

# Moms and Sons

## VOLUME TWO



**BARON LESADE**

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## **Mothers and Sons – Volume Two**

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

## **Table of Contents**

[Story One – Painting the House](#)

**Story Two – Home Movies**

[Story Three – The slippery Slope](#)

[Story Four – A Helping Hand](#)

[The End](#)

**Story One - Painting the House**

**Lois Maccabee stood in front of her closet door looking at her reflection in the full-length mirror.**

Not bad for an old broad, she told herself, cupping her breasts and lifting them.

Her breasts were big; big, white melons of soft flesh tipped with Merlot-tinted cups of pebbled flesh and big puffy nipples proudly sticking out of the center of the reddened cups.

"Maybe a little droopy, but what the hell, they're more'n forty years old," she laughed out loud.

Smiling at her reflection, she tweaked the rose colored nipples for a few moments, delighting in the warm feeling of pleasure spreading out from down below her belly.

Finally, she reluctantly moved her hands down away from her sagging tits letting them settle back down onto her chest.

Slowly running her hands down over the soft, smooth skin of her belly, she turned slightly to check her reflection from the side.

"Maybe just a little pooch, but not really that bad," she murmured.

Turning farther, she looked back over her shoulder at her big, white ass. Stomping her foot, she watched the muscles of her ass quiver and jiggle as she moved her hands around behind her and grabbed hold of two handfuls of ass cheek.

"Just a little flab," she smiled, tensing the muscles in her legs and ass."

"But hard as rock underneath," she told herself, squeezing the firm, round spheres of flesh.

Maybe, just maybe, now was the time to start looking for a new man, she told herself, taking a step back and admiring the sweep of her long, shapely legs.

But why am I thinking about a man? I haven't really thought about a man since Matt died and that's been almost two years. Why today? Why did it just come on

me all of a sudden?

There was a hint of a tickle down deep inside of her vagina as the pleasurable warmth continued to bubble up and spread out over her body.

Yes, there was definitely an awakening taking place down there. And it felt good, she smiled to herself, delicately running her finger down over the soft, fleshy prominence covering her clitoris.

As she gently fingered herself, the steamy, fuzzy sensation of pleasure continued to trickle out of her clitoris.

Yes, I definitely need a man; and soon, she complained to herself. But who? There never seemed to be one around when you needed them, she laughed to herself. Thinking of the men she knew, none of them seemed to fit the bill for what she wanted. None of them could compare to Matt.

Why did he have to go and get himself killed and leave her all alone with Owen? And just when Owen needed a father the most. Sometimes it seemed life just wasn't fair.

Oh Well, complaining isn't going to help the situation. All it will do is make me more miserable she told herself.

Maybe I can have a little fun by myself tonight, after I get through painting. It's been a long, long time since I've used any of my toys. And Owen is gone for the whole weekend so I have the whole house to myself.

Smiling at the thought, she leaned down and pulled open a drawer in her chest of drawers. Fumbling through the pile of clothes for something to wear while she was painting, she suddenly stopped and shoved the drawer shut.

"What the hell," she laughed, pulling her hair up into a knot on top of her head, "I'll just go naked."

I used to do housework in the nude, back before Owen came along, she told herself, poking pins into the knot of hair to hold up.

I used to feel so sexy running around the house with nothing on. It made me feel wild and crazy. I was always hoping that Matt would come home and catch me

naked. Then we could make love in the middle of the living room floor or something...

But Matt had never come home and caught her.

Too bad, she thought, he hadn't even known what he missed.

Yes, it was too bad, she told herself, fighting back the tears.

"Okay," she sniffed, "enough moping in the past."

I've had enough of that lately. It's time to start living again.

Sniffing, she strolled over to the door with her big tits jiggling heavily.

Besides, she told herself, rubbing her eyes to clear them of tears, all I'll have to do is jump in the shower and wash off when I finish. And then that will leave me more time to play with my toys.

Strolling over to the pile of painting equipment she had bought for the job, she picked up a painter's cap and plopped it on top of the big bun of blond hair perched atop her head. She giggled as she watched her big, heavy breasts dangling down, wiggling and wobbling bumping and banging together as she gathered up the tools and set about painting.

Too bad there's no guy here to admire the show, she laughed to herself.

Working steadily through the morning and afternoon, she had the ceilings and walls of the kitchen and dining room done by three o'clock. Not to mention her tits, ass and the rest of her body.

If I hurry, she thought as she started on the ceiling of the living room, I could get the ceiling done by five. I could wash up, have a quick supper and then be in bed by seven. That'll leave me all night to reacquaint myself with my toys.

She felt a shiver of excitement run down her spine to her pussy as she thought about it. I can play with myself all night long. I wonder how many times I can come? Oh, God, she laughed, just listen to yourself, you wild thing.

"You are one more crazy woman," she said aloud, picking up her tools and

starting up the ladder.

Stopping on the fourth step, she perched on the ladder in her bare feet. Flicking on the Wagner power-roller, she began pushing the roller back and forth on the ceiling.

As she worked the power-roller across the ceiling, her breasts danced and frolicked about lewdly. Smiling at the feel of her big, full breasts heavily tugging at her chest, she wished that she had a man to there admire them. It would have been so sexy to have a man watch her paint. Just thinking about a man watching her big tits wobbling and wiggling about was enough to get the juices flowing again and she grinned as she felt the wet, stickiness between her legs.

Finishing half of the ceiling, she stopped for a moment to survey her handiwork. Looking back over where she had just painted, she saw a spot that she had missed. Climbing up another rung on the ladder, she leaned out to run the roller back over the spot. It was a little farther than she thought it was and to keep her balance she had to lift one leg. Leaning for the spot, she raised her leg until it was almost perpendicular to the floor.

Imagining what she must look like, all stretched out and exposed, she laughed to herself as she quickly rolled paint onto the bare spot.

Too bad there wasn't a man down there now, she wickedly thought. What a view of my pussy he would have had; with it all spread out and open and streaming out juices.

Finishing the touch up, she leaned back against the ladder and lowered her foot back down. Feeling a little foolish at her lewd display, she neurotically glanced over her shoulder toward the door. She knew that no one could be there because she had locked it before she started painting—

"Oh, my God," she gasped when she saw her son, Owen standing by the door gawking up at her with a silly grin on his face.

"OWEN MACCABEE !" she screamed out, floundering around, trying to cover her nakedness, trying to keep from falling off the ladder and trying not to spill paint all over the living room floor all at the same time.

"Turn around and stop looking at me," she ordered him as she clumsily



clambered down the ladder to the safety of the floor.

But Owen didn't move a muscle as he stood by the door watching her big tits roll and bobble as she scrambled down the ladder.

"What in the hell are you doing home?" she screeched out, setting the paint roller down on the floor and holding her arms across her breasts as she backed toward the door leading into the hall.

"Uh, I, uh," he stuttered, his face turning crimson red as he watched her back across the room. "Jack got sick, uh, and, we had to come, uh, come home early."

"Damn it," she complained, stepping into the hall and hurrying for her room, "why didn't you call?"

Before he could answer her, she rushed into her room and slammed the door shut.

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Lois would have been even more shaken and flustered if she knew that her son had an erection. Yes, indeed, he had a hummer of an erection from watching her cavort around on the ladder.

He had stood watching her for at least a minute before she had caught him. Watching her big, dangling tits bounce and bobble had had a telling effect on him as he reached down and rubbed himself through his pants.

Especially the way she had leaned out and spread her legs apart. From where he had been standing, he could see that it was all glistening and wet. He still couldn't believe that his mother would do anything so wild and crazy. Why had she been painting the house in the nude? He had never seen her do anything like that before.

At last, he stepped over to the paint roller and turned it off. His mother had left in such a huff, she hadn't even taken the time to turn it off.

In the quiet of the house, he could hear the shower running in his mother's

bedroom.

Stepping over the mess on the floor, he trudged down to his room and flopped down on his bed. With the vision of his mother cavorting about high on the ladder, her tits flopping and her ass sticking out, he unzipped his pants and drug his big, hard cock out.

God, his mother had big tits, he groaned to himself, slowly stroking his bloated monster. They had to be at least forty inchers. He had always known she had big tits, but seeing them out in the open like that was a shocker. They were awesome. And her gorgeous ass; big and round and ripe as she had stretched and cavorted around on the ladder. Damn, he thought, he still couldn't believe it...

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Lois had never been so humiliated in her whole life. How could she have been so stupid? Why had she decided to paint the house in the nude, anyway?

"Oh what a fool I am," she muttered as she ran the soapy washcloth over her breasts.

But I didn't know that Owen was coming home, she told herself. God, I wonder what he must think of me? I bet he thinks that his mother is a crazy woman.

She was so mad with herself; she was almost in tears as she roughly scrubbed at the paint dotting her skin.

I don't know if I will ever be able to look him in the eye again, she angrily told herself.

How long had he been watching her, she wondered?

Oh, No! He had to have seen me when I did that split thing on the ladder. Oh, no, he couldn't have seen that. But he must have. It was bad enough for him to see my breasts, but when I was all spread out like that, he had to have seen everything.

It was almost too much for her. She was almost sick to her stomach as she

thought back on what he must have seen.

Shamed to the point of agony, she finally turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Drying off, she wondered how she would ever be able to face her son again. Toweling herself dry, she tiredly tossed the towel down on the hamper and plodded out to her bed. She didn't know what to do.

Then, as she sat there with her head in her hands, she heard the faint, buzz of the paint roller from the front room.

Oh Great, I didn't turn off the damn paint roller, she chastised herself. And I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't pumping paint out all over the carpet. Not only did I make an utter fool out of myself running around naked; I probably ruined the carpet in the process.

Damn, what a horrible day, she complained to herself as she got to her feet and grabbed her house robe up from the bed. Wrapping it around her, jerking the belt tied, she hurried over to the door. Glancing down the hallway to Owen's room, she saw that his door was closed.

Maybe she would be able to sneak down to the living room and turn off the painter without having to face him.

The paint roller is making funny noises, she thought as she tiptoed down the hall toward the living room. It was probably running out of paint or the battery was running down and making the weird sounds.

Stopping at the door, she peeked out.

OH NO! It couldn't be. Owen was standing on the ladder painting the ceiling.

AND HE WAS NAKED!

What in the world was he doing?

Was he mocking her, she groaned to herself?

This couldn't be happening. She was going insane. Stark, raving, ranting mad.

As she watched on in stunned silence, Owen went about painting the ceiling as if

it was nothing out of the ordinary for him to be painting in the nude.

As she stood watching him, her mind whirling about in a fog of stupefaction, she cursed herself again. What an idiot she had been for painting in the nude; it had probably given him the idea to do the same thing.

Wishing it had never happened, she suddenly found herself admiring her son's build. He looks like those statues in Greece, she thought to herself. The statues of young men with perfectly formed bodies.

Her eyes swept down over the contracting and flexing muscles in his back to his tight, hard ass.

He had the kind of ass any woman would love to get her hands on. Hard as a rock and bulging out beautifully.

Then when she realized what she was doing, she scolded herself.

That is Owen, you are fawning over; Owen, your son; your own flesh and blood.

Are you fucking crazy? You can't do that. You can't be thinking those kinds of thoughts about your own son.

But even as she lewdly gawked on, Owen leaned out to touch up a spot he had missed. As he did, his big, thick cock flopped into view.

"Jesus," she gasped under her breath as she gaped at his dangling penis flopping about wildly.

Suddenly, she felt a shiver of excitement race up her spine.

What was happening to her? She had gone stark, raving mad? None of this could be happening.

He wasn't on the ladder painting in the nude!

She wasn't standing there staring at his big, floppy prick!

He hadn't seen her naked earlier!

None of this was happening! It couldn't be...

She was dreaming it. That's it! It was just a fucking, crazy, mixed up dream. No, not a dream, it was more like a nightmare. It was a nightmare brought on by her lack of sex.

I need a drink, she muttered to herself, struggling to tear her eyes away from the wiggling pink snake hanging down from her son's hairy groin. Fuck a drink, I need a whole fucking bottle. A whole bottle to drown all these crazy thoughts.

Turning, she lurched into the kitchen and threw open the cabinet where she kept the whiskey. Jerking the bottle off the shelf, she grabbed a tray of ice cubes and a glass and fled back down the hall to her bedroom without even looking back into the living room. Throwing open the door, she slammed it shut behind her as she rushed into her room...

Owen heard the door to his mother's bedroom slam loudly for the second time that afternoon.

Oh no. Had she seen him? Had his mother seen him naked and painting the ceiling?

Was that why she had slammed the door. He had gone too far this time. Why had he done it? It was the most stupid, despicable thing he had ever done in his whole life. But after seeing her naked like that, he couldn't think straight.

But how could it have been so bad, after all, hadn't she done the same thing? Granted, she didn't think anyone would see her do it.

He had screwed up big time, he thought looking down at the empty doorway. He ought to get down and slink off to his room to lick his wounds. Or leave and never come back. How would he ever be able to face her now? Now that he had made a complete and utter fool out of himself.

Then looking back up at the ceiling, he saw that there was only a little bit more to do. Hell, might as well finish it up since I'm up here. Can't do any more damage than I've already done anyway...

Popping some ice cubes out of the tray, Lois dropped them into the glass. The tinkling sound they made was somehow comforting. Maybe it was that she knew within a few moments the alcohol would quieten the roar of the guilt surging through her brain.

Angrily twisting the cap off the bottle, she shakily poured the amber liquid over the frosty cubes. Listening to the ice crack and snap, she filled the glass to the top before she set the bottle down.

Swirling the ice cubes around, she listened to their tinkling melody as she lifted the glass to her lips. Tilting her head back, she tipped the glass and let the fiery liquid trickle into her mouth.

The sharp, stinging bite of the booze nearly took her breath away as she swallowed the whiskey.

Coughing, she tried to catch her breath as her chest heaved and her big, heavy tits lurched up and down wildly.

Finally, she was able to breathe again and hurriedly gulped down another mouthful of the stinging liquor.

Once again, she felt the sharp, biting sting of the alcohol burn down her throat.

Fighting to catch her breath a second time, she waited a few seconds before she finished off the last of the liquor in the glass.

Now what, she wondered as she picked up the bottle and refilled her glass?

Sipping on her drink this time, she finally felt the soft tendrils of warmth spreading out from her tummy as the alcohol began to circulate through her bloodstream.

Tipping up her drink, she finished her second glass of whiskey. This time she didn't even cough. She laughed. Maybe I should have had something to eat, she told herself. The alcohol was already roaring through her system and she had only had two glasses.

Maybe what she had done wasn't so awful after all, she told herself as the comforting warmth of the poison began to deaden her conscience.

Just a little more, she told herself, lifting the bottle to refill her glass. Just a little more and every thing will be all right. Then as she started to pour the whiskey into her glass, she felt her arms slowly growing heavier and heavier.

So what if Owen had seen her naked. I am sure that he has seen hundreds of other women naked. So why make such a big deal out of it?

As good looking as he is, he's probably even been in bed with a bunch of them. Why, he's had a lot of girls over to the house. I wonder if he has done it with any of them in his bedroom? Maybe he has even done it while I was in the house.

Just the thought of Owen making love to a girl in his bedroom sent a jolt of electricity sparking through her seething womanhood as she set the bottle down.

She slowly sipped on her drink this time, as she suddenly found herself picturing what Owen would look like making love.

Heaven knows, she giggled, he certainly has the equipment for it.

You know you shouldn't be thinking such things about your son, she guiltily told herself.

He did have a beautiful penis. So big and long and thick. What would it look like hard? There was only one thing wrong with the gorgeous thing.

IT WAS HER SON'S PENIS!

Why couldn't it have been Matt? If only it had been Matt, she would have pulled him down off the ladder and made love to him right there in the middle of the living room floor.

Then, she wouldn't have to use her toys.

The itch down inside her pussy was suddenly back. And with a vengeance. Oh, what it would feel like to have a big, hard cock inside her aching pussy...

Abruptly, the shock of what she had just thought sent prickles of electricity running up and down her arms. That pins and needles you get when you scare yourself—

How could she think such a thing?

He was her son and she could never consider such a disgusting thing. She could never make love to her son? How could she have even had such a horrid

thought? That would be an unpardonable sin. What mother in her right mind could ever fuck her own son?

Another shiver ran down her spine as the sick, twisted picture of her son and his beautiful cock flashed through her mind once again.

"STOP IT!" she groaned, tilting the glass back and emptying it into her mouth.

The devil must be putting these hideous thoughts into her mind, she reasoned. She could never, ever have thought them up on her own. That must be it. She was being tempted by the devil. And God wasn't helping her out either, she thought, as the warm tickle of arousal grew more forceful.

"NO, DON'T DO THIS TO ME," she complained, splashing another dollop of whiskey into her glass.

Just then, she heard the shower come on down the hall in Owen's bathroom.

Owen was taking a shower. Naked and taking a shower to wash the paint off just like she had done.

Slowly sipping on her drink, she tried to picture him as he took his shower.

He would probably be standing under the water, letting it course down over his hard, muscular body. She could almost see the water running down over his powerful chest, flowing over his washboard-hard belly, and then running down his big, fat cock before it splashed to the shower floor.

OH GOD! Stop it, you crazy bitch, she told herself.

Why? Why am I having such terrible thoughts about Owen?

Why did I have to see him naked? Why?

I feel like I'm going fucking crazy. I feel like my head is about to explode. What can I do to stop my head from bursting?

Shaking her head, she tried to quiet the thunderous uproar of evil thoughts spinning around inside her head as her whole body began to shake.



Just then the shower stopped.

The roar inside her head stopped for a moment as she pictured Owen standing in his room drying off. Drying off. Reaching down and running the towel over his big, monstrous cock. Lifting it up and running the towel around it. And then would he stop and play with it for a moment? Would he run his hand up and down it? Would he make it hard?

"Oh, My God," she groaned. "What are you doing to yourself?"

What had she meant? Was she chastising herself for having such evil thoughts? Or was she blaming Owen for playing with his penis? She didn't know. Both of them were to blame.

She shuddered again as the whiskey warmed her belly. Now the inflamed ache inside her pussy and the numbing effect of the alcohol on her psyche were joining forces. Together, they were making her have horrible, evil thoughts about Owen.

She knew that they were horrible thoughts. Thoughts no mother should have about her son. Thoughts of making love to him. Taking her son's beautiful penis inside of her. Taking him inside of her and filling her with his love. Filling her with his love and his potency. Filling her with so much love, she would never want for love again in her life. Evil, wrong thoughts!

She knew they were horribly wrong! But she couldn't stop the thoughts; they just kept pouring through her mind, repeating themselves over and over like a broken record.

Then, all at once, it felt like a dam had burst inside her head. The dam that had held all her sexual urges in check for so long. Now, the dam had broken and she was being drowned in awful, repulsive thoughts about sex.

**SEX WITH HER SON!**

What would he be doing now, she asked herself as she popped several more ice cubes into her glass?

Would he be lying down on his bed? Was he still naked? Would he still be playing with himself? Was his cock big and hard? Was it sticking straight up in

the air as he ran his hand up and down it?

She felt her hands trembling as she splashed another big dash of liquor into her glass.

How big would it be when it was hard? It had looked huge when it was soft. What would it look like hard? Would it look like Matt's big cock had looked before he got himself killed?

Taking another sip of the booze, she let her hand trail down to her lap. Slowly, she slipped her hand inside her robe and down between her legs.

"OH NO," she winced as her cold fingers touched the fevered heat between her legs.

