

BEAT THE CLOCK: A MOM'S ASSIGNMENT

A mother is forced to seduce her son...and enjoys it!

To this day, I'm not sure why this happened...only that it did and that it changed my life forever. I suppose I will wonder until the day I die if it was truly a good thing or a bad thing. I certainly didn't have a clue what was in store for me when I picked up the phone...

I am a loan officer with a small regional bank in Indiana. I am married and at the time of this...event, I was forty-three years old. My husband, Dale is a good man, rather too devoted to his job in insurance, but I know he loves me and our kids. At the time of the...event, my daughter Kim, was twenty-one and a junior at a good university in Florida. My son, John, had just turned eighteen and was beginning his senior year in high school. My name is Connie.

I was at work when the call was transferred to my office. "Hi, this is Connie Hall in loans, how can I help you?"

"WELL, CONNIE IN LOANS, IF ALL WORKS OUT, WE WILL BE HELPING EACH OTHER." The voice at the other end was a bit garbled and washed out, as if a real voice was going through some sort of device to disguise it.

"Um, okay. May I ask who's calling please?"

"NO YOU MAY NOT AND DO NOT HANG UP THE PHONE, CONNIE. NOT IF YOU VALUE YOUR FAMILY'S LIFE!"

In truth I was already starting to hang up, we get cranks a lot, mostly people pissed off at the bank for one reason or another, but the last words halted my hand and I slowly drew the phone back to my ear. "Who is this? What are you saying?" I could feel the slightest bit of hysteria in my voice.

"YOU HAVE A TASK AHEAD OF YOU, CONNIE HALL. I HAVE FAITH THAT YOU WILL CARRY IT OUT WITH FLYING COLORS, BUT I KNOW YOU WILL NEED INCENTIVE. IF YOU TRULY LOVE YOUR FAMILY, YOU WILL LISTEN CAREFULLY AND DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD."

I wasn't sure what was going on. I glanced at the closed door to my small office, wondering if I should try and get someone's attention. Anyone who works in a bank has heard the stories of how criminals will sometimes threaten bank employees' families to extort money. My heart began to race as I wondered if I was about to be used in such a way.

"Surely you don't mean to rob the bank by threatening me and my family? It never works." My mind was racing, trying to remember my family's whereabouts.

"I SAID YOU NEED TO LISTEN CAREFULLY, CONNIE. SHUT UP AND LISTEN OR I'LL MAKE SURE YOUR HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER ARE ON THE EVENING NEWS AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY!"

My heart dropped into my stomach and I felt a wave of dizziness sweep over me. In a small, quiet voice, I replied, "Yes, I'm sorry. I'm listening."

"EXCELLENT. FIRST, LET ME ESTABLISH MY PARTICULARS. I HAVE WATCHED YOU FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW, CONNIE. YOU ARE UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE -- MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. SO IS YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY. RIGHT NOW, YOUR HUSBAND IS FLYING TO RHODE ISLAND FOR A WEEKEND SEMINAR. KIM HAS THREE CLASSES TODAY -- AN ENLIGHTENMENT LITERATURE CLASS, CALCULUS AND A RELIGION & PHILOSOPHY CLASS WHICH IF SHE KEEPS TO HER USUAL HABITS, SHE'LL BLOW OFF TO GET A START ON HER FRIDAY NIGHT PARTYING. YOU EVEN SCOLDED HER THIS MORNING ON THE PHONE ABOUT SLACKING OFF."

My stomach was now doing flip-flops. How did he know about my conversation with my daughter? "H-how did you know that?" I said in a tight whisper. "Is my -- did you bug my phone?"

"I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, CONNIE. I AM ALWAYS WATCHING AND LISTENING. I KNOW THAT YOUR HUSBAND BOUGHT THE LATEST EDITION OF ESQUIRE THIS MORNING AT THE AIRPORT TO READ ON HIS FLIGHT. I KNOW THAT JOHN MASTURBATED THIS MORNING TO SOME INTERNET PORN BEFORE COMING DOWN FOR BREAKFAST. I KNOW THAT KIM HAD COFFEE AFTER THIS MORNING'S CLASS WITH A BOY SHE HOPES TO SOON FUCK, AND I KNOW YOU ARE WEARING BLACK FRENCH BIKINI PANTIES RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT."

"Omigod," I said as I felt myself on the verge of fainting. I tried to steady my breathing until the black clouds at the edge of my vision began to fade. My heart seemed so loud as it pounded inside my chest. How did he know what I was wearing? Dale and John had both left the house before I'd showered and dressed for work. I'd seen them off still wearing an old flannel nightgown. "What do you want? I can try and get you money, but I'm not sure how much I can manage." Who was this guy and how did he know all this? Did he have cameras in our home?

"I HAVE NO INTEREST IN MONEY. I AM NOT TRYING TO ROB YOUR BANK. THIS IS MORE...PERSONAL. CONNIE, I WANT YOU TO FUCK YOUR SON."

Silence hung between us as my brain tried to process what the caller had said. His words seemed to jumble up in my mind, nonsensical at first. Not wanting money? Sex? Fucking...to fuck my...my son?" I ran my hand through my hair, rubbing my scalp furiously as if to get my brain to warm up and work. "Wait...what? You want me to what?" I babbled, trying to give myself time to process what he had said.

"YOU HEARD ME, CONNIE. YOU ARE GOING TO FUCK YOUR SON. YOU WILL SPREAD YOUR LEGS AND LET JOHN BURY HIS COCK INSIDE YOU!"

"I can't do that!" I cried as his words suddenly crashed in on me, sending shivers of revulsion through me. "That's awful!"

"OH, I ASSURE YOU THAT YOU CAN DO IT, CONNIE AND THAT YOU WILL DO IT. LISTEN CAREFULLY, CONNIE, BECAUSE THE CLOCK IS NOW RUNNING. YOU

WILL SEDUCE AND FUCK YOUR SON BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT OR YOUR HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE TOMORROW'S SUNRISE!"

I let out a sob and covered my mouth to stifle it. I struggled to regain control, finally blurting out, "I can't. John would never...for God's sake, I'm his mother!"

"YOU WILL, CONNIE, YOU WILL FUCK HIM OR THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY DIES. PAY ATTENTION NOW. IF YOU TRY AND EXPLAIN TO YOUR SON WHAT IS HAPPENING, YOUR HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER DIE. SHOULD YOU CALL YOUR HUSBAND OR DAUGHTER AND ATTEMPT TO WARN THEM, THEY WILL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU HANG UP THE PHONE. SAME THING APPLIES SHOULD YOU TRY AND CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES. I WILL KILL THEM!"

A cold shiver ran through my body as this almost inhuman voice calmly told me his rules. Any thought of calling the police or the FBI evaporated in the cold certainty of his words. I absolutely believed that he would do what he said he would do.

"WHAT TIME IS IT, CONNIE?"

For a moment, his unexpected question caught me off guard. I struggled for a moment to understand and then looked down at my watch...the lovely gold wristwatch Dale had given me for our 20th Anniversary. I swallowed and replied, "It's a few, um minutes to twelve, um noon."

"GOOD. DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, CONNIE? YOU HAVE JUST OVER TWELVE HOURS TO SEDUCE YOUR SON AND MAKE HIM YOUR LOVER. FAILURE TO DO SO BY MIDNIGHT WILL RESULT IN DALE'S AND KIM'S DEATH. YOU ARE NOW RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK, CONNIE. YOUR SON USUALLY GETS HOME FROM CLASSES AROUND THREE -- I'D START PREPARING IF I WERE YOU."

"Oh God, yes, I think I understand. After I fuck my...after it happens, how do I get in touch?"

There was an almost obscene chuckle at the other end. "TRUST ME, CONNIE. THE FIRST TIME JOHN SINKS HIS COCK INSIDE HIS MOTHER'S CUNT, I'LL KNOW." He laughed again and then continued, "OH, AND CONNIE?"

"Y-yes?" I replied, fearful of what he might demand of me next.

"ENJOY YOURSELF."

He hung up then, the line going dead for a moment and then it seemed as if the entire room was filled with that terrible drone of a dial tone. I sat there in total shock, trying to make sense of what had just happened. The entire conversation had only lasted a few minutes. My entire world turned upside down in the span of a short telephone conversation.

