

## Chapter 1

Dan sat in his room, feeling a sense of accomplishment as he stared at the laptop screen displaying \$200,000 on his web account. Being only 19, he did it by taking some risks, investing in cryptocurrency, selling things he owned, and saving some of his salary. It was more money than his dad, who worked at a fancy bank, had ever thought of having.

Suddenly, his train of thought was interrupted by the sound of the door swinging open.

His mother walked into the room wearing round earrings on her ears and stopped at the doorway.

"Danny, why aren't you dressed yet?" She was a stunning tall, trim brunette with a firm shape, slender figure, and mesmerizing curves. While others saw her as a beauty icon, to Dan, she was just his mom - someone who was obsessed with her figure, and diets, and who people considered being 30, despite being 44.

"We're going out soon," her lips were glossy and plump as she spoke. "The play starts in an hour and a half."

Dan let out an exasperated sigh. The play his mom had won at the corporate event had slipped his mind entirely.

"Yeah, I'm getting dressed now," he replied half-heartedly.

"Your brother's ready to go. I give you 10 minutes to get dressed," she said, closing the door with her painted nails and disappearing into the hallway.

"I wish I could stay at home just like Dad."

The numbers refused to leave Dan's mind as he adjusted his tie and returned to the laptop, desperate for one last glance at his account. "I can't believe it," he muttered to himself, the weight of his recent financial windfall still sinking in. The betting website

that had led him to this point was still open in another tab. Had it all been thanks to this site, with its secret tips and tricks?

With a sigh, Dan decided to take one last look at the website. It was like bidding farewell to a close friend or savoring the final moments of a good movie. As he moved to close the tab, his cursor hovered over a small detail that caught his eye: a link. It was a new guide, from the same user who had previously provided him with valuable advice -- EdiPCard.

"Hmm, something new?" Dan checked his wristwatch to ensure he had a few spare minutes. "Why not?" He settled back into his chair, eager to learn more from EdiPCard's latest insights.

What happened next left Dan utterly baffled.

The link led him to a porn site, its categories all featuring the tag "MILF." Dan double-checked the browser for any errors, but the site kept redirecting him. "Maybe I just clicked the wrong link." He closed the tab, but then noticed a notification on his browser:

"Let's talk?"

Without a second thought, he dismissed the message as spam and vowed to check his protection filters. But then, another message appeared - this time on his web account, the very same place where he kept his hard-earned money.

The text was short and to the point: all \$201,423 had been transferred to an anonymous account. Panic seized Dan, his hands clammy, his tie feeling like a noose around his neck. It had to be a joke, a glitch in the system, something he could fix with a simple refresh of the page. But no matter how many times he clicked, the money remained gone.

The world around seemed to grind to a halt as Dan struggled to comprehend what had just happened. What was going on? Was this all some elaborate prank? He looked around his familiar

surroundings, searching for a sign that it was all a mistake. But everything was the same - the same room, the same house, the same account. Only now, it was missing a quarter of a million dollars.

As Dan read the message once more, his mind raced with disbelief. Had he really lost his entire fortune because of one reckless click on a porn link? The words on the screen taunted him, mocking his mistake and the consequences it had wrought.

The next notification only added to his confusion and fear. "If you want it back let's talk." What does it mean? A cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he frantically searched for answers, but found none.

And then, another message that made his blood run cold. "Send me a photo of your mother and I'll return your money". The demand was sickening, and Dan felt a surge of anger and fear wash over him. What kind of sick individual was behind this?

"Danny!" His mother's voice reverberated through the door, her impatience clear. "It's been ten minutes already!"

"Let's just leave him, Mom," his brother's, Jack's, voice chimed in, soft but unmistakable.

But their mother was having none of it. "No way. I've got exactly three tickets, and we're going there as a trio. I'll take you out somewhere for once."

Danny sighed and closed his laptop. He straightened the tie, still trying to shake off the feeling of unease that had taken hold of him. "This is just a stupid joke," he muttered to himself. "Some bug or spam... or something else. There must be a logical explanation for this."

When he emerged from the room, his mother and brother were waiting for him. Jack, with his black hair and easy grin, looked

every bit the former class president he was. Danny, shorter and less confident with brown hair, always felt like the odd one out next to his brother.

"Well, finally," Jack teased, hands in his pockets. "I thought you wouldn't show up."

"I wasn't planning on it," Danny shot back, pulling on his shoes.

Their father, Frank, appeared in the doorway, his ginger beard and hair a stark contrast to Danny's own coloring. "Have fun, guys," he said, casting a wary eye toward their mother. "And keep an eye on your Mom, boys," he added with a chuckle.

She snorted. "You'd better keep an eye on yourself while we're gone, Frank."

"Don't start, Nancy. I'll be here at home, waiting for you," Frank replied, a little too irritably. Danny winced as his father clapped him on the back, a little too hard.

"It's going to bruise," he thought, rubbing the spot where the hand had landed.

"Have fun, boys."

As they made their way out the door, Jack called out a quick goodbye to their father. Danny lingered for a moment, watching his parents exchange barbs with each other. He couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.

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As they sat comfortably in their theater seats, getting ready to watch the show, Dan couldn't relax. He couldn't stop thinking about the money. The request for a photo of his mother replayed in his head. Why would anyone ask for such a thing?

He looked at his Mom, seating nerby. As he observed her slender figure and the stockings on her legs, his mind started to wander, thinking about all sorts of bad things. Why did he even click on that dumb link?

Nancy caught his gaze and smiled with a sparkle on her lips before returning attention to the stage.

"I hope my money will be back and this is just a silly glitch. But if it's not," he imagined trying to get her photos to send them to someone unknown. It was awful.

"Hey, freak," Jack's voice hissed from the other side. "Quit gawking at Mom and pay attention to the stage."

"Yeah, yeah." So he did, pushing all thoughts of what had happened at home out of his mind and focusing on the play. And his back still hurt.

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"So what did you think of the play?" Frank's voice called out from somewhere in the house as they crossed the threshold.

"Not very interesting," Jack replied, "I'm more of a movie fan."

"The younger generation is lost," Nancy said, beaming as she removed her coat. "But I enjoyed it. It was a very passionate love story."

"Those melodramas are right up your alley. But the main character is so much like you, Mom," Jack added.

"Thank you, dear," she walked over to him and planted a kiss on his cheek.

"I'm going to my room," Dan shed his clothes, eager to avoid any unwanted interactions and went to his room.

His last hope dissipated as he glanced at the laptop screen and saw the dreaded \$0 balance. With the detachment, Dan opened the notification to reveal a chat.

Despite usually being tidy and organized, his current scattered thoughts made him unaware of the mess he'd made in the room. Deep in concentration, trying to decide what to write,

he anxiously bit his nails--a habit he had quit after being scolded by his mother in his childhood. Back then, when caught nibbling, she'd make him endure her soap operas as a form of penalty. He despised watching TV shows with her and found those dramas to be never-ending challenges for his self-control.

But it worked. He gave up nail-biting to avoid the endless drama sessions. Now, though, that old habit has come back.

How could he get his money back? Was there any hope at all?

"Who are you?" appeared as Dan banged on the keyboard. The message was sent.

To his surprise, a response came the next second. "Does it matter? I'm the one who has your money."

Dan's forehead was covered in sweat again. He walked to the door and locked it, then immediately sat down in his once-triumphant chair and returned to what he thought was a fateful dialogue. "Do you have my money? Who are you? What do you want?"

"I thought I was quite certain, my friend." Anonymous answered.

"Why do you need photos of my mom?"

"It's a surprise. You'll know."

Dan felt a cold chill run down his spine. This was not a situation he wanted to be in. "I don't think I want to know. I'll sue you, you know this?"

"Be smarter than that," came the response. "I give you one lifetime chance to return the money that you've lost."

Dan couldn't believe the audacity of this blackmailer.

"Why do you need photos of my mom? Want to jerk off? Is that really what you're after?"

"I don't need her nude photos. I just need a copy of her ID."

"Her ID? What on earth for?"

"No further questions," anonymous responded. "You have one week to decide and send it over, or else your money will be lost."

Appalled at the stranger's perverse intentions, Dan quickly shut down his laptop and pushed it aside. There was no way he'd stoop to such despicable lengths. The weight of the realization that all his savings had vanished in a blink of an eye crushed his heart. The pea-green wallpaper of his tiny room seemed to close in on him. It had only been hours ago that he was enjoying the play with his mother.

Chapter 2: DRIVER'S LICENCE. BEGINNING.

Dan woke up with the morning light hurting his eyes, realizing he forgot to take off his pants. Still half-asleep, he got out of bed. The memory of his lost triumph from yesterday hit him like a cold shower.

Someone knocked on the door and grumbled, "Breakfast."

At the table, everyone sat quietly, poking at their eggs and bacon. Only Mom kept glancing strangely at Frank, who was wearing a shirt instead of yesterday's robe.

As Dan quickly devoured his bacon, his eyes remained fixed on a lone photo on the dining room table. Among other framed pictures, it captured Mom in a yellow bikini against the vast sea-- a photo from her recent vacation. Dan couldn't help but notice the positive effects of years of exercise and a healthy diet on her body. In the photo, she stood, her delicate features glowing in the warm rays of the sun.

"I have to admit, she has very nice breasts," he thought. "Gross. Why am I even staring at it?"

"I'll be late. Don't wait up for me," Frank mumbled as he walked toward the door.

"Same old story," Nancy sighed, brushing the black curls from her eyes.

Dan's gaze shifted to his mother, and the memories of the blackmailer's demands suddenly came flooding back, making his heart beat faster with worry.

Trying to break the quiet feeling in the room, Jack spoke up, "Hey Mom, can I catch a ride with you to do some stuff?"

"Of course, honey," she replied, offering a reassuring smile.

Dan prodded a piece of bacon with his fork, his mind wandering aimlessly as he ate his breakfast. Suddenly, a thought struck him like a bolt of lightning. "She keeps her driver's license in her bag; I can easily use it for ID".

He let out a small gasp and coughed.

"What's wrong?" Nancy asked, studying Dan's face.

"Choked on food?" Jack asked with a smirk.

"Nothing. Just remembered something. I'm not hungry. Thanks."

He swiftly got up from the table and made his way to the room. Dan sat there, deep in thought, thinking hard about what he was considering.

"Am I really going to do this?" He silently passed the threshold of his room and tiptoed towards parent's room. His palms were clammy as he reached for the leather purse hanging on the doorknob. The driver's license he needed was inside. With no one in sight, Dan quickly retrieved his phone from his pocket and deftly located the ID he sought: Nancy Clark. With just a few clicks, his task was complete.

"What are you doing?" his Mom's voice sliced through the air, startling him and causing the ID to slip from his fingers. Swiftly, he hid his phone in his pocket.

"Oh, um, I was just..." he mumbled, picking up the dropped card. "I wanted to check if your driver's license was still in place, that's all. Yeah."

"Wanted to check if my driver's license was still in place?" She scrutinized the ID, looking for any alterations. "You are bad at lying, Danny. You know that? I hope you haven't gotten yourself into any trouble. If you need money, just ask."

"No. I don't need money, Mom. And no, I haven't gotten into any trouble," he hastily straightened up, eager to escape the awkward moment. "I should get back to work."

She moved aside to let him go. Dan unintentionally glanced at her neckline. She had stunning, full breasts adorned with freckles. She wore a business suit, and the snug jacket gently highlighted the contours of her bosom.

Does his mother fit the description of a MILF? Perhaps. More likely yes than no.

Before he left, she said with a bit of annoyance, "And, Danny, it would be great if you could avoid messing with my things."

"Sure," he said, walking away, her serious look staying with him even after he had gone.

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After tidying up the room, Dan settled down at his laptop and scrutinized the photos he had just taken. Doubt crept into his mind. Is he really going to do this? He couldn't understand why Anonymous needed his mom's ID.

After sending the requested photos to the blackmailer, Danny was met with a swift response that made his blood boil. "Your mom's a real banger, ain't she?" read the crude message.

Danny's face twisted in disgust, "I don't care."

The response he received was hardly apologetic. "Sorry to hear that, buddy. You're missing out on her beauty, though".

Dan resisted the urge to hurl his laptop across the room. "Will you return my money?" he typed, hoping to end the conversation as quickly as possible.

"Yes, I can do that for you, but there is one condition that needs to be met. You see. I require a home video of you and your mother together."

He furrowed his brow in confusion. "What exactly do you mean by a 'home video'? I don't understand."

"You know exactly what I mean," came the response, dripping with malice and contempt. "Don't try to play dumb, Danny. You're smarter than that."

Danny's stomach turned as the full weight of the situation hit him, and he felt a surge of anger rising within.

"I can't believe you would even suggest something so vile. You can't be serious."

"I am. Think again, Danny. You know what's at stake here. Make it happen, and make sure your mother's pretty face is perfectly captured on camera. And don't even think about cheating. I know your face and you have just showcased to me your mother. I'll give you a deadline of nine months. That should be plenty of time for you to get everything in order"

Danny felt his heart sink. "Nine months? How can you expect me to do something like that?"

"Use this time with purpose," came the reply. "Do whatever it takes to get the job done. Study up, and do some research. Check some guides on the internet or other stuff. Just make sure you deliver video on time."

He knew he couldn't let this person win, but the cost of failure was almost too high to bear. "I'll do what I can".

"Good. I'll be in touch," the anonymous replied. Danny was left alone with his thoughts.

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As days turned into weeks, Danny remained indecisive. On one hand, he risked losing his life's work, and on the other hand, he had to have sex... with his mother. It is absolutely impossible to even imagine such a thing. His mother and sex? Gross. Imagining how she does that with someone feels disgusting, and he'll also have to be involved as the other person.

But there's no way he can lose his money. Maybe she'll understand.

Lying in bed, he gazed up at the ceiling, hoping for a sign. Suddenly, a knock at the door interrupted his thoughts.

"Danny, could you lend me a hand in the kitchen?" Nancy peeked her head in, her hair in a braid, wearing a tight tank top and jeans. "Frank's not home again, and I need your help. Come on."

Dan obeyed, following her into the kitchen, trying not to take his eyes off her denim-covered bouncy ass.

"Can you wipe down the fridge for me? I'm a bit worried about falling off the chair," she asked him, handing him a rag before turning to the sink to do the dishes.

As he stepped onto the small chair, she kept talking. "Usually, when Frank's not around, Jack helps out with this task. It's strange, but he always volunteers to clean the fridge while I handle the dishes."

Dan diligently wiped away the accumulated dust, his attention unintentionally veered towards her noticeably exposed chest. From his position there was a perfect view of her neckline.

"I wonder why," he said, stopping for a second. Making circular motions of washing dishes, her breasts were bewitchingly shaking under a thin T-shirt, Mom's tits moved with a captivating sway. He quickly turned his head away. His hand was rubbing the refrigerator with strong pressure, and thoughts were spinning in his head.

"Yeah, she is very beautiful and... hot. I can't believe it. Do I feel attracted to mom?"

He thought then about what she said about Jack. So he was peeking from here at her breasts? Was Jack secretly interested in her, and he had no idea?

"Finished," he declared, leaping off the stool and tossing the rag into the bucket. "The fridge is now dust-free."

"Thank you, Dan," she wiped her hands on her t-shirt and pressed a loving kiss to Danny's cheek, mimicking the same gesture she offered to Jack.

As Dan reciprocated the kiss, his mind betrayed him, surrendering to a sudden impulse. He leaned to his Mom, planting a kiss on her lips instead of the expected peck on the cheek. It was as if his brain was trying to persuade him that Nancy was an ordinary woman, and not his mother. Though brief, the kiss marked their first and caught Nancy off guard, causing her to quickly pull away. "What on earth are you doing?" she said angrily.

"I just wanted to kiss you," he tried to sound nonchalant.

"You didn't have to kiss me on the lips," Nancy reminded him. "Even Jack doesn't kiss me like that. You need to think about what you're doing. I'm your mother, for goodness sake."

"Sorry...I think I'll head to my room," his throat tightening with emotion. Hastily, he made his way out of the kitchen, leaving Nancy to ponder over the strange turn of events.

The reality hit him hard as soon as he returned to his room; he had just committed the unthinkable. How could he do such a thing - kiss his own mother?

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When evening came Dan delved into the depths of the internet in search of guidance and assistance. As he was exploring, he stumbled upon websites that focused on the controversial and sensitive topic of incest. These web spaces were filled with individuals who shared their personal experiences and stories. It's unbelievable how many people dream about their mothers sexually.

He found stories, pictures, compilations of videos, and people talking about how they would fuck their moms. He felt like he had descended into an abyss akin to that of Wonderland.

He came across numerous pieces of advice on how to initiate "physical contact" with mothers, but they all seemed dubious and lacking in credibility. In the end, he chose to stop trying altogether.

