

BLACKMAILER'S WEB



REC ●

AFS

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:

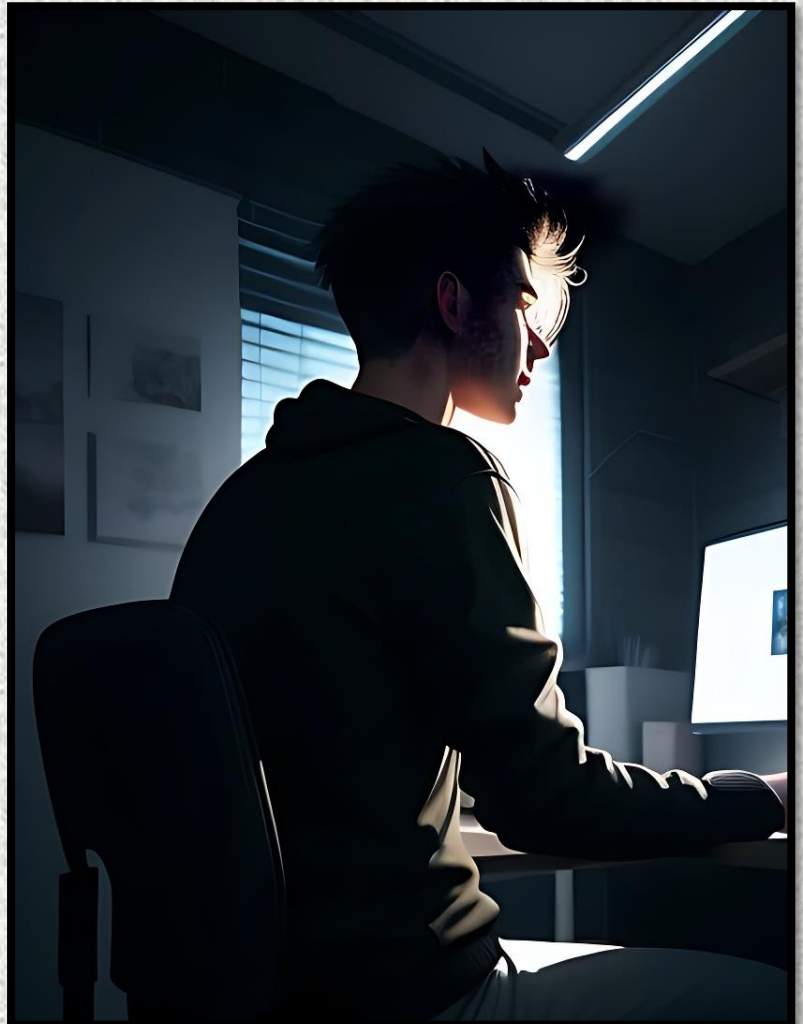
"Let's talk?"

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."