Oh, my God, my stuff is pouring out like a river, she grimaced as she fingered the wetness streaming out of her aching pussy.

I'm so wet and slick, you could slide a fucking telephone pole inside me.

Lifting her hand out from between her burning thighs, she sniffed her fingers, inhaling the pungent fragrance of her estrous.

This is unreal, she told herself, taking another sip of the whiskey. I can't let this go on. I have to stop it before I give in to it and do something horrible. Something that I will regret the rest of my life. God Help Me!

But instead of help, the flames inside of her only grew higher. Nothing! No help at all, she grieved as she felt the fires inside her pussy growing hotter by the minute.

Suddenly, she found herself standing by her bed.

What? What are you going to do now, you fool? She asked herself.

She realized then that she was going to go to him. She couldn't stop herself. Like a moth being drawn to a candle. She would allow herself to be sucked into the burning flame of the candle. Sucked into the flame and destroy both of them.

She must go to him, even if it meant their destruction.

Maybe! Maybe he would have the strength to turn her away. Tell her that what she was doing was wrong. Wrong and he wouldn't be a part of anything so horrid.

She could only hope that he would have that kind of strength because she didn't. She had given up trying to fight the evil inside her heart.

Carrying the bottle of booze with her, she slipped out the door and slowly tottered down the hallway toward his room. Her legs were wobbly, but unfortunately, they still carried her on her fateful journey to her doom.

Stopping just outside his closed door, she paused wishing that she had the strength to stop herself. But she didn't as she put her ear against the door and listened.

She didn't know what she expected to hear. There was nothing but silence.

Slowly, dread bubbling up inside of her throat, she reached down and turned the knob. Then, taking a deep, ragged breath, she pushed the door open.

"JEEZ, Mom," Owen yelped, dropping a towel over his jutting cock. "You trying to scare me to death?"

"I'm sorry," she said, her eyes sweeping down to the towel and the huge bulge underneath it, "I should have knocked."

"Uh, yeah, I think so," he blushed.

"I'm sorry," she apologized.

"That's okay," he said, trying to grin but failing. "But you could give a guy a little warning."

"Oh," she smiled back at him drunkenly.

"Yeah, uh, I, uh, I might, uh..." he stammered, letting his voice trail off unable to finish the sentence.

"Oh," she said, her face coloring slightly, "why? What were you doing?"

"Have you been drinking, Mom?" Owen asked the obvious, trying to divert the conversation from his obvious erection as he eyed the bottle in her hand.

"I've had a couple," she told him, holding the bottle up. "You want one?"

"Me?" he gulped. "You asking me if I want a drink?"

"Sure," she quietly laughed, "you're at home with your mom, aren't you? What possible harm could come of it?"

"Uh, uh, yeah, I guess so," he grinned back her, "if you, uh, put it that way."

"Like I said," she softly laughed, handing him the glass, "you're home and you're with me. What kind of trouble could you possibly get into?"

Turning the glass up, Owen quickly gulped down a big swallow of the fiery liquid.

Gasping for breath and coughing, he nearly choked as the fiery liquid burned down his throat.

"Jeez, Mom, that's straight whiskey," he sputtered, trying to catch his breath.

"Sorry, I thought you knew I liked it straight up," she smiled at him.

As he tried to catch his breath, she eased down and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Whew. That was strong," he went on, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Made my eyes water."

"Don't drink it so fast next time," she laughed, pouring more whiskey into the glass.

"Okay," he coughed.

"Just kinda sip on it," she smiled, "like this," she said, tipping the glass up and taking another sip.

"Uh, did you just come down here to get me drunk," he wheezed, still trying to get his breath back.

"I just came down to tell you I was sorry that you, uh, you caught me acting like a fool earlier," she sighed, taking another sip of the whiskey, hoping it would somehow calm the growing storm inside her head.

"Uh, sorry? A fool? What do you mean?" he asked, feigning ignorance.

"Running around the house naked," she bluntly said.

Owen didn't know what to say so he just lay there staring up at her as the whiskey burnt a hole in his stomach.

"You must think I'm crazy," she went on.

"Uh, naw, I, uh, I don't think you're crazy," he mumbled.

"I don't know what got into me," she said, setting the bottle down on the floor.

"I just felt kind of wild this morning," she smiled, reaching out and resting her hand on his bare thigh.

"Wild? What do you mean?"

"Wild. You know, frisky," she explained.

"Huh?"

"What just because I'm your mother, does that mean I can't feel wild and crazy every once in a while?"

"Uh, no, uh, just never thought of you being wild and crazy," he murmured.

"Oh, really," she foolishly laughed. "You mean you think your mom is an old fuddy-duddy?"

He didn't answer her, but she saw a hint of color on his cheeks.

"I don't know how to explain it," she said, giving his thigh a gentle squeeze.

"Haven't you ever felt, uh, you know, uh, frisky? Like you wanted to do something just a little wild and crazy?"

"Uh, yeah, uh, I guess so," he muttered, watching his mother's fingers massaging

his leg.

She somehow, crazily reminded him of a cat sharpening her claws.

"But I didn't know that you were going to come home and catch me in the act."

"I know. I should've called. I will next time."

"But you didn't. So now you've seen me in my all and all."

"Uh, yeah," he blushed, not knowing what else to say.

"Have you seen any other women naked?"

"MOTHER," he sputtered.

"I was just curious," she mischievously smiled. "You're not a little boy anymore..."

"JEEZ, MOTHER," he gasped, "are you trying to embarrass me?"

"No," she sighed, "but after all, I saw you naked, too."

"What? What? You saw me up on the ladder?"

"Of, course I did," she smiled, "and you know that I did."

"I thought so, but I didn't know for sure," he blushed.

"I haven't seen you naked since you were a young man. And now you are all grown up," she paused, squeezing his thigh a little harder. "And I was surprised by what I saw."

"What, what do you mean?" he stammered, the red on his cheeks brightening.

"You have a beautiful body," she smiled. "Like a statue of a Greek god."

"Aw, mother, you are trying to embarrass me."

"No. I'm just telling you that I was pleased with what I saw."

"Then you aren't mad at me," he sighed, feeling a hint of relief.

"Well, maybe just a little bit, I'm afraid," she slowly said.

"Why? I thought you said that you liked what you saw."

"I did, but I shouldn't have seen you that way. It surprised me," she stopped, her fingernails digging into the skin of his thigh.

"What? What?"

"It confused me and made me feel all mixed up inside."

"What, what do you mean?"

Owen could feel her fingernails stabbing into his leg as he breathlessly waited for her to continue.

"What I saw made me think some horrible thoughts."

"What do you mean?"

"When I saw you naked," she continued, slowly inching her fingers up his thigh and closer to the towel, "standing there on the ladder, I saw a man standing there on the ladder."

"You saw a man?" he said questioningly.

"Yes, a man. Not my little baby boy, but a full-grown man. A man in every way," she groaned, taking hold of the towel and jerking it off, "OH MY GOD..."

"MOTHERRRR," Owen blathered out as his hands instinctively shot down to cover his erect penis.

She had been right. He was hard. His beautiful cock was hard. He was aroused.

He must have been masturbating before she had interrupted him, she reasoned. But, if that were the only reason for his erection, why was he still hard. Was it because of her? Was he excited by her presence?

Delicately, she pushed his hand away from the giant cylinder of bloated, pink

flesh. She was still amazed by the size of his monstrous penis as it jumped and twitched excitedly.

"Mother. What are you doing?" Owen wheezed, trying to reach down and cover himself again.

"Don't. I just want to... see it... to touch it," she whispered, reaching for his jerking penis.

"Oh, Mother..." he groaned as her fingers lightly brushed over his twitching manhood.

"Do I excite you?" said asked softly as she ran her finger along the swollen tube of raised flesh running along the underside of his big, bloated penis.

"Oh, God, Yes," he groveled, as she toyed with his lurching prick.

"I didn't know what happened," she paused just long enough to ease her fingers under the great, swollen shaft of his cock, "but, when I saw you naked, it made my blood boil."

"Ohhhhh, motherrrrrr," Owen wheezed, feeling his mother slowly wrap her soft, hot fingers around his throbbing cock.

"Here," she blurted out, thrusting the glass of whiskey at him, "finish this."

Taking the glass from her, he tilted his head back and quickly emptied the glass.

Coughing and hacking, he tried to catch his breath as she ran her finger down his cock, retracing its earlier path.

"Your cock is so beautiful," she murmured, fingering his cock and tracing the path of one of the big, blue blood vessels crisscrossing his bulging cock.

"God, this is so, so wrong," she whimpered as she began to slowly run her hand up and down the bulging shaft of his cock.

"I am so, so sorry," she cried, tears starting to trickle down her face, "but I can't stop."



"Don't cry. Please, don't cry," Owen tried to comfort her.

"I can't help it," she blubbered, "I am condemning both of us to hell. Can't you see that? Can't you see what I am doing is so terrible."

"What? What is so, so terrible," he stammered.

But even as he tried to console her, she could sense the impending explosion quickly gathering inside his balls.

"I should never have touched you like this, but, but I just couldn't stop," she blubbered out, but kept her hand rhythmically moving up and down his cock.

"What can it hurt," he bumbled on, "no one will ever know but us."

"It is wrong for a mother and son to do this kind of thing. It is sick and evil."

"How? How can it be so terrible?" he puffed, "We love each other, don't we?"

"Yes. Yes. But we can't, not in this way," she whined. "We can never be lovers. We just can't. God will probably strike us dead any moment now, just for doing what we are doing now," she said, wiping the tears off her cheek with one hand while she continued to slide her other hand up and down his bloated monster.

"It would be worth it," Owen whispered, reaching up and fumbling with the big, fuzzy buttons on her gown.

"This is so wrong," she muttered, letting go of his big, heavy prick.

"Oh, don't stop now, mother," he complained.

"Just a moment," she whispered, brushing his hands aside and feverishly unbuttoning her gown.

Then with a flick of her wrists, she shrugged the gown down off her shoulders.

"Oh, Motherrrrr," Owen gushed as her big, pendent breasts flopped into view before him. "You are so beautiful."

"You really think so?" she sniffed.

His words were sweet music to her ears. A symphony of delight to her senses. Just to hear the adoration in his voice filled her head with a chorus of happiness.

"God, yes," he hissed, gently cupping her big, soft tits in his hands as he lovingly squeezed and fondled the dangling melons.

"They're so big and so soft," he murmured.

"Ohhhhhh, yesssssss," she groaned as his fingers found the big, swollen nipples jutting out of the darkened cup of pebbled flesh surrounding them.

"Oh, my God, we've got to stop this madness. We can't let it happen," she groaned.

But even as the words rolled out of her mouth, she once again found his rigid, twitching cock with her fingers.

As she fondled his prick, Owen teased and tormented the rigid, swollen nipples, pulling at them and rubbing them roughly.

"Owen, do you love me?" she groaned, wrapping her other hand around his bloated cock.

"Goooddddyesssssssss," he murmured as she sensed the urgency growing inside his throbbing penis.

"Oh, God, don't let me do this," she groaned, stroking him faster and faster.

"Would you still be able to love me," she panted, "even, even if we..."

Staring down at her hand as it flew up and down the thick, swollen barrel of his prick, she saw his balls tightening, drawing up tighter and tighter to the base of his cock. His darkening cockhead looked as big as a plum-colored baseball as it swelled larger and larger. She could tell that it was becoming more and more difficult for him to hold back the boiling, churning pool of semen inside his balls.

"Yes! Yes! But, I'm, I'm going to come, if, if you don't stop," he gasped, dropping his hands away from her wiggling breasts.

"Oh, I, oh, but, don't you want to come? I want you to come," she blathered out, hammering her hands up and down his lurching cock even harder.

"Yes, yes, but I want to come inside you," he whispered breathlessly, feeling himself rapidly approaching the point of no return. "INSIDE OF YOU."

"Oh, no," she groaned, as her hands slowed and then stopped. "We, we can't do, do that. It would be so wrong."

Owen could only imagine what must be going on inside his mother's head as he felt her hand trembling as she held onto his cock, her hand wrapped around its hairy base.

"Mother. Please. I want to come inside of you," he pleaded. "I want to come inside of you and put my cum into your pussy."

"Oh, God," she cried, jerking her hands away from his twitching cock like it was a hot coal. "We will be damned for eternity if we do such a horrible thing."

"But, I want you so much," Owen whimpered, struggling up to his knees beside her.

Lois stared into his pale blue eyes; searching for something; anything that could stop the deadly spiral that they were caught in as it spun them around and around as they rushed toward their doom.

But she saw nothing but lust in his eyes.

Was there nothing that could stop the death spiral she had put them in? Now it seemed that nothing could stop the inevitable, she told herself.

How could she have been so foolish to expect him to have enough strength to stop them? How could a boy stop something so wicked when his own mother had failed? Now they were doomed, she thought as she found her eyes drawn down to the horrific malignancy jutting out of the pit of her son's belly.

She watched it throb up and down in rhythm with the beat of his heart as her brain turned to mush. The hot, burning core of need between her legs had fried the circuits inside her brain and they were no longer functioning.

"I'm sorry, mother. But, but I want you so much," he blubbered, putting his hands on her shoulders and slowly forcing her down onto her back.

"Please, Owen, we can't do this," she whimpered still denying their inescapable destiny.

But made no effort to stop him.

"I want you," he whispered as he stood over her on his hands and knees.

"Please. Please," was all she could say as she watched him reach down and ease his hand between her knees.

She was running on pure instinct now. She knew that what he wanted was so wrong. Still, even as she struggled to keep her legs pressed together, she knew that she wanted the same thing.

She hated the part of her that wanted her to throw her legs open; throw them open and let him take her; take her and fill her empty void with his great hardness; fill it completely and totally.

She wanted to take him inside of her and milk his big, throbbing cock with her pussy; milk it empty; suck it dry. She wanted to take every last drop of his hot, boiling cream into the inviolable core of her womanhood. She wanted to have him once again inside of her; inside of her; filling her with his hot, evil seed.

She knew that it was inevitable now, but she had known that when she had come to his room. He would have her. He would possess her. He would defile her and take her as his lover.

She couldn't blame him? She had come to him to seduce him. Now it was about to happen.

Now she was about to pay for her moment of weakness. Pay for it with the most sacred possession of a mother. The one thing that no mother could ever give to her son. And by giving up her womanhood to him, she would also give up her soul, too.

She knew that she didn't want to resist, but something inside of her continued to fight on, trying to save her from the insanity. Finally, she could feel her legs

weakening; starting to tremble and shake as Owen kept forcefully pushing them apart.

Slowly, her thighs began to quiver apart inch by inch as she still strained to keep them together until abruptly she lost the strength to fight on.

Exhausted from the struggle inside her heart and body, she stopped fighting him and felt her legs fly apart. She now lay before her son, spread-eagled and defenseless with her gaping womanhood vulgarly exposed to his wide-eyed amazement.

He stopped. His eyes flared wide open as he stared down at the gaping softness that lay exposed between her legs. He didn't move. He just stood above her staring down between her legs for what seemed like an eternity to her. He seemed to be in a daze, unable to move.

But, at last, he moved.

She watched on in profane silence as he ever so slowly reached down with trembling fingers and timidly touched her weeping readiness.

The shock of his fingers touching her so intimately sent a spasm of excitement coursing through her body. Sucking in a deep breath, she watched her chest heave sending her breasts into convulsions of movement as he slowly ran his finger around the drooling opening of her vagina.

She felt herself growing lightheaded as he delicately fingered the swollen lips encircling her sacred vessel.

As she watched on in dazed silence, she felt his tremulous fingers delicately exploring the painfully sensitive flesh surrounding her vagina. Still, she made no effort to stop him.

His touch, soft and gentle, was the touch of a lover.

And they were now lovers now experiencing the first fiery touch of incestuous affection.

Touching her, exploring her secrecy, he seemed in awe of the mystical opening that was now openly exposed to him for the first time since he had grown into

manhood.

He seemed dazed. Dazed and bewildered by the fiery core of her womanhood that lay open and defenseless before him.

How could she be doing this? How could she lay open the fiery core that had created him? Nurtured him? Protected him? And now that she had bared the sacred vessel to him, he was going to defile it. Ravish it and violate its innocence. All this just to satisfy the unholy urges that were driving him on. Just to give him a single fleeting moment of pleasure.

As she lay awaiting her crucifixion, she saw that his monstrous penis was pointing straight up to the ceiling, pulsating virulently with every pounding beat of his heart. It looked as hard as steel, yet as soft as silk as it rhythmically twitched back and forth. She couldn't remember ever seeing a cock so hard; so menacing; so threatening; so malignant; yet so beautiful.

At last, he moved his hand away from the overheated furnace between her legs. His whole body was flushed as he slowly inched his way up between her soft, tanned thighs. Quivering with expectation, he stood on his hands and knees looking down at her. Their eyes met again. Met again and found only hot, glowing desire.

Lois watched him standing over her, his hands beside her head and his knees brushing her thighs. She couldn't stand the suspense. Then his hips began to descend and lower his jutting love sword down to the waiting void between her outstretched legs. She wanted to help him find her; to reach up and guide him down to her waiting softness, but she couldn't lift her arms. They were paralyzed from the sickness that had taken over her body.

Helplessly, she watched the great swollen head of his cock inch closer to her slaver's gash. Then, he reached down and wrapped his hand around the poisonous viper as he guided it down for the fatal strike; the fatal strike that would send the venomous monster slithering down into her aching wetness. Holding her breath, she watched him aim it down at the sopping slit between her legs and lower himself down to her.

Then it touched her.

"Nooooooooo," she moaned out mournfully as the cock's fiery touch burnt and

scorched the delicate furrow of flesh of her vagina.

Then he gently rubbed the hard, round head of his cock up and down the wet trench of her cunt coating it with her flowing juices.

Ablaze with desire, she submissively waited for him to impale her with his malignancy.

Ever so gently, he eased his hips forward, searching for the opening of her cunt with his cockhead. Searching for the soft mush of her cunt, he explored her nether regions pushing and probing until, at last, she felt his monstrous hugeness slowly slither down into the slippery channel of her drenched cunt.

"Annnhhhhhhfuckkkkkkkkkkk..." she groaned as his penis slowly penetrated the tight core of her pussy.

Unused for such a long, her cunt fought the forbidden invader, collapsing down onto it and clutching it tightly as it sank down deeper and deeper into inviolable depths of her sanctity.

As her cunt squeezed down on him tightly, she felt him stop for a moment and ever so gently inch his cock backward for a moment. Then, with the indulgent tenderness of a lover, he gently pushed it back down into the hot, sucking core of her pussy.

She could feel the barbed head of his massive, hard- muscled pillar spreading the hot, clinging mush of her vagina wider and wider as it bored deeper and deeper into the forbidden purity of her cunt.

"Oh, yesssssssss," she hissed softly as he stopped once again. Just as before, he eased his prick backward for a moment before sending it back to delve deeper into the satin lined sheath of her vagina.

With the patience of Job, he gently, lovingly continued the slow, repetitive back and forth motion, easing his monstrous cock into her clutching tightness inch by inch until at long last, after what seemed like an eternity to her, she felt his hard, hairy groin rub up against her belly.

At last, he was totally immersed inside the holy chamber of her womanhood, filling it with his hot hugeness.

Her defilement had begun.

They lay joined together in incestuous union; his steely hardness completely buried down inside the hot, throttling tightness of her cunt as she gently squeezed and milked his lovely cock with her cunt.