The events in the kitchen replayed in his mind as he lay in bed, unable to shake off the memory. He couldn't explain why, but the kiss he had shared with his mom didn't fill him with disgust, as he had expected. Instead, a strange sense of longing and desire had taken hold of him, refusing to let go.

As the house fell into a hush at night, Dan's mind ignited with anticipation. He shut his eyes, inhaling a deep breath, the plump blanket snug against his chest. His fingers trembled as they approached his phone, his heartbeat skyrocketing with each tap that led him to the gallery app.

"If I'm going to follow through with this, I need to be ready. Who could have thought I would do something like it," he mused, staring at one of the pictures he had downloaded from Nancy's social media account.

As he gazed at her face, he couldn't help but be struck by how stunning she looked. His palm soon found his cock and tried to rub it. His eyes remained fixated on the photograph of his mother. She dressed in a sharp business suit and perched elegantly on a chair. With legs crossed at the ankles, she lifted high-heels creating a chic and enticing posture, baring just enough of her toned legs. Arms neatly folded on her lap, she cast a daring and seductive gaze towards the camera. Since her bust was concealed, he had to manage with the limited resources he had on hand, literally.

A surge of conflicting emotions - both repulsion and delight - coursed through him, sending a shiver down his spine. Although it usually only took him a couple of minutes to finish, this time it had already been nearly ten minutes and he still wasn't able to get hard.

A memory from the kitchen helped him a little. Dan stepped up the pressure, thrusting under the blanket. Finally, the pod gave in and Dan felt his dick getting hard. "I'm sorry, Mom." His palm wrapped tightly around his cock and he yanked it up and down, feeling his balls swell and fidget. Another ten minutes passed at this frantic pace, but he wasn't even close. At some point Dan just gave up, closing the phone. "I can't. I just can't do this."

How is he going to have a video if he can't even jerk off!

Covering his face with a blanket, Dan forgot himself in a heavy sleep.

### Chapter 3: I NEED TO GET RID OF DAD

It's been a month, and eight more to go. Dan mostly worked from home, trying to stay focused and avoid distractions related to his mother.

This morning passed like any other, with the familiar routine of breakfast and small talk. Dan tried his best to avoid eye contact with Mom, feeling a sense of shame.

"I'll leave my car at home today," Frank muttered, glancing at Nancy.

"It's Saturday. Are you going out again today?" she sounded surprised.

Dan watched as his mother's expression changed from confusion to disappointment.

"Yes, I have things to do, you know how it works, Nancy," Frank replied, wiping his ginger beard with a napkin before standing up. "Thanks for breakfast. Do you need me to grab anything while I'm out?"

Nancy glanced down at her lap. "New lingerie. They seem to disappear in this apartment."

Frank raised his eyebrow. "I was serious, Nancy. I can grab some groceries."

Nancy looked up. "So was I. Buy me new lingerie, Frank."

Dan observed his father leave. "Damn, I forgot about him. How am I going to carry out my plans with Dad in the house?"

Dan's thoughts were interrupted when he noticed Jack staring at him. Did his older brother suspect something?

Nervous, Dan looked away in a hurry, acting like he was really into his breakfast. Finishing the last bites, Jack walked around the table and playfully nudged Dan on the shoulder.

"Hey, can we talk for a minute?" he asked.

Fear gripped Dan's stomach as he trailed behind his big brother. Dan and Jack peeked through the living room window, observing their father walking down the street with a determined look, glancing back every few steps like a soldier on a mission.

"You know Dad's cheating on Mom, right?" Jack suddenly broke the silence.

"It's their marriage, their problem," Dan replied, still studying his father's figure.

Jack scoffed, "Their problem? It's affecting all of us. Do you really believe it's fine for him to lie and trick our Mom like that?"

"No, of course not."

"Are you just going to ignore this? Don't you care about Mom?" Jack insisted. "Think about it, Dan. If we don't act, he'll keep hurting Mom. What about us? I bet he has evidence of his wrongdoing in his car. We could find it and show Mom. Make him face the consequences for what he's doing."

Dan hesitated for a moment.

Perhaps not having his father around could give him an opportunity to pursue his goals, but it still felt wrong to interfere in his parents relationship.

"Do you think we can go behind his back and betray him like this?"

"He's the one betraying mom! And if you're not going to help me, then I'll do it on my own," Jack said.

Dan knew there was no reasoning with Jack when he was like this. He watched as his brother stormed out of the room.

"I don't think I have any choice," Dan said, following him down the stairs. As they made their way down the stairs towards the garage, Nancy appeared in front of them, blocking their path.

"What's the rush? And what were you two whispering about upstairs?" Nancy asked, with her ample cleavage on full display. Dan couldn't help but admire her stunning appearance - black hair elegantly styled into a bun and a form-fitting skirt hugging her curves. Her light floral dress hinted at the sweetness underneath. The white stripes of her bra peeked out from around the edges of the straps on her luscious breasts.

"Just going for a walk," Jack replied, his eyes glancing eagerly at their mom.

"For a walk? Together? Doesn't sound like you, but fine. I'll find out eventually what you're up to, you can be sure," Nancy said, stepping aside to let them pass.

As they walked to the garage where the sleek black Porsche was parked, Jack pulled the handle, but the car was locked. Frustrated, he peered through the tinted window, trying to catch a glimpse of the interior. Dan couldn't help but chuckle at his brother's impatience.

"We can break the window if you'd like" he joked, but Jack's expression remained serious.

"We can," Jack said, surprising Dan with his boldness. He couldn't believe that his usually cautious brother was willing to take such a risk.

"Breaking the window? It was a joke."

"Relax. We'll find the keys when he comes back home. Or what if he's hiding it in there? We should take a look now."

"You can look here. I'll head back and make sure nobody catches us," Dan turned on his heel and strode purposefully towards the house.

Was there really something more between Jack and Nancy? Was it just his imagination or did he sense a connection between them? It wasn't just the way Jack looked at Nancy, but the way he acted.

He slowly made his way up the stairs to his room, his mind racing with a thousand questions. How had his once simple life become so complicated in such a short time?

The weight of the situation hung on his mind as he made his way up to... not his, but Jack's room. Everything there was tidy and organized - a reflection of his brother's studious and responsible nature.

But as he looked around, he got curious and started searching through one of Jack's drawers.

"Where are you hiding it, Jack," Dan muttered, looking around the room.

With a keen eye and a swift determination, he quickly honed in on his target - a small, inconspicuous object hidden away on the highest shelf of Jack's vast closet. Their mother is not that tall and wouldn't be able to get there.

It was hard to find what he needed among the messy clothes and stuff. His fingers grabbed something weird on the shelf. As he examined the object, he realized it was a women's magazine, one page was folded, and when he opened it, Dan read an article titled: "The Best Days for Pregnancy. Women are most fertile at the time of ovulation (when an egg is released from your ovaries), which usually occurs 12 to 14 days before your next period begins. This is the time of the month when you're most likely to get pregnant."

"What the hell?" Dan thought and quickly returned it back, his fingers brushed against something soft and silky. Intrigued, he reached in further, his fingertips coming into contact with the lacy fabric of lingerie..

"I hardly think it belongs to Jack. So is he stealing Mom's lingerie?"

Lacy black panties adorned with an elegant rose. He carefully opened them, revealing a suspicious white stain in it.

"Is that cum... or her insides?"

The door creaked open, he froze.

"Jack?"

Dan's heart skipped a beat, as he turned around. Of course, it was Nancy..

"No, not Jack," he said, turning around with a flush creeping up his neck.

His mom crossed her arms over her chest. "Didn't you go for a walk? And just what were you doing in Jack's room? I haven't forgotten the time you went through my purse, Danny. I hope you are not stealing anything from your brother."

Dan's hand slipped into his back pocket, hiding the stolen panties. "I...I don't," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I was just looking for something."

Nancy's gaze remained fixed on him. He had to get out of there before things got any worse. "I have to go," he muttered, turning to leave.

As he walked by Nancy, he smelled his mom's nice perfume. Suddenly, he stopped, taking a deep breath with his chest moving up and down.

The sweet smell of her perfume surrounded him, giving him a strange but nice feeling. He closed his eyes for a moment, enjoying the wonderful scent. His eyes were drawn to the graceful curve of his mother's neck, mesmerized by its delicate lines and flawless form. Unbidden admiration pricked at his conscience, and guilt washed over him like a wave.

"Are you okay?" Nancy said, noticing his gaze.

Surprised, he looked away and coughed. "Yeah, sorry. I'm okay," he hurried toward the door. "Thank God she didn't check on me."

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As Dan stepped into the garage, he noticed the open car door. "Can you imagine? This fool left here his spare keys," Jack exclaimed. "And you won't believe what I found in the car."

Dan's curiosity was piqued, and he stepped towards Jack. "I guess you won't believe what I found either," he muttered.

Jack held up a pair of underwear. "Look at these. Mom doesn't wear this kind of underwear. She likes lace," he said, waving the thing in front of Dan.

"I see you've paid a lot of attention to Mom's underwear."

The smile disappeared from Jack's face. "Let's say I have."

Dan reached into his back pocket and retrieved a pair of Nancy's lacy panties.

As soon as Jack saw it, his face turned sour. "Where did you find this?"

"You know where," Dan smirked. "So, are you in love with Mom or something?"

"Why do you care?" Jack retorted.

"Just curious," replied Dan. "Tell me the truth, or I'll tell her everything."

"You won't."

"Dare to test me?"

"Fine," Jack sighed. "Ask what you want."

"Are you attracted to her?"

"No, obviously not," Jack replied.

"Why are you lying?"

"I'm not," insisted Jack. "It was just an experiment. My friend from school, let's say, tried some things with his Mom. And he even had intercourse. As he said."

"He did?"

"Yeah. He showed me photos. I thought he was a freak but then I surfed a bit on the internet. So yeah, I decided to try some things, but I made a mistake, okay?!"

"You tried to masturbate on her?"

"No, of course I didn't!" he responded. "Our Mom is just Mom, ok?"

"But what about the fridge?"

"The fridge? What about it?" Jack asked, looking confused.

"Forget it," he replied. "I need to know, how your friend ended up with his mother."

"Why would you need it?"

"I just need it. Don't ask why."

"Okay, okay. I'll see what I can do," Jack sighed in resignation. "Can we finally deal with that lingerie I found in the car?" he suggested, trying to finally change the subject.

They both walked back to the house, with his brother carrying the lingerie from the car. Jack briefly went into their parents' room and quickly returned. "We'll just have to wait. And keep quiet about... everything," he added, before quickly heading back to his room and shutting the door behind him.

"I bet he has more than just one pair of lingerie hidden away in his room. Oh yeah, lingerie," Danny had completely forgot about the one in his pocket. "They need to go back in the wash, but that could wait until tomorrow."

As Dan ambled over to the window, he caught sight of Mom tending to the flowers on the lawn below. Her soft dress clung to her every curve, accentuating the gentle sway of her hips as she bent over to tend to the blooms. Her hair was gathered up in a

messy bun, and a few errant strands framed her face. As he watched, Dan couldn't help but be struck by how different she looked from the woman in the office photo. Every time she leaned over, her dress hitched up ever so slightly, offering him a glimpse of her shapely legs and ass.

Was Jack lying? Sure, he was, but not about everything. It's a lie that he doesn't think about their mother sexually, and the story about his friend is probably true. All those Jack's kisses with Mother and that magazine. Jack already knows the way to seduce Nancy and most likely his plan is already in motion.

Well, let's see who gets under her skirt first.

He quickly made his way back downstairs to the kitchen and took his Mom's photograph in her bikini, that one he couldn't take his eyes off the month before. The image of her in that yellow two-piece was seared into his mind, and he felt a rush of desire he still couldn't quite explain.

Once he finally arrived in his room, he closed the door quietly behind him, taking the photo with him. He sank onto the bed, as he studied every curve of Mom's body in the image. Time slipped away, and before he knew it, night had fallen and the room was shrouded in darkness.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door slamming shut brought him back to reality - Frank was home. Glancing at the clock on the nightstand, Dan saw that it was already past midnight. He knew what he had to do.

With determination, he walked to the door, locked it securely, turned off the light, making the room dark, and took a deep breath.

It was time.

Slowly, Dan reached into his pocket and pulled out a pair of lace underwear. It was dirty, stained with sweat and other bodily fluids, but that didn't matter. It was real, and that's all that counted.

He stripped off his pants, this time would be different. This wasn't some silly picture in an office, this was something tangible, something he could hold in his hand. He knew he was crossing a line, but he didn't care. He had to have it, to feel it against his skin, to experience it in all its forbidden glory.

With trembling hands, he slipped the lace underwear on his dick, reveling in the feel of the fabric against his skin. It was intoxicating, like nothing he'd ever felt before. He gripped his cock and it was immediately clear, it was hardening. He kept stroking, forgetting about everything around him. Like some inner part of him always dreaded for it and finally went out. He knew he shouldn't be doing this, that it was wrong on so many levels, but he couldn't help himself. There was something especially good in doing something forbidden.

As he lay back on the bed, Dan closed his eyes and let out a deep sigh, letting his animal self-loose. He took the photo and couldn't stop looking at her breasts which were barely held by yellow bikini, her curves accentuated by the golden sun. He closed his eyes, picturing her walking along the shoreline, her hair blowing in the gentle breeze.

His hand was pulling the skin taut, hitting the balls. He imagined her exposing her breasts, just in front of him. Rivulets of water trickled over every curve of her body before pooling around her legs in a shimmering puddle. With each droplet that falls, she appears more and more like a goddess emerging from a crystal-clear spring.

He knew there would be consequences for his actions, but at that moment, he didn't care. All he knew was that he had to have it, to

experience it, to feel alive in a way that he never had before. His orgasm snuck unexpectedly at him but he was ready.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mom," he roared thinking at last about her, a wave of warmth coursed through his body, filling him with a sense of elation and a feeling of weightlessness. He felt dizzy, his eyes went dark, and he couldn't see anything, clamping his lip, tasting blood. As his emotions surged with overwhelming force, he could not resist releasing an exuberant cry of unbridled ecstasy.

White semen bounced inside her lingerie, he watched the thin gradually darken, becoming wet, damp. In a second all of his mother's lacy panties were full of white hot semen. He could hardly remember cumming that much as drops began to drip onto the floor, seeping through the fabric.

"What just happened?" He slowly wiped the cock with panties watching how much cum he produced. "It felt so damn good."

#### Chapter 4: KISS. 8 MONTH LEFT

The next day dawned bright and clear, the sunlight streaming through Dan's window and warming his skin. What happened yesterday had given him a new surge of confidence. His thirst for new sensations was now driving him forward. It was the thirst of tasting his own mother.

Dan lowered his eyes down and saw that Mom's lace panties filled with cum were still on the floor. It was a good thing he always locked the door before he went to bed, because if someone came in and saw this scene... He doesn't even what to think about it.

He reached for panties and tried to pick them up, pulling them away from the sticky floor, drenched in cum. He should have cleaned it up the night before, but the orgasm had left him too spent to do anything else.

With shaky hands, Dan cleaned the marks from the wooden floor and placed sticky panties in one of his dresser drawers, hiding them among socks and underwear. "I'll throw them in the wash later." He paused for a moment before firmly shutting the drawer.

He looked out the window and heard a car leaving the garage. It was his Dad's Porsche. "Isn't today Sunday?"

Dan walked into the kitchen, still half-asleep and rubbing his eyes. But what he saw suddenly made him fully awake and surprised.

Nancy was sitting on a chair, slumped forward. Jack was comforting her by rubbing her back.

"Good morning," Dan said, surprised.

"Morning..." Nancy replied, her voice soft, leaning into Jack's touch. "You should know, Danny, your father won't be living with us anymore, unfortunately," she said.

"Or fortunately," Jack added with a smile.

"What happened?" Dan tried to remain nonchalant.

"Your father cheated on me. That's all," Nancy said, her voice breaking slightly. "I've been figuring it out for a while now, but today he confirmed it."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Dan stayed quiet, thinking about how well their plan turned out. While he stood there, he couldn't help but see how lovely his mother looked with her hair gently framing the face.

Jack seemed unfazed by the news. "Well, it's about time he got what was coming to him," he grumbled before giving Nancy a kiss on the cheek and drugging Dan out of the kitchen.

"It worked out just as we planned. Just as we wanted," Jack said when he was sure Nancy wouldn't hear them.

"Just as you wanted," Dan replied calmly.

"Don't act like you're innocent. You wanted this as much as I did. We both knew Dad was a dick. We'll be better off without him. Damn, he even left without saying goodbye to us."  
Dan stayed quiet.

"You just have to keep your mouth shut about what we did. Ok? By the way, did you manage to return Mom's lingerie to her closet after we talked yesterday?"

Dan felt a lump form in his throat as he instinctively nodded. He imagined Jack finding Mom's sticky panties in his drawer.