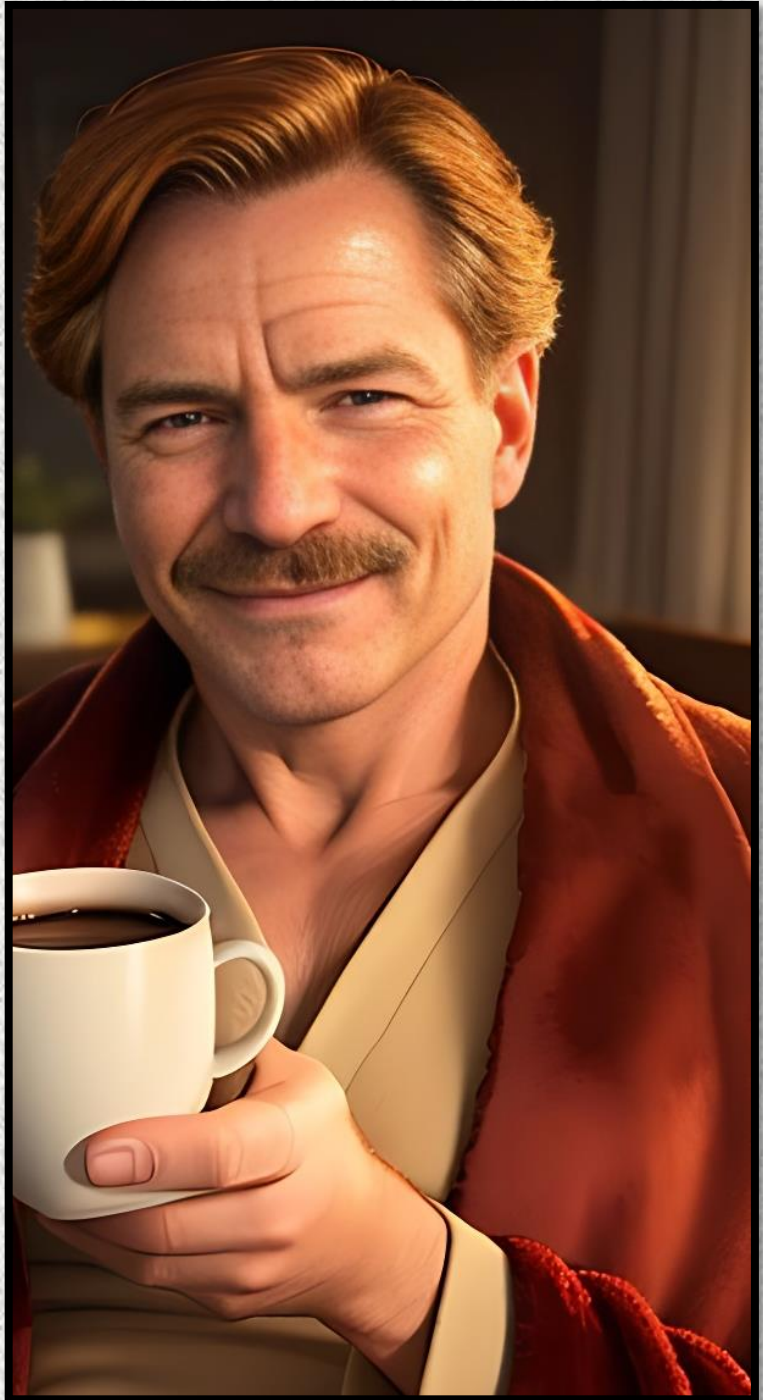
"I wasn't planning on it," Danny shot back, pulling on his shoes.

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."

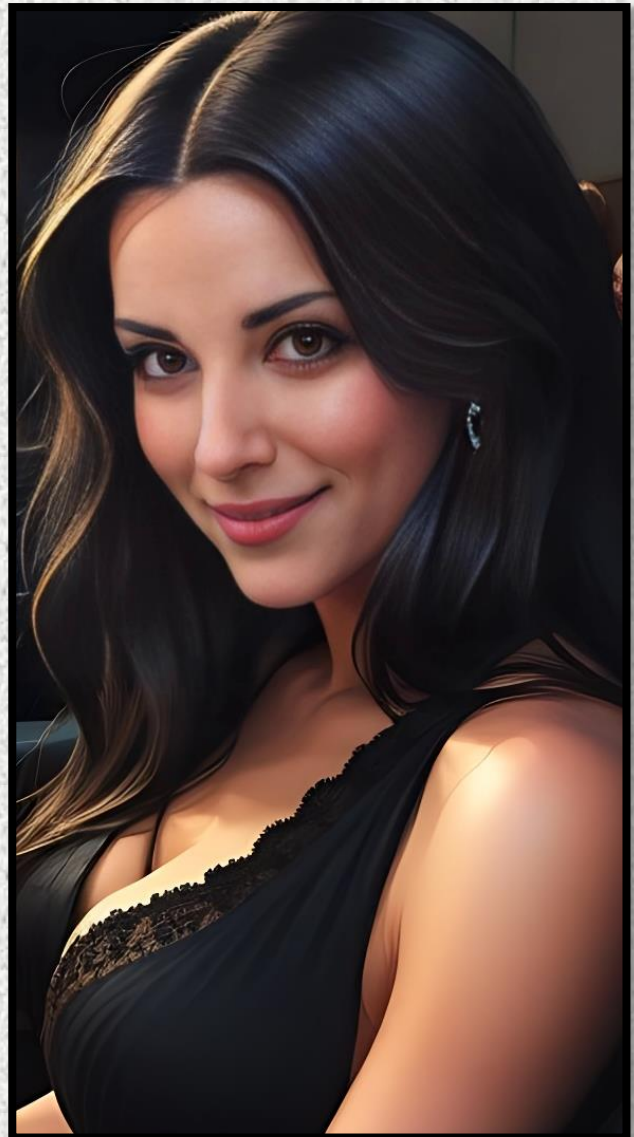
As they made their way out the door, Jack called out a quick goodbye to their father. Danny lingered for a moment, watching his parents exchange barbs with each other. He couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.



