

The Island

Baron LeSade



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The Island

Chapter One

Finally, Bobby thought, rolling out of bed. Finally, he was going to ship away to college. College and all the sweet, young coeds just yearning to get laid. He enjoyed the company of older women, but hell, pussy was pussy! And it was something he couldn't do without. Maybe he could find him some horny professor or something, but he wasn't going to let age stand in the way of his pursuit of pussy! No normal eighteen-year-old boy would! One week was all that stood between him and college. What to do! What to do, he asked himself...

His father had left yesterday to visit one of his factories, so Bobby and his mother, Dixie were home alone for the week.

"Damn, it's getting hot already," he grunted out loud.

So what do you expect, you live in southern Florida, dolt.

Looking down at his cock, he saw that it was in its usual, perpetual state of erection. The eight-inch monster with its thick, bulging, purple veins never seemed to want to wilt. Even after he beat it into submission, it would be hard again in thirty minutes. At first he had thought he had priapism, but now knew it was only runaway hormones as he was in a constant state of horniness.

Stepping over to the window overlooking their pool, he saw his mother was kneeling down by the pool. Jolts of electricity sparked through his cock making it jerk wildly as he ogled her.

She was fucking gorgeous, he told himself. She stood about five-foot-eight with a body most women would kill for. Maybe that was why he was always horny with her parading around in one of her skimpy bikinis. Most of them left very little to the imagination. Especially with her awesome tits bulging out under the thin material. He hadn't seen many tits that could match hers in beauty, but he could only wonder what they actually looked like totally and completely bared.

She was using the long pole with the skimmer to scoop off some leaves that had fallen into the pool overnight. As he watched on, admiring her beautiful body, she stood on her knees bending over and skimming the pool, he saw her suddenly drop the pole into the water. He couldn't believe it. Her bathing suit top had dropped down around her waist. Grabbing for it, she struggled to pull it back up and cover her big, sagging breasts as she anxiously scanned the house with her eyes behind her big sunglasses. Another electric charge tore through his cock

as he stared down at her fighting to get her tits back under cover. They were fucking, drop dead gorgeous, he groaned, watching the sagging wonders flounce and bobble as she finally succeeded in getting them stuffed back into the errant top of her bikini

Glancing around again, she seemed satisfied that her exposure hadn't been observed and went back to skimming the pool.

Slipping into a pair of bathing trucks, Bobby shoved his cock down, trying to hide its obvious bulge. Going downstairs, he saw that his mother had finished with the pool and was standing at the kitchen cabinet.

"Hi, honey," she smiled at him over her shoulder.

"Hi, Mom," he grunted unable to keep his eyes off of her beautiful ass.

It was almost totally exposed in her tiny, revealing bikini bottom as he ogled it.

"Uh, Babe, would like for me to fix us a picnic and we could run over to the island?" she asked him. "We have so little time together left!"

"Hey, sure," he grinned at her, anticipating an afternoon of tit ogling.

"Well, you run down and get the boat ready," she said, "while I fix lunch."

"Is it okay if we take the little boat," he asked, not wanting to have to spend all his time tying up and messing around with the big thirty footer.

"Sure, hon, that's fine with me."

"Good, because I can just beach it and not have run the anchor out and all that stuff on the other one."

"Okay," she smiled, watching him walk out.

Bobby gassed up the little engine and pushed the boat out into the water. Tying it up at their dock, he wondered if he should put anything else in the boat. It had two life preservers, a couple of towels, a couple of blankets for the picnic, a tarp and two oars. That should be plenty, he said to himself. They were only going out about a mile to the little island they owned.

Walking back up to the house, he saw his mother come walking toward him carrying a picnic basket, still dressed in her black two-piece bikini. But now she had on a white crocheted robe that reached down to mid-thigh and partially hid her magnificent tits from his prying eyes.

"Ready?" she asked, handing the basket to him.

"Yep, you?" he grinned at her.

"Well, Captain Ahab, let's hit the high seas."

"Aye, aye, mate!" he snorted, letting her lead the way so he could ogle her delectable ass.

It took them about fifteen minutes to reach the island where they jumped out and Bobby pulled the boat up on the beach.

They spread out the blankets and spent the morning talking about nothing in particular and everything in general. Around twelve-thirty, Dixie sat up.

"How about some lunch?" she asked him, as he watched her wondrous breasts jiggle and roll.

"Sure, I'm starved."

"And it's after noon so we can break out the margaritas, too," she laughed.

Bobby quickly struggled to his feet and reached down for her. Pulling her to feet, he gave her a platonic kiss on the cheek.

"Love you, Mom," he murmured, looking down into her pretty face.

"Love you, too," she smiled walking down to the water and wading through the waves looking back at him over her shoulder.

"Come on, let's eat," she told him tugging him along behind her as they headed for the picnic table.

"Well, are you still interested in becoming an engineer?" she asked him, opening the basket and laying out the food.

"Yeah, get that done and then I'll be ready to work for Dad when he wants me to," he said, picking up a sandwich and shoving it into his mouth. "Um, good."

"Glad you like it," she told him, daintily nibbling at her sandwich.

"Oh, here," she giggled, picking up one of the thermoses and pouring out a healthy portion of margarita into two paper cups. "Cheers."

"Cheers," he chirped, bumping his cup against hers.

They finished lunch and strolled around the island hand in hand. Bobby had never felt closer to his beautiful mother than he had that afternoon. After their stroll, they sat on their blankets drinking margaritas until they both had a happy buzz on. The hot sun, the booze, the sandwiches all combined to create a sleepy, lazy afternoon and they both found themselves drifting off. As they slept, they didn't see the big, dark thunderstorm that was gathering on the western horizon.

Suddenly, something woke Bobby.

"What was that?" he asked, turning and looking in the direction of the noise.

Bobby was stunned to see the dark, ominous cloud on the horizon. As he watched it, he could see that it was heading straight for their little island as it belched lightning strike after lightning strike into the bay.

"Oh, no," he grunted.

"What? What's wrong?" his mother sleepily mumbled as she slowly woke.

"Oh, my goodness," she gasped seeing the cloud bearing down on them.

"You gather everything up and I'll get the boat into the water," he told her, jumping up and dashing for the boat kicking sand high into the air as he ran.

Stopping at the boat, his chest heaving from the sprint, he looked back at his mother who was still sitting on her blanket looking dazed and drowsy.

"I hope we have enough time to get home before it hits. That lightning looks dangerous!" he hollered, hoping to spur her into movement.

"Me, too," she hollered back, struggling to her feet and hurrying over to the picnic table.

Climbing into the boat, Bobby cranked the engine only to hear a sputtering naw-naw-naw-naw-naw. Cranking it again, he heard the engine voice its protest as it naw-naw-naw-naw-nawed for a good thirty seconds.

It wasn't going to start, he told himself nervously glancing at the approaching storm.

"What's wrong? Why won't it start," he heard his mother ask as she came up to the boat carrying the basket and blankets.

"Beats the hell out of me," he muttered, turning the ignition one more time only to hear the engine bleat out its frustrating naw-naw-naw-naw-naw-naw again.

Just then, a big, cold drop of rain splashed onto Bobby's chest.

"Uh, I think we'd better take shelter or we're going to get wet," he muttered.

"Where," his mother asked flinching as a drop of rain splashed down onto one of her big, beautiful tits.

"Here, I'll take this and make us a tent under the table," he said reaching into the boat and grabbing the tarp.

"We can spread the blankets out under the table so we won't be lying on the sand," he told her hurrying back to the picnic table.

Lifting the table up so his mother could spread out the blankets, he could see the squall line fast approaching across the bay as more and more drops of rain began to fall, dotting the ground with big, wet circles.

"Go ahead and crawl in," he told her.

Still holding the table up for her, he watched her crawl onto the blanket. God, what an ass, he told himself as he gawked at her beautiful butt. I'd give ten years off my life, just to kiss it...

Shaking his head in frustration, he unfolded the tarp and spread it across the table as the rain drops continued to splash down growing in intensity, frequency and size. Grabbing the edges of one side, he tucked them under the legs of the picnic table to secure it.

"How are things in there?" he asked, bending down and sliding under the edge of the last unsecured flap.

"Comfy, cozy," she smiled at him as she lay on her back under one of the blankets watching him.

"Good," he said, squeezing in beside her pulling the flap with him, "because it's really starting to rain out there.

"I know, I can hear it," she said, pulling the blanket up over her as the beat of the rain filled their little hideaway with its noise. "Get under the blanket and stay warm."

Holding the blanket up for him, she inched closer to him as he slid under it.

Bobby felt the warm smoothness of his mother's skin brush against his arm as they lay side by side listening to the din of the rain striking the tarp.

Just then, they heard a sizzling crack of lightning as it hit very nearby, followed almost immediately by a deafening crescendo of thunder that was so loud it shook the ground underneath them.

Instinctively flinching, both of them jumped and clutched each other.

"Damn, that was close," Bobby snorted, feeling his mother's warm skin brushing against his.

"Yes, it was," she huffed, flattening herself against him.

Suddenly, another violent explosion shook their flimsy shelter as a second shattering blast of thunder rent the air above them.

Feeling a tiny shiver of fear tickle down his spine, Bobby pulled his mother against him, holding her even tighter. It was then that he became aware of the delicate fragrance of her perfume. It was like flicking on a light switch as the

musky, sensual fragrance turned on his senses. He was suddenly aware of her big, soft breasts mashed against his chest and her hard, jutting nipples boring holes in his skin. His cock, mashed against her thigh immediately began to swell and grow as he buried his nose in her short, brown hair and breathed in the intoxicating fragrance.

They lay together anxiously waiting for the next peal of thunder.

Then almost as if it were fate, both of them turned their heads at the same moment and their lips accidentally brushed.

Bobby felt a jolt of pure electric excitement spark from his lips and shoot straight down into his throbbing prick as their lips touched. They lay looking into each other's eyes, their lips barely touching, but neither of them moved for many long seconds. Then, almost imperceptibly, Bobby felt his mother's lips press against his an iota harder. What? What was going on, Bobby feverishly asked himself? Was she really kissing him? Or was it just a figment of his fevered mind?

Scarcely able to breathe, Bobby ever so gently increased the pressure of the kiss to see what would happen. All she had to do was turn her head just a tiny bit and the kiss would break. But she didn't and Bobby soon found their lips locked together in a loving, passionate kiss.

Bobby was in a euphoric fog as they lay intimately kissing. What had brought this on, he frantically wondered? Did she feel toward him the sick and demented way he felt toward her? Or was it the margaritas? Whatever it was, he wasn't going to stop it, he told himself as he felt his mother quiver when another peal of thunder shattered the air above the island.

Clutching her to him tightly, he slowly opened his mouth and gently ran his tongue over her soft, warm lips. As he did, he felt his mother's mouth gradually open. Then as they lay kissing open mouthed, he felt the burning tip of her soft tongue ease out and tease the tip of his tongue. Bobby's cock was so hard, he thought it would split in two as he gently eased his tongue into the hot wetness of his mother's mouth.

Their tongues softly touched and then began to fondle each other with loving gentleness. Holding onto each other tightly, they gently kissed for the longest time, each of them sharing the intimate touch and exploring the dark mystery of

the other's mouth.

Bobby could no longer hear the thunder outside over the roar of the blood pounding through his overtaxed brain as they kissed. It couldn't be happening, he told himself.

Emboldened by their kiss, Bobby slowly caressed his mother's hair, running his fingers through it as he hugged her body against his. Then, moving his hand down off her hair onto her back, he found the soft band of her bikini top. Wondering if he should dare, he fingered the clinging material, searching for the clasp that held it closed. Finally, he felt the pair of catches that held the top secured and covering her wondrous breasts.

Like a kid on his first date, he fumbled with the clasp with numb fingers, trying to unfasten it, expecting his mother to stop him at any second. But as he fumbled with it for several seconds, he felt no response from her and he finally succeeded in getting the first hook unlatched. As it did, he felt some of the tension ease out of the stretched cloth. With trembling fingers, he continued to poke and probe at the other stubborn clasp until all at once, he felt the catch pop through the eyelet as the ends of her top flew apart.

His mother moaned softly into his mouth. Then she inched back just enough to let the soft cloth covering her breasts fall down between them to the blanket under them.

As the material fell away, Bobby felt his mother press her soft breasts into his chest. Her skin felt so hot, Bobby could almost imagine steam rising from where she touched his skin. He could feel her big, hard nipples burning into his skin like two fiery embers as they continued to kiss.

Growing even bolder, he continued to run his hand down over the soft, smooth skin in the middle of her back down over the small of her back until his fingers touched the soft, clinging cloth covering her firm little butt. Running his fingers along it, he searched for the bows holding her bikini bottom tied together and felt his mother's hand slowly creeping down his back.

Finally his fingers brushed across one of the bows. Growing bolder by the second, buoyed on by the booze and storm, he gave the bow a little tug and felt it unravel in his fingers. Letting his fingers retrace their path back over to her other hip, he found the other bow and quickly untied it.

Now the barrier of his mother's bikini had been breached. All he had to do was peel it back off her and she would be naked. Finally, breathing hard, and eased back away from his mother.

"Bobby, that's far enough! We can't go any further. This is so wrong!" she panted, watching him get up to his hands and knees beside her. "So, so wrong."

"I'm sorry, Mother," he whined, reaching down and quickly pulling the bottom of her bikini down off her mons and letting it drop down between her legs. "Please! Please, Mother! I want you so much."

"I want you, too," she said, breathing hard. "Oh, what am I saying? I know how all this looks, but we can't let our emotions run away with us. I'm sorry that I've let things go this far! I'm such a fool! I shouldn't have drank all those margaritas! I'm so stupid! I shouldn't have told you I want you...want you in that way! What mother could ever want her son like that?"

"Please! Please, Mother! I want you so much! It's tearing me apart!" he pleaded, reaching down and shoving his bathing suit down his thighs freeing the monster that lurked down between his muscular legs.

"Bobby," she gasped staring down at the eight inches of rock-hard penis sticking up out of her son's groin bobbing and twitching with every move he made as he worked his suit off his lower legs. "We can't! We can't!"

"Please—" he wheezed, pushing his mother's long legs apart.

"Bobby, this is so wrong! We'll go to hell," his mother blathered, but offered no resistance as her lovely legs slowly parted to reveal the wet, oozing softness between them.

"It's so beautiful," Bobby gushed, staring down at the big, meaty gash between his mother's outstretched legs.

It was as if something in her brain had finally snapped as her body melted and she reached up to him, welcoming him down between her legs.

"Be gentle, Baby," his mother murmured as he crawled over her leg.

"I will, Mother," he grunted, standing on his hands and knees between her legs

as he leaned down over her.

His back and head were scraping against the bottom of the table as he towered over her.

The storm raging outside their little world was pale in comparison to the one raging inside Bobby's head as he watched his mother lift her hand and place it on his aching cock.

Looking down between them and lowering his hips, he watched her guide the swollen, round head of his penis down to the soft, meaty lips that guarded the opening of her pussy.

Holding onto his raging hard on, she held him back, making him slide his thick, meaty cock into the her cunt ever so slowly. As it gradually slid down into her, Bobby felt the ring of fire encircle his cock and pull him into her. A spasm of electricity shot through his cock as it almost disgorged its fiery load even before he was half way inside her.

"Slow, Baby, slow. God, you're so big, Bobby," she breathlessly whimpered, digging her nails into his ass as his cock slid deeper and deeper into the fiery core of her clutching womanhood.

At last, he had his giant cock buried up to the hilt inside her. He had felt the rounded tip nudge up against something deep inside her, but the instant it touched it, it shrank back away from it. Holding it motionless inside her, he flexed and relaxed the muscles around the monster making it swell and relax inside of her as she worked her cunt muscles on it, squeezing and milking him.

Slowly, like a train starting up a steep grade, he began to work his hips back and forth as his cock began to plow in and out of her tight pussy.

"Oh, Yes, Baby, yes," she hissed as she lifted her legs and stretched them as wide apart as she could in the tight confines of their impromptu cave.

Now her cunt was totally defenseless against the escalating pace of Bobby's attack.

Panting, he stroked his prick into her faster and faster.

Soon, he was pounding his massive prick into her at furious pace as his hips rocked back and forth faster and faster. He had never felt a cunt so hot or so wet or so tight as it hungrily sucked on his pistoning cock.

