

# BLACKMAILER'S WEB



REC ●

AFS

## 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 want 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."

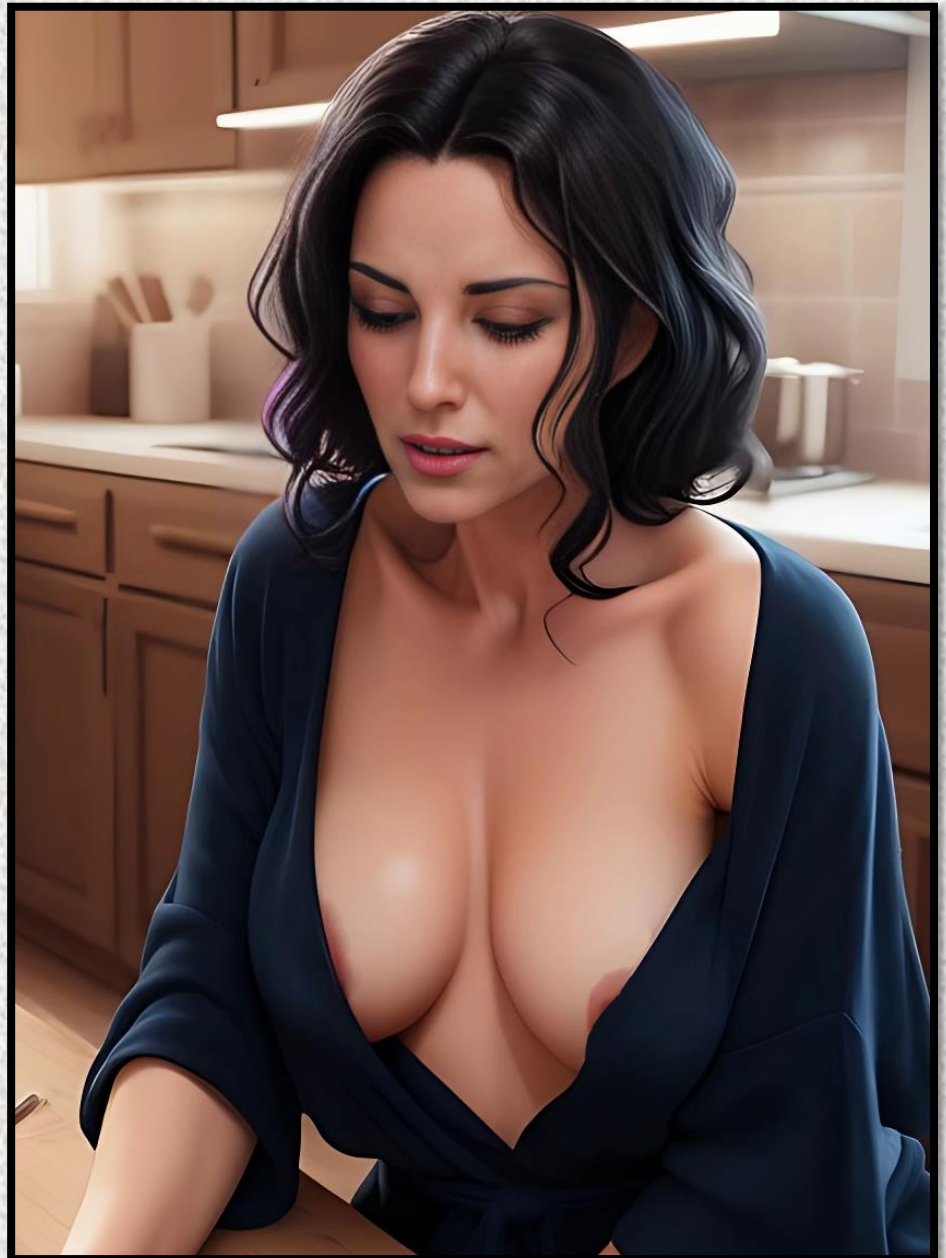
He relaxed a little,  
letting his  
thoughts carry  
him forward.

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?"