Staring up into his eyes, deep pools of liquid ice, she saw that they were overflowing with love as he leaned down and gently grazed her lips with his lips. She waited breathlessly as he paused for an instant and then she saw the pink tip of his tongue appear between his lips. She watched on in sensuous delight as it crept out from between his lips, softly touching and caressing her lips for a moment, before it gently forced its way between her soft, hot lips.

She was enraptured. She had never felt such eroticism from such a simple, loving caress.

He was the lover she had always dreamed of, tender, loving, caring, and so patient. She couldn't believe how kind and gentle he was.

She was now being violated twice over, but violation hardly seemed the appropriate term. His huge cock was stretching her femininity to its limit, gorging it with his burning hardness and at the same time, his tongue was gently exploring her mouth, probing, touching, and tasting her. She had never felt so glutted with maleness. His presence was permeating her whole body, invading her very psyche with intimacy.

She found herself having difficulty breathing as felt overwhelmed by the joy of the moment.

Finally, she could resist no longer. Closing her lips around his tongue, she hungrily sucked it into her mouth. As she did, the slithering softness of his tongue invaded the hot, wet cavity of her mouth, twisting and writhing like a crazed snake as she attacked it with her own tongue. Sucking face, their spittle mixed and their tongues coiled around each other like copulating snakes battling for supremacy.

Then she felt his gigantic prick back down the stretched, drenched scabbard of her cunt.

"MMMMmmmmmmmm," she purred, sucking on his tongue harder when she felt



him stop the retreat and slowly ease his mighty staff back down into the barren emptiness of her slippery cunt.

The fires inside of her cunt were now burning out of control. It was an inferno that threatened to consume her very soul as his hips began to deliberately rock back and forth forcing his monster of a cock in and out of her gluttonous cunt.

Feeling his giant penis sliding in and out of her burning cunt was pure ecstasy.

The erotic sounds of her son's thick, bloated cock slurping back and forth inside her cunt filled her ears with its lovely melody.

SssssshhhhhhTHOCK! SssssshhhhhhTHOCK! sssssshhhhhhTHOCK!

Connecting the feel of his enormous cock sliding into her with the long squishing sound followed by slap of their bellies as he arched his back and roughly popped the last few inches of his cock into her was pure heaven.

Then, she felt her son's tongue retreat from her mouth as his lips lifted up and away from hers.

Staring down at her, he raised his head while her reached down and took her hands in his. As he gazed down at her, he locked his elbows and slowly inched her hands out away from her body.

Now their torsos were fused together down below. Welded together by the fiery torch of incestuous desire. They were one and the same where his cock penetrated the fiery core of her cunt.

Smiling down at her, he slowly began to rock his hips back and forth fucking her with deliberate slowness.

She stared up into his eyes adoringly as he stroked his big, meaty prick into her with slow, deep strokes.

She could feel her big, springy tits sloshing around wildly each time their bellies met.

She reveled at the maddening slowness of their lovemaking. She could feel him slide his cock into the hot, sucking depths of her cunt until it was almost all the

way in and then he would hunch his hips forward quickly, roughly stabbing the last couple of inches into her all at once. Then he would slowly back the bloated monster down her drenched channel until only the great swollen head remained inside her hot, clutching sheath. Grunting slightly, he would begin again, easing almost all of his gorgeous cock back down into her again.

"Unghhhh!" he grunted as he pounded the last couple of inches back into her.

"Does that feel good?" he asked her, easing his cock back down the tight, clenching sheath of silken skin.

"Does this?" She grinned up at him as she squeezed her cunt muscles down around his cock, milking him as he retreated back down her pussy.

"Fuck, Yes," he groaned, as he eased his cock back into her again.

"Unghhhh!" he growled, shoving his cock back into her all the way up to its hairy hilt again.

"Fuck Mommy," she groaned, digging her fingernails into back of his hand.  
"Fuck Mommy hard and deep, baby."

"Like this, Mommy?" he croaked, driving his cock back into the suffocating heat of her cunt.

"Oh, Yes, Baby," she squirmed, lifting her legs and draping them around his waist. "Fuck Mommy hard and fast."

He didn't hold it back any longer. The slow, loving copulation gave way to animalistic rutting as he began to pound his cock into her with deep, jarring lunges.

As he fucked her, she struggled to free her hands and was finally able to slip from his grasp.

The instant her hands were free, she grabbed hold of the cheeks of his ass and urging him on, dug her long, sharp nails into his ass. Clawing his ass with her fingernails, she pushed and pulled on him as he jerked his hips back and forth wildly. Like a great locomotive tearing along at full speed, he worked his hips back and forth, sending his gigantic piston of a cock plowing in and out of her

furiously.

"Oh, unh, yes, unh, fuck, unh, Mommy," she slavered as he pounded his monstrous cock in and out of the soft, drooling gash between her legs.

It wouldn't be long, she told herself. It would be long until her pussy would be drenched with her son's thick, syrupy cum; soaked and overflowing with his essence; filled with her son's own virulent cream.

She wanted to take him wholly, but she knew that she couldn't allow his poisonous offering to find its way into her womb and join with her to create another life. It would be too dangerous. God only knows what kind of monster their fiery conception would produce inside the hellish heat of her cunt.

He was wheezing like a broken steam engine as he savagely fucked her.

She felt her own storm gathering, knowing that he would soon fill her with his venomous offering. Just the thought of knowing that her cunt would soon be flooded by her son's potent cream sent her careening over the edge of her climatic abyss.

"COMMMIINNNNNGGGG!" she screamed as her cunt burst into flames around his pistoning penis.

Her body was wracked by spasms of delight as her cunt locked down around her son's pounding cock. But even as tightly as she squeezed down on the hammering intruder, she couldn't stop it from ravaging her convulsing cunt.

How could she be feeling such ecstasy? What they were doing was so despicable. How could she enjoy it so much? The flames inside her cunt were burning out of control, threatening to consume her son's cock, but he continued to pound his massive organ into her.

Writhing in ecstasy, she wanted to feel him spew out his molten treasure into her.

"Come, baby, come," she panted, clawing and digging at his ass as it bounded up and down furiously.

"Come inside Mommy's pussy, baby," she pleaded with him, working her legs up and down his thighs like a jockey driving her mount down those last long lengths

to the finish line. Driving him on to finish. Urging him to explode inside her and spew out his burning essences into her clutching, sucking cunt.

"Come baby," she groaned, "come inside me. Just like you said you wanted to. Please come inside mommy's cunt."

"KEEEEEERRRRRRRRRIIISSSSTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!" he cried out as he drove his cock into her as deep and hard as he could.

"Coming, comiNG, COMING, COMMMINNGGG," he blathered out as he thrust himself against her.

Grunting and straining, he hunched his cock into her as hard and as deep as he could.

"YEESSSSssssssssssss," she hissed as she felt his cock bulge out and spew its poisonous creation out into her cunt.

The spewing cream of his loins was like a liquid flame blistering the delicate lining of her cunt as she felt his cock buck and spurt inside of her.

A shiver of depraved bestiality shot down her spine as the realization of what was happening washed over her like a giant tidal wave of condemnation. Her son was coming inside of her; coming inside of her and filling her cunt with his deadly magma; planting his pestilence inside of her.

But as horrendous as the thought was, she didn't want him to every stop coming.

It came welling up from deep inside of his testicles. Tidal waves of thick, hot love-cream pouring out into the seething heat of her cunt. Thick spouts of the burning cream splashed into fiery depths of her vagina loosing millions of his barb-headed rapists into her. And every last one of them searching for the mother egg. Each of them wanted to be the first to find and attack the twin of the egg that had created them in the hotbed of her cunt so long ago. Furiously slashing their long, reptilian tails they swam out in search for her waiting ovum.

It seemed as if he would never stop spewing out his toxic cream as he grunted and gasped over and over again. And with every gasp, she could feel his massive cannon fire off another volley sending another spurt of thick, hot semen into her. Again and again, his hips jerked forward, each time impaling her even deeper on

his fleshy sword as it spit its lethal syrup into her.

Clinging to him tightly, she urged him to empty himself into her. She never wanted it to stop. She wanted to consume him with her cunt; consume him and become one with him.

Tighter and tighter, she squeezed down on his jerking, lurching cock with her pussy as it just kept on spewing its poison into her. She could feel the writhing, wriggling mass of sperm filling her vagina as they sought out her ripeness. Seeking and searching for the last sacred, unviolated bastion of her motherhood. Each of the millions and millions of invaders wanted to be the one to penetrate the walls of her motherhood and infect her with its noxious plague.

But knowing this, she coaxed her son to unleash even more and more of his virulence into her.

The huge cylinder of flesh buried deep inside her cunt continued to twitch and lurch as it shot more and more thick, hot gobs of cum out into her. So much, she felt like she was drowning in the thick, sticky cream.

Her cunt was saturated with the hot, syrupy cum and now it was pouring out of her like a river of cum covering her butt and thighs.

But it still came gushing out of his monster cock.

Locked together in incestuous matrimony, their loins were fused together by the sinister heat of copulation.

As if the first wave of her orgasm hadn't been enough, she suddenly found herself being lifted on another swell of joy. It lifted her higher and higher as the pleasure pouring from her infested vagina grew hotter and hotter. She suddenly found herself being consumed by its wicked heat as she found herself floating on a cloud of satin softness. She had never felt more a woman. She felt pleased beyond her wildest fantasy. But why? Why was she feeling this way when she should have been horrified by what they had done?

At last, the mighty weapon stopped exploding inside of her and she felt herself drifting off into sleep...

She dreamily found herself floating toward wakefulness. But why was she

feeling so fulfilled, she wondered as she yawned and stretched. Then she felt the familiar tight, itchy scratch on her thighs. She would know that feeling anywhere. It was dried cum clinging to her skin. It felt like her legs were covered with the sticky remains of some gigantic eruption of cum. How could there be so much of it?

She and Matt must have had a whale of a good time, she fuzzily thought.

But that didn't seem right. There was something wrong with that conjecture. As she lay there, something was nagging at the edge of her memory. What was wrong? Then she remembered. Matt was dead. Gone. She was all alone now.

But the dried semen? Where had it come from?

"Oh, My God," she gasped as the realization of what had happened came flooding back into her memory pouring into every nook and cranny of her consciousness.

Opening her eyes slowly, she saw that she was in his room. Owen's room. She had slept with him on his own bed. But where was he?

Then she heard the sound of the paint roller. Owen was in the living room painting!

Why was he out there when he had been in bed with her? Or was it just some sick nightmare she was having?

Maybe he thought he was helping her by finishing the painting. But she needed him to finish the other thing he had started with her. She needed him back in bed with her. He had awoken needs deep within her that must be satisfied.

He had done a wonderful job priming the inside of her pussy, but now she wanted him to put on a second coat and a third and a fourth. She wanted him to coat the insides of her aching cunt with millions of coatings of his thick, rich cream.

Her pussy had been empty too long without the feel of a cock and now she wanted it badly.

It had been so long vacant; it would take many coats of cum to satisfy the desire

in her cunt. She wanted him to fill her with his hot, sticky cum until she was drenched in the creamy stuff. She wanted him to fill her so full of his stuff that it would be running out of her pussy and down her legs. She wanted to smear herself with its wicked richness.

She would have to tell him that Painting The House would just have to wait until later...

## **The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **Story Two – Home Movies**

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If you enjoyed this story, please let me know at [barondarkside@mrdouble.com](mailto:barondarkside@mrdouble.com).

## An Erotic Fantasy from the pen of Baron Darkside...

### Home Movies

Steven Hapworth lay in his bed staring intently at the screen of his television set. As he watched the screen, he had his hand wrapped around his hot, heavy ten-inch cock and was slowly stroking it. On the screen, a naked woman was stepping out of a shower. She had huge, jiggling breasts that glistened wetly in the bright lights of the bathroom. Pulling a towel off the rack, she quickly dried herself off, making sure that her big, beautifully shaped breasts wriggled and shook as much as possible. Then, pausing for effect, she tossed the towel aside and massaged her delightful, dangling breasts paying specific attention to the nipples that were visibly grew harder. After a few seconds of this, she shook her head and stepped over to the dresser. Pausing for a moment in front of the dresser, she slowly ran her hand down between her creamy thighs and began to play with herself with one hand while she still massaged her breasts with the other hand. As she stood there pawing herself, the camera panned over to the door leading into her room that was conveniently left open just enough to allow anyone to see into the room. Standing outside the door peering in was a boy about Steven's own age stroking his cock and watching her.

Both boys watched on appreciatively as the woman slowly sat down on the settee in front of the dresser and pulled open one of the dresser drawers. Digging through the drawer, she pulled out a pair of sheer, lace-edged panties and quickly pulled them on. Reaching back into the drawer, she plucked out a long, black nylon letting it cascade down and then using both hands bunched it up and then arching her foot slipped her toe inside the circle of filmy fabric. Casually pulling the hose up her smooth, beautifully shaped leg, she let the hose trail out behind her hands until her whole leg was encased in the diaphanous nylon. Pulling out another hose, she nonchalantly repeated the process giving both boys ample time to enjoy the erotic scene. Finally, after a few more seconds of smoothing and rearranging, she pulled out a frilly, lace-edged garter belt. Slipping it around her narrow waist, she stood up, letting the elastic strops dangle down her luscious legs.

Just then, a light bulb lit up above Steven's head...

The boys continued to watch on appreciatively as she slowly, purposefully attached each of the the catches of the garter belt to the hose. Walking over to the



closet, her tits jiggling and bouncing deliciously, she pulled out a blouse and quickly shrugged it on without the benefit of a brassiere. At last, she pulled on a short, tight skirt and stepped into a pair of four-inch, black stiletto pumps. As she stood up to admire her handiwork, the camera followed the boy who went dashing back out to the kitchen table where he pretended to be doing homework.

As he pretended to work, the woman came walking into the kitchen.

"Oh, Steven, I didn't know you were home," she smiled, swaying her hips provocatively as she walked over to the refrigerator.

"Yep, Mom," the boy said, "Gotta finish my home work."

"Well, I've got a date," she explained, "so I won't be home until late so don't wait up for me."

"Uh, Okay," he said, reaching under the table and poking his cock into a more comfortable position while his mother stood with her back to him drinking a glass of water.

"Julie's coming over later" he told her.

"Well, you two don't do anything I wouldn't do," she snickered, setting the glass down and walking over to the table.

As she leaned down, the camera and the boy's eyes both panned directly down the front of her dress at her bulging breasts that threatened to flop out of her blouse at any moment.

"The same applies to you, Mom," the boy laughed as his mother gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"Don't worry about me," she laughed, walking out of the room. "I can take care of myself."

"Bye, Mom."

"I'll see you later."

Steven continued to slowly beat his meat as the movie continued. The boy's

girlfriend came over and of course they ended up fucking and then the mother got fucked by some guy before the movie ended.

When it was over, Steven got up, his gigantic slab of boy-cock jutting out hard and heavy. He hadn't finished his business as he usually did because of the idea the movie had given him. He didn't know why he hadn't thought of it earlier. He had watched the movie dozens of times but never thought about making his own film.

His own film starring his beautiful mother...

Looking down at his watch, he saw that it was only four o'clock. His mother wouldn't be home until around five-thirty so that gave him an hour and a half to put his plan in action.

The part of the movie where the boy had been peeking at his mother while she showered and dressed had given him the idea. Now he had to find a way to film his own mother when she didn't know she was being filmed. Just the thought of seeing his own mother naked sent a charge firing through his cock making it jump and jerk dangerously.

His mother was even prettier than the woman in the movie was. And recently Steven had been having some weird feelings about her. Up until six or seven months ago, he had never really thought about his mother in that way. It was then he noticed that she was hot. Very hot. And he had begun fantasizing about seeing her naked. Now the movie had given him an idea that might turn out to be the opportunity he had been waiting for. Not only would he get to see her naked, but he would film her so he could see her naked anytime he wanted to.

Then he remembered that his mother was planning to go over to the Samuels for supper. This meant that she would shower and dress up before she left, so he wouldn't have to wait long to put his plan into motion.

Rushing down to the kitchen, he shuffled through one of the kitchen drawers until he found a pencil and a notepad.

He quickly wrote out a short note and stuck it on the refrigerator.

Mom,

I've gone over to Bobby's. I'll eat over there. I'll be back around nine o'clock.  
Have a good time tonight.

Love,

Steven

Jerking the door open, he made himself a snack to carry him over his long wait. Closing the door, he read the note out loud to make sure it sounded plausible.

Not Shakespeare, he laughed to himself, but it conveyed the thought. Strolling out of the kitchen, he whistled a happy tune satisfied that his note would fool his mother.

Glancing down at his watch, he saw that he still had a little over an hour to kill before she would be home.

Hurrying over to the hall closet, he opened the door. Reaching up to the closets upper shelf, he carefully pulled down their brand new camcorder. His mother had bought it recently because she had always wanted one and his dad never would let her have one.

A lot of things had changed since she had divorced his father some two years ago, he thought. For one thing, his mother seemed much happier and more confident of herself now. She had been promoted a couple of times since the divorce and with the alimony, they were doing pretty well. The extra money, her new found freedom, and being her own boss around the house had done wonders for her attitude.

Checking the camcorder, he saw that it had a brand new unused cartridge in it. Digging around in the carrying case, he pulled out a fresh battery and slipped it into the camera. Flicking on the camera, he panned around the room to check it out. Replaying it, he saw that it was ready to use. Smiling wickedly, he traipsed up the stairs and quickly walked down to his mother's bedroom.

Stepping inside his mother's bedroom, he was suddenly aware of the narcotic fragrance of her perfume. Enraptured by subtle scent of exotic oils, he felt his thick, heavy cock, which was already half-hard, lurch with anticipation of what he was about to witness. Stopping for a moment, he took a long look around her room. He didn't come down to her room very often, and when he had he hadn't

paid any particular attention to its décor. Now, with his senses heightened by what he was about to do, he saw everything in the room exuded femininity. There were lace and frills in soft, delicate, pastel colors everywhere. Everything was colored in some shade of pink, tan, or red. It was as if he had stepped into a grown-up dollhouse. He couldn't recall ever seeing anything so feminine.

Finally, he remembered why he had come down to her bedroom and began looking for a suitable place to hide. Looking over to the closet that had once belonged to his Dad before the divorce, he saw that the door was slightly ajar. Hurrying over, he opened it and looked inside. It was almost empty. There were only a couple of her old, worn-out robes and a few other discards hanging in it, but other than that it was empty. Stepping inside, he turned around and saw that if he left the door open a little wider than he had found it, he would have an unobscured view of his mother's entire bedroom without being seen. Bringing the camcorder up to his eye, he panned the room, zooming and un-zooming until he was satisfied that he would be able to capture everything on tape from his vantagepoint.

Looking at his watch, he saw that he only had about thirty minutes before his mother would arrive home. Deciding that it would be best if he waited right where he was, just in case she had taken off early, he sat down in the corner of the darkened closet. After a few moments, he felt himself nodding off.

Then all at once, something woke him up.

Rubbing his eyes to clear the sleep from them, he saw his mother stroll over to her bed and toss her purse down on it.

"What a day," he heard her say to herself as she started unbuttoning her blouse. The she turned and disappeared into her bathroom. Disappointed, Steven flicked off the camcorder.

Steven was abruptly aware that his heart was hammering along at an alarming rate and it was difficult for him to catch his breath as he waited for her to reappear. Then he heard the shower come on. Thinking that she was probably going to shower, he was surprised when she came walking back out of the bathroom with her blouse in her hand.

