-inspiring could be so wrong. It couldn't be wrong. Nothing that wonderful could be wrong. Never in a million years could it be wrong. But it was...

"What happened?" Nancy asked in a soft, tremulous voice, running her fingers

through her son's sweat-dampened hair, then gently pushed on his shoulders, pushing his mouth away from her achingly-sensitive clit.

"I'm sorry that I pulled out," he apologized.

As he talked, he slowly crawled out from between her legs and flopped down beside her.

Still dazed, Nancy was taken aback to realized that Steve didn't seem concerned that he had just fucked her. All that he was upset about was the fact he had finished so quickly. Concerned that it wasn't a manly thing to do, not that he had just fucked his mother—

"That's okay," Nancy murmured, leaning down and picking up his shirt and running it over her belly and tits, wiping as much of his hot, sticky cum off as she could.

Snuggling up next to his mother, Steve gently pulled on one of her big, heavy tits until he had its puffy nipple in his mouth. Tenderly sucking on it, he felt it start to swell and harden almost immediately. He could feel its soft puffiness tighten and enlarge as he kept on sucking on it. Soon it felt as big and swollen as ripe strawberry. It was so stiff and taut as he softly nipped at it with his teeth and felt it grow even harder. Still sucking on it, he moved his hand over to the other nipple and began to tease and tickle it with his fingers.

"Do you like Mommy's tits?" she asked him.

"They are so big and soft and beautiful. They are the most beautiful tits in the whole wide world," Steve lavishly praised them as he paused between nibbles on the bloated nipple.

"Do you remember sucking on them when you were just a baby?" she asked him. Of course he didn't, but sharing the fact that he had nursed on them once gave her a strange sense of closeness with him.

"Not really," he mumbled, "but I remember wanting to when I was a little older, but you wouldn't let me suck on them."

"I'm sorry," she apologized, "but you can have your fill of them now."

"I hope so," he smiled around her bulging pap.

"You're making me all warm and wet down there again," Nancy told him, taking his hand and pulling it down to her wet, weeping pussy so he could feel how wet and aroused she was.

Feeling how wet and slippery she was, Steve began flicking his tongue back and forth across her nipple as he fumbled and softly probed the slippery folds of flesh of his mother's oozing pussy.

Feeling his fingers exploring her drenched womanhood, Nancy let go of his hand and slipped her own hand down to his manhood. To her amazement, she found it was already swelling and growing hard once again.

"My goodness..." Nancy softly cooed, softly squeezing and fondling her son's growing impatience.

"I can get hard just thinking about you," Steve quietly bragged.

"That's obvious," she smiled, feeling the evidence of his boast rapidly filling her hand. "Would you like to do it again and come inside me this time?"

Nancy saw a blush brush across Steve's cheeks as he bashfully nodded his head up and down in answer as he continued to worry and suck on her taut nipple.

"Okay..." Nancy whispered, pushing on his shoulder, dislodging his sucking lips from her sensitive nipple.

Sitting up, Nancy leisurely rolled over and got up onto her hands and knees. She was pleased with the way her big tits bounced and bobbed above her son. Thirty-seven years and they still bounce like a teenybopper's, she thought to herself, as she bent down over her son's jutting, oversized cock.

Steve watched, enraptured, as his mother bent down and wetly kissed his reviving love-spear. He felt a jolt of excitement course through his penis as he watched her lovingly suck his swollen cock head into her mouth.

Feeling his cock twitch with excitement, she began to twirl the thick, virulent sausage around inside her mouth.

"God, Mother, that feels so good," Steve blurted out, as all of his senses were being bombarded by his mother's sensuality.

He could still taste the lingering tartness of her womanhood on his tongue as he watched her devouring his manhood. Even the air was heavy with the lovely fragrance of her womanly musk and haunting perfume as her delightful derriere bobbed and weaved deliciously in front of his face. She was sucking on his cock so hard, he could hear her soft, full lips slurping on his prick. Even the sight of his mother's upturned butt not more than a foot from his face filled his heart with lechery. The twin globes of alabaster flesh were perfectly formed. The loveliness of the pearly melons, split by the deep crack of her ass fascinated him. Staring at her upturned ass with incredulity, he spied the opening of her pink, puckered anus staring back at him. It appeared to shrink from view the moment his eyes touched it, blending into the natural darkness of the crack. And just below the secret, shrouded opening of her anus were the big, fleshy lips of her pussy jutting out in a brazen display of vaginal beauty. In direct opposition to the mysterious secrecy of her anus, her pussy almost cried out for attention. Even with this assault on his senses, the most thrilling assault of all was the thought of what his mother was doing to his cock. That and the fact that they had just fucked.

Entranced with the lovely view of his mother's exquisite behind, he could still feel the warmth of her mouth on his penis as he reached up to her upturned derriere. Letting his hand wander over the soft, smoothness of her buttocks, he let his hands caress their exquisite beauty. It looked so soft that he was surprised by its firmness. It was a flawless work of art.

Feeling her son's hands on her behind, Nancy slowly spread her statuesque legs farther apart shamelessly exposing her drooling cunt to him.

As she did, Steve watched her tiny puckered asshole slowly disappear between the round cheeks of her ass as the thick, jutting lips of her pussy slowly unfurled like the petals of a beautiful pink rose. As he stared at the glistening sheen of wetness coating her thick, pulpy lips, he saw a tiny trickle of her love sap ooze out of her pussy and ever so slowly drip down onto the bed.

Moving his hand down to the oozing gash of her pussy, he delicately ran his finger around the wet, smooth rim of the slit, toying with the thick, fleshy lips.

Feeling her son's wandering finger exploring her pussy, Nancy inched her legs

apart even wider.

Sensing his mother's willingness, Steve gently eased a finger up into her burning love-wound. Pushing his finger in deeper and deeper, he soon had it buried all the way to his last knuckle as she wriggled her hips in approval. After a few moments, he effortlessly withdrew his wet finger as her juices dripped down off it. Putting his first and second finger together, he gently slid them back into her. As he did, he felt her vaginal muscles tighten, closing her pussy down on his fingers like a soft velvet glove, sucking and pulling them inside her. He pushed the pair of fingers all the way into her until his knuckles once again nudged up against the yielding softness of her pussy lips. Wiggling his fingers around inside his mother, Steve felt her clench her pussy muscles again, gently squeezing his fingers. Curious about the potential capacity of the elastic opening, he pulled his dripping fingers back out of her hot, dripping gash and added a third finger to the group.

He realized that she must know what he was planning as he saw her legs slide farther apart opening herself to him even more. Her womanhood now gaped wide open, completely exposed, vulnerable, and oozing woman juice out onto the bed. She was totally surrendering her most precious of possessions to him. Submitting herself to her own son. She waited, the fragile softness of her womanhood open and defenseless. She was now totally at his mercy. Her love wound was totally assailable as he tenderly slipped three fingers up into the hot, slippery wetness of her love-channel. As before, he met with very little resistance but her satiny soft pussy melted down around his fingers, enveloping them with her pussy's clinging wetness. Deeper and deeper into the steaming depths of her femininity went his fingers until his knuckles brushed against the soft, limp pussy lips for a third time.

Feeling him reach the limit once again, she clenched her vaginal muscles down on his fingers one more time. Squeezing his fingers harder this time, she felt him quickly slide his fingers back out of her.

Hurriedly adding his fourth finger to the other three wet, sticky fingers, he slipped all four of them into her all the way to the hilt. He was amazed that she had taken all four of his fingers inside of her pussy without even pausing in her attack on his cock.

Pussy was such a wonderful thing, Steve thought, pulling his dripping fingers

out of his mother's cunt. It could take a handful of fingers, pass a baby out through it but still be so hot and tight that it could suck and pull on a man's cock until it brought out a man's essence. And his mother's pussy was the most wonderful pussy of them all.

Then with an evil smile on his lips, he clutched his fingers and thumb together. Holding the tips of his fingers and thumb together, he brought his hand back up to her salivating cunny. Gently, with the fingers of his other hand, he spread the fat, bloated lips of the dripping gash wide apart. Then he slowly, carefully began to ease his hand into her hot cunt.

“Ummmmmmmm,” she murmured out around his thick shaft of cock-meat as she felt him pushing his whole hand into her hungry cunt.

Steve was amazed as his hand slowly slid down into the hot, clutching core of her cunt. Gently, he eased his fingers and thumb deeper and deeper into the fiery, clutching heat of her cunt.

Finally, he stared down and saw the bloated lips of her cunt encircled his wrist. Clenching his hand into a fist, he continued to push it into her cunt until he had his fist and his forearm pushed into her pussy half way up to his elbow.

“Oh, God,” he muttered, as he felt his hot cunt clutching at his arm. “I can’t believe it.”

“How deep is it,” his mother murmured, letting his ripe cock slither out of her mouth.

“Just a second and I’ll show you,” he muttered, slowly withdrawing his juice-drenched fist and arm back out of her widely stretched cunt.

Finally, when his fist slithered out of her hot pussy, Steve saw that his fist and half of his forearm were glistening wetly with the evidence of the depth of his invasion.

As she felt her son’s fist ease out of her cunt, Nancy turned and looked down at his hand and arm.

“Look, it was in this far,” Steve said, showing her his arm and pointing to the demarcation between wet and dry skin on his arm.

“How fucking awesome is that,” he exclaimed, opening his fist and staring down at his juice-drenched fingers. “How can your pussy be so tight around my dick and yet take my arm inside it. And let a baby go through it?”

“I guess that it is nature’s little dichotomy. Your penis is small and gets big when you get excited. And when a woman get excited, her vagina also expands so that something can go inside it.”

She had brought his penis back to brick hardness again when she felt him reach down and take it in his hand. Gently pushing her greedy mouth up off his penis, Steve struggled to his knees and quickly scrambled around behind her. Standing behind her, his cock in his hand, he admired her gorgeous rear end as she wiggled it at him brazenly.

Guiding his cock with one hand, he reached out and grasped her hip with his other hand. Easing his hips forward, he pressed his bulging cock head up between the soft, velvety lips of her steaming love-socket.

Almost standing on her head now, Nancy looked back up between her widespread legs and watched her son's huge, vein-encrusted penis slowly disappear between the fleshy lips of the drooling slit at the pit of her stomach. With feelings of love and wickedness, she felt a spasm of delight course through her brain as his huge cock slowly vanished in between the soft outer folds of the fleshy lips surrounding her cunt. Needing all of his giant cock inside her to satisfy her wicked cravings, she eagerly pushed herself back onto his jutting penis, wickedly impaling herself on his hard, thick column of meat. Steve nearly lost his load as he felt her hot, clinging vagina wrap itself around his dick, swallowing it entirely in one deep, fiery gulp.

"MY GOD, MOTHER, YOUR PUSSY IS ON FIRE," Steve moaned as he tried to keep from shooting his load.

"Oh, Baby," Nancy wailed, thrusting herself back at him seeing that he was now buried all the way up to his big, dangling balls inside her clutching cunt. "You make me so hot. Maybe you can use some of your thick, creamy cum to put out the fire inside my pussy."

