

Double Damn Dare You

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

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Double Damn Dare You

It was one of those sultry, steamy days of summer. Hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk. Hotter than two fat bitches fighting over a cheeseburger as Addie got home and walked into the oven-like heat of the house.

"What in the hell's going on? "Why isn't the air conditioner on?" she asked Sam, her eighteen-year-old son, who was sitting at the kitchen table wearing a pair of shorts and nothing else.

He had a beer sitting in front of him as sweat ran down his face and chest, wetting the waistband of his shorts.

"Beats the hell out of me," he grunted, lifting the beer and taking a gulp of the cool brew letting it soothe his parched throat.

"What's wrong with it?" she asked again, tossing her business jacket on the couch and picking up his beer.

"I tried the fuses, the circuit breakers and everything else I could think of," he muttered, wiping his forehead. "The fuck, uh, damned thing just doesn't work."

"Watch your language, there, Samuel," she warned him, turning his beer up and finishing it. "I guess I'd better call the AC guy then."

"Already did," he told her, standing up and heading for the fridge, "said it would be at least Monday before he could make it. Friday night's not a good time for an air conditioner to break down. So we've got at least a couple more days without it."

"Crap," she complained, fanning herself with her hand as she fiddled with the thermostat. "Well, give me another one of those beers. Maybe that'll help cool me off."

"Sure," he grunted, throwing the fridge open. "At least we got plenty of that."

"Good. Where's our fan?" she asked giving him one of her rare smiles.

"Damn, Mom, you smiled," he laughed handing her the beer. "I forgot all about the fan. I think it's in your room."

"Well, don't get greedy. I only have so many smiles to give up," she frowned back at him, popping the top of the beer and turning it up.

"How was work today?" he asked her.

"At least we had air conditioning," she complained, sitting down on the couch.

"Yeah, we had it at school, too," he muttered, running the frosty bottle across his forehead.

"I feel like I'm about to melt," she griped, taking a long swig of her beer. "Um, that's good stuff."

"That's for sure," he quipped, popping open his beer and finishing it in one long swig.

"Damn that beer tasted good, think I'll have another one – to cool down. You want another one while I'm up?"

"Yeah, why not, I guess we better drink it up before the fridge goes on the blink and the beer gets warm," she laughed again.

Addie turned the second beer up and mimicked her son by finishing it in one, long gulp. Setting the beer bottle down, she reached down and started to pull her blouse up over her head.

Sam reached inside to get another pair of beers and as he did, out of the corner of his eye, he saw his mother pull her blouse up over her head.

It was going to be another one of those nights, he told himself. She was going to strip down to her bra and panties and parade around without a care in the world. In the meantime, he would have to watch her and get another one of his perpetual erections. One of these days he would just have to tell her how much it bothered him for her to run around the house half-naked. She acted like he was just a piece of furniture and didn't have any feelings. Yeah, one of these days, he told himself, popping the tops of the two brews. But not tonight.

Closing the refrigerator door, he turned around. Standing there with the two beers in his hands, he watched his mother struggling to get her long, black pants off.

He stopped and watched as she leaned forward. Her nice, saggy tits threatened to spill out of her simple, white brassiere any second. And then he felt it. He was getting hard again. Already getting another frigging erection. He knew that he shouldn't get hard watching her, but jeez, she hardly had anything on. He continued to stand and watch as she got her pants off and pitched them on the couch. Then she started to pull her pantyhose off.

Seeing him watching her, she stopped.

"What?" she asked, standing there with her thumbs hooked in the waistband of her pantyhose staring at him.

"Are you going to strip down naked and parade around the house that way again?" he groaned.

"No," she said tauntingly. "It's hot and I'm going to get out of these damn pantyhose. They're hot as hell."

Sam didn't say a word. He just stood there staring at her as she pushed her pantyhose down to mid-thigh exposing the sheer front panel of her panties.

"Jesus Christ, Mother," he exclaimed.

"Now what?" she grunted.

"I can see your short and curlies through your panties," he complained, staring down at the nest of furry, brown curls that showed through the see-through front of her panties.

"Well," she frowned, looking down and seeing that he was right. "Stop looking, because it's too frigging hot to put anything else on, especially with the fucking, uh, bleeping air conditioner on the fritz."

"Aw, keerist," he whined watching her push her pantyhose the rest of the way down her long legs.

"Oh, grow up," she remarked, tossing her pantyhose on top of her other discarded clothes.

"Damn it, Mom," he complained, "that's the problem. It was okay for you to run around half-naked when I was a kid. But I'm a growing boy now and, and it's different. It makes things, uh, uh, it makes things hard on me, if, if you know what I mean."

"What," she snapped, her eyes momentarily dropping down to the now obvious bulge in his shorts. "Oh, for goodness sakes, Samuel, I'm your mother. You're not supposed to act like that."

"Hey," he groaned. "I ain't trying to do it. It just happens when I see you running around half-naked. I can't stop it."

"Oh, give me that beer and make that thing go away," she told him, reaching out for her beer.

"Well, put some frigging clothes on and it might go away," he grunted, shoving her beer at her.

"It's too god damned hot, so get used to it," she snorted, grabbing the beer and flopping down on the couch.

"Well, get used to my woody, then," he sneered at her.

Sam grumbled his way over to the television and turned it on. He was surprised that his mother's reaction to his hard on had been so mild. He would have thought she would have gone through the roof. Maybe it was the two beers on an empty stomach, he told himself half listening to the weatherman on the news.

"Damn," his mother griped frowning at the television, "it's going to be this way all weekend."

"Double, damn it," he groaned, "and no frigging air conditioner. I'll melt."

"Guess, I'll have a refill on the beer and break out the fan," she said, chugging down the rest of her beer."

"Nother one?" Samuel asked, finishing his off, too. The rate they were going they were going to be fall down drunk before the night was over.

"Sure," she said, giving him another one of her infrequent smiles. "What else is there to do? Friday night and no place to go."

"Damn, Mom, two shmiles in one night, dat's a record," he smirked plodding over to the fridge.

Oops, he told himself. I'm already feeling the beers, too. And the night was very, very young. Better start pacing yourself or you'll be stinking, fall-down drunk by eight. And his mom, she was only one beer behind him. Wonder if she was getting tipsy, too. Maybe he could get her drunk and talk her into stripping or something, he laughed to himself.

Pulling the two beers out, he turned and watched his mother set up the fan and turn it on.

"Ah, that's better," she said, reclaiming her place on the couch. "Not much, but some. Want to join me?"

"Sure," Sam smiled tramping over to the couch and handing his mother a beer.

"Guess I'll finish this one and then I'll fix us some supper," she told him taking the frosty bottle from him. "Too much beer on an empty stomach can cause a person to do weird things."

"Really?" Sam laughed, tipsily.

"Really," she smirked back at him.

"Like what?" he grinned at her.

"You know it's not fair," she retorted, ignoring his question and taking a long swallow of her beer.

"What's note fair?" he asked her a silly, foppish grin on his face, as he sneaked a glance down at her brassiere.

