

Beautiful Dreamers

Panzerfeck

Chapter 1

1

It was a rare occasion that Tammy brought out the toys before bedtime, before she was done reading her favourite kind of stories, but she could no longer hold back, what with the colourful mental pictures and heart-wrenching passion of the new offerings she had stumbled upon. Now she sat deep in her chair, reading from her iPad with one hand while in the other her silver bullet buzzed strongly against her most precious spot through her damp panties, and over the course of an hour as she stealthily released blissful climax after climax, she wrestled with the temptation to reach for something bigger, and lost!

Her son was only in the next room. And how thin were the walls really? As Tammy breathed raggedly, flicking the stray blonde locks away from her heavy-lidded eyes, she bit her lower lip hard before giving in and yanking the crotch of her pink panties to one side, daring to sample the warm waters with eager fingers, the palm of that hand rested on the prominent hood of her clit just below her dark trimmed bush, and muffling a sigh as she did.

Not only did her puffy pink cunt beg to be fucked deep, but so did her heart, and so did her mind, like a tantric geyser building pressure, steaming and spraying and fit to burst.

She tried to make do with what she had to hand, but it just wasn't going to be enough and she knew it. So Tammy reached into the bedside drawer beside her reading chair and went straight for the 8" lifelike vibrating jelly dildo, the one with the magical little clit stimulator at its base, and set it to a low purring speed. There was no need for foreplay anymore. Tammy needed to be filled, and she needed to mould herself around the imaginary cock of her lover, to yield to it and to make warm, salty puddles around it.

Still refusing to make any more noise than a steadying breath, or a low moan of approval as she fed the long, flexible toy to her feverish depths, Tammy listened carefully, just in case she might unwittingly find herself in a compromising position and with no escape or excuse.

Fuck! That deep vibration, that buzzing current of arousal shooting from her clit and deep into her abdomen, and in

another life, another world, her fictional son was locked body to body and riding her to a most delicious plateau of forbidden orgasmic bliss while her fictional self encouraged him with such recklessly filthy words...

"Oh my God, I feel like I'm giving birth to you all over again," Tamara groaned, her eyes locked intently on her sons as he drove deep toward her womb. "You're going to split me in half!"

She stifled a squeal just as it dared escape her lips and then fell still and deathly silent. It was not a matter of privacy or opportunity that caused her to be so cautious at any other time, though she was now beyond helping herself in any way other than sexually. As a lonely and bored single mother, she wasn't frigid but long gone were the days where she could switch on her libido at will. At 38 she no longer knew what she wanted, but when she read one of her stories she would know whether she had found it or not. In stories such as this one she had found it.

Her son Ben spent so much of his time locked away in his room these days. She didn't have to worry about that.

Tammy had already finished a pile of laundry, stored away the dishes and showered, all before 9pm. It was her "me time" and she was making full use of it, albeit still very guiltily. Imagine if her son knew not only what she was doing but also the nature of those stories.

But then all that was on her mind the past few days was how many times Lit user Erotikinesis could drive her up the wall, pussy dripping, heart pounding and mind racing with the sheer vividness of his mother-son incest tales. Several times that week, almost every other night, he had fucked her to completion with the power of his imagination and when Tammy regained control of herself, only after saturating the leather seat with her salty sweet juices, she decided that she had to contact him to thank him, and to tell him why!

2

"I just wanted to thank you for your stories and to let you know that I am constantly wet and aching all day and night because of you. I'm writing this breathless and with sticky wet fingers, literally reeling at the thought of my son

seducing and fucking me the way you described," Tammy wrote and hit 'SEND' before logging out.

The very next day, during her lunch hour, she dared to look, to see if Erotikinesis had replied. In her inbox, the one and only email read - or screamed-

RE: THANK YOU.

Sent from her son's email address...

Tammy came over dizzy. Surely it was a mistake or a coincidence. Tammy opened the message and read it.

"Dear 'IfOnlyMySonKnew'," he began, "thank you for such a wonderful sexy compliment. And from a mother as well - you don't know how hot that is to me. What was your favourite story and what did you like most about it?"

What should she have done? Tammy traced the end of one short manicured nail across her lips as she thought about it,

her dark blue eyes suddenly lost and distant an unmeasurable number of miles away. And she found her heart fluttering, because what if this was Ben - her Ben?

Though she had never completely thought of him in a sexual way, as though to consider having sex with him, she had projected his appearance onto several fictional characters in the past and visualised him with other women.

And Tammy could not deny herself or her deepest, darkest fantasies. She loved taboo incest erotica. She had fallen hopelessly for it and was fuelled by it. Maybe to the point of addiction, she could get off without it less and less, and admittedly it excited her in ways that left other genres incomparable.

Was this Ben Adams THE Ben Adams? Was this her son? It could only have been a huge coincidence, she imagined, and so Tammy forced doubt onto herself, dismissing the possibility, and replied.

"Last night I read 'Come to Bed with Mommy' and it had me begging to be fucked exactly the way Ben did his

mother Tamara. It could be that Tamara is my name and that I have a son named Ben. That coincidence lent itself. But your powers of description and suggestion, the chemistry and the emotional build, all of those things pulled me in deep. The sex itself completely finished me off!"

"No kidding. My mom's name is Tammy. I actually wrote that with her in mind," Ben soon replied. "She would probably lose her mind if she knew, and I never before considered writing a character with her in mind, but it was a hell of an experience writing it."

He was right about that - the part about losing her mind. Tammy decided to leave it at that. Squirming in her cafeteria seat she continued to watch over her inbox, wondering if any other home truths were about to come through. In denial of the real reason, because she was now so confused and aroused at the same time, her head remained in the gutter as her friends idly chatted around her.

Before she jumped to conclusions, Tammy would have to chase one minor detail or two, which she would get around to as soon as she got home later that afternoon!

3

She rode like the devil was chasing, well aware that she was more likely racing to meet him head on having skipped the last hour at work. She had more than enough flexi-time to spare. Nobody batted an eyelid as she darted from her cubicle, clocked out and sped out of the parking lot.

Tammy got home to an empty house at twenty past four. She couldn't have asked for more. Flipping off her heels she pounced up the stairs and into her son's room to fire up his PC and at the same time logged into her email account via her phone before heading online.

What awaited her? What would affirm the nerves rousing in her gut and the intuition that her gamble was in vain, that her denial was worth nothing? Did she know deep down that Ben was the man she had emailed that afternoon?

In the browser search bar Tammy only had to type in the first three letters of the website's address before the most recent searches did in fact affirm her suspicions. Incest/Taboo stories everywhere, all of them clearly mother and son titles. That boy was clearly not worried about being discovered. But what really caught her eye really piqued her curiosity. She did have to know for sure.

Tammy baited a restless breath and clicked on the bar labelled "recent activity" and sat perched in Ben's office chair as the author's notification's page appeared, filled with hearts upon hearts and all for a little story titled...

COME TO BED WITH MOMMY

Tammy let out a gasp. Her hand didn't know whether to defensively go up to her mouth or to race down between her legs where a sudden ache now radiated up to her abdomen. Scrolling down, she soon found her own username next to a heart, where she had favoured his story.

'Oh my,' she muttered, suddenly not knowing what to think or where to look. And there it was. Ben, Tammy's son, was not only a writer of mother-son incest erotica, he had written her favourite story as a personal fantasy, about his own mother. And she had been getting off to his stories, turned on by them like she'd never been before.

Tammy sat back and forced herself to take a few deep breaths. Was it getting hot in here? Her cheeks were flushing and burning up. She fanned herself with both hands but to no avail. Tammy and her son were both incest lovers, fantasising about mothers fucking sons and clearly neither of them had an ounce of shame between them.

'What do I do?'

'Mom,' Ben called from downstairs. The front door promptly closed behind him. Panicking, Tammy ran out of the room, phone in hand, and bolted for the bathroom.

'Hey son, I'll be downstairs in a minute,' she called back and closed the door behind her, dropping herself down on the edge of the bathtub to check her emails one last time.

"No kidding, my mom's name is Tammy. I wrote that with her in mind..."

'What have I done, Ben? What have you done?' she whispered harshly to herself. She didn't know what to say. How would she act? How would he not know the state he had left her in, being the man that brought these dark fantasies out to play? Was he serious that he wanted to do those things to his mother, or was it just pure red-blooded male fantasy?

When Ben passed by the bathroom door on his way to his room Tammy held her breath again. Worn out from another day's intensive brain work at the office, Ben slumped back into his office chair with his eyes closed and exhaled a long, ragged breath of relief. Oddly the seat of the chair was warm as though somebody had been sitting in it.

When he opened his eyes to find that the screen was lit and that the Literotica Recent Activity page was plastered all over the screen...

Tammy left the bathroom and bypassed Ben's room. She decided that she would speak to him a little later on the subject. She would have to. There was no further question about that. First she needed a distraction to help her to calm down. Dinner made sense. Everybody liked dinner. Dinner didn't question anybody's motives. Dinner didn't need to know!

Tammy decided on a sausage casserole with mashed potatoes and got to work like a woman possessed when Ben appeared beside her some time later, notably quiet and moving with caution. She was dicing onions when she sensed him and greeted him with a brave smile. That seemed to have caught him by surprise; maybe because he was expecting hell to pay.

'Hey Ben, how was work?' Tammy asked by habit, looking up a few inches to meet his nervous eyes. 'You look a little strung...'

Ben forced a smile and swooped in to kiss her on the cheek, which also surprised her, as did the way his hand brushed casually along her elbow. What was that, she wondered. It left her tingling. 'I am a little. They're definitely trying to get their money's worth this week. New boss sucks ass!'

'Most bosses do,' Tammy said outright. 'Male or female?'

'It's a woman. Her name's Carol. Something tells me she doesn't care for men so much. We think she might be a closet feminist...'

'Oh well then you're screwed, son,' Tammy replied, fighting back the sting in her eyes as she carved up the last of the onions and threw them in the skillet. 'If she doesn't like men AND she's a feminist then she could be a misandrist.'

'What the hell is one of those?' Ben asked, filling the kettle under the tap.

'A man-hater, honey; they use the likes of feminism to hold high their personal grudges.'

'Fuck that,' he reacted, settling the kettle down and flipping the switch. Instinctively Tammy would normally have warned Ben about that kind of language, but she didn't. To avoid the reality and the gravity of her hidden dilemma, she buried herself into the conversation.

'No you really don't want to do that,' she joked but she wasn't really joking. 'In fact that's usually the reason they're so angry with men - aside from the fact that they're so hard to look at and so bitter that no man in the right mind would.'

'Mom,' Ben said and began to laugh under his breath. What had gotten into her? 'It's almost like you know her. Take a wild guess what she looks like...'

'Obese, granny glasses, bad hair, mouth like an asshole with lipstick on it...'

'Wow, I guess you do know her,' Ben said in his utter surprise. Still she wouldn't look at him. He could sense that something was amiss and he was worried that he knew why.