The instant Jack's face lit up with a smile, it seemed like he had been anticipating this response from the start.

"Great," Jack replied with a smooth smile, giving Dan a firm pat on the shoulder. Leaning in close, he whispered, "I will not forget about that little attempt to blackmail me." And with that, he left.

"I guess he's definitely not going to share with me how his friend pulled his mother into bed. I'll just have to depend on my own resolve."

Returning to the kitchen, Dan took a seat beside his mother. She was wearing an intriguing light robe and being lost in thought she didn't realize when a bit of it slipped, slightly exposing her boobs.

At that moment, a nugget of wisdom from the incest site sprang to his mind like a beacon of enlightenment:

"Step 1. Befriend her."

He took Nancy's hand and gave it a weak squeeze.

"It's going to be okay, Mom."

"I know, darling," she smiled.

She moved, placing her hand on his, and a single nipple peeked out from the robe. A pink nipple encircled by a purple halo, the robe lightly touching it, then covering it, then revealing it again.

"Dad didn't deserve you, Mom. We are always here for you."

She smiled, "Thank you, dear."

He relaxed a little, letting his thoughts carry him forward.

Am I really planning to have sex with my Mom? It was one thing to think about it and another to be so close to her while imagining it actually happening.

He gazed once more at her lovely face, taking in every detail. Her eyes sparkled with a warm glow, her lips were full and soft, and while time had left a gentle mark on her features, she retained a remarkable youthfulness.

She covered up her robe, hiding her boobs, and tightened the belt. Now her big swollen nipples were leaking through the wool robe.

"What's now?" he asked.

"What's now?" she pulled her long hair into a braid. "Your father said he won't help us with money, and we have the house payment due," she sighed, "I'll figure something out, dear. Don't worry about the money."

"Money?" he coughed. "What if I tell you I know where to get some money? Remember when you said if I got into any trouble, you would help me?"

She looked at him suspiciously. "What kind of trouble are we talking about here?"

"It's not really a trouble. Here's the thing. I... I recently signed up for a program that offers good earnings, but there's a catch. I have to create a video for it."

Nancy looked at him with anticipation. "What kind of video?"

Dan hesitated, then continued, "A video, where you'd have to be involved, too. And they're going to pay us."

"I have to be in it?"

Dan nodded, beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

"They're paying us, you say? What exactly are we supposed to do in this video?"

Dan's cheeks turned slightly red. "It's, um, a video where we have to have... well, just kissing."

"Kissing!?" Nancy seemed unable to believe her ears.

Dan nodded, his throat feeling parched. "It's just kissing, Mom. And they're offering a substantial amount of money. So..."

"And how much money are we talking about?"

"Um... \$50,000"

"\$50,000 just for us to kiss?" Nancy repeated.

Dan nodded once more.

His Mom took a nonchalant sip of her coffee, as though considering a proposal.

"Why don't you find a girlfriend and ask her to do this?"

Dan blurted out without thinking, "Because it's supposed to be you."

Nancy's calm demeanor cracked, and she asked with a raised eyebrow, "So, they want a kiss between a mother and son? Is that the thing? That's why they're going to pay us that much?"

"Yeah, kinda," Dan gulped. "Don't overthink it, Mom. It's just a regular kiss, nothing more."

"Are you sure we'll get those money?"

"Of course!"

I wish I was.

"What kind of kiss is it supposed to be?" Nancy asked, looking him straight in the

eyes. "Is it an elaborate French kiss, or a simple peck?"

Dan swallowed hard. "French... I think."

His Mom gave him a long, hard stare. "And we'll get the \$50,000? Are you sure?"

Dan nodded, "Yes, I'm sure."

Nancy pursed her lips, considering the offer. "Well, fifty thousand won't hurt us. And, it is just a kiss after all. Plus, you've kissed me once before, remember? You have some experience."

Dan's face flushed an even deeper shade of red. "So you agree? You're truly comfortable with this?"

"Of course I am not. But I guess you don't like it either. It's your idea after all, if you're fine then I'm fine as well. As I said, our family won't mind 50 thousand now. Just promise me one thing: no one can ever find out about it, especially not Jack."

"Absolutely, Mom. Not a word to anyone. So, should we aim for tomorrow to get this over with? I don't have any plans."

Nancy nodded in agreement. "Tomorrow it is, then. When Jack is out. I'm ready when you are."

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He retreated to his room. "Kiss? Really? This dude is not gonna pay me a penny for a damn kiss."

As he sat in front of his laptop, Dan wandered back to the blackmailer chat room. He needed to come up with something fast, but his mind was blank. "What should I tell him?" he muttered to himself.

"How about..." Dan slowly typed out the words on the keyboard. "Fifty thousand for a kiss."

He sent the message and waited, his heart racing. Ten minutes later, the reply came in. Dan nervously opened the chat, expecting a complete rejection. Who would agree to \$50,000 for just a kissing video? But the response turned out to be much more interesting than he anticipated.

"I'll give you all 250,000 for a full blowjob video. No sex, just blowjob with your cute Mommy."

"You'll give it all?" Dan couldn't believe his luck. "For a blowjob?"

"Yes"

"Okay," Dan closed the laptop. Blowjob is not sex. Right? Maybe this was his chance. But how will he talk his Mom into a blowjob? Is that even possible? He had time to think of an idea for tomorrow, but no matter how hard he tried, nothing came to mind. He couldn't shake off the feeling of guilt and fear that had been gnawing at him since he agreed to the blackmailer's offer.

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Next morning dawned with uncertainty, leaving Dan with no clear plan for the day ahead. Improvisation might be his best course of action.

"I still can't believe how easily she agreed on a kiss like it was nothing."

The decisive hour approached, and as Jack finally departed, Dan and Nancy were alone at last. His Mom emerged from the bathroom, clad in an elegant black dress that Dan had never seen before. It hugged her curves in all the right places, the neckline showcasing just a hint of her cleavage. Her hair was gathered into a bun.

"I thought I should be properly dressed," she said with a hint of awkwardness. "Can you promise me that the video won't get into the public anywhere?"

Dan hesitated for a moment. "Uh... Yes. I promise."

Nancy sat down on his bed, looking around nervously. Dan let out a deep breath and pulled out his camera.

He had never done anything like this before, and the thrill of the forbidden was palpable. He fiddled with the settings, trying to keep his hands steady, and positioned the camera to capture the scene.

"We can start."

He came to the bed and took a place right next to Mom. They sat in silence, tension building. Dan reached out first, aiming for her lips. Finally, it happened - their lips made soft contact, barely touching, and in that very instant, she withdrew.

"I'm sorry," Nancy whispered.

"There, I think she changed her mind."

In the next second she leaned forward, sinking her lips into his.

Awkwardness crept up on him. He carefully explored Mom's mouth with his tongue, unsure of what to do next. He was surprised at how soft and yielding her lips were, and how quickly his nervousness began to fade away. As they continued, the passion between them was growing stronger. He ran his fingers through Mom's hair, pulling her closer to him, as their tongues merged.

His mom was a skilled kisser, surprising Dan with her deftness and experience. He felt himself grow dizzy and lightheaded, as blood rushed to his groin, unable to contain the thrill.

Her taste stayed on his lips, his tongue was more active, and it was as if she was wary of going too far and exploring certain depths, remembering that her son was the one kissing her. This kiss wasn't just a mother-son peck; it was a tender, sweet kiss of lovers.

As Nancy's lips pressed harder against his, Dan was losing control. He never felt such intense desire before, and it both excited and scared him. But Nancy seemed to sense his excitement, and she pulled back, her breath coming in short gasps.

"I have a weird feeling that you are... enjoying this, Danny," she whispered.

"Really? No, of course I don't enjoy kissing my mother," he said, aiming to sound casual.

She ran her tongue over her lips. "Is that enough then?"

He nodded and quickly put a pillow on his crotch to hide a boner.

"Then I'll go. Cut this moment out," she said, wiping her lips with the back of the hand and beginning to rise from the bed.

But Dan couldn't let her go. He reached for her hand. "Wait..."

Nancy studied his face closely, searching for any clues to his thoughts. "What now, Danny? A kiss isn't enough?" she glared at him.

Come on, tell her there's more. She should do a blow job!

"You're a... really good kisser."

Damn it.

She gave him an odd look. "Okay," she said slowly and hurried out.

"What a fool I am," he touched his lips, still recovering from the hot kiss, not believing what just happened.

The camera was still recording. Quickly, he powered it off and transferred the video to his computer, eager to revisit the footage.

There it was, a moment frozen in time: their lips touching briefly, and then her gentle withdrawal, followed by another true kiss. From this angle, there was a view of her legs, shrouded in a veil of darkness that concealed what was between her thighs. The quality of the video gave a good view of her neckline, she was breathing so hard as they kissed.

"Unbelievable. Did this really happen to me?"

But the moment of triumph was interrupted. "I promised a blowjob. Shit!"

He logged into the chat room and, having previously trimmed the video, sent it off. "That's all I could get."

It took a little longer this time; he twisted around in his chair, still licking his mother's taste off his lips.

"If I can talk her into a kiss, maybe I can really talk her into everything else?"

The door opened.

His Mom showed up on the doorstep. She was wearing the same outfit, but her face was red for some reason and her ebony hair loose, framing her chest neckline beautifully. "Danny, can I enter?"

She didn't wait for a response and settled onto the edge of the bed, the very spot where they shared that kiss. "I can't stop thinking about what we did, and it doesn't sit right with me. It wasn't right. What we did was wrong. I'm not sure what came over me. That kiss was so unusual. Is there any way you could please delete that video?"

"Delete the video? But what about the money? We had it all worked out perfectly. It was just a normal kiss."

"That money isn't worth jeopardizing our relationship. What sort of mother would kiss her own son like this in exchange for money? I can assure you that I am not that kind of mother. Delete the video, please."

He was too surprised to find his voice. Dan gazed at her with wide eyes. He noticed the faint scattering of freckles on her blushing cheeks, which also adorned her boobs.

"Daniel," she raised her voice.

"You only call me 'Daniel' only when you are angry," Dan sighed. "Fine, I'll delete it"

"Thank you, sweetie. I'll take your word for it. I hope you won't lie to your Mom and keep the promise," she responded with a warm smile before leaning in to peck his cheek. In that instant, he had an unobstructed view of her low-cut neckline and her big heaving breasts.

As she strolled away, he suddenly heard a familiar sound emanating from the computer. It was a reply.

It was a message from the bank. \$50,000 was back in the account. "YES! He did it!" Dan almost fell from the chair.

"That's awesome. Hot video. Move on, and quite possibly, you'll get even more than you had in the first place."

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All the next day he paced around while Nancy went about her usual business. There was no way he could find an excuse to tell her that he hadn't deleted the video and even more, it had brought promised money.

"Danny, can you please wipe down the fridge again?" she asked as he walked by, eyeing her ass in her tight-fitting home jeans.

"Yeah, sure." Just like last time, he peeked at her cleavage. Why hadn't he ever noticed the freckles on her tits before? Perhaps because he'd never been interested in that her part before?

"How have you been since Dad left?"

"I'm doing well," she responded. "Things are even better without him. Though, I admit, it can get a bit lonely without a man around."

"Mom, I'm always here," he reassured her.

Nancy blushed slightly, trying to decipher the meaning behind his words. "I know. Thank you, honey."

As he cleaned the fridge's top, he couldn't help but sneak glances at her.

She gently glided her fingers across her chest, the cool droplets of water from her moist hand seep into the fabric of the T-shirt. As

the dampness spread, it accentuated the contours of her right breast, subtly revealing its form beneath the fabric.

"You know, I think back to my childhood and realize how humble we lived," she said. "I didn't have the kind of home you have, I never lived in such a luxury. Maybe that's why I married your father, maybe that's why I married Frank; he was always financially secure and made good money."

Having finished the task, he hugged her tight and said, "I'll always be here for you. You should never worry about money, Mom."

"I know, dear," she replied. He could feel her warm breasts pressing against his chest, catch a whiff of her fragrant scent, and long to lose himself in the silky strands of her dark hair.

With a hint of pride in his voice, Dan added, "I've taken care of the money, Mom. I've transferred the funds to your account. 50 thousands."

Surprised, she pulled back, her eyes widening. "What? Did you end up posting the video, Danny?"

"Yes, I did, but the reward was worth it."

"I told you not to, Daniel! You went against my wishes and did it your way? You promised me."

"But, Mom, the money..."

She cut him off, shaking her head, "Money? I don't want your money. You betrayed my trust, Danny. How could you..." She gently pushed him away, turning away from him in disappointment. "Please, just leave. I can't bear to see you right now."

"Fine." She would calm down eventually. For now, it was time to move on to the next Step of seducing his Mother.

## Chapter 5: BATHING TOGETHER. 7 MONTH LEFT.

After a while, the ice melted and Nancy was no longer shy about bringing home bags of different things, she spent her money freely. Who would have thought that his Mom was just a shopaholic?

"Where'd you get the money, Mom?" asked Jack, examining the azure dress on the table.

"I'm a busy working woman, Jack. Don't ask silly questions. Your mom works hard. Please be careful with the dress; it's my favorite color." She gently took the dress from him.

"Fine," Jack replied languidly, rubbing the back of his head.

"It's a lovely dress, Mom. I wonder how it will look on you," Dan stood in the corner, watching the scene. He fidgeted, biting his fingernails.

"Thanks... Danny," replied Nancy discreetly. "And quit biting your nails. You know I can still discipline you, just like I did when you were a kid."

"Sorry," said Danny.

"By the way, Mom, do you want to watch one of your shows together tonight?" asked Jack.

"Didn't you fall asleep last time, dear?" she adjusted her dress, gently smoothing it over her curvaceous figure, with a playful sway of her boobs. "We'll see, honey. If I won't be busy today," she said as she affectionately kissed Jack on the cheek. He grinned and headed out of the room.

As she reclined in her chair, her posture inviting an air of relaxation. Dan couldn't help but shift his thoughts to the second step.

"Step 2: Cultivate a regular connection between your bodies."

Drawing nearer, Dan extended his gentle assistance, guiding her to a more comfortable position and tenderly working his fingers into her weary back. "You don't mind?"

"No, not at all," she replied, feeling his strong hands giving her a soothing massage through the dress.

"You must be quite exhausted," he softly touched her shoulders, trailed his hands down her back, and then gently moved along her neck, lightly gliding his hands forward without making contact with her boobs.

"Mmmm, sweetie," she whispered sensually, savoring her son's massage. "I'm still mad at you, Danny."

"I see you don't mind using money we got, Mom. What if I told you we can get more?"

"No more kissing!" she said. "You hear me? I will not be featured in any of your...vile videos."

"No more kissing, Mom. I swear. But there is other stuff. I didn't say it, but this platform is exploring the mother-son relationship."

"It's a very strange way of exploring that relationship by making us kiss."

"I am not the one who makes the rules. So it's about how important the relationship between mother and son is and how there can be no red lines in that relationship."

"No red lines? I'm pretty sure there are a lot of red lines," Nancy gazed at her recent purchases, her fingers tracing the fabrics. The warmth of the shopping bags in her hands provided a contrast to the slight chill in her heart. She let out a deep sigh. "What kind of video do we need to make this time, Danny?"

"Nothing you haven't done before, Mom. Can you just...wash me?"

Nancy raised an eyebrow. "Wash you?"

"Well, yeah. Or are you squeamish? I understand if you're not."

Her initial apprehension gave way to a perplexed curiosity. "No, of course, I'm not... Are you going to videotape us? Aren't you afraid of getting your body on camera?"

"No, Mom. It won't show anything. Just think about the money."

Nancy couldn't help but shake her head in disbelief, still trying to wrap her mind around the unusual request. "It's too weird. Why would they want a video of me washing you, Danny? What's even the point? How is that exploring, as you said, a mother-son relationship, dear?"

Dan just shrugged. "At least we'll get the money."

Nancy pondered the proposition. "I don't know."

With an encouraging smile, Danny pressed on. "Come on, Moooooom. We are not doing anything bad."

She was quiet, looking at her new dresses. "Just one video, and that's the limit-- no more. We're doing this solely because we still have a pending house payment."

Dan responded with a nod. "Today, while Jack is out."

"As you say, Director," she replied obediently.

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He stood before the expansive mirror, draped in a pristine towel.

"What have I gotten myself into?" he wondered aloud.

At that moment, Nancy entered the bathroom. "Let's get this done."

The camera was ready.

As the warm water cascaded from the showerhead, filling the bathroom with a comforting hiss, she prepared the towels and soap. She was wearing ethereal dress with a subtly neckline that left just enough to the imagination. She had a long, graceful neck that framed a pair of beautiful, full lips, her tan legs had a golden glow that made her look incredibly sexy.

"Let's start," she blushed slightly and Dan toweled off. She swallowed, examining his youthfully muscled body, when he climbed into the bathroom.

