

# Moms and Sons

VOLUME ONE



**BARON LESADE**

# Moms and Sons

VOLUME ONE



**BARON LESADE**

## **Mothers and Sons – Volume One**

**Published by Baron LeSade at Smashwords**

**Copyright 2013 Baron LeSade**

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

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

### **Liability**

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious and those involved in sexual situations are over the age of eighteen. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental. No responsibility or liability is assumed or accepted by the author for any claimed financial losses and/or damages sustained to persons from the use of the information used in this publication, personal or otherwise, either directly or indirectly. While every effort has been made to ensure reliability and accuracy of the information within, all liability, negligence or otherwise, from any misuse or abuse of the operation of any methods, strategies, instructions or ideas contained in the material herein, is the sole

responsibility of the reader. By reading past this point you are accepting these terms and conditions and acknowledging that you are eighteen.

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

## **Table of Contents**

[Story One – The Great Masturbator](#)

[Story Two – The Fog](#)

[Story Three – Mother's New-found Lover](#)

[Story Four – You are my Hero](#)

[The End](#)

## **The Great Masturbator**

## **MONDAY - The Sick Beginning**

It was Monday morning and Helen had to tinkle. Her husband, Ken, had just left for work and if she would hurry, she might, just might beat her son, Ralph to the bathroom. Rolling out of bed, she started down the hallway toward the bathroom.

Just as she started to turn the doorknob, she heard the water go on in the shower.

"Damn," she muttered.

She was too late; Ralph had beaten her. Standing outside the bathroom door, she listened to the shower running, as she waited for the sick, vulgar whacking sound to begin as it did every morning.

Then the sounds began; she didn't have to use much imagination to guess what was making the whacking sound. He was masturbating again. She had never actually seen him doing it, but she heard the same vulgar sound every morning that she went by the bathroom.

As she listened, she knew that the obscene noise would go on and on and on until it finally ended with a faint muffled groan or two from her son, Ralph. Then after a few minutes, her son would emerge from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist and a very obvious bulge underneath it.

It made her angry knowing that he would blatantly pound his meat so loudly that anyone walking by the bathroom could hear it. Didn't he have any respect for her? After all, she was his mother. Or was he just being his usual, irresponsible self?

I ought to go in there and embarrass the hell out of him, she told herself. Maybe that would stop this nonsense, she thought to herself. Is that really what you want to do, she asked herself? Did you want to embarrass him...or see it?

As the whacking sound continued, it seemed to be getting louder and she grew angrier and angrier.

He deserved to be humiliated for such irresponsible behavior. Maybe it would teach him a lesson, she thought as she reached down and quietly turned the doorknob. Or at least that's what she told herself as she pushed the door open and peeked inside. The room was so full of steam she could barely see as she crept inside. Through the clouds of vapor, she could make out her son's outline through the frosted shower door. Now there was no guessing. She knew for sure that he was masturbating.

Suddenly, she felt a fleeting moment of panic as she slowly inched over to the shower door.

Was she crazy? Why else would she be doing anything so stupid? Because she wanted to see it, she told herself.

Everything suddenly became distorted as she felt a spurt of adrenaline spew out into her blood stream. The heat inside the room was suddenly unbearable as sweat began to pop out on her forehead.

Now the whacking sound emanating from the shower almost was almost deafening as it reverberated through the room. But as loud as it was, it couldn't drown out the hammering explosions of her heartbeat.

She could hear her son wheezing as she watched the silhouette of his hand flying up and down on the outline of obscene growth jutting out of his groin. Through the frosted glass, the muted outline of his penis seemed gigantic for a boy of eighteen; especially for a boy with his skinny build, she dizzily muddled. It must be the frosted glass that was making it look so large, she thought. It had to be the glass; it just couldn't be as big as it looked.

He was huffing and puffing like some kind of sick, runaway steam engine and she knew that he must be getting close to ejaculating.

If she was going to embarrass him, she had to do it now, before he finished. It would be too gross to have him spurting his semen out all over the place while she was trying to reprimand him.

She had to hurry, she thought as she reached for the shower door handle.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she reached down. Then her fingers touched the cold steel and she jerked the door open.

As the door slid along the channel, she heard her son grunt.

Standing in the opening, staring at her son, she watched on in horror as his hips thrust forward and his hand stopped in mid-stroke.

She was too late, she groaned to herself as she watched in disgust and a strange sense of excitement as a great, creamy gob of semen spurted out of the massive head of her son's cock.

My God, she thought to herself, his cock is gigantic. How could he be so huge? He was only five feet, six or seven and didn't weigh much more than a hundred and twenty-five or thirty pounds soaking wet. But the monster jutting out of his crotch had to be at least ten inches long and as thick as a baseball bat. It looked like a fucking telephone pole sticking out of his belly. Hell it would weigh twenty pounds all by itself!

"Mooottthhhhherrrrrrr!" Ralph croaked, but he couldn't stop his monstrous cock from continuing to lurch and spurt out thick, viscid wads of cum onto the shower wall.

She couldn't move or speak as she stared down at the erupting monster. She had never seen anything so evil. So frightening.

She was paralyzed with shock and denial. This couldn't be happening, she told herself as her son's penis continued to empty itself onto the shower wall.

Finally, after the fifth or sixth explosion, Ralph was able to slosh around to face away from her as he tried to hide his cock from her prying eyes.

"God, Mother," he groaned.

She just stood there watching the muscles in his tight, little ass clench and relax as he continued to ejaculate the rest of his load out onto the wall.

At last, after what seemed like hours, his muscles stopped twitching and his whole body seemed to wilt.

"Mother, what thu..." he started to ask before she interrupted him.

"Finish your shower and we'll talk," she said, closing the door and leaving him

alone in the shower. What had she just done? Well, you wanted to see it, she told herself. Now you've seen it.

Quickly stepping out of the bathroom, she hurried down to her bedroom on legs that wanted to buckle with each step. My God, she asked herself, what is wrong with you? You are sweating like you've just run a marathon. Then she realized that she was wet and sticky down there too. She was aroused! No, she couldn't be—

That was really a stupid move, she castigated herself. What did you accomplish? Now what was she going to say to him? She had meant to embarrass him hoping to make him stop the ridiculous rite he performed every morning, but she had ended up embarrassing herself as much as she had embarrassed him.

But the shock of seeing his monstrous cock had driven everything else from her mind. How could he be so skinny and have such an enormous penis?

Why am I so shook up, she wondered as she looked down at her shaking hands and she felt her arousal slowly running down the insides of her thighs?

She didn't know who had been the most embarrassed, but it had been a stupid mistake.

At last, she heard him turn off the water in the shower. Then she heard the little thump of the shower door bumping into the wall as Ralph opened it. She didn't know what she was going to say to him, but she had to say something. What a fool she was.

Finally, she stood up and walked over to the door. She waited and watched until she saw the bathroom door slowly ease open as Ralph peeked out around the corner.

"Gosh, Mom," he blurted out when he saw her standing there watching him, "why did you burst in on me like that?"

"Don't you think that I can hear you," she exclaimed, watching him hide behind the door frame "I can hear you, hear you doing that to yourself in the shower every time I walk by the bathroom?"

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



"Don't you know that I can hear you doing that to yourself every morning or do you just not care that I can hear you?" she asked him, slowly walking toward him.

"I, uh, I don't know," he mumbled, "I, uh, I guess that I just didn't think."

"Do you have to do it every morning?" she went on, stopping and standing by the door.

"Uh, I, I, uh, yes," he stuttered, standing in front of his mother with only a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Why do you have to do it every single day?"

"I don't know. I just do."

"Well, it is embarrassing to hear you doing that."

"If I don't," he said, his face lighting up like a glowing red neon sign, "I can't think about anything else."

"Anything else? Anything else but what?"

"Anything, but sex."

"What? What do you mean?"

"If I don't do it four or five times a day," he blundered on, "I can't do anything right. I can't concentrate on anything else."

"Oh, for God's sake," she groaned. "You mean to tell me that you do it four or five times a day?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't help it," he told her.

"Is there something," she asked him, "something wrong with it that makes you have to do it that much?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is there something wrong with, uh, with your penis?"

"I don't know," he said, "I don't think so. I just get to thinking about things, and uh, and I have to do it so I can stop thinking about sex for a little bit."

"Are you sure that there is nothing wrong with it?"

"I don't think so."

"Then, you really, uh, you really don't know," his mother said. "You don't know if there is something wrong with it that makes you have to do it so often."

"I, uh, I guess not," he admitted.

"Come with me," she told him, reaching down and taking his hand, "I want to have a look at it to see if I can see anything wrong...wrong with it."

"MOTHER," he blurted out, "I don't want you to look at it."

"I have to see if there is anything wrong with it," she said tugging him along behind her down to her bedroom. "Mothers are supposed to take care of things like this. I need to know if I need to take you to a doctor or something."

Stepping into the room, she turned to face him.

"Let me see it," she said, trying to keep her voice from cracking under the strain.

"Mother, please, I don't want you to look at it," he complained, his face beet red from embarrassment and indignation.

Knowing she wouldn't be able to maintain her courage much longer, she reached out and grabbed at the towel wrapped around his waist. As she did, she felt it slither out of her fingers and fall to the floor.

"MOTHER," Ralph groaned as he stood before her trying to hide his dangling penis with his hands.

"Move your hands so I can see it," she ordered him, pushing his hands away.

"Mother, why are you doing this to me?" he asked, turning his head away from her as she stared down at his limp cock.

She still couldn't believe that a boy with such a small frame could have such a

giant penis. It was still bloated and puffy from its recent abuse. It had that same red tinge that his father's cock got after he had had fucked her. But there was one major difference between his cock and his father's cock; the boy's cock was almost twice as big. The boy was huge.

Could there be something wrong with it; something that made him have to abuse it so much? Or was there something wrong with his psyche? Four, five times a day? That's crazy—

She couldn't see anything wrong with it. But the way it was hanging down, she couldn't see the underside of it. She had gone this far, she couldn't stop now. She had to carry on with her farcical pretense or her son might find out how excited she was.

Slowly, with trembling fingers, she reached out and touched it.

She heard him snort as she felt his penis twitch under her fingers.

"Mother, don't..."

"I need to see if there is anything wrong with it," she choked out, trying to stop her fingers from shaking so badly.

Ever so gently, she lifted the heavy column of meat and examined the bloated underside of the monstrous prick. She couldn't see anything physically wrong with his cock, other than its size, but to her shock, she felt it begin to swell and harden in her hand.

Oh, my god, she thought to herself, he is getting an erection. Now what am I going to do?

Mesmerized by the catastrophic event taking place in her hand, she couldn't move as the malignant growth began to firm up, growing harder and larger with each moment that passed. Then, before she knew it, her son's penis stood sticking up out of his groin, tall and proud like a giant pillar of pink granite.

Finally the gravity of the situation sank in and she jerked her hand away from him.

But she couldn't tear her eyes away from the massive penis. It looked like it was

more than a foot long, standing on its own and pointing straight up at the ceiling.

All she could do was gape down at it as it sickly twitched in cadence with the beat of his heart.

She had never seen such a monstrous cock.

But even though she was aghast at the indecent display of manhood, she found herself admiring its evil perfection. It was beautiful. Perfectly proportioned in every detail. Even the massive testicles dangling down below it in their fleshy sac matched its size and potency. All of his sexual equipage was grotesquely oversized for a boy of his age and size.

Her breath caught in her throat as she coughed in embarrassment.

Neither of them moved for several moments until Helen finally coughed again and quickly bent down to pick up the towel lying at her son's feet.

"Uh, uh, I didn't see anything wrong with it," she mumbled pushing the towel at him and covering up the towering pillar of muscle jutting up out of his belly, "you can go to your room now."

"We can talk when you get home from school."

Grabbing the towel, he held it against his belly to hide his embarrassment as he dashed out of her room and fled to the safety of his own room.

Helen stood unmoving; her feet felt like they were glued to the floor. She was unable to move as her heart galloped along at a deadly pace fueled by the rush of adrenaline flowing through her system.

Finally, after several moments, she regained some of her composure. Knowing that Ralph must be mortified, she knew she had to go to him and apologize for embarrassing him. It couldn't wait until he got home from school.

On wooden legs, she clumped down to his room. She started to knock on his door when she heard the telltale sounds of flesh striking against flesh behind the closed door.

He couldn't be masturbating again; not so soon after ejaculating, she feverishly

thought. There must be something wrong with him, she thought to herself. There must be something terribly wrong with him for him to be masturbating again. It had been only minutes since he had masturbated in the shower.

Then, she remembered how hard his cock had been when he had rushed out of her room.

She didn't know why, but suddenly, she found her hand stealing toward the doorknob. Slowly, quietly, she twisted it and eased the door open just enough to see inside his room.

There he stood with head thrown back, his eyes closed, legs spread and bent at the knees, furiously sliding his hand up and down the monstrous column of rock-hard cock sticking out of his belly.

Another surge of adrenaline gushed out into her system as she gawked at the obscene scene before her. Staring down at his mammoth penis she could actually see the ridge around the head of his penis darkening, turning to a dark purple and his big, dangling balls begin to tighten and draw up around the base of his gigantic cock. His chest was heaving faster and faster as his hand feverishly worked up and down his cock.

Then all at once, his whole body jerked as he thrust his hips forward and groaned.

His gigantic penis lurched in his hand and sent a great glob of thick, pearl-colored cum shooting high into the air. It all seemed to be happening in slow motion as she watched the pearly ejaculate fly through the air and land with a disgusting splat on the wood floor.

Then with another grunt, he stuffed the towel over the head of his exploding cock as his hips lurched forward again and again...and again. Although she couldn't see the actual evidence of his ejaculations, the contortions of his body evidenced the continued eruptions taking place underneath the towel.

Finally, after eight or nine clenches of his butt, his body stopped jerking and he pulled the towel away from his cock.

Moving her eyes away from the corpulent monster, she glanced up at Ralph's face as she started to close the door; he was staring at her with a look of shock

and disbelief on his face. Their eyes met momentarily before she was finally able to back away and close the door behind her.

Her heart in her throat pounding like a runaway train, Helen reeled into the kitchen. Gasping for breath, she leaned against the counter until she was able to regain some semblance of composure.

Not wanting to confront Ralph again, she hurried back into her bedroom and waited until she heard him leave for school...

~~~

Sitting on the edge of her bed, she wondered why she had done what she had done.

Up until this morning, there had only been the knowledge that he was masturbating in the shower every morning, but now...

Now she had seen him doing it. She had watched him ejaculate twice. And he had insinuated that he did it four or five times a day!

Could he really be doing it that many times a day? Wouldn't that hurt him?

Standing there in a fog of confusion and concern, she slowly recalled a study on masturbation she had read in one of her psych classes during college.

As she recalled, she vaguely remembered that the frequency of masturbation wasn't dangerous, but it had been so long ago. Suddenly, she remembered that she had kept the book and it was down in the basement with the rest of her books.

When she was finally able to walk without fear of falling, she hurried down to the basement.

Searching through the bookshelf, she found the one she was looking for and pulled it down.

Leafing through the book, she quickly found the section she was looking for.

Her eyes flew over the words for a few moments. Then with a sigh, she flipped the book closed and put the book back on the shelf.

Well, I guess that answers that, she said to herself. I was right. The study stated that there was no evidence that the frequency of masturbation was physically harmful. In fact some of the subjects of the study had masturbated up to eight times a day without any physical damage to their sexual equipment. In fact, the only physical injury observed during the study was caused by over-enthusiastic masturbation in two of the subjects.

She still had a hard time believing that he could do it that many times a day. Five times was a lot.

If there was some way to check on him; check on him without him knowing about it.

Then as she headed back up the stairs, she recalled the intercom that they had installed throughout the house when Ralph was just a baby.

They had never taken it down, but would it still work? At the top of the stairs, she turned and hurried down to Ralph's room. Pushing aside the curtains by his window, she saw that the intercom unit was still there. Right where they had put it; hanging on the wall above where his crib had once been.

Leaning over, she studied it.

It seemed to be fine, but why was it set to the receive mode. Why wasn't it in the transmit mode?

Suddenly, a chill ran down her spine as she backed away from it.

Turning, she hurried down to her and Ken's bedroom.

Pulling a chair over to the vanity, she climbed up and looked on top of it where they had left it when they stopped using it.

It was still there, covered in at least a quarter inch of dust.

Coughing from the cloud of dust that billowed out when she picked it up, she examined it. It was just as she had suspected; the unit was in the transmit mode.

Someone, and she could guess who, had reversed the intercom functions so that they could hear everything that was going on in their bedroom.

A flash of anger flared in her as she flicked the switch back to the receive mode and turned the volume off. Setting it back down, she crawled down off the chair and went back to Ralph's room.

Flipping his unit back to the transmit mode, she turned on his radio and went to the kitchen to check on the unit there. It was in the receive mode and when she turned up the volume, she could easily hear the music coming from his room.

She was angry with Ralph for switching the units and spying on them, but she couldn't tell him that she knew about it. Then he would know that she was spying on him. She would just have to spring that on him later. Later, when it would be to her advantage.

~~~

She went about her housework until it was time for Ralph to come home from school. She wanted to prepare herself for their little talk, so she hid in her room until she heard him come into the house.

Turning up the volume on her intercom, she listened to him toss his books on his computer table. Then she heard the squeak of his bedsprings as he flounced down onto the bed. Then she heard the rustling of paper. It sounded like he was leafing through a book or magazine.

Then it began; that sick, whack, whack, whack of flesh against flesh. He was on his third time for the day; at least the third time that she knew about.

She didn't know why, but all of a sudden, she felt an urge to see him doing it again.

There was no excuse this time; no alibi of wanting to embarrass him. She just wanted to watch him masturbate. As evil and sick as it was, she found herself sexually excited by it. Why in God's name did she find it arousing? Was she sick? No matter what the reason, she couldn't stop herself from getting out of bed as she listened to the slap of her son's hand against his belly over the



intercom...

Creeping down to his room, she stood outside the door for several moments. Finally, her hand trembling, she slowly turned the knob and pushed open the door.

"God, mother," she heard Ralph snort as the door opened.

Just as she had imagined, she saw him lying in the middle of his bed with his pants down around his knees, one hand wrapped around his huge, hard cock and one of his father's girlie books in the other hand.

"I, uh..." she started, struggling to find an excuse for her actions. "I, uh, uh came down to talk."

But how could she explain the evil fascination with her son's incessant habit.

Their eyes met and locked this time. Then as they stared at each other, his hand slowly began to slide up and down his cock. Shocked by what she was witnessing, she was finally able to unlock their stare. Sweeping her eyes downward, she watched on with startled fascination as her son blatantly masturbated the monstrous growth jutting up out of his groin. Right in front of her!

It was as if she was in some weird, nightmarish trance.

She couldn't be doing this; standing here watching her son masturbate. But she was. And she was enjoying it for some perverse reason.

She still couldn't believe the size of his massive penis. She had seen cocks his size in some of her husband's fuck books, but she couldn't believe her own son possessed the equal to them.

Up and down, up and down went his hand, faster and faster as she stared on with horror; trapped by the evil attraction of the gigantic beast that grew out of her son's belly.

It couldn't be happening, she tried to tell herself. Not to her. Not her, she blathered on foolishly, knowing that no matter how stubbornly she denied, it was happening.

Glancing up at her son's face momentarily she saw a devilish grin twitching at the corners of his lips. She suddenly realized he was enjoying her quandary as his hand slid up and down faster and faster. But even as he arrogantly smirked at her, she couldn't keep her eyes away from his horse-sized penis as he whacked it harder and harder. Faster and faster, his hand worked up and down the towering shaft of rock-hard cock as he stroked himself toward another eruption.

Helen's felt like her mouth was filled with cotton as her heart hammered inside her chest.

Mesmerized by the horrifying scene, she watched the head of his giant cock turning darker and darker, portending its imminent eruption just as it had earlier that morning.

Then without warning, she heard her son groan as his hips thrust upward and a gigantic spume of thick, creamy semen spurted out of the head of his purple-headed monster flying high into the air.

"Fuck," her son gasped as his hips worked up and down and his cock spewed out spurt after spurt of thick, gelatinous cum.

Helen watched on in shocked hysteria as his cock spasmed again and again, spewing out wad after wad of jelly-like cum high into the air before the sticky wads splashed back down on his stomach and chest in thick, gooey splatters.

"Oh, My, God," she wheezed, staggering back out of his room and slamming the door behind her as she fled.

Why had she been drawn down to watch such a horrid thing? It was bad enough that he masturbated all the time; but now, in her mind, she had somehow become his accomplice; an unwilling conspirator encouraging him to continue the sickening behavior.

She had meant to cause the opposite and stop the ridiculous habit. Or had she?

But even as she berated herself for foolishly furthering the boy's lewd behavior, she felt a warmth down between her legs.

No, she couldn't be excited by what she had just witnessed, she tried to tell herself. It had been her son that was masturbating; her very own son. The fruit of

her own loins spilling out his vile seed right in front of her. Her own son couldn't sexually excite her; that just couldn't happen.

Disgusted by her own body's reaction to what she had just witnessed, she stumbled away from the door. Reeling down to the kitchen, she quickly busied herself with housework; doing anything to take her mind off the detestable depravity that had happened.

But no matter how hard she worked, the image of her son's gigantic penis kept flitting through her mind.

If only Ken were home, she thought, trying to will time to pass faster.

At last, supertime arrived and she heard Ken arrive. She hoped that Ken wouldn't notice how upset she was as she went about serving supper. How could she explain what had happened between her and her son?

She tried to make small talk with Ken, completely ignoring Ralph throughout the meal. But, she still couldn't dismiss the sick, depraved warmth between her legs...

## **TUESDAY - Another Step Closer**

Suddenly, she awoke with a start.

"You have a good day," she heard her husband saying as he leaned down and kissed her on the cheek.

"What, uh, oh," she groggily mumbled.

"I'm off to work," he said standing up and starting for the door.

"Uh, have a good day, too," she said. "I love you."

"Love you, too," he said, walking across the room.

She lay there listening to his heavy footsteps recede down the hall and out into

the kitchen. Then she heard the door to the garage opening and closing. After a few moments, she heard the car start up and back out of the garage.

A shudder of apprehension ran down her spine; now she was alone with Ralph again. Glancing at the clock on the nightstand, she saw that it was time for Ralph to make his trek down to the bathroom and into the shower where he would begin his ritualistic masturbation again.

Listening for him, she breathlessly waited.

Then she heard the door to his room open and the pad of his bare feet on the hardwood floor. She couldn't breathe as she waited for the creaking moan of the bathroom door as he opened it.

At last she heard the door open and she waited him to close it. But it didn't close.

Why hadn't he closed the door?

Puzzled, she slowly rolled out of bed. Getting to her feet, she stood by the bed listening for a few moments. She heard the water come on in the shower, but it was louder than usual with the bathroom door open.

Taking a step toward the door, she suddenly knew that she had to see why he hadn't closed the bathroom door. Was this just another sick and twisted part of the game he was playing with her, she wondered as crept down the hall toward the bathroom? Why was she doing this, she asked herself as she found the bathroom door wide open?

Peeking around the corner, she could see Ralph's outline behind the frosted shower door.

Then, suddenly, as she stood in the doorway looking into the bathroom, she saw the shower door open.

"Oh, God," she gasped as she saw her son standing in the shower. She stared at him standing there with the water splashing down onto his body. He was no longer her boy; he was a full-grown man with his monstrous cock jutting out in all its evil glory. And the evil serpent was pointing its evil head directly at her.

"NOooo..." she groaned as she watched him slowly stroking it.

She watched on in shock and disbelief for several moments. Then inexplicably, she felt herself being drawn toward the shower. Inching closer and closer to the shower, she couldn't take her eyes off the malignant outgrowth in her son's fist.

Finally, she was standing at the door of the shower.

The emptiness between her legs was growing hotter and hotter by the second as she watched her son slowly fondling his cock. Up and down went his hand, sliding over the glistening wetness of the massive column of meat as he arrogantly masturbated right in front of her eyes.

Why was he doing this to her, she wondered as she looked on in horror and excitement?

Then he slowly wrapped his other hand around the thick, pulsating shaft of his enormous cock. Not missing a beat, he began masturbating the evil giant with both hands.

She was appalled by this new and even more disgusting technique, and she was amazed to see that even with both hands wrapped around the evil demon, there was still too much for both hands to cover. While he worked his hands up and down the hideous depravity, she watched the giant purple head pop into view every time he jerked his hands down against his belly.

She couldn't believe that he actually had the courage to arrogantly jack-off right in front of her again.

With his two-fisted grasp, he worked harder and harder, feverishly masturbating until she saw the ominous darkening of the massive cock head.

"Going to come," he grunted as he continued to hammer his cock with both hands. "Going to come, mother."

She was too shocked to speak as she watched his belly tightening harder and harder.

Then all at once, his cock lurched and sent a huge, wet gob of disgusting, thick semen spewing out of the head of his cock. Helen watched on in fascination as the sickening wad of creamy cum splattered onto her thighs.

Then his monstrous prick began to buck and spurt over and over again, spurting out its lethal load of venom all over her bare legs and feet.

This can't be happening, she told herself as she felt the hot, sticky cum splashing onto her skin. He couldn't be doing this.

But as disgusting as it was, she couldn't bring herself to flee. She just stood there gawking down at the spitting colossus as it vomited its evil seed out onto her.

She was paralyzed, unable to even breathe as it went on and on until, at last, his hips stopped jerking and he staggered back away from her.

"Ahhhhsheeeiiiiit," he groaned.

At last, she was able to free herself from the spell that had held her paralyzed. Stumbling back to the door, she staggered out of the bathroom.

Rushing back to her room, she threw herself onto her bed.

She lay there, covered with the gummy gobs of her son's semen slowly drying on her skin as she listened to him finish his shower and finally leave for school.

~~~

How had she let that happen, she disgustedly asked herself as she drunkenly rolled out of bed and treaded over to her dresser?

"Oh, my God," she gasped as she looked into the mirror. There were thick, creamy strands of her son's drying semen running all down her thighs and legs.

With a gasp, she fled down to the bathroom, stripping off her nightie as she went.

Throwing open the shower door, she lunged inside and spun the handle as a shower of ice, cold water spewed out.

"Christ that's cold," she muttered, shivering under the torrent of icy water.

Finally, as she stood shivering under the onslaught of the water, she felt it finally

begin to warm. Grabbing the soap; the same soap her son had used only moments earlier, she began to wash away the toxic coating of his semen...

~~~

How she had made it through the day? She didn't know as she stood in the kitchen trying to decide what to prepare for supper.

Then she heard the front door open. Glancing up at the clock, she saw that it was time for Ralph to come home from school.

"Mother, where are you at?" she heard him holler out as she cowered back against the kitchen counter.

What now, she asked herself as she waited apprehensively.

"Mother," he hollered again. "Where are you?"

"Here. Here, I'm here in the kitchen," she muttered. "What do you want?"

"Oh, there you are," he grinned, walking into the kitchen.

"What? What do you want, now?" she repeated as she leaned back against the counter.

He stopped in the middle of the room and stood there looking at her as he slowly unfastened his pants. Then with the teasing slowness of a stripper, he eased the zipper down its path. Giving his pants a slight shove, he wriggled his hips slightly and his pants went slithering down to the floor.

"Ohmygod," she gasped when his huge evilness flopped out into the open.

He wasn't wearing any shorts and as his pants went sliding to the floor and his thick, heavy penis flopped out into the open like some huge, fat, pink snake. She stared at it as it dangled down from his almost hairless groin, wriggling and jiggling lewdly. Finally, he spit into his hand and slowly reached down and lifted it.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked.

"I thought you liked it," he told her as he squeezed and fondled the growing horror. "You keep coming to watch me do it all the time."

She stared down at the obscene monster, mesmerized by its horrific influence on her; she couldn't move; she could only stand and watch as the thick, flushed boa of a cock began to swell and harden in his hand.

Bigger and bigger it grew until at last it jutted out in all its evil readiness. Taking his hand away from it, Ralph spit into his hand again as the evil serpent waited, impatiently bobbing up and down with each beat of his heart. Wrapping his hand around it again, he quickly began to stroke it; rapidly sliding his hand back and forth on the evil demon as he tried to beat it into submission. She could only look on in horror and disgust as his hand worked up and down the fleshy cylinder faster and faster. As he pounded the demon, she could see the muscles in his stomach tighten as the monster seemed to grow even bigger. As she watched the serpent staring up at her with its one evil eye, she could see that it would only be moments before it spewed its evil load out at her.

Then his hand flew off the tragic colossus leaving it standing straight up, pointing at the ceiling as it pulsated dangerously close to an eruption.

What was he doing? Why didn't he just finish the evil deed and be done with it, she wondered as she leered down at the evil giant? It was a bright, flushed red as it throbbed and twitched before her. His balls, which had been dangling down and flouncing about when he had begun were now drawn up around the base of his enormous cock. She knew that an eruption had been imminent; but why had he had stopped it?

Wondering what he was up to, she watched as he stood there sneering insolently. Her eyes dropped back down to his cock as she watched its iron hardness slowly melting away. Slowly, inch by inch, the monstrosity jutting out of her son's belly began to wilt and tilt down. Lower and lower it dipped, until at last, it was pointing straight out at her again: still hard and dangerous, but not with the steely hardness of before.

Then Ralph spit in both hands and reached down to the bobbing giant. Grabbing it with his right hand, he rapidly, began to pound his cock until, within seconds it had regained its rock hardness.



As he beat his meat, he took a couple of steps toward her until he stood only four or five feet from her.

Then he quickly changed hands and slowly, almost lovingly, he ran his left hand up and down the colossus. Then as he lovingly stroked himself with his left hand, he shuffled a couple of steps closer, reaching down and lifting his big, dangling balls in his right hand.

All she could do was stand there watching in disgusted shock as he let go of his balls and wrapped his hand around its huge, angry head. Now he had one hand around the base and the other hand encased the massive head of his cock.

"Why?" she groaned as his hands worked back and forth on his cock.

"You came to watch me this morning," he grunted, his breath already coming in huffs as he jacked-off in front of her.

"I was, I was just..." she started to explain to him, but couldn't find the words to finish the sentence as she watched him stroking his cock.

"I like to do it in front of you," he growled, working his hands faster and faster.

She couldn't speak.

She was mesmerized by it.

"Gonna come. Gonna come. I'm gonna come, Mommy," he gasped out as his hips began to buck back and forth.

Then it happened again. A massive glob of cum spewed out of his cock and flew across the room toward her. She watched the disgusting gob arc down and splat down on the floor at her feet.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," her son groaned out as his cock jerked and jerked and jerked, sending out spume after spume after spume of thick, evil cum.

At last his cock stopped spurting and he lurched backwards, nearly falling as he staggered back out of the kitchen.

Gasping for breath, Helen watched him disappear out of the kitchen.

After several moments, she dropped down onto her hands and knees and began wiping up the slimy mess that he had left behind...

~~~

As soon as Ken got home, Helen didn't get out of his sight. The whole sick affair was becoming too much for her to handle, but she knew that she couldn't confide in Ken without making the situation even worse. If it could get worse...

### **WEDNESDAY- A Tragic Mistake**

She had been awake for the longest time as she lay listening to Ken ready himself for work. In fact, it seemed like she hadn't gotten any sleep at all because no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't make the aching emptiness between her legs go away.

Now with Ken about to leave, she knew with sickening certainty, Ralph would renew their sick, twisted game. And she would go along with it. Go along with just about any sick, evil thing Ralph had in mind.

As much as she hated to admit it, a part of her was looking forward to it. She was finding it harder and harder to fight the malicious excitement she felt when she watched her son masturbating...

~~~

Then Ken was gone and she heard Ralph making his way down to the bathroom. The door opened, the water went on and she knew that he was waiting for her. Waiting for her to come and watch him perform his wicked ritual.

And she would go. No matter how sick and depraved it was, she felt herself being drawn back to him.

Struggling out of bed, she reeled down the hall to the bathroom and stepped inside. This time the door was already open and he was standing under the water with his huge, hard cock jutting out at her; waiting for her to come to him.

Like a zombie, she shuffled up to the door and stopped.

"I was waiting for you," he whispered.

"I know," she mumbled, staring down at his hand slowly working back and forth on his cock.

"Touch it, mother," she heard him say as he slowly ran his hand up and down his cock. "Touch it."

She hadn't expected this. What was he doing asking her to touch the evil thing? This was more than she had anticipated. This wasn't in the rules of the depraved game they had been playing.

If she touched it now, where would the game end? But even as she asked herself the question, she knew the answer. She felt a shiver of excitement and alarm run down her spine, but there was nothing she could do to stop her hand from slowly reaching out for the hot, heavy evil jutting out at her.

Then her trembling fingers grazed the hot, hardness of the monster's head.

As she did, she felt it jerk and jump.

Waiting for a moment to let the bucking colossus stop lurching, she watched it finally calm down.

Reaching out again, she delicately touched the massive beast.

"Unhhh," Ralph gasped as she ran her fingers over his hot hardness.

"Do it for me, mother," she heard him groan as he let go of his cock completely.

