

The Christmas of 2023

blaster666

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Summary

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A Christmas like no other for a mother and son.

The Christmas of 2023

Welcome to my latest fantasy. I had planned on having this done in time for Christmas, but unfortunately life got in the way. My suggestion is to check the tags before reading as I'm sure this story is not for everyone. It is a little long-winded, but I hope you enjoy it anyway. As always comments, both good or bad, are welcome.

'Once upon a time, in the not-so-distant past, the winds of fate conspired to form a perfect union for a Mother and Son...'

At ten-thirty-six Thursday morning twenty-year-old David Cavanaugh eased his Ford F-150 into the driveway and parked next to the open garage, his mother's silver Lexus parked inside. Shutting off the engine he leaned back in the seat and let out a deep sigh. It felt so good to be back home. The aircraft carrier he was assigned to had just finished up a six-month patrol in the Pacific and he had two weeks liberty before he had to report back for duty. Stepping out of the truck he stretched his muscular six-foot frame, his eyes taking in the clear blue sky. He marveled at the fact that here it was four days

before Christmas and the temperature was well into the sixties.

“You gotta love Central California in the winter,” he said aloud.

Leaving his seabag in the truck he went through the garage and opened the door that led into the kitchen. Off to the right the open floor plan revealed the well-furnished front room filled with an oversized plush sofa, a matching loveseat and two lazy boy recliners. To the left of the front room sat a tiny dining room, the small dining table unused since his father’s passing. Next to that was a half bath. But his attention wasn’t focused on the furnishings. It was firmly focused on the woman directly across the kitchen standing with her back to him. The woman of his dreams, all five-foot five, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of her. He stood there just taking in the sight of his mother, her hands busy rinsing some dishes in the sink while she stared out the window into the back yard.

She looked just like she had when he had last seen her nearly eight months ago. Her short bottled-blond hair looked unkempt, as if she had just gotten up. The white baggy t-shirt she wore was sleeveless, the arm holes stretched so far out of shaped that they

nearly reached her waist. Beneath the hem of the shirt he could see almost all of her ass, covered only by thin pink bikini panties. His cock twitched at the sight of her butt crack showing clearly through the thin material. Without taking his eyes off her he leaned against the doorjamb and drank in her toned figure. More blood flowed into his cock when she shifted position allowing a brief glimpse of side boob through the drooping armhole. The fact that his cock was getting stiff didn't bother him in the least; he'd long ago come to terms with the knowledge that his mother turned him on to no end. Seeing her dressed like she was only affirmed his belief that she was one of the sexiest women on the planet.

Evelyn Cavanaugh hummed as she rinsed out her breakfast dishes, completely unaware that she was being watched. She was in an extraordinarily happy mood because today was the day that her boyfriend Larry was coming over for one of their get-togethers. Friends with benefits is how they viewed their relationship, no real commitments, just the occasional romp in the sack. She liked it that way. For about five minutes she continued her daydreaming until suddenly she felt that odd feeling of being watched. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up as she slowly began to turn around. A chill

ran down her spine and oddly she felt her nipples start to harden.

David's hazel eyes grew wide when she finally turned around to face him. The bulge in his pants growing larger as he gazed first at the twin brown points poking out the front of her shirt before letting his eyes drift down to see the triangle of a dark bush visible through the thin pink panties. A shudder ran through him as he brought his eyes back up and locked them onto her sparkling green eyes. He almost laughed at the startled look on her face.

Evelyn held one hand up to her mouth, the other clutching her chest as she squawked, "David? What are you doing here? You weren't supposed to be here for two more days."

"Well, hello to you too," he remarked, a broad smile on his face as he spread his arms out.

The love she felt for her son rushed through her causing her to forget how she was dressed. With a squeal of delight she raced forward and ran into his arms, oblivious to how her tits bounced around with each step. She wasn't oblivious to the bulge in his pants however, she instantly felt it pressing into her lower abdomen as soon as she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into her.