As he fucked his mother, she threw her head back and closed her eyes. She seemed to be in a trance, running her hands up and down her uplifted legs as they bounced back and forth in rhythm with his rocking hips. Staring down at her face, only inches below him as he fucked her, he saw that her mouth was open just slightly and a little dribble of spit was leaking out the corner of her mouth. Consumed with love and the passion of the moment, he bent down, without missing a beat, and lovingly licked away the trickle of spit. Staring down at her closed eyes, he saw her smile and run her tongue out between her full, red lips. Like a snake searching for prey, her tongue blindly sought out his tongue. Then they touched. Suddenly, he felt her suck his tongue into her mouth. Now he was fucking her mouth and pussy, both at the same time, he marveled as he stabbed his tongue in and out of her mouth in rhythm with the beat that he was hammering his cock into her hungry cunt.

His cock was drenched with her slippery cunt juice as it slid in and out of her at a furious pace. A pace Bobby knew he couldn't maintain much longer, but he wanted his mother to finish. He had to give her fulfillment to make it complete. It just wouldn't be right if he couldn't give her that. Give her that to consummate their incestuous communion. Give her that for the sacrifice she had made for them...

Grunting, he continued to pound his cock into her harder and harder.

"Oh, yes, baby, I feel it," she whispered as he felt the muscles encircling her pussy begin to tighten around his pistoning penis.

"Yes, Mother, Yes, Mother, come, you come, you come, first," he gasped, feeling her heels slapping against his rebounding ass every time he jerked backwards.

I hope she doesn't bust her legs on the bottom of the table, he frantically thought as he fucked her with frenzied abandon.

"Almost, baby, almost, almost there," she gurgled out into his mouth, reaching down digging her long fingernails into his bouncing ass-cheeks.

He knew he was on the edge of exploding, too, as he savagely fucked her while

she pushed and pulled on him with her hands, urging him on.

Suddenly, he felt her arch her back and her whole body went rigid.

"OHYEASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she screamed as she dug her fingernails deeper into his skin, holding him imprisoned inside her tight, hot cunt as she pulled him down into her as deep as she could.

Bobby could feel the strong, clutching muscles of her cunt, contracting and milking him as the throes of her orgasm spasmed through it. As she writhed beneath him, his mother wept and cried her way through her orgasm. As she convulsed with pleasure, Bobby knew that he was only a few quick strokes away from his own cataclysmic orgasm, but his mother was holding on to him so tightly, he couldn't move.

Her big, breasts, flattened against her chest were heaving up and down and her legs were flopping up and down wildly as she fought her way through the orgasm that possessed her.

Then, all at once, her whole body went limp and her arms and legs dropped down to the blanket, freeing Bobby. Roughly, he began to fuck her as her whole body lifelessly sloshed up and down.

It only took a few strokes and he felt his cock erupt inside her. Spurting and spewing, it quickly emptied its load down into the forbidden depths of her womb, coating its walls with his sticky potency. Filling the very place where he had been created so long ago with the very same substance he was pumping into her. Over and over again, his cock shuddered and exploded.

As he fired off inside her, he looked down through squinted eyes to see her smiling up at him as she lovingly milked his cock with her pussy.

"I'm sorry," he groaned down at her as they lay locked in the warm intimacy of their incestuous union. "But I couldn't stop."

"What's done is done," she murmured, pulling him down and kissing him on the lips. "Maybe all this was just fated to happen."

"I think so," he told her, slowly easing his dying prick out of the hot, sucking core of her cum-drenched pussy.

As they basked in the warm afterglow of their orgasms, they realized that it was no longer raining outside.

"Sounds like the storm is over," Bobby said.

"Both of them," she smiled up at him.

"I'll check it out," he grunted, crawling off her and slipping out under the tarp into the bright sunshine.

Standing in the hazy sunlight naked, with his big cum-coated penis lifelessly dangling down between his legs, Bobby saw that the edge of the departing squall line was just clearing the island.

"Is it gone?" he heard his mother ask.

"Yeah, another five minutes and it'll be bright and sunny again.

Walking down to the water where the boat sat gently rocking in the swells, he thought he would check and see if he could get the boat started again.

Leaning over, he turned the key and the little engine immediately sputtered to life.

Astounded, he stood staring down at it in baffled amusement.

"How did you get it started?" his mother asked him walking up behind him.

"Huh?" he muttered, turning and seeing that she gotten back into her suit and was holding his out to him.

"Better put this on in case someone comes by," she said. "I said how did you get it working?"

"I don't know," he grunted, reaching down and pulling his bathing suit up his legs. "I just turned the key and it started."

"Maybe this really was fate," she smiled, glancing down at his limp prick as it disappeared under his suit.

"Well, let's not press our luck," he smiled, "let's get home while it's still

running."

"I think that's a good idea," she said. "That's an awful long way to row back."

Bobby watched her delectable little ass quiver and bounce deliciously as she hurried up the beach toward the scene of the crime.

It was still hard to fathom that he had just fucked her, he thought as he dashed after her. Who would believe it, he marveled? He had just fucked his beautiful mother. And now here they were running around as if nothing had happened...

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Chapter Two

They sat silently as the little boat purred back across the bay toward their house. Both were deep in thought about what had just conspired between them.

Dixie felt a sad sense of remorse on the one hand. They had stepped far over the boundaries that a mother and son should ever even think about. Much less do! She still loved Bobby, just as much as she had before, maybe even more. But now, he was almost like a stranger. A stranger who had stepped into her life and turned it upside down. Now everything was all confused and chaotic. Her little boy had turned into a man right before her eyes. A man who had taken something he had no right to take. But even with that said, she also felt a strange excitement that drew her to him. She wanted him again. Wanted him to take her and make her his lover. Even if it was just for a week before he left for college. Then, she knew that would change things, too! God, she thought, I'm so mixed up...Just give them one week together and then...then she would do what? She didn't even know what she would do...

He'd finally done it! His mother! His beautiful, dear, sweet mother. He'd made love to her. And she'd made love to him, too. It wasn't just a one-sided affair. She had been just as excited and turned on as he had been. It was hard to believe the woman sitting behind him could turn into such a wild, passionate creature. His mother had a dark side to her that he had never known before. No longer was she just Mom! She was Woman! Sexual, erotic, sensual, beautiful Woman! He had made love to the most beautiful woman in his world. And now they had one week left...one week to be alone together before he had to leave for school and leave her behind.

Then, when they were about half way home, his mother tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm glad it happened," she said loud enough to be heard over the putter of the engine.

"I'm glad, too," he smiled back over his shoulder.

They didn't say another word until Bobby docked the little boat and shut the engine off.

"Well, this changes everything," his mother said, watching him tie up the boat.

"I think so," he smiled down at her from the dock.

"We have one week left before you leave me to start your new life," she said, looking deep into his eyes. "Let's make it a week that we'll both remember for the rest of our lives..."

Bobby felt like his heart was going to explode. He had never felt such love and passion in his whole life. One week! Well, he would do everything in his power to bring her pleasure and joy during that week. Everything!

She lifted the basket up to him and stood up, rocking the boat from side to side as she did. He took the basket from her and reached down to help her out of the boat. As she stepped out onto the dock, he wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her tightly.

"God, I love you," he groaned, planting a wet, deep kiss on her lips before she could speak.

She started to melt against him for a moment, but suddenly broke their kiss and breathlessly stepped back.

"I think we'd better be a little more discreet out here on the dock," she smiled stepping even farther back away from him and taking a quick look around to see if any of the neighbors had been watching them. "Neighbors."

"Oh, yeah," he said following her eyes, "I'm so happy, I forgot."

"Well, be more careful, dear," she warned him, turning and walking up the dock toward the house. "You don't want this to end before it gets started, do you?"

"God, no," he groaned, picking up the picnic basket and following her up the dock watching the erotic roll and twitch of her delectable ass as she walked.

He was still in a euphoric daze from the incredulous intimacy he had just shared with his mother. Never in his wildest dreams could he have dreamt up anything so fantastic. He had fucked his beautiful mother! Just the thought of it was so exciting it sent shivers of joy up and down his spine as sparks of excitement jolted through his hardening cock.

"Why don't you come up here and walk with me," she told him, stopping and

turning around to face him.

"Okay, but I was just admiring your beautiful butt," he lecherously grinned.

"That's what I thought," she laughed. "Well, maybe later I'll give you an up close and personal view of it."

"Why not now?" he asked, reaching down and cupping one of her soft, round ass-cheeks in his hand.

"Discreet, dear, discreet, remember" she chided him, brushing his hand away from her butt. "The neighbors might be looking."

"Oops," he snickered. "Sorry, forgot again..."

"Besides, I have to run over to Sally's for a few. I told her we could go out for a quick snack," she said, taking hold of his hand and tugging him along as they headed for the house. "I hadn't planned on what happened today, so you'll just have to be patient and wait until I get back."

"But, I want you so bad," he whined.

"Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder," she murmured, surprised at herself by how easily she was accepting their new relationship.

"Funny, funny," he snickered.

Once inside the house, he grabbed her and gave her a big hug and a long, lingering kiss.

Finally letting go of her, he stepped back.

"I'm going to miss you so much, so hurry back and I'll be here waiting for you," he huffed.

"Okay," she murmured, still breathless from the passion of their kiss.

Bobby stood watching her as she sauntered up the stairs, rolling her hips provocatively for his viewing pleasure.

Stopping at the top of the stairs, she turned around. Smiling wickedly, she peeled

the top of her bathing suit down and cupped one of her big breasts. As Bobby gawked up at her, she reached down with the other hand and pulled the bottom of her suit to the side so that her pussy was partially exposed.

"These will be your presents for being patient," she laughed and turned back around.

Bobby watched on in impatient frustration as she slowly walked to her bedroom, smiling down at him as she did.

As she disappeared into her room, Bobby dropped his bathing suit and grabbed hold of his half-hard cock. He gave it a few whacks and then lifted his hand to his nose. Sniffing his hand, he inhaled deeply and felt a charge shoot through his cock as he savored the lingering scent of his mother's hot pussy on his hand.

Smiling to himself, he strolled into the kitchen, his big dick slashing the air in front of him as it impatiently lashed back and forth.

He sat at the table eating a hastily built sandwich and whacking his big dick as thoughts of his mother danced in his head.

Just then, his mother came strolling into the room.

"Are you always hungry...and horny?" she asked him.

"Only when you're around," he quipped, admiring her big tits that were barely concealed under the red straps of her dress. "Besides I have to keep my energy up for tonight."

"Oh, I see," she smiled.

"You're not going out in that, are you?" he jealously asked her, feeling a sudden twinge of possessiveness that he had never felt before.

She was so fucking beautiful and the red, velvet dress she was wearing would give every guy that saw her a hard on. The straps of material covering her magnificent breasts was barely wide enough to cover her dusky, round areolas and little else.

"What, you don't like it," she asked, pulling the straps aside to expose her big,

swollen nipples.

"It's a fucking awesome dress, Mom, but you'll give every guy that sees you a hard on," he groaned, gawking at her beautiful tits.

"I'll wear a shawl," she smiled, pulling the straps back over her tits.

"Good," he grinned, "I don't want any guys to see your gorgeous tits.

"Jealous already?" she teased.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm jealous."

"You'll just have to get used to it," she laughed, pulling a red shawl out of the foyer closet.

Wrapping it around her shoulders, she let the ends of the shawl drape down over her big tits covering all of them except for her cleavage.

"Is that better?" she asked him.

"Yeah, a lot," he grunted.

"Well, I should be back in a couple of hours," she told him, picking up her purse and opening the door.

"I'll be waiting," he smiled, grabbing hold of his cock as she smiled and blew him a kiss when she stepped out through the doorway.

Watching her close the door, Bobby wondered what he could do to kill the two hours before she returned.

Wandering around the huge, empty house, he finally decided to visit his mother's bedroom and rummage through her drawers to see what he could find.

Opening the drawers to her dresser, he rifled through each of them finding nothing out of the ordinary until he opened the bottom drawer. It was filled with all sorts of sexy lingerie, gowns, negligees and various sex toys. Picking out the lingerie, he held them up and tried to imagine what his mother would look like in them. Finally, he lifted the last one out. As he did, he saw a DVD lying in the

bottom of the drawer. Picking it up, he saw that it had no label on it.

"What is this?" he asked himself, glancing over at the clock on the nightstand and seeing that he still had an hour and a half to kill before his mother returned.

Carefully replacing all of the sexy lingerie back in the drawer, he picked up the DVD again and headed for his room.

Shoving the DVD into his DVD player, he flopped down on the bed and grabbed the remote. Pointing it at the TV, he stabbed the on button.

Then the screen brightened and he could read the title of the video.

A NIGHT OF FRIVOLITY WITH HANK AND DIXIE

What in the world, he wondered as the title slowly faded away and a picture of his parent's bed slowly came into focus. Then after a few seconds, his mother came walking into view perched on a pair of at least five-inch stiletto heels. She was wearing a short red velvet gown that was held together with a pair of gold clasps just below her gorgeous tits that were half in and half out of the gown. A dainty golden necklace dangled from her neck and her nether regions were covered by a pair of sheer, white panties that were cut high on her thighs. Leaning over, she wiggled her delectable ass at the camera then crawled up onto the bed. She sat, one leg folded underneath her, staring into the camera with her icy, purplish-blue eyes.

Then, as the camera rolled on, she reached up and cupped her big, beautiful boobs, lifting them out of the gown and offering them to the camera.

As if she were posing for him, she slowly lifted her hands up to her hair and pulled it back away from her ears revealing a dainty pair of dangling, gold earrings.

Staring into the camera provocatively, Dixie thrust her giant breasts out, spreading the opening of the gown wider apart and exposing even more of her magnificent tits.

Smiling naughtily, Dixie slowly spread her lovely, long legs apart and sat looking into the camera with her hands resting on her knees as Bobby ogled the lascivious display and slowly whacked his big, hard cock.

God, what a woman, he groaned to himself as he watched his mother struggle up to her knees.

Still smiling into the camera, she spread the red, velvet gown apart until both of her beautiful tits were totally exposed. Then, turning sideways and reaching down, she unfastened the tiny, gold clasp that held her soft, white panties together.

After striking this pose for several seconds, she turned and faced the camera head on. Sliding a foot off the bed, she slowly stood up. As she did, she dropped her panties, letting them fall to a puddle around her shiny red high-heels. Reaching up, she then unclasped the two gold clips that held her red gown together and let the gown fall apart to expose her big, beautiful tits and the little tuft of curly hairs perched just above her pussy.

Bobby watched on enviously as his mother shrugged her shoulder and let the red gown go sliding down to the floor. Stepping out of the puddle of clothes at her feet, she sat down on the edge of the bed and scooted back until she was lying on her back in the middle of the bed.

As she did, the camera panned in on her pussy. It moved so close, he could see the glimmer of wet juices on her big, fat pussy-lips.

Damn, he groaned to himself, stroking himself even harder! What a fucking, beautiful cunt.

The he saw her move her hand down to her jutting clit as the camera took it all in.

Finally, after several seconds, the camera pulled back until it appeared to be four or five feet away, but was still aimed at her pussy.

The scene faded to black on the screen for several seconds and when it slowly faded back to life, Bobby saw that his mother was no longer alone in the bed.

"Holy shit," he grunted as he saw his father's big, hairy ass leisurely bobbing up and down above his mother as he drove his big, purple-veined cock in and out of her juicy cunt.

The salacious view of his mother getting fucked by his dad sent charges of

electricity firing off inside his cock.

He would never have dreamed that they would record anything so fucking wild, he thought as he watched the fornicating duo.

He sat watching them for the next hour as they fucked, sucked, and ate their way through the performance. Finally, he popped the DVD out of the DVD player and hid it in his top drawer.

His mother was due to return in thirty minutes and he wanted to shower and freshen up before she arrived home.

Quickly showering, paying particular attention to his big, heavy cock, Bobby toweled off and stepped back into his bedroom.

Blowing his hair dry, he glanced down at his watch and saw that he had ten minutes before his mother was supposed to be home.

Hurrying down to her bedroom, he went over to her wet bar and quickly concocted a pitcher of margaritas. After grinding the tops of two glasses in the container of salt his mother kept on the bar, he slowly poured himself a glass.

Just then, he heard the front door close.

"Bobby, Hon, where are you?" he heard his mother holler out.

"Up in your bedroom," he hollered back, reaching down and giving his half-hard dick a few jerks to bring it back to battle readiness.