His eyes quickly shot down to the delicate, lacy brassiere that held her big tits captive. Openly gawking at them, several seconds passed before he realized that

he wasn't filming her. Jerking the camcorder up, he flicked it on and focused on the lacy brassiere that held her big, bulging breasts imprisoned. Keeping the camera on her, he nearly choked when he saw her reach back and quickly unsnap her brassiere, letting her gorgeous breasts spill forward out into the open.

He could feel his hands shaking as he filmed her take her breasts in her hands and gently massage them. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this as she gently squeezed and fondled her giant mammaries. As he filmed, he felt like his cock would explode at any second. Just when he thought it couldn't get any more exciting, she began to pull and twist on the great, swollen nipples bulging out from the center of the big, mauve areolas of her breasts.

He thought he was going to have a fucking heart attack right then and there, but he kept the camera trained on the erotic show transpiring before him.

Finally, she stopped diddling her nipples. Reaching down to her skirt, she deftly flicked the catch holding her skirt up and let it slide to the floor.

Steven's hand was shaking so badly now that he was afraid that he would drop the recorder. Thank goodness, his mother had bought a camera with the motion damper on it he thought as he continued to tape her.

Stepping out of her shoes, she reached down and picked up her skirt making her heavenly breasts jiggle wildly. Tossing her skirt onto the bed, she stood by the bed stretching for a moment. This gave Steven a moment to rake the camcorder up and down her body, recording her from head to foot.

Suddenly, he found himself focusing in on her sheer, black panties. Zooming the recorder in, he saw that he could barely make out the outline of her pubic hair underneath the sheer panties. But with her pubic hair being so sparse, it was difficult to see through the sheer black panties. Still, he swore that he could make it out. Swallowing so loudly, he was afraid that she would hear him, he tried to force the mouth full of cotton down his throat as his mother hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her sheer black panties and rapidly striped them down her long, statuesque legs.

Suddenly, she was naked except for her black nylons and the jangly jewelry she wore around her neck and wrist.

Steven had never seen a woman so beautiful. Never in his whole life. His mother

was a goddess. Wanting to catch her perfection in totality, he quickly panned up to the soft, brown hair pulled back into a knot before moving down over her perfect face with her little turned up nose. Panning down over her long, elegant neck, he felt himself trembling with erotic fascination as he continued down over her majestic breasts jutting out so heavy and proud. Quickly sweeping the camera down over her stomach, he saw that it was firm and flat with only a hint of a paunch. Anxiously, he moved down onto the mat of sparse, curly brown hairs that covered the delicious underside of her belly and hid her womanhood from view. Fighting the urge to stop and zoom in on the curly forest, he was able to continue down her long, perfectly proportioned legs all the way down to her perfectly turned ankles and tiny feet.

As he was bringing the camera back up, she watched her sit down on her bed. He trembled with erotic perversion as he watched her big, round breasts wiggle and bounce erotically when she quickly scooted back onto the bed.

Watching on with juvenile fascination, he saw her roll over onto her back and reach into the drawer of her night stand. Then he felt his cock nearly explode for a second time when he saw her pull out a vibrator and big pink dildo. Steven was shocked beyond belief. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. His dear, sweet mother was going to fuck herself with a dildo.

He had never really thought about his mother and sex in the same thought process until he had watched the movie. And now he was seeing her doing something he had never imagined her doing. He would never, ever thought about her doing this. Never in a million years. And he had most certainly never dreamed of catching it on tape. He had hoped to catch her naked. But this, this was too much to ask for. Shaking noticeably, he had to rest the camera on his wobbly knees to keep it from shaking all over the place.

Oblivious to the voyeur watching on, Susan flicked the vibrator on and quickly ran it down to her jutting clitoris.

She moaned out in obvious delight as she found her clitoris with the vibrator.

Then holding the vibrator riveted to her clitoris, she brought the big, silver dildo up to her mouth. Sticking the shiny, silvery dildo into her mouth, she ran her tongue around it several times liberally coating it with her saliva.

Steven felt as if his huge, throbbing penis was going to burst any second as he

watched his mother slowly move the dildo down to her pussy.

Stopping for a moment, she put down the vibrator and spread the lips of her vagina apart with her fingers. From his position, Steven was looking straight up her legs and into her exposed, naked pussy. Quickly zooming in on her pussy, he could see the swollen labium jutting out, engorged with blood as she slowly eased the long, pink dildo down into herself.

God, he thought, if that could only be my penis. Then he felt a shock run through his whole body as he realized what he had thought. How could he have thought about fucking his mother.

A boy could go to hell just for thinking such a thing, he told himself. The thought of going to hell sent a chill through his body, but it didn't do anything to cool the fires burning out of control in his loins.

Sliding the long, plastic cock into her wet, drooling pussy, she picked up the vibrator and hurriedly found her clitoris again. Then she began to saw the fake cock in and out of her pussy like a woman possessed.

Steven nearly choked as he watched his mother fucking herself with the pseudo cock.

His mother was so hot that after only two or three strokes, the dildo glistened wetly with her juices as she brutally fucked herself.

Unaware that her son was filming her she was making a cameo appearance in her son's film, she was so primed from the lack of sex, she knew it would only take a few moments to bring herself to a climax.

Grunting and groaning, she hand fucked herself up to the brink of a climax within moments. Then her legs flew out as straight as boards and her whole body began to shake and quiver.

"OH, Fuck, Immmmmmmcccccuuummmmmnnnnnnnnn," she gasped, releasing her sex toys and grabbing two handfuls of bedspread as she began to writhe on the bed.

Enthralled by the depraved display of sexual gratification, Steven quickly unzoomed the camera so that he could get her whole body in the screen as she

groveled in pleasure. Steven watched his mother's orgiastic culmination with fascination. He had never even seen a woman climax. And now this. Watching his very own mother get her jollies right in front of him. And he was catching it on film.

He never imagined that his mother would react so violently when she came. In fact, he had never even thought about his mother coming. She was all over her bed, writhing and making very un-motherly sounds until at last she collapsed and lay on the bed breathing heavily.

God, he thought to himself, I hope she didn't have a heart attack. What would he do if she had one? It was a chilling thought. Oh God, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cause her to die, he thought. This might be his punishment for his evil deed.

But just as he was really beginning to worry, she yawned and slowly reached down and eased the dripping dildo of the drooling pit between her legs. Steven quickly zoomed the camera down onto his mother's beautiful, pink pussy as she pulled the dildo out. The big, meaty hole gaped open lewdly for several seconds where it had been stretched open by the big, plastic dick. Steven watched on with amazement and fascination as it slowly closed and began to seep out a stream of her juices. He had never seen anything as beautiful and erotic as her pussy. He felt himself approaching a climax of his own and he hurriedly unzoomed the camera until his mother's whole body once again filled the viewfinder. He didn't know how much more of this he could take as he watched her slowly sit up, filming her beautiful, drooping breasts bobbing and wriggling about sexily. Then he recorded them repeating their lascivious dance as she got up and walked back into her bathroom. Stopping the recorder, Steven sat in the closet, sweat dripping off his forehead as he waited for her to return.

It was several minutes before she came strolling back and he flicked the camera back on as she put her toys up. She had just showered and the lights glistened like diamonds on the drops of water she had missed with the towel.

Patting himself on the back for his idea, he kept filming her as she went about the business of dressing. Catching the whole thing on tape, he reveled in her beauty over and over again as she slipped into her intimate underthings and then into a dress. At last she was dressed and left the room.

Flicking off the camera, Steven sat listening as he tried to catch his breath.



Finally he heard the front door close as she left the house. Quickly, he clamored out of the closet and rushed down to his room. Laying the camera down on the bed, he listened to make double sure his mother was gone. Then he stole down the stairs and peeked out the front door. Seeing her car was gone, he slammed the door and tore back over to the stairs.

Dashing into his room, he flipped the camcorder open and tore out the tape. His hands were actually shaking as he eased it into his VCR. Stepping back over to his bed, he unfastened his pants and pulled them down, freeing his raging hard on. Lying down on his bed, he flicked his remote control and rewound the tape. At last he started it and watched his mother walk into her room. Following her step by step, he stroked his aching, throbbing cock with rough, hard strokes. At last she was lying on her bed with the dildo stuck up her pussy and bringing herself to a climax. Just as she groaned, Steven felt his cock jerk and send a great geyser of his thick, hot cum shooting at least three feet into the air.

"Ahhshhhhehsiiiit," he growled as his cock continued to buck and spew out gob after gob of his cum all over his bed while he tried to beat it into submission.

He had never felt it so intense before and his cock just kept shooting and shooting as he watched his beautiful mother writhe and groan on the television screen. Finally after what seemed like ages, his cock stopped exploding and he stopped the VCR.

Lying in his bed, thinking back on what he had done, he felt terrible. Guilt was eating him alive. Why had he filmed his mother naked? Then, how could he have jacked off while he was watching her? How could he have done something so gross and evil, he wondered? He knew that he should erase the tape and try to forget the whole incident, but he knew that he would never erase the tape. He could never do that. The tape was a treasure beyond belief.

After a little while, he decided that he had better take the camcorder back down to its rightful place. His mother might need it and would wonder why it wasn't in its place.

After he returned the camcorder to the closet, he made himself a sandwich and then went back upstairs to watch the tape some more. Slipping his clothes off, he got into bed and reran the tape. He ran it through it six or seven times before he fell asleep watching it one final time.

It was around nine o'clock when Susan returned home. She quietly opened the door and stepped inside. Reaching down, she slipped her shoes off and set them by the door. Stepping into the kitchen, she saw that Steven had made him a snack and as usual, hadn't cleaned up the mess. Well, I guess that what mothers are for, she smiled to herself and she went about cleaning up his mess. Other than his occasional lapses into laziness, Steven seemed to be the model son. He had never caused her any trouble and didn't hang around with a bad crowd. In fact, he seemed to hang around the house most of the time, by himself. She couldn't complain when she heard some of the stories about some of her friend's children.

Finishing her cleaning, she headed for the stairs. Looking up the stairs as she went up them, she saw that the light was still on in Steven's room. Reaching the top of the stairs, she turned and stealthily stole down to his room. Stopping by his door, she peeked inside. The light was coming from the empty, glaring television screen.

Stepping into his room, she turned and looked over at his bed. She felt her heart skip a beat as she saw Steven lying on top of his sheets naked. And he still had the remote control clicker in his hand as if he had been watching a tape on the VCR. Nervously, she crept over to her son's bed and stood looking down at him. She hadn't seen him naked in years. She couldn't believe how he had blossomed into manhood so quickly. Unable to keep herself from looking down to his exposed maleness, she didn't believe what she was seeing. His cock was gigantic. Still semi-hard from the pounding it had taken earlier in the night, it lay on his stomach like a huge, thick pink snake.

My, God, he's huge, she thought as she stared down at his slumbering cock. Even in its semi-dormant stage, it was still six or seven inches long. It was almost as long as most of the cocks she had ever seen and he wasn't even fully hard.

Suddenly she felt an obscene flush of excitement spread out from her crotch.

Suddenly shaken at her own reaction to her son's penis, she stumbled back away from the bed. Shuffling across his room toward the door, she started to leave when she remembered that his television was still on. Stopping, she crept over to the television and started to turn it off. As she did, she saw that the tape he had been watching had rewound itself and was now jutting out of his VCR, ready to be removed. Wondering what he had been watching when he had fallen asleep

naked, she wondered as she slipped the tape out and flicked the television off. Hurriedly stealing out of his room before he woke, she slipped out into the hallway and closed the door.

Bustling down the hall, she hastily slipped into her room.

Eagerly, she rushed over to her VCR and slipped the tape inside. Turning on the television, she slowly stepped backwards toward her bed and watched the screen slowly brighten as an image began to form on it.

"What, what, wht in th....." she sputtered staring at the image on the screen.

"Why, why, Oh, My God, it's me," she gasped in disbelief and horror.

"Oh, God," she moaned, realizing that the picture she was watching had been taken earlier that afternoon, "Please don't let this happen."

Her legs wouldn't support her any longer and she plopped down on the bed in a state of shock. Staring at her image on the screen, she couldn't believe what she was watching. Why on this night of all nights had she chosen to masturbate. This couldn't be happening, she thought to herself as she watched herself unfasten her brassiere and toss it aside.

She knew that she had brought herself to an orgasm earlier and hoped that somehow it hadn't been captured on the tape. But as she watched it, she saw herself roll onto the bed and begin pumping the dildo into her overheated pussy.

"This is horrible," she moaned as she watched herself climax, "How could he have filmed this? It was just too ghastly to believe. Her son had not only witnessed her masturbating, but he had filmed it for prosperity."

Then, strangely she felt herself growing warm down deep inside of her snatch as she watched herself on the film. Mercifully, the image finally disappeared from the screen as the film ended. She didn't move for several moments. She just sat there staring at the blank screen wondering what to do about it.

Jerking the tape out of the recorder, she was just about to storm back down to Steven's room wake him up and demand an explanation. But as she started across the room, she didn't know if that was the right thing to do. She needed more time to think it out. She had to punish him for what he had done, but it had

to be done in the right manner. She had to devise a plan to punish him without bringing any more humiliation on herself. She needed time.

She would replace the tape and act as if nothing had happened until she could come up with a plan, she finally decided.

Sneaking back down to his room, she slipped back inside and replaced the tape into his VCR. Then with that done, she strolled back over to where he lay sleeping. He hadn't moved and his giant cock was still brazenly displayed for her viewing pleasure..

Berating herself, she couldn't keep from stopping and taking another long look at his manly appendage. Then, unexplainably, she felt another tickle down deep inside her vagina. It was the same sick, demented stirrings of an arousal she had felt earlier when she had watched herself masturbating.

And speaking of masturbating, why was Steven naked? He usually slept with pajamas on. But he had been naked and watching her on his VCR when he had fallen asleep. Suddenly, she felt a chill shiver down her spine. Looking around on his bedspread, her eyes found it.

Semen. Cum. A thick gob of it, glimmering wetly in the dim light.

HE HAD COME WHILE HE WAS WATCHING HER.

Oh, my, god, she gasped to herself as the realization that her son had been masturbating while he watched her on the television. How horrible.

God, this is disgusting, she told to herself as she eased out of his room.

What was becoming of them? Her son was sneaking around taking pictures of her when she was naked and doing terrible things to herself. Then he did the same nasty thing while he watched her do it. Not only that, she had caught herself being sexually aroused by looking at his damn penis. Maybe living alone without a man was causing her to go mad, she thought as she slipped her clothes off and crawled under the covers.

Lying under the covers, her thoughts drifted back over the events of the day. Then, she suddenly found herself toying with her clitoris. Jerking her hand away and scolding herself for such lewd behavior, she tried to conjure up some plan to

punish Steven. As she thought, her hand slowly worked its way back to do her nether regions and her finger once again found her clitoris.

Finally, as she drifted off to sleep, the germ of an idea took shape and sprouted...

Arriving home the next afternoon, she found another note from Steven on the kitchen table. It stated that he had gone to visit his friend, Bobby again and wouldn't be home until later. He didn't specify a time, so she wondered if he might be up to filming another episode of "As the Mother Undresses".

Strangely, she felt a depraved warmth spreading out from her pussy. What was wrong with her? The thought of her son sitting up in her closet waiting for her was disgusting. So, why was she getting excited? It was exasperating. How could he do such a thing? Was he a pervert? Or was he just a normal, horny teenager? Whatever, he couldn't be doing it. What was she going to do to him, she asked herself climbing up the stairs? But maybe he really was over at his friends.

Wondering what to do, she walked down to her room, hoping that she was wrong and Steven was really at Bobby's. After watching the film the first time, she had determined that he had been inside Ken's old closet. She rarely even opened it anymore and Steven probably knew that.

Stepping inside her room, she glanced over at the closet and saw that the door was ajar. Just enough to allow someone to hide inside and film her ever move without being seen. Knowing that the camcorder had a little red light that came on when it was recording, she thought she would be able to see it and find out if Steven was in fact in the closet without revealing that she knew he was there.

Trying to act nonchalant, she strolled over to her bed and sat down. Picking up a book off the headboard, she leafed through it. Pretending to read it, she slowly laid down facing the closet door. Acting like she was reading the book, she stared just over the top of the pages into the opening. She could see no red light. Strangely, she felt thankful and disappointed all at the same time.

While the thought of her son filming her was repugnant on the one hand, a part of her found it wildly erotic. Well, at least she didn't have to worry about him for now she told herself slowly lifting her knees up and spreading her legs apart. As she did, her dress slowly slipped down and fell into a disorderly jumble around her waist. Just the thought of him filming her left her with an empty feeling.

Then, not knowing really why, she slipped her hand down inside her panties and began to finger her pulsating clitoris.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw the tiny red warning light wink on inside the closet.

Damn, she thought to herself, she had been right the first time. He was in the closet filming her. A flash of anger welled up inside her and she jerked her hand out of her panties and slapped her legs together. She had been confident that he wouldn't repeat his crime so quickly. Stunned by the knowledge that her son was filming her, she quickly removed her hand and brought her legs together as if she had been caught doing something evil.

Then, still pretending to read the book, she decided to play his game. Setting the book down, she stood up and slowly began to undress.

Shaking her long, brown hair out, she let it fall down over her shoulders like swirling, twisting strands of burnished gold. Shaking her hair, she let it spill down her back as she leisurely unbuttoned her dress. At last, she unpeeled her dress and stepped out of it, flexing her long, tapering legs, shaping them into curving perfection. Pausing for a moment, she defiantly strolled down to the end of her bed. She now stood on four or five feet from where her son sat filming her. Stopping, she turned her back to the closet and bending over, slowly skinned her panties down her long, lovely legs. Stepping out of them, she carelessly tossed them down in front of the closet door. Standing there, in front of her son, she slowly lifted one leg and set her foot on the bed. Then, she reached behind her and released the catch on her brassiere. She was still facing away from him, so she knew he couldn't see her breasts as the tumbled out of her brassiere. She also knew that the way she was standing would give Steven an candid view of her vagina, so he probably wouldn't be interested in her breasts anyway.

Then, wanting to tease him beyond his limits, she slowly turned and faced the closet once again. As she did, her big, soft breasts wiggled and frolicked happily. Looking down, she saw that her big, jutting nipples had swollen to painful hardness and felt like they were sticking out at least an inch. Flagrantly, she eased down onto the bed, resting her soft, round bottom on the edge of the bed. Feeling herself growing more and more aroused by her own lascivious behavior, she lifted one leg up on the bed and slowly spread herself open. Looking down, she watched on with conceited pride as the soft, meaty lips of the vagina slowly

opened like a blossoming rosebud. Wider and wider, she spread herself, opening and stretching her womanhood as it was glaringly displayed to her son. As she watched her cunt slowly yawn open, she saw a glistening trickle of her excitement slowly seep out of her cunt. Feeling a shudder of erotic perversion course through her body, she couldn't help but appreciate the excitement that must be building inside her son as watched her from the closet.

Feeling her vagina begin to tingle and sting with desire, she suddenly realized that her passions were gaining the upper hand. She abruptly knew that she must stop her depraved exhibition before it reached the point of no return.

Visibly shaken, she promptly slapped her thighs together. As she did, she was surprised to hear the wet, slapping sound it caused. Looking down, she saw that she had leaked so much of her pussy juice, it now coated her thighs visibly showing her excitement.

"God, this is crazy," she muttered under her breath as she rushed into her bathroom.

Turning the water on as cold as she could, she stepped under the needle sharp spray and stood there shivering until she had control of her errant emotions once again.