Standing outside the shower with water splashing everywhere, she stared down at the huge, bobbing, dancing monstrosity.

How could he ask her to do such a thing, she bewilderedly thought as she ran her

finger over the fleshy cylinder of meat?

Then she watched on with detached disgust as her hand slowly wrapped itself around the massive pillar.

"Yesssss- mother," he wheezed as she slowly tightened her grip on the monster.

Squeezing it tightly, she slowly began to stroke it.

"Ohgodmothergonnacommeee," she heard him wheeze as she started stroking him as fast as she could.

Then, even though she had only been masturbating him for a few seconds, a gigantic gusher of cum spurted out of his convulsing cock and splattered down onto her bare legs.

She continued to run her hand up and down the spasming monster as more and more thick, heavy gobs of hot semen spewed out of it while her son writhed in pleasure.

Even as she coaxed him to spew out more and more of his toxic venom onto her, she felt the hot, burning need inside her quivering cunt blossom into a full-blown inferno of desire.

She didn't think he would ever stop coming as she kept on stroking his bucking cock. But at last, his cock stopped erupting and she was able to stumble back, jerking her hand off the offending monstrosity. Then with a cry of distress, she lurched out of the room...

~~~

Helen was in a daze the rest of the day. How could she have let such a thing happen? What had started out as a plot to put a stop to her son's evil habit had turned into a catastrophe!

Now what was she to do?

Then she heard the door open. Glancing at her watch, she saw that it was time

for Ralph to come home from school. She had been dreading this moment all day long, but now it was here. What was she to do? She was paralyzed with fear and trepidation. What new evil would he inflict upon her now?

But, he didn't come into the kitchen. Instead he went straight to his room. Maybe he was too embarrassed to approach her, she thought as she stood in the kitchen gasping to catch her breath. They had gone far beyond where any mother and son should have gone. She knew that it would never be the same between them. But what was done was done, there could be no going back. She had masturbated her son. Her own son. How could she have done such a wicked thing?

Turning up the volume of the intercom, she listened to the sick beat of her son's hand on his cock. Why hadn't he come into the kitchen to inflict some new horror on her?

Just then, she heard the garage door open.

What was going on? Who could be coming into the garage at this time of the day? Glancing down at her watch, she was shocked to find that it was time for Ken to come home. Where had the time gone, she feverishly wondered, flicking the intercom off and rushing about to start supper...

~~~

Finally the meal was over and Ken disappeared into the living room. As she started to clear the table, Ralph got up and walked up behind her. She felt his hand brush against her buttocks as he walked by her on his way out of the room. Watching him, she saw him look back over his shoulder and coldly smile as he walked through the door.

Shocked by the brazen behavior of her son in near proximity of his father, she hurriedly finished the dishes and straightened up the kitchen. Her mind was whirling in confused agitation as she strolled into the living room where Ken sat watching television.

Sitting down onto the couch beside him, she quickly snuggled up next to him.

"What ya watching?" she asked him, running a finger up his thigh.

"Seinfeld," he said, looking at her with a surprised look on his face as her hand made its way down into his lap.

"Why don't we go to bed," she whispered, slowly unzipping his pants and digging her hand down inside them.

"Uh, I'm not sleepy," he mumbled with a shocked look on his face.

"Neither am I," she grinned, finding his limp manhood and pulling it out into the open.

"Huh," he grunted nervously glancing down the hallway leading back to the bedrooms as she squeezed and toyed with his soft cock.

Even as she fiddled with his flaccid prick, she couldn't help but compare the lifeless lump of man-flesh with the seemingly constantly hardened state of his son's massive cock. Where had Ralph gotten his size? Certainly not from his father, she told herself as she finally felt a stirring of life in the soft worm of flesh in her hand.

"Want to do it?" she asked him, her hand becoming more insistent in its efforts to bring his dormant manhood to life.

"What. Uh, now?" he muttered, glancing toward the hallway again.

"Yeah. Now," she laughed, "What's wrong, don't you want to do it?"

"What about Ralph?"

"He's a grown boy," Helen said, wondering if her husband knew how grown up he actually was, "I imagine he knows that we do it."

"You really want to do it?"

"I really want to do it," she grinned, squeezing the growing hardness in her hand.

She hurriedly got up and pulled him to his feet. Pulling him along, she led him down to their bedroom. Closing the door behind them, she quickly stripped his

clothes off and shoved him down onto the bed before she hastily stripped her clothes off and crawled onto the bed beside him. Hovering over him, her mouth quickly found his manhood and sucked it inside the hot wetness. She hurriedly sucked and pulled on his cock with her mouth until after several moments, it was hard and jutting up from his stomach. Not the monstrous hugeness of her son's cock, but an impressive seven inches that until today had seemed to be large enough.

Now, somehow, she felt cheated. How could her son, the result of their joining, have such impressive equipment while his progenitor was large, but otherwise relatively normal?

But enough of the comparisons, she thought to herself; it was now time to get rid of the dangerous itch between her legs.

Rolling over onto her back, she hurriedly pulled her husband atop her.

Holding himself, he quickly guided his hot muscle down into the soft, waiting wetness between her legs.

"Ahhhhhhyessssss," she hissed as he impaled her with his hardness.

In moments, her husband's ass was bounding up and down vigorously as he pounded his cock into her.

As he did, she could feel the juices inside her coating his pistoning hardness. Groaning and writhing under him, she climbed the slippery slope toward an orgasm. It was coming, but ever so slowly, she thought as she clambered up the incline while her husband grunted and hammered himself into her faster and faster.

They fucked wildly for five, then ten minutes and she found herself inching ever closer to the edge of her own orgasm. But even as she did, she could tell that her husband was also approaching the point of no return. Heaving and wheezing atop her, he worked his hips up and down frantically as he fucked her.

Suddenly, she realized that he was going to beat her there. She wasn't going to make it to the finish by the time he finished. Just that thought was just enough to send her skittering back even farther away from the point of gratification as she felt the movement of her husband's hip growing more and more erratic.

"Harder, baby, harder," she implored him, trying to postpone the inevitable and regain the ground she had lost, but it was too late.

With a dying gasp, he shoved his cock into her as deep as he could and she felt it begin to jerk and squirt inside of her.

She hadn't finished, she groaned to herself.

She hadn't finished and now the aching itch inside of her cunt was gnawing agony.

Milking and squeezing her husband's cock with her cunt, she could only wish that he had lasted a little longer.

How long would her son have lasted, she found herself sickly wondering even as her husband deposited the last few dribbles of semen down into her cunt?

Oh, God, what is happening to me, she asked herself as her husband gave one final grunt and rolled off her?

Little did he know, she thought, as she lay awake while he drifted off into satiated sleep. He had primed the bomb inside of her and now it was ticking toward a foreordained explosion that could destroy the whole family.

She had sought to find release from the simmering fire inside of her belly with him, but instead of that, she had only fanned the flames higher. Now she needed more. But, she knew that it wouldn't be coming from Ken, not anytime soon, because he wouldn't want sex for another four or five days. Afraid of what the scorching desire inside of her cunt would drive her to, she tried not to think of the obvious solution. She couldn't, not in a million years, she thought as she feverishly fought for sleep to ease her troubled mind...

### **THURSDAY - A Day of Reckoning**

After finally falling to sleep in the wee hours of the morning, she awoke to Ken's familiar departure recitation.



"You have a good day," she heard as she felt the brush of Ken's lips on her cheek. "That was fun last night."

"What, uh, oh," she groggily mumbled, "yeah..."

"Well, I'm off to work," he said as he strolled out of the room.

Once again, she had slept very little. The gnawing ache between her legs was worse. And as she lay there waiting to hear Ken leave the house, the lack of sleep and the furor of guilt and need roaring inside her head was making her dizzy.

Then Ken was gone.

~~~

Now, she was alone with Ralph again.

Waiting for the inevitable, she finally heard him plodding down the hall to the bathroom. As she listened, the creak of the bathroom door opening was deafening. Then the shower door sliding along its track sounded like a freight train roaring through the bathroom. She could see him in her mind standing there waiting for her as he turned on the water.

Now he would be standing there; standing there waiting for her to come and stroke his manhood to eruption.

What was she doing, she asked herself as she threw the covers off and slowly rolled out of bed? Deep inside, she knew that she was about to take one step closer to the raging fire that would scorch her soul.

Wishing she could stop herself, she reached down and slowly lifted her nightgown over her head.

"No, no, no," her mind screamed at her, "don't do this to yourself."

"I can't stop myself," she snarled back, looking down at her naked body.

It didn't matter anymore. She was beyond redemption.

Then, as if she were sleepwalking, she stumbled out of her room and shuffled toward the bathroom.

Muddling up to the door, she stopped for a moment. Running her hands down over her small, sagging breasts, she cupped them for a moment, wishing that they were larger. But what would it matter, she told herself as she stepped into the bathroom.

There he was, standing in the shower, a bar of soap in one hand and his hard, jutting prick in the other hand. He was waiting for her.

With a perverse tingle of amusement, she watched his eyes flare open wide as they swept down and then back up her nudity.

His eyes tarried for a moment on her small, quivering breasts before sweeping back down to the hair-covered juncture where her stomach disappeared between her legs. She waited for a couple of seconds, letting his eyes ravage her nakedness before she carefully stepped into the shower with him.

He continued to gawk at her, his head swiveling like a turret as she slithered around behind him and pressed herself up against his water-slickened back.

He waited, scarcely breathing as she took the bar of soap from him and slowly lathered her hand. She felt his breathing speed up as she put the soap down and reach around him. Her hand quickly found his hot, jutting hardness as it stuck out ripe and ready. Gently wrapping her hand around its thick hardness and slowly began to stroke it as she pressed her nakedness against him. After several slow strokes up and down the soap slick monster, she stopped and rolled the massive cockhead around in the palm of her hand for several moments before she began stroking him again.

Pressing her body against his, she thrust her pussy up against his clenched ass in rhythm with the stroking rhythm of her hand. She could feel his breathing quicken as she inched her other hand down between his legs and up under the gigantic testicles dangling down below his giant slab of rock-hard cock. As she began to stroke him faster, she gently lifted his big balls and began squeezing and rolling the massive gonads around in the palm of her hand. She could tell that he was quickly nearing a massive blowout as she jerked her hand up and

down his foam-covered prick. She could feel his whole body tensing up, trembling as flecks of foam flew out from her pistoning hand and spattered onto the wall of the shower. It almost looked like cum spurting out from his cock as the soapy froth flew off in great, white, thick gobs.

As she felt him tensing and his cock beginning to swell up with pre-eruption excitement, she could feel his balls tightening up around the base of his cock.

All at once, she gently released his cock and let it bounce up and down, dangerously near the point of upheaval. Standing pressed up against him, she leaned forward and gently nibbled at his ear as she ran her hand down between his legs. Daintily tickling and tormenting the tiny stretch of skin in between his balls and his anus, she could hear him wheezing as he tried to hold back the damned up reservoir of semen inside the balls she still held cupped in her hand. Rubbing her hairy pussy against the clenched hardness of his ass, she teased him for several seconds before she finally brought her hand back up to his twitching, lurching penis.

"Awwwfuuuccckkkkkkkk," he groaned out as she felt a tremor tear through his cock. "Cooommmmmminnnngggg."

Then she felt his hot hardness spasming in her hand as his hips lurched back and forth wildly.

She could feel the outburst inside of his cock as it lurched and kicked in her hand. Leaning around him, she watched as the gigantic peter shuddered and spit out a massive gob of semen that flew out of his cock and splashed onto the wall of the shower. Then another gigantic shiver ran through his cock and another massive gusher or semen spewed out of his cock and splattered onto the wall.

She couldn't believe that she was actually doing this. Another lurch and another blast of semen shot out onto the cum-drenched wall.

Then a final twitch and she felt the life begin to ebb out of her son's cock.

"God, mother," he groaned, leaning back against her as she lovingly fondled his huge cock while it melted in her hand.

"Did it feel good?" she asked him, letting go of his cock and hugging him tightly.

"God, yes," he grunted, trying to turn around and face her.

"No," she firmly said, pushing herself away from him and stepping out of the shower. "Hurry up or you'll be late for school."

"But, mother..." he whimpered as she hurried down the hallway to her room.

She could feel her son's eyes on her tight, little ass as she hurried down the hall.

Why had she done that? Was she completely insane, she asked herself as she towed herself dry?

She spent the rest of the day trying to rationalize her actions to herself. But no matter what excuse she tried to use, none of them worked. What she had done was simply inexcusable. It was totally and irrevocably wrong. But the fiery core between her legs had driven reasonable thought from her mind...

~~~

After a morning of worrying and trying to levy the blame elsewhere, she was worn out. It was hard work trying to bury the blame she found herself bogged down in. Suddenly she found herself needing a nap. Slipping up to her bedroom, she lay down and finally drifted off into troubled sleep...

Suddenly, she found herself awake. She must have slept right through Ken's departure, she groggily thought as she glanced over at the clock. But, what was happening? The clock said it was three o'clock. Confused and groggy from her nap, she looked up and found Ralph standing in the doorway of her bedroom.

He was naked.

"Oh, no," she muttered as he slowly strolled across the room toward her.

"Ralph, we can't keep this up," she whispered as he stopped in front of her.

"Touch it, mother," he softly said, reaching out, taking her hand and placing it on

his cock.

"Oh, Ralph, this is so wrong," she muttered, but found her hand gently squeezing the evil serpent jutting up out of its hairy lair. It was already poised to strike and spew out its load of lethal venom out at her at the slightest provocation.

Slowly wrapping her hand around the giant cylinder of hard, pulsating cock, she began to stroke it.

She marveled at the silken smoothness of the giant perversion as it evilly throbbed in her hand. How could she have let the evil creature cause such a cataclysmic disruption of her life?

Twisting her hand around the ball shaped head; she coated the palm of her hand with her son's pre-fuck juice. Easing her hand back down around the swollen shaft, she began to stroke it harder.

"Kiss it, mother," she heard him whisper as he eased his hand around behind her head and gently coaxed her lips toward his jutting monstrosity.

"No, Ralph, no, we can't do that," she whimpered as she stared at the evil serpent staring back up at her with its single, evil eye.

"Please, mother," he wheezed, slowly easing his cock up to her lips. "Just one little kiss."

"This is so wrong," she weakly complained, knowing down deep inside that this had been inevitable. It was just one more log on the fire that would soon consume both of them in its incestuous heat.

Just as she had fueled the fire that morning by taking them one step closer to doom, now her son was forcing them to take another fatal step in that direction.

Now she knew there was no way to stop it. It was too late. Their wickedness was destined to end in a catastrophe. But still, she couldn't stop herself from leaning toward the evil thing jutting out of her son's crotch and point up at her lips.

Her lips brushed the hot, hardness of his cock head as she delicately kissed it.

The enormous penis suddenly lurched straight up, jerking itself away from her

lips as it thrashed about excitedly. Then, she watched with sick fascination as her son wrapped his hand around it and forced the swollen cockhead back down toward her waiting lips.

As he lowered his throbbing manhood down to her lips, she felt his hand on the back of her head, slowly forcing her lips ever closer to his cock. She struggled against him for a moment, but quickly gave up as she felt his cockhead brush against her lips again. This time, he held his huge prick imprisoned in his fist and it couldn't fly away. With a groan of submission, she slowly opened her mouth and let the giant cockhead slither into her mouth.

"Oh, Fuck," Ralph gasped as he hunched forward forcing his huge cock even deeper into the hot wetness of her mouth

She couldn't believe what she was doing as she gently sucked on the monster. But he was so large, it was difficult to open her mouth wide open to take much more of his cock her mouth.

Pulling and sucking on the hot, smoothness of his cockhead with her mouth, she slowly ran her tongue around it. As she tickled and teased the bulbous prick-head, she felt it swelling, twitching dangerously close to an eruption.

She remembered how quickly he had ejaculated this morning. She could only imagine how much more exciting it must be to him to have her sucking on him. She knew that he wouldn't be able to hold back much longer. Reaching out, she lifted his great, dangling balls in her hand and felt them already hardening and squeezing up around the base of his cock. An eruption was imminent, she knew as she delicately toyed with his balls while she sucked on his cock.

This was just some nightmarish dream, she told herself as she found herself staring at his navel as while she sucked on his overgrown penis.

Staring directly at the very place they had once been connected; been one being; now they were connected again, but in such a wickedly evil way, they would both burn in hell.

Then his hips lurched and she felt his massive penis-head balloon inside her mouth, stretching her lips even wider open. Suddenly, she felt the monster kick and immediately she felt the hot splatter of cum on the roof of her mouth.

"OHHhhhhhhhhfuuuuukkkkkk," he blathered out as the first gigantic gusher of his thick, creamy semen shot out into her mouth.

Her mouth was instantly filled with the overpowering taste of ripe bananas. She had tasted cum before, but never like this. The flavor of his cum was so intense, she knew that it must be potent.

Ken's cum had a hint of bananas, but the flavor of Ralph's thick, creamy cum was so intense it tasted like she had just eaten a whole stalk of bananas. She could only imagine how potent it must be. A hundred times more potent and virile than her husband's cum and a hundred times more dangerous.

But the flavor only grew stronger as she felt like a dam had burst and a river of cum was pouring out into her mouth.

Sucking and pulling on his cock with her mouth, she savored the overwhelming pungency of his vile syrup as it filled her mouth and mind with its sweet, sick taste. How could anything so vulgar taste so sweet, she wondered as she swallowed his first hot, sticky offering. It was a strange feeling to know that she was swallowing the very essence from which a clone of himself would be born if he were to deposit it inside of her vagina. But that must never happen, she told herself as she continued to suck and pull on his spewing monster.

How could she have let this happen, she groaned as she swallowed and swallowed the huge loads of toxicity that were spewing out from her son's monstrous penis? Spout after spout of the thick, viscid syrup poured into her mouth so fast she could barely swallow it all.

No mother would ever suck her own son; suck him and let him come in her mouth and then swallow his seed-laden semen. No mother could do such a thing; but she was doing it; sucking and swallowing as if her life depended upon it.

How long could it go on she wondered as his cock continued to disgorge it virulence into her mouth.

But, at last it gave one last, feeble little lurch and began to rapidly deflate.

"God, sorry," he finally grunted, lurching backwards and jerking his spent cock

out of her mouth.

She lay there gasping for air, her lips and chin coated with a sticky coating of cum as she watched her son reeling away from her.

He stumbled out of the room and disappeared as she lay stunned at the suddenness of it all.

The fire between her legs was threatening to consume her as she started to roll out of bed and pursue her son. Pursue him and seduce him. To take him between her legs and let him quench the roaring inferno that was slowly driving her insane. But she couldn't. He was her son...

Instead, she staggered into the bathroom and gargled and gargled, but it didn't help, she couldn't get the taste of his creamy semen out of her mind.

Standing in front of the mirror, she stared at the crazy woman leering back at her. The woman who had just sucked off her son. This had to be her evil, other self, and not the loving, caring mother who would never do anything to harm her son. But even as she glared at her reflection, she felt the battle raging inside her head between good and evil. She was tired of fighting with herself. It would be so easy to give in to the dark, sinister feelings that were welling up from below her waist; to silence the screaming need inside her womanhood. Suddenly, a big, glistening tear slowly trickled down her cheek as she came to the realization that her dark side was winning the war.

Glancing down at her watch, she saw that it was almost time for Ken to come home.

Then she watched in the mirror as a hellish grin spread across her face. There was always tomorrow.

She didn't know at what exact moment she realized that she was going to seduce her son. But the realization was enough to make her giddy with excitement and expectation. She was so light-headed with anticipation, she didn't know if she could contain her own emotions. She wanted to go to Ralph and tell him, but she couldn't risk it. He would just have to wait, she thought as she leered back at herself in the mirror...

Then a bizarre calm came over her as she started into the kitchen to fix supper.



Accepting the inevitable, she felt a strange solitude settle down over her shoulders. Laughing to herself as she passed the closed door of her son's room, she wondered what he would think if she knew what she was thinking.

After a supper of burgers, the cycle began again; watch some television, sleep, wake, and wait for Ken to leave. Except this time it would end differently. She and her son wouldn't stop at masturbation; this time she would see to it that they went the whole distance...

### **FRIDAY - Judgment Day**

As she lay listening to Ken getting ready for work, she could feel the fire between her legs burning higher and higher. It was out of control. She couldn't stop it now if she had to; there would be no escape for her or her son. She couldn't wait any longer. She just wished that Ken would hurry up and leave. The sinful desire driving her was bad enough, but the guilt she felt knowing that her husband was about to kiss her and go on his way oblivious to her sick cravings was terrible. How could she even think of what she was about to do, much less eagerly anticipate it?

She just wished that he would leave; leave her to her sinful deed so she could quiet the angry need between her legs. She had already set it into motion last night when she had gathered a sexy teddy and hose and stuffed them under the mattress. Then as soon as Ken had gotten out of bed, she had hastily slipped the hose on and slipped the teddy over her head, pulling it down so that Ken couldn't see it under the covers. She would have time to straighten them up while Ken was leaving, she thought to herself as she snuggled back under the covers, so that he couldn't see it when he came out of the bathroom.

Days seemed to pass before Ken finally came walking back into the bedroom.

"You have a good day," she heard him say as he leaned down and kissed her on the cheek.

"What, uh, oh," she mumbled, faking sleepiness.

"I 'm off to work," he said standing up and starting for the door.

"Uh, you have a good day, too," she said.

"You, too," he said, walking across the room.

She lay there listening to his heavy steps going down the hall and out into the kitchen as she breathlessly waited.

It would only be moments before her son would be visiting she thought as she threw back the covers and pulled the teddy down below her small, soft breasts to emphasize them. Then, straightening her hose one last time, she closed her eyes and slowly spread her legs apart, leaning back against the headboard with the bedspread bunched up behind her.

Then she heard Ralph plodding down the hall in his bare feet.

Then he was standing in the doorway.

"JESUS CHRIST," she heard him sputter as she brazenly eyed him.

"What's wrong?" she asked him, slowly spreading her legs a little wider apart, "don't you like it?"

"You're, uh, you don't, uh, you don't have, uh, any panties, uh, panties on," he stammered, standing in the doorway with his huge cock jutting out and bouncing up and down excitedly.

"Neither do you," she smiled at him, slowly reaching down and running a finger down the wet furrow between her legs.

"What, uh, what are you, uh, you doing?" he muttered, unconsciously reaching down and grabbing hold of his cock.

"I just thought that you would like to do for me what I did for you yesterday," she said, hoping that the apprehension and excitement she was feeling wouldn't show in her voice.

"Huh?"

"Wouldn't you like to make me come too?" she asked him, her heart about to burst out of her chest as she tried to keep her voice from breaking.

"Oh, God," he gasped, lurching across the room.

He was on his knees by the bed before she had a chance to move.

"But first," she told him, gently holding him at bay with one hand, "I have to take care of some business."

She didn't know who was going to have the first heart attack, she thought as she slowly picked up the telephone receiver and dialed. Then she felt his finger gently probing her exposed softness as she listened into the receiver for the message to play out on the other end of the line. Finally it finished and asked her to leave her message:

"Yes, this is Helen Simmons, Ralph Simmons' mother. I am afraid that Ralph won't be able to attend school today. He is sick and will be in bed all day. I hope that he will be well enough to be back on Monday. If you have any questions, give me a call at 456-7658. Thank you."

Smiling wickedly, she slowly replaced the receiver as she felt her son ease a long, thick finger down into the hot stickiness of her cunt.

"You mean that I get to stay home, today?" he blurted out.

Leaning back, she reveled in the feel of his big, thick finger probing the sodden depths of her pussy.

"Didn't you hear what I told the school?" she devilishly smiled. "I told them that you were going to have to stay in bed all day long. And, I'm not going to let you make a liar out of me."

"Oh, fucking, God," he groaned.

At last, the thing she had feared most was happening. She was about to be fucked by her son. She knew it was so wrong but she was far passed the point of caring. The game they had been playing was now over and they were poised on the brink of culminating a sick, depraved marriage between mother and son.

Staring into his eyes, she saw love so deep and strong she could feel it flowing across the tiny space separating them.

"Have you ever done this with a woman?" she whispered.

"No," he choked out as she gently pushed at his hand.

As his wet, slippery finger slithered out of her cunt, she reached down and delicately peeled back the little fleshy covering that hid her clitoris.

"Can you see the little ball inside here?" she asked him, peeling it back farther.

"Uh, yeah, uh, it looks like a little, uh, a little, pink, uh, pink pea," he stuttered.

"That is my clitoris," she softly said, "and that is what makes a woman come."

"Uh-huh," he gulped, standing on his knees staring down at her exposed femininity.

"Would you like to tickle it with your tongue?" she asked him as he stood motionless.

"You mean, you mean you really want me to..."

"I would love for you to lick it and make me come..."

"Ohgod," he whimpered as he ever so slowly bent down over the gaping gash of bared pink flesh between her legs.

She was so hot, the air was filled with the smell of her estrous. She could only imagine how strong the aroma of her fuming cunt was to him with his nose almost buried in it.

"Unhhhhhh," he grunted as he lowered his mouth down onto her slippery softness.

Then like a starving man, he began to lick and lap at the soft, meaty folds of her vaginal lips. Running his tongue around the flaps of skin, he explored every inch of her sex before finally licking his way up to her hypersensitive clitoris.

"Aiiieeeeeee," she screeched as his rough, probing tongue found the tight little

bundle of nerves jutting out of its fleshy little sheath.

"I'm sorry," he blurted out, jerking his head back away from her, "did I hurt you?"

"God, NO," she groaned, "do it again. It felt so good."

Grinning foolishly, he dipped his head back down and once again quickly found her clitoris with his tongue.

"Ahyesssssss," she hissed, tilting her pelvis up and pushing herself against his face.

Amateurishly, he began to lick and lap at her clit as she groaned and writhed underneath him. While he was a novice at it, the excitement of being eaten by her own son was sufficient stimulation to quickly thrust her toward a rapid orgasm.

His thick, hot tongue flicked back and forth clumsily across the tingling rawness of her exposed clitoris as she felt her whole body tensing, straining, preparing to release the pent-up explosion.

Closer and closer she came until all at once, she felt herself sliding down into the hot, consuming pleasure of her orgasm.

"Aieeeeeeee," she squealed again, grabbing hold of her son's hair and shoving his face down into the hot, convulsing mush of her cunt.

"Cooooommmmmiiiiinnnnnnnggggg," she gasped as her hips began to buck up and down while she ground her pussy into his face.

Relief finally came flowing like a river of delight as she lay half-on and half-off the bed, her hips flailing about wildly while the throes of her orgasm beat down on her. She had never felt such devastating pleasure as it poured over her in monstrous waves that almost took her breath away.

Again and again, the joy of fulfillment filled her body with such intensity, she almost forgot that it was wrong. But how could incest be so wrong if it brought such pleasure, she tried to reason as the throes began to lessen? Finally, the spasms stopped, leaving her gasping in a post-orgasmic fog of satiation and

gratification.

"Mom, are you all right?" she heard her son ask from down between her legs.

"Oh, Yes, Baby," she gurgled, "I just came."

"Oh," he blushed, staring up over the nest of curly hairs at the base of her heaving belly.

"And now it's your turn," she softly said. "I want you to put your cock in me and come inside of me."

He couldn't speak as she looked down at him.

"You would like to come inside of me, wouldn't you?" she asked him.

"Oh, God, Yesssss," he hissed, struggling up to his feet beside the bed.

As she lay half on and half off the bed, her legs were bent outward at the knees and her hips and the upper half of her torso lay on the bed. As she lay looking up at him, she saw that his cock was so hard it was sticking up, pointing at the ceiling.

Like a huge, ripe banana pointing upward and arching back in toward his stomach. Arched and bent for one purpose and one purpose only; to penetrate a woman's vagina and deposit its seed deep inside her and it was going to be her vagina that the monstrosity was going to penetrate. She was about to impale herself on her own son's wondrous penis.

It looked hard enough to pierce steel; she could only imagine what it would do to the soft, pliable flesh of her vagina. It looked so hard; it looked like it was about to burst. Then she remembered how he had come so quickly when she had first touched him with her hand and then how he had exploded almost the instant her mouth had sucked him inside. She knew that he probably wouldn't be able to finish the job, but they had all day to consummate their incestuous marriage.

Reaching up to him, she watched as he slowly bent down over her. His iron-hard monstrosity jutted out directly above the waiting wetness of her womanhood as she gently reached down to guide her son's love-dagger into her velvet-lined scabbard.

She could only imagine the excitement that must be swirling through the boy's head as she daintily touched the massive cockhead. Ever so gently, she began to force it down to her waiting softness, but suddenly it lurched in her hand.

"Ugnnnnnnnnnhhhhhh" her son bellowed as his hips jerked forward and a gigantic gob of semen shot out of his cock.

It almost seemed like it was happening in slow motion as she watched the creamy gob of semen fly over her body and land on her chin with a sick, wet splat. Then his body began to contort and jerk as he raked his cock up and down her belly while it spewed out gob after gob of his creamy cum until she was covered in the sticky venom from the waist up.

Groaning and gasping for breath, her son couldn't stop himself as his body emptied its evil load out onto her.

Finally, the wild spasms stopped and he reeled back up to his feet.

"So, Sorry," he groaned as he stood between her legs, looking down at his rapidly deflating penis hanging down between his skinny legs.

"It's okay," she told him, struggling up onto her elbows.

"We have all day," she murmured, quickly lifting his deflating penis up to her mouth.

"Unnnnnnnnnhhhhh," he grunted as her lips encircled the fallen warrior and sucked it into her mouth.

"God, mother," he winced as she sucked more of his cock into her mouth.

Still the thick, pink monster continued to wilt as she pulled on it with her lips. Finding the cleft where the shaft of his monster connected to the head, she began to tickle and tease it with her tongue. Flicking and rubbing the sensitive spot, she could feel the softening begin to slow until finally it stopped and she felt the strength begin to flow back into the drooping perversion. Grabbing hold of his ass with one hand, she gently scratched the delicate sac of skin covering his balls with the fingernails of her other hand.

Then the hardening began in earnest as the blood began to pour back into the

growing giant. Harder and harder, it grew as it swelled inside her mouth, slowly stretching her lips wider and wider apart.

Finally, it jutted out in all of its fully-ripened glory as she eased back and let it slip out of her mouth.

Smiling, she backed away from him, scooting back on the bed to ready herself for the impalement. She was now ready to be impaled on her son's horrific spear. Ready to give up her motherly virginity to her son; to sacrifice it so that they could consummate their wicked wedlock.

Lying on her back, her legs spread apart, she reached up for him, luring him down into the wet trap waiting between her legs.

With a whimper, he slowly crawled up between her outstretched legs, his steel-hard penis jutting out malignantly. It was so hard; it hardly even quivered as he stumbled up into the forbidden valley between her widespread legs.

She could see his arms trembling with excitement as she reached down to guide his armed weapon down into the waiting succulence of her weeping wound.

"Unhhh..." he wheezed as he felt her fingers touch his granite hardness.

She felt him lower his hips down at her direction as she aimed the great swollen head of his cock down at the wet, fleshy opening of her cunt.

Then they touched in that most forbidden of ways.

His cock was resting against the soft portal of her pussy awaiting its turn to violate the sacred depths from where he had once emerged. Strangely, she found herself sickly thinking that he had come out of her head first and now he was going back into her head first; but in such a horrifically different way.

"Now, baby," she whispered, "put it in me."

"Oh, God," he wheezed as he pushed down at her.

She felt his gigantic prick-head pause for a moment and then slowly slip inside her aching-empty womanhood.



He was inside of her. It was finally happening she told herself as she felt the massive column of rigid meat slowly slither down inside the clenching tightness of her cunt.

She could feel the massive head of his cock spreading apart the meaty insides of her cunt, spreading it and stretching the channel wider and wider as it slowly penetrated down into the forbidden depths of her vagina.

Her son was putting his cock into her. How could she have let this happen? She hadn't let it happen. She had schemed to humiliate her son and now she was the one that was paying the ultimate price. She would pay with her soul.

Would it be worth it, she pondered as the colossus bored its way deeper and deeper into the sanctity of her cunt?

At last, his belly nudged up against hers. He was inside of her. Totally and wholly buried inside her. They were once again joined together by a fleshy union, except this time, it was his flesh that was connecting them, not hers. It wasn't her umbilical cord that gave him nourishment and sustenance, it was his huge, hard cock that would soon gush out its load into her. Fill her with his essence. An essence so potent and vigorous, it could fill her with another life. Create another being inside of her. Recreate himself inside her womb.

And it would, if she was careless, she thought. As wrong as incestuous copulation was, letting it go the final step would be a catastrophe.

Then as her mind swirled with the wickedness of their act, her son began to fuck her with hard, deep strokes. Withdrawing almost all of his cock, before sliding it forcefully back inside of her.

Now she could feel the power growing inside of her; building and increasing in strength as it grew. It would soon overwhelm her and send her spiraling out of control once again.

Like a mighty steam engine chugging up a steep grade, her son grunted and toiled as he drove his cock into her harder and harder. She had never been fucked with such intensity. He was reaming her cunt with the gigantic column of fiery flesh; driving it all the way to the hilt with each piercing thrust.