I broke down crying -- sobbing loudly as the terribleness of the situation just overwhelmed me. There was no way I could do what the caller demanded and yet I was consumed by a terrible certainty that if I didn't do this...if I didn't somehow seduce my son and fuck him, this madman would kill the rest of my family. If he had me under surveillance, there was no way I could go to the police for help. Even so, my hand was already reaching for the phone to dial 9-1-1, before I realized what I was doing. My fingers hovered over the phone set for several

minutes as my mind raced and tried to find another solution. Nothing came to mind and I shivered with fear and worry until the clock on my desk gave a gentle bong and I jumped, startled out of my reverie of fear and disbelief. I glanced at the digital device's readout display. It was 12:00 P.M. It was noon.

Twelve hours. I had twelve hours. That suddenly became the overwhelming thought in my head. I made my decision. My hands punched up a number on the phone and I said, "Dora? Connie here. I've had a family emergency come up and I'm taking the rest of the day. Let everyone know, okay." Words of concern and sympathy came back and I replied, "No, everything will be okay, I think, but I have to go take care of some things. Have a good weekend, hun."

Five minutes later, I was in my car, driving towards home and wondering how the hell I was going to do what I was being forced to do. A terrible thought of "Is this some weird trick of John's?" occurred to me, but I dismissed that out of hand. I know that many reading my story assume that every son wants to fuck his mother and vice-versa, but I had never seen even a hint of sexual interest from my son. Not that John didn't like girls -- he'd peeked a few times at his sister when he hit puberty and I'd found porn on his computer, mostly young women with huge breasts and some lesbian things. I'd scolded him mildly, but wrote it off as normal and to be honest, healthy. And then there are my son's social skills or lack of them.

John's a shy boy -- eighteen now and I think he's only ever actually asked three girls out on date and only two ever accepted and there were no repeat performances. I haven't been able to get my son to trade in his glasses for contacts and he's just a shade on the husky side. I hate to admit it, but his sister's favorite term for him -- nerd, is very accurate. He's a bookworm -- happier with a thick fantasy novel than most anything else. He tends to clam up whenever a young woman is in the room. My greatest fear now was that if I just asked John to fuck me, he'd run and lock himself in his room -- even if I wasn't his Mom.

And it's not like I'm anyone's idea of a -- what do they call it? I'm not a MILF. I'm forty-three years old and stand five foot, four inches tall. I'm a good twenty pounds over what my appropriate weight should be. I have 38DD breasts -- not those artificial beach balls that my son seems to like looking at, but heavy and somewhat sagging breasts and a little bit of a belly. I have short blonde -- almost white hair and blue eyes, which are the only good things I inherited from the Swedes on my mother's side of the family. My legs aren't too bad, but my thighs are thicker than I want or what I'd consider attractive, despite hours and hours on the treadmill. In my greatest leaps of imagination, I couldn't imagine my son finding me sexy.

I began mulling over how I could pull this off and each idea seemed doomed to failure. How the hell does one make their son think of them as someone they'd like to fuck? I got out of downtown and on the expressway leading home. Suddenly I saw an exit sign that named one of our area's largest malls. Inspiration or maybe simple desperation struck and I crossed three lanes of traffic, leaving honking horns and some obscene gestures in my wake. I had the vaguest hint of an idea and little time to get what I needed.

I smiled then, no doubt a strained, even horrific smile, but a smile nonetheless as the thought occurred that in order to save my family, I needed to do a little shopping.

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I'm not sure how I did it, but by three- thirty, when I expected to hear my son's old Dodge come rumbling up the driveway, I had everything in place for what I was hoping would be a successful seduction. I could barely believe I could actually contemplate such a thing, but terrible images of Dale and Kim keep me on my path. I began to panic as it was another hour before I heard John pull into the driveway.

I was in the kitchen pulling some brownies out of the oven when I heard him unlock the front door. I heard the thump of books being dumped on the couch and his footsteps treading down the hallway towards me. "Hi, sweetie," I called out. "Welcome home!"

Before he came through the doorway, I could hear him say, "Mom! You're home early, what's up?" I heard his feet come to a sudden halt and I knew he was surprised about more than me being home early.

Since the days when he was little and we could take a bath together, he'd not seen me showing off this much skin and I doubt he really remembered doing that anyway. I'd found a little sundress -- intentionally a bit small for me, that tied in a halter around my neck with a plunging neckline and an even deeper plunge in back, almost to my hips and with a hemline that ended barely south of my crotch. I was wearing "fuck me" pumps that I thought improved the look of my legs and with my back to him and bent over in front of the oven, I'm sure he was getting a real good view of my bikini clad ass.

I looked over my shoulder at him and said, "Yeah, decided to take the afternoon off -- hit the mall and buy a few new things. What do you think of my new dress?"

John swallowed -- his eyes widening and his face turning bright red even before he managed to mutter. "It's um, real pretty, Mom. Uh, I got some homework to...um, do." I hoped him blushing was a good thing and idly wondered how much I was blushing. I felt so embarrassed being dressed like that in front of my own son.

John began to beat a retreat, but I straightened up and turned with a tray of my secret weapons in hand. "Oh honey, you got the entire weekend to do that. I thought with Dad off doing another business trip, you and I could have some quality time together." I lifted the tray, feeling the warmth radiating across my mostly uncovered breasts. My heart was beating in fear as I said, "I made your favorite -- brownies!"

John actually took a step or two towards the hallway, but then the scent of my homemade brownies reached him and his teenaged appetite won out over his shock at his mother's shameful outfit and he looked hungrily down at them. "C'mon, son -- fresh out of the oven -- all hot and gooey, the way you like them."

He swallowed and then nodded, sliding into a seat at the kitchen table as he focused his attention on the sweets and not on his mother's body. I sat the tray down in front of him and then crossed the room to get us some plates and forks. I came up behind him and reached around to set the plate in front of him, leaning my body into his, my breasts mashing against his back.

"To tell the truth, I've been looking forward to spending some time alone with my baby boy. Soon, you'll be going off to college and getting married and having kids and I'll never see you," I said, still leaning into him as I reached around and cut a brownie out of the pan and set it into his plate.

My son shifted nervously in his seat, making my breasts rub against him all the more which I suppose explained the rise of goose bumps along his arms. "Yeah, me married and kids -- that'll be the day," he said in that tone of sarcasm that only a teenager can create.

I finished by giving him a big hug, pulling him tight against my body as I said, "Oh some girl is going to be mighty lucky when she manages to snag you!" I leaned my head in and kissed John on the cheek and said in a lower, huskier voice, "Very lucky." Then, feeling my face burn with embarrassment, I let him go and hurried to the sink, facing away from him to keep him from seeing my reddened face. I hoped he was still watching me, but was afraid to turn around and see.

I busied myself with washing the dirty dishes in the sink and worked to keep the conversation alive. "So, how was school today?" I asked.

I heard my son give a snort and then say through a mouthful of brownies, "Sucked as usual. I'll be so glad to graduate. That civics teacher is a real bore."

I kept up the inquiring questions and John let me know how much he disliked school. Finally, I said, "Well, I'm sorry your day sucked, honey. I've had some fun -- I played hooky all afternoon and went shopping." I took a deep breath and turned to face my son and was rewarded to see that he was staring at me as he ate.

He ducked his head down to avoid my gaze and paying attention to his brownie, asked me the leading question I had hoped he would ask. "You never take off work, Mom. What's the special occasion?"

I came over to the table and sat down across from him, crossing my arms and resting them on the table, using them to push my breasts up, making them overflow the low cut front even more. "Well, sweetie, I've been thinking. You know I got a nice raise recently?"

John nodded and ate more of his brownie, trying as he did to look me in the eye, but unable to keep his gaze from drifting down to the exposed flesh of my big breasts.

"I thought that during your fall break, your dad and I could take some days off and we take a family trip down to the Bahamas. I got the urge to go buy some new things to wear on the trip, like this little dress."

John nodded again and said, "Um, yeah, that'd be awesome, Mom -- if Dad would take the time." He rolled his eyes. "You know how he is."

It was my turn to nod and I replied, "Yes, I do and that's the whole point. We could all go down -- you can hang out on the beach and watch the girls in their bikinis and maybe your Dad and I could spice up our love life a little." I gave my son a wink and then giggled, "If you know what I mean?"

The redness in John's face which had begun to fade now flamed anew and he got a panicked look on his face and exclaimed, "Aw, geezus, Mom! I mean...Geezus!"

I laughed and reached out and took his hand. "Oh, don't act embarrassed, sweetie. You're eighteen now -- you're a man. You know your father and I do it...at least we used to. Otherwise, how did we get you?"

John was going on instinct, trying to push away from the table, but unable to while I held his hand. "Yeah, yeah, I know, but for crying out loud, Mom -- TMI!"