Hearing her obscene request, Steve attacked her pussy with a vengeance. He brutally ravaged her soft, vulnerable femininity with his titanic cock, plowing the giant in and out of the slippery channel like a steam engine gone berserk.

Hammering the entire length of his cock into her clutching cunt, his belly lewdly slapped against her beautiful, upturned ass on every stroke. Steve groveled in the depraved debasement of his mother's hot, clutching cunt unable to get enough of his cock into its soft, silky loveliness.

Each time he plunged his cock into her, the sound of flesh striking flesh filled the room as his belly slapped into her soft behind. Every time he slammed his cock into her it almost knocked her breathless, causing her to grunt and suck in air in a most unmotherly way.

Even though she was being brutally battered by her son, she felt herself already rushing toward another climax. There was no stopping the white-hot current of pleasure that was pulsating from her fiery core.

Then it happened. She couldn't believe the intensity of the spasms of pleasure that suddenly began pouring out of her pussy. As she was consumed by ecstasy, Steve seemed oblivious to her predicament and continued to pound his cock into her tightly-clenched cunt. It felt to her like he was using a jackhammer on her cunt, hammering out every possible iota of joy from it. She had never had such intense and deep climaxes before.

She had never had a climax like the one she was now having. It was the most wonderful feeling she had ever experienced and it just went on and on and on while Steve violently assaulted her undefended womanhood. It felt like the muscles in her body were so tightly stretched they would start snapping in two at any moment. She knew that her orgasm had already lasted for more than a minute and she wasn't sure how much more her body could take.

But he just kept on driving his cock into her.

He was fucking her so hard, she was afraid that he might bruise her. Bruises on her butt would be difficult to explain. But who would she have to explain them to anyway, she deliriously laughed to herself. The only other person who would see her ass was Steve. And it was obvious that she wouldn't have to explain to him how she had gotten them to him.

So she was willing to forego that danger as waves of pleasure washed over her, one after the other almost continuously. Steve continued to fuck her as she felt herself lift up to another plane of orgasmic pleasure. The feelings pouring out of her cunt were becoming even more intense until finally after what seemed like

hours of non-stop, muscle-locking orgasms, she heard Steve moan and drive his cock into her as hard and deep as he could. The force of the final thrust rattled her teeth and drove the breath out of her again.

Waiting for him to erupt inside of her, it seemed like everything was happening in slow motion. Then she felt it. Steve's gigantic penis gave a powerful jerk and began to pump out its fiery load into her aching pussy this time. Even though she couldn't see it, she pictured the great purple-headed monster inside of her spewing out its thick, white cum-jelly out onto the burning walls of her vagina. Once, twice, then three times, it lurched and spewed out its frothy load inside of her. But, it wouldn't stop as it gushed and gushed, rapidly filling her pussy to overflowing with his virile semen. On and on, it kept spurting inside of her until she thought it would never stop. As his giant nozzle hosed down the insides of her pussy with his rich cream, the burning itch inside her pussy finally began to subside. But still he poured more and more of his virulent cream onto the fire inside of her overflowing pussy.

Even though her pussy was filled to overflowing, the flow of cum from her son wouldn't stop. He continued to pump the thick, hot cream into her until she felt it began to ooze out around his cock and drip down onto the bed between her legs. Steve was never one to do anything halfway she deliriously thought as she felt his dick continue to convulse and spit inside her. It had to stop soon, she thought, no man could have as much cum as he had shot inside of her.

At last, she felt it twitch one last time before it stopped. He must have shot out quart of cum into her this time, she vulgarly thought. No man, ever, had filled her so full of sweet, hot cum.

Exhausted, Steve collapsed, falling back away from her and jerking his drained cock out of her abused pussy as he fell.

"Ouch," she yelped as Steve's fat, shrinking penis popped out of her pussy, but her protest fell on deaf ears as Steve appeared to be unconscious.

Nancy felt like she was covered with the stickiness of her son's cum. His thick, viscid cum coated her pussy and ran down her inner thighs all the way down to her knees. Looking down at herself, she could see the soft, whiteness of her inner thighs glistening with a thick coating of her son's love offering.

A wicked little smile played at her lips as she slowly crawled over to the edge of

the bed. Every time she moved her legs, she felt his thick, frothy cream trickle out of her abused pussy and drip down onto the bed.

Thank God for the pill, she thought plodding into his bathroom her cum-covered thighs wetly squishing together as she walked. She just knew that Steve's thick, rich cum would be as potent as an atom bomb if she weren't protected from it virulence.

Although she found the thought of having a child by her own son lewdly appealing on the one hand, she was repulsed by the same thought on the other hand. She knew that she should never have let him fuck her, but she had and now she could never have a child by him. It was just too risky in too many ways. But, just thinking about it gave her a wicked surge of demented power. If she wanted to, she could do it. Smiling wickedly, she stepped into the shower and washed away the rest of his creamy gifts. Smiling happily, she toweled herself off and tiredly padded back over to the bed where Steve lay sleeping.

She stood lovingly looking down at her son as he slept, oblivious of his admirer.

He was so handsome, she thought to herself as her eyes crept down to his big, limp penis. Even soft it was magnificent, she smiled, bending down and gently fingering it. It was soft and puffy, still partially bloated with blood as she slowly wrapped her hand around it and lifted it. She was amazed at the sleeping giant's weight as she longingly squeezed and fondled it. She toyed with his slumbering love sword for several moments, but finally let it slip out of her fingers when it didn't respond to her urgings. Well, there will be other times, she thought, feeling the glow inside her pussy slowly fading. Leaning over, she felt her big, heavy breasts sluggishly wiggle and sway as she pulled the covers up over her son. Tucking the covers up under his chin, she gave him a soft, lingering kiss then crawled into the bed beside him. Lying beside him, she snuggled up against him and once again wrapped her hand around his sleeping warrior.

How it had all happened, she wondered.

It had all been so horribly wrong, but it felt so wonderfully right.

Was it really so wrong?

Maybe society was all wrong and she was right.

Laughing softly to herself, she felt herself growing sleepy.

Well, whatever, she had plans for her son. And she wouldn't have to use her vibrator anymore. Because Mother had a brand, new toy...

The End

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ED

Eloise stood at the kitchen counter putting the last touches on the salad she was making for supper. She had been thinking about Harold. Harold and his ED problem. How long had it been? Six months? Yes, it had been that long. She had tried to get him to go to the doctor about it, but he was too ashamed. So, she was suffering right along with him. Things were getting a little tense between them, tenser every day in fact. He just couldn't get it up for some reason. It was probably the pills he was taking for his hypertension. No, not probably, she sadly thought. It was the pills because all the problems started right after Harold had started taking them. That had to be it. She had told Harold to tell the doctor and maybe Dr. Simmons could give some other medication that didn't have that side effect. Maybe the fact that Dr. Simmons was a female had something to do with Harold's reluctance to bring it up with her. Whatever, she wished he would do something. As much as she hated to admit it, she missed the sex. She had even suggested Viagra or Cialis or one of those kind of pills, but Harold was too bashful to ask the doctor. She had thought about getting some of the black market stuff, you know the stuff on the internet, but Lord knows what you might get and she wasn't willing to risk Harold's health for a romp in the hay.

Just then, she heard the back door open and close. Listening to the clump of footsteps clumping across the living room, she knew it was David, she told herself, glancing down at her wrist and seeing that it was three-thirty. He was early. He usually wasn't home before four-thirty.

"Is that you, David?" she called out.

"Yeah, mom..." His voice sounded strange. Like he was crying or something.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, mom..." she heard him answer and then heard the door to his room close. Rather loudly.

What was up, she wondered? Wiping her hands on her apron, she decided to go see what was wrong. Quickly stepping across the kitchen, she hurried down to David's room and knocked on the door.

"David, what's wrong, Honey?" she asked him through the door.

"Nothing, Mom..." she heard him sob, his voice jerky and muffled.

"I'm coming in," she told him, pushing the door open to find David sitting on the edge of his bed with his head in his hands. He was crying. "

He didn't even look up. He just sat there sobbing his eyes out.

"What's wrong, Honey?" Eloise asked, quickly stepping across the room. Why was he crying, she wondered, sitting down beside him, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him to her? "What's wrong, Baby, tell Mommy?"

"Gloria has a new boyfriend..." he cried, his whole body shaking as he wept. Gloria was his girlfriend. Or rather had been his girlfriend, Eloise sadly thought.

"When, when did all this happen?" Eloise asked, holding him tighter.

"This afternoon...she told me this afternoon. She said it was over between us," he sobbed, resting his head on her shoulder, still quietly sobbing. "It hurts, Mom."

"I know, Baby, I know," Eloise empathized. Yes, she knew how he felt, she had been dumped a couple of times herself back when she was a teenager. "It will get better, Baby. It will just take time...and you'll find someone else." She told him, dropping her hand down to lay it on his leg. But as fate would have it, she misjudged and her hand landed squarely on the crotch of David's pants.

Oh, my God, he has an erection, Eloise frantically thought, feeling how hard David was through his pants as David flinched and she jerked her hand away from him.

"Sorry—" she lamely mumbled.

"Ow, oh, Mom, it hurts so much—" David blubbered, tears coursing down his flushed cheeks.

"What hurts? Did he mean his penis hurt? Was that what hurt? Was there something wrong with it? Did Harold's ED have anything to do with it? Had Harold passed along a defective gene or something to David, she frantically wondered?

"It hurts, Mom—so bad..." David sobbed, his body shaking as he wept.

"What hurts, Baby? Is it your, your p-penis?" Eloise asked, not believing she had actually asked him that.

"Yes, yes, it hurts really bad—" David winced, hiding his face against her shoulder as he continued to sob.

"Your, your penis hurts? Is that what hurts?" Eloise mumbled, not believing she was asking him that. "What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know-I don't know. It just hurts so much," he wept, still hiding his face against her shoulder.

What if David had some kind of deformity? Something that made it hurt when it got hard. What could she do? She was his mother. She was supposed to do something, wasn't she? Wasn't that her responsibility?

"Does it always hurt?" she mumbled, not knowing what to ask.

"What-what do you mean?" David sniffed, the tears momentarily diminishing down to a trickle.

"When does it hurt? All the time? Only when you, uh, when it gets, uh, you know, when it gets hard?" she fumbled on in complete befuddlement.

"When it-when it gets-uh-when it gets hard—" David mumbled, slowly lifting his head off her shoulder and looking into her eyes.

What could she do? Maybe there was something really wrong with it. Maybe it had some kind of blockage or something. Maybe if she saw it, she could see if there was anything wrong with it. But his penis? It wasn't like she would be looking at his hand, or his leg, or foot or something. It was his penis for Christ's sake!

"Why, why don't you let me, let me see it..." she somehow choked out, looking back into his teary eyes.

"See it?" David gasped, the tears suddenly stopping. "My-my penis?" he gasped.

"Yes, let me see-see if I can see anything wrong with-with it," she stammered, not believing she had actually told David she wanted to see his penis. What

could she tell? Or maybe she just wanted to see what it looked like? Was she that perverted? She was so confused. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. She didn't know what to do.