Her overfilled cunt was filled to the point of bursting and she could feel the

storm about to burst upon her.

Then it came. But unlike the first fierce firestorm, this time it came with a fiery heat of a very different kind as she felt her whole body melt down around his pistoning penis. Her whole body fused down around the monster like some kind of gigantic vagina; sucking and pulling on the horrific demon; trying to suck its essence out. To pull it out and fight the fire that burned inside of her tight, clenching cunt. To put out the fire with his giant fire hose and send his sperm searching for her ovum. She was cunt and he was cock. Their whole reason for being on earth was for this moment. This single moment of union as their bodies came together to form another.

Then she felt it. A gigantic explosion inside of her very soul as a river of cum came spewing out of her son's gigantic prick.

She could somehow hear him bellowing out his conquest as his great penis spurted and shot off inside of her. But she was feeling her own conquest as she groveled in the depravity of their incestuous orgasm. She was the woman who had created the creature that now straddled her, grunting, humping his monstrous cock into her. Now in her own depraved world, she drew his poisonous seed from him; drew it out into her festering wickedness where it would invade her sacred vessel of creation. She could only imagine that she felt the barbed head of his sperm pierce her ovum, just as his giant cock had penetrated her own cunt; invaded it and set about the creation of another him inside of her. She imagined she could already feel it growing with wicked abandonment; growing and filling her womb with its evil presence.

As the evil inside of her grew, she slowly regained her sanity and felt her son's hugeness shrinking and gradually retreating back down the saturated channel of her cunt which was slowly shrinking back to normalcy after being stretched to its limit only moments before by his massive cock. She could only gently milk at the escaping malignancy as it oozed back down the sodden tunnel. Then with a soft slurp, it slipped out of her and she felt a river of his cum spill out behind it.

With a grunt, her son rolled off her. She didn't know how they would escape from the dangerous entrapment they had wandered into; but for this day, she was going to run wild. To be her son's bitch. She would gorge herself on him, eating his rich cream with her mouth, her pussy, and maybe even more; eating and glutting herself until his massive balls ached with emptiness. Just as her pussy

had.

She wasn't going to give him a moment's rest until his testicles were emptied of their rich load, she thought as she slowly coiled herself around him and lowered her mouth down to the limp, cum-drenched scepter lying on his belly.

Slowly, she began to lick and lap at the fallen monster letting her tongue snake around it sensuously.

"God, mother," she heard her son moan as she felt another quiver of life trickle through his flaccid cock.

She couldn't believe his virility as he began to swell and grow again.

As she ran her tongue up and down the hardening shaft of meat, it struggled to raise its monstrous head. Sucking the head of the giant serpent into her mouth, she felt another tremor of excitement trickle through it and within seconds, it stood jutting up out of his groin, unbelievably hard and ripe, once again.

Letting the spit-slickened pillar of meat ooze out of her mouth, she pushed herself up to her hands and knees. Smiling down at her son as he stared up at her expectantly, she straddled his legs and inched her way up his body until her dripping, oozing cunt was directly above the jutting tower of meat.

Reaching down between her widespread legs, she grabbed hold of the malignancy and held it upright as she lowered herself down onto it.

She felt the smooth hardness of his cockhead touch her as she fumbled to fit it the spit-covered ball into the fiery oven between her legs.

Then with a groan, she pushed herself down onto the aberration below her. Slowly, she felt her cunt consume the hardness of his cock as she slid down his penis. Lower and lower, she dipped until she felt the meaty lips of her cunt touch down on the hair-covered base of his enormous manhood.

Now she sat atop him, her legs bent at the knee and her calves resting alongside his hips. With his maleness buried deep inside her aching vagina, she bent forward and slowly eased her tight, clenching cunt up his cock, squeezing down on it with her cunt as she did.

This thing they were doing was so depraved, she knew that they would be struck dead at any moment, but she couldn't resist the pleasure that it brought to her.

Finally, as she felt the oversized head of his cock being stopped by the tight ring of muscles surrounding the entrance of her cunt. She stopped and eased herself back down onto him.

As her cunt encircled the base of his cock, she slowly began to rock back and forth above her son; slowly fucking him with long, sucking strokes of her cunt on his cock.

As she rocked back and forth, she could feel her small, dainty breasts wiggling beneath her. Closing her eyes, she held her head back and concentrated on the pleasure welling up from her cunt. Then she felt her son's hands on her breasts; touching, squeezing, teasing the small, dangling paps. She could feel her nipples swelling, growing bigger and bigger as she slid up and down her son's gigantic pole. Back and forth, back and forth she worked on him as he lay underneath her tormenting her nips.

Like a jockey working her mount, she squeezed her legs against him as she rolled up and down the giant cock embedded in her cunt.

Then she felt it. At first it was a tiny little tickle deep inside her battered, abused cunt. But as she continued to rock back and forth on his monster, a warm surge of pleasure welled up out of the depths of her pussy. Suddenly, the welling of pleasure spread out over her whole body as she began to quiver and tremble.

"Commmmiinnnnnnnnngggg," she whispered as her cunt locked down around her son's prick and began to convulse, squeezing and milking him fiercely.

As her tight, squeezing contractions milked him, she felt his cock buck inside of her and once again, she felt the depths of her pussy being flooded with the potency of her son's thick, hot cum.

They groaned and writhed in animal gratification as they consummated their incestuous union for a second time in such a short time.

Slowly the fiery thrill of her orgasm dissipated as she felt the hot hardness inside of her begin to wilt.

"I love it," she sighed as she casually lifted herself up and let the thick, soft column of pink meat slither out of her drenched cunt.

As the fallen warrior lay dormant on his stomach, she rolled off him and onto her stomach beside him. Before she knew it, she found herself drifting off into sleep...

She awoke to the feel of hands on her naked hips. How nice, she thought. Ken had come home and found her in bed and now he wanted to make love to her.

But wait, why was she lying in her bed naked in the middle of the day? Then it all came flooding back into her head like a flood of horror. She had seduced her son. Seduced him and fucked him twice. Fucked him like some common whore would fuck her john. She had fucked her son. Somehow she should feel remorse or guilt or something, but all she felt was a sense of satisfaction. Her needs had been satiated by their copulation; her senses dulled by the rapture of their incestuous love.

Now, as she waded through the foggy afterglow of sexual gratification, she felt her son gently pulling at her, trying to lift her butt into the air. Grunting, she tensed her legs and helped him as he lifted her up off the bed. She soon found herself on her knees, her butt waving in the air and her head and shoulders resting on the bed. Groggily, she felt her son's hairy legs brush against her calves as he shuffled up between her widespread legs.

Watching back over her shoulder, she saw him reach down to his big, jutting prick. As he inched even closer, she felt the hard, round smoothness of his cock head as her son slowly rubbed the monster up and down the weeping trench of her cunt. He was coating the monstrous head of his cock with the juices oozing out of her overflowing cunt. Waiting anxiously, she felt him carefully thread his gigantic prick into the oozing slit between her legs. As she felt the colossal prick-head penetrate her readiness, her pussy began to stretch and widen to accept his manhood.

Why didn't she feel guilty for letting her son fuck her? Whatever it was, she reveled in the feel of his silken monster sliding up into the defenseless core of her femininity.

Once the bulbous cockhead slithered inside the wet, clutching tightness of her cunt, she heard him grunt and felt his giant prick tear into her.

"Unhhhh" she groaned as she felt his belly slap into her ass as the sickening sound of flesh against flesh filled her ears.

He had driven his cock up into her all the way to the hilt and held it inside of her for a moment.

She felt stuffed to the limit as she felt her son slowly push her hips away, letting his cock ease back out of her. As she felt the muscles of her cunt collapse down on the shaft of his cock, just below the corona, she felt her son's fingers dig into her hips as he jerked her back down on his cock at the same time he lunged forward. Suddenly, she was once again filled to the maximum by his hugeness.

As she lay with her ass sticking up in the air, defenseless against the assault on her pussy by her son, she listened to the loud slap of skin against skin as he hammered his cock into her. The sick sound of her son's stomach crashing into her ass was interspersed only by his grunts as he drove himself into her. In and out, in and out, went his giant prick as he reamed her pussy from behind. She had never been fucked with such ferocity as he continued to pummel her with his giant manhood.

As she gave herself to him without reservation, she could feel the tickle begin down deep inside of her once again. The tiny, little spot inside her pussy was being scraped raw by her son's giant penis as it pounded in and out of her. The spot slowly began to spread, sending warmth flowing out from her cunt as she felt her son's sweat covered stomach smacking against her ass. She could hear him gasping for air, but he didn't slow the attack on her as he pushed and pulled her hips back and forth impaling her with his massive penis.

Suddenly, the warmth blossomed into a roaring torrent of pleasure as her cunt orgasmed around his invading cock.

"Ohcomingagainnnnnnnnn," she shuddered as she feasted on the pleasure pouring from deep inside of her.

As she squeezed down on the shaft of her son's giant penis with the strong muscles of her cunt, she felt his cock kick. For a third time on this wondrous day, her pussy was being filled with her son's rich potency. Thick, hot spurts of cum spewed out into her cunt as her son crouched behind her thrusting himself into her.

His potent cum was so thick and rich; she could taste it in her mouth as it continued to gush out into her overflowing pussy. He held himself pressed up against her ass as his cock emptied its lethal load into her absorbing cunt until at last it stopped erupting inside of her.

She felt his body shudder as he lurched backward, jerking his shrinking manliness out of her battered and bruised cunt.

"Ohhhhhhh," she whimpered as she felt the monstrosity pop out of her.

Neither of them spoke as she eased her stomach back down onto the bed. She looked back over her shoulder and saw her son sitting on his knees between her widespread legs. His giant cock, still thick and puffy jutted out from the hairy juncture between his legs as he smiled down at her. While it wasn't hard and stiff, it still jutted out curving down with its great head dripping cum down onto her butt.

Turning her head, she looked at the clock on the bed stand.

"Oh, my goodness," she said, rolling over and sitting up. "It is already two o'clock. Your father will be home in a little while."

"Uh-huh," he said, walking across the bed on his knees and sitting down beside her.

"But, I don't want it to end," he complained.

"I don't either," she softly said, "but we can't let your father know about this."

"But I love you so much," he told her, pulling her into his arms. "You make me feel so good."

"I'm glad, but I have to clean up before your father comes home."

"Damn," he muttered.

Glancing over at the clock once again, she paused.

"I want you too," she said.

Then she felt him trying to push her back down onto her back.

"No, not here," she told him, trying to unwrap his arms from around her. "I have to take a shower, so if we hurry, we can do it in there."

"Yippee," he yelped, jumping up and pulling her to her feet.

She grinned at his eager enthusiasm as she felt herself being tugged toward the bathroom. They would have to hurry, but she wanted him just as much as he wanted her. She wanted to give him herself, totally, completely.

Stepping into the shower, she turned on the water as Ralph hastily joined her.

As she adjusted the water to the right temperature, she saw her bottle of bath oil. Reaching out, she picked it up and twisted off the top. Looking down, she saw that her son's cock was already sticking out hard and ready. Tilting up the bottle, she filled her palm with the sweet smelling oil. Quickly, she reached over and ran her oil-drenched hand up and down her son's quivering hardness covering it with the oil.

When she had his cock covered in the fragrant balm, she refilled her palm and set the bottle down. Running her hand around behind her, she quickly ran her hand down the cleft between the soft, round cheeks of her ass.

Once the furrow of her ass was glistening with the oil, she quickly turned around facing away from her son and leaned forward. Bending over slightly, she reached behind her and spread the cheeks of her ass apart.

"Hurry and put it in," she huffed as she watched his cock dance up and down excitedly.

"You mean, mean put it in..." he blurted out.

"Yes, hurry and put it in my, my...back there," she groaned, still holding the cheeks of her ass apart.

"Oh, fuck," he gasped, shuffling up between her legs holding his oily cock in his fist.

She felt the hot hardness of his cockhead thud up against the sensitive pucker of



skin surrounding her anus. Then she heard him grunt as he pushed himself against her.

With a grimace, she pushed herself back against him and suddenly she felt a sharp, lancing pain tear through her ass as her son's giant prick impaled her and knifed up into her painfully throbbing asshole.

"OHGOD," she cried out as she felt the oiled monstrosity slide into her asshole.

She couldn't believe that she had taken all of the boy's enormous cock into her asshole as the pain filled her mind. But his stomach was pressed up against her ass so she must have.

"Hurryfuckme," she wheezed as she felt him quickly respond by backing his cock out of her colon.

Then he began to hammer his cock into her stinging asshole with a vengeance as she stood taking all he could give her.

Suddenly, unbelievably, the pain in her ass began to mutate into a kind of pleasure. She had never felt anything like it before.

One part of her felt like she was being torn apart by her son's gigantic prick as it pounded in and out of her ass, but another part could only feel the gratification of giving herself to her son. Then inexplicably, the same little ember of pleasure deep inside her cunt exploded into flame as it flashed through her body and settled into her aching asshole, deadening pain and converting it into pleasure.

"Oh, God, Yes," she panted, thrusting herself back against the onslaught.

"Fuck, coming, mommy," her son groaned as he shoved his cock as deep as he could up into her tight, clenching asshole.

All at once, she felt the lining of her colon set afire as his cock exploded sending out a gusher of his hot, clinging cum into her asshole.

"Oh, Jeez," she winced as he filled her asshole with his hot potency.

Again and again, she felt the giant plunger swell up and jerk as it continued to spurt out its life essence into her.

Finally, it gave out its last gob and rapidly began to deflate as he backed away from her, pulling his melting manhood from her tightly- stretched pucker-hole.

"Ouch," she yelped as the great, bulbous head of his cock popped out of her abused asshole.

He staggered back and leaned against the wall, trying to catch his breath as she leaned against the opposite wall.

After a few moments, she stood up and reached for a wash cloth.

"Did you like that?" she murmured, running the washcloth down over her arms.

"Oh, Fuck..." was all he could say as he stood leaning back watching her wash herself.

"I didn't think I would be able to take all of you," she grinned, running the soapy rag down her legs.

"Me either," he mumbled.

"Well, I've gotta clean up after us," she laughed softly, tossing him the rag and slipping out of the shower.

"I love you, mom," he told her, reaching out to run his hand over her ass as she stepped out.

"Love you, too," she sighed, "and I can hardly wait until you get home from school on Monday."

"Huh," he muttered with a confused look on his face. "Oh, yeah, OH, OH YEAH."

She hurriedly dried off and changed the sheets on the bed before she dressed and started to the kitchen to fix supper. She smiled at the dull ache in her asshole that tweaked painfully with every step she took. Her payment for taking him in the ass, but it had been worth it.

She saw that the bathroom door was open and the shower empty as she passed it. Ralph's door was closed. She started to open it and tell him that she loved him,

but glancing at her watch, she saw that husband would be home in a few minutes.

Hurrying into the kitchen, she started supper. Then, suddenly, a wicked thought popped into her mind.

Reaching over, she flicked the switch of the intercom.

Turning the volume up, the room was suddenly filled with the familiar whack of flesh striking flesh.

She couldn't believe it. He must be some kind of fiendish alien, she thought as she listened to him masturbating. He had already ejaculated five times today and now he was in his room masturbating again. It was unbelievable, she thought to herself as she felt a warm wetness between her legs.

But why should that surprise her, she laughed to herself. Fuck, here I am a forty year old woman and I came six times myself and now I'm getting wet and hot just thinking about him jacking off. My God, she chuckled, running her hand down inside her panties and flicking her clitoris as she stood listening to the sick sounds blaring out of the speaker...

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

**Story Two – The Fog**

Kathy and Larry Winslow were sitting around the pool with their son, Ray and his friend, John. It was a hot, sultry Saturday afternoon and Kathy's ineffectual bikini left little to the imagination. Its brevity displayed her lovely body beautifully. She had large, round, perfectly shaped breasts while the rest of her body was enough to make a man drool. She was a perfect charmer for her thirty eight years, from her billowing mane of auburn hair down to her dainty little toes decorated with soft pink nail polish.

The sides of the bikini bottom were high-cut revealing almost all of her tawny thighs while the front bulged out provocatively hinting at the abundant growth of pubic hair underneath. As she lay sunning herself in the scorching afternoon sun, she noticed, somewhat proudly that her son's friend couldn't keep from staring at her partially covered mammaries. The tiny bikini top did little to conceal her bulging breasts from the boy's roaming eyes as it only covered the big, dusky areolas. The big nipple bulged out brazenly obvious.

Her son, Ray was a freshman in college and had invited his friend down for the weekend. John was a year or two ahead of Ray in college, and seemed much more mature. She wondered if John had an erection, but she couldn't see because he was floating around the pool, face down on a rubber dragon.

Around four O'clock, Kathy sat up sending her big, firm breasts into convulsions of movement much to the boy's delight. Smiling mischievously, she stood up and stepped over to where her husband lay.

"Honey, I think I'm going to go upstairs for a while," she told him, "would you like to join me?"

"Sure thing," he replied, sitting up, "it's getting too hot out here."

She could feel the boy's eyes on her ass as she strolled across the patio. She clenched her round, firm ass making it quiver enticingly with each step she took. She knew that her long legs were the envy of many women in the neighborhood.

"Do we have any marijuana left?" she smiled, letting her hand brush the bulge in her husband's bathing trunks as they stepped inside the house, "I feel like a smoke and a poke."

"Sure," he grinned at her, fondling her round ass as they walked up the stairs,

"but what about the boys?"

"They'll just have to get their own," she laughed, reaching behind her and untying her bikini top.

"Whatever you say," he said, watching her big, perfect breasts spill out into the open, bobbling and wiggling as she walked, "God, what a fucking rack—" he grinned.

"You really think so," she coyly smiled.

Closing the door to their bedroom, Kathy sauntered over to the lounge while Larry got the marijuana out of their nightstand drawer and joined her. They sat on the couch, fooling around, kissing and smoking, passing the tokes back and forth until they were blitzed.

As they lit up the fifth toke, they heard the door open.

Kathy turned and saw her son and his friend staring at her with silly grins on their faces.

"What do you two boys want?" she finally grinned back at them, oblivious to the fact that she no longer wore her bikini top and her bare breasts were prominently exposed for their viewing pleasure.

Her son's friend, John was openly ogling her for some reason and her son, Ray was staring at her with a confused expression on his face.

"We just came down to see what you were doing," Ray stammered, not moving from the doorway.

"Well come on in and join us," she muttered, patting the couch beside her, sending her gorgeous breasts into convulsions of wiggling flesh.

Seizing the opportunity, John hurriedly stepped around Ray and rushed over to the couch. Flouncing down beside her, he openly ogled her big, swollen breasts.

Turning to look at John, Kathy realized that something was wrong, but still couldn't figure it out. She almost felt like an animal in a zoo, being stared at by all of them. Fuzzy-headed from the marijuana, she realized that she was

surrounded by the three males. The marijuana had transported them back to a primitive time. Back to a time that was without society's mores and ethics. Her head spun as she tried to figure out what was happening in the hallucinatory world where she had ended up. As if in a fog, she turned and looked over at the biggest male sitting beside her. He had a funny grin on his face as he reached down and slipped his hand inside of the thing she wore around her woman-place. Confused at what was happening, she turned to the younger male sitting by her. He was leering at her hungrily. Then, she felt the big male ease his finger into her woman-thing.

Suddenly, she felt sexually excited by the presence of the males. The room seemed to reek of the primal smell of sex. Then she felt the big male nipping at her ear and her woman-place started to leak out its readiness. Now the aroma of her sex became overpowering. She closed her eyes for a moment to enjoy the feel of his finger sliding in and out of her as he nibbled on her ear. Slowly opening her eyes, she turned back around to the younger male who was sitting beside her. Looking down at his lap, she saw that his man-thing was sticking up under the thing he wore around his waist. A feeling of unreality and excitement washed over her. She knew that the male with his finger inside her was her mate, but who was the smaller male? Secretly, she admired the young male and admitted that his arousal was exciting to her. She could feel her estrous grow as the big male started sliding his finger in and out of her hot, wet woman-place faster and faster. Turning back around to her mate, she reached down and pulled the cloth thing he wore down off his big man-thing. Her mate's large, fat man-cock now jutted up out of his hairy groin, hard and stiff as she wrapped her hand around it and began roughly stroking it. As she ran her hand up and down his man-penis, she saw movement out of the corner of her eye. Turning around, she saw that the third male had joined them and was now sitting on the floor in front of her. The younger male's eyes were watching her stroke her mate's male-thing. Somewhere, deep in the recesses of her mind, she thought that the smaller male sitting in front of her was somehow related to her, but she couldn't remember how he was related. Still befuddled by the effects of the smoke, she smiled down at him and watched as he offered her another piece of the burning limb they had been smoking. Taking it, she watched him put another one in his mouth and suck on it. Mirroring his action, she smoked hers just like he did. She kept smoking until the room began to swirl around her again. There was so much smoke in the air now she didn't even have to use the weed. Inhaling deeply, she drifted farther and farther back in time. After a while, the littlest male took the burning stick from her hand. Dizzy, she leaned back and felt her mate lean over her. Pushing

his mouth down onto hers, he kissed her long and hard. The kiss fanned the glowing embers in her woman-place hotter and hotter as her mate's tongue probed the inside of her mouth and his finger assaulted her secret place. Then out of the fog of swirling around inside her head, she felt a hand on her breast. The hand was too small for her mate's hand, so she knew it had to be one of the smaller males. Her face still mashed against her mates', she blindly reached out to find out who it was. She found that the young male sitting beside her, the one not related to her, had taken her breast in his hands and was lovingly squeezing and playing with it. Not able to decide whether to repulse his advances or not, she let him fondle her breast, gently flicking her big, hard nipple back and forth with his fingers. What would her mate think if he caught the little male doing this to her, she wondered?

She was growing more and more aroused as she stroked her mate's huge hardness faster and faster. As she did, she felt her mate's finger digging into her deeper and deeper while the other male squeezed and fondled her more and more insistently. Then suddenly she felt someone slowly easing her loin cloth down her legs. Glancing down, she saw that the small male at her feet had pulled her loin cloth down. This exposed her mate's hand moving up and down as he drove his fingers in and out of her. Softly the hands kept pulling the tiny strip of cloth down until it slipped off over her dainty feet and she sat on the couch as naked as the animal she had become. She could hear her mate panting excitedly as she continued to stroke his thick, jutting hardness. She knew that she could easily make him come anytime she wanted. Slowing the movement of her hand on him, she prolonged his pleasure. As she slowly stroked her mate, she secretly reached over to the male sitting beside her and found the bulge in the young male's lap. She heard him wheeze asthmatically as her hand found his boy-thing through the cloth. Then as she groped and grappled the smaller male's boy-thing, she felt his loin cloth slip down and the boy's thing jumped into her hand. Looking down, she saw that the other smaller sitting at her feet had undressed the other young male. With her hand wrapped around the smaller boy-cock, she began stroking it roughly. Now holding both of the male's cocks in her hands, she stroked them. Then she felt her mate's loincloth being pulled down off his jutting hardness. His giant cock was now free of its tight constraints. She didn't even have to look to see who had done it as she slid her hands up and down the bloated cylinders of man-meat.

Still stroking both of the male's stiff, hard cocks, she slowly bent down over her mate's thing and licked the huge purple penis-head sitting atop the cylinder of

meat. Kissing and licking it for several seconds, she finally sucked the bulging cockhead into her mouth. Gently nipping and biting on the big head of his penis, she pulled on it as her hand began to slide up and down it faster and harder. As she jacked him off, she felt him lean back on the couch, his breathing rapidly becoming fast and irregular. Sucking harder and harder, she raked her tongue over the little spot just below the head of his cock, sending him headlong into a gigantic orgasm. As she shucked her hand up and down his pulsating cock, she felt his cock jump and jerk as it began to spew its seed-laden cream into her sucking mouth. Spurt after spurt, his thing spit its sticky white hotness into her mouth as she swallowed and swallowed its creamy discharge. Still her hand flew up and down the giant slab of meat as it continued to discharge its virulent load into her mouth while she milked it dry.

At last, it finally stopped shooting off and she let it slip out of her mouth. Looking up at her mate, she saw that he had fallen back on the couch and looked like he had passed out.

Ignoring her mate's dilemma, she now turned to the younger male sitting beside her. Her hand still held his boy-thing and she quickly began to jerk it up and down. The male was breathing with difficulty and his face was turning red as she pounded her fist up and down on him. Suddenly, she bent down over the young male's distended man-thing. She heard his gasp in anticipation. Opening her mouth, she gently sucked almost half of the boy's eight inches into her mouth in one swift plunge. Quickly closing her mouth down over him, she began to suck on him as hard as she could as her hand wandered down to his dangling balls. Lifting and playing with the tight spheres within their fleshy sac, she hungrily sucked and slurped on his bulging cock as she felt his body tighten in pre-eruptive tension. As she sucked on him, she could hear his breathing become more and more ragged as he rapidly lost control. Then suddenly, she heard him bellow out in exultation as his big boy-cock bucked and began to spurt his young, immature cream into her mouth. Sucking as hard as she could, she still couldn't keep up with his gushing cock. Soon his cock was coated with the overflow of his semen as it flowed out of her mouth and down onto the shaft of the boy's cock. Still it came, gusher after gusher of thick, pearly cream until at last, with one feeble little lurch, it stopped. As it stopped, she felt his whole body go limp and he slumped back onto the couch. Slowly lifting her dripping mouth from his rapidly shrinking boy-cock, she saw that both of the males on the couch had passed out.



She suddenly realized that her woman-thing was on fire and she needed a man-thing to put out the fire.

Turning away from the younger male, she found the other young male still sitting on the floor in front of her. He was offering her another burning stick. She remembered that she had gotten light-headed when she smoked the burning stick earlier. Now as she stared down at him, she remembered that this smaller male was her own offspring. Her son. Her first born male offspring. Not wanting to rebuff him, she took the smoking stick from him and leaned back to smoke it. She saw that he was watching her with an adoring look on his handsome face as she smoked her stick. It took several moments for her to comprehend that he was naked too. Then she saw that he was gently stroking himself as he gazed up at her longingly. She sat smoking and watching him slide his hand up and down his man-thing for several moments before it registered how big his thing was. She coughed, choking on the smoke from stick as she gawked at her son's gigantic penis. She couldn't believe the size of the monstrous penis jutting up out of her son's almost hairless groin. Her mate's penis was huge, she thought, but the penis sticking out of her son's belly was gigantic. Thinking that the marijuana had distorted her vision, she drunkenly turned and stared at the other boy's dormant cock and then back to her son's enormity. Her son's penis was more than twice the size of the other boy's normal-sized cock. As she stared at her offspring's towering maleness, she knew that it must be more than a foot long. She nearly dropped the burning stick as her fingers became numb. Sensing her surprise, her son reached up and took the stick from her hand before she burned herself. Snuffing it out, he waited. They stared at each other for several moments, seemingly incapable of movement.

She knew that she must be in a state of shock. The adrenaline from the shock seemed to clear her mind just a little. As it did, she was transported forward in time, back to future. Shaking her head, she realized that she had just sucked off her husband and her son's best friend right in front of him. Now both of them were sitting in front of each other without a stitch of clothes on.

While she sat staring at him, he continued to slowly stroke himself. She watched his eyes as they moved from one of her breasts to the other and then down to the furry mound of kinky auburn hair that hid her woman-place from him.

She sat motionless, not knowing what to do. She knew that her woman-place was on fire and aching for a man-thing. Her son's man-thing was hers for the

taking, but that was incest. While she had performed an obscene sex act in front of him, she still hadn't committed the most forbidden of sex acts with him. She hadn't committed incest with her son.

Mothers and sons weren't supposed to make love to each other, she told herself. Still she couldn't keep from staring at her son's magnificent penis. It was beautiful and at the same time, wickedly evil. She watched with fascination as he slowly moved his hand away from it. It jutted up, erect and rigid, gently pulsing back and forth with each heartbeat. She still couldn't believe how large it was as she let her eyes lovingly caress the forbidden monster.

As she gawked at his maleness, she felt her hand lift of its own accord. As if it belonged to another person, she watched it float out toward her son's pulsing colossus pulling her with it as it did. Closer and closer it went until at last it timidly touched the soft firmness of the penis's purple-capped mushroom. The instant her finger touched him, her son gradually rose up on his knees, forcing his gigantic boy-cock into her hand. Now, standing on his knees in front of her, he once again waited. Responding to his suggestive move, she delicately traced the outline of his penis with the tip of her finger. Her finger slowly circled around the firm, purple cap of maleness and then crept down one side of the ribbed pink shaft that bristled with many, throbbing, pulsing blood vessels. The finger continued, dropping down, down, down to his great, dangling testicles and then back up, up, up the other side to the bloated purple cockhead once again. Feeling the pulsing blood vessels that kept blood pumping into the monster and kept it from toppling under its own weight, she let her finger wander back down to its furry base. It was surreal. It didn't seem to be actually happening. It was like living in a dream as she let the finger retrace its path back up until it rested on his bulging purple cockhead. Now that she had touched her son, she still didn't know if she dared do more. Time seemed to stop as she let her hand drop away from his bounding cock. Then almost imperceptibly, she leaned forward toward the boy's jutting manhood. Inch by inch, she moved closer and closer. Drawn toward it by a powerful magnetism, she continued to lean forward, her soft, full lips moving closer and closer to him. Her son seemed to stop breathing as he watched her draw closer and closer to his maleness. Then, just as she reached him, they were both startled by a loud groan from her mate.

Kathy fell back from her son's thrusting cock as if she had been knocked back by some unseen force. Her son reacted similarly and nearly falling over backward as he recoiled away from her. Turning, they both glared over at Larry only to

find he had only groaned in his sleep.

Without saying a word, Kathy scooted forward on the couch and woozily wobbled to her feet. Standing above her son, she turned and looked at both of the other men lying on the couch to make sure that they were still unconscious. Satisfied that they were, she extended her hand down to her son. Helping him up, she took him in her arms and looked deeply into his eyes as if asking him if they should continue. What she saw affirmed what she already knew in her heart of hearts. There was no stopping it now that they had gone this far. Turning quietly, they quietly stole out of the room.

Silently padding down the hallway, hand in hand, they tottered past the master bedroom as she pulled him down to his room. Opening the door, Kathy led her son inside. Stopping for a moment to look back out into the hallway, she softly closed the door behind them and slowly walked over to his bed. He followed her, watching her with a strange, almost childlike look on his face as she crawled up onto his bed.

Easing down onto his bed, she gracefully rolled over onto her back. Slowly, seductively, she began to deliberately spread her legs apart, inch by inch. Her son stood watching her slowly spread her legs apart as he waited. His eyes were focused on her soft underbelly as she opened herself for him wider and wider. She was highly aroused. Her soft inner thighs were now coated with her love-nectar. Then, like a delicate, beautiful pink rose blooming, her most secret of places unfolded, revealing itself to him. Reaching down, she gently spread the soft, silken lips of her womanhood gradually exposing the deep, wet mystical core of her very being. Wider and wider, she spread herself, opening her inner sanctum wider and wider. Finally she had spread her legs wide open. She now lay waiting for her son to make the final move. She knew that she had led him to this point, but now, for what they were about to do, they would share the blame together. She knew that within moments, the mother-son bond would be torn asunder. Or it would be fused together so tightly no one would ever be able to separate it. Looking up at him as he stood at her feet, she could almost feel his uncertainty. Even though she was his mother, he was the male. And he seemed to be in command of the situation. Yet he still seemed incapable of taking the final, momentous step. She knew that he must be torn between desire for her and respect for her as his father's mate. He seemed paralyzed and unable to take the final step.

At last, realizing that he was incapable of acting on his own, she reached up to his bobbing cock and gently took hold of it. Looking into his eyes, she could see the love flowing between them. Then, she gently tugged on his man-thing, coaxing him to crawl up between her outstretched legs.

At last he moved, staring down at the frothy slash between her legs as she guided his throbbing manhood down toward it. Both of them were frightful of what the next few moments would bring. But, neither of them could stop it. It must happen. They must be fused together in passionate love and quiet the raging storm inside their brains. Then, she felt his great cockhead touch the fragile softness of the opening to her woman-place. She lurched back, feeling like she had been touched by a current of electricity. Her velvety soft skin was so hot, she hoped it wouldn't burn his sensitive cockhead as he gradually eased it down into the boiling vat of her vagina.

"OH, MY GOD!" he gasped as his cockhead was immersed in the steaming heat of her wet vagina.

"UNNNHHHHHHHHHHNNNN," she groaned in answer as she felt his huge cockhead slide deeper and deeper into her agonizingly-tender womanhood.

He was huge. She had never felt so full as her son continued to slide his cock down into her accommodating pussy. Would she be able to take all of his gigantic penis? Trying to relax as much as she could, she could still feel the tight ring of muscles encircling the opening of her cunt being stretched to their very limit.

Still, his immense penis intruded deeper and deeper into his mother's secretiveness, forcing the walls of her vagina to expand more and more to accept him as it plowed through the mushy heat of her vagina. Looking down at where their bodies became one, she saw that more than half of his thick, heavy cock had been swallowed up by her ravenous cunt and it continued to slip into her.