As he stood sipping on his margarita, he heard the clomp of his mother's high-heeled pumps on the hardwood floor of the landing as she came clomping down to her bedroom.

Watching the doorway, he saw his mother step through the door with her dress pulled up over her head as she struggled to pull it up and off.

"Ta-da!" she smiled, tossing her dress aside, striding toward him, her hips rolling seductively. "Did you miss me?"

"Every second you were gone," he laughed, handing her a drink and running his

eyes up and down her beautiful, naked body.

Taking her drink from him as they stood by the bar, she slowly sipped on it as she ran her hand down to his impatient, jutting prick and tickled a long fingernail down its length.

"How did you get so big?" she asked him, wrapping her hand around his cock and lifting it as if she were trying to weigh the eight-inch slab of cock-meat.

"Don't ask me! You made it!" he grinned, tensing the muscles around the base of his prick, making it jump and dance under her finger, "Maybe you knew that someday it would come to this."

"Wrong! I never dreamed we would be lovers, you naughty boy," she laughed, filling the room with the lovely sound of her laughter. "You know you're even bigger than your father."

"Yeah, I know," he snickered as his mother drained her glass.

"Oh? How do you know?" she asked him, pouring herself a second margarita and taking a sip of it.

"Oh, I saw the movie you two made," he grinned, taking another sip on his drink.

"You what?" she sputtered showering him with a spray of margarita.

"This afternoon after you left, I was bored, so I went down to your room," he said, wondering if he should have told her about his foray into her room, "and I found the DVD."

Blushing, afraid he might have overstepped his bounds by violating her privacy, he anxiously waited as she angrily stared at him.

"Don't ever do that again," she told him. "I'll blame this time on youthful exuberance, but if you ever do it again, it's over between us! Understand? This is still my room and I expect you to honor my privacy. You're not to come in here unless you're invited."

"Uh, yeah, Mom, I'm sorry," he cringed, "I won't do it again."

"You'd better not," she warned him.

"I won't," he said, smarting from her sharp retaliation.

"Well, since you've seen it," she taunted him. "What did you think of it?"

"Uh, uh, best, uh, best porn I've ever seen," he bumbled out. "Probably because it had the prettiest actress I've ever seen in it."

"You silver-tongued devil," she said, a smile playing at the corners of her pretty mouth.

"You forgive me?" he anxiously asked her.

"This time," she smirked, turning up her glass and finishing her drink.

Setting glass down, she walked over to the bed. Sitting down on the edge of the blue satin cover, she spread her long beautiful legs and ran her hand down to her pussy. As he felt a wave of relief wash over him, he watched her delicately fingering her clitoris.

"Maybe we can make a movie someday," she lecherously smiled, "and you and I can star in it. Then you'll have it to watch when you go away to college, you'll have it to remember your dear, old mom by!"

"God, that would be awesome," he grunted, his big, hard cock jumping up and down with excitement. "I can't wait."

"Oh, what the hell," she giggled, standing up and sauntering over to her closet.

Opening the door, she reached inside and brought out a camera on a tripod.

She strolled back across the room and set the camera up by the bed as he watched on in expectant anticipation.

She was so God damned sexy, Bobby thought as he watched big, beautiful melons jiggle and bob while she worked on setting the camera up.

Then, she straightened up, her long, statuesque legs arching into a dizzying display of sweeping curves.

Turning to face him, she stood smiling at him wearing only her dainty, gold necklace, long, dangling, diamond earrings, and black, four-inch heels. She was fucking gorgeous.

"Well, I guess that if I'm going to be the leading lady, I should dress the part," she smiled, sauntering over to her dresser.

Bending down, she pulled out the bottom drawer. Bobby winced, knowing that the DVD was no longer in the drawer. Hoping she wouldn't find out, he was relieved to see her stand back up with a pair of black, fishnet hose and a sexy black garter belt in her hand.

Standing up, she pushed the drawer shut with the tip of her black high-heeled pump and strutted back over to the bed, swishing her ass back and forth provocatively. Plopping down on it, she quickly pulled the sexy, black, fishnet hose up her long, shapely legs as Bobby stood watching on with adoring fascination. Wrapping the lacy garter belt around her narrow waist, she slipped the little clasps together and spun it around until the clasp was in the back. Standing up, she leaned down with her big tits jiggling heavily as she attached the long, black garters to the top of her hose. Finally, a couple of tweaks here and there and she stepped over to the coffee table.

"Well," she smiled, sitting onto the coffee table and leaning back on her hands as she stretched out one of her long, curvaceous legs, "how do you like your leading lady's costume?"

"Gorgeous-just plain gorgeous," he grunted. "My leading lady is the most beautiful leading lady in the world...no matter what she's wearing!"

"Why don't you take a couple of minutes of me," she smiled, standing up and striding back over to the bed, "and then we can take the rest of the film of us."

Jerking the blue, satin spread off the bed, she threw it down onto the floor.

"Fucking awesome," he grinned, walking over to the camera while his mother crawled onto the bed.

She lay looking up at him; her legs bent at the knee and spread wide open exposing the oozing, fleshy wound between them. As she slowly ran her hand down over her belly to her pussy. Bobby saw the light sparkle off of the diamond

ring on her left hand as it moved down. Was this a warning from up above that he should respect the sanctity of what it stood for, he wondered as he leaned down over the camera.

Flicking the camera on, he watched his mother through the viewfinder as she lay on her back smiling up at him. Aiming the camera, he panned up and down her beautiful body, lingering on her awesome tits for several long seconds. Then he slowly swept the camera down over her firm, flat belly to the little tuft of curly brown hairs perched above her beautiful pussy. Then, zooming in, he ran the camera down onto the fleshy rift between her legs where her hand rested. Zooming in on the fragile delicacy of her cunt, he kept the camera focused there for several seconds.

Then as he was just starting to pan back up her body, he saw his mother's long, graceful fingers slowly spread the pretty, fleshy lips apart to expose the hot, wet opening of her cunt.

"Do you like my pussy?" she asked him, smiling wickedly as she lazily dipped a long, pink finger down into the oozing slit.

"God, yes," he hissed, trying not to shake the camera.

"Would you like to eat it?"

"That would be awesome," he grunted panning back so that he could record the act of him eating his mother's beautiful pussy.

She waited as he walked around from behind the camera as it continued to film the lewd performance. Tossing the remote control down on the bed, he kneeled down between her outstretched legs.

Dropping his mouth down onto her pussy, he gently kissed her soft, fleshy cunt-lips. Flicking out his tongue, he licked at her pussy, dragging his tongue up and down the juicy gash between them. Lapping up her sweet juices, his nostrils were immediately filled with the rich, fermenting fragrance of her femininity as he leisurely licked his way up to her clitoris that was jutting out, seeking attention, too.

Flicking it with his tongue, he felt his mother shudder.

"Oh, yes, feels good," she gurgled, pushing her pussy up against his chin.

Worrying the wiggling little pearl of flesh with his tongue, he slowly eased a finger up into the clinging tightness of her cunt. Doing this to his mother, and knowing that it was all being recorded was so fucking exciting. Reaching up, he gently pushed on his mother's leg, spreading her wider open to make sure the camera could catch every lurid detail as he hungrily ate her and worked fingers in and out of her gooey hole. She had her hands on his head, her fingers digging down into his curly hair as she softly hunched her pussy up against his mouth. Probing and rubbing the tip of his tongue back and forth across the jutting nub of her clit, his chin ground down against the slippery wetness of her oozing cunt. She was making soft, gurgling sounds as the camera silently continued to record the obscene act for prosperity. With her legs bent at the knees, obscenely splayed out, she bowed her back, thrusting her gravity-flattened breasts up into the air. Her shimmering, brown hair was fanned out around her head as she lay, eyes closed and head thrown back.

"My Baby...My Baby..." she murmured out, thrusting herself up against him harder as he raked his tongue back and forth with more insistence.

God, she's so fucking hot, he feverishly thought as he sucked and pulled on her quivering clit and raked his tongue back and forth across it.

Pulling his sticky fingers out of her, he slid his hands under her perfect ass and pulled her against his mouth as he ravaged her pussy and clit. Her breath was coming in raspy, little pants as the muscles in her belly strained and tightened right in front of his eyes. Her flattened breasts were flouncing around everywhere as her chest heaved up and down frantically.

Bobby could sense the nearness of her orgasm. God, how he loved to make her come! It made him feel so powerful...so manly...and how many boys could actually profess that they had made their mother come. Come twice in one day...

As she fought for her finish, the opening between her legs slowly narrowed until her smooth inner thighs were brushing against his cheeks then crushing his head between them as they clamped down on him.

"Ooooh God...Ohhhhh God...God...God," she finally gasped out, her back arching into a bow as her whole body went rigid and began to quiver and tremble.

Bobby worked over her clit, licking and lapping at it with frantic determination as she writhed below him. She was coming! She was coming! She was coming, he feverishly told himself, dragging his hands out from under her clenched ass. Wrapping them around her thighs, he shoved them up, tilting her pelvis up and lifting her pussy up to his mouth. Pursing his mouth around her pussy, he began to suck as her sweet juices spewed out into his mouth. Feasting on her overflowing cunt, he devoured the delicious nectar, sucking out more and more of the succulent juice as it poured out into his mouth. How long could it go on, he deliriously wondered as she lay groaning, her body still rigidly flexed as it shook and shivered. It went on and on until at last, he felt her thighs begin to slowly loosen their chokehold on his head. Looking up over her taut belly, he could see that beads of sweat had formed all over her body as it slowly began to soften and melt down onto the sweat-drenched sheets.

"Oh, my sweet Bobby," she was finally able to gurgle out as she slowly lifted her hands off his head and tiredly dropped them down onto the bed. "My sweet Bobby...it...that was...so, so...oh, my God..."

It must have been something, he giddily thought as her chest still heaved up and down while she fought to catch her breath. Lifting his mouth up off her pussy, he gave her retreating clit one last little flick. As he did, he saw her wince.

"Oh...so sensitive," she murmured, pushing his head away. Finally, after a few more moments, she slowly lifted her leg and swung it over his head as she spun on her beautiful butt and dropped her heels down onto the floor. Holding onto the bed to support herself as she stood up she swayed and wobbled on her shaky knees for a few seconds before she teetered over to the camera.

Stopping the filming, she punched a couple of buttons and rewound it for several seconds. Then she watched in the viewfinder as Bobby devoured her pussy.

"Any good?" Bobby asked, watching her smile as she watched. "Great!" she smirked. "Maybe we could turn it into a porn flick and make millions off it..."

"Well, we have to have a money shot and a climax first, don't we?" he snickered.

"But of course...and we'll take care of that soon enough..." she said, still peering into the viewfinder.

"Can't wait!" he said, reaching down to his still hard prick and giving it a few

quick whacks.

"Stand up on your knees," she told him.

"Uh, okay," he muttered, struggling to his knees on the bed. "Like this?"

"Yeah...yeah, perfect," she grinned, making a few adjustments on the camera then standing back up. Bobby's eyes were immediately drawn to her dangling, bobbing breasts as she stepped out from behind the camera and headed for the bed.

"You've got the prettiest tits in the whole world, Mom," Bobby appreciatively praised as she leaned down and crawled up on the bed.

"I think they're too saggy," she complained, standing on her knees in front of him.

"No! No! They're perfect," he groaned, reaching out and wrapping his hands around them.

"If you insist," she softly laughed, easing down on to her delightful butt and stretching her legs out beside his. Scooting closer, she inched forward until her mouth was level with his cock as it jutted straight out at her face. Then, with him standing between her outstretched legs, she lifted them and draped them over his calves. Reaching around behind him, she clasped the cheeks of his quivering ass in her hands, digging her long, sharp fingernails into his skin and slowly pulled him toward her.

Excitement was arcing through his cock making it twitch and jump as her full, red lips closed down over its bloated purple head. Then he saw her looking up at him, her eyes locked on his as her lips moved down onto the shaft of his cock. He didn't think he'd ever seen anything so erotically charged in his whole life as her lips slid farther and farther down the shaft of his brick-hard penis. Then, he felt one hand lift off his ass and slowly come back around to the front. Slowly backing her mouth back up his cock, her hand curled around his dangling balls. Cupping them, she lifted them. His cock was straining to lift itself, but was kept from doing so by the restraint of her mouth. Still staring up into his eyes, she backed away letting his cock slowly slither out from between her lips. As it did, it jerked up, slapping up against his straining belly, making a loud obscene sound.

Smiling lecherously, she flicked out her tongue and slowly licked down the rounded underside of his twitching cock to his big, dangling balls. While he watched on with fevered excitement, she wrapped her lips around his balls and gently sucked them both into her mouth. Bobby could feel the suction on the wrinkled sac that held his balls as she began to suck on them and run her hot tongue over them. Above her mouth, his cock was rigidly sticking straight up into the air, twitching dangerously as she gently pulled and toyed with his dangling jewels. Finally, her mouth opened and his big, spit-drenched balls came slithering out. Still staring into his eyes, she flicked out her tongue again and slowly, teasingly licked it up the bulge running up the underside of his big, twitching cock, all the way from his balls up to the bloated purple head. Wrapping her hand around the base of his big, stiff prick, she bent it down until it was sticking straight out, horizontal to the floor. Still looking into his eyes, she slowly, sensually twirled her hot, pink tongue around the swollen, purple head of his cock as it twitched and jerked in her hand. Bobby's heart was pounding, threatening to explode at any moment. His breathing was erratic, coming in short, panty gasps as she slowly eased her lips around the swollen head of his cock. Pursing them around it, she gently sucked, tickling her tongue over the sensitive cleft at its bottom where the shaft joined the head.

It was all so sensuous, Bobby thought as he groveled in the indecent attention his mother was lavishing on his throbbing penis. And it was all being recorded. Recorded for him! It was just too fucking unbelievable! Her pouty, red lips circling around the thick shaft of his peter slid farther and farther down it until he felt its head nudge up against the back of her mouth. Easing her head back, she sucked her way back up to its head as he gawked on in dazed ecstasy. Then, she began to slowly work her head back and forth as she sucked and pulled on his cock with her lips. Bobby's hands dropped down and clutched her head between them. His hips began to rock back and forth as he lazily fucked his mother's pretty face. Down below her chin, her big tits heavily bobbed as she hungrily devoured his jutting prick. Her hands were curled around his clenched ass cheeks as they slowly worked back and forth. Bobby could hear the loud slurps of her mouth as it wetly sucked on his cock. It was growing more and more difficult to hold back the tidal wave of cum that was boiling and bubbling down in his dangling balls. Her fingernails bit into his ass, her hands clutching it and controlling the pace of their movement as she began to suck even harder.

It felt like she was trying to suck his peter inside out as her mouth roughly pulled and worked on it. Was she going to let him come in her mouth, he dizzily

wondered? He also knew that the answer would be coming shortly!

Suddenly, a spasm of pleasure ripped through his cock as he felt it jerk inside her mouth. But as it did, she jerked her head back, letting his exploding cock jump out into the open. He stared down in surprise, watching the first big, pearly gush of cum spurt out of the head of his cock and go shooting straight into her mouth. As it did, her hand snaked around and grabbed hold of the base of his erupting cock, holding it and aiming it at her mouth as a second creamy spurt shot out of it and landed directly on her tongue. She was doing it for the fucking camera, he told himself. She was catching every spurt in her mouth and every one of the eruptions could clearly be seen going into her mouth. At last, his cock gave one last feeble lurch and a little trickle of cum dribbled down its bloated head.

Then she leaned forward and loudly slurped his dick back into her mouth. Squeezing down on his cock with her clenched fist, she worked it down the shaft of his cock squeezing out every single drop of the thick, pearly goo into her mouth. Milking her fist down his cock several more times, she roughly sucked and didn't stop until she had squeezed it all out.

It was a good thing that he was standing on his knees, Bobby weakly thought. Otherwise, they would have given away and he would have flopped down on his butt.

Finally, Dixie moved backward, easing her mouth off his softening peter, letting it flop down between his legs. Lifting her lovely, long legs up off his calves, she scooted back until he was no longer standing between her legs. Then she swung them around and dropped her high heels onto the carpet.

"Get down on your hands and knees," she ordered, pushing up and strutting back over to the camera. Bobby dropped down to his hands and knees and stood looking at her as she peered through the viewfinder and made a few more adjustments. Watching her big tits dangling down, jiggling and wiggling, he saw stand back up and smile at him. "There! All set!" she said, stepping around the camera and heading back to the bed.