“Oh sweetheart, I’ve missed you so much,” she purred, squeezing herself even tighter into him.

“I missed you too, Mama,” he replied, his hands gently stroking her back before they slid down her sides and settled onto her wide hips.

For several minutes they clung to each other, neither wanting to let the other go. But part they did. Evelyn stepped back and stared openly at her son, marveling at how fit he looked. The feel of his body against hers lingered even though they were no longer touching. Slowly she let her eyes roam over his body until they came upon the sizable bulge in his pants. A shiver of sexual arousal wormed its way through her body causing her panties to become damp.

‘Get a grip girl, that’s your son!’ she silently admonished herself as she quickly tore her eyes away from his crotch.

David wasn’t as timid as his mother about where his eyes were looking; they were firmly locked onto her chest. He knew from snooping into her laundry hamper long ago that she was a 38 D cup, and judging by what he was seeing her tits hadn’t lost any of their firmness. The light brown quarter-inch areolas were clearly visible through her top, and her

nipples appeared to be quite pronounced. A smile formed on his lips as he finally lifted his gaze back up to her face. The wicked smile on her face caught him by surprise until she spoke.

“Looks to me like you’ve been out to sea too long,” she said with a snicker.

“Can you blame me, Mom,” he replied, once more letting his eyes roam over her nearly naked body.

The realization of how she was dressed suddenly hit her. Glancing down she saw her nipples tenting her shirt.

“Oh my God! I’m so sorry honey!” she shrieked, making a feeble attempt to cover herself as she ran from the room and bounded up the stairs.

David watched her ass jiggle until she was out of sight, adjusted his dick in his pants, then went out to his truck for his seabag. Once he had it stowed away in his old bedroom he made his way back downstairs where he found his mother. She hadn’t changed out of her clothes, but she had ran a brush through her hair and put on a short cotton robe. A stab of disappointment fluttered through him when he saw how the robe hid all that loveliness. He took a seat

on one of the stools that lined the backside of the kitchen island.

“Coffee?” Evelyn asked, already reaching into the cupboard for a cup.

“Sounds good,” he replied.

After making each of them a cup she brought them over and sat on the stool next to his. He took a sip and let out a purr of satisfaction. It had been a long time since he’d had a decent cup of joe, instead of that swill the Navy passed off as coffee. They spent the next hour catching up on what was going on with the other. Evelyn told him about her new expansion plans for her boutique, one of the trendiest in the valley. He told her about his time at sea. When she asked if he’d had any romantic interludes at some exotic port he just laughed.

“Why’s that so funny?” she inquired.

“It’s just that on our first port of call nearly a third of the crew came back to the ship with a dose of clap. Not me! Fortunately I had duty that first night. So after that I just window shopped, took in some of the scenery, but mainly stayed on board,” he explained.

“That doesn’t sound like much fun,” she said, then took another sip of her coffee.

“It wasn’t, but the alternative wouldn’t have been fun either,” he chuckled.

“I guess not,” she agreed before asking, “So what did you do for entertainment while being stuck on a ship for what now, six, seven months?”

“It was six and a half months, and to keep busy I spent a lot of time in the weight room,” he answered.

“I thought you looked a lot fitter than when you left. Take your shirt off and let me see,” she said, a little catch in her voice.

“Really Mom?” he asked, uncertain if she were serious or not.

“Really honey. I want to see how much you’ve changed,” Evelyn replied.

He thought for a moment then stood and pulled his t-shirt up over his head.

Evelyn almost swooned when she laid eyes on his torso. Long gone was the son she had seen off when he first enlisted two years ago. Before her now stood a man with washboard abbs, broad shoulders and a wide chest with just enough hair on it that a woman

could run her fingers through it. Instantly she felt a trickle of fluids leak into her panties as well as a stiffening of her nipples. Before she could rein it in a soft moan escaped her lips.

David heard the moan.

“Okay, your turn,” he told her, his eyes full of mischief.

Snapped out of her fantasy she stammered, “W-What? My turn for what?”