"You guys get to run around without your shirt or nothing on," she said, studying the beer in her hand, "and we womens has to always cover ourselves up."

"Not on a count a me," he snickered, giving her a leering grin as he turned his beer up and finished it.

"Sam'l Divens," she snorted, "What's getting into yuh?"

"Nuttin," he smirked, lurching to his feet and heading for the fridge. "Nother one?"

"Hell, why not," she muttered, "Ain't nothing else gwan on."

Trying to walk as straight as he could, Samuel weaved over to the fridge and threw it open. Trying to clear his head a little, he grabbed a couple of ice cubes and ran them across his forehead.

Pulling out two more beers, he popped them open and trudged back over to where his mother sat.

"So, if it bothers you sumuch," he mumbled with an evil smile flitting across his mouth, "why don't you just take it off."

"What? What 'er you talkin' about? Take what off?"

"Ya know. Take yer frigging bra off if it bothers ya sumuch."

"Wh, wh, Sam'l Devins, I never," she stammered, reaching out and taking the beer from him. "You're getting a little big fer yer britches."

"I know, cause yer always runnin around half-naked," he smirked, brazenly looking down at the impressive bulge in his pants.

"Sam, why, why, I've half a mind ta do it ta just make thins harder on ya," she smirked back at him, taking another long pull on her beer.

"Yeah, right, I double damn dare ya," he grinned giddily, hoping she was drunk enough to go through with her threat, or promise depending on how you looked at it.

Both of them stared into the other's eyes. Neither of them wanted to give in and concede. Neither of them flinched or batted an eyelid for the longest time. Then, at last, after what seemed like hours to Sam, he watched his mother casually set her beer down on the coffee table.

"A double damn dare, huh?" she drawled.

"Yeah, a frigging, double damn dare," he grunted watching her slowly reach around behind her back.

"Er ya sure ya want this?" she asked him, pausing with her hand behind her back as she glared at him. "You might better be careful what you're a wishin' fer."

"Hey, you the one plainin, not me," he answered trying to shift the blame back onto her.

"But ya dared me," she complained. "A bleeping double damn dare."

"Yeah, cause you was plainin so much," he grunted.

"Damn it," she snorted, "I bet cha just want to see my tits."

"Yeah, sure," he tempered the tone of his insistence.

"Well, then, here they are," she mumbled, dropping her arms and letting the shoulder straps slide down her arms. "Get your damned eyes full,"

Sam waited, watching in feverish expectation as the bra dropped slightly then stopped.

"Damn, I shouldn be dun this," Addie complained, pausing for a moment and looking over at Samuel as if to say 'please stop me'.

Sam continued to wait impatiently, ogling her half-bared tits.

"Oh, damn it," Addie said plucking at her brassiere until it slid all the way down her arms revealing her nice, saggy tits.

"Gosh," Sam gulped, gaping at her big, saggy breasts.

"There," she said, throwing her arms out so that he had an unobstructed view of her bobbling tits. "It that what you wanted?"

"Gosh," Sam muttered again feasting his eyes on the dangling spectacles before him. "Gosh, uh, gosh, yes. Uh, uh, theys real pretty ones, Mom."

Sam didn't move. He just stood there looking down at her, gawking at her tits like he'd never seen a pair before.

After a few seconds, she brought her arms over in front of her breasts covering them from his view.

"Stop gawking at 'em," she complained. "It's making me feel all funny."

"But, but theys pretty," Sam said appreciatively.

"Nah, you're jus saying that," she blushed.

"Nah, Ma, they really pretty," he smiled tipsily.

"Still makes me feel funny," she mumbled, letting her arms drop down a little so that most of her tits were once again exposed to Sam's poring eyes. "Makes me feel funny to have you gawking at them."

"That's way I feel, when you run round that way," he said, still ogling her droopy tits.

"I feel kinda silly," she smirked, taking another drink, "sitting around in front of my son without any clothes on. What kind of mother am I?"

"You're a good un, Ma," Sam complimented her, wondering just how far she might go if he got her drunk enough. "And you ain't nekid, either."

"Damned near," she said, looking down at her thin, white panties. "Might's well be. Panties hardly keep you from seen it all anyway."

"Might as well take them off, and, you'd probably be cooler, too," he remarked, smiling like a Cheshire cat.

"What you say?" she asked him.

"Cooler, you know, cooler without your panties," he said, wondering if he was going too far, too fast and not really knowing where all this was leading anyway. But maybe he might get to see his mother naked.

"What? Now you wan me take me panties off, too?" she retorted giddily. "Then wat?"

"Nuthin, Ma," he said, trying to console her, "I just thought yud be cooler."

"You wan me to take me panties off, or no?"

"Uh, I don't, uh, if you, if you, uh, want, want to Ma," he stuttered. "Yeah, if you want to."

"You first," she smiled lewdly.

"Me, uh, me first what?" he wanted to know, not believing what he thought she meant.

"You take yer shorts off first," she went on, "then I won't feel so foolish being nekid all by meself."

A spark of excitement fired off inside his cock. Both of them naked. Crap, where was this all heading? He couldn't have planned it any better. Both of them naked and drunk. Damn.

"You daring me," he smirked.

"Yeah," she leered, seeming to think she could back him down, "I double damn dare you."

"A double damn dare?"

"Yeah, a double damn dare."

He didn't move for several seconds as they sat tipsily smiling at each other.

"You know I can't let a double damn dare go by," he smiled, slowly setting his beer down. "A guy ain't a real guy if he lets a double damn dare get the best of him, is he?"

"No, I guess not," his mother said, her face showing that she realized she may have made a mistake in thinking he wouldn't do it.

"Well, you dared me," he said, deliberately shoving his thumbs under the stretchy waistband of his shorts. "Yuh dared me—" he warned her.

The adrenaline from the expectation of seeing his mother naked had cleared much of the alcohol from his system as he stood watching her. Should he do it? He still couldn't believe his mother had dared him to take his shorts off. It was really turning out to be a bizarre day, but one that he would remember for the rest of his life.

"A double damn dare," he muttered, shoving his hands down, bending down and quickly pushing his shorts down around his ankles.

"Damn," his mother sputtered as her eyes dropped to his big cock that was already standing at attention, ready for action as its evil tapered head pointed straight up at the ceiling. "Damn, Samuel, Damn, why are yer hard like that?"

"What?" he asked her kicking his shorts across the room and standing before as naked as the day she had brought him into the world. "You haven't heard a fucking, uh, damn word I said all afternoon?"

"Damn," she grunted again. "Make it soft."

Sam somewhat proudly watched his mother explore his impressive eight-inch organ with her eyes. It was as if she had never seen a peter before he thought as her eyes flicked up and down and back and forth all over his twitching prick.

"God, Mom, you act like you've never seen one before," he snickered lewdly.

"Yeah. Ain't never seen one that damned big," she cursed again, "Even bigger that your fucking old man was. Why is it hard like that?"

It seemed as if the shock of seeing her son's penis out in the open, obscenely jutting straight up in the air in all its glory had the same effect on her alcohol-soaked brain as her speech cleared noticeably.