David just sat there looking at her like she had just punched him in the belly.

"Let me look—" Eloise went on, reaching down to the button on the waistband of his pants. If she was going to do it, she had to do it quick...before she lost her nerve...and before David broke and ran. But still, she couldn't believe she was doing it as she quickly pushed the button through its buttonhole. Fumbling with the little tab on the zipper, she could feel the hard, impatient bulge jutting out against his shorts as she pulled the zipper down its track.

"Mom—" David bleated, staring down at her hands watching her unzip his pants. He was no longer crying and his eyes were bigger than saucers as his mouth dropped open in surprised shock. He looked like he couldn't believe what she was doing...she couldn't believe it herself.

She'd come as far as she could with David sitting.

"Stand up—" she told him, spreading the fly of his pants open to expose the bulge sticking out against his shorts. He was big. Bigger than Harold, it looked like, she told herself as David sat staring at her in shocked disbelief. "Stand up —" she told him again, easing her fingers down under the stretchy waistband of his shorts, preparing herself, waiting for him to stand up.

"MOM—" David complained louder, but Eloise saw him slowly pushing up onto his feet beside her.

As soon as he was shakily standing, Eloise gathered herself and quickly tugged on his shorts and pants, jerking them down over the curves of his hips and freeing his penis. It took Eloise by surprise when it sprang out into the open like it did. There it was! Erectly curving up out David's almost hairless groin as stiff and hard as any penis she had ever seen. It had to be eight, nine inches long and nearly as big around as her wrist, she deliriously thought. It looked so evil and foreboding, standing there, twitching and bobbing in beat with David's heartbeat.

"Where does it hurt?" Eloise croaked, staring at the thick, blue veins crisscrossing the thick shaft, trying to see if any of them showed any evidence of blockage.

"All-all over—" David mumbled, lifting his hands, crossing them in front of his twitching cock.

"Move your hands...so I can see it," Eloise ordered him, grabbing his arms by the wrists and pulling them apart to expose his cock.

"Mom—" David fussed again, but moved his hands to the side and stood with them hanging down beside his hips. Now Eloise was still sitting on the bed while David stood in front of her with his pants around his knees. What now, she wondered, studying her son's stiffly-erect penis, looking for any abnormality she might find. But there were any obvious ones. It looked like any other normal, fully-erect penis she had ever seen, except that it was her son's penis and the fact that it was larger than most she'd ever seen.

Timidly reaching out, Eloise eased her fingers under the fleshy sac that hung down under his penis. Cupping the sac on her fingers, she lifted it and gave it a questioning squeeze.

"Does that hurt?" she murmured, hesitantly rolling his balls with her fingers, softly pinching them, feeling for any evidence of swelling.

"N-no—" David rasped, standing stock still as his mother fondled his balls with her soft, warm fingers.

There didn't seem to be anything wrong with his testicles, Eloise told herself. They were a little larger than most, but there didn't seem to be any swelling and they weren't overly hard. Just a pair of normal big balls.

"I don't see anything..." Eloise mumbled, letting the fleshy sac sag back down between David's muscular legs as she eased her fingers out from under it. Then she slowly brushed her fingertips up the rounded ridge of flesh protruding out from the underside of his penis, letting her fingers trail up the entire length of the cylinder of hardened flesh.

"Did that hurt?" she whispered, tickling a fingernail across the little arrowed cleft where the head joined the shaft and feeling his penis lurch.

"No..." David bashfully winced.

"Does that feel good?" Eloise asked him, looking up at him, watching the

expression on his face change as she flicked her fingernail back and forth across the cleft.

"Yessss—" David hissed.

What are you doing, she asked herself, feeling David's penis twitching and jerking as she flicked her finger back and forth across the sensitive cleft?

"Does this?" she softly asked him, curling her fingers around his penis and giving it a squeeze.

She could see the puzzlement in his eyes.

"Does it hurt...or feel good?" she quietly posed.

"It-it feels good..." David mumbled again as Eloise began to slowly work her fisted hand up and down the thick, swollen shaft of his penis.

She couldn't believe what she was doing. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with David's penis except a blue-balled erection. What had happened between him and Gloria? Had he tried to get in her panties and she'd turned him down? Was that the reason for his erection? It seemed plausible.

"What happened between you and Gloria?" Eloise murmured, continuing to slowly stroke her fisted hand up and down David's charged cock. "Did she turn you down?"

"Yessss—" David grimaced and Eloise could see that he was straining to hold it back.

Was he going to come? She could sense that he was.

"She-she wanted to wait—" David groaned, the strain evident on his face and Eloise could see sweat starting to bead up on his brow.

"Have you ever done it before?" Eloise softly asked him, slowing her hand down, letting David regain control again. "Have you ever made love to a girl? Or a woman?" Eloise whispered, keeping her hand tightly fisted around his primed penis, but no longer stroking it.

"No-no-I-I haven't done it—" David frowned.

"Maybe Gloria was right. Maybe you're too young..." Eloise told him, starting to slowly work her hand up and down his cock again and watching the tension spread back across his grimaced face.

"But I'm eighteen-that's old enough—" David exclaimed.

"Is it?" Eloise frowned, quickly jerking her hand up and down the length of David's straining penis.

"Mother—" David gasped and Eloise felt his cock buck in her hand. As it did, a big, creamy gob of cum spurted out of the head of his dick and flew straight up in the air then arced back down to land with a soft splat on Eloise's arm.

"Sorrriyy-can't stop-can't stop—" David groveled.

But Eloise didn't stop. She kept jerking her hand up and down his cock, watching the thick, ropey strands of creamy jism shoot out of it. Within seconds her hands and wrists were covered with the viscous goo as she felt David's penis finally stop spurting and begin to wilt in her hand.

Eloise felt a sudden, overwhelming sense of shame and guilt...and a strange compassion for David. Why had she done that? It had solved nothing. She had created a barrier between David and herself. She had embarrassed him. Mortified him. And she didn't know why. But it was done. There was nothing she could do to take it back.

"Clean it up..." she gruffly told him, pushing up to her feet and quietly stepping across his room. Once out of his room, she ran down to the kitchen and plunged her hands down into the soapy water in the sink. Scrubbing and washing her hands, she didn't stop for a good minute...and even then her hands still felt dirty. She was nothing more than a filthy whore for doing what she had done to David. A fucking whore.

She could barely look David in the eye when the three of them sat down to supper, much less Harold. She felt like she had betrayed both of them, but somehow she made it through the meal without giving away their shameful, little secret.

It was eerily quiet after supper as she and Harold sat watching TV. If Harold suspected anything, he wasn't certainly wasn't letting her know it. But what could he suspect? That his wife of twenty years had just masturbated their son? How could he even imagine such a horrible thing? No, something that egregious was so far out of the box, no one could ever think that it could happen. But it had...

Eloise tossed and turned most of the night and didn't get to sleep until the wee hours of the morning. When she did wake up, she was cross and crabby, nearly biting poor Harold's head off two or three times before he left for work. She spent the whole day fretting, agonizing over what had happened and would have been a nervous wreck by the time David came home from school if it hadn't been for the three drinks she had consumed after lunch. Yes, they had smoothed out things more than a trifle.

She was at the kitchen counter again, working on supper when she heard the front door quietly open and close. It was David and he was trying to sneak in without being heard...or noticed. Eloise started to call out to him, but changed her mind. Drying her hands on her apron, she calmly crossed the kitchen and tiptoed down the hallway to David's room. What was she doing? Why was she going to his room? Hadn't she embarrassed him enough yesterday? She was just going to apologize to him for what she had done, she told herself.

Stopping in front of his door, Eloise took a deep breath. As she did, she became conscious of her big breasts heavily tugging at her chest. Looking down at the swell of her bosom projecting out against the front of her dress, she suddenly found herself wondering what David thought of them. Or had he even noticed them? She was his mother, after all. Self-consciously, she reached up and lifted them, rearranging them, resettling them back down in her brassiere. Then she reached up and nervously fluffed her short black hair and softly knocked on the door.

"David, can I come in?" she asked through the door.

"Uh, yeah, I-I guess so..." she heard David answer her.

He sounded reluctant. Like he really didn't want her to come in.

Twisting the knob, she slowly pushed the door open.

David was sitting at his desk with one of his school books open in front of him.

"What are you doing?" she asked him, quietly stepping into the room.

"Homework," he mumbled, blushing.

"I just came down to apologize for what I did yesterday," she told him, reaching down and brushing her fingers through the hair at his temple.

"Uh, okay..." he bashfully mumbled, not sure what he was supposed to do.

"Does it hurt today?" she whispered. She couldn't seem to control herself as she felt herself reaching over his shoulder, letting her fingers trail down the front of his shirt.

"No—" David choked out, seeming to be having difficulty breathing.

"Are you sure?" she asked him, her fingers fumbling with the button of the waistband of his pants. Had she lost her mind? She couldn't believe what she was doing.

"Mom—" David whimpered as he suddenly felt the tension go out of the waistband. Was it the booze? The months since she and Harold had made love? Or seeing David's penis yesterday. Everything was all jumbled up inside her head. And the booze certainly didn't help. She couldn't think straight, leaning down, letting her breasts straddle the back of his neck as she pushed her hands down inside his shorts and found his dormant penis.

David was already breathing hard as Eloise squeezed and fondled his rapidly-hardening cock down inside his shorts and gently nibbled on his ear. "Are you sure you don't want Mommy to help you out again?" she whispered.

She couldn't believe what she was doing...saying. She hadn't come down to David's room to do this. She had come down to apologize for doing the very same thing she was doing to him again today. That confirmed it. She was nothing more than a slut. David was her son. How could she do this to him? Her own flesh and blood. Her child. Her baby. It was horrible. But that didn't stop her as she continued to grope his cock while it firmed up in her hands and she nibbled her way down his neck.

"Mom—" David groaned again, leaning his head back, exposing his vulnerable throat to her nibbling lips as he spread his legs wider apart. She was sending both of them straight to hell and she knew it. But, even as terrible as it was, it gave her a weird sense of satisfaction. David's penis was reacting to her attention the way a penis was supposed to react. Not just lay there and do nothing, no matter what she tried...like Harold's. As crazy as it sounded, it somehow made her feel like a woman again. Reinforcing the idea that Harold's problem wasn't because of her.

Hooking her thumbs under the waistband of David's shorts, she pushed at them, struggling with them for a few seconds until he lifted his ass off the chair and she had them pushed down, hooked under his balls. Now she could see that David's big prick was almost fully charged as it jutted up out from between his legs in the last stages of erection.

"Is it hurting yet?" she whispered in his ear, curling her fingers around it, clutching it, gently stroking it.

"No—" David croaked, sounding like he was having a heart attack or something.

Eloise couldn't believe how quickly David could get an erection. Even when Harold's penis had been working properly in the past, it had taken forever to bring it to life, even using her mouth, but David's was hard and stiff almost in seconds.