Bobby couldn't take his eyes off her beautiful, bobbling tits as she reached the bed and leaned down over it. Quickly rolling over onto her back, she scooted over next to him. "Lift your leg so I can crawl under it," she told him. Lifting his leg, he balanced on his hands and one leg as she slithered under him with her

mouth directly below his big, dangling penis. Dropping his knee back to the bed beside her head, he lifted his arm and she wiggled her way under him until her juice-slathered pussy was below his mouth. She reached over and pushed his legs farther apart, making his hips drop, lowering his big cock down toward her waiting lips. As the big head of his limp prick brushed across her lips, she lifted her head off the bed, opened her mouth and sucked his dick inside at the same time she shoved a pillow under her head.

Wrapping her hand around the flaccid shaft of his dangling peter, she began to suck and pull on his cock with her mouth. Dixie lay on her back with her legs slightly bent and spread as Bobby stared down at her pussy. Lifting one hand, he eased it under the crook of her knee and gently lifted it into the air, folding it back until the crook was brushing against his triceps. Then he eased his other hand under her other leg and folded it back, too. He continued to push them back, tilting her pelvis and pussy up until it was totally exposed and vulnerable. Now his biceps rested on the backs of her thighs, his arms draped over them and his hands resting on the bed outside her tilted hips. Her legs were accorded back so far, the fronts of her thighs were only scant inches above the bed and her high-heels were jutting up pointing straight at the ceiling as he leaned down to the feast spread out below him.

Flicking out his tongue, he began to lick and lap at the gooey, wet gash. Raking his tongue up and down it for several seconds, he finally licked his way up across the tiny stretch of smooth skin between her pussy and the puckered, pink star peeking out from between the perfect cheeks of her ass. Digging his tongue down into the crack of her ass, he tickled the tip of his tongue over the jugged circle of fluted flesh. As he tickled and teased the fragile opening, he heard and felt a murmur bubble out around his cock. After toying with the delicate opening for several long seconds, he licked his way back across the little stretch of skin to her pussy. Lapping over, around, and under the thick, fleshy folds of meat surrounding her vagina, he slowly licked up the vestibule to the little pink pea jutting out of its fleshy sheath. Another murmur escaped her mouth as he flicked his tongue across the squirming ball of nerves. Working his mouth and tongue all over her genitals and anus, he lovingly toyed with her.

God, what a lover, Dixie giddily told herself as she once again found herself at a fever pitch. She could never recall being as aroused and excited as she was at this very moment. His tongue was all over her, touching, probing, licking, lapping at any and everything down there. And as he did his magic on her, she

could feel his big cock thickening and hardening inside her mouth. Surely they would go to hell for what they were doing, but it would be a small price to pay for the ecstatic rush she was feeling.

The synapses in her brain were crackling and sparking from the overload of pure, electric pleasure pouring through them. Then all of a sudden, she felt herself falling. Falling down and down into the darkness of her own fulfillment, she felt the caress of pleasure wrap itself around her and cradle her inside it to keep her from crashing onto the harsh reality of their sin. It just went on and on as his tongue and mouth kept her on fever's edge as she was rocked by the spasms of pleasure ripping through her pussy.

Finally, it began to weaken and die down inside her imploding cunt, leaving her basking in the warm glow of total gratification. As she did, she saw that Bobby's cock had fully recharged itself and was once again hard and stiff. She needed him inside her. Down inside her to fill the empty void between her legs. Fill it with the warmth of his manhood. Fill it and make them one again.

Easing her lush, red lips back down the shaft of the jutting giant, she gave him a little shove pushing him up and letting his cock slither out of her mouth.

"In me...put it in me..." she murmured, locking her arms around behind her legs to keep her leg bent up.

With her legs bent up, she was totally exposed for the deepest penetration as Bobby struggled off her and quickly crawled up between her legs. With her legs bent at the knees and slightly splayed, she could feel her stiletto heels brush against his hips as he positioned himself above her.

Bobby wrapped his hand around the thick, hard shaft of his cock and aimed the evil, tapered head down at the oozing gash that lay waiting for him between her legs. Slowly fitting the tip of his prick down into the juice-slickened opening, he eased forward, feeding his cock into her inch by inch. As he did, she slipped her arms out from behind her legs, letting them rest against his arms. Deeper and deeper into the hot, sucking muck went his cock, spreading it and filling it with his presence. She seemed even wetter, hotter, tighter than the first time, Bobby giddily thought as her hot pussy consumed him, welcoming him back into its clinging warmth. He was one with her again as his big, long peter filled her completely and totally. Finally, his big, dangling balls nudged up against her

upturned butt as he buried himself inside her all the way up to the hilt.

"So big..." she dreamily mumbled, squeezing herself down around the invading conqueror.

Bobby backed his peter down the juice-filled channel and then eased it back into her a second time. Staring down into her love-glazed eyes, he began to fuck her with slow, measured strokes, filling her to the limit on every thrust.

She took him without complaint, accepting him freely and willingly. They were like old lovers, meeting once again to renew their love for each other.

Dixie's hands lifted up to her slowly bobbling breasts and wrapped themselves around them. Clutching and pawing at them, she thrust herself back up at him every time he drove himself into her. Her black high heels were brushing against his hips as they rocked back and forth in unison.

The first time had been a fiery frenzied fuck, but this was slow, passionate lovemaking, Dixie thought to herself.

Comparing her son with her husband, she felt like sex with Hank was comfortable and safe, like an old, house slipper while sex with Bobby was exciting and flashy, a flashy, red, five-inch spike-heeled stiletto. Having sex, forbidden sex with her son was so, so wickedly dangerous. It was so wrong, and there were so many things that could go wrong with it on so many levels, it was too dizzying to contemplate. There would be time for guilt and self-loathing later, but now she just wanted to share what little time they had left together...

Bobby was sliding his big peter down into the hot clutch of her pussy balls deep on every plunging thrust. She could feel his hairy groin grind into hers every time, just as his big balls slapped up against her upturned ass. She didn't want him to ever stop as she felt herself being forced up to the edge of the abyss once again. Perch on the brink, she stared down into the darkness and suddenly felt herself diving down into the darkness as dark waves of pleasure washed over her, drowning her in its fiery clutch.

Her toes were arched as the muscles of her legs shook and quivered. She threw out her arms and gave out an ear-bursting primal scream. Clutching the sheets in her fists, she continued to scream for several long seconds before the scream weakened down to a plaintive whimper. But even as she groveled through her

orgasm, her pussy spasming and convulsing around Bobby's prick, Bobby didn't hesitate. He continued to pump his cock into her in the same slow, measured pace.

"God! God! God!" she gasped, her breasts heaving up and down wildly as she fought to catch her breath. "I love it! I love it! I love to fuck! I love to fuck you!"

"I love it, too!" Bobby panted, finally picking up the pace just a hair.

Dixie could feel her hot juices oozing out around her son's slowly pistoning prick. As it did, it ran down the crack of her ass, coating her puckered asshole with its sticky heat. Would he like that, too, she sickly wondered?

She had let Hank do it to her there a few times, but he was smaller than Bobby. And he had gotten so excited; it had been over almost before it began. Would the same thing happen to Bobby? She knew that his peter was drenched with her slippery juices, so there would be no need for lubricant. No need to stop to put the lubricant on. All he had to do was move down a couple of inches and stick it in. Then he'd be inside her upturned ass. Strangely, she found herself wanting it! Wanting to feel his big dick shoved up her ass! She had never had an anal orgasm, and didn't even know if it was possible because it had been over so quick with Hank. Do it, do it, the dark side of her urged. Let him stick his giant prick up your ass and fuck you with it.

"Bobby! Bobby, stop for a second," she murmured, looking up at his sweaty face.

"What?" he muttered, his hips slowly grinding to a halt.

"Would you..." he softly asked, pausing for a second before finishing the sentence. "Would you like to fuck me in the ass?"

"What? What? You mean...you mean in, in your, your..." he groaned, unable to finish. "You mean in your..."

"Yes! Yes, would you like to fuck me in the ass?" she asked, smiling up at him, amused by his shock.

"Would I?" he gasped, as she felt his cock lurch down inside her pussy. "Oh, God, Yes!"

"You'll have to go slow. You're so big! Can you do that?" she asked him, clutching her pussy down around his embedded prick.

"Yes! Yes, I'll go slow...I promise!" he blathered out, not believing that it was really happening.

Fuck her in the ass? He was going to fuck the hot, perfect ass he had been ogling all day long. It was unfucking believable. He was having trouble breathing and fought to hold back the explosion that was building down inside his dangling balls.

"Have to wait," he grunted. "Too excited. About to come just thinking about it!"

"I understand," she murmured. "Take it out and we'll just fool around a little bit until you can calm yourself a little."

"Uh...okay," he muttered, slowly backing his primed penis out of the tight, hot clutches of her clinging pussy.

Backing up, he let her long, shapely legs slowly lower down onto the bed. Flexing her legs a few times to restore the circulation to her lower legs, she patted the bed beside her and picked up the remote control. Punching it with a finger, she stopped the filming.

Crawling up beside her, he draped his arm across her just below her jiggling breasts. Snuggling up against her, he pressed his rock-hard cock up against the soft, smoothness of her silky hip.

"Have you ever done it to a woman there, before?" she asked him, tickling a long fingernail around his tiny, jutting nipple.

"No! Too big," he grunted, lifting his hand up to one of her flattened breasts and tickling the tip of his finger around the big, puffy nipple sticking out of its darkened tip.

"There's no denying that," she murmured as he ground his cock against her hip.

"Have you...have you ever let a man...let a man do it to you there?" he timidly asked.

"Your father...only your father," she said.

"Did...did it hurt?" he asked her, pinching her big nipple between his finger and thumb.

"A little," she smiled, "but I don't care...I want to feel you inside my ass! I want you to fuck my ass with your cock and make me come."

"I don't want to hurt you," he mumbled, still tweaking her puffy nipple, feeling it hardening under his touch.

"It'll just hurt for a little bit and then it will feel all better," she smiled, running her hand down to his impatient peter.

"Are you sure?" he asked her.

"I'm sure! How does it feel now," she wanted to know, feeling that some of the rigid hardness was gone from his cock.

"Better! I think I can hold it back now, if you want to do it," he told her.

"Okay! Let's do it," she said, punching the remote to start the camera again as Bobby struggled up to his hands and knees once again.

Lifting her long, shapely legs up into the air, she watched him crawl back up between them. Inching forward, he pushed her legs back down until they were almost touching the bed as his big dick bobbed up and down below his taut belly.

"Put it back in my pussy first," she murmured, lifting her legs higher, tilting her pelvis as she rested her shapely calves on his shoulders. "Get it wet and slippery, then put it in my ass."

Grunting, Bobby immediately found the moist opening down between her gorged pussy lips and slipped his cock down into it all the way up to the hilt.

"You're so hot...and so wet," he groaned slowly working his cock in and out of the tight moistness of her clutching cunt.

After several quick strokes, she gently pushed him back, making him drag his juice-drenched peter out of her oozing cunt. A stream of her juices followed his

cock out and ran down the crack of her ass coating her puckered anus with a film on her hot, slippery juice. Reaching around her hips, she dug her fingers into her round, perfect ass. Pulling the cheeks of her ass apart, she spread them to expose the puckered, pink circle of fluted flesh that peeked out from between them.

"Now! Now, put it in my ass," she whispered, tilting her ass even higher for him.

Bobby lowered his hips ever so slightly, aiming the tapered tip of his cock down at the puckered opening of her asshole. Fitting the rounded tip on the little ring of fluted flesh, he leaned forward forcing the head of his dick against the opening. As he did, he felt it stretching the tight opening, spreading it open as it dug deeper and deeper into the resistance.

Looking down, he saw his mother's grimaced face as she clenched her eyes shut so tightly it forced out a single tear that trickled down her cheek. She had her pouty lower lip pulled down between her perfect white teeth as she fought to keep from crying out.

"Do you want me to stop?" he grunted out, pausing, holding his dick motionless for the moment.

No! No, she silently told him by violently shaking her head back and forth.

Straining harder, Bobby felt the barbed head of his prick finally force its way into the clenched opening of her anus.

"Unhhhhhhhhh," she groaned out as her anal sphincter collapsed down around the shaft of his big dick just below the flared edge of the glans.

"Put it in...put it all in..." she whimpered, straining back against him as he began to push his cock into the hot mush of her ass.

"Yessssssssss!" he hissed, thrusting his hips forward and slowly sliding his peter down into her until he had all eight inches buried down into the hot clutch of her beautiful ass.

His first piece of ass, he giddily thought. His first piece of tail. His first piece of ass and it was the most beautiful ass in the whole wide world. His mother's beautiful, perfect ass.

Grinding himself against the soft, pliant flesh, he forced his penis down into her as deep as it would go. He had never felt anything so hot, so tight, and so fucking exciting.

"Fuck me! Fuck me and make me come," she groaned, straining back against him.

Backing his hips, he slowly pulled his peter back down the tight, clutching mush of her rectum. Then, when he felt the pinch of her anal sphincter wrapped around just below the flared rim of his glans, he leaned forward and buried his cock down into her all the way up to its hairy hilt. He began to work his hips back and forth as he slowly, methodically pumped his cock into her hot, tight ass. As he did, she had her arms flung out, her fists clenching the sheet. In and out, in and out went his giant prick, spreading the clenched opening making it clutch and nip at the invading hunk of prick meat. Picking up the pace just slightly, he thought he saw a softening of her grimace and after a minute or so, it was gone.

"Mmmmm...Mmmmmm," she murmured, her eyes fluttering open as she looked up at him. "Faster...faster and make me come..."

"Yesssssss," he hissed, sliding his cock in and out of her upturned ass faster and faster.

Her calves were bouncing against his shoulders making her black high heels slash the air by his head in cadence with his pistoning attack on her ass. She could feel Bobby's big, flopping balls slapping up against her ass every time he pumped his cock into it. She couldn't believe it but she could already feel another orgasm building. But this time it was in her ass and pussy both. She was going to come while she was getting fucked in the ass. Fucked in the ass by her son and his giant prick. It would be a first on several levels for her.

Bobby couldn't believe it. His mother was going to come while he was fucking her in the ass. He hadn't thought it possible, but he could feel the muscles in her anus slowly tightening their hold on his pistoning prick. Well, he didn't know much about ass fucking, he told himself. This was his first time! But it sure as hell wasn't going to be his last time, he swore to himself.

His hips were jerking back and forth wildly as he pounded his cock in and out of her hot asshole. He could feel the tight ring of muscles clinging to his cock as it slid in and out of the tightening grasp of her anus. Then, as her hold on his cock

grew tighter and tighter, he felt the burn begin in the head of his prick.

"Oh-oh-oh-yessssss," his mother suddenly hissed as he felt her legs stiffen under him.

Her legs, bent at the knees suddenly straightened as her high heels shot up into the air above her head. Wriggling her hips around, she ground her ass back against his belly as her pussy, clit, and ass all convulsed at the same instant, sending explosions of pleasure sparking into her overloaded brain.

"OhGodGodGod..." she groaned off as the atom bomb of pleasure exploding down inside her pelvic girdle sent out shock waves all over her body.

She had never felt anything like it, as everything below her waist seemed to be bursting into flames of intense pleasure all at the same time. She could feel it in her clit...in her empty pussy...and even in her overstuffed ass. It was the most fulfilling, powerful orgasm she had ever had. It was as if her heart and soul were on fire as the passion of the moment raged out of control.

Then finally as the last throes of her orgasms began to wane and weaken, she felt Bobby's cock swell up and lurch down inside her ass. Suddenly, she felt a hot gush of cum splash out onto the sensitive lining of her rectum sending her plunging back into the depths of depravity as another orgasm rocked her ass, pussy, and clit.

"More...more...come more!" she groaned out, feeling a second gush of thick, hot cum spurt out into her ass.

Another rush of pleasure tore through her pelvis as the flames licked higher and higher, filling her whole body with another fiery burst of pleasure. As it did, she felt her spasming pussy squirting out a river of her hot, thick juices. It gushed out of her, coating his belly, matting down the hairs encircling his spouting dick, running around the base of his embedded penis and down onto his dangling balls.