"I told you that seeing you running around half nekid made things hard on me. What did you think I meant?" he countered, tensing his belly muscles and making the giant slab of meat jump and dance. "Besides, you told me to do it. Now it's your turn."

"My, my turn?" she muttered.

"Yeah. You said you were going to take your panties off," he said trying to keep the excitement he was feeling out of his voice. "You said you would take off your panties if I took off my shorts."

"Oh, I don't know about that," she mumbled. "That might not be a good idea. Not with you like that. Make it soft first."

"But you said," he retorted, sensing that the opportunity to see her naked was slipping away.

"I know," she said, "but I'm getting a bad feeling about all this."

"Why?" he wanted to know.

"I just think it's a dangerous thing to do."

"What do you mean, dangerous? There's nothing dangerous about taking your panties off. There's nobody else around her to see you but me. And you know that I wouldn't do anything, don't you?"

"Uh, yeah, I know all that, but, but things just might happen," she told him. "Things happen sometimes. Things you didn't plan on happening. And you, you are all excited and stuff."

"I'm like this all the time when you run around in your panties and bra. What's different now?"

"I don't know. Just things," she whined.

"I double damn dare you," he smirked, using his hold card. "I double damn dare you to take your panties off."

"Samuel, don't do that? Just make your, your, uh, just make it soft."

"You said you would."

"I didn't. I just said you had to take yours off first," she complained, glancing back down to his towering cock.

"Okay," he grumbled, turning his back to her. "I'll try to make it soft, if you play fair."

The tension in the room was thick enough to cut with a knife, dangerously swirling around them, enveloping both of them in its conflict. Sam, although he had his back to her, could see her reflection in the window in front of him. She didn't move.

"You're really going to make it get soft again?" she finally muttered.

"I said I would try," he lied, feeling another jolt of excitement sparkle through his cock as he sensed a spark of hope.

"If you really try," she said struggling to her feet. "You promise?"

He would promise anything to see his mother naked, he told himself.

"I promise," he lied again.

"Okay, but remember that you promised," she said so softly he was barely able to hear her. "And I still think this is a bad idea."

Sam slowly turned around and faced her as she eased her thumbs under the waistband of her panties.

"Samuel, it's still hard," she fussed, stopping with the waistband encircling her hips and exposing the furry bush of hair above her pussy.

"I'm trying Mom, I'm trying," he grunted, staring down at the tuft of curly brownish-red hair.

"I'm warning you," she cautioned him. "Don't do anything dumb, or I'll go to my room."

"What are you talking about?" he asked her.

"You just behave yourself," she smirked, "that's all I have to say, young man."

"Mother, what do think I would do?"

"It's not getting any softer," she said, glancing down at his jutting prick.

"You don't have your panties off either," he shot back.

Brazenly staring straight into his eyes, she quickly pushed her panties down and off over one foot. Then balancing on one foot, she shucked them down her other leg.

"Damn, Mom," Sam exclaimed, running his eyes up and down his mother's body, "you're a pretty woman."

"You're not trying very hard," she warned him, standing in front of him with her hands on her hips as she saw his cock jump with excitement.

"How could I," he fussed, "you're so damn sexy."

"I warned you," she threatened. "You said that you would try to make it soft. You're not playing fair."

"I'm sorry," he said, "I lied. I just wanted to see you naked so bad. And you're so frigging pretty, how could you think that I could get soft?"

"But you promised," she whined, reaching down to pick up her panties.

"No," Sam said, quickly stepping over to her and grabbing at her panties. "No, don't put them on yet. Let me just look at you for a little while first. Okay?"

"But you lied to me and broke your promise," she frowned.

"But I wanted to see you naked," he fussed.

"You know that it's not right for a son to see his mom naked," she grumbled. "I don't know whatever got into me to do this anyway. It was a stupid thing to do. I'm sorry—"

"Just a few minutes," he whined. "Just a few."

"I'm a crazy old fool," she muttered, sitting down on the couch and crossing her legs.

"No, you're not," Sam muttered.

Sam watched as she sat there, legs crossed, hands behind her head still showing him her big tits as she crossly stared up at the ceiling.

What could he do to get her back in the proper frame of mind, he feverishly wondered? Maybe a few more beers, he told himself, quickly striding back over to the fridge.

Pulling out two more beers, he reached into the cabinet and pulled out two glasses. Looking over his shoulder, he saw that his mother was still staring up at the ceiling. He reached into the cabinet and pulled down the bottle of Everclear alcohol that his father had kept there and his mother had never thrown away. Giving his mother another furtive look to make sure she wasn't watching, he splashed a dash of the pure alcohol into the glass and then topped it off with beer. Hoping she wouldn't notice the difference, he sneaked the bottle back into the cabinet and turned around.

The sudden turn of events had a telling effect on his cock as its big, purple head was now slightly bowed.

Quickly as he could, he strode back over to where his mother sat.

"See," he grunted, motioning down at his cock as he offered her the beer. "I'm trying here, and here, here's a peace offering. Okay?"

"It's still pretty hard," she remarked, taking the beer from him.

"I'm trying, Mom," he complained, taking a swig on his beer.

She turned up her beer and took a long gulp.

Coughing, she pulled the beer down from her mouth.

"Damn," she grunted, "what's wrong with this beer? It tastes stronger than the ones we had before."

"Uh, maybe, maybe, it just tastes like that," he continued the charade, "mine tastes fine."

"Oh, okay, doky," she said giddily, taking another swig.

Sam watched her, smiling noncommittally as she quickly finished the tainted beer. After a few moments, she uncrossed her legs. Then she leaned forward, spreading her legs apart as she did.

What was she doing, he wondered as he watched her put her fingers on her cheeks and pushed them up, making her lips smile.

"See, I can smile when I want to," she said.

The alcohol must be working, he told himself as he smiled back at her.

"You ought to do it more often," he laughed.

"Maybe I will," she laughed back at him.

"You should," he grinned, "it makes you prettier."

"So you like smiles," she asked him, lifting her legs up, tucking her knees up against her tits and hooking her heels on the edge of the couch.

"Oh, yeah," he grunted realizing that he could now see her big, meaty pussy down between her legs. "And I really like your other smile, too."

"What you mean?" she asked him.

"Your other lips," he smirked, "they're smiling too. And they're really pretty."

"Huh?" she muttered, "other lips?"

"Those," he said pointing down between her legs to her exposed vagina.

"What?" she grunted, looking down between her legs to see what he was talking about. "Oh, for the love of..."

Dropping her feet back to the floor, she quickly stood up and weaved over to the window. Standing in front of the window, she looked out over the curtain realizing that she was close to being drunk.

Sensing an opening, Sam sidled up behind her and wrapped his arms around her, letting his hands cup her dangling breasts.

"What are you, Sam, what you doing?"

"I just wanted to touch them," he muttered, brushing her hair aside with his cheek and nibbling on her neck.

"Sam, don't, don't do dat," she whined, feeling his big, imposing prick pressing into the crack of her ass. "Not nice."

"Why, mother," Sam panted, feeling her nipples growing hard under his fingers. "I think you like it."