"Do you want Mommy to make you come?" she whispered, clenching her fist tighter, working her hand up and down faster.

"Yes—yes—" David hissed, slouching back against her, spreading his legs even wider apart as she reached down over his shoulders with both hands curled around his jutting erection. She could David's breath coming in gasping pants as she stroked him. He had his head turned to the side, his face buried against one of her big tits as his butt began to patter up and down on the chair.

"Gonna come, Mom, gonna come—" he wheezed, his hands grasping hold of the arms of the chair, his fingers digging into the cushioned armrests. Staring down over his chest, watching her son's cock, Eloise could feel it tensing in her hand, seeming to swell even larger as she fisted him harder. Any second now, she told herself. She could feel it coming.

"Mommm—" David suddenly gasped as Eloise felt his cock buck and a huge gob of pearly-white jism came spurting out of the head of his dick. The gooey wad of cum shot out, arcing up and then down to land in a creamy splat on the wall under his desk.

Holding her son's penis in her hand, feeling it twitch and jerk, excitedly watching it discharge its gelatinous load of jism, Eloise felt a familiar warmth spreading out from between her legs. Was that what this was all about? She was becoming aroused by it. Aroused watching her son ejaculate. So perhaps it wasn't the booze, or the extended abstinence. Maybe it was seeing David's penis. Seeing David's stiff, HARD cock. Watching it come—

Eloise shuddered, milking David's spurting penis, watching the cum finally stop shooting out, watching it trickle out of the big, purple head, run down and dribble down over her clenched fingers.

"Did that feel good?" she whispered, continuing to squeeze and milk out the last few drops of his lathery spume as David's cock began to wilt and droop in her hand.

"Yeah—" David rasped, trying to catch his breath again, pulling his face off her breast.

"Good..." Eloise softly told him, easing her fingers away from his sagging penis and letting it settle back down between his legs.

"Why-why are you doing this, Mom?" David asked her, reaching down, unsnagging the waistband of his cock out from under his balls and tugging them up over his limp dick.

"I don't-I don't want it to hurt..." she lied, standing back up, reaching down, wiping her hand on her apron, afraid to admit to him why she was doing it because she didn't know herself. "Why, don't you want me to do it?"

"God-Yes—" David groaned. "But it, it just feels really, really weird," he mumbled, squirming his hips around and zipping his pants back up. "Like you're doing it for some other reason...or something."

"I, I just don't want to see you all frustrated and hurting," she told him, a bright blush burning across her cheeks. "That's all."

"What about you?" David asked her.

"What do you mean, what about me?" she wanted to know, realizing that David might have discovered the little chink in her armor. "I'm fine. You were the one hurting. Don't worry about me."

"You don't look like it, Mom," David told her, pushing up onto his feet. "You look a little flustered."

"I'm fine...don't worry about me," she fluttered, brushing her hands down her skirt to straighten it, averting her eyes away from him, afraid he might see the agitation in them.

Then, before she could move, David stepped up in front of her, reaching out, grasping hold of her arms and holding them tightly.

"Are you sure, Mom? Is everything okay between you and dad?" he asked her, holding her tight, not letting her twist out of his hold.

"Yes-yes, everything is fine between your father and me," she lied, adding onto the growing pile of lies she was constructing between them. "If this bothers you so much, I just won't do it anymore..." she declared, trying to escape his hold.

"What if I wanted to do something for you, mother?" David quietly asked her, stepping closer, forcefully pulling her to him.

Raising her arms up between them, Eloise tried to push him back but he was too strong and held her.

"Please, David, don't do this—" Eloise sniveled.

"Okay—" David suddenly grunted, letting go of her and stepping back. "But I still think something else is wrong. And if it is...why won't you let me help?"

Eloise was too embarrassed to admit to David that his father had ED and she was suffering for it. And that was mostly to blame for what had happened between them. How could she tell David that she missed sex...and that his father couldn't provide it for her? Wouldn't that be tantamount to telling David that if Harold couldn't do it, maybe...just maybe...maybe what, she asked herself?

"I've got to fix supper—" she suddenly told him, turning and quickly fleeing down the hallway to the kitchen. What had she been thinking? If Harold couldn't do it then what? David? Oh, God, no. She couldn't let that happen. Even after David had more or less offered his services. No, she could never go there. Why couldn't Harold get it up like David could? That would solve the whole thing. Why wouldn't he ask the doctor for a new medication? Or Viagra? Or Cialis? Something. He was letting his pride stand in the way of the happiness of their relationship. Was that fair? It certainly didn't seem fair to her.

What if? It wasn't like she would be really cheating on Harold, would it? David, his own son? Their own son? Oh, God it was all so disgusting. How could she have let it deteriorate to this?

The rest of the day passed in a blur for Eloise. And this wasn't helping things between her and Harold either as the tension between them was nearing the breaking point.

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She barely spoke to Harold the next morning. But that was better than snapping at him like she had yesterday, she told herself as she dutifully gave him a peck on the cheek before he walked out the back door.

Then David came walking out of his room with his backpack. She didn't want to have to face him in the bright morning reality. Not when she had her whole day ahead of her. The whole day to stew over what she was doing and how she needed to stop it.

"Mom—" David started to say as he set his backpack on the table and started to step toward her.

"Sit down and eat your breakfast. You don't want to be late for school," she muttered, tensely wiping her hands on her apron, stepping away from him, avoiding him.

"But, Mom..." David started again, standing by the table looking at her.

"Have a nice day at school," Eloise brusquely mumbled, stepping around him to leave the room. But then, she couldn't stop herself as she stopped at the door and turned back to him.

"I'll see you this afternoon..." she softly said, turning and hurrying away with a muffled sob. She felt like she was splitting in two as she stumbled into her bedroom and closed the door behind her. One part of her wanted to go rushing back out to the kitchen, take David in her arms and tell him that everything would be all right. Tell him that yes, she would let him help her. Tell him what she wanted him to do. But she couldn't—

The other part of her wanted to go hide in a corner. Hide and pull the world in around her to protect her from herself. She was breathing hard, her heart pounding as she stood leaning against the door trying to collect herself. Then suddenly, it popped into her head. The stark, disgusting picture of David's penis! David's HARD, STIFF penis— So hard and so stiff as she held it in her hands— So hard and stiff as she watched it twitch and buck in her hands— So hard and stiff as she watched it futilely disgorge its load of venomous toxin all over her hands. It was so full of life, so virile and potent, but so disgusting, so threatening and poisonous to her.

Shaking her head, she tried to clear the rancorous image from her mind.

"MOM—" she heard David call out from the other side of the door.

Not expecting it, Eloise nearly jumped out of her skin, flinging herself away from the door, turning and staring at it in traumatized shock.

"MOM—" she heard him call out again, louder this time when she didn't answer.

"WHAT?" she was finally able to croak, standing, her hands clutching her collar while she tried to stop trembling.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes-yes-I'm fine—" she lied, staggering back to her bed and sitting down on it. "What do you want?"

Several long, pregnant seconds passed before he answered.

"Uh, I'll see you this afternoon..." she heard him say.

She knew what he meant. She knew that he meant he wanted her to come to his room again this afternoon. Come to his room and do that awful thing. And she

had already told him she would...

"Yesss—" she softly hissed, barely loud enough for herself to even hear.

"Okay?" he asked again.

"YESSSSS—" Eloise shouted out at the door, staring at it, expecting to come flying open as David burst into her room.

"Okay...bye—" she heard him say...then the house was quiet as she sat on the bed softly crying. What had she done? How had she gotten herself into this mess?

She sat there for the longest time before she could gather the strength to get up. Finally, stepping over to her vanity, she looked into the mirror and what she saw nearly scared her. Who was this woman, she asked herself as she stared at the runny makeup and teary eyes of the reflection staring back at her? No wonder Harold couldn't find her arousing, she told herself, plucking a tissue out of the box and dabbing at her face.

She was a wreck, she told herself. Stumbling to her feet, she shoved the bench back and went storming into the bathroom. Standing, looking at the mirror on the medicine cabinet, she began to unbutton her blouse. She couldn't let David see her like this. If he'd thought she was flustered yesterday, what would he think now? He would probably think she was a hag, she fussed, slinging her blouse in the general direction of the hamper. Shoving her arms around behind herself, she fumbled with the catches on her modest, unadorned brassiere. Unhooking the clasps, she felt the bra spring forward as her breasts sagged out into the open. Feeling her big tits tugging at her chest, she pitched the bra on top of her blouse and stood looking at the quivering globes of flesh as they dangled down in front of her. Yes, they were saggy. But all women her age sagged...didn't they?

Cupping them in her hands, she gave them a soft squeeze. What would David think about them, she idly wondered? Would he like them? As she wondered about David, her fingers found the swollen, puffy nubs sticking out of the darkened tips. Pinching them, twisting them between her fingers and thumbs, she felt a tickle of excitement spark down to her clit. This was quickly followed by a feeling of warmth emanating out from it and she suddenly realized that she was wet. How could this be happening...to her? Easing her sagging tits back down onto her chest, she unbuttoned her skirt and dug her thumbs under the waistband.

With a quick shove, she let the skirt and damp panties go sliding down her legs. Bending over, looking down between her legs, she could see the light glistening off the moist, fleshy lips of her pussy. Yes, she was wet. Then to her shame, the image of her son's big, stiff penis popped back into her head. As it did, she felt another rush of heat spread out from her pussy.

Angrily turning on the water in the shower, she berated herself for having such terrible thoughts about David. It was almost like he was an innocent pawn in the conflict between Harold and her. An innocent bystander she had drawn into the fray to conciliate her own battered ego. But now that was backfiring on her and she found herself being drawn to him. And not in a good way.

Stepping into the shower, she let the spray of warm water play over her breasts as she sought out her aching clit with an inquisitive finger. She couldn't believe how sensitive it was. Almost too sensitive, she complained, brushing the tip of her finger back and forth across it. Six months? How could it have been that long? And David had seen it. Recognized that it probably stemmed from the problem she and Harold were having. Was he that intuitive, or did it show that much?

Jerking her hand away from her nether regions, she quickly washed her ruined makeup off her face. She would have to replace it before David came home from school, she told herself...

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It was three-fifteen as she sat at her vanity putting the finishing touches on her new makeup. She had waited this long because she wanted it to be fresh for David. Slowly running the little applicator around her lips, she quickly blotted them and then sat back. Done, she told herself, slipping the applicator back in its holder. Looking down at her bare breasts, she wondered about her decision to go braless. She wanted David to see her breasts this afternoon. See what he thought of them. But that was all. Just let him look at them, nothing else. Well, nothing else but the hand job she had planned for him, she smiled to herself slowly circling her finger around the big, round cup capping one of her breasts.

Then she thought she heard something. A door quietly opening and closing. David was home. Eloise felt a sudden rush of warmth spread out from between her legs. She couldn't believe that just the thought of David being home could do

that to her now. It was the unknown, the anticipation of what might happen that sent a tickle of excitement shivering up her spine. Picking up the dark, satin blouse she had laid out earlier, she quickly draped it over her shoulders and began slowly buttoning it up. As she did, she looked down and saw that her big, puffy nipples were already evidencing her arousal, tenting the soft shimmering material. And David would easily be able to see that too. Not that it mattered, because she planned to take her blouse off and let David see her breasts. Taking them one step close to what she realized was becoming increasingly inevitable. One step closer to the dangerous ledge she found herself perched on.