I tried to look a little hurt. "Sorry -- but I, I don't know, I don't think it's that big a deal. We're both adults at this table." I looked down at the table. "I mean, you're eighteen now -- a grown man. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable." I felt a little ashamed as I tried to make him feel a little guilty.

Maybe it worked though, as I felt his hand relax a little in my grip and in a meek voice, John replied, "You didn't make me feel uncomfortable, Mom. It's just...I'm not sure I want to hear about yours and Dad's sex life."

"Or lack thereof," I said right back and looked up at him, offering him a little smile. "Of course, honey -- I don't expect to talk to you about your father and I in the sack." I felt his hand begin to tense up again under my fingers. "But, you're not blind. You know that your father and I have kind of drifted apart these last few years."

I took a deep breath and plunged on. "All I mean to say is, I thought maybe a romantic vacation on a warm beach somewhere might put the spark back into our lives. I went shopping to get a few things that might get the old engines revved back up." I winked at my son again and was relieved to see him nodding -- still looking uncomfortable, but not appearing to be ready to flee the room.

We sat there for a long, quiet moment and then I looked into his eyes again and in a softer, shyer tone, I said, "You know, I really could use another man's opinion right now." John eyed me warily and said, "Opinion on what, Mom?"

"Well, I'd like to get a man's perspective on some of my outfits -- you know, how I look in them. I'd hate to wear something and it turns out your father hates it."

John's face reddened again. "I don't know, Mom -- you mean like swimsuits. He shifted in his chair again as if he couldn't get comfortable. "I'm not sure I can, uh, should."

"Awww, c'mon, honey. I really need a man's opinion and you're definitely a man," giving his hand another squeeze. I pleaded, "You're my son -- you'd tell me the truth and besides, who else could I ask, Mr. Turner down the street?"

At that we both laughed and the tension seemed to break. Mr. Turner was an old leech that lived on our block -- well known for his proclivity to somehow turn up in a person's back yard whenever a woman was trying to sunbathe.

John sighed, still looking very uncomfortable, but he suddenly shrugged his shoulders and said, "I guess I could -- anything to save you from old man Turner."

I let go of his hand and jumped to my feet. "Really?" I exclaimed, sounding like an excited schoolgirl. "Just sit right there -- get another brownie if you want. I'll go change!" I rushed away, hurrying to the downstairs bathroom where I'd left some things. My heart was beating in my chest so hard I could scarcely breathe.

In the bathroom, I tried to quickly change, but my hands were shaking so much, it was difficult. I slipped out of the dress and my underwear and slipped on the first of three

swimsuits I'd bought at a risqué lingerie store in the mall. It was a sand colored tankini -- a somewhat modest tank top and a French cut bikini bottom.

I gazed at myself in the mirror like a nervous girl about to go on a first date. Like the dress, I'd bought it a couple of sizes too small and the top hugged my heavy, drooping breasts like a second skin, leaving no doubt as to their shape and heft. My nipples stood out against the fabric -- I even imagined I could see the small bumps of my aureoles as well.

Still wearing my "fuck me" heels, I walked back down the hall, pausing to take a deep breath before I threw my shoulders back and strode into the kitchen. "Well, honey, what do you think?" I said in a voice of forced cheerfulness, striking a pose in front of my son.

John stared back, his fork suspended in mid air as his eyes took in the sight of his mother in her swimsuit. I tried to see myself in his eyes -- a middle-aged woman wearing a tank top that molded itself against her chest, leaving almost nothing to the imagination as to what her tits were like. I shivered as my son's gaze roamed downward and I felt oddly embarrassed that he might notice my round belly pooching out above the low cut bikini bottom, finding that I was idly wishing I had a flatter, more attractive stomach. I felt a flush of warmth wash across my face and neck as John's eyes moved lower, studying the tight expanse of cloth that covered my mound.

I shifted nervously on my feet as John continued to look appraisingly up and down. "Well, what do you think, son?" I asked. I felt so skittish that I couldn't stand still and I slowly turned around, feeling silly as I thrust my butt out a little. "Does this outfit look alright?"

It seemed like it took my son a moment or two for my question to sink in and then he slowly nodded his head up and down, a shy smile on his face as he continued to study my body and say, "Oh yeah, Mom. Dad's gonna love it! You look great!"

I felt a great sense of relief and was grinning from ear to ear as I responded, "That's so sweet! Think you can stand to look at another one?" John's shy smile turned into a silly grin as he shrugged and nodded. I felt strangely pleased and shot him another wink before I hurried out of the room, suddenly realizing that in my haste, I was giving him a show of bouncing breasts.

Back in the bathroom, I was surprised to find that I was breathing heavily and that there was a deep flush across my cheeks and neck and upper chest. I immediately dismissed any thought that I might be in any way aroused from my mind and focused on changing into my next outfit.

After looking in the mirror this time, it was a little harder to make myself move out of the small bathroom. That's not to say that the light blue bikini I was wearing was all that scandalous -- Kim would probably laugh herself silly that I would be embarrassed to be seen in it. It was, no doubt almost prudish compared to what she wore on the beaches in Florida. The bikini top was modest -- although, having again picked a garment of smaller size than I should've, my meaty breasts were overflowing the cups and the thin material left no doubt as to how dark my nipples were. The bottom part of the suit was little better. I have no doubt that if the material were to ever get wet, it would cleave to my pussy like it had been painted on, revealing the shape and contours of my labia.

Taking a deep breath, I moved out, my 'fuck me' heels clicking on the wooden floors. Knowing full well my son could hear me coming, I still called out, "Ready or not, here I come."

John was waiting and his eyes widened as I came strutting in, my breast flesh bouncing and jiggling as I moved into the room. Pleased with his expression, I charted a course all the way around the table, letting him see me from all angles. I even teasingly reached out and trailed my fingers through his thick, dark hair as I strolled around him.

I came to a stop in front of him and swiveled my upper body back and forth, knowing how the movement made my breasts roll and bounce. I didn't have to urge him to make an observation this time. "Mom, you look fantastic!" John said with real enthusiasm in his voice. Through his glasses, I could see his eyes flickering up and down, taking in my bikini-clad body again and again.

Again I felt a strange tingle of pleasure at my son's words, a tingle that sparked both at the tips of my nipples and between my legs...a tingle that had been sadly absent too often in my life in recent years. I felt weird and ashamed, but was surprised that there was a part of me that really enjoyed hearing him talk like that...to hear the enthusiasm in his voice.

"Really?" I said. "You don't think its too um, much, do you?"

If anything else was causing my son's face to be that dark a shade of red, I'd have been rushing him to the hospital, but I admired his effort to act nonchalant as he shook his hand in an expression of dismissal. "No, Mom -- it looks...you're beautiful!" he responded in a tight voice.

Again, I could feel my grin stretch across my face -- beaming appreciatively at my son for his generous words. I replied, "Thank you, baby. Do you think you can stand to see one more outfit?"

John's eyes roaming busily over my mostly naked body just nodded and said a bit too enthusiastically, "Sure, Mom!"

I hurried out, letting him get another look at my bouncing breasts (and upon later embarrassed reflection -- my meaty ass cheeks). Back in the bathroom, I stripped down quickly, pausing as I stepped out of my bikini bottoms to stare at the new stain in the gusset. I shivered as I realized that I was wet between my legs -- wet enough that in just a few minutes I had stained my swimsuit with my own juices. I turned the panties around and stared at the crotch -- there was just a hint of discoloration from my pussy cream -- I doubted that my son could have noticed it.

I paused and looked at myself naked in the full length mirror on the bathroom door and was amazed at what I saw. My breasts were heaving heavily, nipples thick and erect and amongst my wispy blonde pubic hair I could see glistening pink flesh as my labia had begun to swell and part. I hung my head in shame, knowing that what I was doing was a sin, but even worse, that this contemplated sin was turning me on.

Finally, I broke myself out of my reverie and moved to dress in my final outfit. It took me much longer to work up the courage to leave the bathroom than it did to put the outfit on. I'm sure even my daughter, Kim, would be appalled at the mockery of a bikini that I was wearing now. What little fabric it had was composed of, was a bright fire-engine red and consisted of

three small swatches of fabric and some thin, threadlike strings. My breasts were totally exposed except for my aureoles and nipples which jutted out against the cloth like little door knobs. The bikini bottom -- a thong more or less, didn't adequately cover my wispy bush and I could only hope that the light in the kitchen wouldn't reveal the strands of whitish blonde hair peeking out of the bit of material that just barely managed to cover my mound.