If his suspicions were true and he found out for sure, he would die of shame.

'Dinner in an hour if that's okay?' Tammy asked, watching the sausages brown.

5

"Quick question," Tammy typed into a reply later that evening. "You already know about the coincidence that you and I share the names of your mother and my son. Have you considered the strange possibility that maybe I'm sending this message to my son while he's sitting across the room from me, watching the television?"

Tammy put her phone in her lap and turned back to the TV, but her sights were focused indirectly on Ben, who was in fact lazing on the couch. She could see him by her periphery, enough to look like she wasn't paying attention as the message tone of his own phone sounded. He wasted no time in answering. Craftily, Tammy had turned off the message tone to her email so that he wouldn't catch on to what was happening.

Two minutes later:

"Omg that would be strange wouldn't it? Okay then if you're my mom then what's on television and what am I wearing?"

"Okay you got me," Tammy typed. "You're sitting at your computer typing my next favourite mommy fantasy."

"Ha! I knew it! Tease!" Ben gave his mother a cursory glance and again returned to his show.

"You're watching Game of Thrones in your white basketball shorts," Tammy replied, noting Ben's white basketball shorts. As soon as she hit send, she regretted it. What was even going through her mind anymore but the fact that she knew what he didn't? What was she playing at?

She left the room as calmly and as normally as she could, but as the ringtone on Ben's phone sounded again and he looked up to her, wondering where she was going, Tammy smiled and offered him a wink.

"OMG NO!!"

As she locked herself into her bedroom and settled back into her seat, the one in which she had masturbated vigorously only twenty four hours previously to her own son's incest fantasy, Tammy took a deep breath and awaited the tidal wave of anxiety that was set to sweep right over her. Her arms and legs were shaking. Her stomach was flipping madly with nerves. She had to do something to take control of the situation, for both their sakes.

On the one hand she couldn't wrap her head around what it meant and what it could lead to, that both she and her son shared the same deliciously depraved fantasy - a fantasy that involved the both of them - and yet had maintained it as a best kept secret for good reason.

What would become if she left it where it was, with Ben no doubt left in shock and embarrassment, knowing that his own mother had exposed his secret? But then there was the matter of the emails between them before Tammy realised just who her fantasy writer really was.

Maybe, she thought...

Maybe I need to be honest with him, but more importantly to be honest with myself in front of him, so that he can rest assured that he's not alone; that it's not so big a deal. With that, she returned to her email account. A new message was already awaiting her.

"Mom, please just forget it happened. I am so sorry. If this is really you and it wasn't a lucky guess, I cannot be sorry enough!"

"Yes it's me," Tammy typed nervously. "I'm just as shocked as you are. But we have to talk about this. I'm going to stay in my room for a while and give you your space. But I want to speak to you so let me know I can and I'll call you instead..."

'Hey son,' Tammy began cautiously and took a deep breath when she couldn't think where to begin.

'Mom,' Ben moaned miserably, 'I am so sorry, please don't think I'm a freak.'

'Well, we're in a weird situation here, Ben, so let's say we admit we're both freaks and go from there,' Tammy offered warily. 'Just listen to me a moment, relax and let me talk for both of us. Can you do that?'

'Yes mom,' he sulked. 'I am soooo...'

'Sorry, yeah, that's gonna get worn out by the time we're done!'

'I'm just gonna turn off the TV and go to my room as well, then,' Ben said and did so, talking as he went. 'So go on then, what do I say?'

'You listen like I told you,' Tammy said patiently and listened out for him as he passed her bedroom door. 'First of all, if you recall, there's the matter of me having read your story on the website and then emailed you my gratitude, never imagining that my own son would have replied in person. Do you remember what we talked about in your emails briefly?'

'Forgive my mind for being kinda blank right now, mom,' Ben said excitedly. 'We exchanged the typical kind of compliments associated with the subject,' he recalled careful of his choice of words.

'I read those kinds of stories. You write them. We're kinda kinky that way, it would seem,' Tammy explained frankly and then offered a little laugh. 'Please don't be ashamed or embarrassed or at least think that you're alone in this. You're not in trouble. And I stand by what I said. Your writing is pretty good.'

'You're not mad?' Ben asked bewilderedly before stifling an anguished wail. He was cringing so hard lying on his bed that very moment, his mind reeling, the urge to take flight

now maddening. He just wanted to bolt and to run as fast as he could.

'I'm honestly too weirded out to be mad,' his mother admitted after some time, 'but I'm more likely to be mad with myself for putting us in this position. Obviously being that I enjoy the stories a lot... I would never have taken issue with you writing them... but...'

'But...'

BUT???

THE FATE OF THE WORLD WAS NOW HINGING ON
WHAT CAME AFTER "BUT"!

'I never should have put us in this position, especially when I already knew it was you.'

'You already knew?' It dawned on him then. She did, and she had tricked him, too. 'I suppose I deserved that,' he concluded sullenly.

'No, it was pretty cruel of me. I am sorry. Do you accept my apology? I didn't know what to do!'

'I'll think about it...'

'I deserve less,' she muttered.

'Don't be silly,' Ben mumbled.

'I love you. You're a good son to me and I'd be lost and lonely without you,' Tammy admitted, feeling the familiar emotional sting burning behind her eyes.

'Me too, mom...'

'Yeah,' Tammy reacted and waited. It seemed like Ben was hesitating.

'I do love you, mom. I couldn't care less about anything else. But I'm still embarrassed as hell right now. I think I'll stay in my room too.'

'Okay,' Tammy said. There was a hint of sadness in her voice, because she felt she had hurt him - exposed him to more dangerous things than the shame of being caught with such a risqué secret. She felt now that she had exposed him to the danger of losing everything he loved her for. 'this changes nothing, okay?'

'Thank you, mom,' he said and hung up.

7

At two o'clock in the morning, sleep hadn't yet come and so Tammy found herself wide awake and fidgeting. After the storm of anxiety and self-loathing had passed, she was left depressed and restless. She checked her messages, roamed Twitter fleetingly and inevitably, she supposed, returned to Literotica; specifically her son's profile, Erotikinesis!

'Come to Bed with Mommy,' was doing well for itself in the ratings. She felt drawn to that story once again and so returned to it with apprehensive curiosity, like a one-time lover passing by an old flame to see what had changed since. She didn't feel guilty like she imagined she should. Now knowing just who had written that story instilled a sober light of truth in her, lighting up the dark as she read from the comfort of her bed.

'Wow,' she said to herself, reading from the beginning all over again. 'My son wrote this in honour of me...'

And as she retraced her steps along the cause of yesterday's frantic self-pleasuring interlude, seeing in her mind - just as the story dictated - the love and trust of a mother and son seduced into a bond that was deeper and so honest and raw and passionate, she could see why his imagination did such crazy things to her. He spoke from his own soul to one that he had known inside and out, all his life. He spoke from one heart to another, confessing the kind of things that no son could tell his own mother.

Now that Tammy lay legs apart, reading with one hand and masturbating with the other, yearning for the kind of lust and adoration that only his stories could portray so unashamedly, the burning shame of that evening was lost, along with her inhibitions, and with that same brilliant young man sleeping in the next room, she afforded herself to become more animated and vocal.

As Ben made love to her and filled her deep, ravished her body and whispered sweet things between their hungry kisses, her fingers were the tip of his straining cock, daring to enter her for the first time, and her hips rolled and bucked to woo him and to reel him in.

She was so wet, so feverishly hot inside. Tammy was the proud owner of a prominent clitoris and a thick fleshy hood and labia that loved to be pinched and pulled. She couldn't help but stray from the story and imagine pulling those wet lips apart to invite him in, to feel herself clinging to him with every slippery wet push and pull.

Before long Tammy had strayed far from the story and into a new chapter, one reality jumping to the next with such

exciting uncertainty. Unashamedly she brought herself off wanting for herself and Ben what that story couldn't promise, convulsing blissfully in the knowledge that he made her feel this way, just by the power of his beautiful mind.

"Still my favourite mother and son," she typed in the comments section. "I'd like to read more about Tammy and Ben!"

8

The next day played out like the longest, heaviest hangover Tammy had ever known. That morning she was out the door before he was awake, wanting to make up for the previous day's lost hour. It was a mistake. Tammy regretted it almost instantly. The hour between 8 and 9 felt more like two. By the time noon came around, she felt as though she had clawed her way through most of a day, but it wasn't so.

The boss dropped by when he could to give her the once over, seemingly not satisfied by her claims that she was in fact feeling better. Tammy hadn't been ill, though he didn't

know that. Now apparently she appeared to him like death warmed up. She thanked him and curtly kicked him out of her cubicle before he could offer the overtime that she was afraid was coming to her.

Little did she know that Ben felt the same, tired, heavy and dragging his feet around work, but she did worry enough to send him a message during lunchtime, telling him that she was thinking about him.

The end of the day couldn't have come quickly enough. When it did, Tammy dropped into the nearest Starbucks and ordered a large cappuccino, then sat down to allow the huge caffeine boost time to perk her up. Her train of thought was no different to what it had been all day, which was why the time had passed by at a grinding pace.

'I'm on dangerous ground here,' she thought. 'I'm incapable of leaving things be. I've proved that over the past two days. Now that we both know this intimate secret about each other, I promised that nothing had changed and it has. I cannot get his fantasy out of my mind and I cannot get him

out of my mind. We need to talk. I need to know where he stands.'

Finally getting home at quarter to six, Tammy walked through the door with a steaming bag full of Chinese food and called out to Ben, who was in the kitchen with his head in the fridge.

'I got us an easy dinner, my treat,' she said, putting the bag on the counter. She couldn't read his face. Or could she? Ben seemed aloof at first, but then just tired, like he hadn't slept in days. When his eyes met hers, she didn't care whether she was right or not. Tammy got up on her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around him.

'Let's eat,' she said, her voice muffled against his strong chest. 'This has been such a long day.' Sensing the frustration in her voice, Ben gave into his instincts and wrapped her tightly in his own arms, pressing his cheek hard to hers.

'I want us to talk,' Tammy said. 'Face to face, no shame, no secrets. Are you game?'

They were sat opposite each other again, she in her chair and Ben sprawled across the couch, exactly where their secret had been outed. Ben puffed out his chest, sat up and nodded, psyching himself up for god knows what he was expecting. If anything, he knew that he could rely on his mother to mean whatever she said.

'May I join you?' she asked. 'I don't want this to seem so detached.' Ben nodded again and so Tammy stood up and approached the couch where she perched herself on the edge, facing him.

That evening she was wearing nothing but a large t-shirt, which hung off her shoulders and went all the way down near to her knees, and the panties she wore underneath. She had put no thought into what she was wearing and whether it was appropriate for the occasion or not. She didn't do so many formalities at home. Ben was free from the old

Catholic attitudes that she herself had thrust upon her at his age.