Watching herself in the mirror, Eloise slowly buttoned up the blouse, stopping at the fourth button from the top, leaving a deep V notch reaching down from its collar and exposing her cleavage. Showing that she wasn't wearing a brassiere underneath it. Finished, she gently cupped her breasts through the blouse, lifting them trying to make them seem more buoyant, fuller, then letting them settle back down on her chest.

Standing up, feeling her breasts heavily tug at her chest, she picked up the towel and bottle of baby oil she had set out earlier. The nervousness of earlier had been somewhat dispelled by the three drinks she'd had before David arrived home, she told herself, looking over at the empty glass sitting on her vanity. They had been enough to quiet her anxiety and even give her a tiny buzz as she slowly, but determinedly stepped down the hallway toward David's bedroom.

She knew that she was letting this thing between her and David get out of hand. Well, not completely out of hand she tipsily laughed to herself as she stopped in front of his door. Reaching up, she gave her short, black hair a little fluff, then she took a deep, cleansing breath and spread the opening in her blouse wider with her fingers. Holding her fisted hand up, she started to knock, but stopped. Why knock? David knew that she was coming, she smiled, reaching down, twisting the knob and slowly pushing the door open.

What she saw when she stepped into David's room sent a little shockwave of surprise rippling through her brain. There was David, lying in his bed without a stitch of clothing on. Naked! She certainly hadn't been expecting that and it brought her to a stop as she stood just inside his door staring at him in open-mouthed wonder. Where had he come up with the audacity to do that, she shakily wondered letting her warm, brown eyes slowly transverse up and down his muscular body? His cock was already so hard, it was stiffly jutting up from

his groin, standing on its own, a good two or three inches above his wash boarded abs. it looked so evil and sinister, jutting up in the air like that, Eloise thought to herself, feeling another rush of warmth and moistness spread out from down between her legs.

Smiling to herself at David's boldness, she closed the door and quietly stepped across the room to his bed. Neither of them said a word as Eloise set the towel and bottle of baby oil down on the nightstand at the side of his bed.

Unflinchingly, Eloise reached up to the bottom of the V stretching down from her collar and started to calmly unbutton her blouse. Maybe she was acting calm, cool, and collected, but down inside her chest, her fluttering heart was beating like a snare drum and she could feel the slight tremble in her fingers as they gradually crept their way down the front of her blouse. She could see that David's big, brown eyes were locked on her fingers watching the opening running down the front of her blouse growing wider and wider with each passing moment. Finally, she was finished.

She could see that David was watching impatiently, breathlessly waiting for her to bare her breasts to his ogling eyes. Stretching her arms down at her sides, she rolled her shoulders, shrugging them and the blouse suddenly went rustling down off them and down her arms. As the blouse fluttered to the floor, she saw David's eyes widen, his mouth dropping open as he stared up at her softly jiggling, bobbling breasts in open-mouthed awe. She couldn't help but notice his cock twitched as she reached up, cupping her hands around her breasts, lifting them out toward where he lay seemingly mesmerized by her breasts.

"Do you like them?" she softly whispered, taking a step closer to the bed and feeling it lurch when she bumped against it.

"They-they're awesome—" David gasped, unable to take his off them as Eloise eased them back down onto her chest.

"Do you want to touch them?" she asked, leaning toward him, letting her breasts swing forward over his chest.

He looked like he couldn't talk as he slowly lifted his hands up to them and brushed his fingers down the silken flesh.

"So soft..." he quietly mumbled as Eloise rolled her shoulders ever-so-slightly



making her boobs bobble against his softly-groping hands.

"Not too saggy?" she mumbled as David tentatively fondled them with the tips of his fingers.

"God-NO—" David groaned.

"Touch my nipples-see how hard and stiff they are—" she whispered, slowly rolling her shoulders, rubbing her rigid, swollen nipples against his timid fingers.

Wishing that they didn't have to stop, she knew that their time was precious and Harold would be home before they knew it. Reluctantly taking a step backwards, she pulled her big, saggy udders away from David's impatient fingers. Then, reaching over, making her big tits swing and sway under her, she picked up the towel and laid it on the bed by David's hip. As David watched her with worshipful eyes, she picked up the bottle of baby oil, twisted off the cap and tilted the bottle over his jutting penis.

As a drizzle of the slippery liquid trickled down onto his cock, Eloise saw David wince, his penis jerking and twitching.

"Cold?" she murmured.

"Unh-huh..." David mumbled, watching her twist the cap back on and set it back down on the nightstand.

"Sorry—" Eloise softly said, reaching down, tugging her skirt up her hips and them climbing up on David's bed. Standing on her knees between his outstretched legs, she gently grasped hold of his cock and lifted it off his belly. Twisting her fisted hand up and down his jutting cock, she quickly slathered the baby oil all over it.

"Does it hurt?" she softly asked, continuing to squeeze and twist her hand up and down his stiff prick.

"No..." David wheezed as he lay watching her fisting his cock with both hands.

"Good," she smiled, moving one hand away, spreading out her fingers on his tensed belly. She could feel his tensed muscles straining against her fingers as she lovingly caressed his tummy letting her fingers creep down and cup his big,

dangling balls. "Mommy doesn't want to see her little Baby hurting..." she purred, cupping his balls, gently fondling them while she stroked his stiff cock with her other hand.

Eloise could see David's hand clenching, clutching a fistful of sheet in them as they lay on the bed beside his hips. The muscles in his belly were tensing, tightening as he strained to maintain control while she fisted his cock faster. His cock was swelling, somehow growing harder as she jerked her hand up and down it. Clutching his penis, concentrating her attention on the evil, tapered head, she pumped up and down faster and faster as the grimace on David's handsome face etched deeper.

"Gonna come, Mom, gonna come—" David gasped, his legs stiffening, his toes curling, the muscles in his belly knotting up.

"Yes, Baby, give it to Mommy—" Eloise urgently whispered, jacking him harder. The bed was lurching and jiggling, jostling them as Eloise feverishly jacked David off. She could hear the head board bumping against the wall as she worked harder and faster and felt her tits flicking, rolling.

Then David let out a loud, tortured moan as his cock lurched in Eloise's hands and a huge creamy gob of jism spurted out of it. Keeping her hands sliding up and down his cock, she watched the great pearly gob shoot up into the air and arc down onto David's belly where it landed with a wet splat. She even felt some of the hot, sticky cum land on her jiggling tits. There was so much of it

"Yes, Baby, yessss—" Eloise hissed, pumping harder, watching gob after gob of thick, creamy cum spew out of her son's bucking, jerking penis. Within seconds, David's belly was covered with a coat of thick gelatinous semen.

At last, Eloise saw that David's cock had stopped shooting off.

"Was it good?" she whispered, seeing that now her fingers were also covered with the gooey cream.

"Oh, God—" David groaned, unclenching his hands as his the muscles in his belly slowly softened and relaxed.

"I'm glad it was good for you," she told him, opening her hand and gently laying his wilting cock back down on his cum-covered belly.

"Why won't you let me do something for you, Mother?" David asked as Eloise picked up the towel and wiped her hands. "I want to..."

"I know, Darling...but we can't..." she smiled, laying the towel on his belly, kissing the tips of her fingers and pressing them against his lips. "You'd better get cleaned up...before your father gets home."

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She would give Harold one last chance...tonight. Then if that didn't work and Harold didn't do anything to resolve the situation, she didn't know what she would do. But it probably wouldn't be nice. Whatever happened, it would all be on his shoulders.

Redoing her makeup for the third time of the day, Eloise put on one of her sexiest dresses for Harold, hoping that he would even notice it. It was Friday and the weekend loomed in front of her. With Harold underfoot, she and David wouldn't be able to continue their sick little game, so it would give her every chance to get Harold to see the light. And if he did, she would end it with David and it would all be behind her. Or so she thought...

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With the three of them sitting around the table, Harold broke the news. It seemed that there had been a bad storm over in Huffington, where Harold's mom, Carla lived. Carla lived alone since Harold's dad, Edward passed and she depended on Harold to fix anything that required a man's touch. The storm, it seems had blown over a tree in her back yard and done some damage to the house, so Harold was leaving in the morning to drive over and see what he could to do. It was a three-hour drive over to Huffington, so Harold wouldn't be back until Sunday night.

Well, that certainly changed things up, Eloise told herself as she sat picking at her food. If the planned seduction of Harold was unsuccessful tonight, she didn't know what she would do.

After supper, Eloise cleared off the table while Harold went into the living room and parked in front of the television. David had already gone to his room where supposedly, he was going to do his homework.

Pulling off her apron, Eloise neatly folded it and laid it on the table. Taking a couple of deep breaths to gather herself, she cupped her big tits, lifted them and resettled them down in the sexy, little half-cup bra she had chosen earlier. Then a couple of fluffs of her short, black hair and she slowly strolled out into the living room, rolling her hips with a little more animation that was really necessary.

"Why don't you come over and sit on the couch..." she purred to Harold, easing down the couch, showing a lot of leg in the process.

"Uh, I'm fine...over here," Harold frowned, his eyes flicking down to her exposed thigh and then back up to her face.

"Oh, come on, Harold, give it a chance..." Eloise fussed, shoving her skirt back down her thigh.

"It won't work, Eloise," Harold resignedly told her. "I just can't see it happening."

"When are you going to do something about it?" she wanted to know. "It's been six months, Harold. How long am I supposed to wait?"

"I'm sorry..."

"Being sorry isn't going to cut it. When?" she fussed.

"I-I'll call the doctor next week—" Harold conceded.

"I've heard that one before," Eloise told him, folding her arms across her breasts, feeling totally defeated and crestfallen.

"What else can I do?" Harold grunted.

"I don't know..." Eloise sighed. "I just don't know...I'm going to bed."

With that, she pushed up onto her high heels and went clapping down the hallway back to their bedroom.

Standing in front of her mirror, glaring at the woman glaring back at her, she slowly undressed. Then she turned off the lights and crawled into bed. Tossing and fretting, she finally dozed off but was woken by Harold getting into bed a

couple of hours later.

Looking over at the LED clock on her nightstand, she saw that it was eleven-thirty.

One last chance, she told herself as she rolled over and snuggled up against Harold's hairy back. As she did, she felt Harold stiffen, but she wasn't going to be stopped. She was determined to give Harold every last chance. Reaching around him, running her hand down over his hairy belly, she found his limp, lifeless penis.

"Come on, Harold, Baby, try..." she whispered in his ear as she gently fondled and groped his unresponsive cock.

"It won't work—" Harold mumbled, squirming, twisting in her arms as he tried to move away from her.

She wasn't going to let that happen as she grabbed hold of his shoulder, digging her fingernails in and rolling him over onto his back.