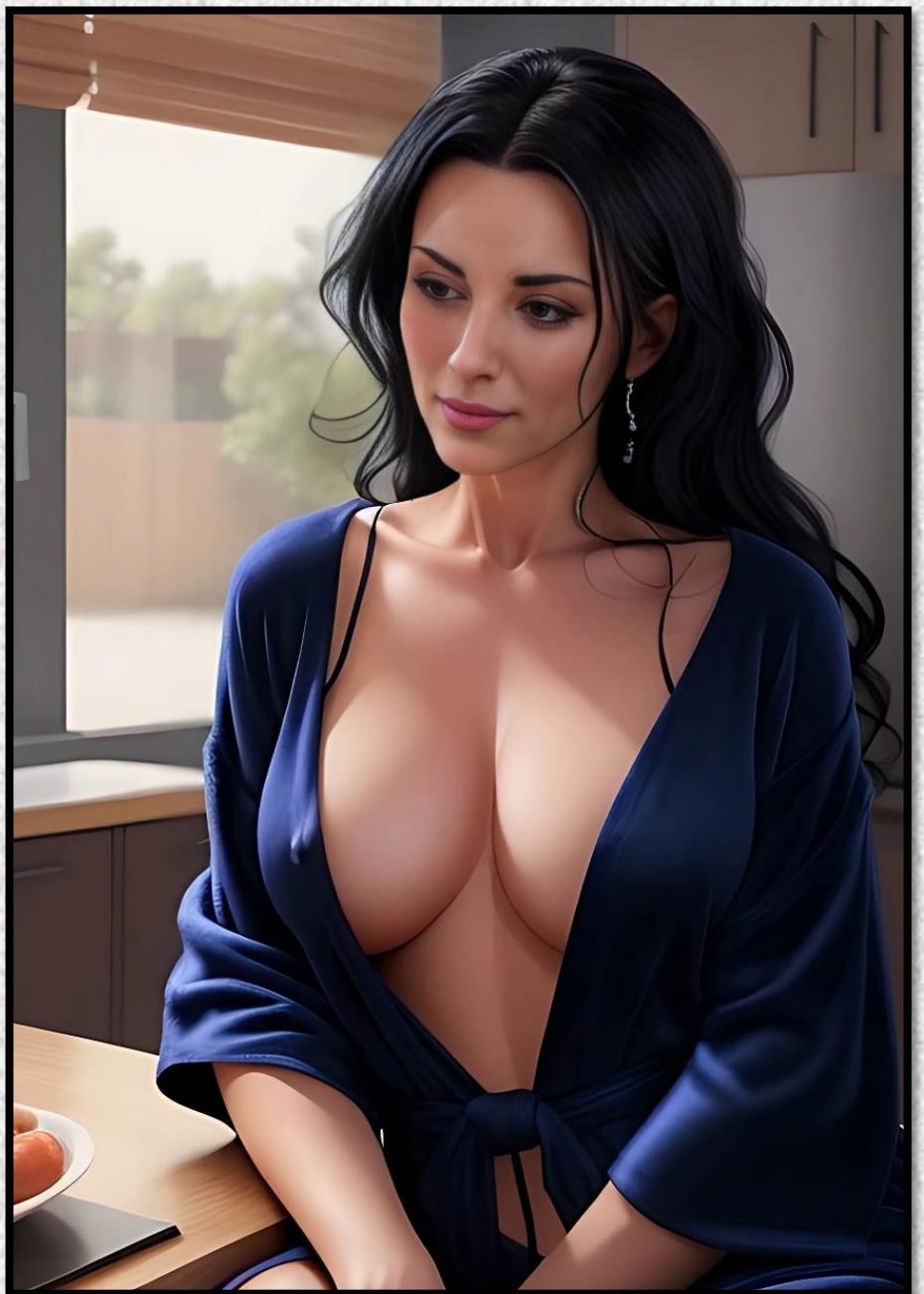
"Yeah, kinda," Dan gulped. "Don't overthink it, Mom. It's just a regular kiss, nothing more."

"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."



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.