I finally managed to open the door and step out into the hall, only to halt and try to control the sudden violent tremors that racked my body. I was ashamed. I was scared. And, God help me, I was inexplicably turned on. The heat between my thighs was akin to that I'd felt on my wedding night and as I realized that, I suddenly understood that I was feeling exactly like that virgin bride so many years ago -- nervous, embarrassed and very excited. I took several deep breaths and finally was steady enough to move out.

As I approached the doorway into the kitchen, my pace picked up and I strode determinedly into the room, forcing a smile on my face as I paraded practically naked in front of my son.

I couldn't even speak as I strutted across the tile floor, breasts bouncing and threatening to flop out of their tiny halter with every step. All I could do was keep my eyes steady on my son -- praying his reaction wouldn't be to run out of the house, terrified at his mother's sudden insanity.

John's mouth hung wide open and his eyebrows lifted high on his forehead as he ogled his middle-aged mother, my pale Nordic skin exposed almost completely for him, seeing every freckle and curve of my breasts and as I turned around for him, a completely total view of my ass cheeks, thong buried deep in my ass crack and tugging against my mound with every move I made.

A minute, maybe more passed as I posed and walked around the room for my son, waiting for his reaction. His eyes stayed glued to my body, John completely focused as if memorizing my every curve. Finally, still unable to trust my voice, I made a motion with my hand as if to say, "Well? What do you think?"

John remained motionless, only his eyes seeming to work until finally he closed his mouth and licked his lips and in a rough, husky voice that made something turn liquid between my legs, said, "Mom...my God. You are....Mom, Dad will never let you outside in that...in that, um outfit."

I felt crushed and disappointed in a way I wouldn't have expected -- emotions joined by raw fear that I'd disgusted him and that any chance I had to save Dale and Kim were disappearing before my eyes. "Oh God," I moaned almost in tears. "I look that bad, John?"

John slowly shook his head from side to side, his eyes never leaving me. "Noooo, Mom!" He said in a rush. "Dad would have a heart attack trying to beat all the other men at the beach off you." My son took a deep breath and gushed, "Mom, you are too sexy for your own good! That suit should be illegal!" John grinned guiltily and shrugged.

I grinned back at my son, unable to control my smile. I felt like I'd just had the weight of the world lifted off my shoulders. I felt lightheaded and suddenly incredibly warm all at the same time. "You mean you like it, John?"

"Mom, I love that outfit -- I mean, Mom, you are freaking hot!"

I shoved aside my relief that I didn't turn my son off and instead embraced the feelings of delight that my son was saying I was sexy. I pushed the envelope further and walking up to the kitchen table, put my hands on the table and leaned forward, well aware that my breasts were now hanging down like two full udders, barely contained by the bikini. "Are you saying I'm a MILF, son?" I asked John in a coy, flirtatious voice.

John's face regained its dark red tone as he realized what I was saying and his bashfulness reasserted itself and he tore his eyes away from my swaying breasts, looking down as he mumbled, "I, um, guess so!"

Silence filled the room as we both processed his response. John finally scooted back his chair and said, "I really should get cracking on my homework, Mom."

His words barely registered as I could now see the crotch of my son's school khakis, amazed to see the large bulge in his pants, a long tube running down his left inner thigh. Fireworks seemed to explode in my brain as I heard my inner voice screaming, "YOU JUST MADE YOUR SON'S COCK HARD, CONNIE!" Again, I could hear my caller's voice laughing at me.

I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry and said, "Sure, baby, go ahead. I'm -- I think I'm going to take a shower before we decide what to do about dinner." Then I recovered enough to come around the table as my son stood up, him trying to turn away to hide his obvious erection. I pressed myself against his side, my breasts enveloping his right arm and stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek.

"Thanks for making your mother feel good, son!" I whispered after I gave him a lingering peck on the cheek. I paused, holding myself against him as he turned and looked down at me - - unable to meet my gaze, his eyes wandering further south to look at the hard tipped and barely covered nipples grazing his arm and chest.

He nodded and then unable to handle the moment anymore, whispered, "Sure, I love you, Mom," and then he fled for the stairs and the safety of his room. I watched him go, smiling lovingly at him whenever he glanced back in his retreat until he disappeared from sight. I retreated to the downstairs bathroom, growing shakier with every step.

Inside, I tore the strips of cloth off me, shivering as I turned on the shower and letting it run until steam began to billow out. I could barely stand and I wondered if I was having a heart attack or a stroke as I unsteadily stepped into the stall. I let the hot water cascade across my body and then as I ran my shaky hand across my flesh -- over my breasts and down across my stomach, I understood what was wrong with me as my fingers instinctively ventured to my swollen labia and spliced through my dripping lips. I was aroused and needed relief!

I fell back against the shower wall -- the tiles cool and comforting against my hot skin while the pulsing jets of the water played over my pussy as I begin to work my fingers up and down my suddenly needy flesh. I closed my eyes and slipped two fingers inside my slick cunt, images of that large bulge in my son's pants flashing before me. I could see myself kneeling before him and unzipping his khakis, reaching in, wrapping fingers around that warm, hard pole and then bringing it out...

I shuddered with an incredible wave of pleasure -- heralding the approach of a huge orgasm and I snapped open my eyes and jerked my fingers from my clasping pussy, sobbing with

frustration and shame and disbelief at my own actions. I could scarcely believe it -- I had masturbated thinking about my own son! Part of me laughed sardonically -- I felt ashamed because I had almost gotten myself off thinking of John, yet I planned on fucking him before midnight.

That brought me back to reality -- that and the sudden remembrance of why I was going to fuck my son -- images of my husband and daughter flashed through my head. Trembling now with frustration, I climbed from the shower, hoping that in denying myself satisfaction I might give myself an edge -- that perhaps my frustration might help inspire me to achieve my goal. Slivers of pleasure echoed through my body as I imagined my son on me, in me. I took a deep breath and moved to the next stage of my plan.

Naked and dripping wet in more ways than one, I opened the door and yelled, "John, help!"

I had to repeat myself before I heard his bedroom door open and he called down from the stairs, "What's wrong, Mom?"

"Honey, there's no towels down here, can you bring me one from the linen closet?"

There was a long pause and I hoped it was because my son was imaging his mother, wet and naked, then he said in a slightly hoarse voice, "I'll be right there, Mom." I heard him walk down the upstairs hallway and then come back and like all teenagers, he came tromping down the stairs. I peeked out at him from the doorway, only my head and bare shoulder showing as I watched him approach. His face was a fiery red again -- I hoped over me. Then I withdrew moving so that he couldn't see me from the door and held out my hand. I hoped I had this figured right.

"Here you go, Mo..." My son's voice simply failed as he handed me a bath towel and from the angle he was standing at the door, he found himself staring at his naked mother in the mirror over the sink. I took my sweet time taking the towel from him and then as he continued to stand there as if pole-axed, instead of covering up, I whipped the towel behind me and began drying my backside, my heavy breasts swaying and bouncing as I worked the towel back and forth.

From my point of view, the mirror showed my son's pants begin to tent up again and after a minute or so, I winked at him, causing him to look at me with shock and alarm and then he started to move away, back towards the stairs. I quickly followed, bringing the towel around and sort of holding in front of me, I stepped out into the hallway and said, "John?"

My son froze in his steps and slowly turned around and I wasn't sure if it was relief or disappointment in his face when he saw me -- breasts mostly exposed and the edge of the towel just below my crotch. He swallowed a couple of times and said, "Yeah, Mom?" There was fear in his voice and I suddenly realized he thought he was being busted for ogling his naked mother.

"I'm sorry to ask -- I guess I'm having a real blonde moment, but I left my undies upstairs on the bed, would you be sweet and bring them down to me?"

Again, I wasn't sure if there was relief or disappointment in his expression, but he nodded and said, "Sure thing, Mom," and hurried upstairs, walking awkwardly with the stiff pole in his pants.

I retreated back into the bathroom and began drying myself while I waited for the next stage of my plan to kick in. A minute or two dragged by and then I heard John call down from upstairs. "Uh, Mom -- um, which pair of your...uh undies did you want?"

I grinned at my reflection in the mirror at the sound of discomfort in my son's voice. I'd left three pair of panties on the bed -- all bought earlier in the day at the lingerie store. The tamest of them had a see-through crotch. The other two were crotchless panties, a pair of silky red ones and a pair of lacy black ones. I felt that tingle between my legs again as I imagined John standing upstairs holding them, picturing me wearing them.

"It doesn't matter, sweetheart. Just pick one and bring them down to Momma!" I responded in a flirty voice.

Another couple of minutes passed and as I heard John's footsteps, I delayed bringing my towel up to cover myself properly until it was just a few seconds too late, again giving my son a glimpse of his mother naked. He hung back at the door as I wrapped the towel around me and then walked up to him.