"Eloise-please—" Harold complained as Eloise pushed up on her elbow, leaning down over his belly and kissing her way down to his penis. Lifting it off his belly, Eloise slowly licked her tongue around the glans and gently sucked it into her mouth. Waiting, hoping, she continued to softly suck and tease it with her tongue while Harold lay on his back, arms stretched down at his sides, hands fisted, clutching at the sheet.

Then the image of David's penis came floating into her head. So big, so HARD, so stiff—

Why couldn't Harold be like that? Just one time. Was that too much to ask? Just one time? Just one time and she would know there was hope. Just one time and she would know that there was still a chance to save them. To save all three of them. But, on the other hand, failure would be devastating—

Sucking harder, feeling no response and growing more and more frustrated, Eloise cupped Harold's balls in the palm of her hand. Softly squeezing, fondling them, she frantically worked on his lifeless penis with her lips and tongue. Was there hope, she feverishly wondered as she felt Harold's breathing increasing, the muscles in his belly tightening, tensing.

But still nothing. His penis was still just as soft and flaccid as it had been when she began.

All of a sudden, she felt the bed lurch as Harold gasped, the muscles in his legs stiffening and his limp cock twitching. Her mouth was abruptly filled with a gush of warm, creamy cum as Harold groaned, his hips lurching and another surge of jism poured out into her mouth.

Eloise was distraught. Harold had finished all right, but his cock had never hardened. She was totally crushed. She wanted to scream, beat Harold about the head and face, claw his balls off, but she didn't. He had had his chance and botched it. Now the rest was on his shoulders.

"Sorry..." Eloise heard him mumble as she continued to softly milk his cock with her mouth and lips.

"That's okay..." Eloise told him, letting his useless lump of manhood slump back down onto his belly. "I guess that it just wasn't meant to be..."

"I'll see the doctor...I promise," he assured her

At least she had gotten a promise out of him, but she didn't believe him. She knew that he would come up with some lame excuse the next time she brought the subject up. She didn't care anymore. Oh, she did care, but somehow it didn't seem as important as before, she smiled to herself rolling over with her back to Harold.

She had tried, hadn't she? Now she had no alternative but to find a replacement.

"Night-night..." she murmured...

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Eloise was out of bed at the crack of dawn knowing that Harold would want to be on his way as soon as possible. Last night's folly wasn't even mentioned as they ate breakfast in almost total silence.

"Well, I suppose I'd better be on my way," Harold told her, sliding his chair back and getting to his feet. "Long drive

"Yeah..." she agreed with him, pushing up onto her house slippers. "Be careful and give me a call when you get there."

"Uh, yeah, probably ten-thirty or eleven..." Harold told her as they awkwardly stood looking at each other.

"Yeah..." Eloise mumbled, smiling, making the first move and stepping toward him. "You better get going."

"Yeah," Harold said, nervously shuffling his feet as Eloise leaned up and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Give you a call..." he muttered.

In her house coat and slippers, Eloise quietly walked to the front door and out onto the landing. Watching Harold pull out of the garage and back out into the street, she waved as Harold's car slowly drove off down the street and finally disappeared from view. Then, with a sigh, she turned around and walked back inside the house.

Suddenly, she almost felt giddy with expectation. She didn't know exactly what was going to happen, but she had a pretty good idea. David was probably still asleep, she smiled, quietly tiptoeing down the hallway to his room. As she did, she saw that his door was slightly ajar so she peeked in around it and saw that David was indeed asleep, lying on his bed under a sheet. As she stood watching him sleep, her eyes were naturally drawn down to the outline of his penis hidden down under the thin, cotton sheet. Even asleep, it was impressive, probably as large as Harold's cock in its aroused state. But she couldn't be sure, she told herself. It had been so long since she had seen Harold's cock in that condition. Then she felt a sudden warmth rekindle itself down between her legs as she studied the silhouette of the slumbering penis.

What would it feel like inside her, she giddily wondered, reaching down and pressing her fingertips against her achingly-sensitive clit? What would it feel like inside her, sliding in and out of her, filling her with its HARD, throbbing presence? She would surprise him. Surprise him and let him do what he wanted. Harold was gone for the whole weekend. She would make up for the six months of deprivation that he had inflicted upon her. It would only be a tiny step from the game she and David had already been playing. The only difference would be they would both participate in the game this time. They would both reap the benefits...not just David—

Easing his door shut, Eloise slowly made her way back down to her bedroom. Stripping her house robe off over her shoulders she tossed it on the bed. Not wanting to waste a single, precious moment, she quickly stepped into the shower and moments later emerged squeaky clean. She had been afraid to even touch herself as she patted down her big, saggy tits. Her nipples were so aroused and sensitive, she could barely stand to have the towel touching them as she padded back into her bedroom and tossed the towel on her unmade bed. She had already thought out what she was going to wear for David and set it aside in her lingerie drawer. She would show David that she wasn't just his mother. She was a woman, too.

Her heart was fluttering, going pitter-patter down inside her chest as she opened her lingerie drawer. Easing her hand down under the little stack of lace and silk, she delicately eased it out of the drawer and gently laid it on the bed. A part of her refused to believe she was actually doing this as she ran her tremulous fingers across the sheer, black nylons lying atop the little pile of lingerie. Harold hadn't been gone for more than half an hour and she was already dressing for her lover. It was crazy.

Turning and sitting down on the bed, she leaned over and picked up one of the silky, black nylons. Shaking it out, she slowly scrunched it up into a little ruffled ball, arched her foot and eased her toe down into the clinging nylon. Letting the snug material cling to her shapely leg as she let it unravel, she slowly pulled it up her leg until the reinforced band of dark nylon encircled the thick part of her thigh. A couple of plucks and tugs here and there, then she picked up the other nylon and quickly pulled it on.

Next came the frilly garter belt. It was all black lace, red satin ribbons. Smiling mischievously, she stood up and one-by-one slowly stretched the long, elastic garters hanging down from it to the tops of her nylons. With each garter, she slid the little rubber nubs under the top of her hose, quickly slipped the little silver clasps over them, fastened them and then flipped the little red satin bow down over them to cover the clasps.

Finished, Eloise stood up, quietly padded over to her mirror and stopped. Turning this way and that, giving the nylons a few more pinches to adjust them, she smiled at herself. She had decided against panties as all they would do was get in the way and it was hard to gracefully slip out of them...when she needed to remove them. She had also debated over shaving or not as she ran her fingers

through the neatly-trimmed little nest of dark curls peeking out between the front two garters. She could ask David if he liked it shaved or not. If she did shave it for David, she wouldn't have to worry about Harold finding out as he never ventured down there anymore anyway. And if, on the off chance he did change meds, she could always tell him she had shaved it for him...as a surprise. He would never know the difference. She was such a slut—

Back to the bed where she picked up the last of the lingerie. A lacy black half-bra with more red satin bows, it cupped her big tits, cradling them, pushing them up, making them seem bigger, fuller. She had shown her breasts to David yesterday, let him fondle them for a few seconds before she had to take them away from him. But today, they would be his to do whatever he wished to do with them. Squeeze them, kiss them, fuck them, she didn't care, whatever he wanted.

Once the bra was secured around her breasts, she pinched it, tugging it up, adjusting it so that her big, puffy nipples stuck out just above the ruffled edging of lace running along the top of the cups. Done, she told herself, looking into the mirror and studying her reflection, wondering what David would think of his mother now? He'll be surprised. He won't be expecting me dressed like this.

Smugly smiling to herself, she slipped into her closet and looked down at the shoe rack where she kept her shoes. It had to be high heels, but which ones, she asked herself? Standing at five-eight, she didn't want to tower over David, who was around six foot, give him an inferior complex or something. But she loved what high heels did to her legs, the way they curved them, giving them the perfect arch. She just wanted everything to be perfect. Well as perfect as it could be, being that they were about to commit a mortal sin, she winced, slipping her feet into a pair of three and a half inch spike heels made of shiny black patent leather. She had some four-inch heels and even a pair of five-inch ones, but the three and a half ones made her about a half inch shorter than David. Not that it would really matter, she sickly thought. They would probably be horizontal most of the day and height wouldn't really be a factor.

What was wrong with her? Was it nerves? How could she be treating this as something casual and funny? It was anything but. It would change their lives. Nothing would ever be the same between them...the three of them. Even though Harold wouldn't know about them, still it would affect the way she treated him. Especially if things worked out the way she envisioned them.

Sitting down at her vanity, she stared at herself in the mirror. Was she really going through with it? Now was the time to stop if she wasn't. But she had come too far to stop now. They had already done things no mother and son should ever do. But it hadn't been David's fault. She had started it. What normal, sane mother would have done what she did? But now it was like a boulder rolling down a hill. Nothing could stop it...without causing more harm than good. It was out of control and if she tried to stop it now, it would just bowl her over.

Her thoughts were like the clowns in a circus, rolling and tumbling around inside her head without rhyme or purpose. It had come down to this. Down to COCK! David's big, stiff, HARD cock—

Why had Harold developed hypertension? Why did he have to take those pills that prevented him from being able to satisfy her? If that hadn't happened, then none of this would have happened either. Or would it? Would Gloria still have turned David down? Would she still have gone to see what was wrong with him? Would she have done the same thing she had done, regardless of Harold and his problem? Was she just some kind of sick slut, preying on her own son? Using him to satisfy the wanton needs festering down between her legs?

She would never know, because all of it had happened. And now here she was, about to step over the final barrier that would take them beyond the point of no return. Beyond that juncture from which there could be no redemption.

Shivering, Eloise put the final touches on her new coat of lip gloss and returned the little brush to its holder. Now, she told herself, looking into her evil, brown eyes. She could feel the wetness seeping out of her, preparing her as the image of David's big, stiff, HARD cock popped into her mind.

Why was she waiting, stalling? Quickly standing, she pulled the gown off the back of the door and pulled it around her. She never wore the chiffon gown outside of her bedroom...but today she would. It was sheer enough to see through and it covered her from head to foot as she purposefully went stepping across the room. Now she felt a little concerned. Would David think she was just a silly, old woman? A silly, old woman who had lost her way. Now she was getting confused. The adrenaline. It had to be the adrenaline. Her heart was beating a mile a minute as she slowly made her way down the hallway to David's room.

Would David know that she was doing this for them? For him and her? Wasn't she? David wasn't the one that was frustrated. Especially after the last few days. She had taken care of that problem for him. She was the one that was desperate. She was the one who hadn't had fulfillment for so long. God, she was so mixed up she couldn't think straight.

Reaching down, twisting the doorknob, she took in a deep breath and slowly pushed the door open. She felt her heart flutter in her chest as she saw David lying on his bed, still asleep, completely unaware of the turmoil and confusion swirling around inside her head only a few feet from him. Her nipples were throbbing, so sensitive even brushing against the chiffon gown was making her clit pulsate with nervous excitement. And her clit...it felt like it was as big as a cock, jutting out, swollen and stiff. She could feel the gown brushing against her nylon-encased legs as she quietly tiptoed across David's room to his bed. Stopping, she stood looking down at him. He was so handsome. He looked so innocent and blissfully unaware of what she was about to inflict upon him. Slowly trailing her eyes down his sheet-covered body, she saw it again. It looked huge, lying there under the sheet. The root of all that was evil. This is what had brought her to his room. Even soft, it was foreboding and Eloise couldn't stop herself.