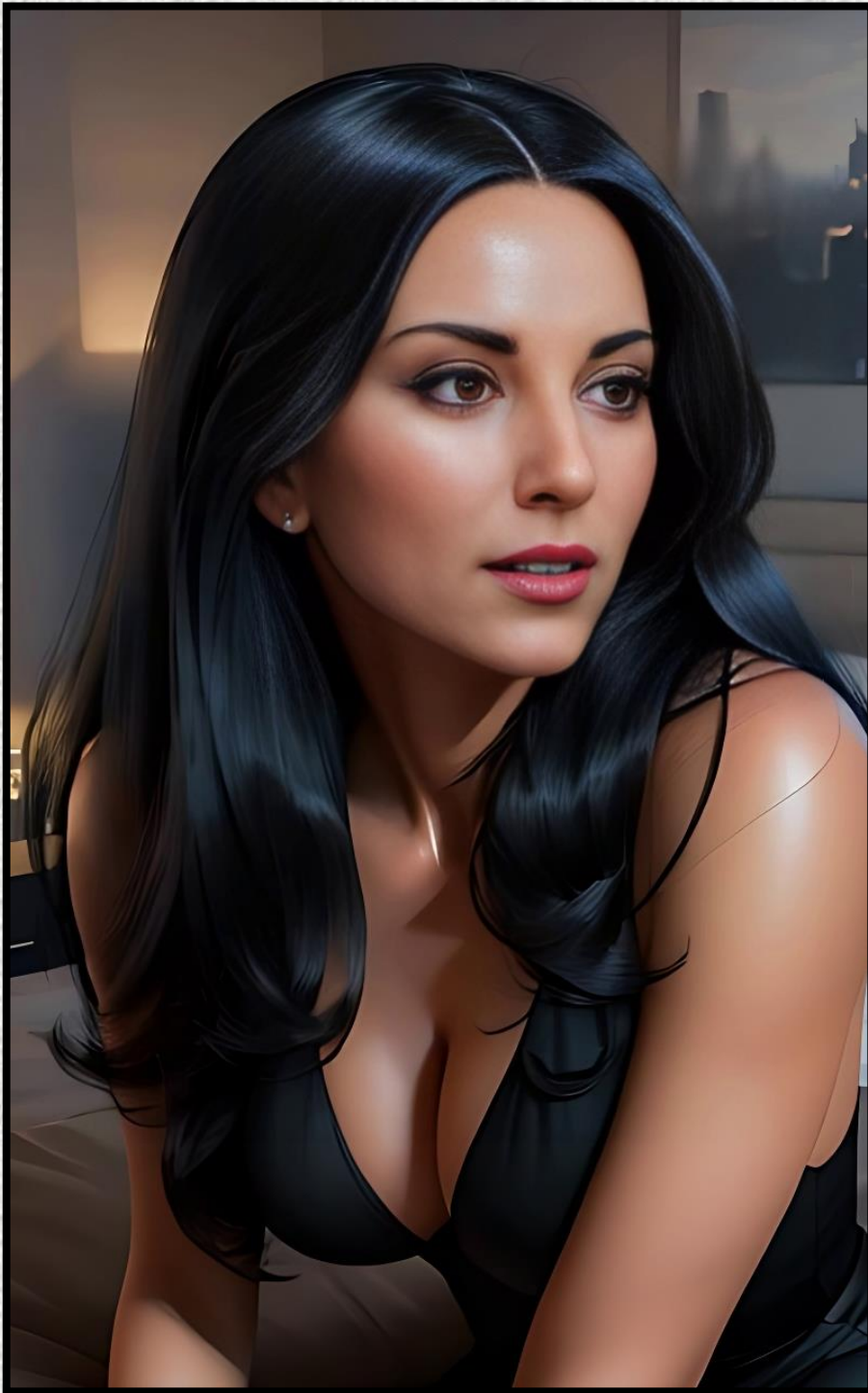


Next morning dawned with uncertainty, leaving Dan with no clear plan for the day ahead. Improvisation might be his best course of action.

"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.