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.



"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 photo 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



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

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 home robe that 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.



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.



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

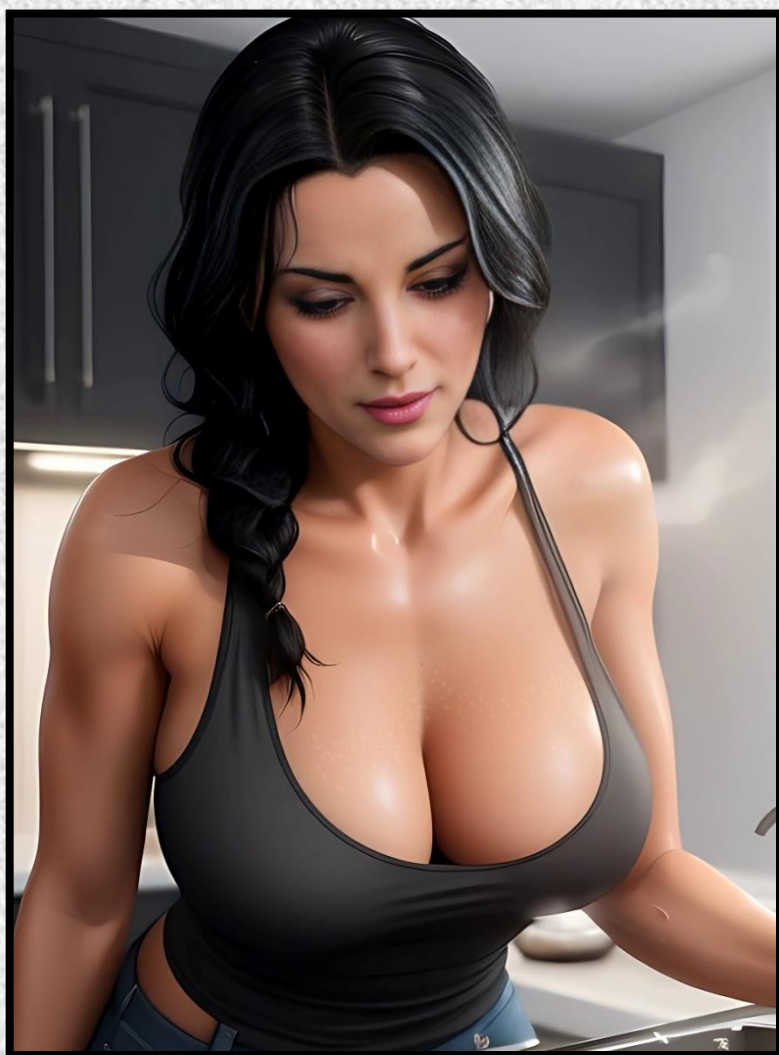


Frank's not around, Jack helps out with this task. It's strange, but he always volunteers to clean the fridge while I handle the dishes."

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?



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!

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.