"Can't, not right, not for mother, son," she groaned, wishing she hadn't drank so much so she would have the strength to fight him off.

"Nobody will know," he whispered into her ear. "Just you and I."

"No, Sam, not right," she repeated herself, futilely.

"But, wouldn't you really like to do it," he went on, easing one hand off her tit, down over her belly, down to her pussy.

"No, Sammy, no," she whimpered feebly.

"Don't you like this, Mother?" he panted, roughly fingering her clitoris.

"Sammy, no, Sammy please," she begged.

"Doesn't your big clit like it when I rub it like this?" he went on, feeling her resistance weaken slightly.

Then he moved his hand away from her pussy around behind to his throbbing cock.

"Just you and me. You and I making love. Wouldn't you like that? Been so long since you had any. I want you so much," Samuel huffed, pushing his cock down between her legs.

"No, Sam, can't, not that, can't, not right," she protested as she felt him push the big, bloated head of his cock down between her legs.

"No, Sam, wrong for us, to do."

Holding onto her tightly, Sam worked his knees between her legs and forcefully coerced them apart.

"No, Sam, no," she whimpered.

Holding his cock, he slowly rubbed the big, bulbous head back and forth across the oozing opening of his mother's cunt. She must be feeling something, he told himself as he felt the hot juices flowing out of her pussy and coating his bloated cock head.

"No, Sammie, no, please, no," she wept as Sam rubbed his cock up and down the drooling gash.

Then she felt him stop. The next thing she felt was the tip of his big cock head slowly sliding up into the drenched channel of her cunt. Oh, God, my own son is going to rape me. Suddenly, she had a sick feeling of self-

loathing. I should be doing everything in my power to stop this travesty, but I'm not. Why? Do I really want it, too? Is he right?

She felt his cock slither farther and farther inside the hot tightness of her salivating pussy. His cock, big, hard, and hot was filling her pussy with its evil potency, but she did nothing to stop it.

It had been so long since she had felt a cock inside her pussy. As much as she hated it, she couldn't deny the pleasurable feeling of fullness in her cunt. She wanted so badly to willingly take the monster into her pussy. She wanted to suck it and pull on it with her pussy, but she couldn't let herself do that, she told herself. It was her son's cock.

Then, in spite of herself, she felt her pussy contract down around his big prick, squeezing and milking the horrid invader.

"Oh, yes, Mother, yes, feels so good," Sam grunted, shoving his whole cock up into the fiery core of her womanhood. Now he was buried balls deep inside her tight, clenching cunt.

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Standing behind her and trying to fuck her was awkward to say the least, Samuel thought. Not the way he had wanted. He wanted for it to be the best ever, but his thrusts were jerky and feeble as he fought her, trying to keep his balance and slide his cock in and out of her pussy all at the same time.

"Not good, Mother," he grunted, still trying to hump her from behind.

"Yes, Sammy, not good, wrong," she whined.

"No, can't do it good this way," he muttered.

"Wait, wait, then," she whimpered, "hurts this way. No good. If have to, on couch."

"You won't run away?" he asked her.

"Christ, where could I run. I'm buck-ass naked," she muttered. "No, I won't run."

Slowly he eased his wet, juice-drenched prick back down the channel of his mother's cunt until it slithered completely outside with loud, sloppy slurp.

Letting go of her, he watched her reel over to the over to the couch and flop down on her back. Her legs flew apart as she fell and she hooked one leg onto the back of the couch spreading herself and glaring up at him.

"Here. This what you want?" she grumbled as Sam gawked down at her cunt which was still gaping open with a little trickle of juice dribbling out of it.

"God, yes," he grunted, shuffling over to where she lay waiting for him. His big, hard cock was sticking out in front of him like some kind of sick, evil divining rod searching out her cunt stiffly twitching and jerking from side to side.

Climbing onto the couch, Sam quickly crawled up between her widespread legs. Balancing on one hand, he reached down between them and grabbed hold of his cock. Holding onto it, he rubbed it around in the slippery, wet flesh until he found the weeping opening of her cunt. Pushing back into her, he felt the big, bulbous head of his penis once again being enveloped by the clinging warmth of her pussy. Letting go of himself, he grunted and plunged all eight inches of his rock-hard prick down into the accepting softness of his mother's slippery pussy.

"Oh, God," she gushed out as she felt her son bury himself back down into the clutching depths of her juicy cunt.

"Fuck," he snorted as he began to pound his cock into her pussy with a vengeance.

Not impeded by the awkward position as before, he effortlessly stroked his primed cock in and out of the slippery wetness between his mother's splayed-out legs.

"Oh, God, oh, God, Mother," Sam babbled as he pounded his cock in and out of her pussy.

Addie lay unmoving as Sam hammered his cock into her pussy. She couldn't let him know that she was enjoying it, she told herself, but it was hard, just like his fucking cock. Yes, very, very hard, both of them.

"You, like, it, don't, you?" he panted, his hips rocking back and forth as he mercilessly pumped in and out of her. "Say it-say you like it—"

"Fuck, fucking, God, damn, it, fuck, yes, you, you, son, of, a, bitch," she growled, reaching up and digging her long, sharp fingernails into the cheeks of his bounding ass. "Fuck, me, fuck, me, you, mother, fucker, fuck, me, and, make, me, come."

"Oh, Damn," Sam grunted, fucking her harder as the wet, sick slap of their bellies smacking together filled his ears.

Conceding defeat, Addie grunted and dropped her leg off the back of the couch onto Sam's sweaty back. Then she grunted again as she kicked her other leg up in the air and curled it around his slippery waist. Squeezing him between her thighs, Addie locked her ankles and dropped her heels down onto his bouncing butt.

"Damn, you, damn, you, damn, you," she cursed as she felt the pressure building down inside her battered cunt.

A part of her didn't want to give in to the indulgences of the flesh, but that part of her was rapidly being brought to the other side, the dark side by the pistoning penis plunging in and out of her. She didn't want to let Sam know that he was making her come, but she couldn't stop the growing fireball of pleasure that was filling her loins, expanding, threatening to explode at any second. Then she let go. She had to have it. She didn't care if Sam knew it or not. She had to finish. She had to come—

"Harder, damn, it, harder, gonna, gonna, come," she blathered out, working the muscles inside her pussy, furiously clutching him, milking his cock as it sloshed in and out of her primed pussy.

"Fuck, yes, come, come, Mother, come, now," Sam wheezed as he rocked back and forth, plowing his giant prick in and out of her hot, clutching cunt with almost demonic fury.

Addie had never been fucked with such passion, such vehemence and she was teetering on the edge of a calamitous orgasm. Grunting and straining, her hands clawing at him, her sweaty thighs sliding back and forth on his rocking hips, her heels slamming into his jerking ass, she coaxed her son to fuck her even harder. But he was already pounding his cock into her as hard and fast as he could. She could hear their bodies crashing together filling the room with the sick slap of wet, sweaty flesh against wet, sweaty flesh. The couch shook and shuddered as the sick, depraved coupling of mother and son went on atop it.