“To take off the robe. I didn’t get a chance to see if you’ve changed,” he replied with a snicker.

“You can’t be serious,” she blurted out.

“Very. It’s only fair,” he said, holding up his shirt.

Evelyn stared at her son for a moment wondering if he was serious, or just yanking her chain. For the briefest moment she thought about doing what he asked, if for no other reason than to call his bluff. Ultimately she chose not to.

Laughing, she said, “You really have been at sea too long!”

“Can’t blame a guy for trying. Can I at least get a hug?” he asked still standing.

“You can always have a hug sweetie,” she softly said.

As his mother stepped into his arms placing her's around his neck he took a deep breath sucking in her scent. Leaning down he gently ran his hands along her hips before letting them come to rest on her ass. With very little effort he lifted her off her feet and slowly spun them around in a circle.

Evelyn was caught off guard and let out a shriek of surprise when he lifted her up. Tightening her grip around his neck she swung her legs up and wrapped them around his hips. It wasn't an intentional thing, more like an automatic reflex, however the result was definitely something neither expected. Automatically David's hands gripped his mother's ass tighter for better support inadvertently pulling her crotch against the bulge in his pants. Two soft sighs floated in the air as mother and son clung to each other.

David couldn't help but press his bulge harder into his mother's crotch.

Evelyn felt a wave of pleasure course through her pussy as her son's bulge pressed directly against her rapidly engorging clitoris, the sensation causing her to bite her lower lip to stifle the moan that

threatened to spill from her mouth. When she felt his fingers start to knead her firm ass she knew she had to put a stop to this before she became unable to.

“Uhm... honey,” she breathed out.

“Mmm,” came her son’s reply.

“Feeling a little weird here,” she told him.

“Oh, uh yeah,” he said, gently allowing her to slip down until her feet were on the floor.

As he lowered her his bulge raked against her clit. This time she couldn’t stop a moan of pleasure from escaping. As soon as her feet hit the floor she spun around and walked over to the sink and stared out, afraid he would notice her flushed face as well as her hard nipples poking through her clothes.

David watched her for a few seconds before putting his shirt back on, adjusted his dick to a more comfortable position, then went over and stood beside her. As desperately as he wanted to, he didn’t look at her, instead he chose to gaze out the window too. For several minutes mother and son stood together, the silence growing more awkward by the second. David was the first to speak.

“Looks like the yard needs mowed.”

Evelyn didn't realize she'd been holding her breath until he spoke. Exhaling slowly she said, "Yeah, the neighbor boy does the front, but I like to do the back so I can work on my tan."

He couldn't stop an image of her pushing the mower in just her swimsuit from popping into his head. Without a word he walked over to the sliding glass door off the dining room and stepped onto the concrete slab they used as a patio. Once again he adjusted his dick then went over and retrieved the mower from the garden shed. Once he had it gassed up he started it and began to mow. The grass was quite thick making it hard to push the mower through it, so it didn't take long before he began to sweat.

Evelyn Cavanaugh was a very sexual woman, always had been. But over the last few years she found herself craving sex more than ever before. If it weren't for her once a week shagging sessions with Larry she knew she'd be climbing the walls. Bill, her late husband, and David's father had often joked that she would fuck him to death one day. That never happened. Instead it was a runaway city bus that had taken him when David was just thirteen. She'd used the insurance payout to set herself up in business, and the rest was history.

Now as she stared out the window at her son she felt that delicious tingle flutter through her damp pussy. She couldn't shake that feeling she'd felt when her son's bulge had scraped against her clit. Absently her hand dipped into her robe and slowly made its way down her stomach to the top of her panties. She was just about to turn away from the window when she saw her son stop and reach for the hem of his shirt.

"Oh please, don't take it off," she softly groaned, her eyes glued to him.