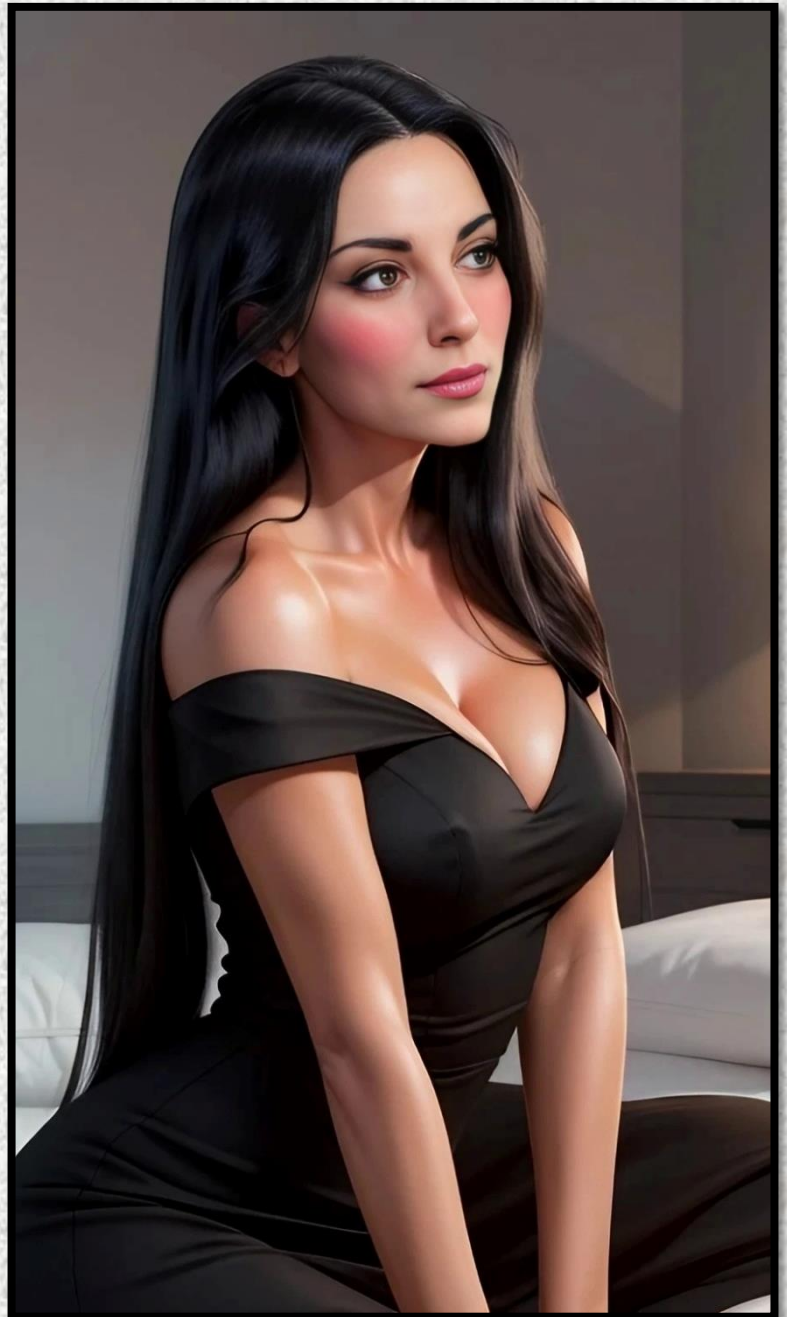
Awkwardness crept up on him. He carefully explored Mom's mouth with his tongue, unsure of what to do next. He was surprised at how soft and yielding her lips were, and how quickly his nervousness began to fade away. As they continued, the passion between them was growing stronger. He ran his fingers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