"More, More, Baby, More, More," she cried out, urging him to keep on pushing his cock into her.

She was determined to take every inch of his majestic penis. Deeper and deeper it slithered. Groaning and grunting, both of them coaxed the other to complete the dirty deed.

At last, his belly ground down into hers and she knew that she had taken all of his cock inside her burning womanhood.

The realization that he had his whole cock buried inside of his mother's deep, wonderfully wet pussy proved to be too much for him. His cock immediately began lurching and spurted out a gigantic geyser of his burning hot cum into her.

"OH, FUCKING JESUS," she grunted as she felt the lining of her vagina being drenched by the incandescent heat of the stream of her son's thick, creamy cum.

The shock of his white-hot sperm spilling out into her burning vagina sent her plunging down into the deepest abyss of womanly gratification she had ever felt. It was like being thrust down into a bottomless pit of pure animalistic pleasure. Every pore of her body seemed to be afire with the stabbing pangs of joy as she plummeted deeper and deeper into the vortex of her orgasm. She was woman—he was man—and now she would be his mate, too.

The instant his cock had jerked and erupted inside of her, she had clamped her meaty pussy down around his it, pulling him deeper into his own orgasm. As they climaxed together, her pussy squeezed and milked his penis as he shot volley after volley of his virulent boy-cream into her. Again and again, his cock recharged itself and squirted its life's juices into her accepting womanhood until finally it could produce no more and stopped. As his cock stopped spurting inside of her, she slowly loosened her pussy's tight grip on his cock.

Luxuriating in the warm, drunken afterglow of their lovemaking, they waited for his cock to begin to shrink and retreat from the hot, clutching sheath of her vagina. Waiting, she gently caressed his cock with her pussy and was surprised when his cock didn't shrink. Amazed, she felt her ardor quickly rekindled.

"Oh, MY Baby," she purred, running her hands down his back and cupping the cheeks of his ass, pulling him into her deeper, "Fuck me—"

As he heard the perversion spill from his mother's mouth, he felt his cock lurch inside of her. Wanting to please her, he slowly withdrew his long, dripping love-sword from the overflowing gash of her femininity before roughly driving it back inside her. Backing out of her again, he quickly rammed the full length of his cock back into the hot, cum-coated sheath of her vagina with such force, she grunted feeling the breath knocked from her lungs. In no time he was sawing his heavy, thickness in and out of the weeping slit of her vagina with a vengeance.

Both of them relished the feel of his young, virulent cock plowing in and out of her embracing womanhood. She had never had so much man inside of her before. The fact that the man inside her was a boy and the boy was her son sent perverse chills of wickedness pulsating up and down her spine. She loved the way he buried himself all the way up to his big balls on every thrust. Kathy felt like her son's enormous cock was impaling her so deeply it was forcing the air out of her lungs every time he drove it home into her.

"Oh-Anhhhhh-You're-Anhhhhh-So-Anhhhhh-Fucking-Anhhhhhh-Big," she groaned between his thrusts.

"I'm-Unhhhhh-Not Hurting-Unhhhhh-You-Unhhhhhh-Am I?" he grunted in between each penetrating stab of his cock.

"Oh-Anhhhhh-God-Anhhhhh-NO-Anhhhhh-I-Anhhhhhhh-LOVE-Anhhhhhh-IT." she blurted out emphatically as he continued hammering his cock into her hot, willing, clutching tunnel of love.

She was so wet and slippery, she could hear his giant cock slurping in and out of her as he fucked her mercilessly. She could even feel his great dangling balls slapping against her upturned ass every time he buried himself into her. She was squirting out so much stuff, it was being splattered all over the place by his slapping balls. Time seemed to dissolve into a fog of ecstasy as they fucked and fucked. Neither of them knew how long they had been fucking and neither of them cared. The only thing on their minds was the pure, unadulterated sexual pleasure that was pouring up from where their bodies became one.

"Oh-Baby-Anhh-I-Anhh-Love-Anhh-the-Anhh-way-Anhh-You-Anhh-Fuck-Anhh-ME," she wailed as he proceeded to drive his huge manhood in and out of her sodden hole.

Without pausing a beat, her son gently reached down and hooked his arms under her legs and lifted them higher and higher until her femininity was totally vulnerable to his assault. Now with her legs pressing against her breasts, her calves resting on his shoulders, her bruised and battered womanhood was totally at his mercy. He could drive his horrendous python even deeper into sodden depths of her drooling love-wound.

"I'm going to come—" she whispered, as her son's cock tore into at a furious pace.

He was fucking her so hard and she was spewing out so much juice, musky froth was flying everywhere. Thick gobs of fuck-cream dripped from her son's brick hard stomach as he slapped himself into her. In and out, in and out, like a runaway freight train, he fucked his mother like there would never be another chance.

Suddenly, Kathy felt her son rip his cock into her so hard, it rattled her teeth and she felt every muscle in his body lock into such rigidity, she feared for his life. Holding himself mashed against her with his elephantine penis thrust as deeply into her vagina as possible, she waited for him to ejaculate inside of her. Then she felt it. His already huge cock, swelled inside of her, stretching the already over-stretched walls of her stuffed vagina to the point of pain, for just a moment before she felt him explode inside of her. The force and volume of her son's expulsion of cum were so great that she felt like someone had kicked her in the pussy as the spout of boiling syrup shot out into her.

This suddenly triggered another orgasm of her own as she thrust herself against him, wanting to take all of him and more. Clenching and grabbing at his cock with her cunt, she milked and pulled on his cock mercilessly. Swelling up and lurching every four or five seconds, her son's mighty love-weapon shot load after load of his thick, white cream into her until her pussy was so full the creamy mess came pouring out around the buried shaft of his maleness. Still the boy's giant engine spurted more and more of his thick, potent semen into his mother.

"Oh, God, my balls are on fire," he gasped as his gonads cramped and stopped delivering cum to his cock.

Still he kept thrusting himself down into her as the muscles in her vagina relaxed and she came drifting back down from her own orgasmic flight.

This time, she felt the boy's giant slowly begin to deflate and retreat back down the battered channel of her pussy. Ever so slowly, the thick, round tube of boy-flesh withered inside of her and slipped down her slippery tunnel of love.

Gradually withdrawing from his mother, Ray gently let her legs down onto the bed. Still backing away from her, he let his shrunken boy-thing slowly slip out of her foamy slit.

"Oh, My, Fucking God," Kathy murmured, reaching down and tentatively probing her dripping slit, "I love your rich, sweet cream. It is so hot and creamy."

"I've never came that much all at once," Ray blushed snuggling up against his mother and gently kissing one big, rubbery nipple. "I felt like I never wanted to stop coming inside of you. It was just so good I couldn't make it stop."

"I know, lover," she smiled at him, "but, as potent and powerful as your beautiful sweet cream is, I can't let it stay inside of me or I'll have your baby. We can't have that."

"Uh, Okay," Ray muttered, surprised at his mother's sudden lucidity.

"Do you have any more marijuana?" she asked him as she rolled over to the edge of his bed and sat up.

"Sure," he yawned, pointing to his nightstand, "there's some in there."

"Do you mind if I have one," she asked him, leaning over and easing open the drawer.

"Of course not," he said, idly watching the way her big, lovely tits wiggled and shook as she reached into the drawer, "take as many as you want."

"Thank You, Lover," she smiled at him, taking a couple of the tokes. "I'll repay you some day."

"That'll be nice," he yawned again, hardly able to keep his eyes open.

Lighting one of the tokes, Kathy took a long, deep drag on the cigarette. Holding it in her lungs, she struggled to her feet and tried to stand up. She had to hold onto the bed as she tried to gain her balance. The effects of the marijuana and the aftermath of her remarkable orgasm had left her weak and shaky.

At last she was able to cautiously walk to his bathroom. Her knees were wobbly and threatened to give way at any second, but she finally made it. Still smoking her toke, she sat down on his toilet and began to urinate, washing away some of her son's thick, gooey cum. She knew that she needed to get to her bidet if she was going to rid herself of the gargantuan deposit of cum that he had left inside of her. Finishing her toke and already feeling the soft, blissful fog moving back into her brain, she carefully stood up and stumbled back out into his bedroom. Shuffling over to his bed, she saw that he was already asleep. Without waiting, she continued to lurch across his room and on down to her bedroom. Making it



over to her nightstand, she lit her other toke and tottered into her bathroom. Sitting down on her bidet, she quickly washed the last of her son's pearly thick cream from her pussy.

Reeling from the effects of the marijuana, she made it back to her bed. Falling on it, she leaned over and snuffed out the butt of her second toke. Lying on the bed, naked, she suddenly felt herself falling asleep.

As she slept, she dreamed of her son and his great, long cock. She could almost feel his wonderful thick man-thing inside of her as she dreamed, but it seemed to be smaller. Still enjoying the feel of his cock slithering in and out of her woman-thing, she felt herself slowly waking again. As she gradually woke, she found that the cock she had been feeling wasn't a figment of a dream and it wasn't her son's. As she opened her eyes, she saw the face of her son's friend, John poised directly above hers. Raising her head a little, she looked down between them to see his boy-cock sliding in and out of her pussy as he smoothly fucked her. Waking to the feel of a cock sliding in and out of her pussy was a pleasant experience she thought as she began to respond to him. Reaching up, she ran her fingernails down his back, goading him to fuck her harder as she thrust up into him every time he plunged his cock into her deep, hot wetness. She could feel his hardness roughly pounding into her softness as he fucked her with quick, vigorous strokes. She felt herself rising toward another climax as the boy hammered his cock into her responsive femininity faster and faster. His breathing was quickly becoming ragged and irregular as he sawed his cock in and out of her dripping slash. Lifting her long, luscious legs, she dug her heels into his ass, urging him to fuck her faster and deeper.

Even as he drove his cock into her as hard and deep as he could, she now felt an itch so deep inside of her pussy, his cock couldn't reach it. She knew that it could only be satisfied by the deep, penetrating hugeness of her son's giant cock. How perverse, she thought, as she kept urging John to fuck her harder and harder. She had only been fucked by her son minutes before and now she already needed him again. It had been her own fault, she berated herself. Still, the simple act of thinking about her son and their evil coupling sent her skittering to the edge of another incredible orgasm. Just remembering the first wonderful time made her all excited. It had taken him almost a minute just to ease all of his huge penis into her. The remembrance made her melt inside and she was suddenly consumed by another fantastic orgasm. Her whole body began to shake and quiver as her pussy locked down on John's pistoning cock causing it to let loose

its creamy load into her.

Even though her mind soared above them, she could still feel the boy's erupting cock spurting blast after blast of white-hot cum into her cunt as they groveled and ground their bodies together obscenely. Finally, after at least a whole minute of grappling together, John groaned and rolled off her, abruptly jerking his shrinking cock from her foaming slit. She didn't look, but she could feel some of the boy's abundant stuff trickling out her pussy as she felt the need for another weed.

Rolling over, she moved over to her nightstand and opened it. Rifling through the drawer, she finally found her little bag of smokes. Taking one out, she lit it and laid back down, blowing the smoke up into the air. In a few moments, the sharp wickedness of the night slowly began to be dulled by the sensual thickness of the marijuana induced fog she was creating.

Looking over at John, she saw that he had fallen to sleep again. She couldn't believe that this was actually happening. Maybe it was a dream after all and she would wake up and it would be all over. Taking another drag off her weed, she heard the door to the bedroom open. Turning and looking toward it, she saw her husband standing in the door with his cock in his hand. It was obvious that he was searching for her as his cock jutted out hard and supremely confident. Staring at her husband's cock, she found herself wickedly comparing it to her son's colossal prick. It was bizarre that she had been fucked by her husband's big cock countless times but now it seemed unfamiliar as her mind raced back to her incestuous encounter with her son. Larry's cock was thicker and fatter than Ray's but it was at least four or five inches shorter than the boy's. As she thought about Ray and the way he had made love to her, she felt herself growing hot inside. A wicked, drunken smile on her face, she snuffed out her toke and struggled up to her hands and knees. Still lewdly smiling at her husband, she turned around until her beautiful, round derriere was facing him. She could feel a stream of John's spent cum trickling down her soft inner thighs, but it only made her feel sexier as she wagged her butt from side to side seductively.

"Is this what you're looking for?" she brazenly asked her mate, watching him over her shoulder as he quickly strode toward the bed with his cock slashing back and forth like a sword in a sword fight.

He didn't answer as he scrambled up behind her. Grabbing one thigh with one

hand, he held her steady as he guided his bulbous, purple cockhead up at her waiting womanhood with the other hand. Feeling him find her hot, wet slit, she winced as he penetrated the slippery chute and slid inside her. Easing his cock up into the hot, wet socket, he jerked his hand away and sent the rest of his cock plunging into her as hard as he could.

"UnHhhhhhhh," she grunted as his huge column of meat sliced into her cunt.

Driving his cock into her all the way to the hilt, he stopped, holding himself inside of her. Luxuriating in the feel of his wife's hot, dank cunt wrapped around his cock, he leaned forward over her. Reaching underneath to her heavy, dangling breasts, he gently squeezed and fondled the drooping mountains of mammary flesh, slowly rolling his hips and swirling his cock round inside the soft, mushy insides of her overheated cunt as he toyed and teased her throbbing nipples.

Spreading her long legs apart as wide as she could, she thrust herself back on him, impaling herself as deeply as she could on his maleness. Still, try as hard as she could, she couldn't get his cock to the spot that her son had found earlier in the night. She could feel her husband's giant cockhead near it, but stopped just short of it. Still, he was so big, he pulled her clitoris down as it rubbed up against the ribbed shaft of his cock. Grinding her ass up against his belly, she still enjoyed the feel of his thick cock inside of her cunt as he fiddled with her big, hard nipples. Finally needing to feel his rigid cock rasping over her clitoris, she leaned forward letting his cock withdraw down the slippery channel of her cunt. Letting go of her nipples, he grasped hold of her around her waist as she leaned away from him. Waiting until only the great purple cockhead remained inside, he jerked her back onto him. At the same instant, he thrust into her burying his cock all the way to the hilt inside of the spongy, sopping core of her pussy.

"Unhhhhhhh," she grunted as the force of the blow momentarily knocked the breath from her lungs.

Still gripping her around the waist, he powerfully shoved her away from him and abruptly jerked her back onto him again. Once again he buried his cock all the way to its limit inside her drooling pussy as she moaned her approval. Quickly he began to fuck her from behind with long, hard, deep strokes sinking his entire cock into her every time. Looking down between her swinging breasts, she watched his thick, pink manhood slash up into her cunt over and over again as

she reveled in the pleasure of it. The ferocity of his thrusts sent his cock almost to the spot that her son had discovered deep inside of her pussy. Hunching back onto him every time he sent his cock ripping into her cunt, she could almost feel the head of his cock brush against the tingling, sensitive spot. Faster and faster, they fucked as they rushed down the tumultuous road toward another climax. The agitated state of her vagina only heightened its sensitivity and her husband was rapidly stroking her into an orgasm. Their bodies crashed together like battling rams as they fucked. The violence of their colliding bodies sent splatters of their love-jelly flying everywhere even as far away as the unconscious body of John. Faster and faster they fucked, panting and gasping for air as they hammered their bodies together until at last sparks seemed to arc from the steaming point where their bodies were connected.

Groaning in ecstasy, Kathy felt her whole body shaking and quivering as she felt yet another heart-stopping climax rip through her cunt. Holding her pussy stubbornly plastered against his belly, she felt Larry's fire hose suddenly erupt inside of her, spewing out its potent gusher of seeds in torrent after torrent of thick, foamy cum. Jumping every time she felt his cock spurt another sizzling gusher of his semen into her, she was catapulted higher and higher on a tidal wave of climatic pleasure. They sounded like two cats growling and meowing as they finished together and finally came floating back down to earth.

"Oh, My, Fucking God," Larry groaned as he leaned backward and slipped to the floor, vulgarly jerking his still hard cock from her dripping cunt and sending drops of cum flying everywhere.

Hearing her husband fall to the floor, Kathy quickly turned around to help him. Looking down at him, she saw that he had his eyes closed and didn't appear to be breathing. Scrambling down off the bed, she felt his pulse and found it strong and steady. He had just passed out from pure pleasure for the second time tonight.

Standing above her husband, she once again found her pussy overflowing. Reaching down to her nightstand, she picked up another weed and lit it on her way to the bathroom. Sitting on the bidet, smoking her weed, she let the fog of the marijuana slowly drift over her mind once again, once again dulling the wickedness of the night. Finally, her vagina cleansed once again and her toked down to a nub, she stood up. Tossing the butt down into the john, she looked at her watch and found that it was almost five o'clock in the morning. Shocked that

she had spent the whole night fucking, she stole back to her nightstand and lit another toke. This would be her last one of the day, night, or whatever it was, she thought as she softly padded out of the room. Stopping at the door, she looked back and wondered what John and Larry would think when they woke up next to each other. Well, she thought, they started it so they would just have to deal with it.

Walking down the hall to the recreation room where it had all started, she stepped over to the patio door and quietly opened the curtain. Outside, the sun was just about to come up as she watched the darkness slowly fade away.

As she watched, she suddenly felt someone walk up behind her and gently take her into his arms. Leaning back against the man, she felt him tenderly lift her big, pendulous breasts, lovingly fondling the soft, pliant flesh. Reaching down, she searched for the man's penis to find out who it was. Quickly she found the man's waiting manhood and knew immediately that she was being held by her son. Feeling her son's gigantic penis, she found it hard and ready. As she softly stroked his rigid manliness, she felt a perverse twitter inside of her pussy knowing that it would soon be full of his great cock again. And he could rub her spot.

Then she felt her son grasp his penis and force it between her legs. She spread her legs apart and felt him guide the great, round cockhead up into the waiting heat of her cunt. Spreading her legs even wider, she felt him slowly ease the entire length of his monstrous cock back up inside her. When he had his cock totally buried inside of her, he stopped and they stood unmoving as he held her in his arms. Finally, after several moments, he gently withdrew his cock and spun her around to face him. She smashed her lips down onto his, stabbing her tongue into his mouth. He pulled her against him roughly, delighting in the feel of her big, hot breasts smashed against his chest as she ran her hand up and down his wet, throbbing cock.

Finally, breaking her lip-lock on him, he scooped his mother up and carried her over to the couch. Softly setting her down on the back of the couch, he happily found that her pussy was at the same level as his jutting cock. Quickly, he lifted his mother's long, beautiful legs up as she held onto his shoulders. She reached down to the swollen head of his bounding cock and hurriedly pulled it to her slaving cunt. Feeling it find the opening of her hot, sultry cunt, he hunched his hips forward sending his cock rushing into the tight confines of her cunt.

"Oh, Fucking, God, You, Found, It, Again," she moaned as she felt herself blasting away on another climax as her son's cockhead pounded into her secret place.

She couldn't believe that she was having another orgasm. He had just put his cock into her and she had rocketed off again. How could such a thing happen?