Up came his shirt. Up, up, up, until finally he stood with his bare torso gleaming in the bright sunshine. A slight whine rolled off her lips as her fingertips dipped down and under the waistband of her panties. Down, down, down they went, until finally reaching her unnaturally large clitoris. Pinching it between her thumb and forefinger she began to slowly stroke the half-inch nub. With her eyes trained on her son she increased the speed of her strokes causing her juices to leak out onto the insides of her thighs. When David stood and stretched she lowered her fingers until they slipped between her meaty labia. With one strong push she sank two of her fingers deep into her sopping slit. Using her left hand against the countertop to hold

herself up she began to rapidly finger fuck herself with the right hand, never taking her eyes from her son's gleaming, sweat soaked torso. In no time at all she felt herself slipping over the edge.

“Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck Meeeeeeeeee!” she cried out as her pussy clamped around her slick fingers, her orgasm almost bringing her to her knees.

David thought he heard something. Glancing at the kitchen window he saw his mother's face twisted in the sweet agony of release. He knew that look all too well. He'd seen that look many times on women's faces as he plowed into them. It was quite obvious to him that she had just masturbated while watching him. His cock crept down his pants leg smearing pre-cum along his thigh. He saw his mother's eyes lock on to his before she suddenly spun away out of sight. He wanted to rush inside and confront her. To tell her how much he longed to be with her. But all he could do was stand there, the fear of ruining their relationship overpowering his incestuous desire.

Evelyn rushed up the stairs, dashed into her room and swiftly closed the door. Her heart was racing as she leaned against the closed door, her mind in turmoil. She couldn't believe what she'd just done.

“God, what is wrong with you Evelyn? Are you turning into some sort of nympho?” she asked aloud.

Only silence answered.

Slowly she pushed herself off the door and made her way into her en suite bathroom. She desperately needed a shower; her inner thighs were coated with her juices. The warm water felt good but using the shower wand between her legs felt heavenly. With her eyes closed she envisioned what it was going to feel like when Larry came over later and shoved his cock into her. The vision in her head suddenly began to flicker in and out, like a bad reception on the television. When it finally cleared she let out a strangled cry. The vision of Larry taking her doggystyle on her bed, while she watched in the floor length mirrors attached to her closet doors, had morphed into something different. Something deeply unsettling. Instead of Larry kneeling behind her feeding his cock into her hungry pussy she saw her son. He was watching the mirror too while slowly sliding in and out of her. She watched in horror as her son grabbed her hips and slammed his cock deep into her yearning cunt causing her ass cheeks to ripple from the force of his pelvis battering against her butt. Before she could shake her head to dispel

the image of her son fucking her she felt her pussy clench.

“Oh God!” she cried out as one of the most intense orgasms she’d ever had coursed through her.

As if in slow motion she dropped the shower wand, staggered back against the shower wall and slowly slid down until she was sitting on the floor, her eyes tightly closed, her knees spread wide as her experienced fingers played her engorged clitoris like a violin. Wave after wave of exquisite pleasure tore through her very being reducing her to a blubbering mess. Minutes passed as she sat there, the shower wand spraying water everywhere, her body shuddering every few seconds.

David stared at the empty window for some time, wondering if he had actually seen what he thought he had. It was possible that his mind was playing tricks on him, but for some reason he didn’t think so.

It took another thirty minutes to finish the backyard. When he was done he went inside but found the downstairs empty. Catching a whiff of himself he elected to go take a shower. His room didn’t have an en suite so he removed everything except his boxers and went into the bathroom across the hall. As he stood under the spray he closed his

eyes and thought about the look on his mother's face through the window, her features contorted in sweet bliss. Admittedly one of the most erotic sights he'd ever seen. Slowly his cock began to swell, compelling him to take the matter in hand. With an image of his mother as she was dressed when he got home firmly planted in his mind he began to stroke. Soon he was fully hard, his big balls swinging with each stroke. Faster and faster he pumped, completely unaware that his mother had just came out of her room and was now next to the bathroom door.