'Did you see the comment I left last night?'

'I did, yeah...'

She took his hand in both of hers to fidget with. He yielded without question. She hoped that it meant he trusted her and wasn't just trying to go along with it, to get it over and done with. 'Look at me, Ben,' she said tenderly and held his gaze like a magnet. 'Did you see what time I left that message?'

'I did notice,' he admitted. 'You were up late.'

'Like a lot of your readers every night,' Tammy supposed. 'You and me like the same thing and that's not a problem. I want you to know that as weird as it may seem right now, it's not a problem. Things aren't as clear cut as society makes everything out to be. People are more liberal these

days. They generally know what hurts people and what makes them feel good.'

'I know that, mom. It's just like... I don't know... I like reading those stories. I love writing them...'

'I can tell,' she smiled encouragingly.

'But I'd never have written them if I thought I'd be discovered; least of all by you.'

'Oh, Ben, you're just exploring and discovering and investigating yourself and the world around you. I'll be the first to admit that those taboos certainly are exciting. And when you wrote about them you put so much love into them. I'm glad I found out. If anything I want this to be a less guilty pleasure. So I encourage it. Keep writing. You have my blessing.'

'Really?' he asked and his eyes brightened, almost begged to know that she wasn't just saying these things. 'I don't know what to say.'

'Don't say anything. Just be confident and know that the object of your affections is now your number one fan.' Ben laughed, couldn't help it. She was just saying it. But she shook her head and smiled. 'Really, Ben,' she assured, 'I want that sequel.'

'You really mean it?' Tammy nodded then lowered her face to kiss the back of his hand.

'But what we really need to talk about is how this affects us as a family.'

'What do you mean?' he asked. Apprehension overcame Ben.

'You like writing stories about sons having sex with their mothers... And I like fantasising about mothers having sex with their sons...'

Tammy raised her eyebrows, letting the resulting silence speak for itself. 'I don't know much about real life people

who find themselves in that situation, but how does that make you feel?' she went on.

'I'll have to think about that, mom. It's a hell of a lot to take on board,' Ben said. 'How about you? What do you feel about that?'

'I think it puts us in a very unique position,' Tammy concluded. 'Because we're not only discovering ourselves, but we're discovering that we're both okay with it. But what else will we discover if we keep going down that road, knowing what we know and consenting to it?'

'I'm afraid of misunderstanding you, mom,' Ben said. 'Are you saying what I think you're saying?'

'I'm just talking about understanding what we know now; that we have fantasies about each other. And I think that they're perfectly natural to have, but do you think they might lead somewhere?'

Ben was shocked. He didn't know if his brimming nerves were caused by his beautiful mother's frank openness or by the fear of crossing lines that maybe they shouldn't have. He fished for the answer, shaking his head and looking everywhere but her soft gaze.

'You're worrying again, babe,' Tammy reminded him. 'Just follow your heart. If anything I taught you that much.'

'It's just so much to take in,' he croaked.

'That's what she said,' she quipped, recalling the part of the story about being impaled on her son's cock. She breathed a hum and decided to keep her mouth shut a while longer, maintaining that gaze. 'We'll forget about it for now,' Tammy decided finally. 'But I want one thing. I want you to write a new story for Literotica...'

'Okay, what will it be about,' Ben blushed and melted under her aroused and hardened stare.

'Just for your pervert of a mother, and now that our sexy little secret is out, I want you to write from a first person narrative what would happen between us if we decided to act on our mutual fantasy and ended up in bed together...'

'Mom!' Ben gasped. Tammy was suddenly looking elsewhere, having finally broken her line of sight. The crotch of Ben's shorts was visibly growing and in his exasperation he didn't even realise what she had laid eyes on. 'Are you actually serious?'

'My heart is in my throat saying all of this right now. I'd really love to see you pull out all the stops and reveal the real you. Can you do that for me, soon?' Ben could only nod, struck dumb and wide-eyed. 'Go where you want with it, but just base it in the very real reality between us right now. You could either take it right from this very moment in time, or from when we discovered our mutual fantasy,' she suggested. 'Start from there and work our way up to your bed or mine. What do you say?'

'You're driving me fucking nuts,' he whispered harshly. Visibly and audibly his breathing was heavier and more

laboured. Meanwhile Tammy, astounded by her own sudden sexual liberation and empowerment, was a picture of serene deliberation.

'I can see that,' she smiled sweetly. 'I adore you, you big dork.'

'You're too much lately, mom. Are we done here?' he begged in frustration. Tammy stood up nodding. When he stood up to leave the room, she locked onto him and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek. Evident between them was her son's tent pole jabbing her comically in the abdomen. She had been bold enough to come this far. Tammy decided that enough was enough, at least for one night.

'I'll leave you in peace,' she said and went to her room.

10

Over the next few days Tammy thought it best to regain some semblance of a normal family home. It felt good to feel the swift return of normality, to be able to return to her

usual self as the sexual tension receded. Notably there was a fresh spring in Ben's steps. The emotional heaviness had fallen by the wayside and their relationship continued almost as if nothing had happened.

But she didn't see the way that her son was now looking at her when her back was turned or when her attention was drawn elsewhere. He hadn't done a great deal of thinking about the fact that reality had changed for the both of them, only maintaining the illusion that everything was the same.

Everything was fine. That's what mattered. Ben was now viewing Tammy in a new light - not just as a mother but as an attractive woman, which he would never have denied - and he was fine with that. As he wrote his story verse for verse every evening, picturing her in a sexual light, she was fine with it and he was fine with it too. She didn't ask about it. She just knew that eventually he'd come through on his part of the bargain. Wait, what bargain? What was in it for him? Ben had no clue, but he was fine with it.

And almost every night, the two of them were right next to each other, he in his bedroom and she in hers, trawling

through Literotica's extensive archives of related fantasies both at the same time, pleasuring themselves to their favourite stories. Tammy left a new comment every night on all of his past stories...

"I am so wet right now!"

"I wish I was this mother!"

"MORE!!"

And Ben was fine with all of it. He was fine with his mother being just as depraved and perverted a little sex freak as he was. It validated that he was onto something, that these stories of mothers and their sons were as popular as they were for good reason. He was blown away for the most part by just how lucky he was to have a mom who was in love with the same taboo fantasy.

Friday evening finally arrived, the beginning of a weekend that threatened no overtime for either of them, and they sat

down to an easy meal, looking forward to a relaxing couple of days to ward off an exhausting week.

'So what are your plans?' Tammy asked, carving into her pork chop.

'I was thinking of just hanging out and doing some reading,' Ben said before shovelling in a forkful of boiled potatoes and green beans. Tammy coughed, then again. Slow to realise because he was so tired, Ben realised that she wasn't choking but hinting something.

'Do I have to ask?'

'If you want to make sense, yeah,' he replied, overcome by dull amusement.

'You should be writing... you know...'

'Oh that,' he realised. 'Finished it yesterday. Thought I'd save it for the weekend.'

'Send it to me,' Tammy said, suppressing the urge to grin from ear to ear. 'I bait my breath, swooning with anticipation.'

'Funny!' Ben washed more food down with his glass of milk while he wrapped his head around how absurd it was that this could be so casual now. Then he noticed her staring. There was no smile, not on her lips, but he could see it in her eyes. That look was loaded with things probably best left unspoken.

'Did you enjoy writing it?' she asked after some time. Ben nodded, kept nodding, didn't know how to answer that.

'No comment, see for yourself!'

At 10pm, Tammy approached her son in his room with a strange request, but one that made perfect sense, and gave away way too much information all the same. He was sitting at his PC, immersed in one of his zombie survival games

when she affectionately touched his shoulders and then ruffled his hair.

'I need you to do something for me...'

'Yes, mom...'

'Plug your headphones in for a while!'

As Tammy retired to her bedroom, nothing could hide the fact that she was scared witless as to what was about to happen. Not even teasing her son about it, which she hadn't meant deliberately, could hide the fear and excitement mingling in her bloodstream, because such was her trembling that her touch vibrated through him. The adrenaline was surging through every inch of her being like the rages of an addiction spiking before the anticipated high.

And on the way out of his room, attempting to reach for the doorknob to close his door behind her, Tammy snatched only to miss and walked into the open door, bouncing back

stiffly before trying again. Closing her own bedroom door after that was almost as awkward. Both her arms and legs felt like jelly and seemed to move like them too.

Then possessed by her truest desire, the moment she had waited so long for, she practically threw off most of her clothes other than her matching white bra and panties, and slumped back onto the comfortable bed, iPad in hand, and tried to calm herself with slow, deep breaths, while trying to shake the restlessness out of her fingertips.

Anticipation! Terror! Paranoia! The desire to turn back and run headlong into the cosy old reality where nothing so exciting happened - was it possible to overdose on danger and excitement? Ben too wondered as he sat deciding whether to keep playing his game or to go tiptoe to his mother's bedroom door to eavesdrop.

Tammy signed into her email account. There it was, another message from Ben Adams waiting for her undivided attention, and nothing was going to stop her, because if she didn't read it now, it was otherwise inevitable that she would, and because as crazy as this was, the fear,

the adrenaline and the taboo was already causing one hell of a damp patch. The tornado of butterflies in her stomach had to be stopped somehow!

11

WE BOTH WANT THE SAME THING by Ben Adams.

Only a couple of verses into my new story you're already a hot mess, breathing raggedly, hands caressing assertively and shivering shapely legs splayed to either side in the golden glow of your bedside lamp. Your hips roll up to meet the strokes of the wet fingertips invading your panties to swirl around your swollen clit as you read on, lost in the lust-crazed fantasy of you and me, secretly yearning for it to be real!

The crotch of your panties are soaked through and as you tear your eyes away from reading, you look into the mirror opposite and gasp at the erotic sight. You can barely believe that you're looking back at yourself. The woman in the moving picture, almost a complete stranger, writhes as

though taken possession of by some invisible ghost lover, but you're not.

It's me, in your mind, and there we are locked together in a tangle of burning limbs as smooth flesh melts in and out of smooth flesh and we dance the dance of love's consummation. You wanted the fantasy to be real. You wanted me to write this to go beyond the fantasy of a fictional mother and her son having sex together for the first time. You want it to be you and me, realistically, driven to a higher plain of arousal and profound sexual realisation, knowing that I want the same as you.

Louder and faster you breathe and moan, losing yourself deeper in that fantasy, so close to reality. So close because I am nearer than you think, daring to test the strength of our family bond. And in the throes of self-pleasure you imagine no fantasy, but what we could truly be like together.

Is it possible, since I make you this way? Could we one day persuade each other to become lovers as such? In writing this story for you, my beloved mother, I imagine so,

because the love and the lust - our shared passion - already existed in this reality.

'How are you liking the story so far, mom?' I ask via a text message, delivered with kisses.

Blushing you stop to think, wondering how things got this way, but there's no denying that we share this passion, this desire, this fantasy, like kindred spirits separated at birth but so bonded by blood that we're no less likeminded.