Holding my black crotchless panties gingerly, he extended his arm and handed them to me. "Ooooh, good choice, son," I purred, shaking them out and slipping my fingers through the open crotch. I wiggled my fingers at him through the open area and said, "Again, I guess I need a man's opinion. If you were my husband, would you like these?"

John just stood there, eyes wandering back and forth between my lacy, slutty panties and the jiggling globes of flesh my towel barely concealed. He licked his lips, looking pained and no wonder considering the size of the bulge in his pants. His hands were trembling and he rubbed them on the sides of his khakis nervously as if trying to keep them busy lest they do other things. "Um, yeah. I think Dad is gonna love them, Mom."

Another moment passed and the tension was thick between us and then John found a hidden reserve of strength somewhere and said in a voice that was barely above a whisper, "I reckon I should go hit the books, Mom!"

He turned and hurried down the hallway, slightly hunched over and this time not looking back even when I called out, "Thanks, son. Go get your schoolwork done and I'll call us in a pizza for supper. I picked up some DVDs for us to watch too!" John was in such a hurry, he barely mumbled in reply.

I dressed, feeling sinful in a nice way as I slipped on my crotchless panties, admiring myself in the mirror and how the black lace contrasted so well with my wispy blonde muff. I then slipped into a slinky little black lace peignoir that I'd bought earlier. I found it very sexy in that it more teased at what was hidden underneath than actually revealed. It hung to mid thigh, although I quickly discovered it would draw up close to my crotch when I sat down -- even further if I wasn't careful. The scooped neck offered up a voluptuous view of my heavy, meaty breasts, just skirting the edge of my aureoles, yet transparently revealing my nipples in sheer silk swatches.

When I emerged into the kitchen, my "fuck me" pumps back on, I was feeling nasty and whorish and part of me, especially the part between my legs was urging me to get on up stairs and just throw myself at my son. Still, part of me sensed he wasn't quite ready and even though time was passing quickly -- it was already somehow past six o'clock, I felt I had to proceed cautiously.

My confidence in my plan took a shattering hit when right after I called in the pizza, the phone rang and I discovered it was Dale on the other end. I felt panic rise up in me and wondered if my previous caller was listening in and I had to steel myself simply to pass pleasantries with my husband as he yammered on and on about his first day at his seminar. While he rhapsodized about new insurance statistics, I had to fight the urge to scream at him to run to the police and somehow get himself protected, my impulses squelched by my certain knowledge that if I did so, he might be saved, but that I was condemning my daughter to death.

Then a terrible wave of guilt washed over me as I realized that for the first time in our marriage, I was going to be unfaithful to him. But what else could I do? I felt a little crazy for a moment as Dale talked on, fighting a new urge to just ask him, "Hey honey, what would you prefer I do -- let you be murdered or fuck our son?"

Finally my air of distraction became obvious even to my husband. "Con -- are you okay, babe?" Dale asked. "Is our boy taking care of you while I'm gone?"

I fought down the urge to just start laughing or crying and replied, "Oh sure, you'll -- um, you'd be proud of him." That seemed to mollify my husband and after we discussed his schedule, he told me he'd see me Monday evening and that he loved me.

"I love you, too, Dale," I replied a bit numbly and after he hung up, I rushed back to the bathroom and had myself a good cry. Afterwards, I left money on the little table in our foyer and called up to my son to pay the pizza guy when he arrived, then I retreated to the kitchen and struggled to regroup -- to muster up whatever was inside me that would see this seduction through.

To my surprise, it didn't take me long to find it. I thought over and over about what I had to do -- fuck my son and I focused on how hard I -- his mother, had made him with my little fashion show and naughty flashing. The more I thought about that big bulge in his pants, I felt the fires again growing between my legs and I squirmed in my chair at the kitchen table again trying to understand how I could feel both ashamed and aroused at the same time.

It was almost seven-thirty when the doorbell rang and I had to yell up to John twice to come answer it. I gathered myself up and collected plates and drinks and placed them on a serving tray while listening to my son come downstairs and deal with the pizza delivery guy. When I heard the door close, I carried the tray down the hallway to the living room. When I arrived, John had the pizza on the coffee table and was looking over the DVDs I'd picked up -- a frown on his face.

"What's the matter, honey? Didn't I buy anything good?"

John began to answer me, but his reply died on his lips as he took in his scantily dressed mother. My negligee either scared him or aroused him or hopefully both. I wondered what he might be thinking -- maybe wondering why I was so sexily dressed, obviously not wearing a bra and as his eyes scanned downward, studying the hem of my peignoir, recalling that my panties were crotchless.

I leaned over and set down the tray, my breasts almost falling out and certainly giving him a tremendous view of my cleavage. "Honey...son? Everything okay?" I asked softly, handing him a plate and a soda.

He continued to stare for a few more seconds, face darkening up like before. Then he shook himself out of his stupor and found his voice. "Um...what. No, uh, I mean, yeah, I'm okay, Mom." He looked around, grasping for words, staring first at the pizza and then at the DVD's in his hands. "Oh, uh, these movies...I'm not sure you're going to like them. I think they're kind of..." He had to search for the word. "They're kinda crude, Mom."

Actually they were really crude and really raunchy. I'd picked them out carefully. They were mostly so-called teen comedies about teenage boys trying to get laid or just losing their virginity and just chock full of naked women of all ages, mostly with improbably huge tits. I selected one of them and popped it into the player while we both sat on the couch and ate pepperoni pizza. It was the sleaziest of the lot, the storyline roughly about a young man trying to lose his virginity to a sexy young thang, but winding up bedding her sexy older thang of a mother. It was crude and nasty, full of cursing and nudity and even funny in a silly sort of way.

John's attention was never totally on the movie, his eyes drawn again and again to me sitting at the other end of the couch, following me whenever I got up to go the bathroom or get something more to drink. With every movement, I would wind up a little closer to my son on the couch -- him almost shrinking into the corner. I shifted about constantly, giving my son quick flashes of my crotch as my peignoir would ride upwards. Before too long, he had a huge bulge in his pants.

Finally the first movie ended and it was now past ten o'clock, I knew time was quickly running out. I got up and put in another DVD, making a big production out of bending over, letting the negligee ride up and expose my ass and my uncovered mound. I was scared and turned on and could feel the heat and slipperiness of my labia, swollen and wet and very much exposed to my son.

When I sat back down, I sat right next to John, curling up to him with a contented sigh, my feet underneath me and the hem of my peignoir hovering right around my crotch. This movie was an old 1970's soft porn comedy -- a European feature in poorly dubbed English with scads of nudity and barely concealed sex. John sat there tense and wired, my hand on his forearm, my fingers lightly scratching along the fine hairs of his arm. His heart was beating hard enough for me to feel it and he was breathing heavily.

As we watched a scene where a young man fucked an older woman with big, bouncing breasts and wearing an awful blonde wig, I snuggled up closer to my son, my breast mashing against his upper arm, almost falling free from my outfit. As the woman's screams of orgasm began to fade, I whispered as I stroked his skin, "John, thank you for helping me out today -- for being the man I needed."

Barely audible, John replied, "Yeah...um, anytime, Mom."

"It really meant a lot to me, hearing you tell me how beautiful I am...how sexy I am." I paused and moved my fingers down to his hand and interlocking our fingers, added, "A woman my age can't hear that sort of thing enough."

There was a long pause and then John said, "Well, it's true, Mom. You are beautiful."

I turned my head to look up at him and asked in a quite voice, "Really, son?"

My son gave me a shy smile and said, "Really, Mom -- I've always thought you were beautiful."

I lifted myself up and gave my son a slow, lingering peck on the cheek, my meaty breast rubbing against his body as I moved. "You're so sweet, baby," I said, giving his hand a squeeze."

Silence followed and we turned our attention back to the screen where the older blonde haired woman was now on her knees, the young man behind her and her face screwed up into an expression of pained ecstasy. I squirmed about, working my way closer against my son and letting my hand fall just above his knee. The tension in the room doubled as we watched the scene play out on the television screen.

A clock up on the mantle chimed -- announcing that it was ten-thirty -- I had ninety minutes to seduce my son and save my daughter and her father. I took a deep breath and made my move. "Son?" I said.

"Yes, Mom?"

"This afternoon when I was modeling my new clothes for you, did I make you hard?"

My son gasped and his body stiffened and I think he halfheartedly tried to rise, but I kept my hand firmly on his leg. "Please, John. I really want to know."

Silence ensued...punctuated only by the low, animal moans of the woman on the screen. I slid my hand a few inches up John's thigh and said, "Please tell me -- did Momma make your cock hard?"