As Evelyn neared the bathroom door she heard the unmistakable sounds of masturbation. Her son's grunts and groans could be heard plainly through the hallow door. She knew she should just keep on walking, but her feet seemed to have a mind of their own. Carefully she placed her ear against the door and listened as her son pleased himself. Her bottom lip quivered, and her nipples stiffened as his moans grew in intensity. But what she heard next shocked her to her very core.

"Yes! Just like that! Oh Mom!" David growled as his cum shot out in thick white ropes and splashed against the shower wall.

Evelyn ran toward the stairs, her eyes wide, her heart thumping in her chest. She didn't slow down until she reach the kitchen. Once there she opened up the fridge, took out the half-full bottle of wine she had stored there. With a trembling hand she opened the bottle and brought it up to her lips. Several large gulps later she felt the hammering of her heart slow. Replacing the cap she put the bottle away and walked over to the window. She stared out at the freshly mowed yard with unseeing eyes, her mind a myriad of unsettling thoughts. Had her son really been fantasizing about her while he stroked his cock? Did she really hear him call out, 'Mom?' Has he ever done it before now? Would he really be willing to have sex with her? So many questions floated through her brain. But the real zinger, the one she couldn't answer, was, 'Would she be willing to have sex with him?'

David entered the kitchen and saw her leaning against the counter staring outside. As he had done many times in the past, he walked up behind her and placed his hands lovingly on her shoulders.

"Did I do a good enough job?" he asked, referring to the yard.

She had been so engrossed in her thoughts she didn't even register the feel of his hands on her shoulders. But when he spoke she nearly jumped out of her skin. She spun around so fast David had to wrap his arms around her so she wouldn't fall.

"Jesus, David, you almost made me wet myself. Don't you know you're not supposed to sneak up on people like that?"

"Sorry, Mom," he said with a hearty chuckle as he pulled her in for a comforting hug.

Letting her own arms encircle his waist she snuggled into him, placed her cheek against his chest, then said with a chuckle of her own, "I'll forgive you this time."

"What were you thinking so hard about?" he asked as he gently stoked her back with one hand.

"Nothing important dear," she murmured, bringing one hand around front and rubbing his chest.

The tone of her voice told him she was lying but he didn't press the issue. He was just glad to be here, right now, holding his mother in his arms.

"I love you, Mom," he whispered.

“I love you too baby,” she replied, then gently pushed him back.

“So what should we do today?” he asked, following her into the front room.

Evelyn stopped and turned to face her son.

“I’m sorry honey, I have to go into work. I’m expecting a new shipment in, and I have to make sure the order is right. I’ll probably be pretty late,” she told him, a tone of disappointment in her voice.

It was only then that he took a look at how she was dressed. She was definitely dressed for work in a silky beige blouse tucked into charcoal grey slacks and three-inch black heels. Her hair was neatly brushed, and a light dusting of makeup had been applied, the dark mascara bringing out the color of her eyes.

“That’s okay, we can do something when you get home,” he cheerfully said.

“Uhm, about that,” she began. “The thing is, I wasn’t expecting you until Saturday, so I have a date tonight. I’m so sorry honey.”

“A date huh. With that Larry dude you told me about?” he asked.

Evelyn detected a trace of jealousy in his voice.

“Yes, with Larry,” she answered.

Putting a smile on his face he said, “That’s okay, Mom, we can do something tomorrow.”

The smile on his face faded when he saw the clouded look on her face.

“I have a full day tomorrow too. I’ve got to meet with the contractor about the expansion, then I have inventory to sort,” she replied, clearly seeing the disappointment on his face.

“But hey, after I get home tomorrow how about I make you a good home-cooked meal, then after that we can snuggle up on the couch and watch movies like we used to,” she added.

Putting on a smile he replied, “Sounds good.”

Evelyn gave him a peck on the cheek and then went into the garage to her car. Once she had backed out she used the remote to shut the door. David stood by the front window and watched until her car was out of sight, then taking a look around he pondered what to do. As he scanned the front room it dawned on him that his mother hadn’t put up a Christmas tree, something she’d always done. With

a new sense of purpose, as well as something to do, he went looking for the tree they'd used every year since his father had died. It took him a while, but he finally found the box with the Balsam Hill logo on the side perched on a shelf in the garage. Next to it were two more boxes labeled decorations.