'Are you this hot in bed in person?' you reply, collecting your thoughts, shattered and showered all over the bed around you. 'I'm tormented by how realistically you write us together,' you add with hearts and hugs and kisses.

'Maybe I've fantasised about you a few times too many, but I get no complaints,' I send. 'I'd love to have sex with a beautiful woman like you, mom. Funny how you're fantasising over the fictional "Us", written by the real me, when maybe it could be you and me...'

Right away you return to our story to the point where you overpower me to take control. We roll aside where you mount me and we kiss, passionately and whispering sweet words of encouragement to each other. "I'm in love with you" and "you're so beautiful" and "I've always wanted this" are but a few of the confessions fuelling our passion and then you take me in hand and sink down onto me so slowly and seductively, and we ride panting and gasping in unison, in love, and in your mind you know this was always meant to be. It needs no thought or reason, we fit well and we love each other, you're my mother and my lover and I need nothing else now that we've given in to our feelings...

Then you put down the story once again, daring to bring me back into the fold. 'This is making me come so hard. Do you mind me being so honest? You're such a beautiful dreamer. I only wish I had a lover like you in these stories.'

Kisses, hugs, hearts...

'Then imagine putting down the story and crossing that line with me...'

'Jesus Christ, Ben!'

Hearts, hearts, hearts...

'For real, you and me making love right now,' comes my next message. 'Would you?' And finally that mental barrier breaks, only so many fingers in the dam to hold back the flood. You can't hold back anymore.

'I'm dying, you're killing me,' you reply, toying frantically between typing, slipping over the edge a bit at a time. 'But goddammit I'm your mother. As much as I want to we can't.'

'Can't or shouldn't? That's part of the fantasy!'

'The operative word being "FANTASY",' you protest with a silent scream. Another wave of orgasmic pleasure destroys the penultimate protective wall of your sensibilities. And I'm doing this, tempting fate itself, because I need to know for sure. I need to know that beneath our mutual secret belies a greater purpose.

'Only because of what we've never dared to do in reality,' I defy, thinking mutually about crossing that line in my mind and as you continue to pet your dripping pussy, fingers stuffed in to the knuckle and sopping, you come so hard that I hear you from the room next door. 'We want each other. We might tease each other with fantasy and "what ifs" but deep down and on the surface both, we want each other!'

'We do,' you agree.

'Then what do we do about it?' I ask.

'We cross the line,' you finally reply. Hearts, hearts, hearts, hearts!

Moments later I'm crawling naked onto the bed to join you and the fear is palpable between us, but so is the desire, and the love that has never left us for as long as I've lived. I soak in the dreamlike sight of your curvaceous thighs, your hips, your hourglass waist, and am mesmerised by your breathing, which causes your breasts to heave.

'Come up to me,' you beckon and then I'm in your arms as screaming doubt and needful compromise collide without effect. You're thinking hard, imagining what is to be, as I gaze into your eyes and await your approval.

'Once we do this, everything will be different,' you say. 'We can never go back.'

'I don't want to go back,' I say. 'I want to take us to where we want to be.'

'Where is that?' you ask.

'Living the fantasy,' I say, 'and if you'll let me, falling so deep in love with you.'

You push me back with a hand on my chest, your eyes wide and gleaming, intense and studious. Without warning you flip back your legs, tearing off your panties then spreading wide for me. I gasp, jaw dropping, at the beautiful sight.

'I'm already beyond soaked and dying to be fucked,' you say in between harsh breaths, clearly as frightened as you're turned on. 'And you're rock hard and clearly dying to be inside your mother. There's only one thing left to do.'

I place my hands on the back of your thighs, holding your legs aside where they are. Nodding that I understand, you then nod back, wanting to speak but knowing that what happens next goes beyond the need for words.

I shift forward to position myself, on one knee, the other leg flat out behind me and ready to return to be held in your arms, both of us imbued with this soul-bursting, heartfelt fearful excitement which has never been experienced before.

My heart aches with the rest of me, my cock strains at the sensual cleft of flesh where you part, now exclusively to me. And I try to maintain as much eye contact with you as I can, while gazing dreamily at my mother's stunningly pretty pussy as it awaits to accommodate me.

'Mother,' I whisper.

'My son,' you relate, and I bear the weight of my hips into you so slowly, and we slide together so effortlessly, your eyes glazing over - with such a soft and helpless cry...

12

"I literally feel like I just had the real thing with my own son and I don't know how to feel," Tammy typed into her reply that night. "Love you. Mom." And with a string of pink hearts, she sent it his way before sleep stole her.

Chapter 2

1

Lonely single mother Tammy had developed an acquired taste for incest and taboo erotica over recent years. In her own mind she quickly developed more than a fascination with it - especially with her favourite kind, mothers and sons having sex with each other!

In fact she believed there to be nothing wrong with it in reality. The excitement of such taboo fantasies of crossing those lines might have been intensified with the knowledge of how dangerous such a life could be, but she had not only developed an addiction for such fantasies. She was in love with the idea.

Of course it was not something that society accepted. Some taboos society might never want to dispel when they weren't even abusive. It was truly disturbing how men could act on the taboo of murder and rape to fulfil their own sick needs when it suited them, and yet the love and the bond

between family could only be so strong. And though not all human beings were backstabbing, murdering, raping sociopaths, her passion remained a secret guilty pleasure, so close guarded that nobody would have expected.

Tammy recently stumbled upon a fairly new writer on erotic fiction website Literotica. He called himself Erotikinesis and wrote exactly the kind of stories she craved. Not only that, he was so damn good at it that Tammy was so deeply affected by his works, unable to think about anything for days but lustful, loving, incestuous sex all day and night.

Every story was so much more intense than the last, striking deep on every level so that she could barely tell one erogenous zone from the next. Contacting him to thank him for his perverted talent of daydreaming so graphically and emotionally in words, Tammy discovered that Erotikinesis was her only son.

Ben Adams was as deeply in love with the mother and son incest fantasy as she was. What came to be from that day forth set in motion a journey down the road to mutual self-

discovery and the liberation of each others' hearts and minds.

When she asked Ben to write her a story, depicting what would happen between them if fantasy led to reality for the both of them, Ben delivered more than she could have hoped for - much more. The lines between that fantasy and their reality were beginning to blur...

2

The very next morning Tammy showered and then set into the kitchen in her white terrycloth housecoat and made coffee. In the relative silence of that Saturday she stood dumbstruck by the previous night's events. She had been alone when she read Ben's story, lying on her bed in only her bra and panties, and thrumming with a strangely erotic sense of overwhelming fright. That had soon melted away, much like the rest of her.

How many mothers could claim to have been brought to such intense climaxes by the erotic works of their own sons? Come the insanely clever curveball that Ben had written

into the story to trick her - one mindfuck to the next - Tammy was aching and pleading for this reality he had created. Come the part where he gave it to her, along with many very real questions, not only melted away her inhibitions.

The sex between them in his story left her utterly devastated and wondering what reality she was even living in anymore. So she had told him, Tammy felt like she had witnessed and experienced the real thing through his words, and she didn't know how to feel about it.

In all honesty, she was more afraid than ever for the fact that she wanted more. She wanted more of his stories, she wanted them to be closer in their shared secret, and after having answered the questions put forth by Ben in his fiction, she was afraid that she wanted him the way that he wanted her.

Ben started to move around at roughly 10AM and after a quick shower he too came downstairs and entered the kitchen. He must have known his mother was there. He

entered very cautiously, even before they laid eyes on each other.

'Hi,' he offered with a shy smile and approached her scratching the back of his head. He was dressed soft, in a snug white t-shirt and his grey sweatpants, his hair damp and messy.

'Love the scruffy after-shower hairstyle,' she said, swatting the fringe away from his forehead.

'Are we weird again?' he asked. She knew what he meant. After last night's odd escapade, they were full-circle and back to that day last week when it all came flying out of Pandora's box.

'Yes!'

'Good,' Ben said and stood facing her with a resigned look. Tammy asked him to hold her then and he didn't hesitate. They held each other quietly for a long time, listening to each other breathe. Nothing else mattered.

'So weird,' Tammy agreed before uttering a lengthy yawn. Then she peered up into her son's warm eyes and offered him a bright smile. In honesty, though she wouldn't tell him, Tammy felt like a teenager on the inside and she was a few hormones short of crushing over him. There and then that didn't feel weird at all. It felt like the most natural thing in the world. It felt even better when he leaned down to kiss her on the forehead, which she accepted with an adorable squeak.

'You look like you could maybe use a coffee. Were you up late playing your game?'

'I'd love one,' he accepted, letting her loose to work her magic. 'I was up late. But I was writing again.' That surprised her, to hear him dare to speak so freely.

'Sooo... you read my email?!'

'I did,' he nodded thoughtfully. 'Are you okay? I didn't know what to think, whether you were upset or shocked.'

Tammy took a deep breath as she poured Ben his coffee and added milk, then offered him a trustful glance. 'It was amazing, son. It sounds strange saying that, but do you mind me being so honest?'

'I suppose I'd better get used to it,' he said with a smirk and lifted the coffee to his lips.

'I don't know how I should feel just yet. But I know how I do feel.'

'I feel the same,' he agreed.

'I know I put you on the spot last week when we talked. And I put some serious questions on the table that you'll never have to answer if you don't want to. So a part of what made your story about us so thrilling was how you presented your own questions and interpretations. They really made me think... hard...'

'Thinking wasn't the hardest thing you were doing,' he teased and laughed. 'Don't lie!'

'You awful, awful man, shut up,' Tammy suddenly squealed. She blushed full-force and bit her lip before taking a swipe at the bulging meat of his bicep. 'Do you want me to really come out and say it?'

'You might already have said enough in that email, mom. Maybe you don't want to say anymore just yet if you don't know how to feel.'

'I feel like we might love each other more than we probably should,' Tammy confessed and blushed harder. Part of her regretted saying it. 'Please rescue me from that last statement,' she begged.

'Relax mom,' Ben said and disarmed her with a kiss on the cheek. 'We can talk about it more when the dust has settled. But I refuse to believe that we can ever love each other too much!'

Good choice of words, Tammy thought to herself later. One hell of a bomb had dropped right on top of them. And they had brought it on themselves. The thing was that the dust wouldn't settle for a long time to come, but that wasn't what concerned her. The real concern was the shellshock that had rocked her to the core.

3

At six that evening, Tammy was done busying herself, dusting as it were, and was residing over one of her horror novels with a coffee when Ben swooped in, putting his coat on. He had a confident smile on his face. Tammy noticed that and also how smart he looked in a dark red shirt and jeans. Her first thought was that he was going out on a date. The mild scent of cologne backed up her intuition.

'You look nice, are you going out?' she asked.

'We are,' he announced. 'Get your coat and come with me. I'm taking you to see a movie and then for something to eat.'