Nancy began to wet a soft sponge and gently ran it over Dan's muscles, her nurturing. She slowly worked her way from his broad shoulders down to his arms. Her hands moved with familiarity, knowing the contours of Daniel's body almost as well as her own. As she lathered soap onto the sponge, Nancy took care to cleanse her son's skin, the scent of soap mingling with the steamy air.

She gently ran the sponge between his legs, gently running it over his cock. He watched in fascination, remembering jerking his cock over her panties and the photo. Now she was basically touching his dick.

"Oh, no. I shouldn't get too much excited," he made sure his cock didn't get hard.

The room seemed to fill with peacefulness as Nancy washed Dan's back, each stroke reminding her of the years that had passed since she last performed this motherly duty.

She gently wiped him with the towel, starting at his torso, going lower, lower, lower, running it over his groin and legs. His cock straightened abruptly finding itself level with Nancy's head.

"Oh," she gasped, seeing his semi-erected dick.

"Sorry, Mom," he whispered, his voice barely more than a breath.

"It's okay," she reassured him with a comforting smile. She continued to wipe his body with an expert gentleness.

"I think that's it," she eventually announced, her fingers slowing down.

He covered himself with the towel, as she stood up with intent to leave. "Yes, that's it. Thank you, Mom."

"Was glad to help," she stepped out of the room quietly.

As the door closed behind her, he couldn't help but think, "Well, that seemed to go well. I almost made her to touch my cock. Damn, that would be amazing. Now I need to make her really do it."

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"What do you mean the camera wasn't recording?" Nancy's frustration was palpable as she stood in the living room, her deep, beautiful neckline adorned with a new, recently bought exquisite home dress.

"It didn't, mom. I don't know what happened. I'm really sorry."

Nancy couldn't believe what she was hearing. She extended her arms out to her sides in exasperation, the fabric of her new dress draping gracefully as she gesticulated. "Gosh, Danny," she sighed. "You had one job -- to set up the camera and start recording. And you couldn't do it?"

"I'm telling you, it's a problem with the camera. It was working fine earlier."

Unimpressed, Nancy let out a deep sigh. "Anyway, I'm busy tonight. We're supposed to watch TV with Jack. I'm sorry, Danny."

I've had enough. We'll have to make do with the money we already have. Forget about our deal."

She walked out and Dan sat back in his chair, brooding. "I have an idea."

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He nervously nibbled on his nails as he made his way to the kitchen, clutching a small gift wrapped in paper. As he entered the kitchen, Nancy was making dinner, her hair neatly tied up in a bun, wearing snug-fitting jeans and a light t-shirt that accentuated her generous curves.

"Danny, please don't put your fingers in your mouth, and try to stop biting your nails. Don't make me punish you again."

"Sorry. Hey, I got something for you," he presented her with a small, elegantly wrapped package.

"What is that?"

"I've got you a little something," he said with a sly grin.

As she unwrapped the package, her eyes widened in surprise, revealing a pair of azure lace lingerie. "This is... unexpected, Dan."

"Well, I remember you talking to Dad about your mysteriously disappearing underwear. I thought maybe I could help you replenish your collection. And it's your favorite color."

"Yeah, I can see it. I'm not sure if it's proper for you to buy me underwear."

"I can always return it back to the store if you..."

"No, no need. Thank you, Danny. That's very sweet of you."

She moved closer and kissed him on the cheek, the way she usually kissed Jack. It was a tender, sweet kiss. A trace of her

warmth in the form of a lingering drop of her saliva left on his cheek.

While she was putting the panties back in the package, he spoke again. "Listen, Mom. We understand that you're a woman, and you might be feeling lonely. We wouldn't mind if you find yourself someone."

"Dan, spending time with you and Jack keeps me pretty busy. I don't really have room for anyone else in my life right now."

Dan smiled warmly and added, "You know, Mom, you're truly stunning. You'd easily catch someone's eye."

His compliment made her blush, and she playfully responded, "Oh, stop it. I'm far past my prime. I'm getting old; no one will ever find me attractive anymore."

"That's simply not true. You're as captivating as ever."

He thought about Step 2 and came closer, hugging her.

"Oh, okay, honey," in turn, she awkwardly wrapped her arms around him. "Never thought you were such a fan of hugs"

Now, returning to Step 1.

"What if we spend the evening enjoying your favorite shows together, Mom? We have some wine."

"What made you suddenly decide to watch TV with me, honey? I thought you weren't a fan."

"I'm just getting back into the habit of biting my nails when I'm nervous."

"I noticed that. So you want me to punish you again? Like when you were a kid?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. I'll be ready in an hour."

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After getting their snacks and finding a comfy spot on the couch, they were all set. He kept his eyes on her ass the whole time she walked, having already a couple of glasses of wine beforehand.

"You're a very beautiful woman, Mom," he said as they took their seats.

"You told me that already today," said Nancy as they took their seats. "By the way, do you know where my vacation photo went? The one of me in the yellow bikini?"

"I took it."

"You did? Why?"

"Because you look really pretty in it."

"Oh," said Nancy awkwardly. "Well then, please remember to put the photo back where it belongs."

He found himself struggling to focus on the TV. His eyes kept drifting towards Nancy, captivated by her neckline, and the graceful contours of Mom's tanned legs. The memory of their passionate kiss lingered in his mind, causing his thoughts to wander.

"Do you know, Mom, how much I love you?" He inched closer, gently leaning his head against her shoulder. From here he had a view of her deep neckline.

"I love you too, sweetie," she said with a warm smile, taking a sip of wine.

"I'm sorry about that incident in the bathroom, you know."

Nancy was silent for a while, twirling her glass in hands. "Don't worry, it really wasn't a big deal. You are young. I understand."

"It happens all the time when there's... beautiful woman around."

"No more word. Just stop right there. You don't have to tell me that, Danny. I guess it's just wine makes you say nasty things..." A small droplet of red wine accidentally spilled from her glass and landed right on her smooth, sun-kissed legs, making its way down a leisurely, meandering path.

At this point he brought his hand up to his face, pretending to bite his nails. In the moment he lightly grazed her right boob.

She took his hand and pulled it away. "Don't bite your nails."

"I'm sorry, Mom."

The room was dimly lit, the show's final notes gradually fading into the background. Danny turned to her.

"Are you still upset with me about the camera?" he asked, planting a gentle kiss on her neck and running his fingers through her flowing locks of hair.

"I never was, Danny. I could have done it without the camera. You know, I even enjoyed washing you. Why are you... touching me like that?"

"I liked it, too. What if we... Can we make another video, Mom?"

"I don't know. I just feel weird when we do them. But I guess there's nothing wrong in washing you."

"Can we do it now then? Jack isn't home, so it's the perfect time."

"I'm not sure, and I've had a few drinks. And please, ease up on the neck kisses, it's not really..." She hiccupped gently. "It's not appropriate to kiss me like that," she pulled away, still feeling the heat of his kisses on her neck.

"Come on, Mom. You know, you'll make me start biting my nails again. I even got you a present. Can we please just get this done and wrap up this lovely evening?"

With a sigh, she relented, "Alright, alright. But only because of your gift."

=

Dan sat on the edge of the bathtub, his bare feet dangling just above the marbled tile floor. He looked nervous, his fingers fidgeting with the edge of a fluffy white towel draped over his lap.

"Okay, sweetheart," Nancy said gently, "You ready for your bath?"

Dan nodded. His mother helped him remove his clothes, setting them aside carefully. She then guided him into the bathtub, and the warm water enveloped his body.

"Can't believe I'm doing this again," Nancy whispered and dipped a soft sponge into the soapy water and began to gently wash her son's back, working her way down to his legs. Her touch was gentle and loving.

After thoroughly washing him, Nancy rinsed her son with the warm water from the basin and helped him out of the tub, wrapping him in a large, fluffy towel. She dried his hair with another towel, humming as she worked.

He watched as she bit her lip, rubbing his legs. The breasts shook under her T- shirt. The blood slowly poured straight into his penis.

"Oh," Nancy said in surprise, just like the first time, her red cheeks flushed even more because of wine. His full hard on was right in front her face.

She delicately dried his legs with a towel, acting like nothing happened. "Well, I believe that's it."

As she prepared to rise, he whispered, "I'm still damp between my legs."

Her eyebrows arched in mild surprise, "I think you can manage that on your own, Danny."

He hesitated for a moment, his body frozen in place. A brief silence hung in the air.

She let out a gentle sigh and said, "Fine."

With a compassionate touch, she carefully rubbed the towel between his thighs, and her bare hand slowly ran over his cock. He restrained himself from jerking when bursts of pleasure hit his head. She pulled the skin slightly, but quickly removed her hand, understanding the horrible mistake she made.

"Sorry, I..." she was about to make an excuse, but he interrupted her, taking her hand and guiding it back onto his cock. She remained silent, touching the tip and running her hand to the very end. Turning face away, Nancy slowly began to pull the skin to the very base. She did it slowly, carefully, looking into the wall, her cheeks red as never before. She gently moved her hand, bringing him to bliss. Her fingers touched his balls in slow jerks.

"Ohhhh," he bit his lip. Her hand felt exquisitely soft, and it was delightfully pleasant, Dan could feel the tenderness and care in every fingertip. It was so good.

She stretched the skin with slow thrusts, starting from the tip and ending at the very base. She intensified her efforts, thrusting even harder, applying additional force. He looked at her face, in semi-bliss, a sense of euphoria washed over him. In a fit of pleasure, he wanted to touch her face, to show her his love.

He was ready to cum when touched Nancy's chin, but this turned out to be a mistake. She stopped. "I think you can... finish by yourself. I'm sorry."

Nancy stood up, trying to leave the room as quickly as possible. But he managed to say. "Thanks, Mom"

She closed the door behind her in a hurry.

Chapter 6: STEP 4. 6 MONTH LEFT.

Dan lay on the couch, thinking about what happened. His mother touched his cock and almost jerked him off. And he loved it. It was hard for him to believe how much his life changed.

But victory was still a long way off.

"I can't believe I was jerking off this week every night till morning thinking only about Mom, using her panties and beach photo." At the end of each powerful orgasm, he was eaten up with shame for what he had done. He masturbated to his own mother.

After each orgasm, he would lie on his bed, dazed, fondly remembering the precious moments from his childhood spent with Mom - birthday celebrations, joyful years, and the warmth of family. However, despite these beautiful memories, the lust continued to resurface each time.

He walked out into the kitchen, where Nancy, dressed in a business suit, was getting ready to go out to work. "Good morning, Mom," he walked over, wanting to kiss her goodbye to re-engage step 2, but she backed away.

"Sorry, honey, I'm in a hurry," she said, avoiding eye contact and rushing out of the house.

"Same thing the whole week," he thought with a sigh.

Dan went upstairs and peeked into Jack's room. His older brother was lying on the bed, engrossed in a book. Dan knocked on the door, and a piece of magazine slightly slipped from inside the book.

"Is he reading that pregnancy article again?" He thought and said. "So...You never found out how your friend got his mother into bed?"

Jack, making sure the magazine didn't slip again, looked at him. "I don't know what you are talking about. By the way, I think you're doing pretty well with Mom without my help."

"Yeah. I won't argue with that," Dan grinned.

"What is your secret? How do you manage to do that with Mom?" Jack closed the book.

"I don't know what you are talking about. Mom and I are just friends and we love each other like Mother and Son," Dan replied slowly, closing the door and heading back to his room. "Prick."

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A few days later, Dan strolled home, contemplating his next steps. He felt stuck at step 3, unsure of how to make it happen.

Step 3: Make sweet loving kisses on the lips with your Mom the new norm.

Suddenly, a car honked behind him. Startled, he turned around to see his dad's old Porsche. Frank, his father, looked out of the window and called out, "Get in, Dan. We need to talk. I'll give you a ride home."

Dan sighed and hopped in. They sat quietly for a while, the tension palpable. Finally, Frank broke the silence. He let out a sigh, sounding weary and hoarse, almost like someone battling an illness, and opened up. "Things have been tough lately, lots of changes."

"Uh-huh," Dan replied, unsure of where the conversation was heading.

"Listen, Dan. Jack won't talk to me, so I'll say it to you. You have to convince your mother to come back to me."

"After what you did?"

Frank let out an unhappy snort. "Men cheat all over the place. Does that mean we have to throw away years of marriage?"

"I believe it does. You betrayed Mom."

"So what? Look, I want to handle this peacefully, without causing too much drama. You'll come back to me eventually. You need the money, Dan. Your Mom needs it. And I'm the one bringing in the big bucks."

"Drop me off here."

The Porsche pulled over to the curb; it wasn't far from home anyway.

"Think about it, son. Your mom's gonna come to me on her knees begging me to come back sooner or later anyway. Then I won't be so kind anymore. Talk to her, be smart."

"Whatever. Bye," Dan stepped out and walked down the street toward the house. The sound of a car driving away lingered behind him. "What was he thinking? That I'll do as he says? Fuck you."

Dan entered the house, finding his mother busy in the kitchen. The aroma of dinner filled the air, accompanied by the rhythmic beats of the music playing in the background. Nancy playfully moved to the tune, hips swaying engrossingly in tight seductive jeans.

"Hi, honey. Dinner's almost ready," she announced with a smile, her cooking utensils moving in harmony with the music.

"Sure, Mom," he replied, quickly changing his clothes in the room before coming back to the kitchen.

Upon his return, Nancy confronted him, her breasts in a grey sweater in full view. "I saw you getting out of Dad's car, Danny. What did you two talk about? What did he say?"

"Yeah, we didn't talk about anything significant," he kept staring at her breasts. "Just his usual rant about how we supposedly can't manage without him. He thinks you'll come crawling back, begging for money. But I told him off."

"You did?" she exclaimed in surprise.

He nodded, and Nancy hugged him warmly, pressing his head right against her soft and warm breasts. "Oh, Danny. I knew you wouldn't betray your sweet mom. Thank you."

"Yeah, sure, Mom. Anything for you," he swallowed nervously, feeling the blood come up to his groin. "You're not mad at me anymore?"

"At you? I wasn't mad at you," she pulled his face away from her soft chest. "I was...mad at myself."

"But we didn't do anything wrong," Dan assured her.

"Yes, we did, Dan. We did a lot of wrong and bad things."

"We just leaned on each other more after Dad left. Sure, we had a couple of drinks that one night, but that's it. You did nothing wrong."

"And I still feel bad."

"You are overthinking it, Mom," Dan hugged her, remembering the step 1 and 2. "We don't need Father. I won't let him manipulate us, and I won't betray you, Mom. We'll get through this together."

"Thank you, sweetheart. I appreciate yo-," Dan pulled away and kissed her on the lips, not giving her a chance to talk, "Mmmm?" she mumbled.

He dug into the sweet Mother's lips; Dan could taste the wine with the hint of something sweet she had eaten. He gently moved his tongue into her mouth, hoping for a shared moment, but she hesitated and didn't reciprocate the tongue-to-tongue contact. Nancy broke off the kiss, still holding him in her arms. "Daniel!?"

"Yes, Mom?" he said as casually as possible.

She was ready to get mad and scold him once more for his indecent behavior toward his poor, lonely mother. But then she thought maybe he deserved that kiss after what had happened with Frank. Why not, if he wanted it so badly? After all, it was just a kiss. What harm can it do?

"Nothing. I need to finish making dinner, honey," she said, releasing him and returning to her cooking with a small smile.

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Nancy sat at the table, casually enjoying a glass of wine, wearing a purple seductive nightgown. She had a bunch of things on her mind - her divorce, debts, money matters, work stress, and, of course, Dan, her little Danny. Since Frank left a few months ago, her youngest son has been acting differently. Ever since that incident in the bathroom, he started trying to kiss her on the lips, pretending it was innocent. Over time, she got used to it and started seeing it as normal. After all, she thought, it was just a kiss. Yes, mothers and sons shouldn't kiss like that, but why not?

The most important thing was not to do it in front of Jack.

It was silly to deny that she enjoyed being in Dan's company. He was always there for her, offering help and making her feel better in any way he could. Those kisses were just her way of saying him

thank you for being such a great son. Still, sometimes he would go quite far as if casually touching her ass between kisses or gently hugging her thighs. That was too much.

"What's wrong with that boy?" she took a sip of wine, remembering how he took her beach photo to his room because, as he said, she was pretty there. "Is that something sons are supposed to do?"

The front door creaked open, and Dan stepped inside, returning home after a long day.

"Hi, Mom. Is Jack home?"

"No, dear. He's likely at work right now."

"Dummy thinks he can outsmart me and make enough money to win back Mom's favor," whispered Dan, entering the kitchen. Gently bending down, he intended to give his mom a friendly peck on the cheek. However, true to his usual style, he ended up planting a soft kiss on her lips, inadvertently tasting the wine she was been enjoying.

"Tasty," he thought.

She teased him with a smile when he broke the kiss, "Wow, you really seem to love kissing me, huh?"