It took him almost three hours to put up the tree and arrange the ornaments and lights to his satisfaction. Once done he sat on the couch for another hour and admired his handy work. The only thing he could see wrong was the lack of presents under the tree. He headed up to his room, retrieved a slender oblong box from his seabag, then went looking for some wrapping paper. He found that in the garage too.

Even though it was only 5:30 in the evening light began to swiftly fade outside. David had been sitting on the couch watching the sports channel when he noticed. Not wanting to be here when Larry came to pick up his mom for their date he went upstairs, took a shower and shaved. At first he changed into jeans and a Motley Crue t-shirt but thought better of it. Instead he went down to his truck and retrieved the carryall stashed in the back. By the time he was ready to go he felt confident that wearing his dress blues was the way to go. He'd always had good luck

attracting the fairer sex dressed in them. There was just something about the uniform that appealed to women. After making sure he had money, his wallet and I.D. he adjusted the dixie cap and headed to his truck. The plan was to stop and eat something first, then check out several of the local clubs.

At 6:48 just as David was finishing his meal at Denny's Evelyn arrived home. She noticed her son's truck was gone while waiting for the garage door to open. She felt sad that she'd made plans that she didn't want to break. It'd been over two weeks since the last time her and Larry had gotten together, and as horny as she was she couldn't wait another day to scratch the itch between her legs. She closed the garage door, locked her car, then went into the kitchen, the only light coming from the hood above the stove. Off to her right she noticed a multi-colored glow coming from the front room. Placing her purse on the counter she went to investigate. Her heart swelled with love as she took in the sight of the decorated Christmas tree near the front window.

"Ahh, bless his heart," she whispered.

While Evelyn was admiring the tree David was seated at the first bar he came across. It turned out to be a country bar filled with mainly older people.

Even though he wasn't legally of age to drink he often found that the uniform made most bartenders forget to ask him for identification. Such was the case in this bar. He learned as the night went on that most of the guys in the place were veterans, as were some of the mature women. The patrons took to him as if he were one of their own. When they learned that he'd just returned from six months at sea the booze began to flow.

Evelyn stepped out of the shower and walked into her bedroom, the clock on her nightstand telling her that she had about fifteen minutes before Larry was due. Standing at the foot of her bed she pondered what to wear while studying her figure in the full-length mirror on her closet door. Her eyes traveled over her breasts, full and round with just a hint of sag due to their weight, the quarter inch light brown areolas crinkled, the eraser-sized nipples stiff with anticipation. Lowering her eyes she took in the fairly flat stomach, a product of countless Pilates classes, then further down she saw the neatly trimmed bush that covered her mound. A scowl came over her face as she gazed at the hood of her clitoris peeking through the dark hair. All her life she'd had a large clit and meaty labia. She had asked her mother about it, thinking she was some sort of freak compared to

other girls she saw in the showers after gym class, but her mom had told her that it ran in the family. Her mother had even shown her what her's looked like. It was even bigger than her's. Over the years her's seemed to grow, and now it was as big as her mother's had been.

Running the tip of her index finger over the sensitive hood she felt a shiver seep through her. As pleasurable as it was to have it touched she had found that most men she'd been with seemed to shy away from going down on her. Larry was no exception. The one and only time he ate her out lasted a whole minute and a half before he stopped. She had learned that she could compensate for the lack of tongue pleasure by simply having the guy fuck her in the doggy position. It was almost as much pleasure to have a man's balls slapping against her clit. With a shiver she pulled her finger away from her throbbing bud and glanced at the clock. Seven minutes to go.