She could feel his big dick continue to kick and lurch down inside her ass as the load of thick, hot semen began to leak out around the shaft of his cock. It seemed to go on forever and ever, she groggily thought. But at last, she felt his cock finally stop firing off down inside her overflowing ass. Gallons...he must have shot gallons of cum into her ass, she told herself as the sticky goo continued to

ooze out around his buried penis...



The week passed in a blur of lovemaking. They tried every position they could imagine and did it in just about everywhere. In her bedroom, his bedroom, the couch, the floor, on the coffee table, kitchen table, the pool table just to mention a few. But before they knew it the week was gone, and Bobby left, leaving Dixie alone with her guilt and sorrow...

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Chapter Three

He was coming home. Bobby was coming home, she anxiously thought. The way things worked out, it seemed to be their destiny to become lovers, because as fate would have it, Hank was away and wouldn't return for two days. So they would have the house to themselves for two whole days. Two whole days to reacquaint themselves, she sickly thought. Two days to satisfy her sick craving for her son once again.

Nervously pacing the kitchen, she quickly downed a piece of toast, just to put something into her stomach, because she knew she would need some liquid libation to quiet her jittery nerves.

Glancing at her watch, she saw it was already nine o'clock and he was due to arrive around ten or so. Finishing her toast, she hurried up to her bedroom. Taking a quick shower, she toweled off and rushed back out to her dresser feeling her heavy tits tugging on her chest as she leaned over and pulled open the bottom drawer open. A little smile tugged at her lips as she saw the DVD that Bobby had stolen lying on top of her naughties. It seemed like it had all happened years ago, but in actuality, it had only been six months ago. But that was six, long months of missing him, wanting him, needing him.

Hurry home, my love...hurry home to your mother who misses you so much, she sickly thought!

What to wear, she anxiously asked herself, searching through the jumble of lingerie in the drawer. Well, after all it was a reunion, wasn't it! So why not wear the same thing she worn on that infamous first afternoon of love making! Pulling out the same pair of black fishnet hose and garter belt she had worn on that auspicious day, she suddenly had another inspiration. Plucking up a pair of sheer, black, panties, she shoved the drawer closed with the tip of one of her brightly painted toes and stepped over to the bed. Tossing the skimpy lingerie onto the bed, she hurried back into the adjoining bathroom.

Grabbing up a can of shaving cream and a razor, she plopped down onto the toilet seat. Five minutes later, she grabbed up a hand mirror and held it down to her now bald pussy to admire her handiwork. Poking and probing at the fleshy lips of her pussy with her finger, she moved them all around, checking to make sure that she had gotten every last hair. Yep, she told herself, running her fingertips over the smooth skin, smooth as a baby's butt. Smooth as Bobby's little

butt had been, back when he had been her little, baby boy! I'll bet he'll be surprised, she laughed to herself replacing the shaving equipment and hurrying back out into the bedroom.

She knew she should feel guilty for her shameful behavior toward her son, but she just couldn't. She wasn't going to let guilt or anything else spoil their time together. It was too precious. She knew no mother should feel what she felt for him. But something had snapped on that fateful day back on the island. It was as if some evil, foul creature had been buried deep in her psyche and broken free and now possessed her. The thing had broken free of the chains of morality and societal mores and now ruled her mind with its own sick, twisted, demented cravings. So be it, she thought as the fiend feasted on her conscience, devouring it and quieting its dying screams...

Sitting down on her padded, silk-covered vanity bench, she quickly fitted her sexy, black, six-garter, garter belt around her narrow waist. Fastening the catch, she spun it around her waist until two of the long, black garters dangled down the front of her perfectly-shaped thighs, two hung down over the rounded swell of her hips, and the last two dropped down over the perfect roundness of her beautiful ass cheeks. Grabbing up one of the black, fishnet hose, she arched her foot, pointing her brightly-tipped big toe, she eased it down into the hose. Slowly, she pulled the hose up over her ankle, up over the curved swell of her calf, over her dimpled knee and up onto the roundness of her thigh. Running her hands back down it, she tweaked it here and there until it was perfectly situated on her leg. Standing up, she pulled the long bands of black elastic down and fastened them to the top band of the hose one by one. Sitting back down, she repeated the process with the other hose. At last she had the hose secured to her legs.

Bending down, she could feel the elastic garters stretching, digging into her ass as she picked up the panties. The panties were so sheer, she could see every detail of her fingers through them as she held them up to check them for any snags or tears. Seeing none, she bent down and stepped into them one foot at a time. Tugging them up her long, curvaceous legs, she pulled them up over her hips until the elastic waist band was wrapped around her dainty waist, just below the garter belt. Looking down at the lace-edged opening that ran down the center of her panties, she saw that her itching pussy was completely covered by the lace. Poking it open, she delicately ran her fingertip over the exposed jut of her tingling clit. Wait until he sees it, she giddily thought.

Letting her thoughts run wild, she fantasized about Bobby and what their weekend would be like as she fingered her clit. Finally, she shook her head to clear it and moved her finger away from her clit. Slipping her legs under the vanity, she reached for her perfume. Removing the dauber, she ran it down valley of her cleavage. Then she lifted each big, droopy tit and ran the dauber along the crease where her breast joined her chest. Then a little dab behind each ear and she replaced the dauber into the bottle.

Picking up the little gold cylinder lying next to the perfume, she pulled off its cap and gave the bottom a twist. The tapered tip of carmine lipstick poked its head out of the chamber as she did. Slowly running the tip over her full, pouty lips, she painted them with the lipstick knowing that it would probably be smeared the moment the two of them met once again. Replacing the lipstick, she quickly applied mascara to her long eyelashes and then she shaped the thin arch of her eyebrows with the little eyebrow pencil. Once satisfied her eyebrows were perfectly arched, she laid the pencil down and picked the sable rouge brush.

Dabbing the brush down into the rouge, she quickly brought it up to her cheeks. Running the soft, little brush over her cheekbones, she gave her cheeks the tiniest hint of a blush. Finishing with her cheeks, she daubed the brush back into the rouge and slowly dropped the brush down onto one of her big saggy breasts. Slowly tickling the little brush around the tip of her breast, she darkened the already dusky pink areola. Then, dipping the brush back in the rouge, she did the same with her other breast. Setting the brush down, she reached up and gave her hair a couple of fluffs and then stood up. She quickly stepped into her black, patent leather high heels and with tits flouncing about wildly and ass jiggling tightly, she set off downstairs to the bar.

After making a pitcher of margaritas, she poured herself one and stood sipping on it as she anxiously waited for Bobby.

After the third drink, she was beginning to feel the calming effects of the alcohol as she finally heard a car drive up into the driveway. Setting her glass down, she clopped over to the door and peeked out through the peephole.

It was him! It was Bobby! She could barely contain herself as she watched him crawl out of the car. Reaching back inside the car, he drug out his overnighter and a bouquet of flowers before he slammed the door shut and started up the sidewalk toward the house.

Stepping back away from the door so she couldn't be seen from the street when he opened it, she anxiously waited for him. Raising her hands up to her quivering breasts, she nervously clutched at them as she finally saw the doorknob turn. She was a blithering mess, she told herself. Lucky the three drinks had calmed her nerves somewhat or she'd be a nervous wreck.

At last! At last, she screamed to herself as the door came swinging open and Bobby stepped inside. He suddenly stopped dead in his tracks and stood gawking at her in open-mouthed shock as she held her arms out to him.

"Come in! Come in, my Baby," she babbled, waiting for him to come to her.

He finally came to his senses and shoved the door closed. Dropping his overnighter and the flowers, he stumbled toward her like a sleepwalking zombie. Their bodies met as they clutched each other tightly. Their mouths met in a fiery kiss of passion and love. They stood embracing in an open-mouthed kiss for the longest time before Dixie, gasping for breath broke their lip lock and stumbled back a step. Her hands immediately shot down to his pants. Fumbling with the clasp, she frantically pulled it open. Then, with both hands she jerked his pants open. As she did, his big dick flopped out into the open. It was already in the final stages of erection as she gawked down at the hardening monster.

Bobby had apparently been prepared for any such occurrence, as he wore no shorts. Dropping to her knees in front of him, she pulled his pants down his hairy legs until they were wrapped around his ankles. Then letting go of them, she wrapped her hands around his dick and lifted it to her mouth. Hungrily sucking on the hardening giant, she quickly brought it to full erection.

Then when his peter was sticking out hard and stiff, she melted down onto the carpet. Rolling over onto her back, she quickly shoved her sheer, black panties down her long legs. As she did, her bald pussy suddenly came into view, exposed to Bobby's leering gawk.

"God, Mother," he gasped, dropping to his knees between her outstretched legs. "You...you shaved it! You shaved your pussy!"

"Just for this special occasion," she murmured, running her hand down to it and fingering its big, fleshy lips apart to reveal the weeping slit between them. "Do you like it?"

"Like it? I love it! It's beautiful!" he groaned staring down at it as his big prick jumped and twitched with excited anticipation. "It's the sexiest thing I've ever seen..."

"I hoped you would like it! I did it especially for you, Baby," she gurgled extending her arms up to him, inviting him down between her shapely thighs.

"God, Yes! I love it," he said, reaching out and gently running his fingertips over the soft, smooth skin surrounding her oozing pussy. "It's so smooth..."

"It's as smooth as your little butt was when you were my little baby," she cooed, as he moved his hand away from it and leaned down over her.

Then he slowly dipped his hips as her clutching hands found his jutting prick.

"God, I missed you," she groaned out, guiding the evil barbed head of his peter down to the weeping wetness between her fully gorged cunt lips.

"I missed you, too! Every second of every day I was gone," he muttered as he felt the tip of his cock slide down into the juice-slickened opening of her vagina.

"Damn, Baby!" she cursed as he gently eased his big prick down into the goo-filled channel of her tight cunt. "I think you've grown since last time. It feels even bigger than before."

The tapered head of his cock slid into her pussy, spreading it and stretching it open as it dug deeper and deeper into the tight mush. Finally, after an eternity, she felt the tickle of his curly pubic hairs on the smooth skin around her cunt. At last! At last, he was back inside her! Back where he belonged, she happily thought as their lips crushed together in another fiery kiss.

As they kissed, she kicked her long legs up into the air and wrapped her thighs around his waist. Squeezing her thighs around him, she dropped the tips of her black high heels down onto his ass. Thrusting her big, gravity-flattened tits up at him, she ground them into his hairy chest as she dug her heels into him forcing him even deeper into the seething core of her womanhood.

"Mother..." Bobby gasped as he began to work his hips back and forth at a furious pace.

"Yes, yes, Baby, like that..." she panted, thrusting herself up at his savage attack on her cunt.

Bobby was like a man possessed, ripping his cock in and out of her as they fucked like crazed animals. Nothing was being held back! They were both giving their all as they wallowed in the sick perversion of their incestuous communion. Bobby's hips were flashing back and forth wildly as he drove his peter in and out of her pussy. She could feel the pressure down inside her vagina building. Like a lamb being led to slaughter, she drew closer and closer. Bobby was panting with effort, sweat dripping off him everywhere, running down and dripping onto her. There was a sweaty film of perspiration between their bellies, making their bodies slip and slide against each other as they fucked. Dixie could feel Bobby's thrusts becoming more insistent as she teetered on the brink of a mind-blowing orgasm. Her hands were all over him, touching, scratching, clawing at him, urging him to fuck her harder and help her over to the Promised Land. Her fish-netted thighs were rubbing against his sides as she dug her heels into his bounding ass over and over again.

Then, suddenly she found herself being pummeled and battered by waves of pleasure as they welled up from her cunt. Arching her back, she thrust herself up at him, digging her heels into his ass to hold him imprisoned inside her hot, convulsing cunt. Her whole body shook and quivered from the effort of keeping him inside her.

Straining against her, Bobby forced himself deeper inside her and all at once, she felt the barbed head of his cock embed itself into the tight opening of her convulsing cervix. She had never felt anything like it as the giant lurched and spewed out a giant gush of semen directly into her womb. She had never been so deeply invaded, she feverishly thought as her son's big peter continued to jerk and spurt its virulent load into her womb.

His ass clenched tightly, Bobby kept himself thrust down inside her hot, clutching cunt for the longest time. He could feel the tight clutch of her pussy around the head of his cock, but it somehow seemed different. It felt tighter and the spasms working through it seemed stronger. Groveling in the sheer perversion of it all, Bobby let his cock jerk and twitch, spewing out its virulent load into her until, finally it was empty. There was nothing left inside his big, dangling balls. She had sucked him completely dry, pulling out every last sperm. He had nothing left to give her. And she had taken it all without hesitation or

reservation...

"Oh, God, Mother," Bobby groaned, leaning down and raining down a shower of soft, butterfly kisses on her sweat-stained face. "That...that was fantastic..."

"Yes...yes it was," she tiredly murmured, gently clutching at his softening penis with her cum-filled cunt. "Wonderful..."

Grunting, he slowly drug his peter back out of her sopping pussy and flopped onto his back beside her.

"By the way," he groaned. "Where's Dad?"

"Gone and he won't be back until Monday, so we have all weekend together. Just the two of us...just the two of us all alone in this big old house..." she purred.

"Great! Two whole days! Maybe I won't even let you out of bed," he grinned, rolling over onto his belly and pushing up to his hands and knees.

"And maybe I might not want to get out of bed either..." she laughed softly as he stood up.

Bobby's dick had softened to the point it was now dangling down between his muscular thighs as he stepped out of his pants and toed his loafers off. Extending his hand down to her, he watched her reach for it and pull herself up with it.

"I've got some surprises for you up in my bedroom," she murmured, stepping over to the bar.

"What?" he grinned, watching her swish her cute, little tush from side to side as she walked.

"You'll see," she told him, refilling her glass with more margarita. "I think you'll like them."

"As long as they have something to do with this," he laughed, stepping up and groping her quivering ass with his hand.

"They do," she smiled, tipping her glass up and downing her drink in one long, thirsty gulp.

"Good!" he laughed.

"Grab the pitcher and a glass and let's go upstairs," she told him, turning and heading for the stairs with her empty glass in her hand.

"Lead the way so I can watch your beautiful ass," he grunted, grabbing up the pitcher and another glass.

"Yes, Sir," she laughed, swishing her ass back and forth enticingly as she strutted up the stairs.

"God, you've got a gorgeous ass, Mom," Bobby muttered, following along behind her, his eyes locked on her switching buttocks.

"Glad you like it," she said over her shoulder.

Anticipating Bobby's visit, Dixie had paid a visit to a town a few miles away earlier in the week. She had made a special visit to a place called "Intimate Thoughts". It was of course, a sex store where one could purchase almost any sexual device known to man...or woman. She had purchased several things that she hoped would please Bobby. Before he had arrived, she had spread them out over the bed for his inspection before they used them.

Leading Bobby into the room, she stopped beside the bed and swept her hand out over the display of perversion that lay spread out on the bed.

"Damn, Mother," Bobby grunted, staring down at the toys. "Where did you get all these?"

"Bought them for our special weekend," she grinned. "But when we're done with them, you have to take them back to college with you so your father doesn't stumble onto them. Okay? We wouldn't want him to find out that Baby was doing naughty things to his Mommy!"

"Sure thing," he laughed. "Maybe I can find someone at college to practice with...you know, to hone my skills before my next trip home."

"If you're trying to make me jealous," she said, pouting out her full, red lower lip, "you've succeeded. So no more of that kind of talk..."

"Sorry...I was joking," he said. "Don't be mad..."

"It wasn't funny," she complained, reaching for the pitcher.

"I know," he muttered, "it was a stupid thing for me to say..."

Watching her pour herself another drink, Bobby looked over to the toys spread out on the bed.

Studying the toys, Bobby saw three or four dildoes ranging in size from one about the diameter of his little finger and about six inches long to one giant black one that rivaled his own peter in length and girth.

"Mom," Bobby asked, picking up the big, black dildo and holding it up. "Have you ever done...done it with a black man?"

"Well, no...no I haven't," she told him, reaching over and slowly working her hand up and down the shaft of the evil looking creature as he held it in his hand. "But that doesn't mean that I haven't thought about it on occasion. Especially when I see an exceptionally handsome one!"

"Now who's trying to make who jealous?" he asked her, frowning.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to," she said, running her hand down to his cock.

"I wonder if it's true?" he asked, almost to himself.

"What's true?" she wanted to know, taking the big, black dildo and tossing it back onto the bed.

"True that black men really do have bigger penises than white guys!" he grinned.