Taking her time, she hoped that Steven had decided to leave, because if he hadn't, he would be trapped in her room until she either left or went to sleep. Wrapping the towel around herself, she stepped out into her bedroom and casually glanced over at the closet. The door appeared to be open a little wider than before, but she didn't know if this was because he had left or opened it wider to get a better view.

There was only one way to find out, she decided, stepping back around to the end of her bed and sitting down. Spreading her legs apart, she watched the closet for the telltale red glow. Fingering her wet, dripping pussy, she watched out of the corner of her eye for several moments, but the light didn't come on. Deciding that he was gone, she got up and slowly crept over to the closet. Opening the door, she peeked inside. Steven wasn't there, but the scent of his after-shave still lingered in the air.

Standing there wondering what to do next, she could still feel a perverse chill run down her spine as she pictured him filming her. She remembered how big

his huge boy-cock had been when she had seen it earlier, but she wondered how big it was now that she had aroused him.

God, she thought to herself, it's been too long since I've had a man. The thoughts that were filling her mind were thoughts she should never, ever think. They were evil, depraved, and perverted. How could she even think about her son's penis, much less wonder how big it was when it was hard. Surely, she thought, she would go to hell for having such thoughts. But she was still a woman too, and had urges that all women had. She just didn't have anyone to fulfill them.

Aroused once again, by the thought of Steven filming her and the image of his penis dancing around in her head, she resolved to continue his punishment. Stepping over to her dresser, she dropped the towel and stood before the mirror. Searching for any blemishes, she examined her body carefully. If there was any fault, maybe her tits were just a little too big, she thought, lifting one of the big, soft mountains of wobbling pink flesh. But men liked that in a woman, and besides she didn't have the usual chubbiness that went with such large breasts. Flicking her nipples, she watched as they visibly hardened.

Although it was despicably wrong for Steven to film her and see her naked, she secretly felt a perverse pride that he found her pretty enough to want to film.

"Well, if he wants erotic," she smiled devilishly at her image in the mirror, "We'll just give him erotic."

Reaching into one of the drawers of the dresser, she pulled out a wispy, lacy pair of black panties that were so thin they left nothing to the imagination. Quickly pulling them up her long, tanned legs, she grinned mischievously when she saw that her thick, luxuriant bush of soft, brown pubic hair was easily discernible under the thin material. Reaching back into the drawer, she pulled out a matching baby doll top. Slipping it over her head, she let it settle down over her jutting breasts, draping the wiggling, jiggling circles in the soft, sheerness of the material. Just as her panties did little to cover her private places, she could easily make out the small, round areolas of her breast and even see her big, puffy nipples sticking out.

Stepping back from the mirror, she saw that her appearance was just a little too bold. She wanted to taunt him, not seduce him, she thought, walking over to her closet. Stepping inside, she decided to slip on a semi-transparent gown to lessen



the obviousness of her other apparel. Slipping it on, she stepped back over to the mirror once again. Now her attributes were visible underneath the scanty covering of cloth, but they were camouflaged somewhat. Staring at her breasts, she saw that she could still see the outline of her areola, but now it was much less obvious.

Stepping back, she ran her brush through her hair several times and then prepared to put her plan into action. Taking a deep breath, she thrust out her large, droopy breasts and stepped out into the hall. Striding down the hallway towards her son's room, she could feel her breasts bouncing and jiggling heavily under the thin covering.

Stopping outside his door, she leaned forward and peeked in.

"Oh, Hi," she smiled expectantly when she saw Steven lying on his bed with the remote clicker in his hand, "What'cha watching?"

"Uh, Oh, Uh, Nothing," he stammered guiltily and she knew that it was probably the tape he had just finished filming.

"When did you get home?" she asked him, stepping into his room and watching his eyes widen in amazement at her dress.

"Uh, oh, Uh, just a, uh, few, uh, minutes ago," he was finally able to mutter as he stared at her standing by the door in her erotic lingerie.

"I didn't hear you come in," she smiled, opening her gown and rubbing her leg provocatively, "I must have been in the shower."

"UH, yeah, uh, I could hear, uh, the shower running, uh, when I came in," he mumbled, openly gawking at her breasts that were now only hidden under one thin layer or gauzy material.

"What's wrong," she smiled vulgarity, "What are you staring at. Did I spill something on me or what?"

"Uh, Uh, No, Uh, I've just never, uh, seen you dressed, uh, dressed like you are," he stammered feasting his eyes on her huge, pendant breasts.

"What, oh, you mean my nightie," she grinned knowingly, "Do you like it?"

"Wow, Uh, uh, gosh, uh, It's great," he groaned, "but, don't you think it is a little revealing?"

"Oh, I don't know," she asked, opening her gown and spreading it apart.

"I thought it was cute."

"It is," he blurted out, "but God, Mom, you can see everything you have."

"Oh, Really," she gushed out, blushing and pretending to be embarrassed, "I didn't think it was that revealing."

"It looks nice," he gulped nervously, "but I can see everything, Mom."

"Oh, Me," she protested feebly, "I'm sorry that I'm walking around half dressed and flaunting my fat, old body."

Closing the gown over her body, she turned and started to leave.

"Uh, Mom," Steven called out as he saw her start to leave his room, "You have a knockout bod. It's just, uh, well, uh, just, uh, I've just never seen you dressed like that. You're beautiful."

"Oh, Really," she cooed, slowly turning back around and facing him again.

"Do you really think I am beautiful?" she beamed, feeling a sudden tingle of pride. "You don't think that I'm old and fat."

"God, no," Steven groaned, "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Really Mom."

"Goodness, that's quite a compliment," she mumbled, blushing brightly, feeling her plan begin to fall apart right before her eyes.

How could she torture him, she asked herself. He was her son, made out of flesh and bones she had created. Suddenly, she found her anger toward him melt only to be replaced by a warm, fuzzy glow of confusion. What should she do now, she wondered.

"Mom, are you okay?" Steven asked her as she stood by the door looking at him

with a blank look on her face.

"What, uh, Oh, sure, I'm okay," she smiled at him.

Looking at him, she couldn't believe how handsome he had turned out. Suddenly, she just wanted to take him in her arms and give him a hug to show him how much she loved him, no matter what he had done.

"I just wanted to tell you that I love you," she purred, slowly padding over to his bed. "I just want you to know that I love you no matter what."

"Uh, I love you, too, uh, Mom," he mumbled watching her bend down toward him.

"No matter what you do, Mommy loves you," she murmured, giving him a soft, lingering kiss on his cheek, "Okay?"

As she leaned down the front of her nightie blossomed open baring her big, soft breasts. He couldn't stop from ogling them as she kissed his cheek. It was all he could do to keep from reaching out and taking them in his hands.

As she started to stand up again, she saw that her nightie had ballooned open and Steven was openly admiring her exposed breasts.

For some bizarre reason, she had a sudden impulse to let him look at her breasts. Stopping, she continued to lean over, letting her son gawk at her dangling breasts. Then she felt an lecherous tingle of desire down deep in the core of her womanhood. She had been too long without a man. Then, she felt her eyes being drawn down to her son's groin where they found a large and obvious bulge.

"Do you really like them?" She murmured softly.

The tingle inside of her throbbing vagina was quickly growing into a gluttonous ache. God, she needed a man so bad, she admitted, but she couldn't give herself to the man before her. It wasn't right. She just couldn't let herself do such a heinous thing.

"God, Mother," he winced.

As she watched the bulge in Steven's pants grow, she looked back up into his

eyes. God, she thought, he's beautiful. She had always thought he was handsome, but now he was the most beautiful man she had ever seen. She was quickly losing her resolve as she slowly sat down on the bed by him.

"Steven..." she started, but couldn't find the words to finish.

"Yes," he croaked.

There was no denying it. They were both attracted to each other. It was obvious that he was turned on and she knew that she was just as aroused as he was. But neither of them seemed capable of speaking.

"I...need...I...want...I..." she whispered, still incapable of taking that final step that would plunge both of them into the forbidden world of incestuous love.

"God, Baby, I Love You," she finally gasped, reaching out and pulling him to her.

Wrapping her arms around him, she pressed her body against his, mashing her tits into his chest.

"Oh, God, Mom, I Love you too," he growled, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her into him tightly.

Then before either of them realized it, their lips met. Crushing their mouths together, both of them slashed and stabbed their tongues inside the other's mouth, hungrily exploring the forbidden depths of the other's mouth.

They sat, their bodies crushed together, kissing, their tongues fought for dominance for the longest time. But, at last they had to break for air.

"OH, God," Susan panted, pushing away from him and grabbing his shirt. Jerking it she tore it open, sending buttons flying as she savagely ripped it up over his head.

Stunned at the abruptness of her attack, Steven couldn't move as he watched her hands dive down to his pants.

Like a woman possessed, she clumsily struggled to unbutton his pants, but it seemed like her fingers were made of wood.

"Oh, God, Steven, I need you," she groaned as she finally jerked his pants open.

At last, Steven reacted, sliding away from her, he quickly stood up. Feverishly, he shoved his pants and shorts down to his ankles, freeing his huge, hard, thick cock, which jutted out at her like some great, evil demon preparing to attack.

"OHMYGOD," Susan gasped in shock and disbelief as she gawked at the monstrous cock protruding out of her son's groin.

Was it too big, she wondered frantically as she tore her panties down her long, sexy legs.

It was huge. She had never seen a cock so big. It exuded evil as twitched up and down wickedly. He would split her in two with the gigantic monstrosity, but she knew she had to have it inside of her. This would be her retribution for such a heinous sin. Even though she knew that he would tear her apart with his giant cock, she had never wanted anything as badly in her whole life.

"Oh, Baby, put, it, in mommy, please, baby, put it in me," she babbled on insanely spreading her legs wide apart, preparing herself for the defilement.

"Oh, Mother..." Steven blubbered inanelly as he momentarily stared down at his mother.

He couldn't believe this was happening. Why only moments earlier he had been lying alone in his room watching her on the television and now here she was lying on her back with her legs spread asking him to fuck her.

Steven frantically crawled up between his mother's long outstretched legs. Feeling the satin firmness of her inner thighs brush against his hairy legs, he grabbed his huge cock and pointed it down at the soft, pink slit that lay before him. It gaped open and was oozing out her sweet readiness.

Quickly aiming himself at her, he impatiently fitted the great, swollen head of his cock down into the soft, weeping opening. The hot flesh, sticky with her juices shrank from his monster as he slowly forced the head of his cock down into his mother's soul. She was so hot, it felt like he had stuck his dick in a fire, but, he had never felt anything so wonderful in his whole life. It was so soft and hot and slick and smooth, he thought he would cum just from touching it.

Groaning out his pleasure, he thrust himself down at her and felt his huge cock slowly slide down into the blistering wetness of her cunt.

"AwJJEEEEZZZZZZZZ," he gasped as he impaled his mother on his gigantic, throbbing cock.

It felt like he was shoving his cock into a burning circle of fire as he continued to feed his cock into her. Grunting with effort, he pushed it deeper and deeper into the fiery pit.

As Susan felt her son's gigantic penis plow deeper and deeper inside the soft, yielding meat of her cunt, she had the sensation of being split apart by its hugeness. It was like being fucked by some gigantic battering ram that was stretching her vaginal channel wider and wider as he continued to force his great cock deeper and deeper into the raw, throbbing gash of cunt meat.

Even though she felt as she was being torn apart by his mammoth cock, she had to have all of him inside of her. She had to have all of him inside of her where she could bathe his grotesque manthing with the same juices that had once bathed his whole body so very, very long ago.

Both of them were being transported to a higher plane of erotic pleasure as his cock knifed down into her sopping cunt. It was as if every nerve ending in their bodies had been scraped raw and was now exposed to the jolts of pure ecstasy that sparked between the two of them.

Susan's hold on reality hung by a tiny thread as her son's cock slowly sliced down into her raw, exposed inner self. It was as if her whole world was now centered on his foot-long cock as her pussy spasmed and contracted around the giant. Never had she been spread so wide or so full of hard, throbbing man-cock. She would never have imagined that what she had once beget would now be reentering its birthplace with such power and strength. God, how she loved him. God, how she loved his gigantic prick. How much more was there, she wondered, looking down between their bodies to where they became one.

Just as she looked down, she felt the base of his giant prick grind into the soft, yielding lips surrounding her cunt and the cockhead thud into her cervix.

"Fuck," Steven gasped as he thrust himself into her, trying to bury himself even deeper inside the hot, sucking hole.

Feeling his colossus filling her meaty channel with its overheated importance, she squeezed down onto it with her pussy.

"OH GOD MOTHER," Steven groaned as if in pain.

With his penis thrust down in to her as deep as it would go, he reached down and slipped his arms under her long legs. Hooking his arm under the crook of her knee, he grunted and forcefully lifted her legs up into the air. Grunting with effort, he lifted them up until the tops of the soft, firm thighs were pressed down against her big, soft tits, mashing them down flat. She was now completely at his mercy as he began to saw his massive cock in and out of his mother's hot, dripping love-gash like a man possessed.

"OhFuck, OhFuck, OhFuck," he muttered every time he slammed his cock into her.

"OhYes, OhYes, OhYes," she echoed him every time his thighs slapped against her upturned ass.

She was so wet and gushing out so much of her love-gunk, they were both literally coated with its sticky wetness. She had never been so hot and wet. She couldn't believe the pure, rich pleasure that her son was generating inside her hot, clenching womanhood as he fucked her. It was almost beyond human endurance.

Reaching up, she hooked her arms around her son's neck and held on tightly as he fucked her. She could feel herself slipping into the fiery depths of a soul consuming orgasm as her son kept stroking her cunt driving her deeper and deeper into herself.

"OHFUCKIMCUMMMIIINNNNGGGggggggggg," she wheezed as she began to shake and shiver, "MyBabysonismakingmecummmmmmmmmmm."

"AWWWFFUUUCckkkkkKKKKK!!!" Steven bellowed out, half in pain and half in pleasure as his cock burst inside of his mother's fiery hole.

"OHhhhhhBabbbiiiiieeeeeeee," she gasped as she felt his titanic penis jerk and spew out its flaming spurt of thick, clinging cream into her.

"Oh, Baby, give mother another Baby," she babbled, not knowing what she was

saying.

"Yes, Mommy, take it all," Steven grunted, shoving himself down into her even deeper as the second gusher of his burning hot milk spurted out into her.

Slipping her legs around her son's waist, Susan drove her heels into his ass, urging him even deeper into her pulsating, sucking cunt. She could feel his giant prick swell and jerk time after time as he filled her deep, ravenous cavern to overflowing with his majestic seed-filled boy-semen. Still it wouldn't stop, even after she felt the thick, heavy, sperm-laden cum start to drip down out of her cunt. She could feel its hot importance slowly running down the crack of her ass, across the tiny little puckering of her ass hole and down onto the bed.

Spiraling to new heights, it felt like a burst of fireworks going off inside her head, sending out her love in all directions with most of it falling directly onto her son.

Still, he held his great, spurting cock inside of her, letting it empty itself into her rich, fertile garden.

God, she thought to herself as she slowly tumbled down from the heights of her orgasm, Steven must be Superman. I have never felt such any man erupt with such force and it just won't stop.

Still he fired off inside his mother's flooded cunt, spewing potent gob after potent gob of his thick, rich juvenile cum into her.

Wondering if his semen was as potent as it was abundant, she finally felt his cock give one last shudder before ending its powerful display of virility.

"Oh, My, God, Mother," Steven groaned as he slowly eased his thrusting pressure against her, "I've died and gone to heaven."

"Me, too," she whispered, tears of joy and love filling her eyes and trickling down her cheeks.

"Mommy, why are you crying," Steven blurted out, wondering if he had hurt her or she was feeling remorse for what they had just done.

"Oh, Baby, I'm just so happy that I could please you," she murmured, wiping the



tears off. "You are a wonderful, virile young man and I am so happy that you're my boy."

"Oh, Mother," he crooned as he ever so slowly withdrew his lilted love-sword from her drenched sheath, "I couldn't ask for a more perfect mother."

"Oh, My, Big, Beautiful, Boy," she cooed as she felt his heavy, drooping cock slip out of her battered and bruised cunt, "I Love you So, So, Much!!!!"

"I Love you, too, Mother," he gushed, backing down out from between her widespread legs.

Quickly crawling over his mother's leg, he turned around and backed up the bed until his head was above the wet, dripping gash between her legs. Lying down, he lifted his mother's long, lovely leg and slide his head under it, inching forward until his mouth touched her weeping love wound.

Feeling his lips brush over the swollen, fleshy lips of her vagina, she turned her head and found her son's soft, but bloated cock only inches from her face. Staring at it, she could see the glistening sheen of their juices lewdly coating it. It was so crazy that anything as wonderful as what they had experienced was so horribly wrong. How could that be, she wondered as she felt her son's tongue find her throbbing, tingling clitoris.

Her clitoris was still tingling and sensitive from her climax and she could feel it rapidly responding as he raked his tongue back and forth over its smooth, jutting softness.

"Oh, My, God, Baby," she gasped as she suddenly felt herself being whisked away on the wings of another cataclysmic orgasm.

Her body began to shake and quiver uncontrollably as she felt her mind leave her body. Like a rocket, she felt the pleasure shoot her into the heavens where she burst into a thousand star-pricks of delight and happiness. The intense pleasure became brighter and brighter as it covered the sky with its brilliant ecstasy, filling her mind with erotic joy. Then they burst and she slowly floated back down to earth where her son still slavered over her clitoris, sucking and teasing it with his mouth and tongue.

Wanting to experience every last iota of pleasure, she didn't stop him, but lay

savoring the soft afterglow of her hellish crisis. Then she slowly turned and saw that her son's great, bloated cock was only inches from her mouth and quickly reaching it full potential once again. Making sure not to dislodge her son's sucking, licking mouth from her fluttering cunt, she leaned over and slowly sucked the head of his bloated, swollen monster into her mouth.

As she did, she felt her son hesitate and stop as she gently ran her tongue around the soft, firmness of his colossal cockhead. Running her tongue over the jutting glans, down into the little cleft below the prepuce, she flicked the sensitive little valley and felt his cock jump with eager excitement. After a few moments of this, she began sucking harder, running her tongue around the great inflated roundness of his cockhead. Feeling his maleness growing harder by the second, she stopped sucking and cupped the bullet-hardness of his bloated prick-head with her warm, soft lips, letting him cool down before she began again.

Feeling his mother stop for a moment, Steven immediately began to run his thick, hard tongue up and down the fleshy gash of her drooling cunt, eagerly lapping up the pungent musky syrup that was flowing from it. The blending of the love outpourings had created a nectar that was thick, salty and tasted of pure sex and he couldn't get enough of it.

Then as he lapped and slurped at her womanhood, she slowly let his hot, throbbing prick-head slip out from between her full, pouting lips. As he hungrily devoured her twitching cunt, she ever so slowly kissed her way down the thick, hardness of the shaft of his cock, nibbling at the swollen veins of blue blood that bulged out grotesquely all the way around it. Reaching the fleshy, loose sac of flesh that encased his huge, dangling balls, she loving sucked one into her mouth.

"God, Mom," Steven groaned, breathing hotly out onto her over heated cunt.

Rolling the enormous spherical egg shaped cum maker around in her mouth, she could feel his gigantic penis jump and twitch with excitement. Softly sucking on it, she quickly let it exude out between her soft, red lips as she drew the other dangling egg into her hot, sucking mouth. Licking and gently nibbling on the hidden hardness of his maleness, she finally let it slip out of her mouth. Then forcing her mouth down between his muscular, hairy thighs, she ran her sultry, quivering red lips lightly over his bulging prostate, tickling and kissing it tenderly.