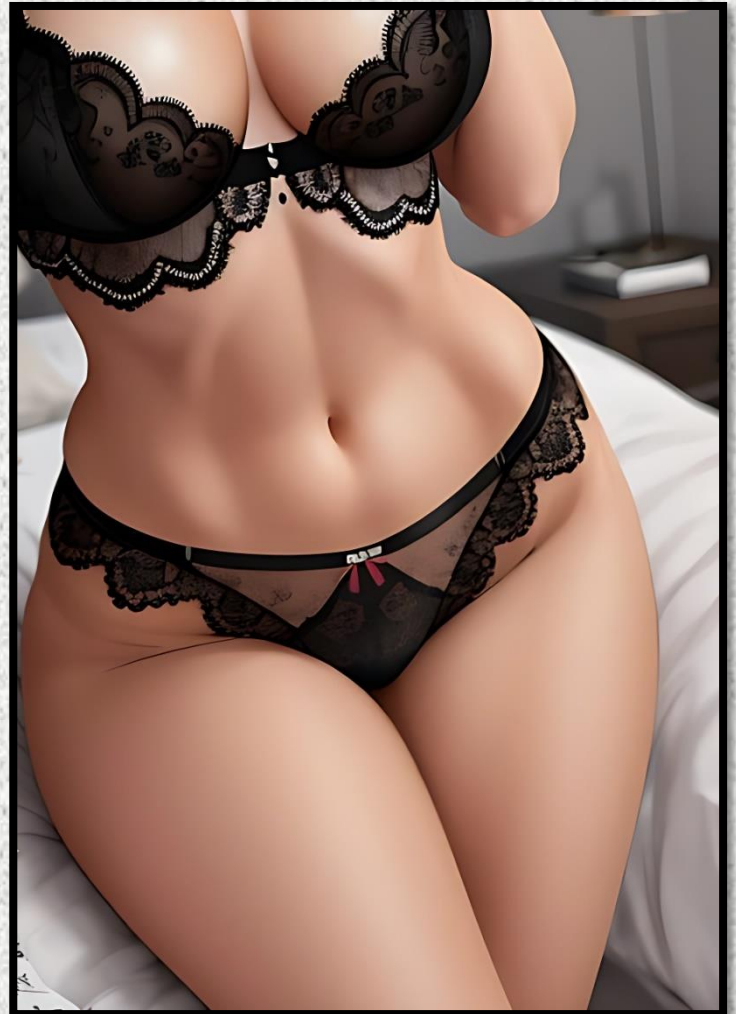
But as he looked around, he got curious and started searching through one of Jack's drawers.

"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.

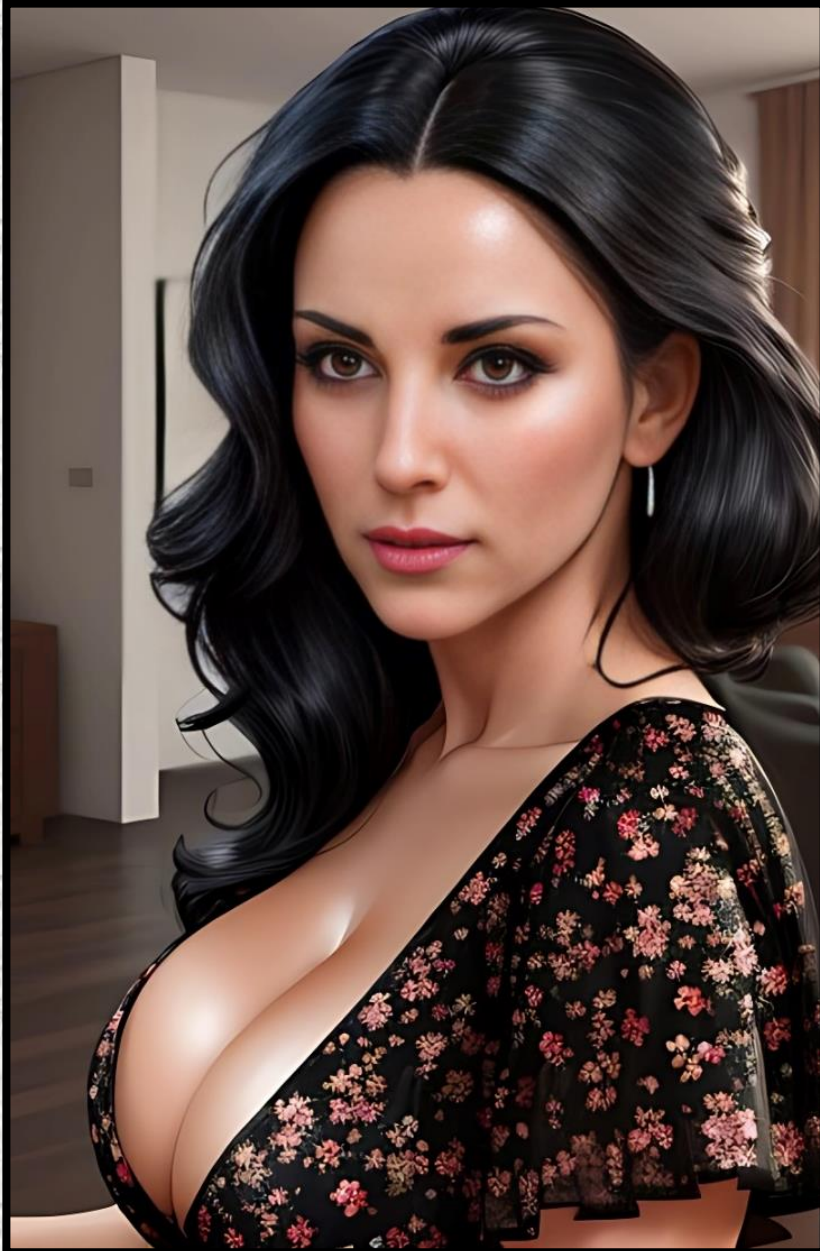
"Jack?"