"You don't have to worry about any competition in that department," she smiled, curling her hand around his cock. "Yours is bigger than any penis I've ever seen..."

"Oh, really...and just how many have you seen?" he asked her, a touch of jealously seeping back into his voice.

"Not many," she told him. "And don't be jealous! Yours is the only one I want..."

Picking up the pitcher, she refilled her glass as Bobby pored over the toys lying on the bed.

"Which one do you want to try out first?" she asked him, sliding onto the bed and leaning back against the headboard.

"Let's try out this one," Bobby grinned, reaching back down to the big, black dildo once again. "And you can pretend some black guy is doing you..."

"Okay," she grinned, tipping up her glass and knocking down her drink.

Setting her glass back down on the nightstand, she scooted down the bed until her head was resting on a pillow. Spreading her long, shapely legs, she reached down to her pussy and slowly fingered its puffy, fleshy lips apart. Looking up at him with an expectant smile on her lips, she watched him slowly lower the black giant down to her pussy.

Bobby lazily rubbed the slippery, black tip of the evil looking dildo up and down the moist slit of his mothers' pussy coating it with her slippery juices. Finally, he brought it down to the weeping hole at the bottom of her pussy. With his fist wrapped around it, he began to force it down into the tight opening as Dixie spread her legs a little wider to accommodate the fake dick.

Bobby couldn't believe how easily the evil creature slid down into her. She was so hot and wet, her pussy was almost sucking the giant cock out of his hand. Bit by bit, he fed the dildo down into her, fascinated with the contrast of the black rubber and the pinkness of her pussy as the big black peter disappeared down into her hungry snatch.

Finally there was only the flat nub of the base of the dildo protruding out of her bald pussy. Letting go of it, he placed the tip on his finger on it and slowly pushed it down into her. It was fascinating to watch her hot pussy close down around the black dick as it completely disappeared from view.

"Damn," he muttered, staring down at her pussy that had now closed around his finger. "You took the whole damned thing."

"Why shouldn't I? It's the same size as yours! So if I can take all of you, I can take all of it," she grinned up at him, slowly tickling a fingertip over her jutting clit.

Pulling his finger out of her pussy, he watched the muscles in her tummy tighten as the black base of the fake cock slowly began to emerge from her pussy. As it did, Bobby saw that it was glistening wetly from a coating of her thick, wet juices. When enough had oozed back out, he curled his fist around the sticky toy and began to slowly work it in and out of her tight cunt. Reaching over to the pile of toys lying beside her, Dixie picked up a little white vibrator. Flicking it on, she ran it down and placed the rounded tip of the buzzing vibrator on the jutting nub of her clit. As she did, Bobby could feel the muscles around her pussy tighten on the big dildo making it a little harder to slide it in and out of her tightened pussy. Her other hand crept up to one of her big, gravity-flattened tits and began tweaking its bulging nipple between her finger and thumb. Captivated by the eroticism of watching the evil black cock sliding in and out of his mother's drooling, pink cunt, Bobby could feel his own cock slowly lifting its head up into the air.

Dixie was lying with her knees lifted up in the air, her beautiful, long legs splayed out to the side as she diddled herself with the vibrator while Bobby fucked her with the big, goo-covered cock. Her head, resting on the pillow was thrown back and her eyes clenched shut as she let herself go. Floating along with the flow of pleasure welling up from her pussy and clit, she let herself be forced closer and closer to another upheaval. With a determined look on her face, she fought for it as the muscles around her pussy grew tighter and tighter around the pistoning dildo. Seeing the muscles in her belly tightening, straining, Bobby could sense that she was on the verge of another orgasm. Working the big, black cock in and out of her faster, he forced it deeper inside the clutching mush of her pussy. As he did, she began to thrust herself back against the invading giant, taking it deeper and deeper inside her hot pussy.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh-Yessssss," she hissed as her legs suddenly shot straight out and began to rigidly shake.

The muscles in her legs quivered and tightened as she dug her high heels down into the mattress, lifting her beautiful ass up off the bed as she thrust herself up against the embedded rubber giant of a peter. Murmuring softly, she dropped the little vibrator and clutched at her quivering breasts with both hands.

Bobby continued to pump the big dildo in and out of her pussy as thick, hot gushes of juice spewed out around the thick shaft of the dildo, coating his hand with its hot stickiness. It was so fucking exciting watching her come, Bobby

deliriously thought as his cock twitched and danced, jutting up out of his hairy groin like some evil demon. His hand and her inner thighs were now dripping with her gratification as her orgasm went on and on.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the muscles in her legs slowly began to soften and her beautiful, round butt eased back down onto the bed.

After several long moments, her eyes slowly fluttered open as she looked up at him with a happy, dazed look on her face. Her hot, purplish-blue eyes were still widely dilated and they had a distant, unfocused look about them.

"Was it good?" Bobby whispered, easing the drenched black dildo out of her gooey pussy.

"God, yes!" she groaned, unwrapping her hands from her tits and tiredly dropping them to the bed.

Running his fingers over the juice covered lips of her pussy, Bobby was mesmerized by their soft smoothness. There was nothing on earth so totally erotic as pussy lips, he giddily thought. The keepers of the gate, the guardians of the chalice...

"They're so soft," he murmured, delicately pinching one, and gently rubbing it between his finger and thumb.

"Ummmmmmmmmm," she sighed, watching him fondle the puffy folds of pink flesh with his fingers.

"It's so pretty...and with no hair around it...it's so sexy!" he whispered to her.

"Have you ever done it to yours?" she softly asked him.

"Done what?" he asked her, all his blood pooled down in his jutting prick, leaving little in his brain for cognitive use.

"Shave off the hair around it..." she laughed softly.

"No!" he told her, looking down at his big, jutting prick. "Would you like for me to?"

"If you would like to..." she smiled suggestively. "I think a man with no hair around his penis is just about the sexiest thing ever..."

"Does Dad ever do it?" he asked her, dropping his hand down to his cock and fingering the kinky curls surrounding it.

"On special occasions," she laughed. "And sometimes, I even do it for him..."

"Oh...would you like to do it for me?" he asked her with a lewd smile playing across his lips.

"If you wish..." she said, lifting her legs and spinning on her butt to drop her feet down onto the floor.

Bobby watched her beautiful ass quiver tightly as she strutted across the room toward the bathroom.

Waiting for her to return, Bobby slowly stroked his hand up and his cock as he studied the toys. Then he saw a strap-on cock. Is she going to fuck me with it? He didn't know just how to take that. It would be kind of kind of sexy for her to fuck him, but he was afraid that it might hurt too much. But the cock on it wasn't as big as his was and after all, she had taken his big cock up her ass, hadn't she?

Just have to wait and see, he told himself as he saw his mother come strolling out of the bathroom. Shifting his attention from her delightful ass, he now focused on her big, pendulous breasts, watching them jiggle and bobble sexily with every step she took.

"I'm back," she giggled, setting a little basin of water on the nightstand.

"I can see," he grinned, reaching out and fingering one of her big, puffy nipples.

"Sit up and scoot over to the edge of the bed," she told him.

Scooting over to the edge of the bed, he dropped his feet to the floor.

"A little more...with your butt half off the bed so I can get at those big balls of yours..." she instructed him.

Leaning back on his elbows, he scooted back until his butt was half on and half

off the bed.

"Okay, now spread 'em," she smirked, holding up the little can of shaving foam in her fingers.

Bobby leaned back and slowly spread his hairy legs apart. Then, he watched her spread the white foam all over his belly and balls.

"It looks funny," he grinned, looking down at his big cock jutting up out of a circle of white foam.

"Yeah, it does! But not for long," she said, picking up the razor. "Soon, it'll be bald and even sexier...if that's possible!"

Then, she dropped to her knees between his legs. Reaching down to his peter, she gave it a gentle little kiss.

"I thought you were going to shave it," he murmured as her lips finally lifted up off his cock head.

"Are you ready?" she asked him, looking up at him with a lewd smile on her lips.

"Yeah," he muttered, staring down over his jutting cock at her.

"Okay, here we go," she said, taking hold of the head of his cock with the tips of her fingers. "Now, be still..."

"Yes, Ma'am," Bobby gulped, hoping that he didn't move and revoke his manhood.

Lowering the razor down to his belly, she slowly pulled it along toward his cock. As it scraped along, it left a swath of smooth, hairless skin behind it. Reaching his penis with the razor, she angled it up and continued to shave him, moving a couple of inches up his thick cock.

"See there's nothing to it," she laughed, reaching over and jiggling the razor in the basin of water.

Another swipe, then another, and another, Dixie kept on until his belly and groin

were as smooth and bare as her own pussy.

"Now it's time for these," she smiled, lifting his big, dangling balls in the palm of her hand.

Then she began to work on them, pinching the loose skin of his scrotum and stretching it taut, she carefully scraped the razor over them.

"That kind of tickles," he grinned down at her, watching her move the razor over his balls.

"That's what your father says," she laughed, continuing to shave the hair off his balls.

A few moments later, his balls matched his groin in their obvious lack of pubic hair.

Reaching over, she laid the razor down and dabbed the towel into the water basin. Bobby looked on as she quickly wiped off what little foam there was left on his belly, dick, and balls.

"Smooth as a baby's butt," Dixie smiled, running her fingers over the smooth skin before standing up and gathering up all the stuff but the towel she had used to shave him.

"Speaking of butts," Bobby grinned, reaching out and groping her soft, round ass, as she turned to carry the stuff back to the bathroom. "Yours is gorgeous!"

"Oh, really," she laughed, quickly strutting across the room swishing her ass back and forth as she returned the shaving stuff to the bathroom.

She was back within moments, smiling happily as she strolled toward him. Bobby hadn't moved and still sat, leaning back on his elbows, his feet on the floor with his legs spread.

"Looks good enough to eat," she murmured, easing down onto her knees between his outstretched legs.

Bobby watched on in fascination as she took hold of his jutting, stiff cock and forcefully bent it down between his thighs. Then she dropped her lips down onto

the smooth plain of bare skin surrounding his cock. Flicking out her tongue, she licked it over the hairless skin, leaving a little trail of spit behind it as she anointed it with her tongue and lips. Finally, when the smooth skin was glistening wetly with her spit, she slowly let his prick rise back up into the air. Pursing her full, red lips around it, she slowly, sensually sucked the big, purple head into her mouth. Holding it in her mouth, she twirled her tongue around it, tickling, licking, lapping at it for several long seconds.

After a few moments, she lifted her pouty lips up off his jutting prick. Placing her hands on his thighs, she pushed herself up to her feet. Stepping around him, she crawled onto the bed with her big, dangling tits flouncing about wildly. As Bobby watched on expectantly, she rolled over onto her back, pushing the toys aside to make room for herself.

"Bring him to me," she murmured, running her hand down to her pussy.

She gently fingered her clit as Bobby sat up and turned to crawl up between her legs.

"No...bring him up here first," she whispered, flicking out her tongue and suggestively running it over her open lips.

With his big, hard cock hanging down under his belly like some kind of primed, warhead-tipped missile, he crawled over her. Standing on his hands and knees above her, he watched her reach up and bend his stiff prick down to her open mouth. She eased out her tongue and began to flick it back and forth across the sensitive cleft where the head of his cock joined the shaft. Several long seconds later, she bent his cock down farther and her ruby red lips closed down around it again. As they did, Bobby began to work his hips up and down as he fucked her beautiful face. In and out, in and out his big cock slithered between her lips as she nearly took his whole cock into her mouth on every downward stroke.

Murmuring softly as she sucked, she twisted her fist around the hairless base of his cock while she coated his cock with her hot, slippery spit. As she did, her other hand was cupping his big balls, squeezing and gently tugging on them as they dangled down above her throat.

At last, she spread her hand out on his belly and gently pushed him up out of her mouth. Then still pushing, she guided his big, hard prick down into the cleavage between her big tits. Wrapping her hands around her tits, she pressed them

together, trapping his cock between them.

"Fuck my tits! Fuck my tits with your big cock!" she gurgled out.

Bobby began to work his hips back and forth, sliding his spit-slickened cock in and out of the clutching valley of warm, soft flesh.

Dixie could feel his big balls dragging across her belly as he slid his cock in and out between her tits. This was a first for him, she lewdly thought. He'd fucked her everywhere else, but he had never fucked her tits. Looking down, she watched the head of his big dick popping in and out of the hot clutch of her tits as her big, swollen nipples jutted up on both sides of it. She had her breasts compressed together so tightly around his pistoning prick, the big nipples were almost brushing against each other as he fucked her tits.

Finally, she tired of the game. She wanted him inside her hot, hungry cunt.

"In me...inside me..." she whispered, releasing her hold on her tits.

Bobby crawled backwards down her body until his dick was jutting out over her bald pussy. Lifting his legs one at a time, he crawled over between her legs as she spread them apart for him. Lowering his hips, Bobby let her guide his prick down to her waiting cunt.

"Don't come in me," she murmured. "Stop before you do and we can do something different, okay?"

"Okay," he mumbled, leaning forward and shoving his prick into the waiting wetness between her legs.

What did she want to do next, he feverishly wondered? She was full of tricks today and he didn't know what to expect. But at the moment, it didn't matter, he giddily thought, humping his cock in and out of her tight, hot pussy. As he did, her beautiful legs lifted into the air beside him.

Curling her legs around behind him, she locked her ankles around behind his ass. The crook of her ankles rested against the cheeks of his ass as she flexed her legs, pulling him into her every time he drove his cock down into her.

She loved the feel of his big dick plunging down inside her, filling her with its

impatient hardness. She would never be able to get enough of the big son-of-a-bitch, she sickly thought. It filled her as no other cock had ever filled her, or ever would, she giddily promised. It was as if her pussy and his cock had been created for each other. Their bodies fit together like pieces of a puzzle. A lurid, incestuous, pornographic puzzle of obscene proportions. It was tragic that she would never be able to share the feelings that were sweeping through her with anyone else. A mother and her son...lovers...what could be more perfect. The bond between a mother and her son was the strongest bond on earth to begin with! But now, that bond had been subjected to the inferno of incestuous mutation, forging a covenant between them that could never be broken. The passion and love that she felt for him was now a permanent part of her. She would never give it up. No matter what happened in the future, he would always be hers. Her son...her lover...her betrothed...and she would be his...his to do with as he saw fit!

The fiery passion sparking between them set her off again as she felt her pussy implode with pleasure.

"Oh, God, Bobby..." she gasped out, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him to her.

Their mouths met, lips crushed against one another as they hungrily kissed. Her hands were all over him, touching, fondling, clawing as she thrust herself against him and pulled him deeper into the fiery chasm between her legs.

Bobby could feel every convulsive contraction of her cunt as it pulled and sucked on his cock. It was as if it were trying to suck out the bubbling load of cum down inside his balls. But she had told him not to come, he frantically thought, lunging backwards and jerking his cock out of her hot, sucking pussy.

"Oh, Baby, don't go..." she whined, grabbing at his cock, trying to fit it back inside her.

"Gonna come! Don't touch it or I'll come!" he panted, trying to dodge her clutching hand.

Finally, her body began to relax and she slowly started to melt back down onto the bed.

"You're fantastic," she murmured, releasing her hold on him and dropping her

legs back down onto the bed. "Fantastic!"

"What did you want to do?" he impatiently asked her.

He was primed and in need of release, too, as he stood watching her, his eyes feasting on her beauty.

"Just a minute...a minute or two...okay?" she panted, still trying to catch her breath.

"Okay, but I want you bad..." he muttered, still primed and needing a place for his big cock as he crawled out from between her legs and dropped down beside her.

"I know, Baby...I know," she whispered.

Reaching over, he lovingly cupped one of her big breasts as her breathing slowly returned to normal.

"Here, put this on," Dixie finally told him, reaching over and picking up the strap-on cock and handing it to him.

"Uh, okay," he muttered, taking it from her and struggling up to his knees.
"Where do I put it?"

"Just above your cock," she said, rolling up to a sitting position. "Here...I'll do it."

Taking the strap-on from him, she snaked her arms around his waist and tugged the black leather strap tight. Slipping the strap through its buckle, she tugged it tighter and fastened it. Then she quickly brought one of the two dangling straps up under his legs, beside his balls, up over his bald belly and snapped it to the waist strap. Then she did the same to the other hanging strap. Bobby's peter, still hard, stiff, and twitching up and down in rhythm with the beat of his heart, jutted out under the squared base of the smaller, fake cock.