Twenty minutes later no Larry. Not even a text letting her know he was running late. Stretched out on her bed, her robe spread open, she continued to lightly caress her labia, the tip of her middle finger occasionally dipping into her dripping slit. She used this technique to keep the juices flowing as time

slowly ticked on while her anger continued to climb. Larry had never been late before, and the waiting was becoming increasingly harder for her to bear.

By nine thirty she was pissed. At ten-fifteen she was beyond furious. She needed relief. Picking up her phone she sent a text to Larry asking what was taking him so long. After fifteen minutes with no reply she rolled over and opened the drawer to her nightstand. Reaching in she grabbed her favorite, and only toy, a flesh-colored dildo about six inches long. Slowly she lowered it to her pussy and ran the tip of the rubber cock through her soaked folds. Once she had it coated with her cream she gently inserted it into her entrance, pushing until a good five inches were stuffed into her hungry hole.

“Ahh yes!” she hissed feeling the fake cock working it’s magic to quell the itch that burned inside.

After a couple of minutes of this she pulled the rubber cock out, piled several pillows against her headboard and leaned back. Spreading her legs she once again inserted the toy, only this time she could watch in the mirror as it slid in and out. The visual stimulation added another dimension to her heightened senses. Just as she neared what felt like a

decent orgasm the doorbell rang. Yanking the dildo from her soaked pussy she threw it on the bed and ran for the stairs.

Holding her robe closed with one hand she yanked open the door and growled, “What the hell took you so long...” the words dying in her throat as she took in the sight in front of her.

Instead of being Larry it was her son. He was being held up by a burly guy with a grey beard and a baseball cap on his head, the words ‘Vietnam Veteran’ imprinted across it. It was obvious that David was drunk as a skunk.

“Sorry to bother you ma’am, but he says he lives here,” the old guy said, his eyes wandering to the gap in Evelyn’s robe.

“He’s my son,” she replied, stepping out and wrapping an arm around her son’s waist to support him.

“As you can see he had a little too much to drink, so we,” he waved a hand at the car in the driveway where two other guys sat, “decided it best if we brought him home.”

“Hi Mom,” David slurred out, then belched.

The smell of whiskey assaulted her nose as she started to lead him into the house.

“You need help with him?” the old guy asked, once more glancing down at the exposed cleavage.

“No. No, I’ve got him. Thanks for bringing him home,” she said.

“No problem ma’am, the kid’s a lot of fun.” Just as the guy walked away he turned back and said, “When he sobers up tell him we said thanks for his service.”

Before she could think of a reply the car backed out of the driveway and took off.

“Come on honey, let’s get you to bed,” she told David as she helped him into the house.

With a sloppy grin on his face he slurred, “I’d like that.”

Getting him up the stairs was difficult. He could barely stand so she took one of his arms and placed it around her neck while using her other one to hold him up by the waist. This presented a problem. With both hands being used she had no way to keep her robe closed. Another problem was with his arm around her neck his hand was resting on her exposed

breast. With each step up the stairs his hand would bounce against her fleshy boob. At one point she could've sworn she felt him squeeze it. By the time they reached his room the nipple on that breast was quite stiff.

"Think you can get undressed?" she asked, completely forgetting that her robe was wide open.

David struggled but managed to remove his jumper along with the white t-shirt under it. Bare chested he turned and stared blurry eyed at his mother. At first it didn't dawn on him that she was exposed, and by the time it did he felt the room start to spin. Swiftly Evelyn grabbed him around the waist and stirred him to the bed. Once seated he gazed at her and drunkenly said, "You're so pretty, Mom." No sooner had the words left his mouth than he fell sideways on the bed and promptly passed out.

Evelyn couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

"A Mother's work is never done," she sighed, kneeling down and untying his shoes.