As her lips neared the tight, puckered protrusion of his asshole, she felt his cock jerk and harden so quickly she was afraid that he was going to go off at any second. Quickly moving away from him, to prolong his pleasure, she slowly kissed her way back up the throbbing, pulsating stiffness of his cock all the way to the bulbous, jutting purple head. Swirling her hot, soft tongue around his bloated penis-head several times, she could sense his impatience. Then wetly ovaling her soft, full lips, she dipped her head and clamped her lips down around his swollen manhood.

As her lips locked down around his cock, to Steven it felt like her lips were a band of fire, a ring of ecstasy encircling his throbbing, expectancy slowly traveling down it with maddening slowness. She continued to suck her son's giant cock into her mouth until she felt the hard, rubbery cone of his prick-head nudge into the opening to her throat. Stopping for a moment, she held him in her hot, sucking, clutching mouth, pulling on him before she feverishly began to bob her face up and down on his massive pole.

"Oh, Fuck Mother," Steven groaned as he strained to keep from shooting off in her mouth, "STOP MOTHER STOP OR I'M GOING TO CUM!!!"

Hearing him plaintively pleading for her to stop, she did stop moving her head up and down and concentrated her efforts on his distended, threatening cockhead. Sucking on it and swirling it around inside her mouth, she nipped and teased it mercilessly.

"MOTHER, PLEASE, I CAN'T HOLD IT BACK," he moaned out in agony as he tried to hold back the imminent eruption.

"PLEASE, I CAN'TTTTTTOOOFFFFUUUCKKKKK!!!" he bellowed out as he thrust his cock into his mother's hot, sucking, clutching mouth.

As she felt him shove his penis into her mouth, she felt the huge barrel of his cock jerk and felt her mouth suddenly filled with his thick, hot, gooey boy-semen. Swallowing as fast as she could, she nursed down his rich, frothy cream as it gushed out into her mouth.

"Oh, FUCK, Oh, FUCK, I'M sorry, OH Fuck," Steven blubbered as he continued to ram his jerking, spewing prick into his mother's sucking mouth.

She could feel her son's mightily engine bucking and jerking over and over again and every time it did, she found her mouth once again filled with thick, hot, seed-laden silt. She tried to keep up with the river of cum, but soon it was leaking out around the throbbing, spurting barrel of his cock, running down her soft, curving chin and down her neck. Again and again, it fired, only to reload and fire again. It seemed like it had been shooting off for ten minutes, when finally, with one little shiver, it stopped.

"Oh, God, Mother, I'm sorry," Steven groaned as his mother continued to softly suck on his rapidly shrinking manthing, "I just couldn't hold it back."

At last, she let his heavy, indolent maleness slip from her mouth, letting it flop down onto the bed. Running her tongue around her lips, she licked up as much of his overflow as she could before running her finger around her mouth and wiping up the rest. Then, with his thick, cream cum dripping off her finger, she sucked into her mouth, cleaning it with her lips as she withdrew it.

"You have the sweetest love-cream," she smiled up at him as he raised his face up from her hot, wet woman-place. "It tastes like nectar from the gods."

"Oh, Mother, I' sor..." he started only to find his mother's finger on his lips, stopping him.

"For what?" she asked.

"You, uh, you know," he stammered shamefully, "cu, uh, coming in your, uh, in your mouth."

"I wanted you to," she smiled at him, lifting one leg and rolling around so that she lay next to him.

"Oh, Mother, I love you so much," he whimpered like the little boy he now was.

"I love you too, My Dearest Baby," she whispered, taking him into her arms and pulling him to her.

"This is the first day of our new love," she said softly, wrapping him in her motherly warmth and adoration, "now, go to sleep and regain you strength because we have so much more love to explore...together..."

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **Story Three – The Slippery Slope**

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An Erotic Fantasy from the pen of Baron Darkside...

### **THE SLIPPERY SLOPE**

Standing under the shower, Steven let the warm water splash down on him as he admired the nine-inch cock jutting out of his hairy groin.

A thrill of unimaginable anticipation shivered through him as he lathered the monster up and painstakingly washed it. It was ready now, he smiled to himself as he let the water wash away the bubbly froth. Ready for its pilgrimage to the shrine.

Slipping out of the shower, he quickly toweled off and stepped in front of the mirror. Hurriedly, he flicked the brush through his hair and then stepped back to admire his muscular eighteen-year old body. Tensing his muscles, he was pleased with their rippling hardness. The hours he had spent in the gym had been well worth it, he laughed to himself.

Finally, he reached down and grabbed hold of the monstrous organ jutting out of his groin. But this, this is my most proud possession, he told himself as he quickly stroked it to full hardness. And this was what he was about to share with the one he loved most. He didn't know how he knew she was waiting for him. She hadn't said a word about it, but somehow, he just knew.

It would be their first time. The first time they shared their love for each other in this most primitive of ways. They were about to satisfy the most primal of urges and bring love and pleasure to each other.

Another spasm of anticipation shot through his brain making his giant prick dance and jerk as he contemplated what they were about to share.

Stepping out of his room, he confidently strode down the hallway admiring the way his mighty weapon bounced and bobbed. It seemed to take forever, but at last he was standing in front of her door.

Reaching down, he whacked his cock a few more times just to make sure it was at full attention and then quietly opened the door.

There she was. Just as he had pictured her, she was lying on her back, her legs spread apart and spreading her pussy open with her fingers.

"You came," she whispered.

"Yes," he choked out as he gawked down at her pussy glistening wetly in the soft light.

"How did you know?" she murmured softly.

"I just knew," he wheezed, awkwardly stumbling toward her bed.

"You knew that I wanted you?" she asked him, delicately fingering the slippery wetness of her pussy.

"I knew," he gasped, stopping at the edge of the bed and openly staring down at her as she played with herself.

"I guess that I wanted you so badly," she moaned, "you could feel the passion all the way down in your room."

"Yes, Mother," he groaned. "I could feel you wanting me. Wanting it."

"Oh, yes," she said softly.

"And you wanted me, too," she smiled faintly, her eyes drifting down to his giant cock.

It was rock-hard, standing at full attention, pointing straight up at the ceiling and twitching with every beat of his heart.

"So much," he gurgled.

"I can see," she murmured softly.

"You're so wet," he muttered, watching her touch her bulging clitoris as juice oozed out of the core of her vagina.

"From wanting you," she mumbled, spreading her legs apart even wider. "I've been waiting for so long. I thought you would never come."

"I would've come sooner if I had known," he groaned.

"Now you know," she said, "and I'm, I'm so, so ready for you."

Slowly crawling onto the bed, he started to lower his mouth down to waiting pussy.

"Not now," she gurgled as he bent down over her, "I want you in me."

"But," he started.

"Later," she groaned, "You can later. Right now, I want to feel your giant cock in my hungry pussy."

Looking down at her, he crawled up until his huge cock bobbed up and down above her waiting cunt.

"Oh, God," she groaned reaching for him and frantically pushing his cock down to the wet, oozing gash between her legs.

"I didn't know you were so damned big," she muttered, roughly fitting the dripping head of his cock down into the slippery opening of her cunt.

The slippery round smoothness of his big dickhead slowly parted the thick, meaty lips that guarded the sanctity of his mother's cunt. Their fate was now sealed as he forced his purple-headed monster down into the slippery heat of the succulent sucking hole between his mother's gorgeous, long legs. He could feel the tight, clutching meat of her delicious gash collapsing down around his giant prick as it slithered deeper and deeper into the very core of her hallowed womanhood. He was growing into manhood inch by glorious inch as he pushed his cock into the boiling vat of his own creation. Recreating the sacred rite that had brought about his own birth, he savored the moment as he sent his aching hardness down, down, down into the delightful chasm of his mother's cunt. He could feel the tight churning squeeze of her pussy on his evil demon as it neared



the end of its journey into the fiery pit of his conception. Now the pilgrimage to the shrine of her motherhood was complete, he thought perversely as his belly gently nudged up against the soft, smoothness of her belly. They were one again, he groveled as the clenching ring of muscles encircling the juice-slickened opening of her pussy tightened down around the hairy base of his cock. Even though she had given birth to him, there was something virginal about her sweet pussy. And he was taking that virginity from her. They were no longer mother and son! They were now one body joined together in the locks of incestuous love. They were man and woman now. Man and woman making love. Making love in a way that was so different and wicked from the other love they had shared for so many years. Sick, depraved, wicked, incestuous love. Joining in a love so evil and twisted, it would scar them both for life.

But for this glorious moment, he would gladly suffer an eternity in hell, he thought as he slowly backed his huge, juice-drenched weapon out the clutching channel of his mother's drooling love-wound. It seemed to take forever to ease the thick, bloated shaft back until only the bulbous head of his dick remained inside the clutching tightness of her vagina. Then he once again slowly pushed the monster back down inside her waiting wetness. Using all of his will power, he inched it back into the sopping channel of her cunt until he was again buried all the way up to the hilt in the hot, sucking hole.

"Oh, Baby," his mother gushed, wrapping her arms around him and holding onto him tightly. "Fuck me, Baby. Fuck Mommy like a man."

Still wanting to savor the delicious passion of the moment, he held his peter shoved down inside her as she hungrily milked it with her cunt.

Grinding his pelvis into her and twirling the thick, swollen hardness around inside the hot, clutching tightness of her cunt, he leaned down and hungrily kissed her. Eating her lips, he raped her mouth with his tongue and tasted the harsh sweetness of her spit. He could feel her moving underneath him, digging her long, sharp fingernails into his back, exhorting him with her whole body. Begging him to fuck her.

Still he waited, wanting to drive her crazy with desire before he attacked her with such strength and force, it would overwhelm her. Overwhelm and drown her with his love for her. He wanted to dominate her, own her, make her his everlasting lover. Then he would never let another man touch her. He wanted to

possess every fiber of her being. Possess her as no man had ever possessed a woman before.

Kissing her and sucking the life from her soul, he could feel her quivering with need. At last, he tore his lips away and shamelessly stared down into the burning holes of her soul.

"Please, please, Baby," she pleaded with him, begging him to take her.

But with the patience of Job, he waited as he slowly raked his eyes down her body savoring the beauty spread out before him. Her face, angelically ravishing was now twisted into a grimace of desire as her full, red lips still glistened with his own spit. Long shimmering locks of hair spread out, ringing her head with a halo of gleaming gold and then cascaded down underneath her. Her breasts, delightful, soft mountains of smooth, flawless flesh and skin, brazenly rose up to meet his adoring gaze. She was a goddess, he told himself. His goddess and he would make such wonderful love to her she would never want to even look at another man.

Then he swept his eyes down over the tense tightness of her flat belly to the crowning glory of her womanhood. The swell of her pubis was as bald and smooth as a baby's skin as he reveled in the sight of the thick, meaty lips of her vagina wrapped around the almost hairless base of his cock. A shiver of perverse pleasure shot through his cock as he anticipated the final act of her violation.

"Please, for God's sake," his mother begged him, pushing and pulling on him with her hands, raking her legs up and down his body trying to get him to fuck her. "FUCK ME!"

Smiling arrogantly, he ever so slowly began to ease his dripping prick backwards, down the tight, clutching channel her cunt once again.

"Yes, Baby, yes, yes," she hissed as the giant, glistening monster emerged from her cunt.

"LIKE THIS!" He grunted, ramming all nine inches of his steel-hardened penis down into the waiting softness of her clenched cunt.

"Ohmygod," she gasped out in shock and surprise as he began to pound his cock down into her like a mad man.

He was a raving lunatic as he furiously drove himself down into her mercilessly. His hips worked back and forth like a steam engine as he pumped his prick down into the dripping, clutching wound between her legs.

"You like it," he spit out at her as he hammered his cock into her.

"God, yes, Baby," she whimpered, raking him with her claws as she threw herself up to meet the violent onslaught of his attack.

His giant, stiff prick was pistoning in and out of his mother's tight, sucking cunt at an unbelievable pace as he huffed and puffed to suck in enough air to fuel his rocking charge. But try as he could, he couldn't dominate her. For every stroke he pounded into her, she pleaded for more. As hard and fast as he was fucking her, she wanted him to pound his cock into her harder and faster.

Stunned by her ferocity, he found himself being consumed by her dominance. She was Mother. And she would always hold that power over him, he groaned working his hips back and forth maniacally as he tried to bring her under his command. He wanted her to come and admit to his dominance. She must capitulate first for him to be her man.

"Fuck me harder," she ordered him, pounding her heels into his bounding ass, kicking and goading him to fuck her harder.

"I can't, I can't," he blubbered senselessly, furiously slamming himself against her, driving his prick down into her hungry cunt all the way to the hilt with all the strength he could muster.

"More. More. More," she demanded, throwing herself up at him with such force, it almost knocked the breath out of him.

He knew he was beaten as he felt the stinging tightness in his flailing balls becoming overbearing. He couldn't hold back the explosion much longer. And when he did let it go, it would signal his defeat. His mother would have won. She had brought him to his knees before her sacred shrine. She had taken his manhood and conquered it with her hot sucking cunt. She had beaten his hardness with her softness and now she was going to suck the very essence out of his soul with her tight pussy.

"Aiiieeeeeee," he screamed out as he felt the massive pressure inside his burning

testicles rupture and give way.

As it did, a gigantic gush of cum burst out of his cock coating the wall's of his mother's vagina with its fiery heat.

"Yes, Yes, you did it," he heard his mother gasp.

And at that same instant her pussy locked down onto his cock imprisoning it inside her convulsing cunt.

It wasn't a total defeat, he clamored to himself. He had brought her with him to that glorious moment. Sharing that majestic communion with her as he emptied his aching balls into her hot, sucking cunt. They had come together. Come together in an incestuous draw. Neither of them the victor. Neither of them the loser.

It was wonderful again, he thought as he held his spurting cock buried inside the hot, milking hole of his mother's pussy. She was wonderful. She had taken all he could give her and had given it back to him in full. Maybe his cock would never stop erupting in the hot, clutching tightness of her wondrous womanhood. Knowing it couldn't, he groggily hoped it would. Hoped it would go on and on forever, wishing the monster go on kicking and spitting until it filled her and gave her life again. Life to nourish and carry inside her.

She must have a gallon in her already, he sickly thought as his prick continued to jerk and buck inside the tight sheath of her pussy. I don't want it to ever stop. Never, ever, ever...

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **Story Four – A Helping Hand**

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An Erotic Fantasy from the pen of Baron Darkside...

### **MOTHER LENDS A HELPING HAND**

Jason sped along toward the airport. He had just left the hospital after visiting his wife, Amy. Amy had been in and out of the hospital for the past three months. She was about to have their first baby and it wasn't going easy for her. Not to complain thought Jason as he wheeled into the parking lot, but it hadn't been easy on him either. Three months without any pussy, he fussed. God, he could almost feel Amy's hot, tight pussy squeezing down on his big, hard cock. He was so horny, he ached all over, especially down there. But he probably still had another six months before he would get any. Amy had given him head and hand jobs, but her hand and mouth couldn't replace a good old-fashioned fuck, he fussed. Damn, now I've got a hard on, he complained, jumping out of the car and

heading into the terminal.

Hope Mom doesn't notice it, he told himself striding through the terminal toward the gate where his mother, Brenda was arriving. God, it seemed like it had been years since he had seen her, but it had only been six months. Arriving at the gate, he saw that her plane hadn't landed yet, so he staked out a place where he had a good view of all the women walking past.

I can't wait to see Jason, Brenda tittered to herself. It had been a long six months since she had seen him. It was right after they had found out that Amy was pregnant. Smiling to herself, she wondered if he would recognize her. Since he had last seen her, she had, had a complete do over and had started dating.

Well, it's about time, she smiled to herself. It had been two years since George had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Two years was plenty of mourning. Not that she didn't love the old fool, but now it was time to get on with her life and start having some fun again. Besides, she was starting to feel a little too horny for her own good. And her dear, little vibrator could only handle so much. What she needed now was some good, hard cock. Why, even right now, she was feeling a little randy and had been checking out the nice, hard ass of the steward as he paraded up and down the aisle. And he was probably as queer as a three-dollar bill, she laughed to herself, pretending to smooth her dress as she ran her hand down between her legs where the bubbling caldron of desire simmered.

Watch it, she warned herself, easing her hand out from between her legs and turning her attention away from the stewards' tight, little ass. And besides, she was here to see her son, so she needed to get those kind of thoughts out of her head, she fussed. Looking out the window, she watched the clouds flash by as the plane flew lower and lower. Then after the clunking and rattling of the landing gear being lowered, she felt the plane flare and then heard the screeching of tires on the tarmac as a shudder ran through the airframe.

Well, we're on the ground safe and sound, she laughed to herself as she released her death-grip on the armrest and leaned back.

Jason watched his mother's plane touch down and whiz down the runway before finally slowing enough to turn off onto a taxiway. Smiling to himself in anticipation, he watched the plane slowly thread its way through the myriad of diverging and converging ribbons of concrete crisscrossing the airfield as it

leisurely made its way to the gate.

It took several minutes for the plane to dock and begin disembarking the passengers as Jason waited impatiently. Finally he saw the first passengers coming down the gateway toward the waiting area. Watching for his mother, he spied a gorgeous redhead sashaying down the aisle. She had one of those hourglass figures that women would kill for, and huge, wiggling breasts that were so large, they made her top heavy and it seemed like she would tip over any moment. Momentarily forgetting about his mother, Jason followed the redhead with his eyes as she strolled past him. Openly gawking at her, he feasted his eyes on her delectable derriere as it swished from side to side while the woman headed up the concourse.

Brenda came up the gateway looking for Jason, but didn't see him. But as her eyes searched the crowd for him, she did see a gorgeous hunk of a boy who was turned away from her ogling the redhead that every man on the plane had been leering at for the whole flight.

Brenda's eyes flitted down to the boy's round, hard ass wondering what he would be like in bed. God, with an ass like that, I bet he could really hammer it home, she groaned to herself. After a few moments, she reluctantly turned away from the boy and resumed her search for her son.

Grunting, Jason shook his head realizing that his hard on had returned and was now in full glory as he finally tore his eyes off the woman's ass and began searching for his mother again. Just as he turned back, he caught view of another delightful rear end proceeding up the gangway away from him. The woman had already passed him, but he still couldn't help but notice her body. She was a knockout, too, but not on the scale of the redhead. She was much older, but like a fine wine, she had aged well. She reminded him of his mother in some way, but this woman had shorter hair and was dressed much sexier than his mother would dress. Watching the woman's full, beautifully rounded butt sway from side to side for a few moments, he wondered what she would be like in bed. Full, soft and full of beautiful curves, he bet she would be a great fuck.

Directing all of his attention on her beautiful ass, he was just still watching when she stopped and turned back toward him. With the target of his admiration now hidden behind her, he lifted his eyes up to her face.

Oh, God, he groaned. It was his mother. Damn, he told himself blushing as he tried to smile but found his face frozen in a mask of shock. It was his mother and he had just imagined that she would be a great fuck.

"Oh, my, my, my, my," Brenda wheezed under her breath as she realized that the boy she had been admiring was her son, Jason. Her face turning a bright red, she tried to grin as he came bounding toward her. And to think, I was wondering what he would be like in bed, she shamefully thought, starting to step toward him.

They met and threw their arms around each other.

"God, Mom, you look great," Jason babbled, pulling her into his arms and giving her a big, hard hug. "Why, I barely recognized you."