'Oh I can't let you do that,' Tammy blushed again for the third time that day.

'Just as well I'm not asking,' Ben quipped with a wink. 'Come on, let me treat you for once.'

Tammy's heart leapt faster than she could stand up. Nobody said it was a date, nobody but the voice in her own mind, though she refused to let it speak for her. She hurried to fit into her stretchy drainpipe jeans and pulled on a snug black t-shirt with a plunging neckline, spraying on a hint of orange citrus perfume just for good measure.

'Oh mom, you smell good enough to pluck fresh from the tree,' Ben chuckled and earned a clip around the ear.

4

'I haven't been to see a movie in almost ten years,' she whispered close to his ears once the commercials ended and the theatre fell into silence.

'Then I hope this movie you chose isn't a god-awful steaming pile of crap,' Ben said cynically. He was joking. Ben had recommended 'Don't Breathe' on the word of a horror buff he worked with. Tammy scolded him all the same but then quickly relaxed and took his hand in hers, where their fingers quickly intertwined.

Ben looked down, then so did his mother, but as he looked back to her she merely glued her eyes to the screen with a hidden smile. 'Are you sure you don't want a drink or anything?'

'I'm happy,' Tammy said genuinely and squeezed tighter.

After the movie Ben took Tammy to a nearby alehouse he knew that served good steaks. It was going on 9PM and both of their stomachs were grumbling like crazy. Neither Ben nor his mother imagined that they could have been happier though, making idle chitchat about work and life and anything but the weird stuff.

Ben had taken her out for the night to get away from that stuff, to give them both the chance to breathe clean air and to think clean thoughts, to be away from those four walls so that they could see each other in a different light.

It began to occur to him as he viewed her beneath the spotlights of their table, waiting on their food, that regardless of his attempt to take the weight off her shoulders, his mother - radiant, youthful and her blonde hair glowing like gold before him - was such an attractive woman. Not only that, they could both read each others' body language. The message was written all over each of them. This might not have been intended as a date but it was sure as hell starting to feel like one.

'I'm so glad we did this,' Tammy enthused, sipping her iced G&T. 'Thank you for all of this, Ben.'

'You deserve it,' he said gratefully and kissed her hand like she had at the cinema. She made eyes at him and then rolled them dramatically, meaning to self-deprecate, but he wouldn't have it.

'Shucks!'

'Come on, when's the last time somebody took you out?'

Ben asked seriously. 'I don't remember.'

'Funny enough neither do I. I should just date you,' she joked. The food arrived just as Ben was about to speak. Tammy wondered why he held his tongue, maybe a little paranoid that it was something he didn't feel could fall on ears other than theirs. Then they were alone again and the room seemed less quiet.

'Maybe this is a date,' he teased, cutting into his steak with such a hunger. He didn't forget to disarm her with a wink before tasting the first morsel of seared red meat.

'I knew it,' Tammy played along. 'I knew all along. You're one of those hopeless romantic types.'

'Indeed,' her son replied upon swallowing the delicious rich steak. 'So how many bases does this get me...'

She kicked his shin under the table, suppressing her urge to smirk and bit her lower lip. 'Eat your food young man!'

5

At 10PM they were grateful to be back home and far from the city rush of taxis carting in the screaming gaggles of dolled up women and carting out the early drunks. Tammy was no expert on weekend nightlife, not anymore, but she failed to see the attraction and wondered about Ben in that respect. Was he destined to miss out on his youth because he didn't fit into that life, or was he really happy being the laid back loner that he was?

As soon as they were through the door, Tammy groaned as she sought release from her wedge-heels and longed to feel the ground beneath her feet. When she was out of her shoes and taking the strain off her lower back, she gratefully wrapped her arms around her son and held him there. She was only a little tipsy from the four gins she had drank, but the buzz was just enough.

'Thanks again, Ben,' she oozed. 'I love you so much!'

'Gimme a kiss,' he said and leaned in to catch her lips with his own. Not that the demand or the action was out of character, especially since he himself had snuck away two beers, but it surprised her in the most pleasant way.

'Better stop that before I get used to it,' Tammy laughed softly. 'Let's sit down here for a little bit and talk some more, okay?' Ben was in high spirits and all ears.

'I still can't stop thinking about your story,' she said, blushing and grinning as she stretched out onto her portion of the sofa. 'While we've had a good time and had a few drinks, can we just say it like it is?'

'Please do,' Ben invited and scooped closer to her. He rested his hand on one of her ankles as she tucked her feet beneath her backside and leaned back comfortable and waited.

'It was hot!'

Ben smiled. She looked at him intensely, longingly, and thus maybe for a little too long. All the while he kept her gaze and the both of them thought to themselves just how much they wanted to kiss each other.

'Do you care that it's wrong?' Tammy asked.

'I love it because it's wrong,' Ben admitted.

Tammy gasped, 'me too,' and then, 'do you really fantasise about me that way?' Ben only nodded. 'Oh boy,' Tammy breathed. 'Well I'm going to go to my room. Will you be up late?'

'Most likely,' Ben said, blushing, and with that Tammy reached over to kiss him on the lips and demanded another and another for good measure before bidding him a good night. It was far from the end of that night.

As soon as she got to her room, Tammy stripped out of her jeans and tee and then her bra and panties before slipping into bed and signing into her email account again, while the

secret she had kept all evening - since growing bored at the movies - was still fresh in her mind.

It was just a matter of words, a single paragraph, all meant to provoke. She could blame the alcohol all she wanted to, not that she would. Tammy was simply in the frame of mind to at least try to give as good as she got...

6

"I was just thinking, how I can possibly thank you for taking me out on such a great first date tonight?" read the beginning of the message.

"So I wanted you to know what I'm thinking right now - you and me, my son and his mother, in bed together, making love, kissing the night away lying naked in each others' arms, exploring each others' bodies..."

"I just thought you should know that. I love you, baby," read the end of the message, lined with kisses and hearts.

By then, Ben was lying on top of his bed stripped naked, eyes bulging bewilderingly as he read the message. His eight inch cock was rock solid and pointing up toward the ceiling, his hand wrapped firmly around the base as he eased the foreskin back and forth. How his heart thundered in his chest. He could hear it, like a bass drum thumping through a thick brick wall. Then he received a text message.

'Are you enjoying the story so far?' his mother had wrote.

'Mom, I don't know what to say right now other than I am so hard. You don't know how good that sounds,' he sent back.

'Yes I do,' came the reply. 'So you have a big hard cock and I have a nice smooth deep hot wet pussy. You're the writer in the family. Why don't you help me tell this story?'

Kisses, Hugs, Hearts...

'My long, thick hard cock and your smooth, deep, hot wet pussy sliding wetly together...'

Tammy was already breathless and sliding her fingers between the folds of her pussy, pulling back the hood of her clit to flick her sensitive little bud, just thinking about it. She had outdone herself now, inviting her son to sext with her while he was only in the next room. Shamelessly she already knew how she could go one better and it couldn't wait.

'Oh yeah, that sounds so good. Can I call you?'

'Sure,' Ben replied, with hearts upon hearts. And in seconds his phone was ringing and the one heart that wasn't on the end of his last text was now up in his throat. He picked up and listened for a moment. His mother cleared her throat and then spoke to him in a whisper.

'Hi, baby.'

'Hey, beautiful.'

'I can't help myself. Well technically I am...'

'So am I.'

'I thought we should just skip the typing and hear each other out,' Tammy suggested. 'Naughty I know, but...'
Tammy let out a heavy breath and then inhaled softly. 'Would you be okay with talking to each other like this?'

'I'd love to,' Ben assured, a slave to his own racing heart and his desires for Tammy.

'The message you just sent about your long, thick, hard cock sliding in and out of your mother's deep, hot, wet pussy, that really got me going,' she breathed. 'I'm struggling hard not to come all over myself thinking about that. Thinking about you... in me...'

'Thinking about me... moulded around you...'

'I wish I was in bed with you right now,' Ben groaned.

'Really? What would you do if I invited you over?'

'I'd love to have hot, passionate sex with you,' he answered and then swallowed dryly. His mother gasped. Just to have heard him say that to her drove her further to the edge.

'Gosh! You'd really want to have sex with your mother?' Tammy sought his confirmation, just to hear it again. She moaned. 'My God, baby, you're killing me...'

'Hot, steamy, passionate,' he trailed.

'Consenting, adult, sensuous,' she furthered.

'Wrong, forbidden, incestuous mother and son sex!'

'I am fucking coming so hard,' his mother swooned breathlessly. 'Thinking about us making love right now - it's so wrong but wouldn't it feel so good?'

'You would look so beautiful coming with my cock deep inside you,' Ben dreamed and sharply she hissed in his ear and the line went dead. Through the wall of his bedroom Ben heard his mother come loud and hard. All of a sudden his erect cock, thick and so stiff in his hand, began to erupt, come spurting out high into the air like shaken champagne - thick white streams - and as he frantically milked himself of every last drop, he too called out, surrendering to the sheer intensity of those delicious sensations.

After a while his phone rang again. He picked up to hear his mother softly giggling and couldn't help but join her. 'Now that was a fantasy a little closer to reality wasn't it?'

'You're amazing, mom,' Ben sighed. 'I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.'

'I loved every second, lover,' Tammy smiled. 'There's just one thing I really want right now. I don't know about you...'

'The real thing?'

'Hmmm...' she longed. But no! 'How would you like to come and snuggle with me for the night?'

7

It was an experience neither of them ever really thought they'd find themselves faced with. Other than the intense fantasy they had just shared so vocally, it was a beautiful thing. Similar to how Tammy's initial mental visual had suggested, they lay together in her bed, cuddled up to each other beneath the covers.

And instead of making love like they so desperately wanted to only moments before, they simply basked in the strangeness of the moment, and the beauty of it, noting how different they appeared in the post-orgasmic glow of their phone encounter. Now was not the time. Maybe the time would never or should never come. But the chances were that it might soon, because here they were testing warmer waters, becoming greater accustomed to each other yet again.

Tammy had her son's hands in hers and couldn't take her eyes off his, though she was so tired and close to sleep. And all the while Ben just gazed back before eventually pulling her closer, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

Tammy let out a contented sigh. This was as good as she imagined it to be. It allowed her to see that they weren't only about the fantasy anymore, despite their inability to keep it between the pages. Ben, so gentle, wouldn't harm a hair on her head, no matter how badly he wanted her, and neither would she harm her son.

'Well, that does it,' she said, making a clucking sound with her tongue. 'It's finally happened. We've ended up in bed together...'

'I like this,' Ben smiled thoughtfully and kissed her on the cheek.

'This isn't weird to you?' she sought assurance. 'Being naked with your mother in her bed?'

'My mother's a beautiful woman. I'll never begrudge being in bed with a beautiful woman!'