John licked his lips and opened his mouth and then closed it. His face was turned to the television screen and finally, unable to turn and look at me, he whispered, "Yes."

I slid my fingers further up his thigh, stopping just shy of the tent pole that had risen up. I asked the obvious. "Son, are you hard right now?"

He nodded, swallowing with difficulty and unable to speak. "John, are you hard now because we're watching that woman get fucked or are you hard because of me?"

My son began to nod again, but I leaned into him and with my free hand, took him by his chin and turned his face towards me. "Tell Momma the truth."

There were tears in his eyes as the moment began to overwhelm him and he sobbed, "You, Mom. You're making me hard!" He began to cry, but I made shushing noises and put my finger on his lips and then I rose slightly and pressed my lips to his, kissing him gently and lovingly, mostly with a closed mouth, but using my tongue to wash over his soft lips every few moments. I'm not sure why, but it seemed to calm him down a little.

"Thank you, sweetie. I'm glad I made your cock stiff -- I wanted to turn you on," I said. I slipped my hand further up and palmed the khaki covered monster in his crotch. I could feel it pulsing in rhythm with his heart. I looked into my son's eyes and with an eager, pleading tone said, "Can I see it, John? Can Momma see her son's big, erect cock?"

Again my son, eyes wide in amazement and near panic, was rendered speechless and could only and helplessly nod. Never taking my eyes off my son's face, trying to convey my love for him through eye contact alone, I worked his belt loose and then unbuttoned his pants and drew down his zipper -- John tensing up as I slipped my hand into his crotch, through the opening of his boxers and for the first time, wrapped my fingers around my son's erect penis!

Freeing it from the confines of his shorts, I finally looked down and now I was speechless. Oh my god! Who the hell knew my son was carrying around such a huge piece of cockflesh. Almost mesmerized, I began to slowly stroke it, feeling it pulse with life in my grip. I tore my eyes away from my son's mammoth cock and looked again into his eyes.

"John, your cock is lovely," I breathed hoarsely. "It's so damn big!" I lowered my voice conspiratorially and added, "You're much bigger than your father!" which was not a lie. Just holding it in my hand, I knew my son's cock was both longer and thicker than Dale's penis. Still stroking his cock, I rose up again and kissed him on the lips, rolling my tongue over his still pressed together lips.

"Mom?" my son finally managed to gasp. "We can't -- we shouldn't be doing...this is wrong!"

"No it's not, baby," I said gently, never ceasing my slow stroking. "You love me and I love you. I make you hard and you..." I paused for emphasis. "You make your mother wet!"

John's eyes widened and he whispered, "What?"

I slowly spread my knees, knowing I was pulling the hem of the peignoir upwards, revealing my exposed cunt, naked and framed by the sexy black lace of my crotchless panties. "You make my pussy wet, son. The love I have for you -- my need for you and this fine cock has made my pussy wetter than it's ever been in my entire life." I reached out with my free hand and found his almost limp hand. "Feel me for yourself, baby. Touch Momma and see how hot and wet I am for you!"

I tugged his hand towards me, letting it come to rest on my inner thigh just a few inches from my flowered labia, now darkly pink and wetly glistening. I released his hand. It was important that he make the move on his own -- instinctively, I knew this.

My own voice now took on an odd quaver as I was growing overwhelmed by the moment, horrified at what I had to do and even more horrified at what I suddenly wanted, no, needed to do. I couldn't believe how excited I was. My nipples were so swollen that they hurt. "Touch me, sweetheart. Feel what you do to me!"

I held my breath, not taking my eyes off my son's face while I continued to slowly masturbate him. His hand remained motionless for the longest time and then I felt him move! His hand slid up my thigh, brushing over the lacy silk of my panties and then paused, hovering over the heat of my cunt. "It's alright, John. Please touch me -- I want you to."

I let out a little gasp as for the first time in my life, my son's fingers brushed through my wispy bush and then pressed against my wet labia. John paused again, eyes wide with desire and perhaps madness, no doubt reflecting the incestuous lust shining in my own eyes and then, one finger -- then two began to trail along my slit, between my swollen and quivering lips, sinking deeper as they moved and then deeper as he probed for my opening. "Yessss!" I hissed as my son's fingers found their way deeper inside my pussy. I began trying to clamp down around his fingers, wanting to feel him inside me.

"Oh, Mom!" John moaned. "You -- you're sooooo hot and soooo wet!" He waggled his fingers around sinking them to the second knuckle and I ground myself against his hand. "I love you, Mom!"

Almost on the verge of tears, both ashamed and aroused, I whispered back, "I love you too, John," and then I leaned into him again and kissed him, forcing my tongue between his lips and gratified and excited as he began to kiss me back, his tongue probing uncertainly into my mouth. As we kissed, I continued my slow stroking of his cock which seemed to grow a bit more around my fingers, blood pulsing within that mighty pole more rapidly with each passing moment. I passed my thumb gently over the top of his cockhead, smearing the thick drops of precum dripping from the slit of his cock.

John was doing his part, making me shiver with pleasure as he plunged another finger into my pussy, probing and discovering my sweet spots like a natural. I made excited mewling noises against his mouth, rubbing myself up against his body like a female cat in heat. I reached out and took his free hand and guided it to my breasts, tugging down the neckline of my peignoir and letting my breasts spring free. John moaned happily as he began kneading my heavy tits, palms scraping against my turgid nipples and sending more bolts of pleasure through my body.

Animalistic passion took over -- all thoughts of shame banished and on the verge of orgasm, I pulled away from my son only to sink to my knees in front of him. For the moment I was beyond words, beyond any coherent plan. Suddenly, I had my son in my mouth, running my tongue over his cock, sucking his cockhead furiously, never losing eye contact and reveling in the look of utter pleasure now on his face.

I sucked and lapped up his precum and slowly took all of him in my mouth until his wiry blonde pubes were tickling my nose. Then, despite being almost drunk with sheer carnal desire, I realized I was tasting cum -- not that he'd shot his load yet, but I could taste it on his shaft and in his crotch and I became suddenly aware of the dampness of his pubic thatch. It hit me hard, almost making me swoon as realization swept over me. He'd masturbated within the last few hours!

I let my son slowly slip from my lips and then as I took his stiff rod in hand, rubbing it over my cheeks and lips, I looked up at him and said, "You jacked yourself off after my fashion show, didn't you?" I probably would have sent him into a panic if not for my lusty, evil grin. John nodded slowly.

"You went upstairs and stroked this big cock while thinking of your Momma, didn't you, baby?" I cooed before running my tongue up the length of his long and hard penis.

"Yes, Mom," John gasped.

"Mmmmmm, well, you'll never need to jack off again, son. Momma will make sure of that!" I growled before taking him in my mouth again, sucking my son off with a vengeance. As I bobbed my head up and down on his shaft, massaging his velvet steel with my lips and tongue, I felt his fingers fall to my head, curling around my short blonde hair till he was helping me work my head back and forth -- fucking my face as much as I was sucking his dick. I moaned my approval at this, making him moan in return.

It didn't take too long from there. I heard John's breath quicken and his cock began to swell and he cried out, "OH CHRIST, MOM! I'M CUMMMING!" And my god, he came -- a great gusher of hot sperm exploding from his cock into my mouth. Sweet, clean tasting cum. I'd forgotten how a young man's semen could taste. John thrust himself against my face, crying with pleasure as I continued to suck him and then I felt myself nearly orgasm as reality came crashing in.

My mind reeled as I realized that for the first time in over twenty-one years, I had a cock in my mouth that wasn't my husband's -- amazement that doubled as part of me screamed, "You're sucking your son's big cock. YOU'RE EATING YOUR SON'S HOT, DELICIOUS CUM...AND YOU FUCKING LOVE IT!"

I couldn't help but love what I was doing. It had been years since I'd felt this much passion for a man...for my husband. A dam of repressed sexual need exploded into release, narrowing down in focus to this wonderful cock of my own child's, a cock I just kept sucking and sucking, draining his load and delighting in tasting and swallowing every drop.

My son squirmed and shook with pleasure and I continued sucking his cock. The sensations overwhelmed him -- my sure and determined loving of his sensitive flesh became too much and I continued to suck his cock, even as he tried to withdraw, putting pressure on my head, tugging me by the hair to let him go. I resisted and as he moaned from the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain that my mouth and tongue were delivering, I sucked on his still stiff cock even harder.