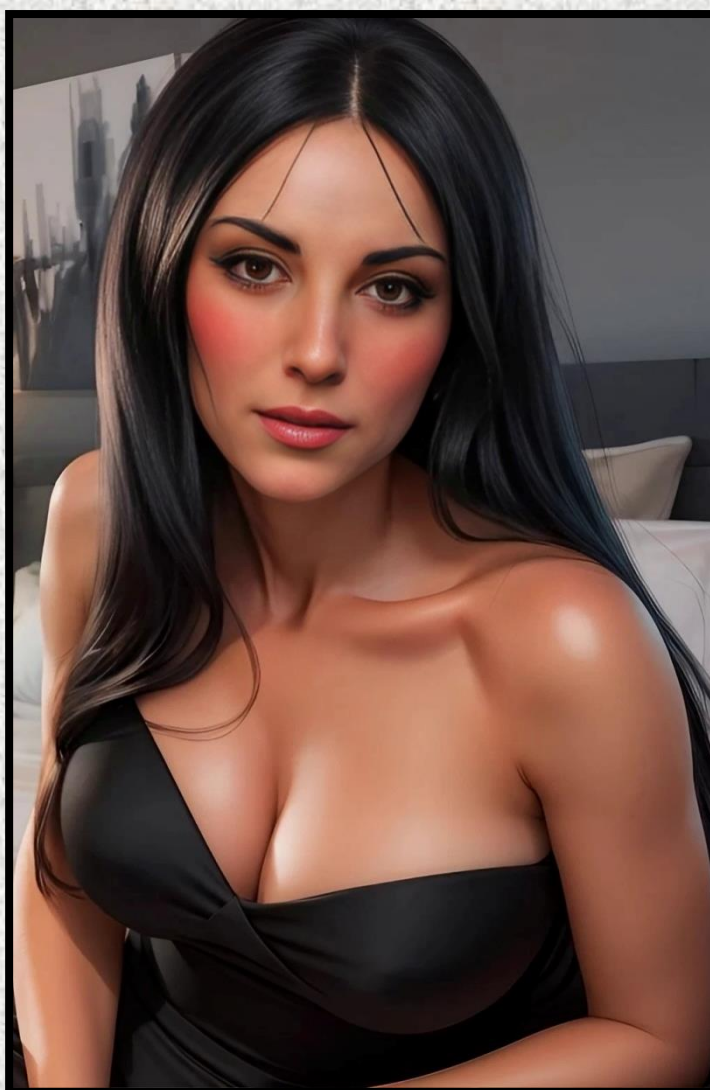
Come on, tell her there's more. She should do a blow job!

"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?"

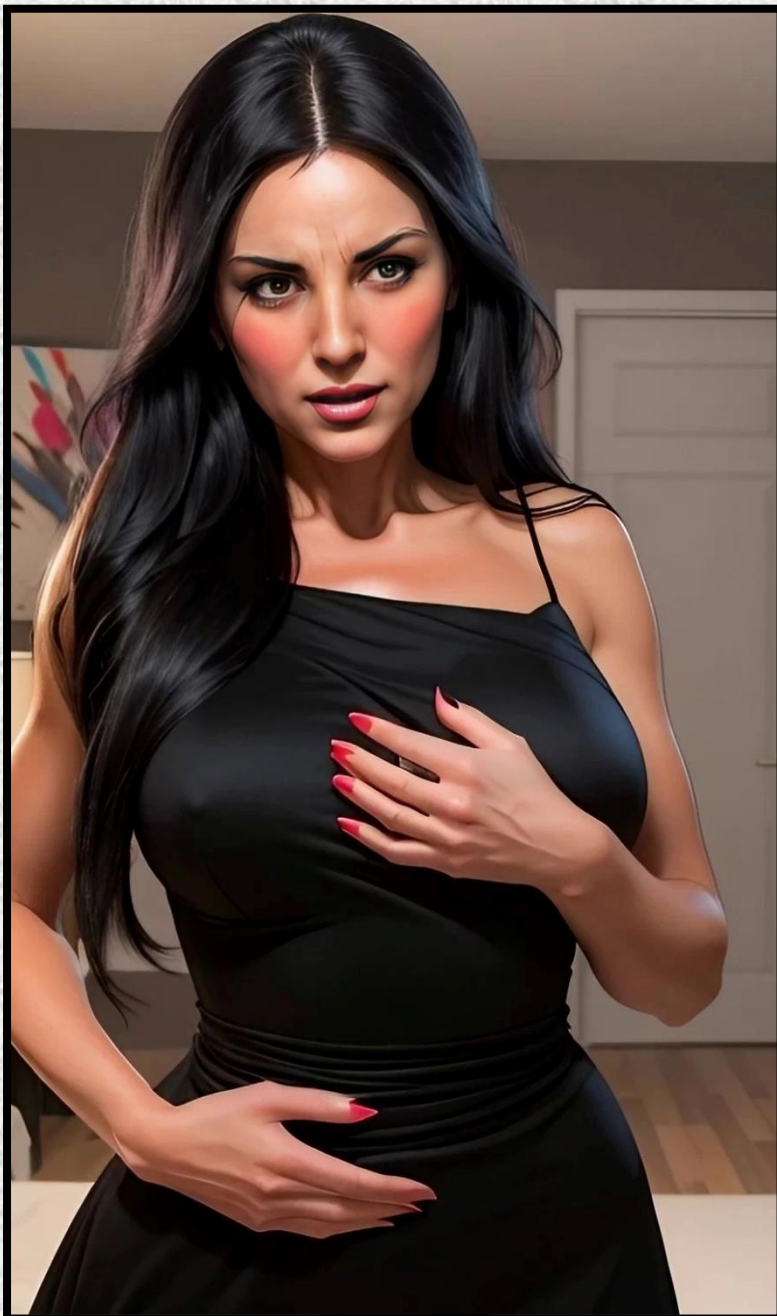
The door opened.