As he hugged her, he couldn't help but notice the way her soft curves fitted into his body. Like two linking pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. And the soft fullness of her breasts pressing against his chest made him giddy with happiness.

He could only hope that she didn't notice the hard bulge of his cock as it dug into her belly.

"I hardly recognized you, too" she bubbled, hugging him against her.

As she hugged him, she couldn't help but notice the hard, swollen bulge of manhood pressed against her belly. My God, she swooned realizing that he had a hard on. But why was his cock hard? Why?

Well, he had been looking at her ass because she had seen his eyes shoot up from her ass when she had turned around. Could he have been thinking the same thing she had?

Oh, Goodness, she fumed, stop it and get control of yourself. He couldn't have, not her dear, little Jasey.

Knowing that his mother must be able to feel his erection, Jason diplomatically backed away from her.

"How's Amy?" Brenda asked him, stepping back and straightening her short skirt and blouse, trying to slice through the excitement swirling around them.



"Uh, getting tired of it all," Jason complained. "She just wants to have the baby and get back to the way things were."

"I can't say as I blame her," Brenda said, taking his hand and leading the way. "I remember how it was, but I didn't have such a hard time with you."

"Uh, yeah, uh, I guess," he stammered shyly.

"I only have a couple of bags, so hopefully it won't take too long," she remarked, smiling at his embarrassment.

"Not to worry," Jason smiled being tugged along by his mother. "We have all afternoon. Visiting hours aren't until five this afternoon."

"Good," she giggled childishly, "We'll have time to talk."

"Yeah," he said, clomping along behind her still obviously aware of her charming butt as it swayed from side to side delightfully.

Unaware of her son's admiring attention, Brenda led them through check out and pointed out her bags to Jason. Grinning happily, he gathered up her suitcases and led her out to the car. Throwing open the trunk, he threw them in and slammed the trunk closed. Walking around the car, he opened the door and held it while his mother got in. Once again, he couldn't keep from admiring her long, lovely legs as a large expanse of her bare thighs flashed when she tucked her legs up and slid in.

Why, I do believe he was looking at my legs, she told herself as he closed the door and walked around the car.

"So how have things been for you?" she asked him as they sped along the freeway.

"Uh, okay, I guess," he answered, not sure what she meant. "Just be glad when the baby comes and things get back to normal. What with Amy being in and out of the hospital for the past three months, things have been kind of messed up, if you know what I mean."

"I bet they have," she smiled, reaching over and lightly resting her hand on his thigh. "Well, don't you worry about a thing now, because Mommy is here to take

care of her little boy."

"Mom," he fussed half-heartedly, "in case you haven't noticed lately, I'm not a little boy any more."

"Oh, yes, I noticed," she said, a slight blush spreading over her face.

"Uh, I, uh, well," he fumbled, not knowing what to say and feeling uncomfortably self-conscious being around his mother for the first time in his life.

Was her remark about noticing that he wasn't a little boy any more in reference to his fucking hard on, he wondered as he drove along? Or was it just her way of telling him that she knew that he was grown up now?

An unfamiliar tension filled the car and neither of them spoke for the rest of the short trip to his house.

"Here we are," he smiled nervously, turning into the driveway.

"Oh, you've done some nice things with your yard," she said.

Jason got out and hurried around the car to her door. Jerking it open, he reached down to help her out.

She reached up and took hold of his hand and swung her legs around to step out of the car. As she did, her legs parted just enough to give Jason a brief, but exhilarating glimpse of frilly lace between her legs. Jason tried not to look, but failed miserably as he felt a jolt of electricity fire off inside his rigid, aching cock.

What was wrong with him, he wondered as he sickly savored the momentary flash of his mother's sexy panties. And what was wrong with her? Why was she wearing such provocative panties? Didn't she know that mothers weren't supposed to wear that kind of stuff?

As she slid out of the car, she saw Jason's eyes flit down between her legs. She also saw the look of excitement flit across his face. Why he must have seen my panties, she thought flustered by her son's obvious fascination with her body. What has gotten into him, she asked herself as she stood up and got out of the

car.

"It looks like you've spent a lot of time fixing the place up," she remarked, trying to divert the conversation away from anything that could even be construed as sexual.

"I had plenty of time what with Amy being in the hospital most of the time," he whined, lifting her bags out of the trunk.

"I'm sorry," she apologized for nothing in particular, just sad to see her little baby unhappy.

"Nothing you could do about it," he told her, carrying her bags into the house.  
"Just the way things are."

He showed her to her room and then they spent the rest of the afternoon chatting about old times. And around four-thirty they left for the hospital to see Amy and didn't get back to the house until nine.

"Well, I guess you've had a pretty long day," he told her.

"Yeah, kinda," she smiled sweetly. "Are you working tomorrow?"

"Nope, I'm off Saturday and Sunday," he grinned. "I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me all week end."

"Oh, Goodie, that's just what I wanted to hear," she giggled, leaning over to give him a peck on the cheek.

But as she did, her blouse fell open enough to give him a tantalizing glimpse of her breasts nestled inside the tantalizing, lacy half-bra she wore. He couldn't help but glance down at her big, billowing breasts that were almost completely exposed as her tiny brassiere only concealed the bottom half of the wondrous mountains of soft, pink flesh. So close, yet so untouchable he chastised himself as he felt her lips brush his cheek.

"Oops," she mumbled, knowing that he had seen her breasts as she quickly stood up and timidly straightened her blouse to hide her breasts once again.

Flustered, he wondered if it been an accident.

But it had to be because his mother would never tease him like that.

"What would you like to do this weekend?" she innocently asked, her face flushed with red. "Is there anything that you would like for me to do for you? Something I could do that Amy usually does, but can't since she's been in the hospital so much? You know something womanly."

Jeez, he groaned to himself, reading sexual connotations into her questions. But maybe she was just trying to be helpful. But maybe it wasn't an accident, he thought. Sure Mom, let's go to bed and fuck the way Amy and I used to do before she started having all the female problems. That would be fun. Don't you think? What do you say.

"What's wrong," she asked him when she saw that he was frowning.

"Uh, nothing, uh, I'm just, uh, oh, nothing," he grunted. "I'm just tired, I guess."

"Well, why don't we call it a day then," she smiled, leaning down and giving him another peck on the chin as he blouse flew open again and gave him another frustrating flash of her breasts.

"Damn," she cursed, grabbing her blouse and pulling it together, "I've got to fix that."

"Uh, yeah, uh, okay," Jason muttered.

He was so damned horny, his cock was always swollen and the brief glimpses of his mother's beautiful breasts had made his situation only worse.

"Night, night," she told him, standing up and strolling nonchalantly back toward her room.

"Uh, night," he grunted, watching the delectable switch of her delightful butt as she walked out of the room.

What in the hell was wrong with him, he wondered shuffling down to his room? Was he going crazy? Why was he having such thoughts about his mother? He had never done anything like that before. She was his mother. He should be horsewhipped for thinking what he was thinking. And making jokes about going to bed with her. He was a sick, sick boy.

But, what would you expect? He hadn't had any pussy in three months. He was as horny as a goat, but that still didn't excuse him for having such lewd thoughts about his mother. But even as he berated himself, the memory of her beautiful butt at the airport and the brief glimpse of her beautiful breasts flashed into his head. He had been able to see all the way down to her big, bulging nipples as they had lay exposed to him. Big, hard, rubbery nipples just made for sucking, he shuddered. And he had sucked on them once upon a time. He knew. Because his mother had told him that she had nursed him when he was a baby.

Shucking his clothes off, he stood beside his bed for a few moments looking down at his nine-inch cock that was jutting out proud and ready. But ready for what, he cussed. The only thing it was going to get tonight was his fist. Cursing his predicament, he flopped down on his bed and began to beat his meat. Well, if he couldn't use it, he would just have to beat it into submission.

Maybe he would like to go to a movie tomorrow, Brenda thought as she started to take off her blouse. I'll just run down and ask him, she smiled to herself as she hurriedly stepped over to her door. Quietly walking down to his room, she stopped outside his door for a moment. She thought she heard something, so he must still be up. Smiling fondly, she reached down and silently turned the doorknob. The door noiselessly opened a few inches as she peeked inside.

What she saw almost took her breath away. There was her baby, Jason lying in the middle of his bed with his hand wrapped around the largest cock she had ever seen. And he was roughly jerking his hand up and down the giant. For Heaven's sake, she almost said out loud as she watched her son masturbating. She wanted to turn and run away. Run back to her room and hide, but her legs wouldn't work. Straining, she tried to make them move, but they felt like they were glued to the floor. Overwhelmed, she found she could only stand there and stare as her son pleased himself with his hand.

Furiously stroking his huge cock, Jason thought about his mother in a most depraved manner. Why was thinking like this, he feverishly asked himself as his hand wildly flew up and down his cock. What would she look like completely naked? Trying to envision her naked, he felt light-headed and dizzy. What would it feel like to have his cock inside her pussy? Would it be hot and tight like Amy's pussy? God, he groaned as a jolt of excitement shot through his cock as he fantasized about his mother's pussy and tried to imagine what it would feel like to make love to her.

At last her felt his balls explode as he imagined his mother's hot, tight pussy clamp down around his throbbing penis.

"MOTHER," he groaned out as his cock spurted out a thick, gooey geyser of his cum high up in the air. "Oh, Mother."

Oh, My, God, she gasped unbelieving as she heard him utter her name. He had called out her name at the same time he started coming.

What was happening? This couldn't be happening to her. Jason couldn't be thinking about her while he was coming. It wasn't possible. Not her little Jasey. No, her ears were playing tricks on her. They had to be.

But no, she had definitely heard him cry out her name, she fumed as she watched on in horror and shock while his cock continued to spew out its wicked load. One after another, thick, steamy strands of glistening cum shot out from his cock for what seemed to be hours before it finally stopped spurting.

Stunned, Brenda watched on in shocked disbelief as Jason lay on his bed trying to catch his breath.

Suddenly, she realized she was gasping for breath, too. Shutting her eyes, she tried to calm herself down and finally felt the strength returning to her legs. After several moments, she finally gathered up enough strength to make her legs move and drunkenly staggered back down to her room.

She had just witnessed something she had never envisioned. She had never thought of Jasie doing anything like that. Doing that to his penis, why he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Oh, grow up, Brenda, she scolded herself. George had done it all the time. In fact, she had done it for George. She had masturbated him with her hand when she was pregnant with Jasie. Oh, for Christ's sake, don't be such a prude, she told herself, you've even did it to George with your mouth. You did it to him with your mouth and let him cum in your mouth.

So why was she so shocked when Jason did it? Amy was pregnant and Jasie didn't have anyone, so why wouldn't he do it?

Yeah, but the other part was the shocking part. Why would he call out 'Mother'?

Why wouldn't he call out for Amy? Unless, unless he wasn't thinking about Amy. Unless he wasn't thinking about Amy and was thinking about me while he was doing it. But why? Why would he think about me instead of Amy?

One side of her found it sick and disgusting to think that her own son was fantasizing about her while he masturbated. Oh, God, how could he? How could he think about her in that way? How could he think about her sexually? She could scarcely bring herself to even think about it.

But as she did, she couldn't help but wonder. She and him? What would it be like, she feverishly pondered as the image of the two of them in bed materialized in her head. Oh, God, no, it couldn't ever happen. It was ludicrous. What would he want with an old woman like me when he had a beautiful little wife? If it wasn't so ridiculously depraved, it would be comical to think that her son would want her over his young, beautiful wife.

But there had to be something there. Why else would he call out her name? It was just too much for her to take in. Amy had been sick an awful lot, she told herself. Sick with the baby, and probably couldn't make love so Jasie probably hadn't had any sex for quite a while. That would explain his masturbation, but not the fantasizing about me.

It wasn't like it had been with her and George. Why they had done it right up to the time Jason had been born. But she knew that with Amy's problems, she and Jason hadn't been able to have sex for at least three months. And what with her being in the hospital so much, she probably wasn't able to do it with her hands or mouth either. So her poor, little Jasey was totally without any sexual release at all. That was probably it, she tried to tell herself. And so I come to visit and he gets all emotional and just accidentally calls out my name while he is doing it.

I wish, I hope that's it, she lied to tell herself, but the seed had been planted by her hearing him call out for her as he did it to himself.

Somehow, she got undressed and into bed.

But, disturbingly, deep down inside her psyche, way deep down, in a place even

she was afraid to visit, a tiny spark of perverse excitement was born. Her son was thinking about her while he pleased himself. As sick as it was, it was narcissistically pleasing to know that he would think of her in that way.

She tried to go to sleep, but every time she was about to drift off into sleep, the picture of her son running his hand up his huge cock sprang back into her consciousness. She hated herself for even thinking about her little Jasie like that, but even she couldn't deny that he had a big, beautiful penis. It was a lot bigger than George's had been. Bigger and fatter. At last, around four in the morning, she was able to put the image aside long enough to fall asleep.

Before she had time to even dream, the sun was shining in her eyes and woke her up.

Fuzzyheaded, she stumbled out of bed, threw on her long, red gown, and fumbled her way out to the kitchen. She had planned on making breakfast for Jasie, but he had already beaten her to the punch.

"Here's your breakfast, Mom," Jason smiled at her as she walked in.

Wow, she looks like she didn't get any sleep at all, he told himself as she plopped down at the table.

"Uh, thanks," she mumbled, "I was going to fix you breakfast."

"That's okay," he smiled, reaching down and tousling her uncombed hair, "you can make breakfast tomorrow. But right now I'm off to visit Amy, so I'll see you later. Okay?"

"Uh, sure, uh, tell Amy hi for me," she mumbled. "Tell her I'm sorry I didn't get up in time to visit her."

"That's okay, I'm sure she'll understand."

"I'll see her this afternoon," she made an effort to smile.

"Uh, they're going to some kind of procedure this afternoon," he told her, unable to keep from dropping his eyes down to the swell of her breast underneath the thin material of her gown. "uh, and, uh, we, we won't be able to visit this afternoon."



"Oh," Brenda mumbled.

"Nice to have you home, Mom. I thought a lot about you last night," he told her, leaning down and kissing her on the cheek.

"Uh, oh, really?" she stuttered as her face lit up with embarrassment. "What about?"

"Just things," he grinned self-consciously sorry that he had even brought it up. "Well, I'll see you later and we'll do something. Okay?"

"Uh, sure, uh, what time will you be back?"

"Oh, around one or two, I imagine," he said, as he strolled toward the door.

"Okay," she said to him, watching him leave.

"Okay," she mumbled to herself in the silence of the quiet house after he was gone, "now what?"

She spent most of the morning thinking about what had happened the night before and by ten-thirty her mind was in a state of total chaos .

She didn't how to react to the situation. It was obvious to her that Jason wasn't having sex with his wife for obvious reasons and that was probably why he masturbated last night, but that still didn't explain why he uttered her name at the moment of truth.

Was he really fantasizing about her while he masturbated? She had heard that son's were all infatuated with mothers as children, but outgrew it. Well, most of them outgrew it anyway. Was Jasie one of the few that didn't? The thought of her son thinking about her sexually still shocked her and she didn't know what to do about it.

Or was there anything she could do about it?

What am I to do, she wondered as she wandered around the kitchen? I feel at such a loss. I feel so helpless. I wish I could help him somehow, but how. How, without doing something totally insane.

What if, she thought, what if he really did want to do it to her? The simple admittance of such a horrendous thought made her knees weak and she had to sit down to keep from collapsing onto the floor. Her dear, little Jasie and her doing it? Oh, God, it was inconceivable.

Then she remembered that Jason kept a bottle of booze in the cabinet. Stumbling over to where he kept it, she fumbled open the door and saw that there was almost a full bottle of vodka on the shelf. Quickly, she dashed out half a glass and poured it down. The stinging bite of the liquor nearly took her breath away as she stood clinging onto the counter and gasping for breath. But after a few moments, she felt the relaxing warmth of the alcohol spreading out over her body.

Taking the bottle and the glass back over to the table, she sat down and chugged down a second shot of liquor.

The liquor did its job and with in a short time, her conscience found itself drowning in the deadening swirl of alcohol.

But, what , what if, just once, just because Amy couldn't do it for him, what if, what if she did it for him with her hand just this one time when he needed it so bad. He needed it and, and, and he had been thinking about her while he did it.

So, if she did it for him, maybe that would satisfy his curiosity about her. That way, she could satisfy him and nothing really bad would happen. Just a little bad.

Smiling to herself and imagining what it would be like to do it for him, she suddenly found herself growing excited.

Now that she was considering doing it for him, she found herself considering her own feelings. Maybe her feelings were the real reason she had even thought over such an impossible thing.

But maybe she was just as bad off as he was.

He hadn't had any sex for three months. She hadn't had any for two years. Maybe he sensed it, too. Maybe that was why he had thought about her. Hadn't she read that women exuded some kind of scent when they were in heat and men subconsciously picked up on it? Could that be it? Had Jasie unconsciously been enticed by her scent?

Could that really be it, she asked herself, picking up the bottle and glass and wandering through the house? She was really paying any attention to where she was going as she walked around sipping on her drink and trying to figure out what to do.

Suddenly, she realized that she was in their room. In Jason and Amy's room. Looking around, she walked over to the chest of drawers and pulled open one of the drawers. There before her lay Amy's intimates all folded nice and neat. It was like an omen. As if something was guiding her. Guiding her and showing her what to do. Like an answer to her dilemma, she thought as she reached down and delicately lifted out a sheer purple pull over. Holding it up, she saw that it had 'Victoria's Secret' written across the front of it.

Holding it in her hand, she saw a matching pair of panties had been lying underneath it. I wonder, she thought to herself. Would it fit her? But why would she want to wear it any way. It was far too revealing to wear around Jason. Unless, unless, maybe, it would. If she was going to do it for him with her hand, wouldn't he like to see her dressed in a sexy outfit.

No, no, I couldn't.

Well, maybe I'll just try it on to see if it fits, she smiled to herself. Then I'll take it off before he gets home.

Smiling happily, she reached down and daintily plucked the panties up.

But when she lifted the panties, she saw that they had been covering a stack of pictures.

Glancing at the pictures, she abruptly realized that the pictures weren't ones you would find in the family album. At least the top one wasn't, she blushed, picking it up as if it were made of the most fragile glass in the world. Brining it up in front of her face, she gawked at it not believing what she was seeing. There in the picture was Amy, Amy with a huge, hard cock in her mouth. And based on the size and shape of the cock, she realized that it was obviously Jason's oversized prick.

"Oh, My, God," she gasped dropping the 'Victoria's Secret' ensemble and snatching up the rest of the pictures.

In the next one, Jason had his huge cock stuffed down into Amy's almost hairless little pussy. Then there was one of Amy with Jason's cock in her hand, and another of Jason squeezing Amy's tits.

Mine are bigger, Brenda inanely thought. Mine may sag more, but they're bigger.

Then another picture of Jason and Amy doing it dog style and then a shot of them doing it in the '69' position. As disgusting as the pictures were, Brenda was perversely excited by them.

But the pictures of her baby and his big, hard cock were having the most telling effect on her as she suddenly felt herself growing warm and sticky down between her legs.

She could see why Jason would miss having sex with his little wife, she told herself. They did it every way imaginable. The same as she and George had done back in their day.

Strangely, this made her envious of her daughter-in-law and jealous of her little Jasey.

It didn't seem fair that Amy had Jason and wasn't capable of satisfying him and Brenda didn't have anyone. And now, none of them was having any. Why should Jasie be deprived of it while his wife was incapable of satisfying him? It's not like he would be cheating on her or anything. Not if he did it with his own mother, would it? They would just be sharing him. Sharing him and making sure that he was happy. After all, wasn't that what they both wanted. For Jason to be happy.