'Well maybe before sleep you'd her to kiss you goodnight,' Tammy suggested, inches away from his face. He remained quiet but his eyes said it all. Those butterflies were back, wreaking havoc in her tummy and she could feel him pressed semi-erect against her bellybutton. Tammy pressed her soft lips onto her son's and lingered there before pulling away slowly. 'Did you like that?'

'Loved it!'

'Would you like another?' she asked before repeating the kiss, lingering a little longer. Before she knew it, she and her son were kissing each other with parted lips. Those kisses were so gentle and languid, like loving post-coital nibbles. And then just like that, Ben pulled away, because he was growing hard again so soon.

His mother's breaths were so slow and shallow, her eyes glazing over as she came to terms with what was happening.

But Ben wouldn't let it go too far now, no matter how much he wanted to; more than anything else in the world.

'Just a moment longer, lover,' Tammy breathed, rolling onto her back and beckoning him to her. The duvet slipped down over her bare breasts, tempting Ben so wickedly, though that was not her intent. He was just becoming like a drug to her. Nothing they did seemed safe from such pleasurable consequences.

With that, Ben leaned in and gave his mother a true lover's kiss, teasing her tongue and then her upper lip with his own before reminding her how much he loved her.

'You awful tease,' she murmured huskily and with a dirty grin spreading across her tired face.

'Just for something to dream about,' he whispered before turning out the light.

Chapter 3

1

To describe the events of the past week in the lives of Tammy and her son Ben, one would have to have the most open mind to understand. Once upon a time they seemed like the most ordinary mother and son to the unassuming outside world. But Tammy bore a certain wicked secret long before things changed for the both of them; and so did Ben!

They both hid the same secret from each other, a mother and son with a love for sexual incest fantasies, and little did either one know until Tammy discovered that her only son Ben was Literotica writer Erotikinesis, one of the most provocative writers of mother and son sex stories.

Gradually they talked it out and came to terms with it. Being that Tammy was all for consanguinamory and consensual incestual sex affairs in the private lives of others, and since she had kept this secret for much longer than Ben,

she not only condoned his fantasy, she encouraged it and soon she would come to fuel it.

Pushing back the boundaries as they went, Ben and his mother's shared fantasy resulted in her asking him to write a story based around what would happen if that fantasy led to them having sex in reality. And the result of that was Tammy teasing her son before they engaged in phone sex.

Later that night they shared another unique experience, cuddling naked in bed together, which led to them kissing. That weekend was not long gone enough to be forgotten and especially since they continued to sext by phone and email...

2

The Next Thursday Night

His stiff, thick meat sensitive and thrumming with desire, Ben filled his hand and slowly pumped himself with restrained, gentle strokes, relishing every exquisite tingle of

pleasure as his mind rushed with every erotic scene he could picture himself in with Tammy. Masturbating his impressive pole with one masterful hand, he withdrew his hand to spit in before coating his glans and shaft with thick saliva so that he could slide in and out of his palm and imagine the two of them together.

His breathing was deep, his concentration intense, as he serviced himself with that one hand and his mother with the other. And in the room next to his she lay naked on top of her own bed. This moment called for her toys. Now able to use them at her preferred setting, she no longer had to worry about her son hearing the loud buzzing of her 9" pink vibrating dildo. She was loving every moment, hot with the thrill of that sense of voyeurism, knowing that he could hear her through the wall.

'Imagine your cock sliding in and out of me, slick and slippery with my wetness,' she sent with hearts and kisses.

'Your legs spread wide and your hips rolled back so you can watch all eight inches of me disappear inside you.'

'Deep inside your place of birth, to your place of conception, to unload your seed in my womb?'

'Fuck, mom, we're going to end up doing that,' Ben frantically typed back.

'What a picture, being bred by my own pride and joy,' she replied with hearts and hearts and a LOL. 'How are you doing with that beautiful cock? Are you enjoying mind-fucking with your mother?'

Ben acted before he thought. He'd teach her to tease, and again to avoid the very real confession that he wanted to have sex with her. Taking a close-up of his proud stiff cock, he was happy with the result, it was bound to make her mouth water, because all her fantasies lacked come this point was a very real visual of what she could be faced with right now.

Ben hit send and rather than wait, wrote out another message to beat her to the punch. 'See for yourself, mom. I'm treating myself, taking my time, in case you decide you want to cross that line right now.'

'Holy shit, that's fucking beautiful,' Tammy replied. 'I have just the thing for you. Imagine putting those two together. I'd love to introduce them. Looks like they could be the best of friends.'

Suddenly the conversation page on Ben's screen went dark before another image appeared. And suddenly struck dumb, completely speechless, his mouth went bone dry at the then Holy Grail of photo selfies.

There lay his mother's smoothly bald soaking pussy, fleshy thick labia and clitoral hood beneath a finely trimmed pubic lawn, split in two by the invasion of a thick pink dildo. It was the most erotic sight he'd seen, knowing who it belonged to and where it was happening at that moment.

'Cat got your tongue?'

'I want you!'

'Imagine yourself replacing my dildo, deep inside me, plunging me seductively with multiple orgasms,' Tammy suggested. 'My handsome son, making me come, taking me all the way until he explodes into my womb...'

That was all Ben could take. Once again his mother had taken him over the edge and he squirted rope after rope of thick white sperm into his rapidly pumping fist.

But Tammy couldn't stop, fucking herself steadily in a suspended state of bliss, ogling her son's beautiful hard cock by the large screen of her iPad. He was absolutely right about one thing. Whether they wanted to or not, he was going to end up inside her, doing everything they fantasised about.

'BEN, I FUCKING LOVE YOUR BIG COCK!!' she screamed shamelessly at the top of her lungs. The boy was already spent and completely mind-fucked, still wondering - when?

The very next day in work, Tammy was feeling restless again, but the hours were speeding by to the point where she could get nothing done, not unlike the effect her playful hormones were having. Three times by noon she had slipped away to the bathroom with her phone in her hand and masturbated vigorously to the images between herself and her son.

Back and forth, the absurdly erotic graphics played sweet havoc with her from her imagination to her heart and straight down to where it truly counted at that moment in time. And before those very real images had come into play, the mental images remained of their scorching hot fantasies.

His thick long hard cock sliding deep into her smooth hot wet pussy, and the sensations that would bring them, in bed, making love - Jesus she was going insane with lust for him. And again it came to mind that he was right. They were going to go all the way sooner or later, because they were too excited to stop, and too good at what they did to even want to consider not going there.

On her 3PM break Tammy finally deleted the conversation, for safety's sake above all else, but also so that she wouldn't fuck herself into a coma in the workplace bathroom.

'Are you home tonight? I thought we might call in a pizza and have a few drinks if you are...'

'That sounds great to me, mom. Cannot wait to get out of this place. I love you,' he wrote with kisses.

'My baby,' she typed. 'I love you too,' and ended with more hearts and kisses. Mercifully the end of the work week came swiftly and the both of them made their individual journeys back to the warmth and comfort of their home.

4

Ben was in digestion mode nearing 7PM after wolfing down four slices of Italian sausage, mushroom and onion. He had practically inhaled it straight off the crust, Tammy watching in a curious mixture of amusement and distaste. 'Hungry?' she had scoffed, then cautioned, 'slow down

before you choke.' He didn't, but he did wind up with the hiccups!

And it nearly put him in a food coma, as usual. No other pizza had the same effect on him. So he went to his room for a quick lie down. While he did, Tammy picked out a pair of cute pink pyjamas to finish the day in and headed to the bathroom to shower. Ben awoke to her singing, a chilled but chirpy rendition of Cindi Lauper.

'Where the hell is this coming from?' he thought, amused and uplifted by her choice of song and her soft, wavering but accurate tone. When was the last time he'd heard his mother sing at all? These days it was kept to the confines of her car on the way to and from work. Still, she didn't likely crank them out like she was right now.

'Ben, honey,' she then called aloud. 'Ben?'

Ben flipped his feet over the side of the bed and sprang upright, relaying to her. 'Yeah, mom...'

'I've left my pyjamas on my bed, would you get them for me please?'

The bathroom door was ajar, the bright spotlight pouring out through the steam like clouds of gold. Carefully handling her pink cotton PJs, held against his chest exactly the way she had ironed and folded them, he held them out in front of them to pass through the door. She wasn't on hand to take them from him.

'Ben?'

'They're here,' he said, shaking them back and forth, his arm extended through the crack in the door.

'Come in,' Tammy directed, only now getting out of the shower. It shouldn't really have bothered him, being that Ben had slept naked with her only less than a week ago. Though he supposed that seemed another time, another place; maybe even another world now.

Stiffly he opened the door and stepped into the misty, brightly lit sauna that the bathroom now resembled. There was his mother dabbing down her wet, naked body with a thick white towel, one foot up on the bath's edge.

'Sit down a second,' she directed to the polished wooden toilet seat as though this was nothing different to any other day between them. No, this was something entirely new, but Tammy simply saw no point in pretending to be shy anymore.

Ben did as he was told, still holding onto her pyjamas. And taking a note out of his mother's book, he too ditched the facade of shyness, because what hadn't they done together after the past week? There seemed no reason to avert his gaze either, and so his eyes soaked all of her in, from her thick, toned thighs and pear shaped butt, to her narrowing, curvy hips, lean waist and slender shoulders.

And beaded with tiny drops of water all across her back and down her delicate spine, he noted how smooth and radiant her skin appeared. He had felt her against him nights before. Now to see her in all her naked glory he couldn't

imagine that she was almost twice his age. Tammy might have carried more weight on her legs, but she didn't ever let pregnancy or age take its toll.

Ben was in the middle of appreciating how naturally beautiful and well shaped she really was when she caught him off guard, turning to face him directly and threw down the towel so that there was nothing left to the imagination. Tearing his eyes away from hers, where he could also not help but to ogle her pert little breasts, he looked down to avoid her look and instead rested his eyes on her neatly trimmed pubic strip. He darted away in another direction, not so surprised by that, but by how prominent her clitoral hood and labia seemed. They stood out and proud where most vaginas he had seen appeared like a peach - a fruit with a single neat cleft running along its underside.

Rather than speak, Tammy stood there with her hands on her hips studying her son's blushing face and stifled a soft giggle. 'Now that you're done getting a good eyeful,' she said, extending a hand for her pyjamas. Ben handed Tammy her bottoms first. 'Like what you see?'

'You're a terrible tease lately,' Ben noted and went to scratching the back of his head, still looking away.

'You haven't complained...'

'No, I haven't,' he agreed. 'You want the truth?'

'I didn't ask for nothing,' Tammy said quickly, giving him another eyeful as she lifted her thigh and bent her knee to climb into the first pant leg, exposing her pussy to him flat out.

'I think you're hot, mom - very, very attractive!'

Tammy took her turn to blush, grinning from ear to ear briefly as she slid into the other leg and drew the waistband of her pyjama bottoms up to her navel and let the elastic snap against her hips. Then she snatched her top from him and waltzed out of the bathroom, swaying her butt as she went.