Minutes passed with John moaning, "Mom -- I love you, Mom, but, oh God, too much...OH, MOM!" Still, I sucked my son's cock without pause, paying attention for any sign of shrinking and becoming pleased with myself as it continued to throb, stiff and firm in my hungry mouth. My own needs now began to assert themselves and now assured of my son's erection continuing, I wanted it and him inside me.

"Baby, do you think you can fuck Momma?" I gasped as I let him slide from my lips, a long streamer of saliva and sperm trailing with me until it finally snapped and splattered against my exposed breasts. I began to fall back, shoving the coffee table away so I could lie on my back, drawing my knees up and then spreading them to expose my wet and hungry cunt to my son.

John sat there, cock standing up stiff and proud from his lap, staring at his mother, exposed in my almost total nakedness -- leaving no doubt about my desire for him. The little bit of my mind that was still sane glanced at the clock on the mantle. It was just past eleven o'clock -- I was so close now.

I held out my arms, spreading my legs wider. "Please, son. I want you. I need you." I thrust my pelvis up, flaunting myself to my youngest child -- trying to entice him with the slick wet, pink flesh flowered open before him. "Please, John, please fuck me! Fuck your mother!"

My son stood up and for a terrible moment, I thought he was going to run away. "I want...Mom, I've...I've never..." He swallowed slowly and whispered in a fearful voice. "I'm a virgin, Mom."

As his words sank in, I wanted him even more. "It's okay, baby. I would love to be my son's first lover. I wagged my fingers in a "come here" motion. "C'mon, John. Come here and fuck

your mother!" I said in a voice filled with need and desire and lust. I asked my son to fuck me in a lusty manner that I had never even used with his father in our most passionate times.

"I love you, Mom! John groaned as he fell to his knees before me, walking awkwardly and leaning over me. I took him in my embrace and kissed him passionately, wrapping my arms around him, holding him to me as we hunched at each other. I felt his hard dick move back and forth over my mound -- leaving smears of semen, my saliva and newly produced precum in my sparsely haired bush and up as far as my stomach.

I drew my feet up and worked his undone pants down to his ankles where he managed to kick free of them altogether. Between wet, sloppy kisses and breathless exclamations of love to each other, I yanked his t-shirt over his head and flung it away, showering his chest with kisses -- his flesh still a little doughy with the last vestiges of baby fat, but a man's body beginning to be defined.

My son's body shivered as I tongued his hard, pebble-like nipples, sucking at them and nipping them with my teeth as he humped his body against mine. Between my legs, a fire raged, being stoked into a terrible conflagration with each movement of his big, hard penis against my swollen lips. I needed to be fucked. I needed to be fucked by my son. I needed to be fucked by my son right now!

I reached down with one hand and took his throbbing member and placed it against the wet, clasp opening of my aching, needy pussy. It was time. I was about to be fucked by my own child. I never in my life felt so complete. In accepting my son's cock inside of me, I was being a good mother and wife -- saving my husband and daughter from a madman's whim, but even as an image of Dale and Kim came to mind, cheering me happily on in the knowledge that I was doing this for them, the utter and complete truth was present as well. I was about to be fucked by my son because I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted my son to fuck me as I had never wanted anything before.

As John's cock began to press into my cunt -- as his huge cock-head was enveloped by my hot, tender and oh-so wet flesh, I heard my son growl and like a wild beast taking its mate, my sweet son, John, took me, ramming his huge dick inside me to the hilt in one fierce thrust. I threw my head back and let out with a scream as my tender, aroused flesh yielded to his long, massive pole of cock meat -- going deep, deep, deeper than anyone ever had before and as each inch burrowed towards my womb, waves of sheer carnal pleasure exploded inside me, magnified by the knowledge and instinctual recognition of the flesh of my flesh melding with my flesh in incestuous union.

I buried my face against John's chest, feeling more than hearing his young heart pounding with excitement as he brutally thrust his cock into me again and again like an out of control jackhammer. He was a tight fit and the first dozen or so thrusts held pain as well as pleasure, but with each stroking visit of his cock, my pussy adapted and as the first waves of incestuous orgasm faded, I began to meet his thrusts, both of us like lust enraged beasts, locked in furious fucking.

In his excitement, John's cock slipped free, but before I could move to help him get inside me again, my son's thick prick found its own way back home, thrusting deep inside me, touching me in virgin places and I was quickly in the throes of an son induced orgasm again.

My son fucked me hard. My son fucked me sloppy. I knew without a doubt that it was his first time -- that he was completely without experience, moving awkwardly, barely doing anything more than following instincts and yet it was the most wondrous fuck of my life. Just feeling his cock sliding along, scraping my inner flesh with his penis -- the touch of my son's flesh upon mine, did things to my body that no-one, not even Dale at his most experienced and enthusiastic best, had ever done.

I clawed at him and clung to him, fingernails digging into his shoulders and my legs wrapped tight around his ass. Our bodies slapped together wetly as we became covered in fuck sweat. I could smell my own pussy, juices literally pouring forth as he moved back and forth in me -- my inner thighs becoming slippery and allowing him to somehow pound that lovely cock into me all the harder and faster. We kissed and bit at each other, his breath heavy on my neck and then my face before moving down at wrapping his lips around my swollen nipples. He sucked at my breast with gusto, reinforcing both my awareness of my son and long forgotten memories of nursing him and my sudden overpowering desire for him.

As my third massive orgasm swelled up inside of me, fueled by my son's big cock, I forgot all thoughts of my husband and daughter and let myself fall headlong into a well of incestuous lust -- never wanting this moment to end, desiring nothing more than to spend the rest of my life with my son's lovely penis buried deep inside me and knowing nothing more than I loved my son with ever fiber of my being. I began to scream incoherently, slamming myself against John's thrusts and then came the mother of all orgasms as I felt my son stiffen, thrust deep and almost go into convulsions as he emptied his balls into my pussy.

For long minutes, maybe hours, my word winnowed down to the hot, creamy semen filling my womb and to the big, pulsating cock buried inside of me -- making mother and son, simply man and woman. I was floating in a heavenly state -- the knowledge of this being incest only adding a delicious flavor to my bliss and I confess, not thinking or hoping that our illicit deed had saved Dale or Kim.

Our breathing slowed, our kisses became gentler and I had the last exquisite moments of orgasm as John slowly shrank and finally slipped from my pussy's grasp. He left me for just a few second, turning off the lights and the television and pulling a couch throw blanket over us. My last memories were of John's arms wrapped around me, holding me safe and warm in his arms as we both slipped into a well deserved sleep.

I awoke in the wee, darkest hours of the night, my son and I kissing, our bodies working sweetly together -- his penis, again hard and aroused, brushing along my thigh. Somehow, still entangled together, we made it to our feet and I led John up the stairs, still kissing and my hand wrapped tightly around his hard cock, leading him to his bedroom, shivering with delight as he tore the wispy remnants of my peignoir from me, his hands roaming hungrily over my body.

My son's room smelled as most teenaged boy's rooms do -- an earthy mix of sweat, food and semen and while a day ago the scent would have seemed mildly disgusting, it now inflamed my desires even more and I dragged my son onto the bed, spreading my legs wide and pulling him on top of me, thrusting my tongue into his mouth as he again thrust his wonderful cock into my steamy cunt.

I remember my wedding night with Dale -- giving up my virginity to him in a cheap motel, halfway between here and Key West. I remembered our honeymoon in that old resort town. I

remember good sex and great sex during my life and the very best moments paled when compared to this night with my son.

I felt insatiable over the next few hours and my sweet, darling son met my needs in everyway -- staying erect as only a teenager can and making up what he lacked in experience with pure, unrestrained enthusiasm. This compounded by the undeniable fact that our being mother and son, brought us to new heights of sinful ecstasy, simply made this the most incredible lovemaking I have ever experienced.

As he began to fuck me for the second time that night, as our first long, passionate kiss ended, John looked into my eyes and groaned, "I want it all, Mom. I want to have it all." The urgency and the hunger in his voice, turned my insides into liquid napalm, inflaming me with the desire...the need to give myself to him completely.

Of course, we didn't do it all that night, but we did as much as we could, given the limits of the human body. I let my son take me from every position possible and while we began in relative darkness, I acquiesced to John's wishes to fuck with the lights on, flattered by his lustful and hungry stares as he explored my body.

My son had me moaning in orgasm while in the missionary position, my legs sometimes locked behind his hips and other times draped over his shoulders. John cupped and squeezed my titties, letting my meaty flesh bounce and jiggle in his fingers as I rode him, my head thrown back in sweet ecstasy, reveling in the feel of his swollen cock inside me. I think my son loved doing me doggie style the best, thrusting deep into from behind as he squeezed and pinched my swinging breasts, nipples long and erect, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me against him, kissing my neck and shoulders as we both watched ourselves fuck in the large mirror over the bedroom dresser.