With trembling fingers, she re-stacked the pictures and replaced them atop the rest of Amy's lingerie. Then with a smile on her face, she picked the purple pullover and panties back up. Looking down at her watch, she saw that it was ten after twelve.

"Perfect," she mumbled out loud.

She quickly poured herself another three fingers of vodka and gulped it down. As she poured the second drink, she could hear the bottle tinkling against the glass because of her shaking hand.

Carrying it with her she hurried down to the bathroom. Putting the glass down beside the filmy, purple lingerie, she stripped down and turned the shower on.

Stepping into the shower, she turned and reached up, hooking her hands over the top of the shower curtain and looked at herself in the mirror.

(Brenda1)

Could she seriously be considering this, she asked herself, staring at the image of herself in the mirror? Why not, I think Jasie might find his Mom still attractive. Apparently something had turned him on last night or he wouldn't have masturbated thinking about her.

Hurriedly washing, she perversely found herself paying particular attention to her nether regions. What are you doing, she giggled to herself, you said you were just going to masturbate him? Why are you washing down there so carefully? She didn't have an answer for herself as she hurriedly finished her shower.

What would he think? What would he do when he saw her dressed in Amy's naughty, little pullover and panties? But I thought you weren't going to wear it, she told herself. Ignoring her own conscience, she wondered if he would think his forty-five year old mother was foolish for trying to act like his twenty year old wife? Amy has a better-looking body, she complained, but mine has more character. It's been around a lot longer. It's aged. Aged like a fine wine, she laughed to herself giddily.

I don't think he will mind a few years, she giggled, letting the booze take the edge off her doubts. Was it really this simple? She was going to masturbate her own son and somehow justify it as something that was normal and right.

God, she groaned, patting down the furry rift between her legs. If I could do that, could I to let my own son fuck me. How evil and wicked can I be? But, I love him. Doesn't that make it okay? You stupid bitch, she told herself. You can't believe that what you're going to do is in any way sane or right or rational. If you jerk him off or fuck your own son. Your own son. The fruit of your own loins. It's not right, so face it, you're doing it because you want to do it. You want to feel a big cock in your hand. You want to feel his big cock inside your pussy. All

the other is just BS that you're using to try and justify it. So stop all the pretense and just do it. There's nothing that will ever make it good and right. Knowing that, you have to make the choice. Do it and live with the consequences or stop it right now and go about your business like any sane, caring mother would do.

Jason walked in the back door and placed the sack of Kentucky Fried Chicken on the table.

"Mom, I'm home," he hollered out as he opened the sack and peeked inside.

(Brenda2)

Brenda slipped into the kitchen and leaned back against the wall by the door unnoticed, as Jason was busy poking around inside the bag. She was trembling with nervous trepidation as she cocked one leg and ran her hand down her quivering thigh. Hoping he wouldn't laugh at her, she cleared her throat and spoke.

"Hi," she said in the most sultry voice she could muster up as her heart was beating so fast and hard, it threatened to explode at any second.

What would he do, she frantically wondered, as everything suddenly ground down to slow motion? She waited as he turned his head toward her. She saw his eyes flare open as their eyes met for a moment, then he immediately dropped them down to her bulging breasts that were clearly visible through the thin material of Amy's pullover.

"Mom, God, Jeez, uh, Mom, what in the," he clamored as he ran his eyes up and down her body openly feasting them on her near nakedness. "Is, is, isn't that, isn't that Amy's, uh, Amy's thing?"

"Uh, yes, yes," she quavered in her sexiest voice, hoping her voice didn't break as she spoke, "I, uh, I didn't, I didn't think you would mind if I borrowed it for a while. You don't mind do you?"

She could see the confusion in his face as his eyes flitted from her face down to her bosom then down to her panties and back up to her face.

Jason didn't know what to think. What was she doing? Why was she standing there in Amy's see-through thing and letting him look at her? God, he could see her big, beautiful tits through the thing material. And her nipples, he could see her hard, jutting nipples poking out against the gauzy cloth. But why were her nipples hard. Was she excited?

"Mother, what, what are, what are you doing?" he muttered barely able to keep his eyes off her big tits.

"I told you I came here to help out while Amy is, uh, uh, indisposed," she smiled tensely.

"But, why, why are you wearing that?" he gulped, his eyes flitting back down to his mother's lovely tits. "I, I, uh, I can see, see your breasts."

"You can?" she said faking surprise and looking down at her breasts that were clearly visible through the thin, purple material. "Oh, I guess that you can."

"Didn't you know that?" he asked in disbelief.

(Brenda3)

"Well," she smiled, leaning forward on the counter and letting one of the straps slowly slide down off her shoulder. "I guess I did."

"But why?" he wanted to know.

"I guess that I wanted you to see my breasts," she smiled at him. "I want to do something for you. And I thought, I thought you might like for me to dress like this while I do it."

"But Mother, what, why, I don't understand," he stammered, sweat slowly popping out on his forehead.

"I saw you last night," she said, watching the shock splash across his face. "I saw you doing it to yourself last night and I heard you call out my name."

"Oh, No, Oh, God," he groaned. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I didn't know."

"I wondered why you would call out my name instead of Amy's," she said, bravely staring him in the eye. "Why did you?"

"I don't know. I don't know. It just came out, I guess," he muttered.

(Brenda4)

"Were you thinking about me while you were doing it?" she asked him leaning forward a little more and letting the strap completely slide down her arm revealing one of her big, heavy tits. "Were you thinking about these?"

"For Christ's sake, Mother," he grunted openly ogling her gorgeous tit.

"Were you?" she asked him again, standing up and letting the other strap go sliding down her arm until both of her big, pendulous tits were exposed to his hungry view.

(Brenda5)

"God, mother, what are you doing?" Jason groaned, feeling like his cock was going to split right down the middle from all the excitement that was coursing through it.

"I told you that I want to do something for you," she said softly slowly walking toward him, letting the top go slithering to the floor.

"What? What?" he gasped openly gawking at her big, dangling breasts as they jiggled heavily with each step.

"I want to do it for you with my hand," she smiled, reaching the table where he stood quaking in shock and disbelief.

"Mom," he panted, wanting to reach out and take her beautiful tits in his hands, "Mom, I, I don't, I don't know what to, to say."

"Would you like for me to do that for you," she asked, slowly reaching out and



delicately running her finger down the obvious bulge in his pants.

"Oh, God, Oh, God, yes," he groaned straining to keep from grabbing hold of her.

"Where, where would you like to do it?" she asked him, rubbing his cock through his pants with her fingers.

"Uh, uh, I, uh, I don't, uh, know," he stammered knowing that his cock was going to erupt at any second if she didn't stop.

"Would you, you like to do it just like last night," she murmured, "except I would do it for you? In your room? In your bed?"

"Yes, yes, anywhere," he whined as he felt her take his hand in hers.

He followed along behind her like a little boy being led to the woodshed, not knowing what to expect. What was happening was beyond his wildest dreams. His mother was going to beat him off with her hand. Oh, fuck, he wouldn't last two seconds. But what a wild and wicked two seconds, he told himself as he adoringly admired the gloriously naked cheeks of his mother's ass. It was completely bare except for the thongish crotch of Amy's panties. And that was the only thing keeping his mother from being totally naked. That was the only thing that was hiding the forbidden treasure of her cunt from him. If only. Could he? Could he entice her to let him do it to her? Would she let him fuck her, he feverishly wondered as they entered his bedroom.

She led him over to his bed and gently pushed him down on it. Then she knelt down in between his legs and slowly unfastened his pants. As he helplessly watched on, she leisurely spread his pants open and gently tugged them down his legs until they lay in a puddle at his feet. Then with trembling fingers, she ever so slowly pulled his shorts down exposing his twitching, jumping prick.

"You have such a beautiful penis," she whispered, pushing his shorts down around his ankles. "I'm sorry that you don't get to use it the way you're supposed to. But I want to try and make you feel a little better."

"God, Mom," he groveled as he watched her slowly reach down and wrap her hot, little hands around his cock's thick, hard shaft.

Slowly, she squeezed down around it and began to slide her hand up and down his monstrous cock.

"Does that feel better?" she asked him, casually running her hands up and down the meaty slab of meat.

"Mom, I, I can't last very, very long," he panted as he strained to hold back and shoot his wad while her hands moved up and down more determinedly.

"Go ahead, Jasie," she panted, breathing hard as she found herself caught up in the growing excitement swirling around them. "Let it go. Let me make you come."

That was just too much for him and a spasm of pure, sweet pleasure abruptly tore through his cock.

"Mother," he groaned out in the agony of rapture.

She felt his cock jerk in her hands and knew that the moment was here. He was coming. She wanted him to let go. Let go and empty his fiery load as she coaxed him on with her hand. But she wanted to do more for him. Make it even better for him. He had been deprived for so long, she wanted to make it wonderful for him. She wanted to please him as much as she could. Then almost before she even knew what she was doing, she quickly dropped her head and sucked his erupting cock into her mouth.

"OHFUCKINGOD," Jason screamed out in anguish as he felt his mother's hot, sucking lips encircle his exploding prick as she greedily sucked him into her mouth.

His mother was sucking him off with her mouth.

Jason knew he was going to die of sheer, wicked pleasure any second as he gawked down at her with her head buried in his lap while she sucked on his cock. Then another jolt of perverse delight tore into his brain as he saw her throat working up and down swallowing his sperm-rich semen. His mother was sucking on him and swallowing his cum. It wasn't happening, he told himself. It was some nightmarish dream and he was going to wake up any second and find himself drenched in his own cum.

But he didn't wake up and it didn't end as his gigantic peter kept firing off, spurting gob after gob of his hot, clinging cum into his mother's mouth. Again and again and again, the monster lurched and spewed out gusher after gusher of hot, thick cum into her mouth, but she took every drop without complaint, sucking and pulling on him to coax out more of his sweet, hot jism.

Gasping for breath, Jason felt as if his mother's ravenous mouth was going to suck him inside out as she gluttonously devoured his throbbing, spurting manhood. He had never felt anything so exquisitely gratifying in his whole life. It was as if all the sex he had, had before had been just a preliminary leading up to this single event in his life. His whole body felt like it was melting and pouring out into her wonderful, hot mouth.

How long could he keep coming he asked himself.

Then, disappointedly he felt the tremors of pure, unadulterated pleasure coursing through his cock begin to dissipate. Each explosion that went off inside his cock grew weaker and weaker until at last they stopped altogether leaving him gasping for breath and wracked with shame.

What was wrong with him, he feverishly asked himself. He had just come in his mother's mouth and loved every last second of it, but how could he have done it. How could he defile her in such a way? It had been exhilarating. And he knew he should be ashamed, but now, even after emptying his balls into her mouth, he felt strangely unfulfilled. Now he needed more. He needed to show his mother how much he loved her for doing this for him. He needed to show her how much he cared for her. But to do it, he would have to defile her again and in an even more despicable way. He would have to make love to her. Make love to her and show her how much he loved her.

"Oh, Mother," he groaned, struggling to his feet and kicking off his pants and shorts.

Looking up at him wonderingly, she watched on mesmerized as he frantically reached down and pulled her to her feet

"What? What, Baby?" she asked, startled by his sudden resurgence.

Looking on in surprise, she watched him fall to his knees before her. And before she could react, he reached out and roughly jerked Amy's panties down her long,

lovely legs. Paralyzed by the perception of what he was doing, she gawked on tremulously as Jason quickly prompted her to lift her feet so that he could slip Amy's panties off over her feet. Then, he stood up facing her with her daughter-in-law's panties in his hand. Staring into her eyes, he lifted the wisp of material up to his nose and took in a deep breath through his nose.

Wickedly savoring the delightful fragrance of his mother's womanhood that permeated his wife's panties, he quickly tossed them aside and gently pushed his mother down onto the bed.

"Jason, we can't," she mumbled but made no pretense of resistance as he pushed her legs apart and crawled up between them.

"I have to Mother," he cried, reaching down and taking hold of his still-hard cock. "I have to have you, Mother."

"But," she started to protest as he quickly threaded the bulbous head of his cock down between the fat, fleshy lips of her drooling cunt.

"Unhhh," she moaned as she felt her son's monstrous penis sliding down into the juice-drenched channel of her tingling pussy.

Oh, no, it went too far, she frantically told herself as she felt him pushing himself into her. I led him to this. We shouldn't do this. But, but, I want it, too, she wept to herself. I want him, too.

Suddenly, before Brenda thought it was possible, her son had all nine inches of his huge penis buried up to its hairy hilt down inside the hot, clutching core of her cunt.

"Fuck," he grunted, dragging the juice-coated shaft of meat backward as he began to work his hips back and forth dragging his fuck-engine in and out of her pussy with power and strength.

He was fucking his mother, he frenziedly thought. He couldn't believe it. Fucking His mother. Fucking her. It was too unbelievable. How could it be happening he asked himself as he drove his cock into her with deep, penetrating strokes?

He was fucking her and she wasn't resisting. She was taking all he could give her

without a murmur of protest. She was taking it and she was squeezing on his cock with her pussy. She must be enjoying it, he deliriously thought as he felt her cunt milking his cock. She was taking him inside her and liking it.

Oh, God, Brenda told herself as she clasped her hot, aching cunt down around her son's giant, pistoning cock, clutching down on it every time it slashed down into her cunt. I love it. I love the feel of his giant prick inside me.

As he humped his cock into her, she threw her legs up and wrapped them around his waist. Then, without missing a stroke, Brenda began to shove her cunt back on him, impaling herself all the way to the hilt on his giant love-sword every time he slammed the monstrosity into her. She had never felt anything like it. It was too good to be true.

Her baby was fucking her. He was fucking her and it felt so good. So good to have her pussy full of his big, hard cock. Her son's big, hard cock. Now she truly knew what ecstasy felt like, she slavered.

He was magnificent. He was so strong and confident, she thought in wonderment. Her little Jasie, she swooned, reaching up and wrapping her arms around his neck. Holding onto to him tightly, she let herself be carried along as he fucked her with deep, bold, flesh-splaying strokes.

The bed rocked and shook, threatening to collapse at any second as he furiously pounded his cock into his mother's pliant pussy. He was a madman gone completely berserk and out of control as he attacked her fertile garden with his giant plow. Grunting and groaning with the exertion of his work, he plowed her slippery furrow over and over again preparing to accept the evil seed he would soon implant in it.

Swept along by the sheer wickedness of their heinous act, they both fought for dominance over the other as their bodies locked together in lewd, incestuous combat. Neither would give a concession as their bodies smashed together vulgarly consummating their wicked wedlock. They fucked like wild animals with no concern except for their own selfish gratification.

On and on, she drove him. She spurred him on with every fiber of her body. Her hands slashed up and down, raking his back and bounding buttocks with her razor sharp claws. Her bare feet slashed back and forth in rhythm with the demonic tempo of their fornicating bodies as she dug her soft, round heels down

into his rocking ass goading him to drive his thick, heavy meat deeper and deeper into the clutching chasm of her hot cunt. Grinding her big, soft tits into his hard chest, she found his mouth with hers as their lips met and melted into one.

Hungrily, they savagely kissed while their bodies writhed in an obscene pantomime of forbidden love. Their tongues met, intertwined and locked in a sinuous dance of devilish delight as time seemed to stop.

Eating his face, she led him down the illicit path to their destruction as they fucked and fucked. Mother fucking son and son fucking Mother. Man fucking woman and woman fucking man. Lover fucking lover. Still they fucked, sweat pouring from every pore of their bodies as his cock slashed in and out of her love hole over and over again.

There seemed to be no end to their wickedness as his giant peter repeatedly penetrated the tight, clenching inner core of her ravenous cunt.

Insatiably consuming him with her body, Brenda drove him on and on, demanding more and more of him as their lips finally parted..

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Fuck me and make me come," she whispered desperately, nibbling on his earlobe with her sharp teeth.

Her hands were all over him. Pushing, pulling, scratching, clawing at him, she urged him on.

Jason couldn't believe the way his mother was acting. She had turned into an enraged wildcat madly attacking him as she sought gratification. Never in a million years would he have believed the passion and fury she possessed. And now she had unleashed it on him, dragging him down with her to the hellish delights of their incestuous adultery.

Grunting with effort, she continued to rock back and forth, impaling herself on his pistoning cock as he furiously pounded it into her compliant pussy.

"Fuck me, yes, fuck me, give me all your big, fucking cock," she blathered, grabbing hold his ass with her sharp claws and jerking him back and forth faster and faster.

Jason growled out in frustration as he fought to bring her to the fiery culmination she sought so frantically.

"Yes, yes," she hissed, digging her fingernails deeper into the stinging flesh of his ass, "feel it, feel it coming, harder, baby, fuck me harder."

Jason didn't know if he had it in him as he somehow found the last gear and began to pound his peter into her with such ferocity his ass became a blur. His gigantic prick was once again steel-hard as it tore into the soft, clinging heat of her ravenous cunt.

"Come, Mother, come," he wheezed, working his hips back and forth like a wild man.

"Almost, almost, feel it, nearly there," she panted breathlessly, flailing herself against him.

Jason knew that he could only last a few more seconds as the burning pain in his balls was about to drive him crazy. He couldn't hold it back any longer.

"OHFUCKINGGOD!" Brenda cried out in anguish as her whole body went rigid.

As she did, she threatened to crush it her son's giant peter inside the hot, contracting constriction of her cunt that collapsed down around it with such strength, it triggered his explosion.

Jason felt like the head of his cock had exploded and blew apart as a fiery wad of his man-lava shot out of it. He had never felt such intense pleasure from anything ever. It felt so good, it hurt, he thought as he felt his gigantic penis going off inside the tight chamber of his mother's hungry cunt.

Brenda was still as rigid as a board, her back arched and her breasts thrust up against Jason's chest as her body was wracked by spasm after spasm of unimaginable pleasure.

How could anything so wrong feel so god damned good, she asked herself as she reveled in the devilish joy welling up from her heart. Two years of sexual repression had been broken and was now manifesting itself in the most exquisite orgasm she had ever experienced. She couldn't move. All she could do was hold

on to Jason and let the flaming passion of her climax run its course as her body was battered and washed about by the ecstatic pleasure pouring through it.

"Oh, fuck," Jason grunted out, driving his mammoth prick down deeper into the hot, sucking hole between his mother's legs.

She could feel his enormous penis going off inside her and fought to speak and finally felt some sense of strength returning to her.

"Yes, yes, yes," she hissed, pulling on his cock with all the power her cunt could muster as she felt it continue to go off inside her.

Like a giant firehose, Jason's prick poured out its lethal load of fiery cum into her. Kicking and bucking, it poured out a river of his scorching cum, quickly filling her cunt to the point of overflowing. But it continued to spew out its toxic load as he held himself buried down deep inside the scorching tightness of his mother's love wound.

Clinging together like a pair of castaways awash on a sea of wickedness, they celebrated in their newly discovered intimacy.

Kissing him all over the face with tiny, loving butterfly kisses, Brenda didn't want him to ever stop loving her like this. They had found each other anew and created a new love that was even stronger than the one they had before. She wanted to tell him how much she loved him, but words seemed so insignificant for what she felt in her heart for him. But somehow, she would find a way to tell him. Somehow. Some way. She would, she swore.



**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

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***Black Friday - Erotica***

***Whore Queen - The Garden Gates***

***Trailer Trash - Oreo***

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***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***

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*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***