Seeing that she had tripped off into another climax, Ray rapidly began to fuck her with deep, hard strokes, filling her to the brim with every lunge. In and out, in and out his cock went, faster and faster not even giving her time to come down from her climatic high. She was still climaxing as he fucked her and the pleasure was growing greater the more he fucked her. Suddenly, without warning, she heard Ray groan and send his cock into her as deep and hard as he could. She could feel his cock lurch and send a fountain of his cum spurting into her just as she felt herself losing consciousness. The last thing she felt was falling toward her son as he held her impaled on his spewing cock.

~~~

The sun glaring into her eyes woke her. Afraid to open her eyes, she waited, trying to piece together what had happened last night. She could remember bits and pieces, like how she had masturbated and sucked off her husband and Ray's friend, John at the same time while Ray watched. How would she be able to look her son in the eye again? Finally she slowly opened her eyes. Looking around, she saw that she was in bed with her husband, Larry. The bed had been turned down and they were under the covers like nothing had happened. Searching the room, she found nothing amiss that would even hint at the revelry that had taken place. Seeing that her husband was still asleep, she quietly slipped out of bed. Her pussy still ached so she knew that something had happened, but maybe she had dreamed most of it. Slipping into a gown, she silently crept out of the bedroom and walked down to the recreation room. Peeking inside, she once again saw no evidence of anything out of the ordinary. Stealing across the room, she walked up to the couch where she had thought she had been fucked by her son. She could see no evidence of it happening until she looked closely. Even then she could only find a slight dampness where someone had gone to great pains to remove any evidence.

Turning and walking back down the hallway, she slipped up to Ray's door and peeked into her son's room. She saw that he was asleep on the bed and his friend was asleep in his sleeping bag on the other side of the bed. Seeing that they were both asleep, she tiptoed over to the bed and looked down at her son. Could it all have been a dream, she wondered as she watched the even rise and fall of his chest? She couldn't stop her eyes from wandering down to her son's groin as she searched for evidence to prove or disprove her dream. Seeing the outline of her son's large cock, she realized that it must have happened. How else could she know how big he was? Wanting to be totally certain, she reached down and slowly lifted the sheet up away from her son's hidden warrior. The instant his cock was uncovered, there was no doubt in her mind. It hadn't been a dream. He was huge, just like she remembered. As she stood staring at his gigantic manhood, she suddenly felt a hand on her leg, creeping up under her gown.

Looking up, she saw that he was awake and was running his hand up toward her womanhood. Confused, she didn't know what to do as she felt his hand find her secret grotto and gently explore it. Still holding the sheet up, she didn't move until she felt her son ease a finger up into her burning socket. Feeling her knees grow weak with desire, she spread her legs apart as he eased a second finger into her and began to finger fuck her wet, dripping slit. Not able to stop herself, she reached down to his giant cock and roughly stroked it as her son drove his fingers in and out of her quickly. The sheer wickedness of their actions drove her to a climax within seconds. Dropping the sheet, she covered her mouth with her hands to keep from waking John as her body shook and jerked with pleasure. Her pussy had locked down on her son's fingers and tightly squeezed them as her body was wracked with wave after wave of intense gratification. Finally, she felt her climax ending and she gently pushed her son's hand away from her sopping pussy. She could feel her excitement running down her legs as she bent down and kissed her son on the mouth, hard and deep.

"I'll be here for you tonight," she whispered, taking his wet hand in hers and squeezing it, "Okay?"

"I'll try to wait that long," he returned reaching up and fondling one of her drooping breasts.

"It will be wonderful," she smiled softly, standing up and slowly slipping out of his room.

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

**Story Three - Mother's New-found Lover**



Susan Meadows, divorced one year earlier, now lived alone with her eighteen year old son, Justin. Susan had tried dating on two occasions after her divorce, but found it was just too soon for her to venture back out into society with a man in a one on one situation. While she hadn't dated, she did maintain a friendship with Gloria, one of her girlfriends at work. Gloria was her only contact with the outside world. Other than work, her entire life seemed to be centered on her son, Justin who had become her close friend and confidant. Even though he was her son, she had established such a secure relationship with him and felt comfortable going to him with almost any type of problem. He seemed to always be there when she needed him. He would go out of his way to try to help her resolve any problem that arose. It was wonderful to have someone she could be so open with and not have to worry about saying or doing the wrong thing. It was like being married without the sex, she told herself one day after Justin had helped her solve a problem that had had her stumped. It would be nice to have some sex, too, she thought longingly, but at least she had someone she could lean on. In a way Justin was functioning as her surrogate husband and it was a real comfort to know that he was always there any time she needed him.

Six months had passed since Susan's last date and Gloria had finally talked her into going out with one of her friends. Now that the day of her date had finally rolled around, she was having second thoughts about agreeing to the date. When she awoke, her stomach was already turning flip-flops at the thought of having to socialize with another man. She was on the verge of calling up Gloria and canceling the date, but finally decided against it.

Time seemed to fly by and before she knew it, it was time to start getting dressed.

Going up to her room, she locked her door and started going through her closet searching for just the right ensemble to wear on her date. It seemed to take her hours to select the appropriate outfit, but she finally on a soft, clinging dress of red velvet that would properly display off her considerable assets.

The dress was short enough to show off her long, beautifully curved legs but at the same time it wasn't too short to seem risqué. It was cut low enough to reveal a vast expanse of cleavage allowing her to flaunt the obvious magnificence of her impressive bosom. While in a room of people, you wouldn't notice Susan's bosom as being outstanding at first glance, but when you looked again, you

would be able to see how substantial it was. Full, round and ample, her breasts weren't the perky, pushy ones that drew attention to them. She hadn't worn this particular dress since the divorce. That decision made, she now had to choose matching underwear. This was her first date with Anthony, so she doubted that they would reach a stage of intimacy that would disclose her choice, however one never could tell she thought. Another twenty minutes elapsed as she dug through her chest-of-drawers until she found a matching set of panties, brassiere and garter belt and tossed them on the bed beside her dress.

As she stood looking down at her choices, she realized that she still had butterflies the size of elephants whizzing around in her stomach. Maybe it would be best to call it off, she thought. Then, thinking that a shower might quiet her nerves, she hurried into her bathroom and turned on the water.

Stepping under the hot, stinging spray, she let the needles of water dance over her body as she thought about how long it had been since she had been with a man. Looking down at her body, she was proud of what she saw. Her breasts, big and soft were a little droopy, but remained amazingly resilient for a woman who was over forty, she laughed to herself. It was funny, she thought, that she could barely admit to herself that she was over forty-five. Running her hands over the soft firmness of her large, jutting breast, she confidentially lifted them and fondled them for a while, fumbling and flicking the big, rubbery nubs and enjoying the tickles of excitement that tickled down to her nether regions. With age, her breasts had shrunk down from forty-two D to a forty C, but they could still turn eyes whenever she wanted to show them off. Finally she eased her breasts back down onto her chest and ran her hands down over her firm, flat stomach. She exercised faithfully and her hard, flat belly had only a small insignificant little paunch that she felt was sexy and not unattractive. Letting her hand slip down further, she ran her fingers through her soft, silky pubic hair covering her underbelly. Searching through the tawny, brown fur, she found her sensitive little clitoris sticking out, begging for attention. It had been too long since she had masturbated and she was afraid to touch herself too much or she would have a quick orgasm. She didn't want for that to happen, she thought, but maybe on the other hand it might take the edge of her nervousness.

Deciding against bringing herself to an orgasm, she ran her soapy hands down her long, silky legs, letting them slide over the beautifully shaped curves all the way down to her dainty little feet. Pleased with her appearance, she hurriedly washed herself from top to bottom. After she had her body covered with lather,

she stepped under the water and rinsed herself off. Then enjoying the warm water cascading down over her, she stopped and stood for several long moments before she finally bent down and turned off the water. Stepping out of the shower, she grabbed a towel and proceeded to dry herself. Glancing down at her watch, she saw that she needed to hurry and tripped back into her bedroom and went about dressing.

Bending down, feeling her big, soft breasts bumping and knocking against one another, she picked up her panties and quickly pulled them up her long, statuesque legs. Tugging on the high-cut panties, she was satisfied with the way they covered her womanhood with their soft sheerness. Watching her breasts jiggle and wiggle in the mirror, she reached down to her brassiere. She had briefly thought about going braless, but begrudgingly conceded that no matter how uncomfortable a brassiere was, she had to wear one. Her breasts were just too large and heavy for the dress to support alone. Reluctantly picking up the brassiere, she slipped it on backwards with the cups in the back. Fastening the clasp of the brassiere, she quickly spun the brassiere around until it was properly positioned with the cups under her big, swollen breasts. Pulling frilly cups up over the soft, pliant mounds flesh, she slipped her arms through the shoulder straps. Then with another soft tug, she forced the bra up even farther, pleased with the way it pushed her big, soft breasts up and together creating deep, enticing cleavage between her mountainous breasts. A few more pokes and prods and she had her breasts settled into the frilly brassiere. She could imagine Anthony's surprise and delight, if he knew that she was wearing a garter belt under her revealing dress. Quickly wrapping the belt around her taut, firm belly, she fastened it and dangled the short straps down her long bare legs. Sitting down on her bed, she picked up one of the nylons, pointed her toes and slowly began to pull it up her long, shapely leg. Pulling the thin, slippery hose up, she fastened it to the garters in the front and rear and repeated the process with the other one. Shortly, she stood before the mirror wearing her brassiere, panties, garter and hose. Quiet sexy, she thought to herself as she strode over to the bed and picked up her dress. Slipping it over her head, she let it fall down over her body, covering her risqué underwear. Tugging it down, pushing and pulling a little here and a little there, she was pleased with the final outcome as she stood looking at herself in the mirror. Turning slowly, watching her reflection, she saw that her pert little butt stuck out proudly. Turning back around, she looked into the mirror and saw that her bosom was provocatively displayed showing off most of her huge, billowing breasts. Maybe she was displaying a little too much breast, she what the hell, if you got 'em, flaunt 'em, isn't that what they always

said?

Finally, slipping her small feet into a tall pair of stiletto high heels, she was ready.

She quickly gave her long, tawny hair a few strokes with a brush, fluffing and patting it into place. Then picking up her perfume atomizer, she sprayed perfume behind her ears and down the deep crack of her cleavage. Stepping back, she examined herself in the mirror one more time. Satisfied with what she saw, she took a deep breath and left her room.

Going down the stairs, she looked down and saw that her breasts were so tightly confined, they barely even jiggled as she stepped down the stairs. Stepping off the stairs, she went clopping over to the hall closet and pulled out a sweater. Slipping it over her shoulders, she found that she was still as jittery as a long-tailed cat in a rocking chair factory and was seriously thinking about calling off her date. Deciding that she would call Gloria for support, she stepped into the kitchen and reached for the phone.

"Wow, Mom, you look great," Justin exclaimed from the table.

"What, uh, oh, Justin," she said, surprised to see her son in the kitchen, "I didn't know that you were down here."

"Just having a snack," he grinned at her, his eyes moving up and down her body.

She felt uncomfortable about the way his eyes roamed over her body, but she couldn't really blame him. She was rather provocatively dressed after all.

"Who's the lucky guy?" he asked her.

"Some guy named Anthony. Gloria's friend, but I don't know," she whined, "I'm thinking about calling up Gloria and telling her I have a headache. I'm really afraid to go out with someone I don't even know."

"Aw, Come on, Mom," Justin urged her on, "You need to go out and have some fun. You're a beautiful woman and any man would be thrilled to have a date with you."

"You really think so," she asked him, feeling his reassurance give her ego a

much needed lift.

"There is no doubt in my mind," he said emphatically, "Unless he is crazy."

"OH, I just don't know if I've got the courage," she blubbered, her confidence still shaky from the divorce.

"Well, if you don't want to go out with someone you don't know," he said, standing up and walking over to her, "I'll go out with you."

"You mean that you wouldn't be ashamed to be seen with an old lady like me?" she coyly asked, batting her big, brown eyes at him.

"Ashamed. Did you say ashamed?" he asked, wrapping his arms around her and giving her a gentle hug, "I'd be the envy of the town."

"Even if I'm your Mom?" she softly laughed, feeling strangely safe and sheltered in his arms.

"Even if you're my Mom," he grinned, stepping back away from her, "And the best looking Mom in town, I might add."

"You really think so," she half-heartedly queried him.

"Trust me on this one, Mom," he brazenly proclaimed, "You are a very beautiful woman."

"Thank you so much," she told him, giving him a soft, gentle kiss on the cheek, "You make me feel so good. Just talking to you is, is, uh, comforting. Knowing I have your support means so much to me. You'll never know how much."

"Well, you have it," he announced.

Just then they heard the doorbell ring.

"That must be Gloria and the guys," she said, feeling the knot in her stomach tighten again. "Wish me luck..." she told him, stepping over to the table by the front door and retrieving her purse.

"Good luck—" he told her.

"I don't know what time I will be home tonight, but it might be late, so don't wait up for me, Okay."

"Sure, Mom," he chuckled knowingly, "Have fun, but not too much, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, Shush," she chided him as she opened the door, "And Thanks again."

"Well, Hello," the man at the door said as she opened it.

"Uh, hello," Susan nervously returned, seeing that her date was a good-looking man about her age.

Maybe it will be a fun night after all, she thought as she took his hand and strolled out to the car with him.

Susan, Gloria, Anthony, and Carl spent the evening dining, dancing and boozing at the Outback. It was around one-thirty before they finally tottered out to the car. Carl, the soberest of the group, was elected to drive home. Gloria crawled in beside him as Susan and Anthony flopped into the back seat. Carl made no effort to start the car and pulled Gloria to him. Susan tipsily watched as the other couple began to kiss and paw each other.

Susan knew that she was drunk, but so was everyone else and watching Carl and Gloria making out the front seat didn't seem to matter that much. There were no other cars close enough to make out who they were or what they were doing as she sat watching Gloria and Carl kiss. Then, she felt Anthony's hand on her thigh. She was excited and pleased that he was making a move on her, but for some reason, she felt she should make some effort to dissuade him. After all, it was their first date. But, before she could react, she felt him slip his arm around her. Then, to her dismay, she felt his hand slip up under her skirt and she started to protest. But she was unable to as he pulled her to him and mashed his lips against her, forcing his tongue into her mouth. In a feeble attempt to fend him off, she reached down to push his hand out from under her skirt, but in her inebriated state, she misjudged and her hand plunged into his lap. A jolt of excitement flashed through her as her hand brushed up against the hardness jutting up under his pants.

Her inhibitions had been weakened by the booze and so, instead of jerking her hand away from him, she gently squeezed the bulge in his pants. As she did, she

felt his other hand slip down into the bosom of her dress and grab a handful of breast. Flustered as he pawed her breast, she did nothing to stop his other hand as it slowly inched its way up her thigh. Caught up in the passion of the moment, she gave his cock another squeeze as she began to tease his hardness through his pants.

Momentarily surprised by the passion of the moment, she reveled at the power she had over him as she felt him shudder while she toyed with him through his pants. Then not believing what she was doing, she began to search for his zipper of his pants as she felt his fingers find the frilly hem of her panties. Holding her breath, she felt his fingers ease under the leg hole of her panties. She could feel his fingers probing closer and closer to her seeping womanhood when at last she found the tab of his zipper. Grasping the zipper tab between her finger and thumb, she quickly unzipped his pants and spread his fly open. Then, just as his fingers brushed over her tingling clitoris, she thrust her hand down into his pants. Struggling to find the opening in his shorts, she nearly fainted as his hot, probing fingers toyed with her throbbing clitoris. At last, she finally discovered the reinforced opening of his shorts and slipped her hand inside it. Both of them were highly aroused and she could feel Anthony's obvious urgency as she grasped his thick, hard cock in her hand. Then, tightly holding onto his cock, she tugged on him and extricated his rigid manhood from his shorts pulling it out into the open.

Then he broke their kiss long enough to whisper, "Oh, my God," as she began to stroke him.

As she gently ran her hand up and down his rock hard cock, she felt his fingers leave her clitoris and slowly move down the weeping slit to the opening of her sex. Deliberately, she spread her legs apart as she felt his thick fingers probe the wet, stickiness of her aching womanhood. Even as she ran her hand up and down his thick, pulsating maleness, she felt him run his fingers around her dripping femininity softly probing and exploring the soft flesh surround her wetness. Then, suddenly, he slowly eased a finger into her hot, clenching pussy.

"That feels good," she softly whispered as she felt him slide a second finger into her, "That, too."

As she gently stroked him, he tenderly slid his fingers in and out of her sopping slit. Kissing and fondling each other, both of them felt their passion rise. Then

suddenly, they heard Carl groan. Pausing, they looked up to see Gloria's head rise up from Carl's lap.

Then, in the dim light, she saw that Gloria's lips were glistening wetly as she leaned over and gently kissed Carl's cheek. With a shock, Susan realized that Gloria had just sucked Carl off. Susan strangely found that was acutely unsettling and exciting. Is that what was expected of her? Was this the new way? Suddenly, she felt a wave of dizziness wash over her.

Then as they resumed their own touching and stroking, they heard Carl start the car. They didn't stop as they felt the car pull out of the parking lot. They renewed their petting with a heightened sense of urgency as the car bounced along. Susan's hand was now roughly lurching up and down Anthony's jutting manhood while his fingers wildly slashed in and out of her weeping gash. She could feel herself growing feverish with desire for the real thing as Anthony's fingers slithered in and out of her. As if it would compensate for absence of his cock inside her, she roughly beat his meat with her hand. As she did, she could feel his breath coming faster and faster as he grew more and more excited. Gently nipping his ear, she felt him groan as his cock swelled out and suddenly jerked in her hand.

With another shock, she realized that he was coming. Panicking, she thrust her other hand down over his spurting cock to keep it from spurting his semen out all over both of them. Her hands were soon coated with his hot, exudate as she felt his cock jump, spit over and over again. She could feel the wicked heat of his thick, creamy cum running down and covering her hands as time after time, his cock spewed out gusher after gusher of the sticky, hot semen. At last, she felt his cock give one final feeble little lurch and begin to shrivel and shrink. As his cock began to wither, she felt him slowly ease his fingers out of her sopping pussy. Releasing his cock, she watched as he stuffed it back into his pants as gently as he could.

"God, I'm shorry," he drunkenly whispered as she wiped her hands on his pants.

"That's okay," she returned, feeling oddly unfulfilled.

"I cunt stop t," he softly groaned.

"That's shokay," she told him again, the emotion and booze blurring her speech. "Don wrry bout it."



Then all at once, the car stopped and Susan saw that they were at her house. Glancing down to see if her dress was covering her, she saw that Anthony's pants were coated with his discharge. She started to laugh at the absurdness of it all, but didn't. Satisfied that her clothes were properly arranged, she reached for the door handle. Drunkenly struggling with it, it took several moments, but she finally unlocked it and pushed it open. Picking up her purse, she leaned over and gave Anthony a kiss on the cheek.

"Latr, Antony," she mumbled as she stumbled out of the car, "I had fn."

"Wnt me wak to yr dr," he asked her, still trying to zip his pants back up.

"Naw, I'm fn," she muttered.

"You two okay," Gloria asked from the front seat.

"Shure," Susan told her as she wobbled out of the car and nearly fell flat on her face, "Had fn, see yu latr."

"Are you sure you're okay?" Gloria asked as she watched Susan stagger around the back of the car and up onto the sidewalk.

Susan didn't hear her and continued to weave up the sidewalk. At last she made it to the front door and stopped. Leaning against it, Susan waved at the car. Reaching into her purse, it took her forever to find her keys and get the door open, but somehow she did. Then with a final wave, she watched the car slowly roll down the street leaving her standing just inside her door.

Closing the door behind her, she stopped long enough to kick her high heels off before lurching herself across the room. Stumbling several times, she was finally able to make it up the stairs. Standing at the top of the stairs, she couldn't believe she had let herself get so drunk. Thankfully, she had made it home and now all she had to do was make it to her bedroom. Staggering down the hall, she found the first open door and weaved into the room. Tottering over to the bed, she laid her purse on the nightstand and fell back onto the bed and within seconds she had passed out.

Justin was suddenly jarred awake from a dead sleep. Something or someone had just come crashing down on his bed. For a few moments, he didn't know what to do. At last he sat up and cautiously reached over to the person in his bed. Gently

pushing the person, it suddenly dawned on him that it was his mother. Then he got a whiff of her breath and recognized that she was drunk. Feeling for her shoulder to shake her awake, his hand brushed over her soft, yielding breast and he felt a fiery tingle of sexual excitement course through his body. Alarmed at his reaction toward her, he quickly moved his hand up to her shoulder and gently shook her. Getting no response, she shook her shoulder harder. Even after four or five times, he still got no reaction.

Carefully, he slowly got up out of his bed and turned his nightlight on. Looking down, he saw that his mother must have mistaken his room for hers. She still had all of her clothes on, but she was dead to the world. Walking around to the side of the bed where she lay, he stood looking down at her for several moments. It was then that it came to him, that he was naked and the absurdity of the whole situation dawned on him.

Shamefully, he walked over to his bathroom and wrapped a towel around his waist, hiding his semi-erect manhood. Not that it made any difference, he smirked to himself. His mother was dead to the world.

Stepping over to his bed, he knew that he had to get his mother into her bed so she wouldn't be mortified in the morning when she woke up.

Leaning down, he slipped one hand under her neck and another under the back of her knees. Groaning, he strained to lift her up into his arms. As he lifted her, she squirmed and mumbled something unintelligible but still didn't wake up. Straining mightily, Justin finally lifted her from the bed. Turning, with her in his arms, he stumbled out of his room and down the hall. As he reeled down the hallway, grunting with effort, he felt the towel wrapped around his waist come undone and fall to the floor. He nearly tripped over it, but he was having enough trouble carrying his mother and didn't stop. At last, he staggered into her room as her arms and legs flailed about lifelessly. Careening across the room, he made it to her bed and as gently as he could, deposited her down onto it.

Standing up, he reached behind himself and rubbed his back. Carrying his mother down the hallway had been hard work and now his back ached from the exertion. At last, he reached over and flicked on her night light. Standing by her bed, looking down at her bathed in the soft glow of light, he inexplicably felt another spark of excitement surge through his genitals. Then, appalled, he found himself wanting to take her clothes off.

He couldn't understand what had come over him. He had never even dreamed of seeing his mother naked, but now, for some reason, he found himself struggling with an overpowering urge to see her that way. Ashamed of himself, he turned and started to leave her room, but as he started to move, he felt his big cock slap against his thigh. Looking down, he saw that his penis was rapidly swelling into hardness. Stopping, torn between leaving and staying, he turned and looked back at his mother lying on her bed. She was so beautiful and vulnerable, as she lay there, he found himself being drawn back to her. He was powerless to stop himself as he slowly plodded back toward the bed.

Stopping by her bed, he looked down on her adoringly. Feeling as if he was possessed by some ungodly evil, he couldn't stop himself as he reached down and slowly eased the shoulder straps of her dress down off the soft, rounded slope of her shoulders. His heart was in his throat as he gently tugged the red velvet straps down the soft velvety skin of her arms. The straps slipped halfway down her soft, smooth arm before the material tightened and would move no further. Knowing her dress wouldn't go any farther without unzipping it, he stood trying to fight off the evil force that was driving him to do this.

What if she woke up and caught him, he wondered? He could say that she looked uncomfortable and he was just trying to make her more comfortable. He knew that if he unzipped her dress, he wouldn't be able to stop until she was naked.

Then with a fatalistic shudder, he reached down and gently rolled her over onto her stomach. As he did, his heart almost stopped when she murmured and stirred momentarily. But, much to his relief, she quickly fell back to sleep once again.

Feeling himself starting to sweat, he cautiously sat down on the bed beside her. Tentatively, still not understanding what it was that was driving him toward this macabre deed, he reached out and took hold of her zipper tab of her dress. Grasping it between his thumb and finger, he gingerly eased it down the long sweep of her back watching with wonder and marvel as the material slowly parted, revealing the soft, smooth skin below it. As he pulled the zipper farther and farther down her body, he felt the spit in his mouth turn to cotton as he tried to swallow. Then abruptly, the zipper reached the end of its path. Stopping, he stared down at her back and saw that her too-tight brassiere was digging into the flawless softness of her flesh. Ever so slowly, he reached down to the clasp that held her brassiere together. With fingers of clay, he clumsily struggled to

unfasten it. It seemed to him to take forever to finally unsnap the dastardly catch holding her brassiere secured to her upper torso. It seemed to be designed to frustrate him, but he ultimately succeeded in unlocking it. Then pausing again for several moments, he waited before proceeding. With his heart in his throat, he delicately turned his mother back over onto her back. As before, she mumbled something and stirred for a moment, but quickly slipped back into unconsciousness.

Pausing for a moment, Justin glanced down at himself. He couldn't believe how hard his penis had become. It was so hard, it actually ached as it jutted up into the air. Finally looking away from his bloated, aching manhood, he resumed the deliberate removal of her dress. Slowly, he began to ease the shoulder straps down his mother's arms once again. Enraptured, he watched as the soft, clinging material magically fell away from her exquisite bosom as he slipped the straps down her arms. Once the straps had cleared her arms, he dropped them and feverishly took hold of the top of her dress. Taking one final, deep breath, he began to purposefully tug her dress down. The soft, velvet material slowly crept down off her magnificent breast, still covered with the sheer, laciness of her brassiere. Moving as fast as he dared, he continued to inch the dress down until he found the lacy sheerness of his mother's panties and garter belt. Stopping, he tried to swallow but found his mouth so dry that he couldn't. Then with a final resolve, he pulled her dress slowly down her long, silky legs until at last it slipped off over her feet. Shamefully, he folded the dress and laid it down at the foot of her bed.

Turning back to her, he finally had a true appreciation for her elegant beauty. He couldn't move and sat for at least a minute, just staring down at her. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Why hadn't he seen this before, he wondered to himself as he gently ran his hand down one of her long, graceful legs?

Reaching up, he slowly lifted the soft, lacey sheerness of her brassiere up off her mountainous breasts. Their grandeur nearly took his breath away. Still staring at the flattened works of art, pressed down by their weight and size, he solemnly laid her bra atop her dress. He continued to stare down at the big beautiful mountains of soft, smooth, pink flesh. Each big breast was topped with a cup of darker pink with a pebbled texture and a big, puffy nipple proudly jutting out from its center. Fighting the urge to reach down and squeeze the magnificent peaks of perfection, he instead reached down to her garter belt. Anxiously

digging under the firm muscles of the back of her leg, he managed to tug it out from under the cheeks of her ass. His fingers feeling as big and awkward as baseball bats, he slowly pulled the garter belt down, still fastened to the sheer hose. Glancing up at his mother's face, he saw that she still slept as he began to pull her garter and hose down her long, magnificent legs all at the same time. Gently tugging at the garter belt, he pulled it down as the long garters curved down behind it and the film of nylon lazily peeled down over her softly rounded knee and then across the sweeping swell of her calf. At last, he adoringly slipped the filmy gauze of her hose off over her feet. Once removed, he let the shimmering transparencies and lacey frills float down onto the top her other clothes.

At last she lay before him with only her panties between him and her complete nudity. He suddenly became aware that he was sweating profusely and could barely breathe as he stared down at her. At last he tentatively reached out and delicately slipped his fingers under the lacy waistband of her sheer, high-cut panties. Then feeling his heart beating so hard, it threatened to explode out of his chest, he began to ease the feathery lightness of her panties down off her flat, soft tummy. Inch by inch, their sheer transparency slipped farther and farther down, revealing more and more of the luxuriant forest of soft, curly pubic hairs underneath it. The mat of kinky, brown hair thickly covered her soft, vulnerable underbelly hiding her secretiveness from him. It was almost more than he could stand as he continued to pull her fluffy panties down over the curves of her hips. At last, they slipped down totally revealing the secrecy of his mother's lush sex.

Gasping like an asthmatic, Justin stopped and delicately pushed her legs apart just a tiny bit. Wanting to spread her legs apart wider, he stopped himself and started pulling her panties down. Then with a fiery shock, he saw the V of her panties was wetly sticking to her crotch. Just the idea of his mother being wet in that place was enough to make him almost lose control and start shooting off all over her. He couldn't believe how totally erotic and wicked it was to see how wet she was. So wet, in fact that she had completely soaked through her panties. My God, he thought, she must be having a wet dream or whatever it was women had. Then with an overpowering urgency to see her vagina, he roughly tugged her panties down her legs and off over her feet. Tossing the panties atop the other clothes, he anxiously stared down between his mother's legs. Although she was now naked, her womanhood was still concealed by her lush forest of pubic hairs. Staring hard, he thought he could vaguely make out the wet cleft of pink flesh through the hair in the dim light. Then he felt an evil impulse come over

him, and he couldn't fight the dark urge to see her vagina completely exposed.

Bending down over her, he took hold of her knees and ever so slowly began to force her legs farther and farther apart. As he did, the soft pink slit between her legs became more and more visible as her womanhood slowly opened to him. Then all at once, he saw the soft, pink folds of her vaginal lips gape open, unmasking his mother's most sacred of places. Spellbound, he stared down into the soft, glistening wetness of her gaping vagina for what seemed like hours. Then as he continued to gape at her ripe wetness, he suddenly felt as sharp pain lance through his balls. Groaning, he tore his eyes away from her exposed sex just in time to avert a disastrous eruption. Trying to think of something else for a moment, he found his eyes immediately drawn back to the gleaming wetness of her soft womanhood lying before him. He suddenly had an overpowering urge to touch the shocking beauty of her deep, seeping love-wound. It was as if his mind and body were taken over by some wicked demon and there was nothing he could do could stop the impulse. He knew that he would go to hell for doing it, but not even the threat of being plunged into a lake of everlasting fire and brimstone could stop him. Unable to stop, Justin slowly reached down to his mother's obscenely exposed vagina. Closer and closer he came, until at last he felt a flash of electricity shoot up his arm, paralyzing it as his finger finally touched the soft, pouting wetness of her beautiful womanhood.

Straining to keep from spurting his boiling seed out into the air, he fought to move his arm but couldn't for several moments. Finally, the feeling returned to his fingers and he slowly ran them around the soft, smoothness of the fleshy lips surrounding her fiery slit.

~~~

Unknown to Justin, at the same time, fueled by her earlier frustration with Anthony, his mother was dreaming that she was being chased by a giant cock and it had finally caught her. Waiting fearfully, she watched the gigantic prick slowly ease itself up to her pussy. Then suddenly, she felt it touch her.

~~~

Almost overwhelmed by the excitement of the moment, Justin gently explored the hot, dripping opening of her sex with his fingers.

Susan could feel the giant penis slowly working its way around the fleshy opening of her aching vagina as she waited breathlessly for it to enter her.

Finally, Justin slowly slid his long, thick middle finger down into the hot, clinging wetness of his mother's slaving love-wound. As his finger slowly slipped into the clutching depths of her femininity, she felt the great penis slide into the hot, itching channel of her vagina. The touch felt so real, she didn't know if it was a dream or real and found herself struggling toward consciousness.

Seeing his mother stir and her eyes flicker open, Justin quickly jumped up and reached for the switch to the nightlight.

Groggily opening her eyes, Susan was shocked to see a man standing by her bed. She didn't see his face as her eyes were instantly drawn down to his gigantic penis jutting out at her. She had never seen a penis so large and powerful. Then just as she was just lifting her eyes up to look at his face the room was suddenly plunged into darkness, and she didn't get to see who it was that owned such a beautiful penis.

Justin saw his mother's eyes open just as he touched the light switch. Her eyes had immediately gone down to his penis and then started up his body just as he flipped the switch. He was afraid to move. He hoped that she hadn't seen his face, but there was no way he could know. But who else could it be, he foolishly asked himself? In her bedroom, alone with her? There was no one else in the house with them. She had to know it was him.

The lights had gone out too quickly. Susan hadn't had a chance to see who it was standing by her bed. Trying to part the drunken fog she found herself in, she could only remember that she had been out with Gloria's friend. An-uh, what was his name? Anth-Anthony—

Yes, that was his name. Anthony. But the real scary part was how had he gotten into her bedroom. She didn't remember inviting him into the house and for some reason she vaguely thought his penis was much smaller than the colossus she had just seen. Maybe she was just so drunk, she had forgotten about inviting him into her house and as horny as she was it didn't surprise her that his cock seemed super-sized. Whatever, she decided, she wasn't going to pass up a chance to have his big, beautiful cock inside of her aching pussy, this time. There was no Gloria and no, no, what's his name to stop them.



Quickly, she blindly groped out for the giant man-thing that had been pointed at her when the lights went out.

Afraid to move, Justin stood in fear as he heard his mother's bed creak. Paralyzed with fear and shame, he stood by her bed hoping that she would go back to sleep. What would she do if she caught him in her room?

Then without warning, he felt something brush against his jutting manhood. Before he had a chance to react, he suddenly felt his throbbing cock grabbed by a hot, clenching hand. He felt like he had just been doused with a blast of icy cold water as he realized his mother had taken his cock in her hand.

"Oh, Please make love to me," she gushed, pulling on his giant cock.

Justin felt like his heart would stop beating at any second as his mother impatiently pulled on his throbbing manhood. Cursing himself for getting into such a predicament, he didn't know what to do. She must not have seen his face, he thought as he wondered how to get out of the dilemma he was in.

"Please, make love to me, please," he heard his mother beg as he stood by the bed, paralyzed with fear and indecision while she continued to pull on his cock.

How could he live with himself if he did what she wanted, he thought as he heard the bed creak again?.

Then he gasped in disbelief as he felt his mother wrap both hands around his bounding maleness. He couldn't let it happen, he thought. Somehow he had to stop her.

Then, his mind went numb with shock as he felt his cock being enveloped in his mother's hot, wet, sucking mouth.

There was no way he could stop the gigantic gusher of thick, hot cum that came shooting up from his balls and spewing out into her mouth.

"UNHGGGGRRPPPPHHHHHH", he growled, trying to disguise his voice as much as he could under the circumstances. Then another spasm of pleasure tore through his cock as it jerked wildly and sent another great geyser of his thick, virulent boy-cream into his mother's hot, slurping mouth.

It felt to him like she was sucking his life's essence out through his cock as she sucked on him harder and harder. As she sucked, his cock lurched and jerked again and again, spurting gusher after gusher of his heavy, seed-laden semen into her mouth like a broken water main. Ten times it jumped and erupted, then fifteen, then twenty. He couldn't make it stop as it continued to buck and spit out his life's cream.

Then, at last when it felt like she was going to suck his balls inside out, he finally stopped coming in her mouth.

Having taken every drop of the thick, viscid cum that had poured out of the man's huge cock, Susan quickly moved her head back. Letting the giant cock slip out of her mouth, she laid back down and spread her legs apart. Reaching out, she dug her long, sharp fingernails into the man's back and pulled him down on top of her.

"Hurry, put it in me and we'll make it hard again," she cooed to him, not knowing that her son had just finished in her mouth.

Still weak from his orgasm, Justin couldn't stop himself from falling on top of his mother as she pulled him down onto her. Even as he fell, he felt his mother urgently guiding his shrinking manhood down to the hot, weeping gash between her legs. Powerless to stop himself now, he gave up any hope of escaping and struggled up to his hands and knees over her. Crawling up between her outstretched legs, he could feel her urgency as he let her lead them down the fiery path of their doom. Then he felt her hand take hold of his drooping cock and pull it down. It seemed to take all night for her to guide his cockhead down to her waiting vagina, then abruptly he was inside her slipping down into the hot, drooling wetness of her gaping love-wound.

"Oh, God, you're huge," she moaned as she felt his massive cock knifing down into her pussy. Unknowingly, she let her son's long, thick man-thing slowly penetrate the hot, clinging wetness of her vagina, spreading and stretching her to her limit. She couldn't believe how big the monster was as it cut deeper and deeper into her aching emptiness. Then, just when she felt like her cunt would burst, she felt the man's hairy belly grind up against her belly as his dangling balls slapped against her upturned butt.

"Oh, so big..." she appreciatively gushed.

Although his cock had started to shrink immediately after he had finished in her mouth, he felt it growing hard once again.

"Oh, My God," she gasped as she felt him growing larger inside her, "You're getting bigger and harder."

After a few moments, when he felt his giant cock had regained most of its hardness, Justin slowly pulled back and then began to fuck her with long, deep strokes.

"Oh, Yes, Oh, Yes, I Love it," she muttered as she lifted her long, shapely legs up, clamping her thighs around his waist, making herself even more vulnerable to the deep, plunging thrusts of his cock, "Oh, Yes, Baby, Fuck me like that."

She could feel the man's ripeness growing harder inside of her as they fucked. Even in her drunken state, she felt herself being quickly whisked along the path toward an unbelievable climax. Never had she felt a penis fit her to such perfection. It was as if it had been designed specifically for her vagina. Although it was huge, it fit her perfectly. She couldn't have designed one that fit her more exquisitely.

Needing to feel the ethereal rush of pleasure that she knew would come with her orgasm, she dug her heels into the man's bounding ass, urging him to fuck her harder and faster.

Justin responded to her coaxing and began to drive his revived hardness into her deeper and faster with each stroke.

"Oh, Yes, Oh, Yes, Oh, Yes, Oh, Yes, ," she panted as he continued to hammer his cock into the sopping heat of her wet, slippery pit.

Both of them could feel the impending implosion of pleasure as it came closer and closer.

Suddenly, it was on them like a beast of the jungle attacking its prey.

"Oh, FUCK, I'M CUMMMMMIIIIINNNNN," she groaned as her body began to writhe and shake under her son.

But even as she shuddered and shivered under him, he felt his cock lurch and

send out a huge, gelatinous spurt of his white-hot cum deep inside her burning socket.

Wrapping her arms around him, she ground her pussy up into his thrusting belly, taking every last bit of his spurting maleness into her pussy.

"Oh, Give, It, All, To, Me, Oh, Yes," she whispered, nibbling on his ear at the same time.

Trying to please her, he drove his cock into her again and again, each time releasing another geyser of his white-hot cum deep into her clenching cunt.

It seemed like they had both been coming for hours, but at last the last little ecstatic tingle coursed through their bodies announcing the end.

Unable to hold himself up, Justin tried to roll off her, but instead flopped down half on and half off her with his cock still imbedded inside her.

The alcohol in her system suddenly took over once again and within moments, she was fast asleep again.

She was so far gone this time, she didn't even feel her son slowly pull his shrunken, empty manhood out of her sopping cunt. Nor did she see him pull the covers up over her and slink out of the room like a beaten puppy, skulking down to his room filled with shame and disgust for himself.

Closing the door to his room, Justin shamefully went into his bathroom and turned on his light. Looking at himself in the mirror, he was surprised that his looks hadn't changed. He was so ashamed of what he had done, he thought that he would see some difference now that he was a mother-fucker. But the boy staring back at him, looked the same as he always had.

Maybe he had dreamed it, he thought until he looked down at his dangling cock. It was still glistening with her wetness and a little stream of cum was dripping out of the head of his cock. How could he have done what he did, he asked himself? He wasn't fit to be her son! Grabbing a towel, he roughly tried to wipe all the evidence of their sin from him. But try as hard as he could, he kept rubbing until his skin was red and chaffed, but still he couldn't remove the guilt.

After cleaning himself up, he trudged back to his bed and laid down. Lying

there, remembering what it had been like to make love to his mother, he thought he would never be able to go to sleep. But finally, exhaustion won out and he fell asleep again.

~~~

It was almost nine o'clock before Susan woke up the next morning. The instant she woke, she knew that she had not been an angel the night before. Her head ached and her mouth felt like someone had been walking in it in a pair of combat boots. Running her tongue around inside her mouth, she suddenly became aware of the lingering taste of semen mixed in with the awful taste of leftover booze. Opening her eyes, she slowly turned her head to see if there was anyone in bed with her. As a lance of pain jarred through her head, she thankfully saw that she was alone. Lying there, trying not to move as even blinking her eyes sent jolts of pain sparking through her brain, she tried to think back to the events of the previous night, but she could only vaguely remember bits and pieces of what had happened.

She had some indistinct memory of masturbating Anthony in the back seat of someone's car. But why would she have semen in her mouth as she didn't remember sucking him off?. It didn't make sense. Then as she moved, she felt the sticky, clinging remains of man's deposit covering her groin. Then she had a strange feeling inside of her vagina. It felt as if she had been stretched her to the limit. It was quite obvious that she had made love to someone the night before, but she couldn't remember who it was.

Then she dimly remembered a man in her bedroom. She could remember the man had a huge penis and she had sucked him off. That was how she got the semen in her mouth. Then they had made love. She couldn't believe that she had been so drunk that she had invited a man into the house while Justin had been there. How stupid could she be? What if he had caught her in the act, she shuddered? She must be more careful in the future, she thought as she groggily sat up. Sitting on the edge of the bed wishing she hadn't drank so much the night before, she saw her clothes lying on the foot of her bed.

Someone had taken the time to neatly fold them and put them in a tidy, little stack on her bed. The whole thing was getting stranger by the minute, she

thought as she cursed her lack of memory and the pain lancing through her reeling brain. Finally, after a few more moments of unsuccessful memory searching, she struggled to her feet. Looking around for more clues, she didn't see any more surprises. Her head throbbing painfully made her trip into the bathroom seem to take forever..

Some of her memory did return when she remembered that it was Sunday. Then she recalled that she had several errands to run. Trying to shake her headache, she took a couple of aspirins and stepped into the shower.

After dressing, hoping her head wouldn't fall off, she made her way down to Justin's room to tell him that she had to go out. Seeing his door ajar, she peeked inside and was shocked to find him lying on his bed naked. Starting to step back in shock, she saw his eyes were closed and realized that he was still asleep.

Stopping, she was unable to keep her eyes away from her son's dormant manhood. She couldn't believe her eyes. What had happened to her little baby, she wondered as she stared at his giant penis? Even soft, Justin's penis was bigger than most men's were hard.

Then she realized that she had been staring at her son's penis far too long. Ashamed of herself for even looking at him, she stepped back out and softly closed his door. Funny, she thought, but she had an uneasy feeling that there was something vaguely familiar about his penis. But she hadn't seen him naked in years. The last time she had seen his thing, it was a little boy's penis, not the huge monster that it was now. Blushing, she rushed down the stairs her face burning with embarrassment.

Stopping in the kitchen, she grabbed a pencil and wrote a note to let Justin know where she was. It read:

Justin,

Thank you for what you did for me last night. I just wanted to thank you. It was wonderful. It gave me a new sense of confidence. If had only known sooner.

I've got some errands to run today. I should be back home around six-thirty. I can't wait to be with you. Hope you have a nice day. I will...knowing that I have

you with me.

Love and Kisses,

Mom

Leaving the note propped up against the salt shaker, she popped another couple of aspirins in her mouth and rushed out of the house

~~~.

Finally Justin woke up. Sleepily looking down at his watch, he saw that it was one-thirty. Wow, I almost slept all day, he thought to himself as he stretched and yawned. Why had he slept so long, he sleepily wondered?

Then suddenly, like being doused with a bucket of ice water, the events of the previous night or morning came pouring over him with terrifying clarity. A cold sweat popped out on his forehead as he thought about close he had come to getting caught.

He knew what he had done had been so wrong and even now he could feel his manhood hardening as he thought about it. Did his mother know it was him, he wondered fearfully? Maybe she did, but didn't want for him to know that she knew how despicable he was. He knew that the suspense of not knowing would drive him crazy. He would have to find out one way or the other.

After lying in bed thinking about it for the longest time, he finally got up and slowly got dressed. Steeling himself for the worst, he reluctantly set out to walk down to his mother's room. Seeing her door open, he fearfully peeked inside. A rush of relief washed over him when he saw that she was gone.

Looking around her room, he saw that little had changed from the previous night. Strangely, her clothes were still lying in the neat little pile at the foot of her bed where he had put them. Walking over to her bed, he looked down and was flustered to see a dried, crusty patch of his cum on the sheets.

It was a strange feeling to know that it was his cum and he had put it there while he had been fucking his mother. Then, he caught a wisp of the haunting fragrance of her perfume. It was indistinct and mixed with her other womanly smells, but just smelling her again was making him horny. Then to his dismay, he felt himself growing hard again. Shamefully, he turned and quickly left the room.

As he started down the stairs, he suddenly realized that he was starving. Hurrying down to the kitchen, he started for the refrigerator when he saw the note on the table. Curious, he walked over to it and picked it up. Seeing that it was in his mother's handwriting, he had a sudden feeling of dread. Fearfully, he read it.

Justin,

Thank you for what you did for me last night. I just wanted to thank you. It was wonderful. It gave me a new sense of confidence. If I had only known sooner.

I've got some errands to run today. I should be back home around six-thirty. I can't wait to be with you. Hope you have a nice day. I will...knowing that I have you with me.

Love and Kisses,

Mom

My God, he thought to himself as he re-read her note, she must have known. He couldn't believe it, but he read it again and still came up with the same conclusion. Still he pondered the note and read it one more time, just to be sure as he went over it sentence by sentence.

I just wanted to thank you for last night. What else could she be thanking me for last night, he wondered? We only talked about her going out on a date and that was no big deal. She had to be talking about making love.

It was wonderful. What else could she be talking about? It was wonderful for



him, too and it must have been for her, too, he thought excitedly.

God, I wish she was here right now so we could do it. God, I can't believe it, he thought as his penis began to throb at the prospect of making love to her again.

I should be back home around six-thirty. I can't wait to be with you again. She should be home around six-thirty and she wants to be with me, again. She wants to be with me when she gets home. She wants to do it again tonight when she gets home.

Hope you have a nice day. I will...knowing that I have you with me.

Love and Kisses.

He felt a thrill tear through his penis. She wants to kiss and make love. Oh, it's wonderful, he drooled as he read the note one more time. His interpretation of the note, now set in his mind like concrete was only reinforced every time he reread the note.

The hunger he had felt earlier was now gone, but he forced himself to make a sandwich and eat it. Taking her note into the recreation room, he reread it over and over again as he tried to watch a football game. Unable to concentrate on the game, he tried to figure out what he should do as his mind kept going over the contents of the note, cementing his interpretation of its intent permanently into his mind. Wishing his mother hadn't left for the day, he kept glancing down at his watch every couple of minutes. Fidgeting and fretting on the couch, he finally unzipped his pants and pulled his giant cock out. Gently stroking the hardened monster, he thought back to the night before and wondered what it would be like making love to his mother with the lights on. Would she be shy and awkward or would she be comfortable and confident? He couldn't believe that he was even thinking these thoughts when a day earlier the thought of making love to her had never crossed his mind.

Finally, he saw that it was five-thirty. Only one hour to wait, he thought as he bounded up the stairs to his room, his giant cock bouncing up and down in front of him like a broken spring.

In his room, he slipped his clothes off and hurried into his shower. Turning the water on as hard and as hot as he could stand it, he spent the next fifteen minutes thoroughly rubbing and washing every pore of his body wanting to be pristinely

clean for his mother. Lastly, he lathered up his great cock and began stroking it as hard as he could. With the giant clenched in his fist, he beat it up and down harder and harder until he felt his cum almost reach the boiling point. Then, just before his cock erupted, he stopped and leaned back against the shower wall, looking down at it as it wildly pulsated up and down, still threatening to explode at any second. Finally, he regained control and stood under the water letting it wash away the thick, soapy lather off his jutting cock.

Finally able to trust his cock not to explode, he stepped out and grabbed a towel. Drying off most of the water, he picked up his watch and saw that he had only twenty minutes to wait before his mother returned. Splashing his face with aftershave lotion, he giggled giddily as he grabbed a dry towel and confidently strolled down the hall to his mother's room. Taking her blow dryer out of her bathroom, he plugged it in next to her bed. Picking up his mother's clothes, he neatly set them down on her dressing stool. Walking back to the bed, he pulled the bedspread down. Then he brazenly crawled onto her bed and sat down in the middle of it. Vainly striking several different poses, he, tried to picture the way his mother would like him when she walked in. At last, he decided on a pose with the towel draped over one leg and his thick, turgid cock fully exposed and lying draped over the other leg. Nervously glancing at his watch, he saw that he only had ten minutes to wait as he flicked on the blow dryer and began drying his hair.

The loud whine of the blow dryer hid the sound of his mother returning and he was unaware that she had come back.