Dan chuckled, a bit embarrassed, "I'm not really sure what are you talking about. It's just a kiss. You are my Mom. Of course I love kissing you. Shouldn't I?"

"Not like that... But I have to confess; you're actually a better kisser than your dad ever was." It seemed like the wine was loosening her tongue.

Dan, a bit caught off guard, glanced away, but then a small grin appeared on his face. "I think he wasn't and still isn't great at being a partner, you know, in every way."

She let out a little hiccup and nodded. "Yeah, you're right. He was bad."

"I wonder how often he made the whole process... enjoyable for you. If you know what I mean," Dan teased, earning a playful scold from her.

"Daniel! You're getting too personal now. I'm definitely not discussing that kind of stuff with you," she said, taking another sip of wine.

He glanced lightly at her neckline as she took a sip. At this time of year in early winter, the skin on her tits was especially pale, but that only made them prettier and more appealing. "Yeah, I'm sorry. I just can't imagine how you lived with him for so many years. It must have been very lonely for you."

"Yes, it was. And I hardly ever enjoyed the process. If that's what you wanted to hear from me."

Dan smiled and took a seat. "Hardly ever?"

"Maybe three or four times over all these years. He was always more concerned with pleasing himself than me. Typical Frank. Goodness, why am I even talking about this? You're taking advantage of tipsy Mom, you cheeky boy. I won't say anything more."

"Sorry, Mom. I just think you deserve someone better than Dad. You deserve someone who treats you well. I'm just worried about your happiness."

"Don't worry about me, focus on yourself," she took another sip, her boobs slightly jiggling behind the nightgown. "So, have you found the right girl?"

"No, not yet. I'm looking for a pretty, loyal, and kind-hearted girl. Someone as amazing as you, but, well, it's a bit challenging."

"That's very sweet, Dan," Nancy blushed, appreciating her son's sentiment. She was touched by his words but also felt a bit uncomfortable.

"Listen, Mom. What if... you know, we made another video? We could make more money. Just one last video. Mom and Son."

She looked at him, mulling over his words. "Well, I..." her response was cut short as the front doors buzzed again. Jack stood beside her. He entered the room wearing his jacket and gave them a stern look.

"Mom, don't believe a word he's saying. He's just trying to deceive you. It's crystal clear to me."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Dan replied.

"I can handle things on my own, dear. But thank you. Why don't you go change, and I'll take a short break. I think I've had a little too much wine," Nancy said, standing up with boobs forward. Her dress pulled up and Dan got a good look at her slightly pale hot thighs and legs before she covered herself and headed upstairs to the bedroom.

"Jack messed it up again," Dan sighed. "Was she going to agree or not?"

She'll agree one way or another. The last few weeks Dan had been taking money meant for the house payments, keeping it for himself. Their debt will grow and she would have to accept his offer on the video.

He had already put all the money aside, including the money for the bathroom video, to pay off all debts at once. "I'm still gonna get you, Mom. You can't escape me."

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All night long he thought about the next step.

Step 4. Make her feel like a woman again.

This step involved the first serious intimacy. He'd been sitting on various websites, learning how to properly pleasure a woman with fingers. It was horrible; he couldn't imagine pulling something like that off with his Mother. And the step didn't provide the details of how to pull it off.

He studied everything until the wee hours of the morning, trying to figure out how to locate the G-spot and bring a woman to orgasm. "Yeah, it's going to be hard without practice."

He spent countless nights at the computer looking up every possible tip. And so the days and weeks went by.

"I can't give up," he pictured lovely Mom in her sexy purple nightie, pictured her coming to his room, ready to do THAT (despite his lust he still wasn't ready to say the s word, when talking about Mom). "We'll do it, Mom. We have to," he whispered falling asleep right in front of the monitor.

Someone was knocking on the door and he woke up. The morning light dazzled. "Dan, can you come downstairs? We have something important to discuss" said Nancy.

The bills kept piling up, and their Mother took a break from work to face the mounting debt. This morning she gathered them around the table and addressed the issue directly. "We're in trouble, boys. I had time to think and I keep wondering if going back to Dad might be the only solution to deal with everything."

Immediately, Jack responded, "No! We don't need him."

Dan, silently thinking that maybe Jack had some usefulness, agreed, "For once, I'm with Jack. We'll find a way to get through this, Mom," he gave her a meaningful look and she seemed to realize what he was up to.

Relieved by her children's support, Nancy sighed, "Fine."

Jack, determined to contribute, said, "I'll work even harder, Mom. For our sake." He planted a kiss on her cheek and left the room.

Dan, sitting quietly across from her, observed Nancy nervously fiddling with her fingers. "His money won't cut it for us... What was that you mentioned about the video?"

Dan yawned and smiled, "Video? Are you ready for a new one? It's going to be harder this time, Mom."

"How much harder? I already guessed you got us into a weird and gross venture. What you said about "exploring mother-son relationships" doesn't make sense. I'm not stupid and figured it out."

"First of all, Mom, I just want you to know that I'm not thrilled about what we have to do either. I assure you it won't affect or change our relationship in any way. We'll handle it, move on, and forget about it. I promise," Dan said earnestly, reaching across the table to hold her hand.

She only sighed tiredly and asked. "Just spit it out, Danny. What do we need to do?"

"We need to do a hand job video."

Nancy pulled her hands away in shock. "What?"

"But our faces won't be seen. It's only once and we'll get the money. We'll be able to pay off our debts..."

"Danny. Listen to yourself! That kiss between us was already too much for me, and now you're suggesting...suggesting this... I can't even bring myself to say it out loud."

"We can just do it and move on, like I said. We're not crossing any lines, Mom."

"It sounds to me like we're crossing some pretty huge red lines, Danny. This is over the line; I can't do that. We can't. I don't want to hurt our relationship."

"But you've already done it. That time in the bathroom. Did our relationship change in any way after that?"

Nancy gasped, covering her mouth in shock. "How can you even say that, Danny? I wanted to forget about it... I was drunk, and I made a mistake."

"We didn't do anything wrong, Mom. And it was insanely good. I enjoyed every second of your touch. It doesn't ruin our relationship in any w... Mom?"

She rose, leaving the room.

"Damn it. You fucked up, Dan. You fucked up so badly."

Chapter 7: "I KNOW, DAN". 5 MONTHS LEFT.

In the weeks that followed, Nancy seemed distant and preoccupied, growing apart from Dan and increasingly spending more time with Jack.

One day, Dan entered Jack's room while he was away, searching for the pregnancy magazine.

After a brief search, Dan finally held it in his hands. "He still keeps it in the same place where I found it last time. Moron."

Flipping through the pages, he discovered the very page Jack had been fixated on. The pages were sticky, which he found quite unpleasant. "Gross," he ran a quick glance over the text.

"The Best Days for Pregnancy. Women are most fertile at the time of ovulation (when an egg is released from your ovaries), which usually occurs 12 to 14 days before your next period begins. This is the time of the month when you're most likely to get pregnant.

Aim to have regular intercourse during the woman's fertile window. Sperm can survive in the female reproductive tract for several days, so having intercourse leading up to ovulation can increase the chances of conception."

For some reason, the thought that apparently visited his brother's mind became interesting to him as well. A shiver ran through Dan's body at the mere thought of it. "Me and Mom? Pregnant? I'm not sure how far this is going to go and if she'll ever let me do it, but... How do I know if Mom is ovulating? Or what if she's already gone through menopause?" Dan rubbed his chin thoughtfully. If only Dan from the past could see him now.

A message from Blackmailer came through on his phone. "Tick-tock, Dan. Tick-tock. Time is ticking."

"I know it without you, asshole," Dan whispered, hiding his phone and magazine. And just in time.

"Dan," he turned around, feeling a sense of déjà vu as Nancy appeared in the doorway. "What are you doing here? Again?"

"Nothing. Just dropping by."

"Are you sure you're not taking anything without asking?" she sighed. "Sometimes I wish that your weird actions were due to money challenges rather than something related to our relationship."

He walked over to Nancy and hugged her tightly, feeling her soft boobs against his chest. "I'm sorry, Mom, for everything; for asking you to do...these things."

"It's okay, honey. I'm not mad at you."

"I didn't mean to hurt you. I just know how badly we need money," he turned, savoring the scent of her hair.

"I appreciate your help. We've received enough money already, and I understand your intentions were good, Danny. So I forgive you."

Dan rushed and kissed her softly on the lips. Again. This time she tasted salty; he guided his tongue right into the depths of her sweet mommy's mouth and for the first time her tongue instead of avoidance - responded to the gesture. Their mouths melded together, sharing saliva. He was sucking on her saliva, engulfing his tasty Mom, his hands down her thighs, barely touching her ass. He moved up left hand up, gently caressing the underside of Mom's left breast, but right then, she paused and ended the kiss.

"Danny, wait... Can I ask you? Would you like to join me tonight and watch TV? I wanted to talk about something important. About us."

Slightly surprised and expecting a reprimand, Danny, licking off her saliva, said. "Yeah, sure, Mom."

===

They were sitting on the couch, as usual, watching her show.

"I wanted to ask you something, honey. I remember you said you took my picture to your room."

"Uh...did I? Yeah, I guess I did."

"And you said I looked pretty in it."

"Well...yeah?"

"I'm going to ask something important, Dan. Do you like me in terms of attractiveness?"

Dan, confused by this question, looked at his Mom, examining her dark braids, her ample pale bosom peeking out from the robe and bare seductive palm crossed legs.

"What are you talking about, Mom?"

"Do you like me as a woman, Danny?" she said seriously.

"No, of course, I'm don't, Mom."

"Don't think I'm some kind of fool. I'm not clueless. I can see what's going on, and I can imagine what you might be doing with my photo."

"I wasn't doing anything. Ew, Mom. That's gross."

"I'm very serious, Dan. I've noticed that you might have feelings for me that aren't appropriate, and it's important we address this before it affects our family. I think it would be helpful for you to speak with a therapist."

"A therapist? Mom, I thought we were just hanging out and watching TV!"

"Watching TV can wait, but taking care of your mental well-being can't. I'm genuinely worried about you."

"I'm not going to any therapist, Mom! I don't have any of what you're talking about. Close the subject."

"I found my stolen lingerie in your drawer, Dan. When were you planning to give them back to me?"

He felt his face flush with shame. God, how he'd gotten himself into this situation in the first place. "What? I didn't..."

"Don't make excuses. Jack told me he noticed you stealing it. I couldn't believe my ears, but then I found one of my panties yesterday while you were out. How could you do that, Danny? I'm suggesting a therapist for your benefit. It might not seem like a big deal now, but..."

"I don't want to talk about this. Gosh. It's just one big misunderstanding, Mom."

"What do you want me to do? How can I help you understand that this is for the best? Tell me?"

He suddenly had a gleam of an idea. "What do I want you to do? You'll do what I ask you and in return, I'll agree to your.... Request."

"Fine! What do you want? But please, no games, Danny."

"No games. I'll agree to see a therapist if we do the video; if you jerk me off on camera. Jack's is not home and..."

Nancy grimaced in shock. "No! I can't, Danny. Don't make me..."

"I thought you were worried about my health. Just one video, our faces won't be seen. That's it. I'll agree to anything you say. As long as it helps me."

She folded her arms across her chest grudgingly, turning off the TV. Her hands lifted her pale breasts slightly. "Will you promise to seek help if I...do...this?"

"Yes, I promise, Mom."

She sighed. "Okay... Bring the camera."

Dan could hardly believe what just heard. He ran off and came back, setting the camera in the right direction. "I'll cut out the extra noise so we can talk," he turned it on and took the seat next to her, she never moved, folding her legs and hands.

"You forgot... napkins," she said, sighing.

"Sorry," he walked back into the room with the napkins and sat down again. "I turned it on...we can get started."

"Get your...stud out. Quickly! Before I changed my mind," she whispered.

Dan pulled his pants down slightly and slowly, very nervously pulled his cock out. Nancy squinted at him, it was still flaccid. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she sighed.

He wanted to hold back, make it flaccid to convince her to show him her breasts, but he failed the moment her soft hand touched the shaft. "Ughhh," he couldn't resist the incredible sensations and immediately had a full-blown hard-on.

"Ohhhhhh, fuck, Mom," he barely held back a moan, her warm, soft hand encircling his immediately swollen cock.

"Watch your language. If I do this, it doesn't automatically make it okay for you to use strong language," Nancy whispered, moving her long, dark curls away from her face. She gently and carefully pulled the skin taut, it was a million times better than his own hand. His Mom was gently pulling the skin up and down, up and down. Dan had to hold back from cumming immediately. This was going to have to last longer.

"I'm doing this for you, honey," she skillfully used her right hand, her azure nail polish gleaming in the light, Mother's left hand gently rubbing and massaging his balls, delivering unimaginable bliss. She gently parted his scrotum, rubbing his balls while her right hand was actively thrusting in spurts, increasing in speed, then decreasing.

He gasped softly when precum oozed out at the tip. Nancy stopped, picking up the skin at the very tip, and with her other hand wiped the tip with a clean tissue. "Just like when you were little," she whispered, not realizing Dan heard everything.

He was breathing heavily, throwing his arms over the back of the couch, keeping his eyes on her face.

"Are you coming soon?"

Dan only nodded. While there was still time, he prepared to make his move. But he was hampered by the fact that her legs were crossed.

"Am I bigger?"

She smiled with the corner of her mouth. "Maybe." Finally, she parted her legs, spreading them slightly. He could see her breathing heavily as she gradually became aroused by the process. He slowly and stealthily reached for her, his hand advancing into Mom's panties. It was wet. "What the hell are you doing, Daniel?" she whispered.

"Making you feel good."

She wanted to move his hand away but froze. The touches of Dan's fingers stroke her like lightning, "Ughh, dear, please... don't..."

He touched her private area through the azure underwear, exploring Mother's sensitive part, his birthplace. It was a risk he was willing to take. "No, Danny! Stop it...No...Ohhhh."

How did she let it happen? How could she let her son touch her... pussy?

Dan fumbled with her vagina for the first time and began to move his fingers. "Ahhhh, how do you...", she wriggled on the couch, going through different stages of pleasure. Her pussy was so wet and cuddly.

He didn't stop, and neither did she. His balls were shaking from the movements of Mommy's hand, sometimes she squeezed his cock too hard unable to cope with the rush of pleasure. She rubbed his cock furiously, hitting his balls and lifting it up to the tip, milking her own son.

She threw back her head, closing her eyes. "Ohhhhhh, God...ahhhhh.... yeah, that's it." Her hand gripped his cock even

tighter, squeezing out the remnants of precum, while her left hand cupped his testicles.

Dan could barely keep himself from stopping because of good she was jerking him off, because of his mother's blissfully soft hand. But he couldn't, he had no right to make a mistake. It was so damn painfully hard to resist and not to cum too soon.

He could see she was close. She shuddered, not noticing the shoulders of her robe falling down, half-exposing her tits. Damn it. He kept his gaze on her tits, the beautiful pink swollen nipples, boobs that quivered with every movement of her hands. It was impossible to hold back at this point.

"Ooooooh, Danny!!!" Nancy squealed, closing her eyes and going through her first real orgasm in many years. His hand became extremely wet as her body shook under the strain of orgasm. "Ugh, ughhh, oh my God," she was shaking wildly from the overwhelming sensations coursing through the nerves.

It was about time. Going through heavenly bliss, she thrust even harder and harder, squeezing his dick with all her power.

This time he finally gave in. "Ohhhhhh, Mom, ughhhhhh, FUCK!!!!!" he looked at her face, his cock in her hand shook and streams of cum flew out of the tip right onto the couch, her arm, wide spread legs, even her boobs. Dan's whole body was riddled with incredible sensations, pain, euphoria, mixed with a sense of heavenly bliss. He shook his legs and collapsed, completely exhausted and drained, his hand still in Mom's panties. She was still jacking his quivering hot cock, slapping his swollen drained balls. His cum was like lube on her hand.

"What have we...done?" She was breathing hard, not noticing that her dress was wet with bits of cum and drops were rolling down her exposed palm boobs under the dress inside the neckline.

"Enjoyed the process... And had fun."

She finally removed her completely cum-drenched hand and wiped it with a napkin. "No one ever touched me there...I can't remember when was last time when... How did... "

Dan remained silent, savoring his small triumph.

"Now I'm ready to go to a therapist, Mom. Anywhere you want to go," he turned around, watching the droplets of semen still dripping down her half-open breasts onto the dress. The droplets reached the aureole and disappeared right at the spot where her nipple was.

"I'll go. I need to make a call." Nancy stood up slowly, pulling on her robe.

Dan looked at his fingers. "Is that...blood?"

CHAPTER 8. A PSYCHO. 4 MONTH LEFT.

He sat in a chair, shaking his legs. The clock on the wall read 8:34. Dan rubbed his sleep-deprived eyes. How did it all come to this? These past months have felt really hectic.