'Let's have a little fire outside on the stove,' she suggested.
'I'll just dry my hair...'

5

There was no better way to welcome in the darker, cooler nights than with fire and alcohol. Hence the black cast iron wood stove that stood on the patio, which now raged invitingly with a mellow roar and crackle. They had an outdoor woven bamboo double-seater which they placed under the dining room window with the stove facing it from six feet away. Even with the early night chill the fire reddened their faces like a solid wall of heat, the orange glow lighting them and causing their shadows to wave and flicker from behind.

Tammy sat curled up against Ben, the both of them insulated further beneath a soft, thick tartan wool blanket and while she drank her chilled white wine, he guzzled from a six pack of Millers.

'This is perfect,' she purred and he felt her hand press lightly against the strong muscle of his outer thigh. 'I couldn't care less about anything else right now.'

'It is nice,' Ben agreed.

'Mmmm,' she hummed, 'cold wine, cold weather, hot fire...'

Ben bit his tongue. 'Hot company,' she said anyway. He laughed it off.

'What's with the compliments, are you buttering me up for something, mom?'

'Hmm, you're just my muffin,' Tammy offered and sniggered. 'Just buttering my muffin...'

Ben laughed harder, feeling her hand slide further up his thigh. 'Mom, I don't think that means what you think it means.'

'Why, what did I miss?'

'Well, when a woman talks about buttering her muffin-

'Oh,' Tammy intervened. 'Oh my...'

'Yeah...'

'God it's been so long since anybody buttered my muffin,' she corrected. Ben's eyes bulged from their sockets.

'Are you one of those people who get soberer the more you drink?' Ben asked, causing Tammy to spit out her wine hysterically.

'Just let's shut up and enjoy this,' she suggested, dabbing her chin dry with the wrist cuff of her pyjama top and leaned into his chest, her hand a little higher on his thigh. She stole a kiss from his cheek. Ben turned to look at his mother and found her doting on him. Surprising her, he stole a kiss

back, such a soft intimate smooch right from her lips. And with that he stole her breath.

6

An hour later all the booze was gone and the fire had died down to nothing but glowing coals, like cooling lava and rock. They went back inside, hanging around the kitchen where Tammy was soon picking at a bar of dark chocolate.

'Ben...' Tammy was looking at him already when he turned to face her. He was walking out of the kitchen, moping off simply to find a purposeful direction. 'What are you gonna do tonight?'

'I don't know,' he shrugged, although he was wondering if they would soon be driving each other up the opposite sides of the same wall as they had the night before, and many nights before that. 'What about you?'

'I might do some reading,' she hinted in such a subdued manner. 'Written anything new?'

'No...'

'Why not?'

'We were too busy fantasising... about having actual... sex,' Ben stammered. That final and all-important word came out like a hiss.

SSSSSEX!

His mother blinked and then smiled devilishly, then subdued herself again. 'Yes we were, weren't we?!' It was Ben's turn to smile, but he did so both wearily and warily. She repeated that last word just as he had said it then. Sssssex. She emitted an involuntary sigh. 'We've yet to talk about that face to face...'

'What about it?' Ben asked and then promptly blushed.

'About wanting it,' Tammy recollected. 'About the lines we've crossed.'

'Seriously?' Tammy held her hands out, approaching Ben from across the kitchen. Naturally he held out his own to be taken, but they passed the living room and went straight for the stairs, turning off the lights as they went.

'I won't keep you against your will,' she said, leading the way up the stairs. Then they entered her bedroom, turning on the overhead light before Tammy sat Ben down on the edge of the bed. She sat next to him and flipped off her slippers, looking down at her wiggling toes as she thought of how she would word what she wanted to say.

'I love you,' she began carefully. 'You're my world and I don't know what I'll do if and when you decide to move out and start a life of your own. You don't ever have to. I'll never push you. We've always had a great mother-son relationship. Then all of this happened and somehow our relationship actually got better, closer...'

'I love you too, mom,' Ben said when he saw the chance. 'I've honestly never thought about leaving.'

'All of this fantasy sex-play,' Tammy furthered, 'the stories, the messaging, the sexting and the sex talk - you're okay with it going as far as it has?' she yearned to know. 'I'm going to be frank and open and I want you to be just as honest with me.'

'Yes,' was all he said, looking deeply into her eyes. Tammy was caught like a deer in the headlights when she thought of something that made her laugh.

'I had to delete your photo this afternoon. Not even because I was worried I'd be caught with it, but because I was constantly touching myself. And I keep thinking of the last weekend, about the way you wrote your story...'

'Our story,' Ben corrected.

'Yes, our story,' Tammy said, beginning to fluster. 'Then you took me out and we had such a good time. And then

there was the resulting phone call when we began to fantasise about what we'd do if we were to make all of that a reality. We've already kissed in this bed, slept naked together.'

'I loved all of it,' Ben admitted openly.

'So did I,' Tammy seconded. 'So you don't want to stop?'

'No, mom,' Ben assured, looking back down to her wiggling toes with her. 'So what about sex did you want to talk about exactly?'

Fear washed over Tammy as those words hit her. Adrenaline was quick to flush into her bloodstream, intensifying that fear and causing her breathing to quicken. She held her breath before asking. 'When we fantasise about incest, about you and me having actual sex as you put it, you're not making it up, are you? Do you really want to have sex with me?'

It was all on Ben now, or so he thought. Frank and open, he thought and chose to bite the bullet. "May I begin with an open statement?" he imagined asking the judge.

'I really do...'

'Thank you for being honest with me,' Tammy whispered and kissed his hand. She looked into his eyes briefly and saw somebody who had instantly grown a few years older. It could have been that she projected her fears onto him, that he was suddenly no longer her son but a handsome mature stranger. Her son was handsome and mature beyond his years. He had grown up without a father figure, learning to be self-reliant by being the outsider, growing up without that bond. But by his mother he had grown into a loving young man, and for his mother he had unlimited and unconditional love. 'I want to take a minute, if you'll leave me here just now,' she said.

7

11PM

'I hope I didn't hurt you. I'd die inside if I have,' read Ben's text.

'I love you more and more,' Tammy replied. 'Come back to my room when you're done doing what you're doing.'

Ben wasn't doing anything. He suspected she might have thought that he was masturbating again, not that he had done lately without her knowing about it. But maybe that was the mother's intuition. Only a short while ago he heard her padding around in her bare feet, switching off the main light and turning on the bedside lamp before the mattress on her bed depressed as she climbed in. He thought that was it, unless she was going to drop him another raunchy message which, surprisingly, she hadn't either.

Maybe she wanted to talk again, he supposed, which was fine, seeing as she was clearly wrestling with what they were doing with each other, trying to come to terms. Maybe it was over and he was about to be dumped as her sex fantasy. Maybe it would be for the best. With a heavy heart, Ben snuck out of his room and into his mother's.

Tammy lay on her side, one arm over the duvet that hid everything but the top of her shoulder and collarbone. She wasn't wearing anything from what he could see and her hair was down and splayed across the pillow. She wore an innocent look and smiled sweetly when he asked her if she wanted anything.

'Do you want to sleep with me tonight?' Tammy asked. His guard was instantly down.

'I'll never turn down cuddles with my mom,' he said and the briefest smirk crossed her lips.

What she did next nearly caused the crotch of his boxer briefs to split. Tammy pulled back the duvet with her free arm, revealing her stunning naked form. She was completely naked from head to toe. 'Get undressed and climb in,' she said.

But Ben just gawped, like he had in the bathroom earlier, and because of all that had been said, she was still trusting

enough not only to show off her most desirable form, but to share her bed with a randy young man that had previously confessed to wanting her, his own mother.

Ben slowly peeled out of his t-shirt. 'And the rest. It's only fair.' Then he slid down his boxer shorts, revealing to her his semi-erectness, which was already to Tammy better than any artificial image could portray.

Ben climbed into the bed, quickly covering his own modesty with the duvet. Instantly Tammy reached out for him to pull him closer, so he dared to slide in closer until their feet were touching. Then Tammy laid a kiss on his forehead before pulling his torso close to hers. He fought to keep his rising erection away from her, also quickly countered when she pulled him in by the small of his back to press directly up against her.

They were naked as the day they were born, both of them, and touching, skin to skin, so warm and smooth. Tammy beamed a smile at her boy, caressing his cheeks before laying another kiss on him, this time on the tip of his nose.

'Where were we?' Tammy wondered, gazing into his startled eyes. Gaining in confidence, Ben rested his hand on his mother's naked hip and stayed there as he kissed her back, on her cheek. But he didn't answer her. He didn't know the answer, or the true nature in which they were currently locked together.

Tammy dared to kiss her son on the lips, letting it linger, feeling his erection grow against her firm abdomen, her heart firing rapidly like the heart of the hare running to escape the hawk. But instead she was running towards her fate now, her mind made up.

'I've yet to be completely honest with you, in all finality, my wayward son,' she breathed. 'When I crossed the line, from our story, and wrote you back, I said something very specific,' she began to explain, eye to eye and unflinching. Her breaths were becoming faster, shallower. She didn't know if she'd get those last words out before her heart would surely explode.

'You and me,' she said with a kiss.

'My son and his mother,' she said and planted another kiss.

'In bed together...

'Making love...

'Kissing the night away,' she said with a more longing smooch.

'Lying naked in each others' arms...

'Exploring each others' bodies...

'Mom,' Ben gasped, reciprocating her kisses with wide unbelieving eyes which begged her the ultimate question.

'Make this fantasy a real reality with me,' Tammy panted. 'I want you too!'

Ben didn't need to be begged!

Neither of them in their lives had experienced such long and passionate kissing as they did now in each other's arms. Lips wet and sticky and open mouthed, they melted into each other breathlessly and charged by the fear and disbelief that they were actually giving in to each other.

So many long minutes passed, limbs trembling but warming to each other, and it seemed for a while that they might spend the night's many hours just kissing, caressing each other - Tammy's breasts filling the palms of her son's smooth hands, his kisses trailing down her neck, and her hands gently cupping and squeezing his firm young buttocks.

'Oh,' she groaned and hissed and moaned and that fuelled Ben's hunger, to explore her body with his burning lips, but before he would go, he would meet her mouth again in a seductive dance of warm wet tongues.

Stealthily his mother rolled him onto his back and with a wondrous smile asked him, 'may I hold you?' Then the duvet was gone and he stood proud and tall before her eyes.

And with her slight, delicate fingers she wrapped herself, for the very first time, around his solid girth. 'This is so much better than a photograph,' she remarked, jerking him gently, 'I know what I'd have loved to do but my mouth has gone bone dry right now...'

'What you're doing is nice, mom,' Ben encouraged and laid his hand over hers to guide her up and down his shaft. He squeezed and coaxed, showed her the way, the right amount of pressure and just the speed he needed to stay in control. Breathlessly he moaned, 'so hard not to come just looking at you,' which excited her immensely.