~~~

Stepping in through the front door, Susan stopped at the mirror by the door and looked at herself and laid her purse on the table. Gently fluffing her hair, she turned and walked over to the kitchen. Setting the sack of groceries on the table, Susan saw that Justin had gotten her message as the note was gone. Smiling, she stepped out of the kitchen, carrying a single red rose in her hand for Justin to thank him for his support the previous night. Smiling happily, thinking how nice it was to have such a son, she started up the stairs.

Half way up the stairs, she realized that the sound of the blow dryer was coming

from her room. That was odd, she thought. Why would Justin be using her blow dryer when he had his own? Maybe his was on the blink, she thought to herself as she walked down the hall toward her bedroom.

Seeing that the door was open, she smiled and quickly stepped into her bedroom.

Her mouth fell open in stunned astonishment as she saw Justin sitting in the middle of her bed, stark naked and blow drying his hair.

"OH, MY, FOR GOD'S, WHAT IN THE NAME OF, OH MY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she was finally able to gasp out, her face burning a bright crimson.

"What, UH, WHAT, YOU MEAN THAT YOU DIDN'T, UH, OH MY GOD, YOU DON'T REMEMBER?" he gasped, grabbing at the towel and jerking it over his penis.

"OH, MY GOD, IT COULDN'T BE," she groaned as she suddenly conjectured why her son's gigantic penis had looked vaguely familiar that morning.

Feeling her knees start to buckle, she stumbled back to the wall and leaned against it to keep from falling.

"God, MOM, I'm sorry," Justin profusely apologized, not knowing what else to do or say, "I thought your note meant, uh, meant that you knew."

"Knew what?" she fearfully asked, not wanting to hear what she knew he was going to say and hoping against hope that he wouldn't confirm what she suspected.

"Oh, God, I don't know how to say it," he groaned in misery.

"Does it have to do with last night?" she asked, panic starting to control her.

"Yes," he softly said, not knowing how to tell her.

"Was-Was-Did we-Did we?" she stammered, not able to enunciate the words.

"Yes," he cried out, "I'm so sorry, Mom."

"Oh, My God," she wept, "I've ruined you."

"Oh, Mom, it wasn't your fault," he sobbed, scrambling to his feet, forgetting his towel as it dropped to the floor at his feet revealing his swollen manhood once again.

"Oh, Shit," he grunted, reaching down and grabbing the towel. Wrapping it around his waist, he rushed over to his mother.

"I thought you knew by the way your note read," he sniffled, stepping up to her and hesitantly wrapping his arms around her.

"No, I didn't," she cried, reluctantly letting him take her into his arms, "I was so drunk I didn't remember what happened."

"God, I'm so sorry, I could die," he muttered, pulling her to him and slowly leading her back over to the bed.

"What's done is done, I guess," she sobbed, letting him ease her down onto the bed.

"I'm so sorry that it happened," he tried to comfort her, "but it was wonderful, Mother,"

"We can't ever let it happen again," she mumbled as he pulled her to him tightly.

"I know, but," he gulped, painfully aware of how aroused he was by her nearness, "It was the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me."

"Yes, my, but we can't do it, ever again. NEVER." she explained to him as she looked down and saw his penis jutting up against the towel wrapped around his waist. "It was a terrible, terrible thing we did and we must never, ever do it again," she said empathetically, "Do you understand?"

"I know, Mother," he groaned in agony.

He was being torn apart inside as one part of him wanted to obey her but another part of him wanted to make love to her again.

Then he felt something inside of him snap. He had to make love to her again or

die. The need was so overpowering, he knew that he couldn't control it. As he was consumed by the unholy desire for her, he felt himself torn between his lust for her and his love for her.

Pulling her closer to him, he ran his hands down her back loving the feel of the satiny cloth on his skin. Knowing that he was about to do something so sinister and perversely evil, he paused for a moment.

Then powerless to stop himself, he ran his hands down over the swelling curve of her firm, round buttocks. Cupping the soft, pliant cheeks of her ass in his hands, he pulled her into him, grinding his huge cock into her stomach at the same time.

"Oh, No, Justin, Oh, No, we can't," she gasped, halfheartedly trying to push him away from her.

"Oh, Mother Please," he pitifully blubbered as he squeezed and fondled her buttocks through her dress, "Just one more time."

"No, Baby, We can't," she moaned, embarrassingly aware of her son's obvious erection as he thrust himself into her stomach, "We mustn't, Honey, we just can't do it again."

"God, Mother, I can't stop myself," he grimaced, covering her face with soft, quick kisses as he tried to cover her retreating mouth with his.

"Justin, Please don't," she sobbed, turning her head back and forth to keep his lips from finding hers, "We CAN'T—"

"Oh, MOTHER, I need you so much," he panted, finally finding her lips with his.

"JUsstnnmmppphhhh," she mumbled as Justin's mouth covered hers lips.

Then she felt her son's tongue stab into her mouth. Shocked, she suddenly felt a spark of desire erupt inside her.

How could this be happening, she cursed? And why was she being aroused by his attention while she was repulsed by what he was doing? Disgusted with herself for becoming aroused by him, she still tried to push him back away from

her, but he was too strong for her.

Holding her tightly against his body, Justin explored her mouth with his tongue as his need for her became unbearable.

Suddenly, he released her and pulled back away from her.

"Oh Thank you, God," Susan blurted out as she saw Justin roll away from her and step down off the bed, "Thank God, you came to your senses."

Then her joy turned to alarm as she saw Justin tear off the towel that had been hiding his huge, jutting manhood and fling it to the floor.

"Oh, No, Baby," she gasped as he stood before her with his giant cock jutting out at her like some malignant serpent waiting to strike at her.

Then before she could move, he reached down and thrust his hands up under her dress. Pushing at his arms, she tried to move away from him only to feel his hands slide up under her dress farther and farther. Then with his hands and arms thrust up under her skirt all the way to his elbow, he grabbed hold of the waistband of her panties. It was all happening so fast she didn't have a chance to stop him.

She couldn't believe how strong he was. Or that this was happening to her as she felt his fingers dig into her belly. With his fingers hooked under the waistband of her panties, he began to pull them down. Fighting to stop him, she pressed her legs together as tightly as she could, hoping she could keep him from pulling her panties off. That didn't work, she quickly realized when she heard her panties tear as he forcefully tugged them down her legs. Mortified, she felt her panties slip down farther and farther until they were down around her ankles.

"Please, Baby, Don't do this to me," she pleaded with him again as he jerked her shoes off and tossed them aside.

Her pleas fell on deaf ears as she felt Justin rip her panties off and indignantly fling them across the room.

She could see that he was out of control. She had never seen him like this before. He was like an animal in heat. She realized that there was no way she could stop him now.

His eyes glinting evilly, Justin took hold of her ankles and tried to force her legs apart.

Resisting as much as she could, she knew that it was in vain as she felt her legs rapidly growing tired as his strength slowly overcame her.

Trying to force his mother's legs apart, Justin felt her resist, but as he kept trying, he felt her legs begin to quiver and tremble.

"Oh, NO, Justin, Please don't do this," she begged him one more time.

Ignoring her pleas, Justin kept prying at her legs until he felt the trembling grow more pronounced as she struggled to keep her legs together. Then slowly, her legs began to part, and Justin, realizing that he was about to overcome her, doubled his efforts.

Tiring quickly, Susan was unable to defend herself anymore as she finally had to give up.

Abruptly, her legs parted revealing the soft, fleshy core of her sexuality to her son once again.

He stopped for a moment, staring down at the glistening wetness between her legs.

"Please, Baby, Don't do this to Mommy," she moaned as he continued to hold her legs apart and stare down at her gaping womanhood. Maybe she could prevail on his senses not to do this to him Mommy, she crazily thought.

Then he slowly began to pull her toward the edge of the bed and his gigantic, jutting monstrosity.

Whimpering plaintively, Susan tried to push her dress back down and cover herself while Justin determinedly kept pulling her toward him until her butt was perched on the edge of the bed. Easing himself up between her long, lovely legs, Justin began to push her dress back up her soft, tanned thighs.

She continued to fight him until he grabbed her wrists and held her, pushing her skirt back up her legs with his legs. Finally, he won out and her dress lay crumpled around her waist and he could once again see the wet pink of her

womanhood glistening wetly between her legs.

"Please don't, Baby," she futilely begged.

Then he shuddered and pulled her toward him. Both of them watched in disbelief as his big, purple-headed monster nudged up against the soft, yielding lips surrounding her vulnerable femininity.

"Oh, My, God, Please, Baby," she moaned one last time.

"OH, FUCK," Justin groaned as he pushed himself at her and felt his gigantic cockhead slip into the soft, clinging wetness of her vulnerability.

It was all he could do to keep from erupting inside the hot, clenching sheath of soft wetness as he pushed into her. Gritting his teeth, he slowly slid himself deeper and deeper inside her burning circle of fire. He had to struggle mightily to keep from erupting inside the hot, clenching sheath of soft wetness as he slowly slid himself inside her.

"Oh, My, God, Justin, you're too big," Susan groaned as she felt her vagina being stretched to its limit by her son's gigantic cock, "This can't be happening."

Justin didn't speak as he continued to slide his cock into his mother's steaming slit. Pushing himself into her, he drove his cock deeper and deeper into until at last, he was completely buried inside of her.

Groaning as he held himself firmly thrust up against her, he leaned over her and reached down to her dress that now lay crumpled around her waist. With his cock fully penetrating her sopping pussy and her soft, inner thighs pressing against his hips, Justin reveled in the feel of her heavenly cunt wrapped around his cock. Still holding his cock inside her, he smoothed out her dress and reached down to its zipper. Leisurely, he unzipped her dress as she watched on with disgust and shame. With her dress unzipped, he began pushing it up her body. Pushing it higher and higher, he finally pushed it up over the mountainous swell of her breasts and up under her armpits.

Realizing that she could not fight him off, she conceded defeat at the hands of her son. Even though he was violating her in the most vile and reprehensible way imaginable, she still couldn't bring herself to hate him.



Knowing that she had already taken him willingly once before, she felt herself slowly begin to enjoy the feel of his gigantic cock inside of her. What they were doing was vile, heinous, and wicked, but still she couldn't stop the physical feeling of pleasure that was flowing from her vagina. Yielding herself to her destiny, she mentally conceded defeat at the hands of her son. Once she had surrendered herself to him, she found the next step so much easier. What could she do to stop it anyway, she thought as she made the decision to give herself to him once again? Tiring of the struggle, Susan reached down and took hold of her dress that was now wrapped around her neck. Quickly pulling it up over her head in one swift movement, she tossed her dress aside. She now lay under her son, clad only in a diaphanous brassiere that held her big, beautiful breasts confined.

Justin had seen her breasts last night, but in the dimness of her night light, he had only had a hint of their real beauty.

He dreamily stared down at the mountainous globes of quivering flesh confined inside the filmy transparency of her brassiere. Then, like a man possessed, he lovingly reached down to them. Gently hooking his fingers under the bottom of the bra, he started to push the brassiere up off her breasts.

Not wanting him to tear the dainty brassiere, she quickly reached down and pushed his hand away. Then ever so slowly, she slipped her fingers down between the half-mooned cups of her bra to the row of tiny red ribbons running down between her breasts. Seeing that her son was intently watching her fingers, she leisurely unhooked the top clasp of her brassiere. Then waiting for a few more moments, she moved down to the bottom clasp and with a quick flick of her fingers, she popped the bottom catch open. The instant her brassiere opened, it sprang apart and her opulent breasts spilled out into the open.

Gaping open-mouthed, Justin stared down at his mother's bare breasts for the longest time before he could move. Then, leaning forward, Justin tried to wrap his hands around their huge perfection, but found they were too large for him to encircle with his hands. Feeling their soft perfection under his fingers, Justin began to squeeze and fondle them adoringly.

Staring up at her son, she watched him change from a boy into a man in the space of one heartbeat. Her illusion of him staying her little boy his whole life had abruptly and unalterably changed the moment they had become one again.

Even as he defiled her, she couldn't stop loving him. She still loved him as any mother would love her son, but there was a new, dark side to her love for him. It was as if her love for him was mutating even as she looked up at him. Her motherly love for him was the same, but even as raped her, she could feel herself falling in love with him as a man. As he held himself inside her, violating her inner sanctity and touching her breasts in such a soft and loving way, she felt herself falling in love with him as her lover. While her love for him as her son was a deep and unwavering, the new love she felt for him was violent and passionate. Who knew what the new love could bring, she thought, as she waited for her new lover to transport her to the next plane of their incestuous union.

Standing between his mother's statuesque legs with his giant peter buried all the way up to its hairy hilt inside her hot, clenching cunt, he gently toyed and played with her breasts. As he did, he could feel her thighs clamping down around his waist. Waiting, he saw her slowly spread her long, curvaceous legs wider apart as she lifted her legs and wrapped her ankles around his waist. Then he felt her gently squeezing his waist with her calves as she nudged his butt with her heels, forcing his belly into hers.

He suddenly realized that not only had she had stopped fighting him, but she now seemed to be coaxing him to make love to her. His eyes were filled with her beauty as he towered over her, incestuously connected to her by his bloated man-thing. He could feel her soft, silky cunt gently squeezing and milking his stiff, unyielding manhood as his eyes pored over her awesome beauty. How could this be happening? He had never even thought of his mother sexually until last night and now he was making love to her for the second time in two days. She was the very epitome of beauty from her soft, billowing mane of mahogany hair to her dainty little pink tipped toes, he thought as he ground himself into her. He couldn't help but quiver with excitement as his eyes swept down over her voluptuous breasts to the profusion of curly hair covering her love-wound where their bodies became one. Even her smell was intoxicating as he breathed in deeply to savor the mix of fragrances wafting up from her. The soft sensuous fragrance of her erotic perfume was intermingled with the musky smell of her estrous wafting up from where their bodies became one. It filled his head with evil, wicked thoughts. It filled his nostrils and awoke in him some deep, hidden primitive drive that he had never experienced before. Unable to hold back anymore, he quickly slid his arms under her perfectly sculptured legs and lifted them, exposing her defenseless womanhood to his gigantic love-spear. Withdrawing the entire length of his long, thick cock, he looked down and saw

that it was dripping with juices from her sopping cunt. Shuddering with excitement, he jerked her long legs up against him, brutally sending his cock ripping back into her.

"OH GODDDdddd—" Susan gasped as she felt his huge peter slash back into her pussy.

Justin had become a madman and immediately began to saw his huge cock in and out of her like some crazed animal.

Within seconds, he was slamming his giant prick in and out of her drooling sex so fast, she barely had time to enjoy one thrust before the next one jarred her from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. As her son hammered his cock into her over and over again, she shamefully took him and loved the way he made her feel. Her inflamed slit felt like it was burning as she reveled in the feel of her son's massive male weapon pistoning in and out of her.

"Oh, JUSTIN, My Baby," she ecstatically gurgled as she surrendered herself to him heart and soul.

The barbarous feeling he was bringing out in her was quickly propelling her toward a cataclysmic orgasm as they fucked.

As wrong and evil as it was, it felt wonderful to have her son inside of her. Would she would be able to live without him now that he had returned to the place where he had been created. Just as he had once fulfilled her motherly needs, he was now fulfilling her need as her lover.

Whatever, she knew that their lives would never be the same again. But even as she tried to make sense out of it, she realized she couldn't concentrate on the problem with the wondrous feelings pouring from her pussy.

"Oh, BABY, Fuck Mommy, Oh, MY, BABY, I, Love you," she gushed out as Justin slammed his great cock in and out of her drooling love-pit.

Wanting him to know she was now willingly giving herself to him, she dug her fingernails into his shoulders. Holding onto him tightly, she savored each deep, bone-jarring thrust as he drove his cock into her again and again. Her shapely thighs were still wrapped around his waist, clamping him tightly and her long perfectly formed legs began to rock back and forth above him as he fucked her.

As his hips flashed up and down faster and harder, she dug her heels into his rebounding ass every time he drove his cock back into her sopping love-channel. In and out, in and out, his prick disappeared and reappeared from her slaving cunt covered with a frothy coating of lather. As they fucked with abandon, both of them could feel themselves being sucked toward a climax of such magnitude it would threaten their very lives.

Then suddenly, without any warning Susan felt like a bomb had gone off inside of her pussy as she felt her son's gigantic penis explode inside her.

"OH, FUCKING HELLLLLLLLLL," she gasped as she felt his cock buck inside of her, spurting out a gusher of thick, hot boy-cream so hot it threatened to scorch her convulsing pussy.

The instant she felt him climax, she felt her own body convulse and her vagina locked down on her son's enormous prick. Even as she tripped off into her own soul-consuming orgasm, she could still feel her son's potent ejaculate coating the lining of her pussy with its blistering heat. Then she felt her whole body began to shake and writhe uncontrollably as the exquisite pleasure of her orgasm spread out from her spasming cunt. Even as the muscles in her body contracted and tightened into bands of steel, she could still feel Justin's thrusting, spurting manhood spewing out its fiery load into her.

Her spirit slipped from her writhing, convulsing body and floated above them, watching her son ram his cock into her spiritless body. Even dispossessed from her body as she was, she felt like the sensitive lining of her of her cunt was being blistered by the hot, thick, gelatinous semen spewing out of her son's great erupting penis.

Justin had never felt such totally addictive pleasure in his whole life. He felt as if his very life-source was gushing out of his cock and there was nothing that could stop it from flowing into his mother. Never before had his big, dangling balls produced so much seed-rich milk. He felt as if he had been coming inside of her for hours, yet his great, surging monster continued to spurt uncontrollably. His great engine was being driven by the sheer eroticism of fucking his mother and the feelings, both physical and mental were beyond belief. It was the most sexually exciting and gratifying thing he had ever done, yet at the same time it was the most perverse, despicable thing he had ever done also.

Every muscle in his body was locked down in one all-encompassing cramp as he held himself buried deep inside the soft, clutching depths of his mother's overflowing pussy. He was reaching the point of collapse when finally he felt the flow of semen pouring from his huge cock slow to a trickle. Then after a few more feeble little jerks, his big prick finally stopped pouring his thick, rich cum into his mother. As his cock stopped, he could feel his big dangling balls aching from the vacuum created inside them by the expulsion of so much cum.

As his own aching muscles slowly relaxed and as his cock began to deflate, he felt the taut, tensed muscles in his mother's body sluggishly relent and soften. As they did, he felt her long, shapely legs creep down his legs until her feet finally touched the floor.

Standing on his knees between his mother's outstretched legs, he suddenly felt a stab of remorse tear into his heart. Now that the deed was done and the overpowering pleasure he had felt was gone, he was experiencing an overwhelming sense of guilt and fear. Looking down to where their bodies were still linked together in an immoral alliance, he saw that his mother's soft, inner thighs glistened satanically, coated with his semen.

"Oh, What have I done to you, Mother," he sobbed, backing away from her slowly pulling his puffy, swollen cock out of her dripping cunt.

Unable to take his eyes off his thick, pink penis as it disgustingly slithered back out of fleshy pink wound, he backed away from her. As his heavy, bloated penis slipped out of her, it pulled the evidence of their incestuous coupling out of

"Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, Baby, don't cry," she told him, struggling to a sitting position and extending her arms to him, "It's over and done with and there is nothing that can change it."

"Oh, Mommy, I was so wrong to do it to you, but, but, I just couldn't stop," he wept as he still backed away watching his long shrinking cock continue to ooze out of her.

At last, his giant cockhead flopped and out of her and at least a cup of frothy white cum gushed out of the deep, wet pink between her legs embarrassing both of them. Neither of them spoke for several moments as they stared down at the puddle of love-juice between her feet.

"I should be taken out and shot," Justin finally moaned in disgust as he stood up.

Then another pang of remorse washed over him as he looked down at his mother and saw her staring at his cock that was now at her eye level. Disgusted, his eyes followed hers down to his penis. It was no longer hard, but it was still heavy and thick as it dangled down from his belly.

"Come here, Baby," Susan said softly, reaching out to him.

Hesitantly, Justin moved toward her, carefully avoiding their puddle of spent love-juice on the floor.

Reaching out, Susan gently wrapped her arms around his hips and lovingly embraced him.

"What we did was wrong," she said, "But it was what we did. When you first wanted to do it, I could have stopped. But, but, maybe down deep, deep inside, I wanted you too. Whatever, it happened and I enjoyed it just as much as you did, so I am just as much to blame as you are."

"But I started it," he sniffled.

"No, I started it last night," she told him, "And then when you wanted to do it again, I didn't stop you."

"But, but, what now," he stuttered.

"I don't know," she sighed, looking up at him, "I just don't know..."

"I know that we should stop it here and now, but..."

"But, but what," he dejectedly asked her.

"I don't know we can," she said, tiredly admitting defeat, "I think we have just gone too far."

"What, what, what does that mean?" he stammered, afraid to believe what he thought he was hearing.

"It means that I've never felt what I felt when we were making love," she softly

said, "I don't think I can deny myself such ecstasy forever. Do you feel the same way?"

"Oh, God, Yes," he gushed, reaching down and pulling her head against his stomach.

"Oh, be careful, Baby," she smiled up at him, "Don't break my neck."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mother, I didn't mean to hurt you," he gurgled happily, "But I'm so happy."

"I can see that," she softly laughed, looking down to see his thick, wet penis rapidly swelling back to hardness as it rose up before her..

"Oh, I'm sorry," he blushed, "But I love you so very, very much, I just can't stop it from getting, uh, uh, hard."

"Don't apologize," she told him, reaching out and lovingly stroking his ripening maleness, "Most men would kill for what you have."

"Oh, Mom, stop teasing me," he blushed again.

"I'm not teasing you," she seriously said, "You have the biggest penis I've ever seen on any man and you're still a teenager. I don't know where you got it from. It certainly wasn't you father. He was barely six inches long and yours must be what, eight, nine, ten inches long?"

"God, Mom, you're embarrassing me," he complained, leaning down and kissing her on the cheek.

"What are we going to do, Mom?" he finally asked her.

"What are we going to do about what?" she asked him, uncertain what he was leading up to.

"I mean, are we going to keep doing it?" he questioned her, gently fondling her big, spongy breasts and tweaking her hardening nipples.

"Do you want to?" she asked softly.

"Oh, Yes, you know that I do—" he blurted out excitedly, "Forever and ever."

"Do you think you can keep it a secret?" she wanted to know, "Because if gets out that you are making love to me, we could both go to jail."

"I will never, ever tell another soul," he promised her, taking her head in his hands and lovingly kissing her on the lips, "It will be our secret...forever."

"Well, since we live alone," realizing that she was probably making the wrong decision, "and it doesn't seem to affect anyone else, I guess that we can try it for a while and see what happens."

"Oh, GOD, Mother does that mean that I can sleep with you at night?" he eagerly asked her as he slowly began leaning against her and forcing her down on the bed.

"I don't know," she smiled up at him, sensing that he wanted to make love to her again, "I'll have to think about that."

"It would be wonderful, if we could," he told her as he forcefully pressed down on the bed.

"Then I wouldn't have to walk down here every time I wanted to make love to you, like now."

"Just a moment, Young Man," she said forcefully digging her fingernails into his rigid cock.

"Ouch, Mom, you're hurting me," he yelped.

"You have to remember that I'm your mother," she cautioned him, digging her nails into his hardened manhood even harder.

"And I still make the rules, to include when and where we will make love. Do you understand?"

"Ow, Yes, Oh, Mommy, you're hurting me," he whimpered like a child.

"Okay, as long as you remember that I am your mother," she scolded him, slowly releasing his penis, "Now I'm sorry that I hurt you, but I had to get your



attention."

"You certainly got it," he complained, "and I'll do whatever you say."

"Okay, would you like for me to kiss your owie and make it better," she wickedly smiled.

"Oh, My, God, Yes," he groaned, struggling to get to his hands and knees.

Waiting patiently, she watched as he straddled her and clumsily crawled up until his giant cock jutted out above her face, throbbing up and down like a huge malignant pink snake.

"Oh, my lovely little Baby, you have such a beautiful, big penis," she cooed appreciatively as she reached up and slowly bent his pulsating masculinity down to her lips.

Opening her mouth, she gently sucked her son's gigantic purple cockhead into her mouth. She could feel his growing excitement as she lazily ran her tongue around the bulging rim of his cockhead, tickling and toying with the little cleft under it where the glans corona was split.

"Oh, Mother, you're going to make me cum too fast," he whined as he felt her start to suck on him.

"Uuuuuhhhuuuhhhh," she mumbled, her mouth filled with his hardness.

Her hot, sucking mouth gradually sucked more and more of his great, hard penis inside her mouth as his control grew more and more tenuous. Looking back down at his mother, he watched in fascination and disbelief as her full, pouting lips gradually crept up the thick, pink shaft of his cock until almost half of it had disappeared inside her mouth. Then he saw her let it slip out as she swallowed a couple of times and quickly took several deep breaths. Then without warning, she quickly sucked him back into her mouth. This time she didn't stop.

Justin felt the head of his dick thud up against her tonsils as she tried to suck his entire cock into her mouth. He could feel his giant cockhead butting up against the back of her mouth, but she jerked him down into her and he felt his cock stab down into her throat.

"OH, FUCKING GOD, MOTHER—" he gasped.

He couldn't stop himself and he suddenly felt his cock jerk and spurt, sending a gusher of his cum straight down into her throat.

The intensity of the pleasure that burst from his cock was such that his heart stopped beating for several beats as his penis spewed its frothy ejaculate into her throat. His whole body began to shake and shiver uncontrollably as his mother sucked on him. Afraid that he might have a heart attack, she hurriedly pulled her mouth back down the long, stiff barrel of his cock until only the hypersensitive cockhead remained inside her burning, sucking mouth.

"OH, FUCK, MOTHER, I CAN'T—" Justin groaned collapsing down onto the bed beside her, rolling over onto his back and jerking his manhood out of her mouth.

She realized instantly, by the way he fell that he had fainted.

Then to her astonishment, she saw his great cock continue to spurt out huge gobs of his glutinous boy-cream, shooting it wastefully into the air. Quickly grabbing his jumping, spurting weapon, she furiously stroked him, watching the monster jerk and fire time and time again. Still running her hand up and down him, she was disappointed when his cock finally stopped erupting.

She stopped running her hand up and down his thick, hard cock and found that his chest and stomach were covered with his own potent, seed-laden syrup.

Sitting beside him, she watched him sleep for the longest time. At last, his gigantic penis had returned to normalcy and lay on his stomach, shriveled and shrunken. Finally, she rolled over and pulled the covers up over herself.

She hoped that she had made the right decision although there hadn't been any other real choice. Now she hoped that she could satisfy her son's almost insatiable need to fuck. Whatever, she couldn't ask for a more potent and well-built young lover, she thought as she drifted off into dreams of giant male organs chasing her once again...

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **Story Four – You are my Hero**

Erin had been away at college for nine months. During this time, his mother had written him that she had met someone new. This came as a surprise to Erin since his mother hadn't even dated after the death of his father, Dr. Henry Dobbins. Her letters and phone calls had started out with glowing expectations about her new lover, but as of late, she had had less and less to say about him.

Pulling up in front of the Spanish styled house with its yellowish stucco and red tile roof, Erin turned in and parked beside the dark green Jaguar sitting in the driveway. Glancing down at his watch, he saw that it was ten to three.

Opening the trunk, he got out his luggage and trudged up the walk to the ornate wrought-iron gate. Pushing it open, he heard the familiar creak of the unoiled hinge. Looking around the courtyard, he saw that a few weeds had found their way into some of the cracks between the tiles. Strange, he thought, because his mother was quite the gardener and usually kept the yard in perfect order. Stopping in front of the door, he wondered if he should knock or just walk in as he had always done before. Finally, deciding on a compromise, he set his luggage down and rang the doorbell once, and then again before reaching for the doorknob. Just as his hand touched the doorknob, he felt the door open.

"ERIN, YOU'RE HOME," Erin's mother, Bonnie cried out as she opened the door.

Stepping forward, she swept him into her arms and hugged him tightly. So tight in fact, he could barely breathe. Hugging her back, he saw a man standing in the doorway of the kitchen watching them.

"Oh, Baby, I'm so glad to see you," she bubbled as she finally released him and stepped back away from him.

Surprised to see his mother still dressed in her long flowing robe this late in the day, he grinned back at her sheepishly, almost at a loss for words.

"I'm glad to see you, too," he finally laughed, pulling her back to him and giving her another hug, "but aren't you going to introduce me."

"Yeah, Bonnie," the man said, walking up to where they stood, "aren't you going to introduce me to college boy?"

"Oh, yes," his mother murmured, nervously turning and stepping away from Erin, "Erin, this is Steve and Steve, this is Erin."

"Glad to meet you," Erin told him, reaching out and shaking his hand.

The two men measured each other as they shook hands.

They were about the same height and weight, Erin saw. While Steve's handshake was firm and strong, his manicured nails and soft skin showed that he wasn't involved in much manual labor, Erin thought, and there was something about him that Erin found discomforting. Maybe it was the haughty look on his face. It appeared to Erin that Steve was probably five or ten years older than his own twenty-two years.

And there seemed to be a chill in the air between his mother and Steve.

Or maybe he was just imagining it being tired from his long drive, Erin thought.

"Come on in, Honey," his mother smiled at him, "you're room is ready. I guess you still remember where it is after all this time."

"Yeah, I think I do," he softly laughed, "it hasn't been all that long."

"Here, I'll carry your little bag," she offered, picking up the smaller suitcase.

"Okay," he said, grabbing his other suitcase and starting to follow his mother.

"Well, I'm going to have a drink, while you two are gone," Steve mumbled, walking over to the bar.

"Don't have too much, dear," his mother said as she started up the stairs ahead of Erin.

Following his mother up the stairs, Erin saw Steve splash four or five fingers of booze into his glass and quickly toss it down.

"I hope that he doesn't drink too much this afternoon," his mother softly said over her shoulder as she stepped up to the door of his room, "I don't like it when he drinks too much."

Erin didn't comment on her statement as he walked into his room and set his suitcase down.

"Oh, Honey, you don't know how happy I am to see you," she cooed as she gave him another hug, "I could just hug you and hug you and hug you."

"Jeez, Mom," Erin grinned back at her, "Take it easy."

"Oh, For Heaven's sake," she told him, "I'm just so happy to see you."

"Well," he yawned, "I am happy to see you, too."

"Oh, Really," she laughed at his yawn, "I can see how excited you are by the way you're yawning."

"I was up at 5:00 this morning and I've been driving all day," he said, looking down at his watch. That's ten hours on the road, and I'm beat."

"Why don't you take a nap," his mother told him, turning back the covers on his bed, "and we can eat around seven or so. Is that okay?"

"That sounds great," he said, unable to stop yawning.

Sitting down on his bed, he pulled his shoes off and slipped under the covers.

Smiling down at him, his mother pulled the covers up under his chin and tucked him in as she had done when his was just a little tot.

"Welcome back, Baby," she sighed, as she bent down and gave him a soft kiss on his cheek, "I'm sure glad to have you back home."