Once it was secured, Dixie reached out and picked up a tube of lubricant from the jumble of toys. Twisting off the cap, she placed the little plastic nozzle on the tip of the fake prick and squeezed on the tube. A snake of clear goo began to ooze out of the nozzle as she moved the tip along the length of the pretend cock's

shaft. Grinning up at him, she twisted the cap back on the tube and tossed it down on the bed. Wrapping her hand around the big fake dick, she twisted her hand up and down it to quickly spread the goo all over it.

Wiping off her hand on the towel, she slowly rose up onto her hands and knees. Wiggling her saucy, little ass at him, she felt her big tits tug at her chest as they heavily hung down below her.

"One for each of them," she grinned at him over her shoulder.

Bobby couldn't believe it as he quickly struggled up behind her. It was strange to look down and see two pricks jutting out of his hairless groin. Inching forward, he maneuvered them up to her waiting ass and pussy. Fitting the purple head of his big cock on the juicy, oozing opening of her pussy, he slowly dug his thumbs into the soft, giving flesh of her ass. Spreading the soft, full cheeks of her ass apart, he saw the pretty, pink circle of fluted flesh between them. Fitting the rounded tip of the fake peter on the puckered opening, he curled his hips up, sliding his cock inside her. Wrapping his hands around the rounded curve of her hips, he dug his fingers in and began to pull her back onto the cocks as he leaned forward, forcing both of them into her. They both easily slid inside her as he kept pushing until he had them both buried deep inside her ass and pussy.

"Never been so full of cock in my whole life," she muttered, pushing back against him sending the two dicks ever deeper inside her.

Then Bobby leaned back, slowly pulling the rubber penis back down the channel of her tight rectum and his peter back down her goo-filled vagina. He began to rock back and forth, fucking her pussy and ass both at the same time with slow, methodical determination.

Dixie's soft, brown hair hung down brushing the sheet as she dropped her head and looked back between her big, dangling tits. Her breasts were gently rocking to and fro in rhythm with his attack on her pussy and ass as she looked along her body through the valley between her big pendulous tits watching her son's big, pink dick glistening wetly as it slid in and out of her gluttonous cunt. His big balls, already covered with her abundant juices were dangling down below the monster, flicking back and forth in cadence with the swinging motion of her tits. She could feel the big rubber dick spreading her asshole, sliding in and out of her ass as Bobby's hot, throbbing prick filled her cunt with its hardness.

Bobby could feel the stiff hardness of the rubber dildo through the thin membranes between her vagina and rectum as it slid in and out of her rectum. He couldn't believe that he was actually fucking her pussy and her ass at the same time. And she was loving it. He was pulling and pushing on her, making her rock back and forth as he watched the big, pink dildo sliding in and out of her clenched asshole every time he pounded his prick into her hot, juicy pussy.

His mother was so fucking hot. Who would have believed it before that day on the island? Then today, six months later! Why she had practically raped him when he walked through the door this morning. Now she was taking a cock in her pussy and her ass at the same time. How fucking crazy was that? He hadn't been home for more than an hour and they had all afternoon and tomorrow. And he was going to make every minute count...

Dixie was reveling in the feel of the two cocks sliding in and out of her. It felt even better than she had imagined it would as her hand found the little vibrator and flicked it on again. Too bad she didn't have another big, hot cock to suck on, too. Too bad Hank wasn't home to join in their sick, little game. Maybe, just maybe, some day she would invite him to join their little adventure, but that was another day and she would have to spend some time thinking on a plan to bring that about. It would take a cooler head to keep the two men from feeling jealousy and betrayal...

But today...today it was Bobby's day, she told herself focusing on the pleasure welling up from below her waist.

Bobby huffed and puffed as he pumped his cock and the dildo into her. He could feel the little tickle of the vibrator on his cock as she held it against her clit.

Flouncing back and forth, balancing on her knees and one hand, she greedily sought yet another orgasm. She could only imagine what it would feel like because she had never had an orgasm while being penetrated in both orifices.

She felt herself being drawn closer and closer as Bobby rammed the cocks into her harder and harder. The obscene sound of Bobby's bald belly wetly slapping up against her juice-smeared ass filled her ears with its perversity. He was making loud grunting sounds every time he lunged forward driving the two dicks into her. She could feel her tight asshole clutching at the pistoning dildo just as her cunt was tightening around Bobby's big, hard peter.

She was so close, she feverishly thought as she fought back against the savage attack on her pussy and ass. So close...

All at once, Bobby gasped out in agony and jerked her back on the cocks as hard as he could, sending both of them driving into her all the way to the hilt.

"Oh-Fucking-God!" he ranted as she felt a hot gush of semen spurt of his cock directly on to the opening of her cervix.

He was so deep inside her, the tip of his dick was pressed against the opening as it squirted out its venomous load into her. Her cunt and cervix were both convulsing as wave after wave of pleasure rippled through them. God, how she loved it, she sickly thought. Loved the feeling of her son coming inside of her... coming inside her and filling her with his thick, potent cream. She couldn't get enough of the vile stuff as she frantically clutched at his cock, milking it and sucking on it with her cunt, trying to pull out every last drop.

Bobby held him thrust against her soft ass as his prick emptied its noxious load into her. It seemed to feel better every time he came inside her. It was probably the excitement of doing something so wicked and forbidden, he sickly thought. But whatever it was, it felt so God damned good he didn't want the feelings to ever stop.

But finally, he felt the spasms of pleasure ripping through his cock slow to a tickle and then reduce down to a warm, happy afterglow.

"God, Mother..." Bobby groaned out. "It feels better every time..."

"For me, too..." she panted, slowly leaning forward and easing his big dick out of her pussy and the dildo out of her ass.

As they both slithered out, she could feel a gush of his hot, creamy cum pour out of her cunt, wetly clinging to her inner thigh as it ran down toward her knee.

"I think I need a little nap," she said, stifling a yawn. "You've just about wore me out...and we've still got all afternoon and tomorrow to go..."

"Okay," he grinned, watching her ease down onto her belly. "I think I'll go down and make us some sandwiches. Got to keep up our strength. Like you said, the day's still young!"

"Food and fucking...I honestly think that's all you ever think about..." she laughed, feeling his hand on her ass as he gently groped it.

"As long as this beauty is around," he snickered, giving her ass another squeeze. "What else is there to think about. It's too damned distracting."

"Men!" she muttered. "Can't live with them and can't live without them...night-night..."

"Night-night," he laughed back, crawling off the bed...

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Chapter Four

It was an odd feeling, he thought to himself as he went down the stairs. In all the years of living in the house, this was the first time he had gone down the stairs naked. It almost felt as if someone was watching him.

Ten minutes later, he had the sandwiches made and on a tray along with some chips and a sliced cantaloupe for dessert. Leaving the tray on the table, he strolled out to the pool table in the rec. room. Racking the balls, he leisurely knocked the balls in the pockets in order for a couple of rounds. It was another new experience for him. Playing pool in the buff with his big, soft dick hanging down, flopping about as he moved around.

Finishing, he started to go to the kitchen to retrieve the sandwiches, but then a sick, twisted thought flashed through his demented mind. Reaching down, he grabbed up the eight ball and the cue ball and headed for the kitchen.

Stepping over to the sink, he turned the water on and quickly washed off the balls and wrapped them in a clean towel. Setting them on the tray, he picked it up and headed for the stairs.

Setting the tray down on the nightstand, he stood looking down at his beautiful mother as she slept. It was still hard to accept that a woman as beautiful as her would give herself up to him. And even weirder, give herself up to her son. But why wouldn't she, he sickly thought. No man on earth loved her more than he loved her. Just looking at her was already having a telling effect on his drooping peter as it slowly began to swell and lift itself up into the air.

Leaning down over her, he ran his hand down between her long, beautiful legs and gently pushed them apart. As he did, the puffy mounds of her pussy, dissected by the juicy slit running down its center came into view. It was so beautiful, he thought to himself, extending a finger out and slowly easing it down into the clutching tightness of her cunt.

"Mmmmmmm," she murmured out, slowly spreading her leg open wider as she wriggled her tight, little butt.

"Time for lunch, sleepy head," Bobby told her, gently working his finger in and out of the slippery core of her womanhood.

"But I don't want you to stop," she complained, keeping her eyes closed as she pushed herself back against his hand.

"For a little while then," Bobby grinned, adding a second finger to his other one.

"Ummmmmm...better," she whispered.

Her legs crept farther apart as Bobby began to work three fingers in and out of the oozing hole between her legs.

At last, Bobby felt her legs closing back together.

"Okay...okay...I'm awake," she murmured. "You can stop..."

"What if I don't want to..." he teased, still working his fingers in and out of her pussy.

"I'll pull it off," she laughed, reaching back, grabbing hold of his jutting cock and digging her long fingernails into it.

"Ouch!" he yipped, jerking his juice-drenched fingers out of her pussy.

Letting go of his cock, Dixie rolled over onto her back and sat up. Scooting back, she leaned up against the headboard and picked up a sandwich as Bobby sat down on the edge of the bed beside her.

Taking a dainty nibble out of her sandwich, she smiled at Bobby as she chewed it.

"What's in the towel?" she asked, turning her head to look over at the tray.

Bobby reached over to the towel. Then with a leering smile on his face, he slowly peeled the towel back to reveal the two pool balls.

"You want to play pool?" she asked, taking another bite off her sandwich.

"I thought I'd see if I could sink them in the front pocket..." he snickered, picking one up and bouncing it in the palm of his hand.

"All these toys," she grinned, sweeping her hand over the pile of toys, "and you have to bring in more?"

"I just thought it would be wild to see if they would fit inside your pussy," he grinned, taking a bite out of his sandwich.

"Oh, you do, do you?" she laughed.

"Yeah! So what do you think? Will they fit?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, looking down at her pussy as she poked the fleshy lips apart and ran her finger along the opening of her vagina. "I suppose we'll just have to try it and find out. But they look awfully big!"

"We don't have to...I just thought it would be fun..." he told her, setting the ball back down on the tray.

"We can do it," she said, popping the final bite of her sandwich into her mouth and washing it down with a guzzle of margarita.

Bobby hurriedly gobbled down his sandwich and finished off his glass of margarita.

"Well, let's see," she said, reaching over and picking up the eight ball. "Let's play a little eight ball."

Bobby watched on with a smile as his mother slowly spread her long legs apart. With her knees up in the air and her legs splayed apart, it looked almost as if she were set to give birth, Bobby sickly thought.

Gripping the black ball with the tips of her fingers, she gently fitted it down on the opening of her vagina. Lifting her knees higher, she spread her legs even farther apart as she began to slowly force the big, black ball down into the fleshy, pink opening.

Bobby watched on with rapt attention as he saw the fleshy lips of her pussy slowly engulf the big ball. It was so fucking hot watching his mom push the pool ball into her pussy, he could already feel his big cock making another comeback.

More and more of the black ball disappeared from view as her hungry cunt

slowly swallowed it. Then, all at once, with a sick little slurp, the ball slithered into her pussy and disappeared down inside the ravenous hole.

"Wow! You did it," Bobby appreciatively grinned. "I didn't know if you could do it or not!"

"Me, either," she grinned, gawking down at her stuffed pussy. "Feels funny. It's so big and heavy!"

Then she wriggled her hips, making them move from side to side.

"I can feel it moving," she grinned. "It's a weird feeling, but it feels kind of good."

"Can I...can I put the other one in?" he asked her, picking up the white cue ball and bouncing it in the palm of his hand.

"Why not," she laughed. "The more the merrier..."

"You want me to run down and get some more?" he asked her with a naughty little grin on his lips.

"Let's see how two feels first," she told him, spreading her thick, gorged pussy lips apart for him.

"This is so fucking hot," Bobby told her, taking the cue ball between the tips of his fingers and lowering it down to her pussy.

They both watched as he placed the smooth, white ball directly on the oozing opening of her vagina. Holding her open with the fingers of the other hand, he began to push the ball down into the slippery opening. Her pussy slowly opened to accept the ball as the ball slowly slid into her.

"It's going in," Bobby grinned, keeping up the pressure as more and more of the ball disappeared down into her greedy cunt.

"I can see...and feel it," she murmured.

As Bobby kept pushing, all at once he felt the ball slip inside her with another sick, little slurp. Pushing it with the tip of his fingers, he pushed on it until it was

completely emerged inside the slippery wetness of her vagina. Pulling his fingers back, he watched the fleshy lips of her cunt slowly close down around the ball completely hiding it from view.

"Damn," he muttered. "You took both of them..."

"Yeah...yeah, I did," she beamed up at him, wriggling her hips back and forth once again.

"One...one more..." she told him. "Get one more and we'll try it..."

"Yes, Ma'am," Bobby snorted, jumping off the bed and making a mad dash for the stairs.

As he ran, his big, stiff peter was jutting out in front of him slashing back and forth like a sword. Then, as he galloped down the stairs, it stopped slashing and began bouncing up and down, slapping up against his belly. Running over to the pool table, he quickly grabbed up the red three ball and dashed into the kitchen. Running it under the water, he quickly washed it off. He didn't want anything to go wrong with his mother's beautiful pussy. He had too many things to do to it before he left. Drying the ball off, he hurried back up the stairs to the bedroom.

Grinning, he held up the three ball as he stepped up to the bed where his mother lay watching him.

"I thought that this would be the appropriate ball," he cackled. "The three ball for the number three ball..."

"Only you would have thought of that," she giggled, as he sat back down on the edge of the bed beside her.

"It's really neat," she told him. "My pussy's heating them up. They're getting warm..."

"Cool," Bobby grinned, looking down at her pussy. "It warms me up, too!"

"Silly, boy," she laughed, spreading her legs a little wider for him.

"Look, it's bigger around than my cock," he said, holding the red ball up beside his stiff cock.

"Just barely," she grinned, watching his big, hard peter bob up and down in cadence with the beat of his heart.

Holding the red ball with the tips of his fingers, he fingered her pussy lips open once again and placed the ball on the weeping hole. With a giddy grin, he began pushing it in.

"I can feel the other one," he told her as he felt the ball nudge up against the buried cue ball.

"Un-huh," she mumbled, watching her pussy spread itself to accept the big red ball.

There seemed to be more resistance, Bobby crazily thought. Maybe her pussy is too little for three of them. But it couldn't be, he sickly thought, remembering that he had read somewhere that the diameter of a pool ball was two inches. So, that meant that she would have six inches of pool balls in her pussy. Even less, because he knew that the cue ball was just a little smaller. And his cock was eight inches and she could easily take it. So she should have plenty of room left over...

Continuing to push, he watched her fleshy, pink cunt lips slowly closing down around the bright, red three ball.

"I feel stuffed," his mother muttered, spreading her legs wider.

"It's almost in," Bobby told her, giving the ball a final push and watching it disappear down inside the tight confines of her overstuffed vagina.

Then, with another wet slurp, the big red ball disappeared inside her as her pink cunt-lips closed down around it.

"You did it," he grinned, easing his finger back out of her pussy. "You took all three...and based on my calculations, you could take one more..."

"What do you mean?" she asked, running her fingers over her overstuffed pussy.

"Well, a pool ball is two inches thick, so you've got six inches of pool balls in your pussy..." he told her. "My cock is eight inches long, and you can take it... so you could take two more inches...another pool ball..."

"Aren't you the mathematician..." she grinned up at him. "But no thanks...I think three is quite sufficient for today..."

"Whatever you say," he laughed, reaching down to his prick and wrapping his hand around it. "Now if I only had a place for this..."

"What are you suggesting?" she asked him, slowly rocking her hips, making the balls roll back and forth inside the clutching channel of her pussy and even making a muffled clicking sound. "Are you hinting at something?"

"Well, since all the balls are in one pocket," he leered at her, looking down at her pussy, "I thought I might use my cue stick to sink my twelve ball in your back pocket..."

"Twelve ball? Oh, the purple one! Aren't you the clever one," she giggled, reaching over to the tube of lubricant.

"I thought it was clever," he grinned, taking the tube from her and twisting off the little plastic top.

With his dick pointing straight out, Bobby placed the tip of the tube on it and squeezed out a bead of the goo down the length of it.

Twisting the cap back on, he tossed the tube on the bed and wrapped his hand around his cock. Twisting his hand around his peter, he worked his hand up and down it, spreading the slippery goo all over it. Once his cock was covered with the glistening lubricant, he grabbed the towel and quickly wiped his hands off.