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."



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.

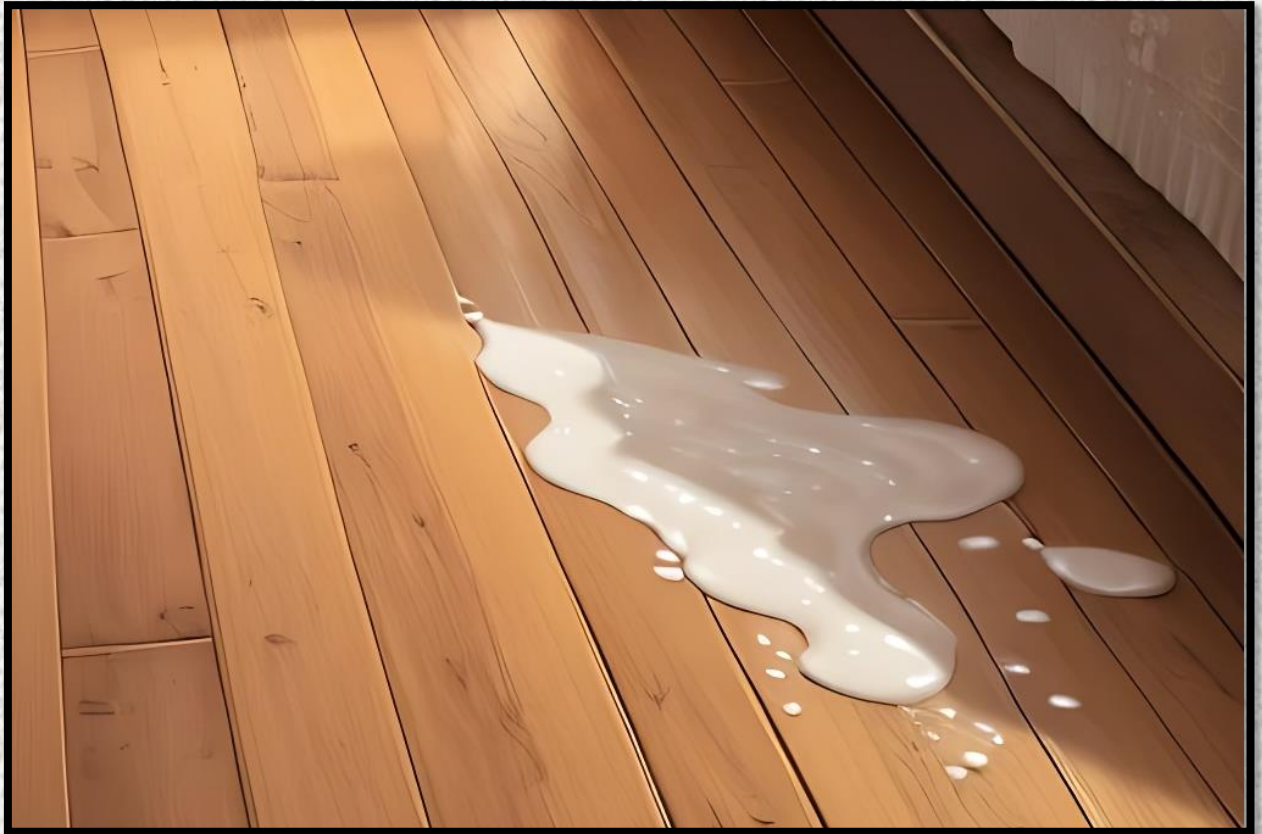
His hand was pulling the skin taut, hitting the balls. He imagined her exposing her breasts, just in front of him. Rivulets of water trickled over every curve of her body before pooling around her legs in a shimmering puddle. With each droplet that falls, she appears more and more like a goddess emerging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