Erin watched her as she turned and grudgingly left his room. He had never seen his mother dressed in floor length gown in his twenty years of living with her. She had always had a striking figure and loved to show it off. And now, she covered herself from neck to toe. Strange, he thought as he felt himself falling to sleep.

~~~

Suddenly, he was woken up by a loud noise coming from down the hallway. Groggily, he sat up, rubbing his eyes and trying to determine what it was that had woke him up. Listening intently, he thought he heard a muffled slap of skin on skin. Waiting and wondering, he faintly heard his mother telling someone to stop. Shaking his head, trying to clear the cobwebs, he got up and stepped out into the hallway. Hurrying down to his mother's bedroom, he stopped outside the door and listened again.

"Please, Steve, Please don't," he heard her plaintively beg followed by the muffled sound of another slap.

"Oh, Not that, Please, Not There, Oh, No" she whimpered as Erin listened on in shock.

"Shut up or he'll hear you," he heard Steve tell her.

Erin waited for a few more seconds until he heard his mother sob out in pain. Not able to take any more, Erin pushed the door open and stepped into the room.

Erin's heart almost stopped. He couldn't breathe. He all but fell as his knees buckled.

Erin felt like he was going to faint as his vision tunneled down to his mother and Steve.

His mother was on her hands and knees in the middle of her bed. Both of them were naked. Steve was standing behind her and had his big penis stuck in her asshole.

"Oh, My God," he grunted out incredulously as Steve glared at him angrily.

It was then that he saw the bruises on his mother's legs and back.

"ERIN," his mother wailed as he stood staring at them.

"Get the fuck out of here, college boy," Steve growled at him, insolently thrusting his penis even deeper into Bonnie's upturned ass making her moan out in pain again.

Erin stood paralyzed for several seconds. Strangely, he found himself fixated on

the vulgar tattoo of a naked lady on Steve's butt.

"Get away from her," Erin was finally able to blurt out as he started toward them.

"I told you to get out of here, college boy," Steve commanded him, hunching himself into Bonnie even harder.

"I told you to get away from my mother," Erin yelled as he reached for Steve.

He didn't even see Steve's hand as it came arcing around and caught him on the jaw, knocking him backwards.

Shaking his head, trying to clear away the stars that were exploding in his head, Erin stopped.

"Get the fuck out of here before I have to hurt the both of you," Steve snarled at him.

Suddenly, Erin's karate training came back to him. He realized that he had let his anger put him in a compromising position. He had to calm down if he was going to be able to drive Steve away.

This time he started back slowly, moving around behind Steve who insultingly kept his penis thrust up Bonnie's anus.

Seeing Erin coming at him again, Steve finally lunged back away from Bonnie, jerking his penis out of her asshole as he turned to face Erin.

"Oh, God," Bonnie groaned as she fell to the bed holding her ass in her hands.

Seeing Erin drop into a karate pose, Steve laughed and stepped toward him. Just as Steve stepped toward him, Erin pivoted, turning on his toes, kicking out one leg as he spun around. He caught Steve in the middle of the chest with his foot sending him flailing back across the room.

"Whooooooooooooffffffhshhshhs," Steve gasped as he slammed up against the wall and slowly slid down to the floor. "CAANNNNNTTTT BRRTHHHTHH."

Seeing he had knocked the breath out of him, Erin purposely walked over to



where Steve sat gasping for air.

Steve sat leaning up against the wall, writhing and trying to get his breath. Holding his throat and pointing to his chest, Steve struggled to breathe, but Erin just stood there malevolently glaring down at him.

Finally, Erin saw Steve's chest begin to shudder and jerk as his diaphragm began to function again. Erin could hear him gasping and wheezing asthmatically as he strained to breathe. Smiling maliciously, Erin took another step and aimed a second kick directly at Steve's exposed genitals.

"AWWWWHHHH GAAWWWDDEEE," Steve screamed out as Erin's toes slammed into his bare balls and cock.

Erin could only imagine what the pain was like as it spewed up from Steve's bruised testicles. Steve's face turned red, then green and finally an ashen white as it looked like he was about to barf.

Erin feigned like he was going to kick him again and Steve grabbed hold of his balls to protect them from another attack. But instead of kicking him, Erin grabbed a handful of hair and slammed Steve's head back against the wall as hard as he could.

"Listen to me, you scum bag," Erin growled at him, "If you ever touch my mother again, I will kill you. Do you understand that?"

"Yeah, yeah," Steve insolently returned, broken, but still not beaten.

"I don't think you believe me," Erin said, jerking Steve's head back and slamming it into the wall again.

And then again.

"Erin," Bonnie said from the bed, "Don't kill him, Baby."

"What," Erin muttered, as the black rage inside of him slowly began to loosen its grip on him.

Looking over at her, he saw that she had crawled under the covers and lay looking out at them with fear written all over her face.

"Do you understand, dirt bag," Erin asked Steve again flinging his head back against the wall one more time.

"Yes," Steve answered, much more contritely this time.

"Now, the first thing you're going to do is to apologize to my mother for hurting her," Erin told him, roughly pulling his hair.

"I'm sorry," he said almost too softly to hear.

"I can't hear you. Louder."

"I'm sorry,"

"Louder," Erin shouted.

"I'm Sorry," Steve yelled.

"That's more like it," Erin evilly grinned, slamming Steve's head back into the wall one more time for good measure before as he disentangled his fingers out of Steve's oily hair.

"Now, you're going to leave this house and never come back," Erin told him walking over and picking up Steve's pants and shirt, "Understand?"

"Okay," Steve said humbled and beaten. "But I think you hurt me bad down there. I don't think I can walk."

"Crawl then," Erin told him.

Pain etched on his face, Steve somehow got up to his hands and knees and painfully crawled across the room and out into the hallway.

A beaten man, Steve shamefully moved down the hallway as Erin angrily strode into his room. Reaching into his suitcase, he pulled out the forty-five pistol, his father had given him before he had left for college. Flicking open the cylinder, he shook out all of the bullets and slammed it shut again. Stomping back out into the hall where Steve was still crawling along smarting and stinging from his whipping.

Stepping up to him, Erin reached down and shoved the long, cold barrel of his gun into Steve's anus.

"OUUUCCHHH, Don't, Please, Don't shoot," Steve begged as he lurched and writhed, trying to dislodge the gun barrel from his asshole.

"You mean, like this," Erin spat at him as he pulled the trigger.

"OH FUCK," Steve gasped in horror and then anger as he heard the firing pin snap on the empty chamber.

"Just remember what it feels like," Erin demonically cackled, jerking the barrel out, making sure the bead sight nicked Steve's skin as he pulled it out, "Because the next time it'll have a bullet in it. And the bullet will have your fucking name on it."

~~~

Following Steve down the stairs, he waited until he was almost down to the bottom before he gave him a shove that sent him sprawling down the rest of the way.

"Now put your clothes on and get out of here," he commanded him.

"What about my other stuff?" Steve sniveled, clumsily pulling his pants on.

"It'll be setting out on the curb tomorrow. You can pick it up then. But don't even think about coming inside or I'll kill you. It's that simple. Is that clear?"

"Yeah, sure," Steve tiredly said, finally able to stand.

"Just steer clear of my mother and me, because if I ever see you near her, your ass is mine. In fact, if you were smart, you should seriously think about moving to another town. Like today. Or tomorrow at the latest."

He felt little remorse as he watched Steve painfully limp across the room and out the front door. Following him over, he watched as Steve backed his car out into the street. There, he stopped for an instant, but after one quick look back at the

house, he drove off, tires squealing as a huge cloud of smoke erupted from his tailpipe.

Going back up the stairs, he looked down at his hands as saw that they had blood on them.

Walking over to the door of his mother's room, he peeked inside.

"Are you okay?" he asked her, seeing that she was still under the covers.

"Is he gone?"

"Yes, and I don't think he'll be back," he tiredly told her.

"Thank Goodness," she cooed, smiling finally.

"I feel all dirty," he said to her. "I'm going to take a quick shower."

"Okay," she smiled again.

Walking back into his room, he hurried into his bathroom and stripped his clothes off. He felt dirty and tired. Letting the water course down his body as he thought back on the sordid event that had just taken place. The picture of his mother standing on her hands and knees with Steve's penis thrust up her ass was indelibly etched into his memory banks. It had been horrible. But strangely, now that it was all over, he felt a tingle of perverse excitement and his penis begin to harden. God, I'm not any better than Steve was, he thought as his cock continued to swell and grow.

But he couldn't help it. His mother was still a beautiful woman even if she had to wear the gown to hide all the bruises Steve had put on her. Those bruises would soon heal, but the scars on her psyche would take much longer to heal?

Finally, he turned the water off and grabbed a towel off the rack. Slipping it over his head, he stepped out of the shower, rubbing his hair roughly with the towel. Still reliving the fight, he walked out into his bedroom and stood drying his hair for several moments. Finally, he pulled the towel down off his head. Looking up, he was stunned to see his mother sitting on his bed watching him.

Looking down at himself, he shamefully saw that his big, thick cock was jutting

out hard and ripe.

"Aw, Mom," he blushed, jerking the towel down and wrapping it around his waist, trying to hide his thick, heavy prick from her, "why didn't you say something."

"Like what?" she asked him, a soft blush spreading over her face.

"I don't know, something, anything to let me know you were in here."

"It's okay," she told him, "I just wanted to thank you for doing what you did. The things Steve was doing to me were beginning to worry me, but I didn't know how to ask him to leave."

"How did you get involved with slime like that?" Erin asked her.

"One of my friends introduced him to me," she said, frowning.

"Well, I don't know if I would call her my friend anymore," Erin complained. "But I don't think that you will have to worry about him anymore."

Erin sat down on the bed beside her.

"Anyway, I thank you for rescuing me," she smiled, leaning forward and giving him a soft kiss on the cheek, "You are my hero."

"I'm just glad I was here to stop it," he blushed again.

"Me, too," she appreciatively smiled, "and to show my appreciation, I'm going to prepare a feast for my conquering hero tonight. Okay?"

"Great," he told her, "I'm famished."

"Okay," she bubbled, "and thanks you, again."

Watching his mother walk to the door, he saw that she was in obvious pain.

"Hey, what's wrong," he asked her, getting to his feet and following her.

"Oh, nothing," she told him, trying to hide the grimace of pain on her face.

"Come back over here and sit down," he told her, leading her back to the bed.

"I'd rather not sit," she told him.

"Then tell me what's wrong," he said, holding her hands and waiting for her to explain her discomfort.

"Oh, it's nothing," she told him again.

"Tell me, or I'm going to put you to bed and fix supper myself," he emphatically said, "After all who's the doctor in the family? Or soon to be doctor, anyway?"

"Really, it's nothing," she blushed, "It just kind of hurts back there where Steve, uh, Steve, uh, you, you know. He must have scraped me or something. It just hurts a little bit though."

**"Right," he smirked. "You don't act like it hurts just a little bit."**

"Really," she grinned through the pain, "It doesn't hurt very bad."

"I'm afraid that I'm going to have to see it," he told her.

"What...." she sputtered, "Are you forgetting that I'm your mother."

"And are you forgetting that I am studying to be a doctor?"

"That is beside the point," she said, blushing royally, "I don't think it's just not right for a son to see his mother like that."

"You're forgetting that I've already have seen you," he said, wishing he hadn't said it even before the words were out of his mouth.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled, "I wish you hadn't."

"I know, Mother," he softly said, "But I really need to make sure that he didn't tear you or something. That part of your body can get infected very easily."

"I know," she said, "but it's so embarrassing."

"I'll just take a quick look," he said in his most persuasive voice, "and it'll be

over before you know it."

She just stood there for several seconds mulling it over in her mind.

"It's me or your family doctor and I'm afraid that could be just as embarrassing, " he said persuasively. "Especially when he asks how it happened. But I can just make sure everything is okay."

"Lord forgive me," she mumbled, "Okay, but please hurry though."

"I will," he said.

"What do you want me to do," she asked turning as red as a beet.

"Lay down on your stomach with a pillow under your pelvis," he directed her in his most professional manner.

Turning away from her, he walked over to his suitcase and pulled out a small black leather bag. Popping it open, he dug around inside and took out a tube of antiseptic/anesthetic ointment.

Turning around, he stopped dead in his tracks confounded by the sight before him.

His mother had followed his directions and taken them a step further. She now lay on the bed with her robe pulled around her waist and her beautifully rounded butt jutting up in the air, bare and perilously vulnerable. Staring at her exposed beauty, he felt a vulgar shiver of excitement course through his cock.

Shamefully, he felt his penis lurch as it grew hard once again.

"What is it," she innocently asked as she waited for him to examine her.

"Uh, I, uh, I haven't looked yet," he said, gulping and trying to swallow the bale of cotton that had mysteriously formed inside his mouth.

Finally, he got his feet working again and he stumbled up behind her.

"Are you okay?" she innocently asked. "I thought you said it wouldn't take long."

Bending down over the wondrous globes of perfect, round ass-flesh, Erin trembled as he delicately probed around her anus with his finger.

"Ouch, that hurts," she whimpered as he touched the red, swollen area around the puckered ring of darker flesh.

"Your, uh, your, uh, your anus has an abrasion all around it," he was finally able to say, "so I'm going to put some ointment on it. It has an anesthetic in it, so it will stop the pain. Okay?"

"Oh, Erin, I think I'm going to die of embarrassment," she mumbled.

"It won't take long," he said, seeing several bruises on her legs and buttocks, too, "and when I get through, I'm going to run out to the car and get you a surprise."

"Oh, Erin, you don't have to do that," she self-consciously said,.

"I think you can use it," he said.

"Oh, Honey," she sighed, seeming to forget that she lay in front of her son, naked from the waist down, "I'm so glad you're home."

"And I'm glad I came back when I did," he told her again, squeezing a little of the antiseptic ointment onto his finger, "Very, glad."

Being as gentle as he could, he softly spread the ointment around and over the wrinkled little prune of his mother's anus.

"Oh, that's cold," she winced as his finger gently worked the medicine into the abraded area encircling her clenching anus, "Oh, this is so embarrassing."

"Just relax," he told her, seeing she was as tense as a fiddle string.

As he delicately coated her anus with the medicine, his eyes strayed down to the fleshy gash below it. Rubbing the slippery salve into her skin, he stared down at the place he had come from so long ago. Suddenly, he felt another tingle of excitement trickle through his penis.

Watch yourself, your lecherous pervert, he warned himself, as he tore his eyes away from the fleshy wound of her pussy.



Finally, he finished spreading the cream around her anus. Wiping the excess off his finger, he admired her beautiful ass one last time as he twisted the cap back on the ointment.

What an idiot Steve was to want to disfigure such a work of art, he muttered to himself.

Then he felt his anger rising again, as he thought back to the incident. Maybe he ought to find Steve and finish the job he had started. But no, no, he wasn't going to ruin his life for that slime. He would find some other way to reap vengeance on him. Whatever...it could wait.

"You stay put, now," he told her, dropping the tube back into his bag,

"Do I have to?" she asked him.

"Yes, you do," he told her, walking into his bathroom and closing the door behind him.

Dropping his towel, he saw that his cock was jutting out hard and ripe. Ashamed of it, he quickly pulled his bathrobe on. Shoving his penis up against his belly, he closed his robe and pulled the belt around it, tightening it so that it held his penis pressed up against his belly.

"I will be right back, okay?" he told his mother as he stepped back into his bedroom.

Thankfully, she had pulled her robe back down and was sitting up.

"Your muscles are kind of tight," he smiled. "Would you like a massage?"

"Oh, that would be nice," she cooed, "but, could I put on a bathing suit or something?"

"Not yet," he told her, "I want to let that abrasion to get some air for a few minutes. And stop being so prudish, after all, I'm your son."

"I KNOW," she blurted out, "That's the problem."

"Oh, Relax," he shushed her. "How does it feel, now?"

"It's already better," she smiled at him. "You're such a good doctor."

"Okay, then, I'll be right back."

Still dressed only in his robe, he tore out to his car. He had planned to celebrate his homecoming with a bottle of Champagne that he had put on ice that morning. And now would be the perfect time, he thought, grabbing the cooler. They would have a little bubbly, he would give her a massage and then she could fix them dinner and they would have a warm, cozy evening. Just the two of them. No More Steve. No more anger. No more pain. Just him and his mother.

Lugging the cooler into the kitchen, he popped it open and pulled out the Champagne and set the chilled bottle on the table. Taking down a couple of wineglasses from the rack, he transferred some of the ice from the cooler into an ice bucket and put the Champagne in it.

He chugged up the stairs and walked into the bedroom. Out of breath from his scurrying around, he saw that his mother was still sitting on his bed with her robe on.

"Look what I brought you," he said, holding up the Champagne, "I thought we could celebrate my homecoming at dinner, but I think we would enjoy it more now."

"Oh, that was thoughtful of you," she smiled as she watched him remove the cork from the bottle.

"I hope that you like it," he grinned back at her. "It's the real stuff from France."

"You know," she said coyly, "If I weren't your mother, I would think you were trying to get me drunk and take advantage of me."

"Oh, Mother, really," Erin blushed as the cork flew out of the Champagne bottle.

Tipping the bottle, he filled both glasses with the sparkling Champagne and then set the bottle down.

"Here you go," he told her, handing her a glass and gently tinkling his glass against it, "Here's to a new beginning."

"And here's to you and me and may Steve roast in hell."

"I'll drink to that," he grinned.

Tossing her head back, she quickly downed her drink in one gulp.

"Oh, this is good," she giggled.

Picking up the bottle, she hurriedly refilled her glass and leaned back against the headboard. Smiling happily, she sat sipping on her drink while she adoringly looked at him.

Shyly, Erin took a sip from his glass and set it down.

"You still want that massage?" he asked her.

"Of course. Although I must admit that the Champagne is doing a good job of relaxing me already," she giggled.

"I'll tell you what," he said, standing up. "You take your robe off, and I'll cover you with a towel just like a real masseuse, okay?"

"Well, I guess so," she sighed as she turned around facing away from him. "I just feel a little self-conscious doing this."

"Just a minute," he told her.

Walking into his bathroom, he got another towel and brought it back to her, "Here, I'll go back into the bathroom and you can undress and put this towel over you."

"I don't know why I'm such a prude," she smiled. "You've already seen most of me anyway, but it's nice of you to preserve what's left of my dignity."

He stepped back away from her and hurried into his bathroom to wait.

Knowing that he would soon be massaging his mother while she was naked except for the towel, he felt another spark of excitement shoot through his cock. Ashamed of his depraved feelings and the state of his swollen masculinity, he wanted to delay his return as long as he could. But this plan was foiled when he

heard his mother call to him.

"Okay," she said, "I'm ready, you can come back in."

Walking in, he saw that she was lying on her stomach with only the towel hiding her beauty from him as it lay across her back and buttocks.

Walking over to the bed, he sat down beside her.

Reaching inside his satchel, he picked up a bottle filled with a burgundy colored substance. As he unscrewed the top, the sweet smell of cinnamon and cloves filled the air.

"Oh, that smells good," she said as he leaned over her and squeezed out a few drops of the liquid onto her calf.

He slowly began to skillfully massage her soft, smooth skin avoiding the blue-black bruises that spotted her legs.

"Oh, that's nice," she finally said as she felt his fingers gently massaging the tension from her muscles. "That feels so good. I've always said you had magic fingers."

"I'm glad you like it," Erin happily laughed as he squeezed out a few drops onto her skin."

"It feels wonderful," she murmured sleepily, "and I don't care if you never stop."

Taking his sweet time, he slowly moved up her leg until his fingers were rubbing the soft skin along the demarcation line between her leg and her buttock. Lifting the towel up from it, he folded it back over onto her back, exposing the perfect roundness of her beautiful derriere. As he did, he felt another twinge of excitement sparkle through his penis, just as he had the first time he had seen her lovely butt. Trying to ignore her sexuality, he squeezed out some of the fluid onto the rounded perfection and began gently massaging it in. Repeating the process, he spent another two or three minutes kneading the tension out of her soft, firm buttock.

"That feels good," she mumbled sleepily, "but you sure are taking a lot of time back there."

"Uh, what, uh, yeah," he blushed realizing that he had been so busy admiring her gorgeous ass, he had forgotten about the time, "but scenery is quite distracting."

"ERIN JOSEPH, you stop that now," she admonished him loudly.

"Uh, I'm Sorry, uh, Mom," he apologized.

"Well, just keep your mind on the job at hand." she demurely said.

"Uh, okay," he nervously laughed.

What had started out primarily as a way to help his mother relax was having quite the opposite effect on Erin. After all, he told himself, he was a man and the way his body was reacting to the beautiful woman lying on the bed was instinctive. Even if she was his mother, there was little he could do to control the sick, wicked feelings that were churning away inside his head.

IT'S YOUR MOTHER FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, his conscience screamed out at him.

He knew that, he kept telling himself, but she was still a beautiful woman. And she was almost naked. What else could you expect with her spread out before him. It was having an evident and obvious effect on him as his rock-hard cock jutted out making a tent out of the towel wrapped around his waist.

Pulling the towel down over her magnificent butt to remove the temptation, he moved up to her bare back and began to massage it.

"Oh, Baby, that feels so good," his mother mewed contentedly as he slowly worked his way up to her neck and shoulders. Kneading and plying the taut muscles he felt the tension flow out of them. Soon, the muscles in her shoulders were supple and relaxed as he finally stopped.

"That's all of your back," Erin said, having difficulty talking with his mouth so full of cotton.

"Good," she murmured, sounding a little tipsy, "I was getting thirsty anyway."

"So was I," he muttered, picking up his glass and emptying it in one gulp.

Apparently forgetting that she was naked, she rolled over onto her back and sat up.

As she did, her large, pendent breasts came into Erin's view, bobbling and wiggling about delightfully.

"Oops," she giggled as she saw her son's eyes shoot down to her exposed breasts, "I guess I'd better cover these up."

"Uh, uh, I think so," he gulped loudly.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, spreading the towel out and covering her tits and womanhood from his leering eyes, "but that Champagne is so good. That and your magic fingers almost put me to sleep. I forgot who I was with there for a second."

"Uh, that's okay," he stuttered, feeling himself becoming more and more excited.

"Here," she said, taking his glass and filling it, "Maybe you need some more to help you relax, too."

"Okay," he smiled, taking his glass and thirstily gulping down half of it.

"My, My, you were thirsty," she softly laughed, leaning back against the headboard and looking down at her long, lovely legs.

"Those bruises look terrible, don't they," she complained, "I don't see how you can even look at me, I'm so ugly."

"Don't even say that," he angrily blurted out, "I think you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Just because some slime-ball beat up on you, it doesn't make you the least bit ugly."

"Oh, Erin, my Darling," she softly murmured, "What in the world would I do without you?"

"Well, I don't plan to let you find out for a while," he grinned back at her quickly finishing his drink and setting the empty glass down.

"Well, back to work," he grinned, "Although I think I'm getting as much pleasure

out of this as you are."

"You are making me feel so good, so, so, so feminine," she smiled down at him as he crawled down to her feet, "I'd just about forgotten what it felt like to feel happy. But with you around, it comes quiet naturally. I can't explain it, but I didn't feel like a woman any more. Not the way Steve treated me. But you. You make me feel like a real woman again."

"Good," he told her as he delicately rubbed a bruise on her ankle and saw her wince.

"Sorry," he mumbled.

Working his way slowly up her legs, he finally found himself looking down at the hem of the towel that rested only an inch or so away from the forbidden secrecy underneath it.

Losing his courage, he moved up and began to work on her arm, postponing a frontal assault for the time being.

But before he knew it, he had finished both arms and now the only remaining unmassaged territory lay underneath the towel.

"I guess that it is show and tell time," his mother said quietly as she slowly folded the towel back down into her lap, baring her exquisitely-beautiful breasts.

His mouth dropped open as he gawked on in admiration at the lovely pink melons.

Shaking noticeably, he cautiously reached out and spread the warm, soothing balm onto the quivering, yielding softness of her breast. Round and round, he gently rubbed and massaged her breast as she warily watched him. Then, as he worked, he noticed that her nipples was firming up, getting puffy and hard.

The fact that his mother was becoming aroused sent a jolt of pure, sexual excitement arcing through his throbbing prick as it visibly lurched underneath the towel. It was almost more than he could stand, he thought, as finished one breast and moved to the other. Softly, lovingly, he kneaded and massaged the soft, spongy mound of flesh as long as he thought he could without bringing on his mother's ire. At last, he reluctantly moved his hands away from them.

"Thank you very much," she softly whispered, "That felt so good I didn't want you to stop...but it was beginning to feel a little too good."

"Your breasts are so soft and uh..." he paused, searching for the right word that wouldn't embarrass her yet tell her how truly gorgeous they were.

Gorgeous, no, beautiful, no, ravishing, no, attractive, no, aw to hell with it, "uh, they're so pretty."

"Thank you," she said, blushing softly.

Now only her nether regions remained unexplored. The last frontier and he didn't know what to do. He sat back and looked up at her for direction. Asking her with his eyes if she wanted to go on. Go on or stop?

Waiting breathlessly, he saw that the tiny smile that played across her soft, full lips slowly disappeared as she stared back at him. Keeping her eyes locked on his, she deliberately reached down and ever so slowly, peeled the towel back away from her womanhood. It took all his strength not to look down, but he continued to peer into her eyes as she uncovered herself for him. Instead of covering her breasts with the towel, she laid it down beside her. She was now completely and totally naked.

Finally, he looked down to the bruise on her inner thigh and saw that it disappeared down into the Y between her legs. Dripping several drops of the elixir down onto the bruise, he leaned over and began to rub it in. As he did, he was shocked to see his mother slowly spread her legs apart wider and wider until at last he had a clear and unobstructed view of the bruise.

But what was more discomfiting was the picture of his mother's vagina slowly blossoming open like a beautiful pink rose. It nearly took his breath away as he stopped massaging her bruise and shamelessly stared down at the pink wetness of her secrecy. He couldn't breathe. His heart felt like it was going to explode out of his chest any second as the wet, sticky opening of her cunt slowly gaped open wider and wider.

Neither of them moved for several moments.

At last, Erin regained some control of his senses and leaned over farther. With trembling fingers, he began to softly rub the bruise again.



What was happening between them, he feverishly wondered? She had to know that he had been staring at her pussy. But she didn't stop him. She didn't say a word.

Moving his hand closer and closer to the soft, weeping wetness between her legs, it was all he could do to keep from touching it. Touching the heavy, swollen lips surrounding her mysterious secret. Touching it and pushing his finger down into its gaping innocence. This was crazy!

But as he tried to sort out what was happening between them, he didn't know that his bathrobe had gaped open revealing to his mother his potent manhood, jutting out hard, proud and ready.

Staring down at her son's obvious excitement, Bonnie couldn't believe how large he was. She could remember when he was a little baby and his penis was no more than a couple of inches long, but now, it had to be eight, nine or maybe even ten inches long. Feeling her son's fingers inch closer and closer to her secret place and seeing his obvious readiness, she became flustered and started to reach for him, but caught herself at the last moment.

What am I thinking, she asked herself in horror as she realized what she had almost done? Can I be this depraved? What was this new emotion she was feeling toward him? How could she be feeling it toward this man, of all men? How could she ever feel this way toward him, her own son? Suddenly, the answer exploded inside her brain. The emotion she was feeling wasn't a new emotion. It was just one that she hadn't experienced in such a long she had forgotten what it felt like.

IT WAS THE HOT, FIERY LOVE THAT A WOMAN FELT FOR HER MAN! HER LOVER! HER SOULMATE! It wasn't mother and son love. Yet, it was. It was all mixed up together and coalesced into a mutant love so strong, she knew that she couldn't control it. It would overwhelm her and force her to relent to its evil urges.

Unaware of the battle raging inside his mother's mind, Erin was having troubles of his own. First her stiff, swollen nipples showing her arousal, and now the wetness on and around her vagina. He shocked to see how wet she was. Why was she so wet?

Almost as if to confirm his suspicions, a little stream of juice began to seep out

of the dark secrecy of her womanhood and drip down onto the bed.

Confusion reigned in Erin's brain. Desire and lust came welling up from his throbbing, twitching prick. But he couldn't allow this to happen. As much as he wanted it to, he knew that it might destroy them. She mustn't know. She mustn't know how much he wanted her, he told himself as he lurched backwards.

But as he did, he was shocked to see his giant penis was uncovered and sticking straight out in front of his mother.

"For God's sake," he gasped, reaching down and jerking his robe closed, "I'm so sorry, Mom."

"That's okay," she softly said, slowly closing her legs and covering herself with the towel again, "I understand."

"You must think that I'm a terrible son," he groaned, standing up and retying his belt so that the evidence of his desire was once again restrained.

"Quite, the opposite," she smiled at him, "I think you are a wonderful son."

"Even after, uh, after you saw, uh, well, uh, you know what I mean," he stuttered, his face bright red with shame.

"Even after that," she softly said, "and maybe even because of that."

"What, what do you mean?" he stuttered.

"Nothing," she sighed. "Nothing."

"Well, I guess that ends your massage," he told her, assuming that she wouldn't want to continue their dangerous flirtation.

"Only if you don't want to go on," she told him, boldly staring deep into his eyes. "Is that what you want?"

"Yes, uh, no, uh, oh I don't know what I mean anymore," he blubbered.

"Well, why don't you take off your robe and put on a towel," she suggested, "and maybe we won't have any more accidents."

"Uh, I don't know, uh, well, uh, I guess I could," he stammered, "If you think it would be better."

"I do," she told him.

"Well, Okay," he said, turning and disappointedly walking into the bathroom.

Closing the door, he dropped his robe to the floor and slapped his huge, jutting cock, cursing it for revealing his evil desire to his mother. Pulling down another towel, he wrapped it around his waist and tied it. But his cock was still jutting out, tenting the towel and making his arousal wickedly obvious. There was no way he could hide its evil intent. Not as long as he was around her and she was letting him touch her the way she had. But what else could he do? Plopping down on the toilet seat, he tried for several minutes to will his cock into softness, but he could see that it was a futile attempt. It continued to stick out, arrogantly staring up at him with its evil, drooling eye.

"Are you okay in there, honey?" his mother called out questioningly.

"Uh, Yeah, I'll be right out," he told her.

Not knowing what to expect, he shoved his cock under the towel, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

His heart skipped a beat. His mother was lying on the bed naked. Thankfully, she had her legs pressed together and she was lying on her belly so there was only her cute, round butt to torment him. But he still couldn't stop the evil sickness jutting out of his groin from despicably lurching as he let his eyes play over her beauty.

How was this all going to play out, he wondered? Could he trust himself enough to touch her again? Or would he do something stupid and make a fool out of himself?

He should be praising his lucky stars that his mother would even speak to him after his faux pas, he thought to himself as he stumbled toward the bed. Guiltily, he jerked the knot in the towel tighter to keep his defiant manhood from freeing itself again.

"I was beginning to wonder if I was going to have to come in there after you,"

she smiled at him, handing him another glass of Champagne.

"Oh, uh, I was just, uh, trying to, uh, make sure that, uh, I won't have, uh, another accident," he blushed, stammering and gulping down his drink in one quick swallow.

"I can hardly wait to have you..." she said, suggestively pausing for the longest time before she continued on, "...uh, with your massage."

Erin suddenly realized that the room had suddenly grown unbearably hot. Setting down his glass, he crawled down to his mother's feet. Sweating profusely, he wiped his forehead with his hand and sat down on his knees with his butt resting on his heels.

"Uh, where, uh, where would you like for me to start this time?" he foolishly muttered.

"Just do it all over again," she muttered into the bed.

His hand was shaking noticeably as he carefully spilled out a small trail of the oil up both of her long legs.

"Oh, that's cool," his mother softly complained.

"It will warm up as I massage you," he told her, gently beginning to knead and manipulate the tight, firmness of the muscles just above her ankle.

Boy will it, he muttered to himself.

"Oh, yes it is," she murmured as she felt his fingers pushing and digging into her now-flaccid muscles. "Feels good."

The walls of the room seemed to be closing in on them as he slowly worked his way up her beautiful legs.

He could barely breathe in the stifling heat of the room as it grew smaller and smaller. It felt like the air was being superheated by the depraved desire that was slowly, but inexorably drawing them into its deadly, swirling core. As he sweated and massaged, he saw that ever so gradually, her legs were creeping farther and farther apart as he moved up them. At last, her legs were far enough

apart that he could see the glistening pink wetness of her womanhood peeking out at him again. His whole body was trembling as he stared down at the secret beauty of his mother's exposed sex.

Lying on her belly, feeling her son's magical hands working their spell on her, she found herself recalling the image of his big, beautiful penis.

How could her little baby be so grown up, she asked herself? Why it seemed only like yesterday that he had been a little baby.

But he wasn't a baby anymore. God no. Now he was all grown up with his cock was so big and so hard. But why was he so hard? Did he love her in the same sick, despicable way she loved him? He must, she thought as she felt a flash of heat flare up from her secret place. How could this be happening? It was almost like they were alone on an island all by themselves. The Champagne, the quiet intimacy, everything was so perfect. And she didn't have to worry about Steve anymore, she told herself as she just let go and relaxed, for the first time in ages.

As wickedly perverted as it was, she somehow found it sensually exciting to know that she was the reason for her son's state of sexual arousal. Oh, it was wrong, but somehow, that didn't seem to matter at the moment.

She couldn't help being attracted to Erin. After all, he was her hero wasn't he? Her son. And now that Henry was gone, he was the center of her universe. She had always doted on him, even to the point of overindulgence. So why, why wouldn't it be logical for her to find him sexually desirable, too?

But how could she take such a heinous thing and make it seem rational? Normal and sane? It was so wrong. Wrong!

Wrong?

Wrong by whose standards? What could it hurt? They wouldn't be hurting anyone else. It was just them. Just the two of them. No one else would ever know.

And it was painfully obvious that Erin was just as sexually aroused as she was.

Then the image of his big, beautiful manhood floated back into her mind. Yes, it was very, very obvious that they were both infected by the same depraved

sickness. The same deadly, diseased virus must be coursing through their veins. It must be her fault, she feverishly thought. She must have passed the evil, corrupted gene along to him while he was still inside her womb being formed. Just the thought of him being back inside of her womb sent a gush of her warm, sticky readiness pouring out of the burning pit down between her legs.