Reaching down, Eloise tenderly brushed her fingertips up the underside of David's sheet-shrouded penis.

As she did, she saw David wince, his eyes flying open as he gawked up at her in wide-eyed wonder.

"Morning, Darling..." she whispered, kissing the tips of her fingers and pressing them against his soft, quivering lips, seeing his eyes dart down to her thinly-veiled breasts.

"Mom—" David gasped watching Eloise lean down over him and place a soft, loving kiss right on his lips. As they softly kissed, Eloise's fingers found his rapidly-charging cock and touched it again.

It was bizarre. Every time she touched his cock she almost expected it not to respond...like Harold's. And when it did react, it almost took her by surprise. And now she was surprised again when she felt the energy begin to flow into it, swelling it, firming it up under her fingers. Then she felt David's fingers on her

knee. Yes, she excitedly thought, her legs spreading almost on their own volition as her achingly-empty, pulsing pussy awaited his touch. Then her attention was brought back to the kiss as she felt the tip of David's tongue brush across her lower lip.

Her heart was doing flip-flops in her chest as she felt David's fingers crawling higher up the inside of her thigh while her lips parted to accept his tongue inside her mouth. Curling her fingers around the sheet and his resurgent maleness, Eloise gave it an squeeze as she accepted her son's probing tongue into her mouth and curled her tongue around it. Then his fingers touched her and sparks sparkled from the contact. As their tongues twisted and coiled around each other, she could feel David's fingers gently probing the slippery softness between her spread legs. David was touching her, kissing her. She was feeling loved again. And because it was David, it was so much more evocative. She could feel her own heart fluttering, swelling with love of this boy...this man.

Breaking the kiss, Eloise leaned back up away from David. Then, with both hands she reached up and grasped hold of the top edge of the sheet covering his body. While David softly fingered her fleshy lips apart, she slowly peeled the sheet down his body baring his chest, belly and at last, his engorging penis as she gently draped the sheet across David's muscular thighs.

Eloise felt a shiver of perverse excitement tickle up her spine as she stared down at the cock. It was all that Harold's wasn't. Thick, long, STIFF and HARD—

It was beautiful as it lay on his belly evilly pulsating and twitching, trying to lift it big purple head off David's wash board abs. Easing back, pulling David's curious fingers away from her seeping pussy, she slowly knelt down on the floor beside David's bed. Gently sliding both hands under David's jutting cock, she cradled it and lifted it up. Tenderly grasping the evil ogre in her hands she nuzzled it against her cheek, feeling it leave a warm, sticky spot on her skin. As she lovingly cuddled it against her cheek, she felt the chiffon robe rustle against her skin as David eased his hand inside it. Then his fingers were touching her breast, feeling it, pinching and twisting her swollen nipple. Easing her hands out from under David's fully-charged penis, she gently pushed it aside and found David's navel with her lips and tongue.

It was almost transcendent. Once upon a time he had been a part of her. And this was where they had been joined. Where her essence flowed from her into him.

Where she had nourished him, nurtured him. Sadly, that connection was broken...but she was going to rejoin them as one. Take him inside her. Inside her womb where he had once grown inside her. Let him return to the one place on the whole of the earth that he was forbidden to re-enter. But he would and she would welcome him back with open arms and a willing body.

As she slowly tongued his navel, she felt his cock nudge up against her cheek leaving more wetness while his fingers were growing more impatient. Looking up into her son's loving eyes, Eloise quickly pushed off the bed and up onto her high heels by the bed. Stretching her arms out behind her, she shrugged her shoulders and let the gown go whispering down them and flutter to the floor.

"Mom—" she heard David gasp as he stared up at her in open-mouthed awe.

Dropping a knee onto the bed, Eloise lifted her other leg, kicking it across him and straddling him. Leaning down over him, she quickly found his soft, kissable lips with hers. Softly kissing him, she crawled up his body until her pussy was just above his rigid, jutting cock. Crouching over him, her silken calves pressed against his hips, she slowly, suggestively rolled her hips, dropping her wet, drooling pussy down onto the column of firm, unyielding flesh below it. Then as she slowly rocked back and forth painting her son's cock with her slippery juices, she felt David's fingers dig into waist, clutching her gently pushing and pulling on her while they kissed.

It had been so long. So long since a man had been inside her. Now it was going to happen. And that man was going to be her son. David!

The thought alone was almost enough to make her finish. David— her Baby. Her son. Her heart was doing summersaults down inside her chest. She couldn't wait any longer. She had to have him inside her, moving inside her, filling her with his maleness.

Tearing her lips away from his, Eloise lifted her hips and shoved her hand down between them. As David's fingers dug deeper into her skin, she fumbled with his stiff cock, lifting it, probing the slippery flesh between her legs with its rounded tip. This was it, she fearfully thought, feeling the glans slip into the slippery slit at the bottom of her pussy.

"I love you, David..." she whispered, letting go of his penis and gradually settling down on it.

He was so much bigger than Harold as she felt the round, knobby head spreading her open, stretching the clutching channel of silken flesh wider than it had ever been stretched.

"Mom—" David softly gasped, curling his hips up, pushing up into her as she eased down onto him.

It was done. The waiting, the teasing, the indecision was over. What was done could never be taken back. They had become one once again. As David pushed deeper and deeper into her, Eloise felt herself losing control, the emotions welling up inside her reeling head. David was fucking her! No, no, she was fucking David—

The words themselves sounded so evil, so sinister. But they weren't. She wasn't fucking David! Fucking her own son. No. She was making love to him—

Driven to it by her husband's callous indifference to her needs. But even then, it was still a sin. No matter the reason. No matter what you called it. It was something a son and his mother should never do.

But she didn't care now. Because it was done and could never be undone. Suddenly, her loins erupted as waves of prurient pleasure and joy washed over her. Yes-Yes-Yes— She was coming. She couldn't hold it back. As she came, she felt David's groin slap against hers, his fingers digging into her waist shoving her down on him. Her whole body was collapsing down around his imprisoned manhood. She had taken all of him back inside her. He was back inside her where he belonged.

She could feel herself squeezing him, the muscles in her cunt milking him, clutching him, her arms curling around his neck. Her lips seeking out his, her nyloned legs clamping against his hips, her big tits crushing against his chest as she came...and came. A river of pleasure was rushing up her spine, flooding out into her drowning brain as she melted down around him. It was the best one ever. She had never felt such utter and complete acquiescence.

Suddenly she felt the bed lurch, then she felt herself spinning, rolling as David clutched her to him and rolled over on top of her. One moment she had been on top, reveling in the warm, pleasurable sensations welling up from her loins. The next moment she was lying on her back, spread-eagled on the bed with David on top of her, inside her, raining down soft, butterfly kisses on her face and throat.

His elbows were buried in the mattress below her armpits, his powerful hands softly clutching her head, holding it as he showered her faces with soft, wet kisses while he began to slowly work his hips back and forth, smoothly sliding his stiff, HARD cock in and out of her.

"Mother..." he softly whimpered, his lips finding hers, his sharp, white teeth gently nibbling on her lower lip while he lovingly pumped in and out of her accepting warmth.

Clamping her nylon-clad thighs against his thighs, she draped her calves over his as she met his thrusts with her own consenting acceptance. She had never felt so full of cock in her whole life. HARD, stiff, unyielding COCK! Her hands were clutching David's sweaty, driving hips, her nails digging in leaving red welts as she coaxed him on and felt him respond. She could hear his soft pants and grunts as he tirelessly worked. Such potency, such virility, such stamina, she reveled. It was more than even she had expected from David. He was no longer a boy. He was a MAN!

The bed was rocking back and forth, the headboard pattering against the wall as David picked up the pace. His sweat was running down off him acting as a slippery lubricant between their bodies as they fucked. And Eloise could feel herself lifting again. Lifting toward what before had been such an elusive prize, but now seemed to come with such ease. Her muscles were tightening, tensing as she squeezed herself down around the pistoning cock sliding in and out between her legs. It was so big. So HARD—

Then she heard David whimper.

"Can't hold it—can't stop—oh, God-Motherrrr—" he growled out, his hips bucking, sending his penis deep inside her as she felt herself sliding over the edge. As the darkness closed in around her, she felt his penis swelling down inside her convulsing cunt. Then it erupted. A massive eruption as her loins were abruptly filled with David's thick, creamy warmth. As she melted down around him, she could feel him bucking and jerking as he poured out into her in hot, clinging gushes. Then she dove into the darkness and found herself falling...and falling...and falling...

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She could feel the light more than see it as it slowly came filtering back into the

periphery of her senses. It was as if she had melted and was now slowly re-forming, materializing while her wits gathered themselves, trying to make sense of what had just happened to her. As she did, she became aware of the warm body lying next to her. Harold? Was it Harold? It had to be Harold. But there was something wrong with that premonition. Wasn't he gone? Hadn't he gone to see his mother? Suddenly, a jolt of panic fired off inside her head as reality came rushing back into it like a torrent of water flooding over a waterfall. IT WAS DAVID! Her son, David—

Then it came rushing back into her reeling brain. The teasing, the hand jobs, Harold leaving and the final capitulation. THEY HAD MADE LOVE!

Slowly turning her head, she watched the slow, even rise and fall of David's chest. His head was turned to the side, facing away from her, but she could tell that he was still sleeping. Oddly, she felt no remorse for what they had done. It had been the best one ever for her. Oh, maybe she felt a little guilty for sleeping with her own son, but Harold had brought it on. If he had gone to the doctor like she had asked him to, none of this would have happened. So how could it be her fault? Or David's? No, she wouldn't let him take any of the blame...

Reaching over, she gently laid her hand on David's chest. As she did, she watched David's head turn toward her and his eyes flutter open. When they did, she saw the same flush of panic she had felt as his mouth dropped open and he stared at her in wide-eyed shock. Then his face gradually relaxed, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Are you okay?" she asked, toying with his nipple, feeling it stiffen under her fingers.

"Uh, yeah, yeah. You?" he said, reaching out and lovingly running his fingers through her short, black hair.

"Yeah, I guess..." she smiled, feeling her love for him welling up inside her chest.

Yes, what they had done had been wrong. But what did the wrongness...or rightness of it matter? They had done it. Nothing could change that. And no one else would ever know. So what did it matter.

Scooting closer to him, Eloise snuggled up against him finding his soft, kissable



lips with hers while she slowly trailed her fingers down his belly. Parting her lips, she softly brushed the tip of her tongue across David's lower lip as she paused her fingers at his navel. His navel. His belly button. Where they had once been joined. The little indentation a reminder of just how close they had once been. So close, they had been a part of each other with the same blood flowing through their veins.