"Now, now, feel, it, feel, it," Addie growled, clenching her tight, hot cunt down around her son's pistoning cock.

It was right there.

"Nooooowwwwwwfuuuuccccckkkkkk," Addie gasped as her cunt clenched down around her son's pumping cock.

His mother was coming. He had made her come. Made her come when she didn't even want to fuck. Damn, he was good, he vainly boasted to himself. Then as he felt the contractions of his mother's hot, tight cunt begin to milk his cock, he lost it, too.

"Fucckkkkk," he grunted, slamming into her as hard and deep as he could as he felt his cock explode down inside her. As it did, his venomous load of hot, creamy cum began to spurt and spew out into his mother in thick, gelatinous gushes.

"Yessssss, fill it, fill me with your hot cream," Addie hissed, clutching herself around his erupting manhood, furiously milking it, squeezing it, sucking out its creamy load with her ravenous cunt.

Straining, Sam pushed against her, sending his cock even deeper into the fiery, clutching core of her womanhood as the giant bucked and spurted out gob after gob of his thick, sticky syrup into her. He had never come so hard, so long. He was coming inside his MOTHER'S pussy. The very same pussy that had given birth to him. It was fucking crazy.

But alas, as it is with everything good...and bad, it had to end. He was done. Finished. Drained. He had nothing left to give her but his love.

Finally, with a groan, he slowly melted down on top of her. As he did, he could feel himself wilting down inside her belly, softening and slinking back down the cum-filled chamber of his creation.

"Heavy—" Addie grunted, pushing at him.

Easing back, he pulled his spent weapon out of his mother's cum-drenched pussy.

"God, Mother, that was awesome," he muttered as he rolled off her and sat up.

"Damn you, Samuel Givens," she complained, spinning around on her butt, swinging her legs off the couch and dropping her feet to the floor. "Now look what you've done."

"Jeez, Mom, I'm sorry," he whined, "but, but I thought you liked it."

"That's the fucking problem," she grumbled, "I did like it."

"So, so what's, what's your problem?" he wanted to know.

"You just don't get it do you? What we did is a mortal sin," she told him. "And now, now I don't know what, what to do about it."

"Why do anything about it?" he asked her.

"Well, well, we can't just, just pretend it didn't happen," she fumed.

"Why not," he said, slowly struggling to his feet. "We did it. We both enjoyed it. So why make a federal case out of it?"

"But, but, it was wrong for us to do it," she went on. "It was wrong. It was incest. So wrong."

"What can we do? You can't erase it. It happened. It happened and I liked it. It was fucking fantastic," he mumbled, walking over to the fridge and pulling out two more beers.

"But Sam, it was wrong," she complained.

"You said you liked it," he said, walking back over to her.

As he did, he saw that she was watching his cock as it hung down, heavily twitching and flicking, slapping against his thighs.

"Here—" he smiled, handing her one of the beers.

For all her complaining about it, she still seemed interested in his cock, he laughed to himself.

"See, Mom, I made it soft," he laughed, "just like I promised I would."

"Funny—" she frowned, popping the beer open and taking a big gulp of it.

"I don't think it was so wrong," he told her popping his beer open and taking a swig of it. "You liked it, I liked it, and it made us both feel good for a little while. Hell, I haven't been getting any lately and you haven't either."

"Oh, Sammy," she murmured, "how can you be so casual about it? A mother and a son shouldn't do it. It's not right."

"Oh, don't go on about it. You liked it every bit as much as I did. I could tell," he frowned.

"Yes. Yes, I did like it. I still like sex," she complained, "but, but it was wrong."

"We didn't hurt anyone. No one will ever know, but us. What harm can it do?"

"What? No. You're not insinuating that we do it again...or you?" she fussed, giving him one of her "I can't believe you just said that," looks. "We can't. Not you and I."

"Why not. We did it. We liked it. Why not? Hell the damage has already been done. So why not do it. Why not do it some more," he went on growing braver by the moment. "I like fucking, Mom, and I love fucking you. It felt so good."

"Samuel, that is no way to talk to your mother," she scolded him.

"Aw, Mom," he grinned, sitting down beside her and putting his beer on the coffee table. Then he put his arm around her.

She stiffly resisted as he tried to pull her to him, but he was stronger than she was and after a few moments she gave in and let him pull her against him.

"What can it hurt, Mom?" he softly asked, gently cupping one of her breast in the palm on his hand and giving it a soft squeeze.

"Your hand is cold," she shivered. "Sammy, please don't do that," she begged him. "We can't. Not again."

"But I want you, Mom," he murmured, pinching her hardening nipple between his finger and thumb, twisting it, tweaking it. "Don't you want me?"

"Damn it, Sammy," she cursed. "Yes, I want you, but we can't. We just can't. It's WRONG—"

"What's stopping us?" he asked her, slipping his arm out from behind her, pushing up onto his feet in front of her. "Come on," he grinned down at her, holding out his hand to help her up.

"Oh, Sammy," she complained, looking up at him with her big, sad, brown eyes. "It's so wrong."

"Oh, come on, Mom," he said, bending over and taking hold of her hand.

He gently tried to pull her up. At first, she resisted, but eventually, she slowly let him pull her up onto her feet.

"It's okay, Mom," he reassured her, gently tugging on her hand, steering her across the room, down to the hallway leading back to her bedroom.

"No. No, it's not," she complained, reluctantly letting him pull her along.

Stepping into her bedroom, Sam pulled her over to her bed.

"Just pretend. Pretend I'm your new boyfriend," he said to her, dropping her hand and crawling onto her big, soft bed.

"I can't," she said, standing by the bed looking down at him with her big, sad eyes. "You're my SON—" she fussed. "How can I pretend you're anyone but my own son?"

Looking up at her, he patted the bed beside him, inviting her to sit down close to him.

"Oh, Sammy..." she softly wept, tears starting to trickle down her cheeks.

At last, she slowly eased down on the bed beside him. She sat looking at him with the strangest expression on her face. Still holding her beer in one hand, she folded her other hand and laid it in her lap, covering her sex with them as if that would somehow stop him. Staring into her eyes, Sam reached over and slowly lifted her hand up out of her lap. Then, he guided it over to his big, fat cock as it struggled to lift its big, purple head up out from between his legs.

"Oh, Sammy," she murmured, blushing, "no."

"Make me hard, Mommy," he whispered, hoping that she wouldn't take her hand away.

"Baby...this is so wrong," she softly sobbed. But she didn't move her hand away.

She didn't move for the longest time. Then, Sammy felt her fingers move ever so slightly. Slowly, delicately, she moved her fingers up the thick, hot barrel of his lethargic penis.

“Mom,” Sam murmured as she daintily wrapped her fingers around the fat shaft of his prick, “make me hard.”

There was a sudden change in Addie. It was like something had given up inside her. Something had snapped. Like a schoolgirl on her first date, Addie gently squeezed his cock. Gently gripping it, she slowly, deliberately began to slide her soft, warm hand up and down it. Still blushing, she shyly began to stroke the growing menace, feeling the hot, evil energy surging back into it.