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."



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.



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

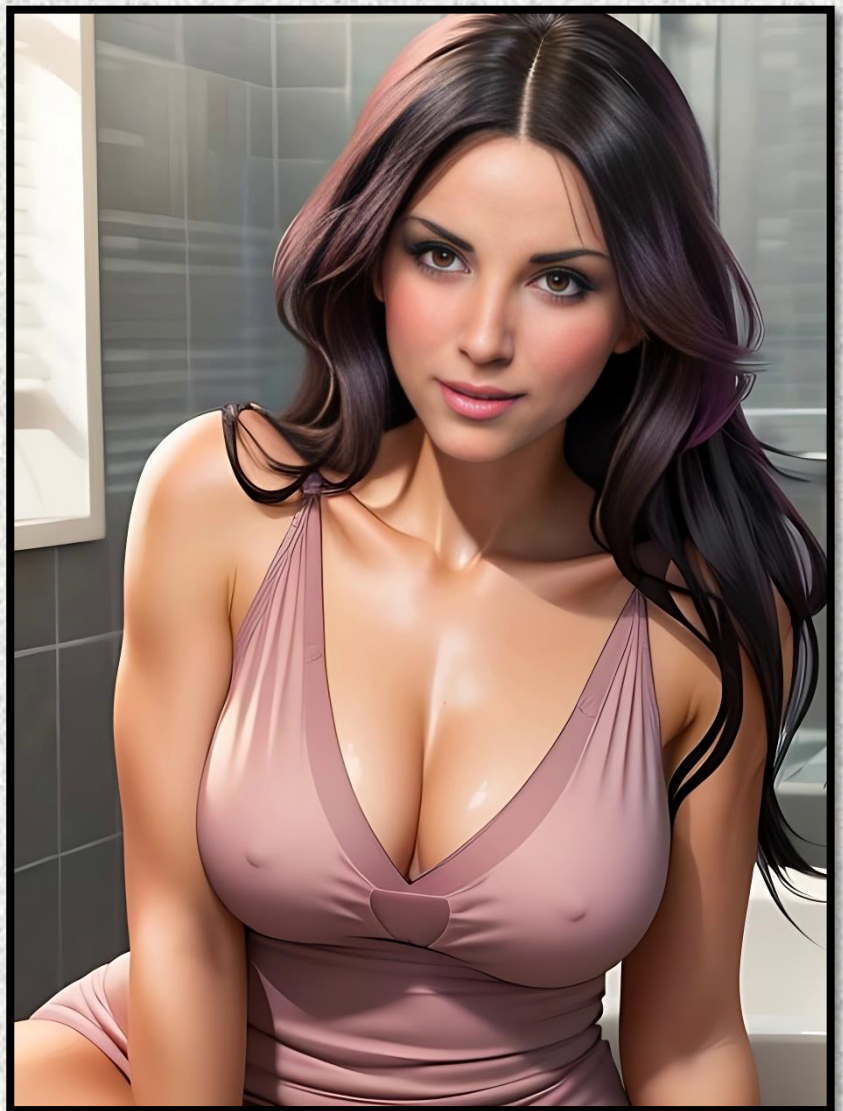
imagination. She had a long, graceful neck that framed a pair of beautiful, full lips, her tan legs had a golden glow that made her look incredibly sexy.