That single image, me on my knees, John's left arm around my round belly and his right hand full of tit, just a hint of his cock buried in my cunt while he kissed my neck and my face, slack-jawed with pure lust and pleasure, is never far from my waking thoughts and I think will be burned into my consciousness for the rest of my life.

John came in me twice more that night, both times filling my womb with his hot, sweet sperm. In between, I sucked his cock, cleaning him of our mixed juices, reveling in how excited it made him to see his mother on her knees before him, revealed as a cum-hungry slut. To my delight, John was eager to explore my body, kneeling between my widespread legs, touching, kissing and licking my quivering, sensitive pussy, utterly fascinated by his mother's cunt. I marveled at his willingness to taste me, even with his thick, hot sperm oozing from me -- something his father had refused to do many times over the years.

Finally, exhausted in that good way that you get from earth-shattering sex, my son and I fell asleep in each other's arms as the first light of dawn began to creep through his bedroom window. My pussy was achy and sore -- unused to such attentions, my nipples tender and raw from being licked, sucked and bit -- even my tongue was tired from either being busy kissing John or sucking his cock. I was happy in a way I had never known I could be and I slept better than I can ever remember -- not thinking even once about Dale or Kim.

It was nearly noon when I awoke again, my head resting on John's chest, hand draped across his slightly doughy stomach, my thigh across his legs and his cock -- semi-erect nestled against my thigh. My son was deep asleep as I roused myself from incredibly erotic dreams

and I lay there for a long time, watching him sleep, an angelic, childlike smile on his face. I could not believe the yearning I felt for him and despite my aching and weary body, I yearned to have him again.

I needed some nourishment first -- coffee and something to eat. Good sex always made me wake up hungry. Gently, so as not to wake John, I slipped from his bed and went quietly downstairs. Naked in the kitchen, I hummed happily to myself as I fixed an English Muffin and brewed some coffee and relived last night in my mind.

It was only then that I recalled everything and why I had done it. I was sorely tempted to call my husband and my daughter, but hesitated, unsure of how to proceed. In my heart, I believed that they were perfectly safe -- unharmed as I had completed my...seduction of my son. I sat down at the kitchen table and as I ate, considered all that had happened. Try as I might, I had to admit not feeling any guilt over what I had done.

In truth, my nipples hardened and swelled up at my memories of last night's...what should I call it -- my complete and utter incestuous debauchery with my son? As I remembered, I felt my labia begin to grow slick and my senses sharpened and I realized I could smell him and us on me. I reeked of sperm and pussy and spit and sweat and it made me wet all over again.

I was thinking of going back upstairs and awakening my son up and beginning right where we left off when the phone rang -- causing me to slosh coffee on the table, it startled me so.

I reached over and keyed the receiver and said, "Hello," knowing even before he spoke who it was.

"OH MY, CONNIE -- THAT WASN'T EVEN CLOSE, WAS IT? I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE MORE OF A CHALLENGE FOR YOU! YOU HAD NEARLY AN HOUR STILL TO GO WHEN YOUR SON CLIMBED ON TOP OF YOU AND SANK THAT BIG COCK INSIDE YOU ON THE LIVING ROOM CARPET!"

I shivered at the washed out, almost mechanical voice and the confirmation that somehow he was watching everything we said and did. Even so, the fact that someone had witnessed my son and I fucking like cats in heat excited me in some awful way. I said, "I did what you asked. My husband and daughter...?"

"ARE SAFE AND SOUND AND AS HAPPY AS CAN BE. NO HARM WILL COME TO THEM."

"Thank God," I replied. "What happens now?"

"WHY, THAT'S UP TO YOU, CONNIE. IT SEEMED TO ME AS IF YOU TOOK MY ADVICE AND REALLY ENJOYED YOURSELF LAST NIGHT."

Silence on his end indicated that he wanted an answer. My mouth felt dry as I rasped, "Oh yes. I never imagined." My nipples swelled and I felt a ripple of desire course through my body, emanating outwards from my pussy as images of last night flashed through my mind.

There was amused chuckling coming from the other end of the phone line. I heard a snapping noise on the other end and then sounds of a woman moaning with great pleasure began. When I heard myself cry out, "Fuck me, baby! Fuck Momma good!" I realized that it was me being

pleasured by John. Fear shot through me -- competing with my arousal and I somehow stammered, "So, what is this -- blackmail?"

My voice on the other end suddenly cut off, followed by silence and then he replied, "WHY NO, CONNIE. I'M OFFENDED AT THE SUGGESTION. MY PURPOSE ISN'T MONEY AND EXTORTION -- FAR FROM IT."

"What the fuck do you want then?" I snarled, feeling my fingers tighten around the phone receiver.

"I DID THIS FOR MY PLEASURE AND CURIOSITY, CONNIE," he answered. "YOU SHOULD FEEL PRIVILEGED -- YOU ARE MY FIRST PROJECT...AN EXPERIMENT, IF YOU WILL."

I was at a momentary loss for words and my caller took this as respectful attention and elaborated. "YOU SEE, CONNIE. I WANT TO SEE HOW FAR PEOPLE WILL GO FOR THOSE THEY LOVE -- WHAT WILL THEY BE WILLING TO DO IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR LOVED ONES -- WHAT TABOOS THEY WOULD BREAK AND IN DOING SO, MAYHAP THEY WILL LEARN NEW THINGS ABOUT THEMSELVES AND ENJOY NEW AND HERETOFORE FORBIDDEN PLEASURES, JUST AS YOU HAVE...EXPERIENCED."

"And what happens next?" I whispered. In my mind I suddenly recalled news reports and headlines from the tabloids about "The Creep" who imprisoned family members together for periods of time -- many speculating that he was trying to drive them to commit incest. Some of the tabloids claimed to have proof that he had succeeded.

"THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU, MY DEAR. OUR BUSINESS IS CONCLUDED. WHAT YOU TAKE FROM IT IS UP TO YOU. MAY I ASK A QUESTION?"

I replied, "Yes."

"YOU'VE ALREADY ADMITTED TO ENJOYING HAVING COMMITTED INCEST WITH YOUR SON. HAVING TASTED THIS FORBIDDEN FRUIT, WILL YOU CONTINUE?"

Part of me wanted to say, "No -- of course not," but I knew that was a bald-face lie. I wanted more. I wanted my son right this moment! I knew there was no way I could give my son's cock up willingly. I took a deep breath and answered, "Yes, God help me, yes. I...I loved it. I love him."

Again my words were met with his evil chuckles. "I AM SO PLEASED FOR YOU. ENJOY HIM. ENJOY EACH OTHER."

I sensed he was about to hang up and I couldn't help but blurt out, "Tell me...are you the Creep?"

There was a pause and then he replied, "NO -- I ADMIRE WHAT I THINK IS HIS PHILOSOPHY, BUT MY METHODS AND MOTIVES ARE VERY DIFFERENT FROM HIS. FOR YOUR PURPOSES, YOU MAY CALL ME...THE FIEND." There was another pause and then he added, his electronic voice somehow full of malicious delight. "YOU'RE WASTING TIME, CONNIE. GO FUCK YOUR SON. FAREWELL."

Then I was holding a dead phone in my hand. I turned it off and set it down. I sat quietly for a time, lost in thought. I should have been worried about this man...this Fiend. I should have worried about how he was able to watch my every move and whether or not he would continue to spy on John and me. Maybe I should have been concerned about how easily he'd manipulated me into fucking my son. But, none of that concerned me. I had only one overriding thought.

I stood and quickly went back upstairs. I paused in the doorway of my son's room, inhaling the strong scent of pussy and cum. I admired John's naked body, blankets kicked off and his cock, still half-erect, between his legs. I moved to the bed and eased myself up, lying down between his thighs and taking my son's cock in hand, gently kissed it and began licking it like the sweetest lollipop I'd ever had.

"Wake up, son," I whispered softly. "Momma needs you. Momma needs her boy's big cock."

And happily, my son did wake up and he made love to me and he fucked me and he made me his. For three years now, my son and I have carried on this incestuous affair, both of us reveling in our love for each other. Dale is totally oblivious and if Kim suspects, she has kept it to herself. As I said when I began my story, I'm not sure if this is a good thing or a bad thing, but I love it...God help me, but I do love my son's cock so. I'm not sure why the "Fiend" did what he did and to be honest, I don't care, but if I could, I would thank him with all my heart. If he still watches us, I hope the sinful display of John fucking his mother is thanks enough.

The End?