“You’re getting hard again,” she said softly, squeezing harder and moving her hand up and down faster. “I’m making you get hard again.”

“Yes, yes, Mom, you’re making me get hard again,” Sammy praised her.

“Is this, is this what you want?” she asked him, stroking him harder. “Do you want to come this way?”

“Do you want me to, Mom?” he asked her, watching her jerk him off. “Do you want to make me come this way?”

“Yes, I want to watch you,” she said giving him one of her rare smiles. “I want to watch your big cock shoot out its load.”

“Okay, Mom, if, if we can make love later, okay?” he asked her, feeling her hand clench tighter around his cock while he leaned back onto his elbows.

She didn’t answer him for several long moments but as she kept her hand slowly stroking up and down his hardening cock.

“I, I guess so,” she conceded. “After I make you hard again. After I make you hard again, we’ll make love.”

Addie felt a surge of excitement fire off inside his cock making it jerk and twitch when she told him that they would fuck later.

Enjoying the feel of his mother’s soft hand sliding up and down his cock, he could feel another eruption gathering down in his big, dangling balls. It was almost as exciting watching his mother jack him off as it was to fuck her. Both of them were devilishly wicked, he thought as he basked in the perverted joy of being masturbated by his mother. Suddenly, she stopped for a moment and lifted her beer to her mouth. She chugged it down, swallowing all of it except one last mouthful. Then, dropping the empty can on the floor, she quickly bent down over his cock and quickly sucked him into her mouth.

Sammy almost lost it as the cold beer in her mouth and sucking heat of her mouth closed down around his cock all at the same time. Then his mother pursed her lips and let the foamy brew trickle down his prick. Lifting her mouth back off his beer-drenched cock, she grabbed hold of it with both hands and began to beat it mercilessly.

“Oh, oh, I’m gonna, gonna come,” he groaned, watching her jerk her hand up and down his primed cock furiously.

“Yeah, come, blow, your, wad, shoot, it out,” Addie grunted, squeezing harder as her hand flew up and down his primed prick.

Addie watched on with sick, fascination as she felt his giant cock swell with pre-ejaculatory energy. He was about to blow. She could sense it as she jerked him off faster and faster.

“Fuckkkk—” Sam grunted, his ass heaving up off the bed, his cock lurching as a giant, glistening wad of fuck-cream spurted out of the head of his penis.

Addie kept stroking the erupting giant, watching it jerk and buck in her hand as it squirted out a second gob thick, pearly cum that flew up into the air and arced toward her. She felt the hot, sticky cum splash down onto her heaving breast just as his cock exploded for the third time.

After the third eruption, the cum stopped shooting up into the air and began to gush out of the slit in the head of his cock, running down over her hands coating them with its sick, sticky heat.

“Jeez, Mom, jeez,” Sam groaned as his mother roughly stroked his ejaculating prick, running her cum-coated hands up and down the thick shaft.

Finally, with one last, feeble jerk, his cock began to die in her hand.

“Damn, Mom, that, that was good,” he groaned, trying to catch his breath.

“You liked it?” she murmured, slowly letting go of his shriveling manhood and wiping the hot, sticky cum off her breasts.

“Fuck, yes,” he grinned.

“I did too,” she told him. “I’ve never done that to a man before.”

“But now, now it’s your turn,” Sam told her. “Lay down and let me do you.”

Whimpering lustily, Addie rolled over onto her back and spread her legs wide-open. “Your father never liked to do it to me...”

“He was a dork,” Sam snorted.

Sam was somewhat surprised by her acquiescence as she shamelessly offered up her glistening pink pussy-slit to him. Quickly scrambling up between her soft, smooth thighs, he lowered his mouth down to her overheated cunt.

Addie gave out a faint, little moan as his hot breath tickled the juicy flesh of her gaping cunt.

Flicking out his tongue, he eagerly licked her beautiful, moisture-beaded cunt lips.

Sam savored the fantastic taste of her womanhood. He had never tasted pussy juice so hot and spicy and creamy. His mother must have changed her mind about it being wrong, he thought as he lapped at the juice flowing out of the fleshy gash between her outstretched legs.

Addie was mewling softly as thick, hot cream poured from her cunt proving that she was enjoying what he was doing as much as he enjoyed doing it. After a few moments, Sam looked up and saw that his mother had her eyes closed and her head thrown back on the bed. Looking back down at his mother's beautiful pussy, he saw that her pussy lips were rosy-red from all the blood pouring into the swollen flaps of puffy flesh. They glistened wetly from his spit and her sweet, cunt juice. Burying his mouth back down between her wide-open legs, he felt a spasm of excitement spark through his cock as his mother shamelessly offered up her steaming snatch to him. Snorting with excitement Sam lapped up more of her tasty pussy-cream and probed his tongue up into her hot, little cunt-slit for more.

"Feels good," Addie murmured. "Feels so good."

Nibbling his way up to his mother's big, swollen clit, Sam gave it a long, sucking kiss. As he did, he felt his mother's hands on the back of his head. Whimpering and crying softly, she forced his face down into her crotch.

Flicking his tongue back and forth across the jutting tip of her clitoris, Sam attacked it with a vengeance as his mother groaned and writhed below him. Juice was pouring out of her coating his chin with its sticky heat as he devoured her and stroked her marble-sized clit with his lashing tongue.

Shoving his face down harder and harder, Addie ground her cunt into his lips as she felt herself slipping closer and closer to the edge.

Working his tongue back and forth faster, Sam could feel her straining, her muscles tensing as she reached for satisfaction.

This can't be happening, she told herself. How can I be letting my son ravage my pussy with his hot, eager mouth?

Then suddenly, he felt her begin to tremble. Her whole body went stiff. He realized that he had set off a violent climax down inside his mother's convulsing, sucking cunt. She was coming so hard that he had to grab her ass and hold her down with both hands just to keep his mouth plastered down onto her clit as she rolled around on the bed, moaning and convulsing in orgasmic pleasure.

"Ooooooh, God, yesssss, oooooohhhhhhhhooh," she groaned.

Sam just kept sucking and pulling on the fleshy, little knob as the juice poured out of her creaming cunt until she finally stopped humping her pussy up into his face and collapsed back onto the bed.

"Ohhhhh, Lord," she gasped, looking down at him with a look of dreamy satisfaction on her face. "I've never come so hard!"

"I'm glad," Sam grinned, licking the creamy juice from his lips. "You taste delicious."

"Oh, Sam," she blushed.

Leaning back down, Sam gave her fat pussy-lips a tender tongue-kiss.

Slowly getting to his knees, Sam inched up until his lolling prick dangled down just above his mother's soft, red lips.

"Suck it, and make it hard," he whispered, watching her staring up at his dangling, half-hard cock.

His mother just lay looking up at him with a dazed look on her face. Leaning over, he took hold of the back of her head and lifted her mouth up to the big, purple head of his fat prick.

As the monster's head brushed her lips, she opened her soft, red lips and sucked the bulbous head into her mouth. Addie's fingers trembled as she wrapped her right hand around the shaft of his prick. Holding the swollen cock-head in her mouth, she began jacking his dick with slow, hard strokes.