Looking over at his mother, he watched her reach down and spread her hand out over her pussy. Cupping her hand over her pussy to hold the balls inside, she began to awkwardly scoot across the bed toward him and the edge of the bed.

"Stand up," she told him.

Pushing up, he stood beside the bed as she scooted up next to him. Still holding her hand over her pussy to hold the balls inside it, she maneuvered herself over until her long, shapely legs were hanging over the edge of the bed. Bobby stood between her legs looking down at her as she slowly lifted her right leg up into the air. She lifted it higher and higher until the toe of her stiletto heel was pointing straight up into the air. Moving her leg over, she rested the backs of her

thighs and calves against his belly and chest. Then, still holding her hand over her pussy, she lifted her left leg up into the air and rested it against him. Now her ankles were brushing against the side of his head as he gawked down at her.

"Put it in," she told him, slowly lifting her hand up away from her pussy.

"In your pussy?" he asked with a confused look on his face.

"No, silly! Where you suggested while ago," she grinned up at him.

Because of her position, Bobby was unable to see her asshole. But then, as he held onto his cock and blindly probed, searching for her anus, she bent her knees and pushed her legs against him, tilting her ass higher. As she did, Bobby felt the rounded tip of his cock slither down the crack of her ass and find the puckered opening of her asshole. Leaning forward, he began to force the head of his prick down into the restrictive tightness of her clenched anus as she pushed back against him.

"So big!" she complained, grimacing as Bobby continued to feed the giant down into her ass.

Aided by the slippery lube, Bobby's big dick slid down into the hot clutch of her ass until all eight inches were buried down inside it.

"Damn," she fussed. "It feels like I've got three baseballs shoved up my pussy and a baseball bat in my ass..."

"So hot...so tight," Bobby grunted, backing his cock back down the tight confines of her clenched rectum.

Bobby wrapped his hands around the curve of her thighs and began to slowly rock back and forth. His cock slid in and out of her with teasing slowness. He was amazed to find that he could feel the big pools balls nudging down against his cock as they rolled back and forth inside the hot muck of her pussy clicking louder.

"Oh, Jeez..." Dixie blathered out. "They're fucking me, too. I can feel them. They're rolling back and forth inside me. This is fucking crazy."

Bobby began to work his hips back and forth faster, sliding his peter in and out

of the hot clutch of her ass. His groin was slapping up against her pussy every time he sent his cock slithering down into her ass. And as he did, he could feel the rounded tip of the red three ball bump against his belly as his mother worked her hips back and forth, making the balls roll up and down the tight channel of her pussy. Then, as he shifted into a higher gear, he could hear the muffled click of the balls bumping together down inside her pussy.

It was all so crazy, he thought to himself as he fucked her hot ass and the pool balls fucked her pussy.

The grimace on her face was now gone, replaced by a look of determination as she clutched and pawed at her flouncing tits while he fucked her ass. Bobby could sense that her climax was approaching as the muscles around her ass began to tighten and clench down around his pistoning peter. Just a little faster, he told himself. Help her. Help her finish. Then you can finish and pump her hot ass full of cum.

Her head was thrown back, her eyes clenched shut as she fought for the finish.

"Yes...yes...Baby...like that..." she gasped, thrusting herself back against his pounding attack.

The reservoir of thick, hot cum down inside his flopping balls was already bubbling and boiling in anticipation of its imminent release.

Huffing and puffing, Bobby fought to hold it back as he rammed his cock in and out of the sucking tightness of her ass. Her whole body was rocking back and forth as the clicking sound coming from inside her pussy grew louder and louder.

At last, Bobby felt her legs begin to quiver as they stiffened against him and then began to tremble.

"Oh-My-God!" she screamed out, thrusting herself back against him.

Her arms flailed out beating her fists against the bed as her head tossed from side to side flinging her hair everywhere. Her big tits were flouncing about wildly as she writhed on the bed.

It was all too much for Bobby as he rammed his big cock down into her hot ass as deep as it would go. He could feel the muscles surrounding her asshole begin

to convulse around his cock as it exploded down inside the hot mush of her ass. As it did, a giant gush of steaming hot cum spurted out of the tip of his cock onto the walls of her rectum. At the same time, he could see a river of her hot juice pour out of her pussy, run down his belly and around his embedded prick onto his dangling balls.

"Hot-so hot-cum so hot," she whimpered out as his cock continued to jerk and spew out its creamy load of semen into her ass.

Bobby had his head thrown back and his eyes clenched shut as he thrust himself against her trying to get his erupting penis even deeper into the hot, sucking depths of her rectum. Bobby was growing light-headed and his knees were threatening to collapse at any second as he held himself inside her, letting his cock finish its evil deed.

At last, she'd done it. Her hot ass had succeeded in sucking out every last sperm-filled drop of cum from his aching balls.

Staggering back, he jerked his dick out of her ass.

"Unnnnnnhhhhhhh," she groaned out in a quavering voice as his cock popped out of her anus and her hand flew down to her pussy to keep the balls from squirting out.

Fighting to keep from falling to his knees, Bobby held onto the bed and watched his mother dig her high heels into the mattress and push herself back away from the edge of the bed. Then, when she was lying in the middle of the bed, still gasping for breath, she lifted her hand up off her pussy.

Staring down at the fleshy gash, Bobby could see the tip of the big, red three ball protruding out from between the fat lips of her pussy. Bobby watched on in fascination as he saw the muscles in his mother's belly tighten. Then, she gave out a little grunt and the three ball slowly came slithering out of her pussy and dropped to the bed. It was dripping with her hot juices as it lay between her legs, just below her oozing pussy. Then Bobby saw the white tip of the cue ball peek out from between her gorged pussy lips. It began to ooze out of her as more and more of it came into view. It too was drenched in her juices as it slowly emerged from the depths of her hot cunt. Finally, with a wet, little slurp, it squirted out of her pussy and dropped down onto the three ball with a loud clack. As it did, it rolled two or three inches away from the other ball and lay glistening wetly in

the afternoon light. Finally, the rounded edge of the black eight ball showed itself. The contrast between its black and the glistening pink of her pussy lips was stark as more and more of it reappeared out from between them. It, too, was dripping wet, glimmering in the soft light as it slowly showed itself.

Still fascinated by the lewd display, Bobby saw his mother's belly tighten one last time as the big, black ball finally squirted out of her cunt. As it did, it dropped down onto the three ball with another loud clack, then rolled down the bed to where it clicked up against the cue ball.

"Wrack 'em," Bobby giggled and reached down to the white cue ball.

Lifting the ball, he opened his mouth and slid the ball inside it.

Rolling the ball around inside his mouth, he savored the tart taste of her fermented juices for several seconds before he let the spit-cleaned ball drop out into the palm of his hand.

"I love the taste of your hot pussy," he grinned, dropping the cue ball down into the pile of toys.

"Well," she smiled suggestively, running her hand down to her wet, oozing pussy. "Why don't you have a little snack?"

"I'd love to," he grinned, wrapping his hands around her fish-netted ankles and slowly tugging her back across the bed toward the edge.

Once her beautiful butt was perched on the edge of the bed again, Bobby quickly dropped to his knees between her widespread legs. Reaching under her, he lifted her legs up and draped them over his shoulders. Then he felt her fishnetted thighs brush against his cheeks as she squeezed her legs together and locked her ankles behind his back. Leaning forward, he could feel the sharp tips of her high heels brushing against his back. Opening his mouth, he leaned forward and flicked out his tongue. Finding the juice filled valley between her soft, gorged pussy-lips, he licked up it, lapping up the juice and sucking it into his mouth.

Nectar of the gods, he told himself as he savored the sharp, tangy flavor of her pussy-juice. It tasted of woman...pussy...hot, ripe pussy...a pussy that wanted to be fucked...and this was obvious by the copious amount of thick, viscous juice pouring out onto his tongue.

"Oh...Baby..." she gurgled out, thrusting her pussy back against his tongue.
"My clit...Baby...my clit...touch it...touch it—lick it!"

With teasing slowness, Bobby licked his way up the fleshy groove between her juice-smearred pussy lips toward the jutting marble above it. He could feel her tensing in anticipation as his tongue tickled closer and closer. Finally, he flicked the tip of his tongue across the jutting nub.

"Unnhhhuuuuhhh..." she groaned out, thrusting herself up at him.

Then, loudly sucking and slurping at her clit, he began to attack it with a vengeance.

"Yessssss..." she hissed out, grinding her pussy against his chin as his tongue flashed back and forth across her clit.

He felt her long fingers dig down into his hair as she humped herself up at him and his ravaging tongue. Cupping her smooth, round ass in the palms of his hands, he lifted her pussy up against his chin. He could feel her slippery juices flowing out of her pussy, coating his skin with its sticky warmth. As he ate her, he looked up over her straining belly to watch her big tits heavily bobbling as she thrashed about on the bed. Bobby could feel the sharp tips of her high heels tapping against his back as she humped herself up at him.

The pungent perfume of her arousal welled from her pussy filling his nostrils with its pheromone-laced fragrance as he attacked her clit. Hot pussy, Bobby giddily thought! He loved the smell of it...the taste of it...the feel of it...in fact, there was nothing about pussy that he didn't like... And his mother's pussy was the sweetest of them all.

"Bobby...Bobby...Bobby..." she babbled out as he ravaged her clit with his mouth and tongue.

As he ate her, Bobby felt his big, hard prick twitching in anticipation, waiting its turn at her pussy. Once he got through devouring her sweet pussy, he was going to fuck it the rest of the afternoon. He was going to fuck her until she couldn't take any more and then he was going to fuck her some more. When he was finished with her hot pussy, she would know that she had just had the fucking of her life, he crazily thought. He was going to fuck her and fuck her and fuck her!

Dropping away from her clit for a moment, he pursed his lips around her drooling pussy and sucked out another mouthful of the sweet juice pouring out of it. Savoring its piquancy, he quickly returned to her clit and resumed his merciless attack on it.

Dixie was mouthing out meaningless curses as she struggled toward another climax. Every nerve in her body was screaming for release. She was so close, her toes were curling down inside her high heeled shoes. Her muscles were aching from the tension building inside them as they grew more and more rigid. It was like standing on a railroad track watching a roaring locomotive hurtling toward her, she thought. And when it crashed into her, she would be torn into a million pieces of pleasure. Each shard of her body would be experiencing its own orgasm, spasming and convulsing through it, unable to bring itself to rejoin the others.

The roaring of her onrushing, cataclysmic orgasm was filling her head, drowning out all other sounds as she flung herself up at Bobby.

Suddenly, her pussy burst into flames that immediately burst out of control and licked out over her entire body. Spasms of pleasure ripped into her brain driving out all thoughts of everything else. She was no longer woman. She was now one huge, bulging, throbbing clitoris as a continuous stream of pleasure poured out from it.

Her whole being was centered down between her legs. Nothing else mattered. Just the demented, gluttonous pursuit of her own gratification. Nothing else existed but her and the huge, licking, lapping tongue that was savagely attacking her. It was her whole world at the moment. Shivers of pure exultation rippled through her as she wallowed in the sick perversion of the moment.

Bobby could feel his mother shaking uncontrollably as her orgasm consumed her. She was grinding her hot pussy up against his face as her sharp stiletto heels dug into his back. Licking and lapping at her squiggly clit, he watched the muscles in her belly tighten as she strained against him. Her big tits were quivering and bobbling as she groaned out her fulfillment. Bobby could feel her hot juices squirting out onto his chin, coating it with a film of heat. There was so much of it, it was dripping off his chin and down onto his knees.

Finally, Dixie felt the spasms of her orgasm begin to wane. Sadly, she thought,

because she knew that there was nothing now left down between her legs but a gaping, smoking crater where her pussy had once been. The fiery explosion of pleasure that had torn through it had been so intense, nothing could have survived it. And now, now she was maimed for life, she deliriously thought. Thankfully, she couldn't feel the pain because she was numb from the waist down.

Bobby finally lifted his mouth off her clit. Then he watched her run her hand down to her pussy. She tentatively tickled her fingertips over it as if expecting to find something different about it. She gently explored the soft, meaty folds of flesh bordering her pussy as he watched on with a puzzled look on his face. What was she doing? What was she looking for? What had she expected to find?

"Thank God," she finally murmured, slowly pushing herself up onto her elbows and staring down at her bald pussy. "It's still there..."

"What? What's still there?" Bobby asked her.

"My pussy! My pussy!" she laughed. "I thought the explosion had blown it off. It was that good..."

"I'm glad it was good for you," he whispered, putting his hands on her thighs and pushing up to his feet.

"Oh...he's still big and hard," she cooed, lifting her eyes off her pussy up to the monster jutting out at it..

"Yeah...and he wants some of it," he grinned.

"Well, she says he can have all of her he wants," she purred back at him, spreading herself open for him.

She still lay on her back, her butt perched on the edge of the bed, her legs spread out and her high heels resting on the floor as Bobby stepped up between them.

Bobby quickly reached down and grabbed hold of his jutting dick. Aiming it down at the wet, oozing opening of her vagina, he fitted its tapered tip into the opening and leaned into her. Her pussy, stretched open by the pool balls easily accepted his big cock as it easily slithered down into the juice-filled channel, sliding down into her all the way until his hairless belly nudged up against hers.

Easing herself down onto her back, Dixie closed her eyes as Bobby began to rock back and forth sliding his big, thick cock in and out of the tight clutch of her pussy. Her mind was still reeling from the effects of her explosive orgasm, but as Bobby lovingly, tenderly fucked her, she once again found herself growing more and more excited. Knowing Bobby's stamina, she knew that she was in for a long, slow fuck the way he was fucking her with slow, patient determination. Why he was hardly breathing hard, she told herself as he lazily worked his hips back and forth. But even at this slothful pace, she could feel her excitement building. She didn't need a frantic, pounding attack to bring her gratification. In fact, slow lovemaking brought with it even more emotion and passion for her. By Bobby doing it that way, she knew it was for her, too. It wasn't just for his own self-fulfillment.

She could feel the excited tension building down inside her pussy as Bobby continued to stroke his cock in and out of it. She could see sweat beginning to form on his forehead and the back of her thighs were wetly sliding against him on the sweaty sheen that covered his belly and chest. Some five minutes had passed, but there had been no change in the tempo of his slow, deliberate strokes. Even though he seemed totally in control, she felt herself slipping ever closer to another gut-wrenching orgasm as Bobby's big dick slid in and out of her cunt. Bobby's dick was so big, it felt like it was scraping along the bottom of her clit as it worked in and out of her.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she screamed out as the fiery pressure down inside her cunt erupted and sent out shock waves of pleasure rippling through her whole body.

She couldn't remember how many times she had come, but each time it grew more and more intense. If this kept up, she deliriously thought, it'll go too far one time. And she would die of heart failure. Her heart unable to take the adrenaline rushes tearing through it over and over again.. Soft moans were escaping out through her clenched teeth as she agonized her way through her orgasm. Her muscles were feverish and aching from the workout she had given them. And yet, they were straining as she fought her way through this last upheaval of pleasure and passion...

Another five minutes passed, then ten as Bobby continued to fuck her with slow deliberate determination.

Sweat was pouring off him now, running down his body in streams as his hips

methodically swung back and forth.

Finally, after she had suffered through another two orgasms, his hips began to rock back and forth faster. Looking up into his grimaced face, she saw that it was etched with fierce determination. Still rocking back and forth, he reached out and grabbed hold of her bit tits as they flounced up and down in front of him. She could sense the end was near for him as he fucked her faster and harder. His big dick was slamming into her pussy sending her juices flying all over them. His belly and her thighs were already slathered with the thick, gooey juice. So much of it, it was being churned into a thick, white froth as Bobby continued to pound away at her with his cock.

"Oh-oh-oh-Godddddd..." Bobby finally groaned out, thrusting himself forward and impaling her to the hilt on his big peter.

She felt his cock lurch and spew out a gush of his thick cum into her pussy. She loved the feel of his hot semen filling her vagina. It was so exciting to know that it was her own son who was filling her with his seed. It was so dangerous and reckless on their part! There were so many things that could go wrong on so many levels, it gave her a perverse thrill to flaunt the peril...



Finally, he had no more to give her...

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, The Island, please feel free to drop him a line at baron.d.esade@hotmail.com. Thank you for taking the time to read his book. Feel free to write a review, or perhaps you might be interested in some of his other books listed below. Once again, thanks again for reading the Baron's work and we hope you enjoy his future stories...

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