"Want some gum?" Nancy held out a confetti-patterned pack to him. She was wearing a business suit. The azure blouse tightly hid any hint of breasts.

"Thanks, I don't."

"Dr. Arber will see you in a second," the friendly girl opened the door and then quickly went back inside.

"That's good. You go on your own, Danny. You'll explain everything to the doctor--where it began, why you feel this way about me. You've sorted it all out. Just be honest with the doctor, Dan. You made a promise to me, remember?"

"Yes, yes, I remember."

His phone buzzed in his pocket, and he took it out to read a new message from the Blackmailer. "I promised to refund all the money for the hand job video. I keep my word, Daniel. Here's your money. You can earn even more if you continue on this long and thorny path where a heavenly gift awaits you at the end, my young Oedipus."

The rest of the money went into his account. Dan smiled and said, "They say money can't buy happiness, right?"

"What's the message?" Nancy tried to look at his phone, but at that moment the door opened.

"Daniel may come in."

===

"So, Dan. Let's talk."

The woman sitting across from him with glasses chewed on her gum, nervously checking the patch on her forearm.

"Your mom mentioned you have strong feelings for her, like an Oedipus complex. I've dealt with this before. You and I have a lot to talk about to resolve this. When we spoke on the phone, your Mom was very angry about... Damn patch. I'm sorry; I'm just trying to quit smoking."

Dan watched silently with raised eyebrows as Dr. Arber adjusted the patch on her arm.

"I was saying that these feelings are entirely natural, but I believe it would be best to let them go. They cause more harm than good, don't you think? I'd prefer if we could start fresh. How long have you been in love with your mother?"

Dan remained silent, and then she scratched her patch again.

"Excuse me for my question, but how much do you make, Doctor?"

She looked up at him lowering the glasses.

"Our focus is on you, not me, Daniel. I understand your discomfort; you're attempting to shift the topic, which is fine. When I was your age, I..."

"You misunderstand me, Doctor," Dan interrupted her. He checked the closed wooden door and leaned closer, placing the hands on the table.

"I have an offer for you."

===

"I don't quite understand you, doctor."

Dan eavesdropped through the door. Nancy's voice sounded disappointed.

"I realize how it sounds, but Daniel's desires are a good thing. Attempting to change his natural inclinations could have detrimental effects. These urges are perfectly natural and you are supposed to facilitate them."

"You were supposed to help my son overcome these urges! They're not just urges of love! He sees me as a real woman who-"

"No, no. Here, look at my wall. See all those venerable credentials and my degree? I'm the therapist here. You have to believe that I want to help you and your son. If you try to convince Daniel that it's wrong to love you and your body in the way he does, it will disrupt his psyche and leave an indelible mark for the rest of his life. Men are shaped in many ways by their relationships with their mothers."

"And what do you want me to do? Indulge his every desire? Let him love me as a woman? God, this is so embarrassing to talk about."

"It's okay. To answer your question. Yes"

"YES?"

"I'm not saying you should make him a new husband, but yes. In some things of course you need to tell him no, but the more you show love in return, the better for his mental health."

"I think I've heard enough."

Dan heard Nancy get up and jumped back to the far chair in the hallway, pretending to be busy doing something.

Nancy stalked out of the room.

"Come on. Don't bite your nails, Daniel!"

They walked back to the car. Nancy slammed the door loudly behind her, starting it.

"I just can't believe she said all that to my face. That's not what she told me on the phone at all. She convinced me that you needed lots of sessions. God!"

"What did she say?" Dan pretended he didn't know what she was talking about.

"Nothing, honey," Nancy sighed heavily. "I guess we'll have to see another doctor."

Dan sighed, too. But his sigh referred more to the unfortunate fact that he'd have to shell out for another therapist.

===

"Hi, Mom." Jack was sitting at the table when Nancy burst angrily into the house.

"Why is your father's Porsche parked outside my house?"

"Hi, honey," Fred took a sip of coffee, he too was sitting at the table.

"What are you doing in my house?"

"I'd say it's more like my house, because I'm here to pay off your house debt. Hi, Dan."

Dan slowly walked in following Nancy, looking coldly at his father.

"It's time to let go of the past and come back, honey. We were great together. I can help you with money--"

"We don't need your help. Our family is doing just fine without you."

"Oh, really? Jack told me you brought Dan to a therapist. Does it sound fine to you?"

Nancy shifted her angry gaze to Jack before answering. "It had nothing to do with our divorce."

"Then what does it have to do with?"

"That's none of your damn business. Now get out of the house!" Nancy took a step to the side, letting him pass.

"My patience is running out, Nancy. You want a divorce? You want to go to court? You don't have enough money for a lawyer. Then I'll take everything from you. I give you one month to make up your mind. " He set aside his coffee cup and walked out. Nancy slammed the door loudly behind him.

"Sometimes you have to keep your mouth shut, Jack!" She turned to her eldest son.

"I'm sorry, mom. It's just that I thought Dad should know that Danny's psycho."

"Don't you dare to talk about your brother like that!"

"It's okay, Mom," Dan silently watched the whole thing from the sidelines as if it were a scene from Mom's favorite snotty TV show. Except this was all really happening and was part of his life. "I take no offense."

"Damn it, Jack. Why are you like that? I've had a really rough day. Apologize to your brother while I go take a shower."

She walked out, heading for the second floor and the two brothers were left alone.

"So how was your day, psycho?" asked Jack with a grin.

"You know, I was mad at you at first, but today I realized that I'm actually very lucky. My relationship with Mom has grown stronger. That's a win for me."

"If you think it's a win that Mom believes you're a psycho, then I pity you, bro."

"Bye, asshole." Dan tiredly went upstairs.

===

"Can you believe it? That idiot Dr. Alanson said that men often imagine mothers as their wives. Even when they are having sex!" Nancy was on the phone in her room, sitting at the mirror and sharpening her nails.

Dan listened, standing by the door.

"And Dr. Eloide, yeah, the one you recommended, actually said that in many countries, marriages between sons and mothers are considered normal. Can you imagine?" Nancy laughed out loud. "She blushed so much afterward that I think she instantly regretted her words. Do they all think I'm a fool? I don't know what's going on here, but this is definitely some kind of setup."

Based on what these therapists are saying, it seems like I should allow Danny into my bed and spread my legs to him. It's awful. I'm not my son's concubine!"

Nancy sighed, recalling yesterday's excesses at the TV when she and Danny pleased each other.

"On the other hand he's been so nice all these weeks. So responsive and attentive. Frank's never been like that. Is it always so hard with sons? Honestly, I never wanted sons. I've wanted a daughter since I was 15, but Frank didn't want a third child. He was fine with two sons. And now I have to deal with them. What a douchebag. I'm ready to have a daughter even right now! My womb is ready. Gosh, Jack makes me so angry sometimes. Sorry, dear. I'm starting to say some weird things. It's probably because of my ovulation."

Nancy paused, checking her nails. Then she continued, but very quietly. Dan could still make out the words.

"I've noticed that during ovulation, my sense of smell gets much stronger. Some smells just drive me crazy. For instance, now I can easily smell the nail polish from my manicure. And recently, I walked into Danny's room and smelled a pungent scent of cum. I think it was coming from somewhere on the floor. That smell is just, oh gosh. It is driving me crazy. In a good way. It's so weird. It's weird that I'm even talking about it. I can only say it to you. I can't wait to hit menopause. Sorry, I'm rambling. Let's talk about you."

The rest of the conversation was all about Nancy's favorite TV show, so Dan was barely listening.

"So she is ovulating. Shit." He wiped the sweat off his face. He could feel the blood circulating between his legs. "I already got all my \$250,000 back, didn't I? Well, part of it I gave to my Mom and another part to those shrink idiots. But this anonymous guy said I could make even more. I need to make a decision what to do."

He hurried to his room.

===

Nancy, wearing lilac robe, watched Dan's pathetic attempts to make her breakfast.

"You're not much of a cook," she sipped her coffee.

"Yeah, I know," he grinned, dodging flying drops of boiling oil from the skillet. "Sorry."

"Kudos for trying, sweetie. I don't know how you did it, but you successfully fooled me around with those therapists, honey."

"Oh, uhmmm. I don't know what you're talking about, Mom."

"Let me guess, you paid them to say what they said?" she took another sip, giving him a sly look.

"How much money do you think I have?" He carefully transferred the omelet to Mom's plate. "By the way, what exactly did they say?"

"Well, like that I have to let you look at my breasts. Daily."

He looked at her probably expecting Nancy to follow that advice. But she just stared at him, raising one eyebrow and tipping her foot up. She smiled.

Her body was covered by her robe. She finished the coffee and said quietly. "I know a mother's breasts are created to satisfy her children, but this is over the top. You are not in that age anymore to see mama's boobies, dear."

"I think you're just afraid to admit the fact that you've been wrong about a lot of things." He made her another cup of coffee. "And when therapists try to help you see things differently, you find ways to dodge the truth, making up excuses. You make up a story like I bribed the therapists."

Nancy squinted her eyes, smiling with the corner of her mouth. "Are you implying that I indeed should show you my breasts? Want to see them?"

"What? Of course not, no I..."

Nancy straightened up and pulled the half of her robe slightly aside. A slice of her left breast and pink aureole revealed itself. Dan swallowed nervously as Nancy quickly covered herself again.

"Were you really expecting me to do that? I don't want to hurt your mental health, honey. But I'm really not going to do any of the things the therapists told me to do. I better finish my breakfast and hurry to work before I do something stupid."

"Yeah, you're right. You better go."

He recalled the steps of seducing Mom. First, second, third, fourth.

Dan took Nancy's hand. "You know we can always talk about Frank if you want. I'm always around."

He stood up, kissed her softly on the lips and walked out. Nancy let out only a surprised gasp.

Leaving the kitchen, Dan pulled out his phone.

"What's my next move?"

Step 5- Make her hate your dad/ her boyfriend (if she has one)

"It's kind of already done."

===

The next night before moving on to find step 6, Dan found himself chatting with Anonymous again.

"Why should I continue?"

She almost bared her breasts to him in the kitchen and goosebumps of arousal ran through his body.

"How much more will you pay if I keep going?" Dan typed.

The answer came twenty minutes later. "As much as you want."

"That's not an answer. I need to know exactly."

"We both know it's not about money anymore. You want to continue on your own. It's a trap you can't get out of."

He was right. Whoever he was, but he was right.

"How much will you pay?"

"200,000. For any new video."

"Are you some crazy millionaire with nowhere to put your money?"

"You know who I am. You know my nickname. You just didn't realize it yet. You think that link you clicked on was an accident? Time is still running out, Dan. You have four months left and then I'll turn my attention to another loyal Odepus son. Good Luck."

Dan turned off the computer. He sat down on the bed and turned on his phone. It was time to face the next step.

Step 6. Make her feel like seeing your nude body is fine. Don't be shy. Show yourself. Make her love your man mating body.

===

Dan cautiously opened the door to her bedroom, dressed in shorts and a T-shirt.

Outside the window, it was completely dark, and only a little bit of moonlight lit up the bed.

His mother lay in the middle of the large twin bed in her nightie. Her blanket was mixed up with her body, one leg and the edge of her nightie peeking out.

He watched through the darkness as her gorgeous breasts heaved with each deep breath, each quiet snuffle. Her nostrils flared, air escaping through the mouth.

Dan made sure she was sound asleep and gently pulled down the shorts. "I can't believe I'm doing this."

His swollen cock popped out, his cheeks burning with fire. He moved closer, bringing the hot pink tip of his cock closer to her face.

Dan tried not to think about what might happen if she were suddenly awake at that moment. He pulled the skin on his cock with his hand, a slight moan of pleasure almost escaping his chest. He brought his cock as close to her face as he could.

His cock was right above her eyes and his balls at her nose, only a couple inches away.

For a moment, he felt the air from her mouth coat his balls. Her nostrils dilated even more, inhaling the scent.

"I hope you like the smell, Mom. I'm sure your ovulation makes it even better."

He watched for another minute as his own mother inhaled the smell of the cock she produced. With another deep sweet breath she made some kind of sound, her eyebrows drew together and Dan hurriedly stepped back.

"That's enough for today" He pulled on his pants and hurried to his room.

===

"Your brother has serious mental issues, Jack. I have to worry about him and think of ways to help him. And you're old enough to think for yourself."

Dan heard the conversation, approaching the kitchen.

"Didn't the therapists tell you what to do with this psycho?"

"First of all, don't ever call your brother a psycho! Second of all, they did say. And just what they said is what scares me. I have to think about what to do. I don't have time right now for you, I'm sorry."

"But...!"

Dan walked in just at that point. "Good morning."

"Good morning," said Nancy. She was sitting as usual in her robe at the table.

Jack remained silent. He squinted angrily at his brother and walked out of the kitchen. Dan walked by and stopped for a few moments beside Nancy, his loose shorts at the level of her face.

She took another sip of coffee as her face contorted a bit, apparently picking up a familiar scent.

"Did you dream anything today, Mom?" asked Dan, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

"What am I supposed to dream about?" She rubbed her nose.

"Nothing. Does Jack still think I'm a psycho?" He sat down across from her, making sure his cock was clearly visible through the shorts.

"You're not a psycho, honey," she took his hand. "You just really love your Mommy. More than you are supposed to."

"I just want to be normal, Mom." Dan said barely holding back a smile, his gaze casually sliding over the notch on her chest.

Nancy sighed heavily. "Do you want to see them?" and before he answered she pulled down the belt on her robe. "I've had time to think about it. After all, mother's breasts are made for children. They belong to you. Is Jack gone?" She glanced cautiously toward the hallway. "So I don't see anything wrong with you taking a look."

She threw the robe off her shoulders and Dan was faced with full, sweet breasts with erect large pinkish nipples pointing exactly in his direction. Two large ovals, with soft looking skin, sweet veins running inside. They fit together perfectly, one edge lightly touching the corner of the table. The bulging soft skin on her large nipples beckoned him. The very nipples that had nurtured him.

She squeezed them together gently, the two ovals bumping against each other, and shook them in front of him. "I see you like Mommy's breasts?"

Dan let out a sort of whiny squeak. Even his ears seemed to perk up.

"Dr. Fort said it's good for you to see my breasts." she sipped her coffee, her right breast lifted with her chest, the flesh of her skin twitching. "It's always amused me how much breasts affect men."

She ran her hand through his hair and down the back of his neck. She was suddenly closer; he had to bite his lip to hold back. "But you're not interested in them as a man, right? You're interested in them as a son. Or am I wrong?"

She looked meaningfully at his huge cock protruding from the shorts.

"Your breasts interest me in every conceivable way, Mom," Dan said, barely finding his voice.

She rubbed the back of his head and laughed. "Oh, that's a good answer, honey. Smart move."

She was so beautiful, so sexy.

"I don't mind helping you with some things. I don't want you to hide from me or shy

away from any problems. I know that's until you find yourself a good girlfriend. You'll probably lose your head to some girl and forget about your old Mother. Maybe I can also enjoy your attention while it lasts." She lifted the cup again, about to take a sip. This time she raised it especially high to finish her coffee. Her right breast twitched again, rolling from side to side and driving Dan crazy.

He lunged forward and grabbed her breast.

"NO! Danny, you can't touch..." She set the cup down. Danny's lips gently nipped her nipple. He latched onto it like hungry newborn desperately wanting milk. Dan sucked eagerly on the pink nipple, licking and savoring the delicious taste.

Nancy grabbed his hair and moaned like going through powerful orgasm. "Daniel... No."

She tried to yank him away, but her fingers refused to obey. "My breasts belong to him," she thought.

He gripped her soft breasts tightly, as if trying to squeeze some milk. But her boobs were empty. He continued to suck and squeeze, his other hand slowly moving to the second breast.

"Stop, Danny," she moaned again, her hand jerked across the table, knocking over the coffee cup.

"Your breasts are... perfect... They nurtured me, Mom... I'll never leave you... for another girl," he moaned, speaking the words through suckling. His teeth massaged the tips of the swollen nipple.

He didn't want this moment to end.

"You shouldn't...ughh, my baby boy... You shouldn't say it."

He pulled down his shorts, letting his swollen giant out. He watched her face, noticing how she twitched as her nose caught the scent.

Nancy looked down at him, watching her youngest son sucking eagerly on her breast, even though there was no milk.

For a moment, she wished she had milk again so that her beloved son could enjoy it.

Dan rested Nancy's hand on his shaft, her nostrils flared again and he could catch from her expression that she liked the smell immensely.

Her hand twitched, stretching the flesh all the way to his balls, her nails digging hard into the skin and veins. They moaned in unison. She jerked her hand again, bringing him to semi-orgasm. White pre-cum oozed out of his cum, ending up on her hand.

She couldn't help it, the smell was having a bad effect on her. Nancy continued to gently jerk him off as he sucked.