Then as his penis began to harden and grow, she let the big, purple head ooze out of her mouth. Staring up at the evil demon, she saw the slit open and begin to emit sticky, clear drops of pre-cum juice. Her pumping fist quickened as more of his spunk oozed out, coating the flared, puffy cock-knob with a shiny coating of pre-fuck.

"Your prick is leaking, baby," she purred.

Pulling back, Sam reached down under her back and pulled her up to a sitting position. Then, watching her pretty, dangling breasts wiggle delightfully, he pushed his cock back up against her lovely, soft lips.

"Lick it off," he grunted.

Addie dropped her head, pursing her lips on the leaking tip of his prick in a lewd, sucking kiss. Sam gasped with pleasure as his cock lurched in her hand. She gradually opened her lips wider and wider, making wanton little slurping sounds as she sucked in half of the swollen monstrosity.

“Mom,” Sam panted, looking down at her in awe as he saw how much of his prick she had sucked inside her hot, clutching mouth.

Addie paused with over half of her son’s stiff erection in her mouth. It seemed that she was on the verge of choking herself on his thick penis. Sam watched her as she closed her eyes. It seemed she was concentrating on the taste and feel of his giant prick. Her nostrils flared. Then she started sucking on his cock with hard sucks, slurping and gurgling noisily. She sucked on him so hard, her cheeks hollowed as she increased the suctioning pressure around his prick.

“Jesus, Mom,” Sam groaned, clutching the back of her head and curling his fingers in her soft, red hair.
““You’re going to suck it off.”

Sam’s hips began to jerk back and forth excitedly as he fucked his mother’s beautiful, spit-slick lips.

“Ohhhhh, Mom, that feels so good,” Sam raved.

Eagerly, Addie sucked on the pulsing stiffness of Sam’s cock, laving his swollen prick head with her swirling tongue. Pre-cum poured out of his cock as his mother eagerly devoured it. Her right hand tightened around the root of his massive cock and began pumping on him again as she roughly sucked on him. Soon she was furiously jacking his enormous prick as she coaxed the cum in his big, dangling balls up to a rolling boil.

Addie was sucking as hard as she could, her whole face flushing brightly with the effort. Her right fist was a blur as it jacked her son’s big cock and fondled his balls with her left. Sam held onto her head tightly as he jerked his hips back and forth, jamming his swollen cock head in and out of her hot, sucking mouth.

Suddenly, Sam stopped and jerked his prick out of her mouth.

“Wanna, wanna come, come in your pussy,” he panted, rolling over onto his back and pulling his mother over on top of him.

“You want Mommy to fuck you,” she grinned down at him, straddling him and reaching down between them to lift his primed prick up to the drooling slit between her legs.

“Yes, Mommy, fuck me, fuck me,” he groaned, reaching out and grabbing two handfuls of her dangling, jiggling tits.

“Watch me, then. Watch me fuck you,” she growled, staring down at his monstrous prick poised just below the gaping love-wound between her widespread legs.

Sam gawked down at the unholy scene unfolding before his eyes as his mother’s big, fat cunt lips were spread apart by the big, bloated head of his dick. Then for the second time, his stiff, hard prick was swallowed by his mother’s hot, tight cunt. Slowly, steadily, inch by inch, she consumed him as she lowered herself down on his jutting maleness.

Whimpering softly, Addie dug her fingernails into his shoulders as her son’s enormous dick stretched her pussy open and slithered up inside her. Seconds crept by as she consumed his hardness with her soft wetness, but she didn’t stop until she felt his curly pubic hairs tickling the tightly stretched lips of her overstuffed pussy. Staring down at him lovingly, Addie sat atop him, not moving with his hot meat buried up inside of her for several moments.

“Nice,” she sighed, feeling his prick throbbing deep inside of her hot, clutching cunt. “You are so, so big.”

“You are so hot and soft inside,” Sam crooned, making his cock flinch and twitch inside the squeezing tightness of her pussy. “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get enough of your sweet pussy.”

“Oh, shush,” she smiled softly, squeezing herself down around him “we’ll talk about that later.”

“Okay,” he grunted, hunching his prick up into her hard, “Fuck me—”

He watched her face contort as she closed her eyes. Then she suddenly arched her back and roughly ground her cunt down hard around his deeply-imbedded prick. God, her pussy was so tight, he thought to himself as he felt his mother milking him with her pussy. So tight and so hot. And so wet. His penis throbbed and twitched deep inside of her, spreading and stretching the tight, hot channel of her pussy. Slowly, Addie began to squirm, twirling her hips, making his cock twist around inside her.

Sam basked in the perverse pleasure of having his penis buried deep inside of his mother’s cunt as she worked her hips around in little circles.

“How does that feel, Baby?” she asked, rotating her hips teasingly.

“Good. It feels so fucking good,” Sam croaked, thrusting his cock even deeper up into the fiery heat of her tight pussy.

Addie softly grunted, flexing her legs, slowly easing her sopping pussy up the long, thick cylinder of meat sticking out of her. Then she began to move up and down with a gentle, rocking motion, letting her son’s hard cock slide in and out of her pussy.

“Watch it, Sammie,” she gurgled. “See it. See it sliding in and out of me. Doesn’t it look pretty?”

“Fuck, yes,” he hissed, shoving his hips up at her and meeting her downward thrusts with his own upward stabs.

Suddenly, Addie began to jerk up and down, her pussy bouncing up and down on his cock, taking him all the way up to the hilt and then lifting up until she almost lost it, only to savagely ram her cunt down onto him.

"Yeah, like that, like that," Sam grunted. "Oh God, your cunt feels so fucking hot!"

Breathing in deep, shuddering gasps, Addie bucked up and down on his prick. A part of her wanted to slow down and prolong their incestuous fuck, but another part of her wanted to rush it and feel the fiery delight of another orgasm explode down inside her salivating pussy.

Sam felt the urgency in her fucking. And he could already feel himself building toward another eruption. He couldn't believe his mother had turned into such a hot, lustful being. Before she hadn't even wanted to do it, and now she was brutally raping him with her ravenous cunt.

As she rocked up and down, Sam let go of her tits and wrapped his hands around her tiny waist. Pushing and pulling on her, he lifted and dropped her down on his cock as he jabbed himself up at her. The faster he fucked her, the more frantic she became.

Suddenly, the fiery sensations firing off inside of her brutalized cunt got the better of her and she felt herself being lifted off on a wondrous wave of pure animalistic pleasure.

Sam watched his mother's gorgeous, naked ass whip about deliriously, sliding back and forth as she tossed her head around, her long red hair flaring out like a halo around it. But she was no angel. Not today...

Holding onto her waist, Sam held his overheated prick shoved up into her as deep as he could as he savored the feel of her cunt convulsing down around him. Being fucked by a woman with her on top was a new experience for him and he loved it. He loved fucking her and his cock seemed to penetrate her so much deeper, not to mention her wonderful, delightful tits jiggling and flopping around sexily right in front of his face as she whimpered and bounced around on his prick.