Draping her leg over his, hooking her ankle on his, Eloise gently ground her mons against his hip as her hand crept lower, her fingers finding his hardening maleness. Moments earlier, his penis had been lying on his belly, soft and limp but now it was already firming up, filling with blood. Softly clutching her fingers around his cock, Eloise marveled in its resilience and began to slowly stroke it while it firmed and solidified in her hand. This time she would taste him, she smiled to herself. Suckle on him and taste his warm, creamy essence. Slowly, deliberately she kissed down his chin, under it and onto his throat. As she inched lower, David's fingers eased down inside her bra, clutching her breast and pulling it out of its little cloth prison. She could feel her nipple firming into a hard knot as David's fingers teased and plucked at it while her lips and tongue did the same with his little nipple.

It seemed like only a few seconds had passed, but David's manhood was now fully erect. Stiff and HARD, it jutted up out of his hairy groin fully charged and ready to perform the evil task at hand. Squeezing harder, Eloise worked her hand up and down it as she kissed down off his nipple and onto his belly. Her own nipple was now throbbing with electric excitement as David's fingers pinched and twisted it, stretching it out from her breast while she kissed down onto his navel.

Slowly circling her tongue around the little pucker where they had once separated him from her, where they had cut the bond that had linked them, where they had taken him from her. As she affectionately kissed it, she could feel the hard, rubbery head of his penis bumping against her cheek leaving it wet and sticky while she stroked her hand up and down the thick, solid shaft of meat.

David's fingers were growing more and more impatient, pinching and pulling on her nipple harder. Turning her head slightly, she blew a hot breath down his cock and felt it twitch in her fisted hand. Pursing her lips, she circled them around the smooth glans and gently sucked it in between her lips. She could taste the tart, acrid taste of herself on the slippery, smooth knob as she slowly twirled her

tongue around it. And she could distinguish that from the salty tartness of David's cum. As she gently sucked, she eased her hand down off his cock to his big balls. Sliding her hand under the fleshy sac, she cupped it in her palm, softly squeezing and rolling his balls with her fingers. With almost half of his cock inside her mouth, she felt the hard, rubbery head bump up against the opening of her throat. Choking back a gag, she slowly backed her mouth up his cock and let it slip out of her mouth. Flicking out her tongue, she slowly, wetly licked her way down the ridge of flesh running down the length of the underside of his penis to his balls. Opening her mouth wider, using her fingers, she sucked one of the big, round orbs into her mouth. pushing and poking it with her tongue, she rolled it around inside her mouth for several moments before she let it ooze out and then sucked the other one inside her mouth. Finally, she let it slither out of her mouth and slowly kissed her way back up to the spit-covered head of his penis once again.

Her nipple was aching now from the rough treatment it was receiving from David's abusive fingers. Pushing David's hand away from her breast, she lifted her head and let him slip out of her mouth. then rolling over, she turned, scooting down his legs as she swung her legs around until they were lying head to foot, her offering an exchange of her pussy for her tit. Then leaning over his cock, she curled her fist around it and lifted it off his belly. Dropping her head, she quickly sucked him back inside her mouth. Devoting most of her attention to the glans and the sensitive cleft just below it, she bobbed her head up and down, sucking and pulling on him as she felt his fingers crawl up the inside of her thigh to her wet, cum-logged pussy.

Then she felt his fingers on her pussy, probing, searching for the slippery opening and suddenly they were inside her. Scooting down more, pushing her wet, clinging pussy down onto his fingers, she looked up at him and let his cock slip out of her mouth.

"Do you want to come in Mommy's mouth?" she softly asked him, feeling his cock twitch in eager anticipation as she spoke. Already having her answer, she watched as David slowly nodded his head up and down in response to her lewd question.

"You can...if you want..." she smiled, looking back down at his cock, watching spit bubbles slowly trickle down its shaft and onto her fisted hand.

Feeling the ball of his thumb rub across the tip of her exposed, protruding clit, she dropped her head and quickly sucked him back into her mouth. She wanted him to come in her mouth. She wanted to taste him, feel his hot seed spurt out onto her tongue. She wanted to swallow his creamy gift down into her tummy just as she had taken it into her pussy. She wanted him to know that she would accept his seed and take it inside her, no matter where he wanted to put it.

Tightly squeezing, she worked her fisted hand up and down below her lips as she bobbed her head up and down in cadence. With one hand wrapped around the thick base of David's cock, she spread her other hand out on his belly. She could feel the muscles in it tensing as she sucked harder, squeezing her hand around him tighter. She could hear the soft slurping sounds her lips were making as they worked up and down on David's penis faster. David was beginning to breathe harder, the muscles in his legs tightening. His big balls were scrunching up, brushing the bottom of her hand as she pumped it up and down the column of petrified meat.

"Gonna come-Mom-gonna come—" she heard him gasp out. Jerking her head up, pulling her sucking lips off his cock, she looked up at his grimaced face.

"Why-why'd you stop?" David wheezed, pushing his fingers deeper inside her, rubbing her clit harder.

"Waiting for it makes it more exciting," Eloise whispered, still slowly working her clenched hand up and down his spit-slathered cock.

"But..." David muttered, "it hurts, Mommy, it hurts so much Mommy. Yes, yes, it hurts really bad," he intimated, reaching down, brushing the backs of his fingers down her cheek. "Really-really bad, Mommy."

Almost the exact word he had used on that first day. Was he was teasing her?

"Does that hurt?" she murmured, hesitantly rolling his balls with her fingers, softly pinching them, just as she had done on that fateful afternoon.

"N-no—" David murmured, curling his hand around the back of her head and slowly pushing her head down.

"I don't see anything..." Eloise mumbled, letting the fleshy sac sag back down between David's muscular legs as she eased her fingers out from under it. Then she slowly brushed her fingertips up the rounded ridge of flesh protruding out

from the underside of his penis, letting her fingers trail up the entire length of the cylinder of hardened flesh.

"Does this hurt?" she whispered, tickling a fingernail across the little arrowed cleft where the head joined the shaft and feeling his penis lurch.

"No..." David smiled pushing harder. "Suck on it, Mommy. Let me come in your mouth—"

Parting her lips, she noisily slurped him into her mouth, held him there for a second then lifted her head again.

"Does that feel good?" Eloise asked him, looking up at him, watching the expression on his face as she flicked her fingernail back and forth across the cleft.

"Yessss—Mommy, suck it," David hissed.

"Like this?" she softly asked him, curling her fingers around his penis and giving it a squeeze, dropping her head and consuming half of his cock in one swift suck. Then she began to jerk her head up and down, letting his primed penis slide in and out of her mouth as her cheeks hollowed while she sucked as hard as she could.

At the same time, she roughly jerked her hand up and down his cock underneath her sucking lips. She could feel his cock swelling, his muscles tensing. Looking up at his face as she sucked, she saw another grimace spread back across his face.

"I'm gonna come, Mommy—" David warned her, grabbing a handful of her hair, holding her head motionless as his ass began to patter up and down on the bed.

"Um-huh—" Eloise garbled out around the shaft of his pistoning cock as he pumped it in and out of her mouth.

"Mommy—" David gasped and Eloise felt his cock buck in her mouth. As it did, a big, creamy gob of cum spurted out of the head of his dick, coating her tongue and filling her mouth. So much, so much cum, she groveled as his cock continued to buck and spurt out more and more of the thick, gelatinous cream into her mouth. Then she could feel it seeping out around the shaft, the warm

goo slowly trickling down her chin.

"Sorrroyy-can't stop-can't stop—" David groveled.

Neither did Eloise stop sucking, swallowing down David's gushing essence. But this time, within seconds it was over as she felt David's penis stop spurting and begin to wilt.

Giving his wilting penis one last suck, she let it slip out from between her lips.

Looking up at David, Eloise slowly, shamelessly licked her tongue around her lips, licking away the overflow that had escaped out around his cock as it had filled her mouth.

Suddenly, before she could move, David was spinning around on the bed, roughly shoving her nylon-encased legs apart and crawling up between them. Then his mouth was on her sex, his snaking, sinuous tongue weaving over and around her fleshy lips, lapping away her slippery secretions. And he had done it of his own accord, she giddily thought, unlike Harold who almost had to be begged into it.

She couldn't believe it. How could David and his father be so different in so many ways?

She could hear the disgusting sounds David was making as he eagerly devoured her. It felt so good as she laid back, spreading her legs wider, reveling in the sheer depravity of it all. David's lapping tongue was all over her pussy, inside of her, thrusting, probing and finally finding the nub of her clit.

"Baby..." Eloise murmured, rolling her hips, grinding herself against David's flogging tongue.

"Am I doing it right...Mommy?" David asked her, looking up over the little nest of curls covering her mons.

"Oh, God, yes, Baby...perfect," she whispered, running her fingers through his hair, gently pushing, guiding him back to her clit. Of course, he was doing it right.

Eloise could feel David's slippery, wet tongue twisting and probing her,

stiffening and thrusting inside her. Then pulling back out of her as he sucked the fleshy lips of her pussy between his lips, his hands on her thighs, pushing, spreading her sex open to him. With her legs splayed out nearly as wide as they would go, she felt his thumbs pressing down into the plump mounds bordering her clit, pulling, stretching the little hood back away from it, exposing it to his lashing tongue. His wriggling, twisting tongue was all over her hypersensitive clit, flicking it, fluttering all around it. God, he was good, she railed, letting go of his hair, dropping her hands down onto the sheets by her hips.

Squirming around on the bed, she arched her back against it, curling her hips up, shamelessly grinding herself against his busy tongue as she clutched and clawed at the sheets. She was racing headlong toward fulfillment. Nothing could stop her as she rushed closer and closer. Then she was there, standing on the edge of the precipice, watching the swirling chaos of pleasure swirling around her. All she had to do was let go and she would be consumed by it.

Screaming out her surrender, she threw her arms back and dove head first into the swirling mass. Sparks and jolts of the electric pleasure sizzled up and down her spine, filling her brain with its addictive rush. Overjoyed, she felt the bed lurch. Then David's strapping arms slid under the backs of her knees and lifted her legs up into the air. Suddenly David was on top of her raining down wet, slobbery kisses all over her face as the HARD rubbery head of his cock probed the clutching, clenching socket between her legs. She felt so helpless and vulnerable, her arms draped over his. Then abruptly, he was inside her, thrusting into her all the way up to the hilt, grunting, straining against her, holding himself there, letting her ride out her orgasm on his STIFF, HARD cock—

"David—" she screamed, locking her hands behind his neck, rocking up and down, pumping up and down on his deeply-embedded penis. Harold's ED didn't matter anymore. Nothing mattered anymore. She had found the answer-the solution. She had David—

**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, Moms and Sons, Volume Nine 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 listed below. Once again, thanks again for reading the Baron's work and we hope you enjoy his future stories...

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*Love Potion - Different Names - Boob Job - Everything is Wrong*

*Cockball - Confession - Evergreens*

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*The Wedding - Tornado - Nymphomania: A desire to...*

*The Colonel's Wife - Déjà Vu: All Over Again - Affliction*

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*Moms and Sons, Volume Five - Halloween*

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