"We can't...honey...Ahhhhhh. " She placed her other hand on his cheek. "I know you want it, Danny. But no. I'm your mother, stop it. Please."

She pulled herself together and took right hand away from the young hot cock. It happened when he was just about ready to unleash his full power on her.

She literally ripped his lips away from her red as blood nipple. "That's enough, Danny!" She guided his head to the level of hers, her two hands squeezing his cheeks like a sandwich. "Stop it! Control yourself!"

Dan acted on impulse and instantly kissed her. She didn't bring him to climax, but that didn't mean he couldn't do it by himself.

He grabbed his cock and like a lever jerked twice. He cried out through the kiss and a jet of white fluid shot out accurately onto her breasts and stomach.

She felt something warm splash against her skin, but she was too lost in the kiss. The odor hit her nose again, stronger than all the previous times. It was the smell of fresh young hot semen potent for conceiving.

Her whole ovulatory female gut was sounding the alarm. This fluid should be inside, not outside her stomach.

"Ughh, Mom..." Dan stopped the kiss for a second, his hand squeezing her tits again. "I'm sorry."

"You make me feel like a psycho, Danny. Why... oh.... Why are you doing this?" She covered her robe and Dan pulled his hand away. "I don't know what games you're playing, but you need to stop this. Just stop it. Before this gets out of control."

"I'm sorry if my love makes you feel uncomfortable. I care about you more than anyone else."

"Stop, please. Put your..." She casually ran her hand into the torrents of his seed on her belly. She inspected the canvas he created with his white fluid and sighed. "Put your shorts on."

His cock dangled between the legs. Finally she pulled herself together and stood up. "I have to go to work."

CHAPTER 9. 3 MONTH LEFT.

Dan scrolled the focus of his new camera, peering at a wall, recognizing every detail.

"Ho-ho-ho," Dan didn't hold back. "What a great focus here. I can't wait to fly it right in..."

He pointed the camera at the exit and suddenly saw a cutout. It was human skin with black dots and beautiful freckles. He adjusted the focus, first noticing the breasts in a floral dress, and then Nancy, drying her hands with a towel.

"Gosh, just imagine making love to this woman," Dan whispered.

"Dinner's ready, honey. Did you get a new camera?" She walked in and closed the door behind her.

"Yeah, I did... It's just... A friend gave me a camera. It's better than the one I was using. It's just a camera, Mom. Relax."

She ran her gaze lower; he wasn't wearing underwear. He hasn't forgotten step 6.

Step 6. Make her feel like seeing your nude body is fine. Don't be shy. Show yourself. Make her love your man-mating body.

"Please, sweetheart, get dressed. Do you want Jack to see you?"

"I'm just a little hot, sorry," he smiled, hiding the camera. He crossed the distance between them in one motion and kissed Nancy gently on the cheek and then on the lips. His cock pressed against her leg, leaving a couple drops of white liquid on her dress.

"Honey..." she pulled back. "Please, get dressed. Dinner is ready." She hurried out and shut the door.

===

There was a dead silence at the table, cold rain beating on the window sill outside.

Dan stared at the yellow bikini photo that Nancy had put back where it belonged.

"I wish I could see her breasts again," he shifted his gaze again to Nancy who was silently eating.

Jack stood up and headed for the bathroom. A few seconds later a little bit of sauce dripped right onto Nancy's left boob.

"Mom, you've got..." Dan pointed to her chest.

Nancy used a napkin to clean her mouth and looked down. "Oh, I made a mess."

"Let me do it," Dan leaned closer and ran his tongue over her skin.

"Danny!" Nancy whispered, seeing Jack return to the room. She hurriedly wiped the wet spot with a napkin.

Dan returned to his food, smiling.

"What's going on with you two?" Jack said.

"With us? Nothing!" Nancy blushed thickly. The sauce fell on her chest again and she wiped it off with a napkin in a hurry, glancing at Dan.

"What did he do to you, Mom?"

"What are you talking about, honey?"

"That psycho is ruining our family!" Jack looked angrily at Dan.

"Jack! I told you not to call your brother a psycho!"

"It's a fact! He's a psycho! I don't care what you say." Jack stood up and stormed back to his room.

"Gosh. I wish I had daughters." Nancy whispered.

"He's still calling me a psycho, Mom."

"Don't listen to him, Danny." Nancy took his hand. You're not a psycho... And neither am I."

"What we did, Mom." He tried to sound ashamed.

"It's okay, honey. It's okay. What happened in the kitchen wasn't your fault. We did what the therapists told us to do, didn't we? I'm sure it'll help you, even though I don't know how..."

He suddenly put his hand on her boob. "I know you don't like it, Mom, but it's good for my mental health. It's not that I like you as a woman. No, I love you as a mother more and more." His fingers ran gently over the soft freckled skin that creased from his touch.

Nancy squinted and pulled his hand away.

"Don't cross the line, honey. This is all so wrong. God, it all started with a simple kiss on camera. My damn ovulation."

Nancy barely whispered the last sentence, but Danny caught the words. He finished eating and ran his hand down her back.

"Would you like to have some wine and relax, Mom? You've had so much on your plate lately: my mental health, Dad, money, the house."

She looked at him with a smile. "Wine? Yeah, I could use some wine. You're probably right."

The rain outside has gotten worse.

He continued to pour her wine, noticing how red her cheeks were getting. With each glass she became more and more relaxed, loosely adjusting her breasts under her robe, bulging her neckline into view. Her cheeks red after several glasses of wine.

"Pretty soon I'll be promoted at work and we can forget about the money problems, the house debt and your nasty father who thinks we can't manage at all without him. What a bastard!" She

cheered a little, but then her heart dropped again. "Jack hates me."

"Don't say it, Mom. He loves you, but I love you more."

Nancy looked at him tiredly and smiled. "Thank you, sweetheart. You've been such a diligent young man these past few months. You'll make a wonderful husband."

She ran her hand through his hair and didn't notice the drop of wine fall on the flesh of her breast again.

"This again..." She wanted to wipe it with a napkin.

"Let me," he leaned over and kissed her breast where the wine was.

"Ohhh, Danny."

He raised his head and kissed Nancy on the lips, with a bit of wine on his lips. It was a tender kiss full of love in which she drowned for a few seconds, trying to forget she is kissing her own son. The glass tipped over on the table. He took her head in his hands and continued kissing; trying to force his tongue into her mouth, but Nancy's teeth blocked the entrance. The taste of the wine only heightened the pleasure.

"Wwwhy you're acting like my phusbhhand, Dphanny. Agghhhhhh..."

For a moment she gave in, unable to resist his tongue and her intoxication. Their tongues entwined together, lips sharing saliva and dry red wine. He could feel the heat of her tongue, lips, and saliva on the tips of his taste buds, her jaw trembling slightly with excitement and arousal.

He tried to slip his hand between her legs, but she stopped him and broke off the kiss.

"Why... Why did you buy a camera, Danny?" she said, looking away and wiping hot wet lips.

"What?"

"Didn't I make it clear that our recordings are over forever? I don't want to film us anymore, and I don't want anything more to do with your...your man gut, Daniel!"

"I just bought a camera for me, Mom. It has nothing to do with.."

"Don't lie and make a fool of me!" She stood up. "I'm sorry I'm a bad mother, honey. I can't help you with your problems. It's too wrong and gross. I want to love you, and I want you to love me but not in this.. in this horrid way. Right now I'm drunk, I'm tired and I want to sleep. I'm so so sorry, baby. Forgive me."

Dan saw her walk away, then he took a sip of wine. "She's happy one moment and sad the next."

===

"You say you don't want to deal with my "man gut"?" Danny entered his parents' bedroom. It was a deep night outside the window.

Nancy was sleeping on her back, with her hand resting on the floor. She was snoring after drinking a bottle of wine, wearing her light nightie. Traces of dried tears covered her cheeks.

He pulled down his pants. His cock was dangerously close to her mouth. He could smell the odor coming from it. He moved closer, feeling her breath envelop his cock. If she woke up, she would see his cock right away and he wouldn't have a chance of escape.

"She sure won't wake up after drinking so much wine."

He focused on Mommy's freckles on her chest and face. His knees buckled as her warm drunk breath circled his cock and

then breathed back in. He automatically reached for his dick, lightly straddling it and pulling the skin taut.

His tip secreted some pearlescent liquid, allowing his mother to inhale the pleasant fragrance. Nancy's nipples hardened through the translucent nightie.

Of course he noticed that. "Oooh, you're making me a fucking lunatic, Mom. Why are you so damn gorgeous?" He started fidgeting even more vigorously, moving into full-on masturbation. His hand and cock jerked wildly right in front of her snoring red face.

With a slight movement, Dan pulled her nightie down, revealing a pair of breasts.

"I can't...hold anymore...I'm sorry...I'm sorry..." He couldn't stop and bit his lip as a stream of cum spurted out onto her nightie. He aimed to avoid getting it on her face. He felt like he was thrown to the ceiling by insane euphoria. Dan grabbed the wall with free hand.

"Ughhhhh...on your freckles, aaaahhhh. On your boobs!" He aimed precisely at her breasts, squeezing his cock with all his might as if trying to stop the floods of cum. He was so embarrassed, but also so insanely pleased at the same time.

When the waves of euphoria were over, for a while he was still coming to his senses. Nancy's breathing intensified, absorbing the new scent with renewed fervor.

Her snores seemed to sound somewhere far away. There was only ringing in his ears. Her entire nightie and the neckline of her breasts were covered in his white cum.

"Enjoy, Mommy."

===

"I had a very strange dream tonight." Nancy was drinking coffee, her face seemed to bloom. She looked fresh and well-slept. Occasionally she tried to sniff her warm pink robe, trying to identify the source of some smell that was coming from her chest.

"Yeah? What was it about?" He served her breakfast, smiling.

"It's like I was in a field filled with amazing smells, but the strongest one is coming from something right in the middle of the field. And it hits me that I'm meant to smell it. This big beautiful thing."

"How interesting." He could barely hide his smile, sipping coffee.

"Just don't laugh at me, dear. I think that's because of wine and my ov... Doesn't matter."

"I'm not laughing, Mom! Sometimes I also have weird dreams about some brunette woman. She keeps calling for me. Wow, it's gotten really hot here." Dan suddenly pulled his pants down, exposing his cock.

"Danny!" Nancy almost choked on her food, her gaze immediately fell on her son's manhood.

"Jack's not home anyway, Mom. You've seen my 'man gut' many times before. What's the big deal now?"

"If this is again some kind of mischief to make me do something naughty, don't even think about it. I told you yesterday that I..."

"I remember what you said, Mom. I always listen carefully to your words. It's just hot. That's all. There's nothing wrong with you seeing me like that. C'mon. Don't be ridiculous." He innocently continued to look at her sweet freckled neckline, remembering how he flooded Mom's boobs with cum yesterday.

"It's also felt like a dream," he whispered.

Nancy's head was bubbling with thoughts. She looked at Dan, noticing his innocent look, then sighed and unfastened her robe, exposing her breasts.

Two beautiful oval figures appeared before him, they moved with every movement of her hands. The skin on her tits sometimes folded into creases because it wasn't as firm as it had been 20 years ago. Still, those breasts were inimitable. Better than any online stuff he saw.

"Do you like it?" she took a sip of coffee.

His cock rose so fast that it hit the table with its head. But Dan held back a painful moan.

"I'm only doing this for your mental health, honey, and because you were a good boy these last few weeks."

Sipping his coffee, Dan tried to slip his hand under the table, gently pulling the skin on his cock, his eyes never straying from mother's breasts for a second.

"Danny!" She glared at him angrily. "Please keep your hands on the table where I can see them."

"Sorry, Mom," whispered Dan, but one movement was enough to make a little white fluid ooze out on his cock.

Nancy's nostrils dilated as did her eyes. She tried to interrupt it with the smell of coffee. Her nipples hardened, as did her son's cock, and the skin on her breasts became covered with goosebumps.

"Gosh...That smell," said Nancy thoughtfully, covering her eyes.

"What smell?" he asked.

"Just...keep your...hands...on the table... Ugh, gosh."

He strained to keep his hands on it until he felt someone else's touch. Nancy's left hand went under the table and gently touched Dan's pink tip. The cup of coffee in her right hand trembled; she was staring into the window.

Danny gripped the table as she brought the skin all the way down. Neither of them said a word.

Like a robot, she shifted her gaze to Danny and removed her hand. The cup fell out of her hands and shattered on the table.

"I can't...I can't do this. You need to stay away from me, honey, while I'm in this state. I can't control myself while I'm ovulating!"

"But..." he wanted to say he hasn't cum yet, "... But therapists said."

"I don't care what they said. No, Danny! No, no, no! Never again!" She abruptly closed her robe and hurried out the door.

===

For the rest of the month, Nancy behaved very carefully, practically avoiding her sons. She avoided Dan every time he showed up without pants.

And so the ovulation quite soon passed.

"I'll get a promotion in a few days at the bank and then we can finally forget about these bills," sitting in her business work suit she tucked aside the papers piled up in a pile.

"Dad said we can't do it without him," Jack was sitting in front of her, glancing at her neckline.

"I don't get it. You keep talking to Dad behind my back?" asked Nancy angrily, her breasts rising under her shirt.

"Yeah, I'm trying to keep Dad informed about what's going on at our place. I don't want to be left without a house, Mom!"

"We're not going to be without a house! Danny has some money, and with my promotion, we will pay for it."

"And where did that idiot get the money from? Did he tell you that? I told you not to trust a word he says," shouted Jack.

Dan was eating his breakfast and glancing back and forth at his brother, then at his Mom.

"Don't you dare raise your voice at me in my house, young man!"

"You've just been poor since you were a child, Mom. You're too easily manipulated when it comes to money. Thanks for breakfast." He stood up again like last time and walked out.

"Damn kid!" said Nancy through gritted teeth. "What are you looking at? You think I'm easy to manipulate too, Daniel?"

"I'm just busy with my breakfast, Mom," Dan said casually. "I'm sure you can get that promotion. You're very smart, Mom, and a hard worker. You deserve it."

Nancy leaned back in her chair and blew a lock of hair out of blushed face. "Thank you, Danny." It seemed to be exactly what she wanted to hear at that moment.

"Besides, we always have a plan B with our videos."

"Not another word..." she raised her index finger. "About your awful videos, Daniel. Don't even remind me of those horrible things we did. You better get on with yourself. Try to stop looking at me the way you do. I'm your mother." She looked at her wristwatch. "I'm late for work."

That evening, Danny found the magazine that Jack stashed in his upper closet in a trash can.

"Have you really given up?" Danny picked up the magazine and headed to his room.

He held the magazine in his hands as he sat at his computer. "Maybe with Mom's promotion, we don't need these videos. Maybe it's time to call it a day and be a normal family again. But will I ever be able to look at my mom again the way I used to? I'll just go crazy if I don't do it. If I don't fuck my moth..."

Dan jerked as Nancy's black Hyundai SUV pulled into the garage. He threw away the magazine and went out to meet his mother.

Nancy opened the front door; she literally fell in, a bottle of wine in one hand and heels in the other. She could barely stand on her feet.

"Mom?"

"D-d-danny? \*hiccup\*. Honey, help Mommy undress please." She threw off her jacket to the floor, her shirt drenched in drops of wine. Her bra was clearly showing through the shirt. On her hand, he saw her wedding ring for the first time in a long time. It, too, was smeared in wine.

"Mom, did you drive home drunk?" He took her under his arm and set in a chair.

"I wanted to... \*hiccup\*...drive into a tree."

"What?"

"My baby." She ran her hand down his pants, touching his cock. "I'm sorry I'm such a bad mother and made you feel attached to me, to my body. How could I have damaged your mental health. \*hiccup\*. The therapists are right, I should give you more love, put you to my breast like a baby."

She took his head and put it against her freckled chest. It was wet with either wine or sweat.

"My Danny. \*hiccup\*. You've been such a good boy all these six months. I love you so much, my sunshine. I'm sorry I've been acting so weird. Do you like mommy's breasts?"

"Yes, yes, I do...Mom." He didn't resist feeling the warmth of her boobs.

"I loved it so much when you sucked on my breast. Just like when you were a baby, my dear. It's always hard to watch when the younger kids grow up."

"Mom!" he pulled his head away. "What happened?"

"I..." She barely held back the tears. "I was fired."

"What? But why?"

"I don't know, Danny. And that's the worst part of it all. I don't know why!" She wiped away her tears, smearing her mascara even more on her red face. She showed her finger with a wedding ring. "Now we'll have to go back to your father."

"That's not likely, Mom" He lifted her in and took Mom to the bedroom. Dan carefully changed her clothes and put her to bed, remembering to remove the sticky wedding ring.

"There's no way I'm letting him take you away from me." He gently covered her with a bedspread. Nancy stroked his cheek in a half-asleep state.