Caressing his stiff pole, easing back the foreskin, she leaned down and kissed the tip. And when a bead of pre-come appeared at the slit, with a fingertip she spread the slippery liquid all around and used it to lubricate her lips.

'Just think of all the times in future you'll be able to come down my throat and try not to right now, okay baby?' she ensured before enveloping the shiny pink head between her lips and tenderly teasing him with delicate and slow sucking motions. Before long she was surprising herself but

not least her son, sliding down over his length to fill her hot mouth.

Ben uttered a harsh rasp, a sharp intake of air, eyes popping out of his head, jaw dropping. Carefully withdrawing from Tammy's mouth he sat up to lock tongues with her and flipped her onto her back to attack her with deepening kisses.

Tammy wrapped her arms around his neck and then her legs around his back, teasingly caressing the small of his back with one foot. She barely got the words out in one when she said, 'we're way better together in person,' such was the way he stole her breath.

Both were very aware that the head of Ben's rock hard cock was verging on entering her and with so little resistance. He broke the kiss to look down on his mother, between her thighs to where the tip was sliding between her thick labia. When he looked back into her eyes, he saw fear and anxiety charging her like an electrical current, a coming storm of conflicting emotions.

'Are you okay?' he had to ask, pulling back just an inch. His own fear, mingled with pure lust, was approaching its precipice, but that only served to heighten his need for this to happen. Tammy nodded, battling to steady her breaths.

'Just the tip of you was inside me then,' she panted. 'I lost control of myself.'

'I can't wait to slide in all the way,' Ben teased. 'But I had other plans first.'

'Mmm?'

'Would you like me to eat my mother's pussy?' he asked. Tammy sounded a guttural moan.

'Is that what you want? Do you want to make out with my pussy, baby?'

'I want to taste you while you come on my tongue, mom,' he begged. 'I want to make love to the pussy that birthed me. It looks so fucking hot.'

Tammy came apart, imagining his mouth clamped around her, hugging her thighs with his shoulders and strong arms. It wasn't long before that's exactly what Ben was doing. She had one foot rested on his shoulder while she held the other close to her chest so she could view the erotic sight. And that first lick, so deliberately wet and warm and assertive, cleaving her like warm butter; her muffin was now truly open to her son for the very first time.

Ben immediately fell in love with her flavour, her savoury goodness, like the pink middle of a thick medium rare steak. And he sampled her again and again until second nature became his first and he licked deep, spreading open her juicing vulva. How she pulsed and twitched around his tongue, driven giddily to delightful despair.

Her labia were so thick, protruding enough that he could catch them between his lips to suck on them and stretch them, and then using his thumbs to spread her open, he

licked upward to kiss and suck on her bulging clitoris. She was so big that the prominent hood could no longer contain her. Ben had never seen such an erotic sight, not even in the photograph she had sent. He wetted his tongue with mingled discharge and saliva, sucking her into his mouth sloppily. Her hips rose involuntarily off the mattress, rolling and grinding; caught in the soft trap of his lips and releasing her first truly intense orgasm.

'God, please stop,' she whooped, so short of breath that she could faint, holding her hands out to take him. Tammy began laughing hysterically. 'Come up here and just let me hold you a while,' she pleaded. He joined her, laying side by side in a tender kiss, his mother's hand returning to his upturned tool, tenderly jerking him in slow corkscrewing motions.

8

'You're absolutely certain you're okay with this,' Tammy whispered her concern. Her face was shadowed against the light of the bedside lamp at her back, but in the dark, so

close together, Ben could see the begging question in the glimmer of her damp eyes.

He was sitting spread-eagled in the middle of the bed, leaning back on both hands. Almost obsessed with his stiffness, his mother sat spread-eagled before him too, her legs laid out over his. She reached a hand down to tease his scrotum, her fingernails scraping upward between his swollen, full testes.

'You've got a lot of come waiting in here for your mother,' she cooed, then felt his fingers melt into her hot wetness. Her heavy-lidded eyes rolled up and then shut. She gasped.

'Look who's talking,' her son whispered. 'Looks like someone can't wait to feel her son's big stiff cock fill her-

'Ohhh-

'Sliding deep,' he described, gesticulating with those fingers, 'hot and slippery deep...'

'We're about to commit incest,' she reminded him.

'Are you trying to make me come already?'

'I'd rather you breed me and fill my womb. Does that scare you?' she asked frankly, and why wouldn't it? The thrill was that they were both scared and knew the risks.

Ben leaned forward and cupped his mother's buttocks with the palms of his strong hands, sliding her into him so that their bodies were nearly pressed together, her engorged clit rubbing up against the underside of his pulsating cock. Then lifting her up, as she cooperated with his movements, he directed her, pulling her up against his abdomen so that her slippery wet slit lined up with the tip of his penis.

'Ben... son...' Tammy felt urgent fear as his bulging glans kissed the entrance to her pulsating love canal. But her legs were like jelly. She couldn't hold her own weight. Tammy was now sinking, trembling, down over the length of her son's rigid cock, and opening her mouth in a silent scream.

'Ahh...'

Such a delicious sensation, forbidden and frightening...

'Oh mom... Oh sweet Christ, mom...'

'Ahhhh,' she breathed as he stretched her, easing into her vulva by inches, and now she was around him, enveloping his length, wrapped around his hips fighting that fear with such ecstasy. Tammy glared wide-eyed, deeply into her son's. 'Oh my God,' she gulped, frozen rigid in his embrace. 'It's happening...'

'Mom, it's okay' he encouraged, gently rocking into her, using her hips to reel her in, and the world melted away.

'Oh my god,' she repeated, over again, pushing her son down onto his back and straddling his hips. He was in her fully now and resting against her stretching cervix as Tammy fought to relax and to accommodate his size. 'Are you okay?' she begged.

'Yeah,' he nodded and then, 'c'mere a second,' as he sat up to suck on her erect nipples. Hissing and grinding her teeth with the sharpest of pleasures, Tammy relished the coolness of his saliva as he sucked and licked.

She coaxed Ben back down onto his back and leaned in to rest her hands on his strong chest, still trembling and emotional. Then rolling her hips, and working herself up and down his slippery shaft, they both groaned their approval, their satisfaction, together.

'Mom, if you have doubts at any time we can stop,' he assured, but who was he fooling? He wouldn't have wanted to. He could see himself entering her, spreading his mother wide with his thick, smooth pole - the most airtight wet suction, soft but firm, sexual perfection - while she moulded around his every bump and ridge.

'No we can't,' she cried, but no tears came. Though her beautiful face was warped with such wanton torment and longing. 'I need you... I want you so much... I want this...'

Blissful eternity passed, Ben's fear of coming too soon came to pass. He was accustomed to his mother now and his state of arousal was levelling off to a safer height. But gradually her trembling became too much, her thighs and abdomen quaking in submission as for the first time Tammy came, impaled deep on her son.

Ben wasted no time, seeing her swoon, and sat up to catch her before she collapsed, and in tandem they rolled until Tammy now lay amongst soft pillows, Ben still inside her and plunging in and out with ease.

'Oh this beats the fantasy,' she began to laugh, struggling for air, her body slick with perspiration. 'I can't believe we're doing the real thing,' she gasped as he filled her.

'Believe it,' he grunted, impaling her. 'Or we'll just have to try again and again until you can.'

'What position would you like me to be in when you come inside me?' Tammy asked. 'Name it, anything you want...'

Grabbing her by the hips and reeling her in, Ben let his mind run wild with the possibilities as he watched himself sliding wetly into his mother's feverish, dripping vulva, out of sight and deep into such delicious silken love.

'What makes you come the hardest?' he asked, laughing simply for asking his own mother that.

'I... haven't... stopped... coming,' she cried. Her voice broke in every mid-stroke. 'Take me from behind, please... JESUS FUCK YES, SON!'

Ben was driven to the edge by her outburst. He wasn't going to last any longer. His cock was burning, his balls aching, to gush his declaration of love deep into his mother. Tammy offered him the dirtiest look, wiping the sweaty fringe from her forehead and weakly rolled onto her knees for him before swaying her butt high up into the air for him to claim for his own.

That thick, pear-shaped butt of hers that caused him such dirty thoughts so often - now served up before him, sans

panties. Her dripping slit begged to be parted and fucked to completion.

'Are you ready for me to come deep now, mom?' Ben asked. Tammy groaned, shivered in anticipation. That was his cue. Ben placed the head of his soaked solid erection at the mouth of her cunt again and bore down his weight to sink into her in one long easy glide.

Grabbing her firm, fleshy butt with both greedy hands, he molested her with lusty abandon, Tammy grinning from over her shoulder at him, her eyes saying everything that words couldn't. Together they rode through that storm, for every collision of flesh a thunderclap, the sexes of a loving mother and son melding together by sheer sexual friction and chemistry.

Ben refused to release himself until his mother was all but wailing with the power of her explosive orgasms, and until they were one after the other. And also until every inch of him burned with fatigue, until he felt like white hot steel plunging into soothing waters, Tammy hot pussy gushing and squirting around him, soaking his cock and his balls.

'I love you,' he warned.

'Do it, baby, do it!'

An intense surge of rod lightning pleasure, Ben thundered home deep with a hiss and a grunt, emptying his balls, his semen spewing deep into his mother. Risking the final taboo, conception, Ben squirted and squeezed, endlessly, thick white streams of his seed as far as it would go.

When he was done, when the crying and the laughing and the panting and compliments ended, neither Tammy or Ben could move, fucked into paralysis. They lay together, sweaty and salty, recollecting the events that led here right from the start.

Wide-eyed but tired, blown and bewildered, neither could believe it would actually have come to this. But it was okay. It was more than okay. They couldn't have been happier. Fantasy was now reality. This was their life now and they accepted it and each other with open arms.

Three more times they had sex that same night, but tenderly and carefully, simply taking each other in with the new reality they had tempted each other into. And it was true what the stories claimed, that there was no love like with family, no intensity like the sex between a mother and her own son, and no excitement like coming together, so deeply and meaningfully.

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'Good morning son,' Tammy greeted cheerfully, finding Ben in the kitchen making pancakes. It was late. They'd desperately needed the sleep. Ben waking up first thought she looked so zonked out that she might sleep the whole day away. Now she stood next to him, wrapped up in a blanket, her eyes tired and puffy but smiling uncontrollably.

'So how was last night?' she asked

'Incredible,' he gawped. Tammy blushed

'No regrets?'

Ben took the pan off the blue flames and extinguished the hob, not a word spoken. Then taking her soft, radiant face in his hands, he leaned down and helped himself hungrily to her lips. Without hesitation she submitted fully to her son's sweet sensual kiss.

When they came up for air Ben asked how many pancakes she wanted. Tammy shook her head then winked, purring, 'I'd prefer to suck your cock!'

THE END