He had never felt so excited watching his mother as her head flew back and she lewdly arched her back thrusting her tits down into his face. She was now lost in the wanton, wicked pleasure of her incestuous orgasm.

Straining to hold back his own inexorable climax, he let his mother come around his proud, thrusting prick.

Groaning out her pleasure, Addie impaled herself on it, thrusting her hot, squishy cunt again and again on his cocked prick.

"Ooooooh, God, I can't believe it," she gushed as Sam felt the last feeble spasms of her orgasm undulate through her pussy.

"Was it good for you?" he smiled as she slowly melted down onto his chest.

"Oh, God, wonderful," she purred. "But, but did you, did you come?"

"No, but I'm going to now," he said, gently rolling her over onto her back and struggling to his hands and knees above her. "I just wanted you to come first."

"That was sweet," she smiled up at him, reaching up and locking her hands behind his neck. "Give me a kiss, first."

Dropping his lips down to hers, Sam drove his tongue into her mouth as their lips crushed against each other. She sucked his hot, probing tongue into her mouth as their tongues twisted and intertwined wickedly.

Thankfully, the air was cooling, Sam thought as he drug his lips away from his mother's lips. Both of them were covered in sweat. And now he was going to fuck her again. Fuck her until they both came. Fuck her until he couldn't fuck her anymore.

Leaning down, he hooked his arms under her legs and gently lifted them, moving forward and aiming his giant cock down at the gaping gash that peeked out from between her uplifted legs.

Lifting her legs farther, he bent them back over her chest and slowly fitted the evil, tapered head of his cock down into the waiting softness of her mother's cunt.

Shoving his cock down into the velvet sheath of her cunt, he knew that she was totally and completely vulnerable to his onslaught. He began to work his hips back and forth slowly, rhythmically driving his cock in and out of her oozing slit. His cock seemed to grow bigger each time he rammed it down into her cunt as his mother mewled out her acceptance. Within seconds, Sam was fucking her harder, grunting as he savagely rammed his stiff prick deep into his mother's wet, sucking cunt.

Addie looked up at Sam with lust-glazed eyes and Sam felt a thrill go through his whole body. Reaching down, Sam wrapped his hands around his mother's jiggling tits as he lovingly fucked her.

Addie was squirming and writhing under him, moving her hips round and round to get even more of his cock into her insatiable fuck hole.

"Uuuuuuhhhhhhhh, baby, yessssssss," she moaned, deliriously.

Addie's cunt was gripping at Sam's prick every time he plunged it into her. Her slippery pussy-slit was slurping obscenely every time he jerked his giant plunger back down the juice drenched channel.

Sam was fucking her like a maniac, pounding his prick deep into his mother's clutching cunt.

Addie whimpered and fucked him back feverishly, humping her prick-packed pussy up at him with fervid delight, enjoying his powerful thrusts. She could feel the firestorm down inside her cunt gathering strength as her orgasm drew closer and closer.

Sam could feel the stinging ache deep inside his ball growing into a raging inferno. He couldn't hold it back much longer.

The bed rattled and shook as the writhing bodies atop it fucked with wild abandon.

"Oh, fucking God," Addie groaned out as her pussy imploded down around Sam's pistoning prick.

"Commmminnnngggggg."

Sam couldn't believe how long he was lasting. He fucked her right through her orgasm, feeling her cunt ripple and squeeze around his cock as she came. He fucked her harder and harder as she came and came. He had never had such an incredible fuck. But before long, her tightly-clasping cunt took its toll on his pounding prick.

Addie could sense that he was close and did her best to coax him along working her whole body against his.

"Cum for me, baby!" she grunted. "Cum for Mommy."

Looking down into his mother's eyes, Sam shoved all eight inches of his rock-hard dick down into her tight, clutching cunt. Ramming it in as deep as he could, he felt his whole body go rigid. His balls exploded, firing off a gigantic spume of fiery cum down deep into her pussy.

"Yes, baby, yessssssss," Addie hissed, urging her son to fill her with his thick, hot cream.

Sam came hard, his cock swelling and bursting, sending its noxious load of jism spewing out into the clutching tightness of her cunt. It spurted and spurted, filling her pussy to overflowing as the hot, sticky juice oozed out around the shaft of his cock and ran down the crack of her ass onto the bed. But it still kept pumping out his creamy essence.

Finally, Sam had none left to give her and the evil demon began to die inside of her.

"Oh, Mother, mother, mother," he groaned as he lay atop her gasping for breath.

"It was beautiful," she crooned, milking his shrinking manhood with her pussy as it slowly retreated back down the cum-drenched channel.

Lifting himself up, he eased his limp prick out of his mother's sopping pussy and slowly rolled off her.

Addie deliberately unbent her legs stretching them down onto the bed. As she did, another stream of her son's thick, creamy semen trickled out between the cum-coated lips of her cunt and down onto the bedspread.

"My, my," she simpered, reaching down and fingering the warm, sticky cum oozing out of her cunt, "you certainly filled me up."

"You made me so hot," he wheezed, "I didn't think I would ever stop coming."

"It felt like it," she said.

"This isn't going to be the last time, is it Mom," he tiredly smiled. "We can keep doing it can't we?"

"You know that it's wrong, Sam," she murmured. "You know that it is wrong for us to do it."

"But, God, Mom, it feels so damn good," he fought on, "and I know that you like it as much as I do. You came three times."

"I know. I know. Yes, yes, I like it," she whined. "I loved it, but it is so wicked. So immoral."

"But why? We love each other. And people who love each other show that by making love, so how can it be so wrong for us?"

"It just is. You know it is and I know it is," she said softly.

"But, but, it was so, so sweet," he sniffed, sensing that their brief soiree of sweet, wicked incestuous love might be over.

"Yes, yes, I know," she whimpered. "I just don't know what to do."

"No one will ever know but you and me. I promise not to ever tell anyone. Never, ever," he fought on, tenaciously grasping at anything that could sway her.

"I just don't know, honey," she tiredly told him. "Let me sleep on it and we can talk some more tomorrow, okay?"

"Uh, oh, uh, okay, Mom," he mumbled, fearing that all was lost.

"I'm afraid that you wore me out and I'm going to bed," she yawned, stretching.

"Uh, Mom, uh, can, can I sleep, sleep in here with you?" he asked sheepishly. "I want to be close to you. I love you so much."

"Uh, I, uh, oh, I, I guess so," she smiled haggardly. "But we're just going to sleep, okay?"

"Sure, Mom," he smiled, "and Mom, any decision that you make, I'll abide by it. I may not like it, but whatever you decide will be the law..."

The End

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About the Author

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his four dogs, not to mention a goat and a cat. The Baron started writing erotica back in 2003 for a site called Mr. Double. After that, in 2006, he moved on to another free site called Literotica. After writing for Literotica for seven years where he rose to number two on their most favorite author list with a following of over 3000 readers, he decided to try his hand in the "for profit" field. Although most of the Baron's stories are in the incest genre, he does occasionally venture out into other genres.

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

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