"Danny. My lovely Danny. My little Danny."

"Go back to sleep, Mom. You belong to me." He turned off the light.

"I belong to...you," whispered Nancy falling asleep.

CHAPTER 10. SUV.

Nancy shut herself in for the rest of the week. She drank coffee in the morning, watched her TV programs, and gorged herself on wine in the evening.

He came down to her garden one morning. She was lying on a chaise lounge in a yellow bikini, sunglasses over her eyes. The same yellow bikini she was wearing in the photo.

Danny gulped, stepping closer and handing her some juice. She was enjoying the sunshine, sweat gently dripping down her chest, down to her stomach.

"How are you feeling, Mom?"

"Not good," Nancy said hoarsely.

It was hard to see her eyes through sunglasses.

"You're drinking too much wine, Mom. I'm worried about you."

She sighed. "You come to gawk at my breasts and lecture me? Go inside, Dan."

"Stop being so mean. I'm trying to help you, Mom." He sat down next to her. "Have you thought about why this happened? We need to talk. You can't just shut yourself in and pretend nothing happened."

She lifted herself up, taking off dark sunglasses. Her breasts were shaking. Tired bags were visible under her beautiful eyes.

"I got fired. Just like that. So many years down the drain."

Dan reached out and took her warm hand. "It'll be okay. It's not the end of the world, Mom."

Nancy looked at her youngest son. "It's so weird..."

"What's weird?"

"You've replaced Frank in my life. I thought it would be so hard for me without a husband, but I've always had you. My man."

She turned her head toward him. Dan reached down and kissed his Mom.

"You're an incredible kisser, honey," she said.

He continued to kiss her, tasting Mommy's saliva. He didn't care if Jack would see them.

A thought suddenly flashed through Dan's mind. "What if it's Frank?"

"What?" Nancy looked confused, interrupting the delicious kiss.

"Maybe it was Dad who helped get you fired?"

"No, Frank would never do that. He's an asshole, but not that much. He knows how much I needed the job."

"Let's meet him tomorrow, Mom. Jack knows a coffee shop where Dad goes every morning. We should know for sure."

She nodded uncertainly and he kissed her, taking her by the chin.

===

"I'm still not sure about this, Danny," Nancy said the next morning as she got her SUV out of the garage, dressed in a black tank top and skirt.

"You deserve to know the truth, Mom," Dan said, sitting beside her with a camera hanging around his neck.

They pulled into the café where Frank often spent his mornings. His father was already there, sipping coffee at a table. He greeted Nancy and Dan with a smile as they sat down.

"What brings you to see me so early?" he asked.

Nancy hesitated, nervously fidgeting with her fingers.

"Did you do it, Frank?" she finally asked.

"Did what?" Frank replied.

"You know what I'm talking about! Don't act like you're clueless. Did you play a part in me losing my job?"

"Me? Who do you think I am? Am I that bad of a person in your opinion, dear?" He sipped then suddenly coughed. "Sorry. Kh-h-hm. Don't you think it's just fate? Since you won't be able to get any other jobs and you don't even know why you were fired, maybe it's time you came back to me." Frank set down his cup and leaned in. "Listen. Both of you, listen. Yes, Nancy, I ensured you got fired. And not just that, I made sure you can't find work elsewhere. Because you are stubborn. Because I need you back, dear! I'm seriously sick, Nancy."

There was a pause after the last sentence.

"You-you..." Nancy couldn't find the words. Her face tensed.

"I want us to be a family again, like we used to be. I asked Jack already, he agrees. I'm seriously ill, Nancy. It is serious. I love you, honey. I'm so so sorry for what I did. I know I'm a bastard but while I still can I want to do a right thing. I want to be a good husband and father. I love you, Nancy. Please, you are the love of my life."

"No," Dan said suddenly.

"No?"

"Karma caught up with you for what you did," said Dan, noticing Nancy's face flush with color. She hesitated.

"You've wrecked my career, and now you expect me to forgive you just because you're sick? I don't care that you love me. You and

Jack can manage on your own. Danny and I will find happiness together without you. Let's go, Danny." Nancy stood and threw the coffee in Frank's face.

She hurried out the exit to her SUV. Dan barely kept up, holding back a smile.

"What an asshole, asshole, bastard, prick, pig, ginger ass. I hate you!"

They passed the house and pulled into the side of the woods. Dan was silent, adjusting the camera around his neck.

Her face grew anxious as she thought about money, about her job, about her life. They drove into the farthest part of the woods. Nancy closed all the doors.

She just stared into nowhere. "One of the therapists said that love in any form is still love. Even when a son does it with a blood mother. That's a form of love. I mean, that's crazy. It's complete nonsense, but she said it so confidently. Oh, my God. Tell me, Danny. Tell me honestly. Did you bribe them?!"

She turned to him.

"I..."

"Answer the question!"

Dan had to muster the strength to try to speak. "No."

Nancy sighed, surveying the forest from the window. "Then turn on your fucking camera. Let's record a few videos. We need that damn money."

Dan swallowed and set the camera on the dashboard with trembling hands. Nancy pulled out a pack of cigarettes.

"Didn't know you smoked, Mom."

"I don't. But it seems like it's time. Get your dick out."

"I...are we going to..." He wanted to say fuck, but she threw him such a sharp look that the word just evaporated from his tongue. "We're going to do what?"

"I'll just jerk you off and that's it. Just make sure my face isn't seen."

"Ah... Okay." He awkwardly pulled out his cock, which was already poking out of his pants.

"You have a nice cock, Daniel," Nancy said, hiding her cigarettes. "Is camera filming?"

Dan nodded and Nancy grabbed his dick, squeezing it with her manicure. Dan shook in the passenger seat. She began jerking him off wildly while Danny didn't take his eyes off her breasts and freckles.

Her other hand gently massaged his balls through pubic hair, first one then the other. Dan licked nervously. Her hand felt like a heavenly touch.

She gently smeared droplets of pre-cum along his shaft that oozed from the pink tip.

It went on for about 10 minutes.

"When will you cum?" she whispered, her face flushed. Her arm was already aching.

"I don't know."

Nancy sighed, glancing at the camera lens. She bit her lip. "I hate waiting. I don't care; it's still a mother's love."

Suddenly she leaned over and took his cock in her mouth. Dan's eyes flew out of orbit, his tip touching her throat, his lips tightly



swallowing them one by one. A little liquid dripped out of her nose when she finally retracted her lips.

"I don't want this to stain my car" she wiped her lips and sighed hoarsely. Nancy opened the window and spit some saliva out the window before pulling out a cigarette.

"It's been a long time since I've tasted this flavor. The taste of young cock. I'd go crazy if I was still ovulating." She took out one cigarette and through the lighter in the car lit it. She stubbed the cigarette out the window while Dan was still in post-orgasm state.

A flaccid cock hanged between legs, a trickle of cum oozing out. He stared off into nowhere, resting his head on the seat. It was as if he was stoned, as if the world right in front of him changed forever and was now full of new bright colors.

It was the best orgasm of his life.

Nancy, taking another puff, touched her cold hand to his neck, checking Dan's pulse.

"Honey, are you okay?"

"Better than okay, Mom. It was incredible," he whispered.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. Your semen tastes good. That means you're healthy and fertile. I read that in a magazine." She lingered again. "I'm a bad mother, aren't I?"

"No, Mom. You're the best mom in the world" He kissed her hand.

"Thank you, sweetheart. You're not going to betray me like Fred and Jack, are you? I have no one else but you."

He reached up and kissed her. "I'll never leave you, Mom."

He gazed into her beautiful face and suddenly realized.

"I have to fuck her. Right here, right now. There may never be another chance again."

===

"Now let's go home." Nancy took another drag on her cigarette, tasting the thick cum.

"Wait, Mom. We can make another video."

Nancy took a silent drag on her cigarette, flicking sawdust out the window.

"We'll get another 200 grands if I film you."

"I'm not going to do porn, Danny. What are you going to film? My breasts?"

"No. Your vagina," Dan gulped.

"No!" replied Nancy sharply, throwing the cigarette butt away.

"Your face won't be seen, Mom. That's two hundred thousand!"

"Daniel! I'm not going to shine my vagina in front of my own son. God, I mean, I just gave you a blowjob and swallowed your cum! Isn't that enough for you? Stop messing with me, I'm begging you."

She started the engine.

"That's 200 grands, Mom. Just for a little video of your lady parts. Think carefully, please."

She felt the steering wheel shake under her hand and she covered her eyes.

"I'm..." she whispered. "I'm not shaved."

Goosebumps ran down Dan's skin.

"I can't remember the last time I did. And after Fred left, I never shaved it again."

"That's even better, Mom."

Her hair fell over her face.

"Promise me you won't look. Just take pictures, but don't look. I don't want you to see my... vagina. That's the vagina that gave birth to you. God, what am I talking about? Let's go, Danny. I want to go home."

He suddenly pulled out the ignition key.

"We'll only leave when we've made the video, Mom."

She fiddled nervously with her fingers then got out of the car and sat in the back seat.

"Turn around," she said. Dan looked straight ahead and goosebumps ran down his skin as he heard her remove her panties. His cock tensed in his briefs again.

"I'm going to be embarrassed if you watch, honey."

"I'm not going to watch. I'll just get a couple seconds on the camera. I won't record your face. No one will know, Mom." Dan said quietly, gazing into the woods.

"Okay. Then I'm turning around." Nancy slid into the back seat. Dan turned around, his jaw dropping.

His mother was kneeling in the backseat, lifting her skirt and leaning forward toward the window. Her firm big ass was right in front of his face. He could clearly see her anal and vagina with a couple of pubic hairs peeking out.

He was ready to cum again that very second, but held back.

"I'll get in the back seat so I'm comfortable." He started to move from the front to the back, finding himself closer to his birthplace, catching the insanely pleasant smell of her insides.

"Just don't look, Danny. Please. Gosh, what a stupid position to be in." She looked out the window and sighed. "Are you finished?"

"Not yet." Dan put the camera aside and quietly removed his pants. He was hard as a rock again.

He brought his tip to her hot mother cheeks. "Shit." He had a few more seconds to think it over and make up his mind. His heart was pounding frantically. "Fuck, Mom," He swallowed.

"Language, young man! What are you even doing in there, Danny? I hope you're not looking at my puss..."

With a sharp gulping sound followed by a thrust against her hips, he entered Nancy's pussy.

"Agghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... DANIEL!" Nancy's eyes widened with horror.

It felt as if he has been doused with water from the warmest spring on Earth, and his blood had suddenly been replaced with sweet honey.

"Ughhhh, Mom!" He moved even further forward, reaching all the way in and finding himself finally balls deep inside his own Mother. Only his balls were still on the outside, finding themselves not far from Mom's clit.

Her unshaven pussy proved to be a true portal to heaven. Her pubic hair gently rubbed his skin.

Nancy gripped the window, unable to hold back a scream as Dan moved even deeper. He drove his cock from side to side, up and down inside her heaven pussy, as if trying to rub against every wall, every inch of her insides.

"Ohhh, MOMMY. That feels so good." He pulled her skirt up even higher, straddling Mom's firm ass.

"What are you doing, Daniel! Stop this now..." She grabbed his chest with one hand. Her fingers squeezed his t-shirt.

"I've waited a long time for this." He pulled out and sharply re-entered with a bang, nailing Nancy to the window.

"You are fucking...idiot...Danny, please...akgghhhhhhhhhhh." She tore part of his t-shirt and finally let go, grabbing again at the window she bumped against every now and then.

He found a rhythm, starting to fuck her sharply, bending forward. He quickly penetrated his own mother, deeper and deeper, reaching all the way to her cervix. His balls slapped against her vagina and his hips slapped against her ass with furious force.

"Your vagina is perfect, Mom. Okgghhhhhhhhhhh, it feels so good."

"Akgghhhhhhh, no, no. This can't be happening. We don't have... condoms. You have to at least have a condom."

"I don't care.... I want to fuck you bare." He grabbed her hair and continued this sinful act of lovemaking. Everything swam in front of her eyes from the searing pleasure. His cock was furiously penetrating without a hint of any rhythm. He just fucked her as he wanted and as hard as he could. The way he'd wanted to for a long time.

Sometimes he would get so prickly with pleasure that he had to stop for a few seconds. He stopped deep inside her, savoring how sweetly her insides squeezed his cock. The sensation of being back in the vagina that gave birth to you was inexpressible.

"DANNY!!!" Nancy took her hands off the glass, breathing heavily. She lowered her ass and Dan moved with it, trying to keep his cock from falling out of her cunt. "Stop...while there's still a chance. We can't...we don't have to...I'm your... Mother. God, it's

so big. " She bit her lip, looking back, everything flushed with searing pleasure and the shame of what they were doing.

"I can't stop now, Mom." He bent over and grabbed her breasts, starting the wild sex session again.

"Aghhhhh-aghhhh- ughhhhhh...Danny!" Her breasts, her head, her teeth and the whole body shook with his thrusts, with each of his Dan's penetrations. She grabbed his scrotum with one hand, squeezing it. It was a desperate attempt to stop him, but he loved the way she squeezed his balls.

He fucked her more vigorously, thrusting in and out of her, feeling the friction and feeling how sweetly her vagina caressed his cock.

With her other hand she gripped the glass. "No one...yet...has...fucked...me... like this.. UGHHHHHHH!" Her hands left prints on the fogged glass. There were prints of her lipstick and other makeup. She kept hitting her face on the glass with each strong and massive thrust. "I hate....acgghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... this pose."

The sun was starting to set outside the window. Sweat was streaming wildly down his face, his body. The smell of their sex completely filled the interior of Mom's SUV.

"I'm almost, Mom... I can't stop. Acgghhhhhhhhhhh. It's a pure love, mom. We are making love, true love. Oooogghhhhhh, yes,yes,yes."

"You should hear...yourself, Danny...akgghhhhhh, fuck. That's so...sick and nice. FUCK!"

"Watch your language, Mom," whispered Danny with a smile.

"That's not funny, Daniel."

She squeezed his balls even tighter, nearly tearing them off.

"God, you're perfect. It hurts so bad...I want so much..ughhh....inside."

"Inside what? Danny..." She grabbed him again by his t-shirt, which was already torn. "Not inside, Danny!"

"You said you always wanted a daughter...Ogghhhhhhhhhhhhh...I'm going to give you a daughter. It's time. You'll have a daughter, Mom. I promise you." He began fucking even more intensely, getting closer to the cherished climax.

"You don't understand what you're talking about, Danny! UGHHHGHHHHHHHH!" She hit glass again.

"Yes, yes... AKGGHHHHHHHH. I'll never leave you, Mom. Never." He kissed her back, her freckled shoulders, her neck, while squeezing her ass and sweat sticky tits.

"That's...wrong...akgghhh..."

His cock squeezed inside her, he jerked it around, savoring the sticky walls of her pussy.

His balls ached with searing pain. They stopped for a second, trying to catch their breath. He moved it back and forth, staying completely inside. He couldn't contain his smile as he felt complete power over her body.

"Danny..." She took her hands off the glass. "You didn't... you didn't mean it... about daughter, honey. Right? You're not going to do this inside, are you?" said Nancy in a pleading tone. "Don't be stupid, please. Be reasonable, Danny. Be a good son, please. Didn't I... Didn't I raise a good boy?"

"I am your good boy, Mom. I was deadly serious about making you pregnant. Ughhhhhh." He pulled out then pushed inside again, then again and again, shaking the whole car. "I'm a psycho and it's your fault!"

"AKGGHHHHHH, DANIEL!!!"

He was so close, he was so damn close.

"I'm...almost...Mommy...ughhhhhh. I love you so much."

"Pull out, Danny. I'm begging you! STOP IT!"

He made a decisive thrust and holding her legs tightly he entered as deep as never before. He was as close to her womb as he could get. His balls and cock shook as he shot his cum straight into her.

Bright flashes of light flashed before his eyes, the arch in his balls replaced by heavenly bliss. He thrust into her with a wrench, clinging and going through stages of insane euphoria.

"God, Danny!" she screamed, feeling his semen flooding her womb. His hand squeezed her breast with all his might. Danny squeezed like a seizure, twitching and bending as if from a hard blow, lying down on his mother with all his weight.

He pumped and pumped, kissing her back while Nancy clenched and shook after each deep and big shot inside her. He was pumping his cum inside own mother.

"Ughhhhh, yes, ughhh... Mommy." He kissed her hair, her head, shooting out again and again, feeling the thick liquid flowing out of her right onto the leather interior. Nancy only moaned softly, shaking her body and trying to keep Dan on top of her and not fall over.

"Just what the doctor ordered," whispered Dan, barely coming to his senses. "I love you, Mom."

His cock was still deep inside her. She felt all of him piling on and stared silently out the window.

The realization that her own son, the younger Danny, just cum inside her came gradually.