“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."



"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."



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."



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.

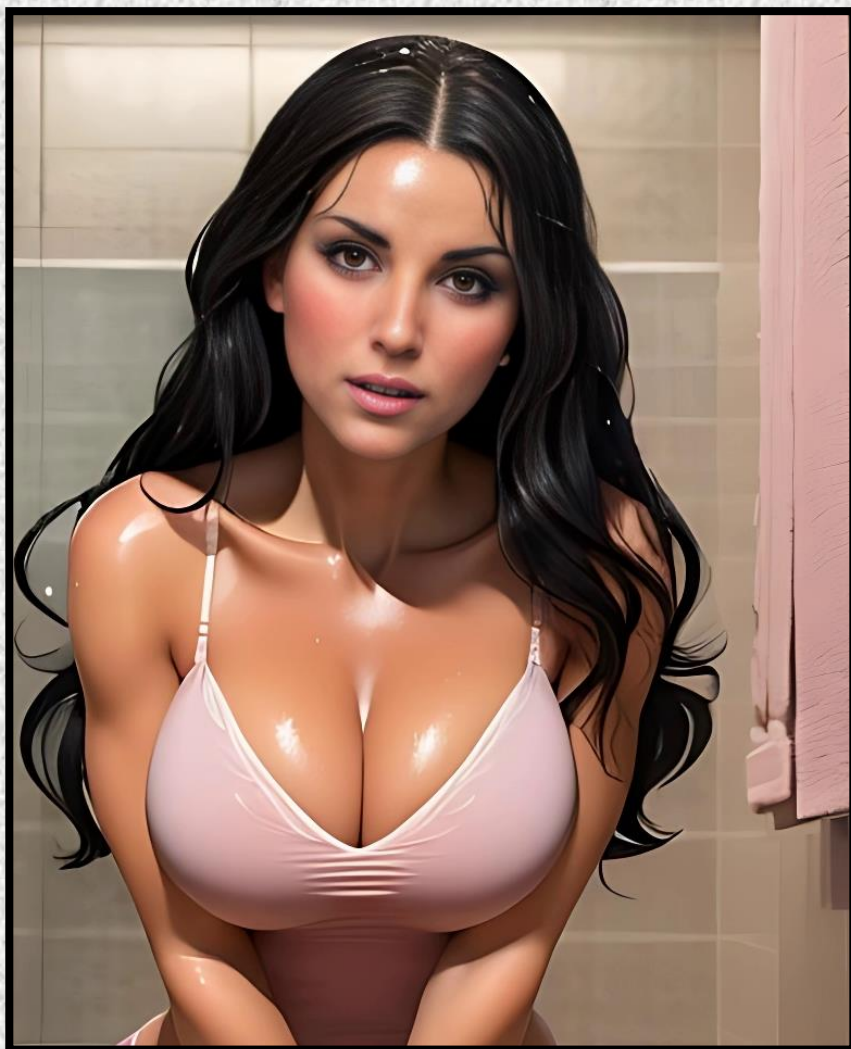
He watched as she bit her lip, rubbing his legs. The breasts shook under her T- shirt. The blood slowly poured straight into his penis.

"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.