Not only had she passed on the sickly-tainted gene to him, she was now placing them in harm's way. Placing them in a situation so fraught with peril, there was little chance of escape. It was as if they were in a boat drifting toward a huge, terrifying waterfall. They were about to be swept over it. Swept over it and down into the churning abyss of incestuous love. But instead of trying to stop the boat and paddle away from it, they were paddling hell-bent for it. She knew that they were going to be washed over the edge of the violent, foaming turbulence and send them plunging down into, into...into what?

She didn't know what would happen once they were catapulted down into the waiting uncertainty. But she did know that she didn't have the courage or desire to stop it.

The room was growing hotter and hotter as sweat continued to pour off Erin.

Susan couldn't stop thinking about Erin. The pain and suffering she had suffered at the hands of Steve had made her distrustful of all men. All men, but one. Yes, there was one glaring exception.

HER BEAUTIFUL SON, ERIN!

And now he was with her again. He was her knight in shining armor. And he had fought a duel to win the right to claim her as his own. He had fought and won. Won her away from the evil Steve and his destructive ways.

She felt so warm and safe now. She wanted to tell him that. But she was afraid. She wanted to tell him how much she loved and needed him. Tell him that he meant the world to her. But she didn't want to consume him with her love. She didn't want to drive him away with her possessive love. She just wanted to hold him and never let him go.

But how could she show him how much she loved him?

He had given her life back to her and now she had to repay him by giving him

her total, unconditional love. She had to give herself to him completely, purely, totally.

She knew that she must make sweet, beautiful love with her son. Make love to him and show him just how much he meant to her.

But even to admit such a thing was sick, she fearfully thought.

Her conscience was going berserk. How could she even consider such a thing it cried out?

It was so wicked and vile, her inner-self raged. You know you will go to hell if you do it, her spiritual-self reasoned. Why she would probably go to hell for even thinking about it.

Then she found herself trying to justify it to the voices inside her head.

Why shouldn't a mother and son be able to make love to each other? The bond between a mother and son was the strongest bond of the human race. But she knew why. Why it was such a taboo? Men. Men were afraid of the love a mother felt for her son. Afraid it would be too strong. Too strong and no other man would stand a chance.

So man had made a rule that mother's couldn't make love to their sons. That was it. She knew down deep inside her that sex between a mother and her son could be a gentle, loving experience. But because of men, it couldn't be allowed to happen. It was like something Steve would have thought up. To keep her away from her son.

Her head was spinning. Had she finally convinced herself that having sex with Erin would not be wrong?

She knew that she wanted him and it was apparent that he wanted her.

But, still there were lingering, nagging doubts.

If they made love, would he love her afterwards? Or hate her? She was so confused.

But the alcohol finally deadened the raucous complaints of her conscience.

"I love you so much," she murmured, almost under her breath.

"I Love you, too, Mother," he muttered, trying to control the sweltering desire burning out of control in his belly.

Erin glanced down making sure that his aching, throbbing giant hadn't escaped once again. Surprisingly, it hadn't. But it was so hard and stiff, he didn't know how long he could keep it concealed from his mother he told himself as he worked higher and higher up her legs. At last he came to the swell of her beautiful bottom, jutting out round and soft.

He delicately fingered the pliant flesh for a moment, but he couldn't trust himself so he quickly moved up to the hollow of her back. Pushing and plying on the muscles there, he felt the tension in her back slowly drain away.

"Mind if I turn over?" she asked.

But she didn't wait for an answer.

Erin couldn't move as he watched her push herself over onto her back.

Standing on his hands and knees beside her, he suddenly found himself looking down at her heavy, swollen breasts once again.

Quickly scrambling back down to her feet, he grabbed them and began to roughly knead and rub them.

"Take a break and have another glass of Champagne," his mother softly laughed, refilling their glasses and handing his to him.

"To us," she softly murmured, gently clinking their glasses together, "and our love for each other."

Taking his, Erin nervously downed it in one panicky gulp.

"My, My, but aren't you the thirsty one?"

"Uh, yeah," he moronically muttered.

"Uh, is it, is it hot in here," he mumbled, wiping the sweat off his forehead with



the back of his hand? "Or is it just me?"

"Yes, I think you're right," she agreed, "it is quite warm in here."

Erin couldn't help but notice the change in his mother. She seemed amazingly calm under the circumstances. How could she be acting so calm and collected? Here they were, sitting on his bed, her naked, him with only a towel wrapped around him, both of them obviously sexually aroused and yet, she made it seem as if none of that mattered. It was almost as if she had made her mind up to not let anything bother her. It was weird. He couldn't explain it. She just had a different air about her.

He certainly wasn't calm and collected, he muttered to himself. He was so provoked by the situation, it felt like his skin was crawling. Setting his glass down, he quickly moved down and began to knead and massage her feet as she lay sipping on her drink. He could see that she was calmly watching him as he busied himself massaging her small, dainty feet.

She could see the profound affect her nudity was having on her son. And why wouldn't it, she smiled to herself. After all, she was naked...and she was his mother.

He was very tightly wound, she thought, watching him sneak glances up at her body as he massaged her feet. She couldn't mistake his obvious excitement as it was clearly evidenced by the giant protrusion jutting up under his towel.

There was little sense in protracting his agony, she told herself. She had made up her mind, so there was no need to torment him any further.

Feeling his hands slowly creeping up her legs, inch by inch, she began to slowly spread her legs apart.

Sweating and trembling with excitement, he worked his fingers up her long, shapely legs until they were only an inch or so from the glistening wetness between her legs. She could see the sweat glimmering wetly on his forehead as he excitably poked and probed the muscles of her inner thigh.

Now, she telepathically urged him on, now. Touch it. Touch me. Please.

But even as she silently pleaded with him, he suddenly stopped and moved his

hands away from the drooling pit between her legs. Quickly scooting up the bed, he abruptly began to knead and rub her hands and fingers. She wanted him so bad, she was aching all over, but she didn't speak as she let him gradually work his way up her arm to her shoulder. Then he began work on the other hand. Deliberately, purposefully, he worked up the muscles in her arm inch by inch. As he moved up her arm, her hand was forced farther and farther down until it brushed up against his granite-like hardness thrusting up under the towel. She didn't move her hand until she felt him stop massaging her shoulder.

"I don't think I should go any further," he grunted, starting to stand up.

"Don't go—" she murmured, reaching out quickly and grabbing hold of his towel. Then, as he drew back, she held onto the towel and tugged. As she did, the knot unraveled and the towel dropped away from his lurching, slashing cock.

"MOTHER," he gasped staring down at his mother holding onto to the towel as she gaped at his bobbing, twitching manhood.

"Oh, Crap," he cursed, grabbing for his towel.

"I would like to give you a massage, too," Bonnie coyly said, jerking the towel away from him and tossing it across the bed.

"Jeez, Mom," he groaned, trying to cover his huge cock with his hands, "Please give me back my towel."

"Why," she teased, "You got to see mine, why can't I see yours."

"Mom, you're drunk," he angrily sputtered, turning away from her, "and I don't like it when you tease me."

"I am not drunk," she softly said, leaning down and reaching for him, "I just want to show you how much I love you. Show you how much I need you. And I think you want me, too. You must or why else would you be like that."

"God, Mother, what are you saying?" he gasped, his face turning white with shock.

"Do you?" she asked him, softly caressing his rock hard buttocks as he stood by his bed trembling.

"Do I what?" he wanted to know, still not believing what he was hearing.

"Would you like to make love to me?" she murmured.

"Oh, For, God, MOTHER, Do you know what you are asking me?" he groaned, feeling the strength leave his legs as his knees began to quake and wobble.

"Yes," she told him, watching him start to sink to the floor but catch himself and sit down on the edge of the bed.

"This can't be happening," he muttered, shaking his head and pinching himself, "I must be dreaming."

"This is no dream," she told him, "but, if you don't want to make love to me, I will understand."

"Oh, Mother," he impotently blubbered, "What are you asking me to do?"

"I'm just asking you to make love to me," she softly said, clearly in charge of the situation unlike the one earlier in the day, "Don't you want to make love to me?"

"Damn it, Mother," he cursed, "You make it sound so innocent. So casual. Like it's uh, uh, I don't know, so frivolous."

"Forgive me," she said, trying to keep her true emotions in check, "I didn't intend to make it sound that way. God knows, this is the most momentous moment in my life."

She paused, a tear trickling down her cheek as she looked deep into his eyes.

"I just want to share something loving and tender with the man that I love more than anything. More than life itself. I'm sorry that it came across as casual and frivolous. But I'm not sorry that I want to make love to you. I could never be sorry about that. But, if you feel that it's wrong and you can't do it, I will understand."

Electricity arced around the room, dangerously sparking and crackling as they stared into each other's eyes. If something didn't happen soon, it would set the room ablaze.

"Oh, Mother, I think that making love to you would be the most wonderful thing ever," he told her, but wanting to be certain that his mother wanted him, too, "But are you sure?"

"I've never been surer of anything in my life," she emphatically told him.

The tension in the room was so charged, she couldn't breathe as she waited for him to respond. Finally, he slowly turned to face her with his hands still hiding the huge monster jutting out of his groin.

Like a child caught doing something wrong, he guiltily sat down by his mother.

"Oh, Erin," she gushed, taking him in her arms and tightly pulling him to her, "I Love You So Very, Very Much."

"Oh, Mother, I Love You, Too Much," he cried out, returning her embrace.

They sat holding onto each other for the longest time, each of them wrapped in each other's arms, soaking up the love that flowed between them.

At last, Bonnie slowly released her hold on him.

As they parted, she reached down to his great, towering penile monolith. Gently wrapping her hand around thick, rigid shaft of his penis, she lovingly began to stroke him. Staring down at his mammoth cock, she slowly ran her hand down from its great, rubbery cockhead all the way down to the hairy base of his cock and back up to his cockhead again. Pausing for a long, dizzying moment, she held the huge, bulging cockhead in her hand and then gently squeezed and kneaded its firm solidity. As she did, she felt him struggling for control.

"Oh, God, Mother," he groaned, "You're going to make me come—"

"My poor, little Baby," she intimately cooed, "I'm sorry that I teased you so long. I didn't want to but I couldn't help it. So don't hold it back, now. Let it go. We have the rest of the night, the rest of our lives to make love. Let it go and come if you need to. Mommy wants to taste your cum. Let Mommy suck you and drink your cum."

Her vulgar, obscene words lit the fuse on the powder keg of bubbling, boiling cum inside his aching balls as she continued to gently stroke his quivering

hardness.

As he felt her soft, warm fingers clutching the taut, stretched skin on his throbbing cock, he groaned and whimpered in agony trying to hold back the flood that was damned up inside him.

Then suddenly she felt his giant cock jerk and bulge out threateningly.

The upheaval was imminent. His cock, stretched as tightly as a bow string vibrated with dangerous tension as it prepared itself to erupt in her hand.

Quickly, she clumsily bent down over his jutting manhood and just as she opened her mouth and softly sucked the bulging head of his penis into her mouth, she felt it jerk.

"OhmyGoddddd—" Erin bellowed out as he felt his mother's hot, sucking mouth close down around his hypersensitive cockhead.

The depraved excitement of the moment overwhelmed him. With the force of a cannon firing, his gigantic cock fired off and shot out a huge spout of thick, white love-cream into his mother's mouth. The pent-up passion had built up such a load of hot, creamy cum, it immediately, filled her mouth to the point of overflowing. Sucking and swallowing as quickly as she could, she still couldn't keep up with the great gushing torrent of syrupy cum that spurted from her son's gigantic manhood. The flood of burning gunk gushed out around the barrel of his penis and trickled down her chin and onto her hand. Never had she known such virility in a man. But still, his great cock bucked and spit as gusher after gusher of his rich, potent semen poured out of it.

She lost count of how many times the mighty colossus erupted in her mouth, but at last she felt the vigor of the ejaculations begin to decrease. Then, at last, his cock gave one last feeble shudder and spurted out one final spurt of creamy froth into her sucking mouth.

As she tightly held onto the towering monolith, she felt it begin to weaken and die in her hand. With her hand wrapped around the withering stalk of his penis, she tenderly sucked and licked the sensitive head of his cock as it wilted.

"Oh, Mother, Oh, Mother, please," Erin whined, at last, "I'm so sorry I came in your mouth."

Without answering him, she tenderly nibbled on the rubbery head of his cock until he couldn't stand it anymore. Wincing, he gently took her head in his hands and lifted her mouth up away from shrunken manhood.

"What's wrong, Baby," she asked him, licking at the drivel of cum on her lips, "Don't you want Mommy to suck on it?"

"It is just too sensitive, Mom," he blubbered.

"I'm sorry, Baby," she cooed, "I'll stop."

Slowly, she hesitantly let his penis slip from her hand. Wiping her hand on the towel, she reached down and quickly peeled back the bedspread.

"Get under the covers, Baby," she whispered to him, "you can finish your nap while I go down and make supper. Okay?"

"But, Mom," Erin groaned, "Don't you want me to, to..."

"To what, Baby," she asked him.

"How can you, you just leave? Don't you want me to do you, too?" he asked her.

"We have all night, Love...remember?" she lovingly smiled down at him, "and I know that it takes men a while to recuperate."

"Uh, well, uh, okay, if you're sure you don't want me to, to..." he sighed, physically, mentally, and emotionally exhausted by the day's events

Slipping under the covers, he watched his mother pull them up over him, covering him from the waist down. Even though he had just shot his wad, he still felt a stir of excitement course through his penis as he watched her beautiful dangling breasts twitch and wiggle above him.

"Relax, Baby," she whispered to him, softly kissing him on the lips, "And Mommy will be back soon."

"Mother, I Love you," he smiled up at her, reaching up and delicately caressing one of her big, soft breasts. "I can hardly wait."

"I Love you, too, Darling," she happily chirped, standing up.

Erin watched with wonder, love and awe as his mother treaded across the room. He had never seen her naked before today, and he could feel his juices already rebuilding inside him as he gaped at her with open admiration. Although she was forty-eight, she had an ageless beauty. Her large, pendent breasts were perfectly shaped for their size. Big, creamy-white melons with large, circular cups of dark pink flesh each tipped with big, tapering nipples juttled out from her chest. Watching them bounce and wiggle seductively with each step she took, Erin remembered back to his youth when he had sneaked into her room one day.

He recalled prowling through her lingerie and finding one of her brassieres. He had been perversely excited as he had breathlessly held the lacy-cupped brassiere. He had known that it seemed large, but he didn't really comprehend what the 42D on the tag meant, until now.

Her waist, slightly thickened by age was not like some women whose waist was so narrow they looked starved. Her buttocks were full, firm, perfectly shaped and were so lovely it made him ache with desire just to watch her walk. All of her beauty was complemented by her long, beautifully proportioned legs that moved with fluid grace as she strolled out of the room. The only flaw in her beauty were the numerous bruises spread out over her legs and body, but they were only superficial and would soon be gone, Erin told himself. Now if he could only heal the other bruises, the bruises to her ego and psyche caused by the slime who called himself Steve.

Now alone, Erin couldn't believe what had happened. The events of the day all seemed to mesh into one outrageous orgasm of emotions. First there had been happiness at his homecoming, then rage at Steve, then humiliation of being seen aroused by his mother. Next had come the hot, steaming stimulation that it had lured both of them into an act so vile and depraved, he still couldn't believe it had happened. And now he knew that their lives had been changed. He didn't know how much, but it had changed—drastically!

Trying to sort out his feelings, he knew that his feelings toward his mother had suddenly and irreversibly changed. On the one hand, he felt much more protective of her now. He had seen a vulnerable, exposed side to her he had never seen before. He vowed to himself that he would never let anything like that ever happen to her again. He would protect her from that. He loved her more

deeply than he could have ever imagined. He still loved her as his mother, but now those feelings had to share with the feelings he felt for her as a woman. His love for her was so deep and strong, he wished that he could take her for his wife and live out his life loving and taking care of her.

Why not? Maybe, just maybe, he thought as a tiny germ of an idea blossomed in his mind.

Putting aside everything else, he pictured his mother in all her naked innocence. As the image of her nudity flowed across his mind like liquid silk, he suddenly felt himself growing hard again. Reaching under the cover, he wrapped his hand around the germinating erection and began to roughly stroke it to hardness as he thought of his mother.

"Oh, I wasn't enough for you?" he heard his mother softly laugh as she slipped into his room unannounced and caught him in the act.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he blushed, "I didn't hear you coming."

"That's okay," she smiled.

"I was just thinking about you and how beautiful you are and I just started getting hard," he said, still a little self-consciously, "so I just thought I would help it along."

"Can I see?" she asked, leaning over and setting the tray she was carrying down onto the bed.

"Of course," he bubbled throwing back the covers to reveal his rock-hard cock and reaching up to pull her down to him all in the same motion.

Staring into the deep warmth of her smoky blue eyes, he tenderly pressed his lips to hers, kissing her so softly, it was like the wings of a butterfly brushing across her lips.

"This is what love is supposed to be," she moaned softly as he released her, "I don't know if I can live without it."

"Me, either," he whispered.



"How did all this happen so fast?" she mewed. "I still can't believe it."

"I don't really understand, but," he paused, gently caressing the silky softness of her thigh, "I don't want to ever leave you."

"Oh, My Love, would that it was that easy," she mumbled.

"But, Mother," Erin protested.

"Stop," she told him, "Stop, for just a while. Here. Eat, drink and be happy. We can worry about that later."

"But, I," he started to say but found his mother's fingers on his lips blocking any further conversation.

**"Eat," she commanded him, "Or, I'll send you out of your room without any supper."**

"What," Erin laughed out loud, "Great, Mom, Best one yet."

Both of them became hysterical with laughter. It seemed to serve as a release of all of the pent-up emotions that were smoldering just under the surface of their new relationship.

Finally, with tears running down their cheeks, they stopped laughing and looked over at the tray of food setting before them.

"Wow, Mom, that's enough to feed an army," he said, reaching for a chicken drumstick.

"Just eat," she laughed, opening the bottle of wine and pouring them a drink.

Then handing him his drink, she sipped from her glass before filling her mouth with food.

They hungrily devoured the food and almost finished the bottle of wine before they were done.

"Wow, I didn't realize how hungry I was," Erin said, appreciatively rubbing his belly, "and I had forgotten what a good cook you were."

"It was only left overs," she modestly said.

"But excellent ones," he praised her.

"Well, thanks," she laughed, picking up the tray and setting it on the floor.

Pouring the last of the wine into their glasses, she leaned back on the bed. Sipping her wine, she adoringly ran her hand up her son's thigh, stopping just short of his drooping cock.

"This is nice," she softly said, "I can't believe that we're doing it, but it is beginning to feel natural. Don't you think so?"

"It could be," he remarked to her as he ran his hand up the soft, smooth skin of her inner thigh, stopping just short of her oozing vagina.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I have an idea," he smiled at her, "but I need to think out a few other things before I explain it to you."

"Oh, really," she smirked, "And does your idea involve me."

"Most definitely," he grinned, gently fingering the soft, limp lips of flesh surrounding her inner most sanctum.

"That feels good," she sighed, slowly spreading her legs farther apart and exposing more of her bubbling femininity to him.

"Your, uh, your, uh, pussy is beautiful," he told her, blushing as he spoke.

"Why, thank you," she returned, blushing too, "But I don't know what you men see in it that's pretty."

"It is so soft, and wet, and warm, it makes me hard just looking at it," he tried to explain as she saw his cock twitch.

"Can I kiss it," he asked, scooting over closer to her.

"Of, course you can, My Love," she cooed, lifting her foot and draping her leg over his arm, "I would love for you to kiss it."

Inching closer, Erin stared into the very core of his mother's oozing sexuality. It was almost impossible to imagine that he had once been deep inside of this beautiful, warm place. Leaning closer, he gently kissed the soft, flaccid flesh that hung down encircling and guarding the deep, wet chamber of her vagina.

"Oh, My Love," Bonnie euphorically sighed as she felt his tongue probing her vaginal lips.

Running his tongue around her hot, dripping slit, Erin eagerly lapped up the overflow from her drenched gash. Then slowly, he probed the soft flesh, searching for her clitoris. Poking and exploring with his tongue, he found the little fleshy sheath and the slippery, little marble inside it. When he did, he felt her jump.

"My God," Bonnie whispered as she felt him tentatively poke the protruding button.

Seeing how much she enjoyed it, he gently nuzzled the smooth little bead of flesh and felt his mother quiver with excitement. Running his tongue around it teasingly, he toyed with it for several moments before he began to flick his tongue back and forth across it roughly.

"Oh, Lord," she groaned out loud as she felt her clitoris being ravaged by her son, "you're going to make me finish if you don't stop."

Hearing this, Erin began to lick and lap her clitoris even harder and faster. Lapping at her hungrily, he felt her dig her fingers into his hair. As he vigorously attacked her clit, she grabbed handfuls of his hair and pulled his face down into her pubic mound. Sucking and pulling on the slippery little knob of nerves, he flicked it up and down and back and forth, swirling and fluttering his tongue all over it as fast as he could. As he did, he could feel her anticipation growing quickly while her muscles tensed up.

"Ah, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes," she panted, shaking and quivering as he licked her into a frenzy.

Raking his tongue across her throbbing little clitoris, he felt himself growing harder and harder, too. The whimpering mews coming from his mother were so lewd and obscene, he could barely contain his passion. Then, suddenly, he felt her stiffen as her body began to jerk and twist.

Pulling his mouth against her imploding pussy, she thrust herself up at him.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh..." she growled as her body began to twitch and shake uncontrollably."

"Immccccoommmmmmiinnnnn," she blathered out as her body was consumed with the unholy passion of their love.

Sucking as much of her pussy lips and clitoris into his mouth as he could, he kept licking and teasing her pulsating clitoris as she writhed under his onslaught. Keeping his face plastered down on her bouncing, gyrating pussy was difficult, but he managed to do it as he rode out her stormy climax with her.

Gnashing her teeth and groaning, Bonnie was carried to heights that she had never achieved before. They were so high and wonderful, it took her breath away as she felt wave after wave of pleasure wash over her body and mind.

It seemed like it would go on forever, but unfortunately the spasmodic contractions of joy slowly began to lessen and lessen until finally they stopped altogether. Weak and disoriented, she lay gasping for air as she tried to recover from her cataclysmic orgasm.

Erin had felt the muscles around her pussy rhythmically contracting and relaxing for several moments as she was consumed by her orgasm. Finally though, he felt the tenseness slowly flow out of her, leaving her limp and almost lifeless. Gently nuzzling her clitoris, he felt her hands disentangle themselves from his hair and fall to the bed beside her.

"Oh, My Baby, it was beautiful," she cooed softly.

"Good," he mumbled, lifting his mouth away from her drooling pussy.

Sleepily, Bonnie watched him languidly get to his hands and knees. Looking down his body, she was startled to see that his penis jutting out as stiff and hard as a baseball bat.

"Oh, My, Baby, you're hard again," she said amazed at his virility.

"Kissing you made me hard," he blushed, slowly crawling up between her still outstretched legs.

"Do you want me to kiss you again," she asked him, reaching for his huge, thick cock as it jutted out at her, bobbing up and down malignantly.

"I want to make love to you this time," he told her, gradually lowering his hips and aiming his enormous love-weapon at the weeping gash between her legs.

"I hope I can take all of you," she uneasily said as she bent his rigid maleness down toward the drooling pit between her legs.

Suddenly, Erin felt a bolt of electricity shoot through his cock as his cockhead nestled down into the soft, wet core of his mother's secrecy.

"God, it's so hot," he gasped as he slowly eased the giant head of his dick down into her waiting oven.

"Oh, you're huge," she groaned as his gigantic prick slowly penetrated deeper and deeper into the hot, clutching cavern of her vagina.

"You want me to stop?" he grunted, not really sure that he could even if she wanted him to."

"Oh, No, Baby, don't stop," he whimpered, "I want to take all of you in me."

His cock was so hard and full of blood, she could actually feel his heartbeat pulsing through it. Like a giant pink serpent slithering into a wet, dripping cave surrounded by soft, curly hairs, his cock disappeared inch by inch into the deep, soggy gash between her legs.

Deeper and deeper it plowed into the inviolate depths of her tightly-clutching cunt. Slicing through the sopping, clinging flesh of her vagina, his cock sliced in like a knife slicing through butter. She could feel his great round cockhead filling her vagina with its wonderful hardness as he forced more and more of his cock into her.

To Erin, it felt like he was immersing his cock down into a sheath of liquid silk. It was so warm, so soft.

Finally, just when she thought his enormous cock would never end, she felt his belly gently nudge up against hers.

"Oh, Baby, I took it all. I took all of you back inside me again," she bubbled, relishing the feel of her son's giant cock filling her to her limit.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned, kissing her on the lips, hard and long.

Then as slowly as he could, he backed his cock down of her wet, clinging woman place. As his cock came out, it glistened wetly coated with her juices. Pushing it back into her slowly, he watched her eyes soften and her pupils dilated larger and larger until there was only a tiny rim of blue surrounding the huge pools of black.

The pleasure she felt was indescribable. Never before had she known such joy. Knowing that she should be filled with shame and remorse, she couldn't keep reveling in the wondrous new love she had found. She had never had a man make love to her so lovingly. So gently. So tenderly. She couldn't believe how gentle he was as he slowly worked his wonderful penis in and out of her. She was so focused on the delightful pleasure that was pouring from her pussy, she could even feel his big, soft balls softly slap up against her bottom every time his cock completed its journey into the depths of her drooling femininity.

His cock slid in and out, in and out as Erin fucked his mother with powerful, slow, deep strokes that drove his cock into all the way to the hilt on every lunge. He had never felt so powerful and protective at the same time. He realized that he was committing a heinous trespass, but that didn't seem to matter now. Nothing mattered to him at the moment except bringing pleasure to his mother.

He had seen the pain and suffering she had endured at Steve's hands. And now he wanted to drive all the pain away. He wanted to make her happy once again. Happy, like she had been when he was a little boy. It was all that he could think of as he lovingly drove his manhood in and out of her hot, clinging pussy.

Time seemed to stop as they fucked. While their lovemaking was physical, it was as if they were fucking each other emotionally, too. He couldn't explain. It was just the most wonderful thing he had ever done. He never wanted it to stop as Erin would fuck his mother until he felt her muscles started to tighten and then he would stop for a while, leaving his cock buried inside of her. Again and again, he brought her to the very point of orgasm only to stop and wait until she was able to regain control. Every time he did it, she grew a little more frantic in her drive to attain release. Leisurely, lovingly, he once again stroked her to the

very edge of the abysmal pool of pleasure only to stop and hold his cock thrust into her all the way.

"Oh, Baby, Please, Please," she begged him, "Please finish me."

"I want it to be the best one you've ever had," he told her clenching the muscles around the base of his penis and making his cock swell up inside her.

"Please, Baby, Please make love to me and finish me," she pleaded again, squeezing down on his cock and milking it with her cunt, "It's killing me."

Seeing she was becoming frantic with desire, he began to fuck her again. This time he drove his cock into her with quick, powerful strokes. Slamming his cock into her hot wetness, as deep and hard as he could, he felt her rapidly respond to the hammering attack on her cunt.

"Yes, yes, oh yes," she hissed, digging her long, sharp fingernails into his back as she goaded him on.

The room reverberated with the lewd sound of their bodies slapping together as they fucked.

But it only took a few, deep driving strokes to bring her to the apex of passion and she felt her vagina burst with pleasure as it imploded down around his plunging prick.

"OHFUCKINGLORD," she gasped as the fires of incestuous gratification consumed her.

Her whole body was on fire as it shook and writhed. Her clutching cunt collapsed down around her son's cock triggering it into its own cataclysmic eruption.

"OH, MOTTTTHHHHEEERRRRRRRRRRrrrrrrr," he bellowed as he felt his cock explode inside of her releasing an enormous gusher of his hot, creamy man-seed into her.

Her pussy clasped his spurting penis so tightly, the river of cum he was spewing into her couldn't escape. Again and again, his giant cock bucked and spurted gob after gob of his potent cream into her. As it did, she could feel the pressure inside

of her growing greater and greater, but she couldn't relax her hold on his cock. Higher and higher she spiraled up on a great upheaval of pleasure and joy. Higher than she had ever been before. Higher than she thought she could ever go. Higher than anyone else had ever been. Higher than anyone would ever go. It was fireworks going off in of her head and bursting in her cunt as each brilliant burst of pleasure filled her mind with exquisite delight.

On and on it went as her son's great spurting penis pumped more and more of his hot, thick cum into her until after what seem like hours, the fireworks finally stopped exploding inside of her head and she reluctantly floated back to earth.

As the last throes of her orgasm wracked her body, she felt the muscles inside her pussy slowly relax and release their stranglehold on her son's cock. As they did, she felt the pressure inside her vagina suddenly release. At the same time, she felt a gush of Erin's hot, sticky man-cream spew out of her pussy around his colossal penis and down onto his balls coating them and her thighs with its evil stickiness.

Neither of them moved for the longest time.

Finally, Erin slowly pulled his shrunken man-thing out of her vagina that was now stretched and battered by his mighty engine.

Rolling over, he lay beside her and began fondling her breast.

"How much money do you have, Mom?" he asked her.

"What," she asked surprised by his question.

"How much money do you have?" he asked her again.

"Oh, I don't know, around a half million I guess, Why?" she asked him, wanting to know why he wanted to know how much money she had.

"I was just thinking," he smiled at her, tweaking one of her big, ripe nipples, "That maybe we could move somewhere and, uh, and, uh"

"And what?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, I don't know," he muttered, "You'll probably think I'm crazy."



"Oh, come on and tell me," she implored him.

"Well, I was just thinking that we could move somewhere and live like a, uh, a husband and wife," he finally blurted out.

"What," she sputtered, not sure she had heard him correctly.

"Well, that way you wouldn't have to worry about jerks like Steve," he tried to explain, "And we could make love all the time, like tonight without worrying about someone finding out."

"Well, I would never..." she hesitated, trying to let the idea sink in.

It would be wonderful to share her new life with her son. She did love him more than life itself. It would be wonderful having him with her all the time. But could they get away with anything so diabolical?

"What about your college?" she asked him, knowing that he had his heart set on becoming a doctor.

"We could live together off campus. No one would know," he said

"I'd have to think about it," she told him, "It is so wicked and unbelievable, I don't know what to think or say."

"I think it would be heaven on Earth," he murmured, leaning over and sucking her hard, tingling nipple into his mouth.

"You're going to get me all hot and eager again, if you don't watch it," she warned him, feeling her juices start to flow again.

"Oh, really," he smirked, sucking harder on her nipple and gently massaging her big pink melon."

"Oh, you naughty little boy," she laughed, grabbing his hardening cock and roughly kneading it back to life, "Oh, you are my naughty little boy and my hero all rolled into one."

**Smiling, she wondered if they might pull it off. It could be disastrous if they were caught, but it would be wonderful if they weren't. But right now, she**

**told herself, she had something else to concentrate on as she ran her hand down to her son's monstrous cock....**

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

**I hope that you liked Moms and Sons, Volume One. If you did, perhaps you would like to read some more of my stories, these are the titles...**

***Black Friday - Erotica***

***Whore Queen - The Garden Gates***

***Trailer Trash - Oreo***

***All Hail – The King I and II***

***Father Gander's Naughty Tales – I & II***

***Mother's Milk - Love Potion***

***Different Names - Teacher's Pet***

***The Voice - Boob Job - Escort Service***

***Everything is Wrong - Cockball***

***Teacher's Tales - The Cheerleader Squad***

***Daddy's Little Secret - Confession***

***The Island of the Goddess - Evergreens - Alien***

***Home Again – Home from the War***

*Marooned - Nipples - The Voodoo Doll*

*Airey Putter and the Golden Dildo*

*Airey Putter and the Wishing Mirror*

*The Train Ride - The Wedding*

*Andria's Dream - Nymphomania: A desire to...*

*Tornado - The Colonel's Wife - Family Secrets*

*Déjà Vu: All Over Again... - Affliction*

*The Evil Within - House of the Rising Sons*

*Infatuation - The Ride - Trading Spaces*

*The Voyage of the Molly Be Bad*

*Sledge Hammer –Private Dick (The Cold Case)*

*All Alone - Panties - Love-Thirty*

*Birthday Girl - Best in Show*

*The Queen and the Prince - Safari*

*Forbidden Love - The Prostitute - Recipe for Disaster*

*A Visit to the School Nurse - The Last of the Dragons*

*The Stash - Heaven...or Hell... - Something Pretty*

*Prescription for Pleasure - My Sister's Milk*

*The First Time - Back from the Beyond - A Love Story*

*Blackmail on the Prairie - Home on the Range*

*The Beach House - One Stormy Night*

***Catherine and Seth - The Indian Lawyer***

***A Stepmother's Revenge - Home Alone***

***Saturday Morning - Alana's Visit - The Island***

***Goldilocks and the Three Bears and other Tales***

***Family Reunion - Mothers Know Best***