Once she had his shoes and socks off she stood, then grabbing his ankles she swung his legs up onto the bed. David stirred a little then rolled over and lay on his back, his arms down by his sides, light

snoring sounds letting Evelyn know that he was still asleep. At first she thought about leaving him like that, but decided he would be more comfortable if she removed his pants too. However that proved to be more work than she anticipated. First off she had no idea how to undo his pants; there were so many buttons. A little exploring finally revealed the hidden zipper built into them. She felt a moment of triumph when she finally had them undone. The next step proved a little daunting. Standing at the foot of the bed she took hold of each pant leg and began to tug. At first, since David wasn't able to lift his butt to help, they refused to budge. Gripping the cuffs of his pants she pulled harder. She was almost about to give up when suddenly the waistband cleared his ass causing his pants to rapidly slid down his legs. She'd been pulling so hard she had no time to react, her momentum pulled her back so fast she fell backward and landed on her ass on the floor.

“Son of a bitch!” she snapped.

Placing her hands on the foot of the bed she struggled until she was back on her feet. When she gazed back down at her son she got the surprise of her life. Apparently, and quite unintentionally, she had not only pulled off his pants, but had also pulled his boxers down to his knees. That wasn't what had

her so surprised though. It was the fact that her son's cock and balls were exposed.

She cupped a hand over her mouth and let out a strangled, "Oh! My! God!"

Her first instinct was to get the hell out of there. And she almost did. She made it to the door but for some reason she couldn't leave. She began chewing on her lower lip as warning bells went off in her head. Slowly she turned around and took a few tentative steps toward her son's bed, the warning bells growing louder the closer she got. Once alongside his bed she stared down in disbelief, her brain struggling to comprehend what her eyes were seeing.

Her son's flaccid cock was almost as big as her toy, and his ball sack was so large it fell down between his thighs almost resting on the bed. Unable to stop herself she gingerly reached down until the tips of her fingers made contact with the smooth hot flesh of his shaft. She felt powerless. His cock called out to her. Gently she curled her fingers around the shaft and lifted until his cockhead was pointing toward the ceiling. She could feel the heat radiating off it, instantly warming the palm of her hand. She couldn't help but wonder if it was this big soft, then

how big was it fully erect. There was only one way to find out she told herself. The warning bells in her head were really blaring now, but they were falling on deaf ears.

Her hand began to slowly stroke the soft tube of flesh as if trying to coax more blood into it. At first she didn't think it was working until she felt his cock twitch in her hand. A smile of satisfaction spread on her lips as his cock continued to grow. By the time it was fully hard she couldn't even get her fingers all the way around it's girth. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her son's cock had to be at least eight or nine inches long. Drool leaked out of the corner of her mouth as she stared at it.

She knew she should stop; she'd seen what she wanted, and she would have if a drop of pre-cum hadn't oozed out of his slit at that very moment. With a growl of unbridled lust she lowered her head and swallowed as much of his cock as she could get into her mouth. Her hand began to rapidly pump the remaining shaft as her carnal cravings kicked into overdrive. Faster and faster she bobbed on his knob while her free hand found its way between her own thighs, two fingers sinking into the smoldering heat of her drenched pussy.

David woke, the pleasure coursing through his cock too much for his alcohol infused mind to block. Slowly he raised his head and looked down toward his crotch. The blurry image of a woman bending over him brought a smile to his face. He knew he was dreaming because he'd had this dream many times in the past. Gently lowering his head back to the bed he closed his eyes and surrendered to the unadulterated pleasure that raced through him.

Evelyn felt David's shaft swell and throb. Just as she felt the first rope of cum enter her mouth she felt her orgasm rip through her. Unable to cry out, her mouth full of cum, she groaned out her pleasure as her cunt muscles clamped around her invading fingers. So lost in her own pleasure she failed to hear him call out "Oh Mom!" Both mother and son shuddered violently as their orgasms washed over them, a blinding light exploding in their brains. As soon as she could she pulled her cum coated mouth from her son's cock, stood straight up and then ran from the room. She needn't have hurried; David had already passed out again.

As soon as she reached her bedroom she rushed into the bathroom and turned on the sink faucet. Bending over she splashed cold water on her face, the taste of her son's cum a stark reminder of what

she'd just done. Once her heart rate slowed down she lifted her head and stared into the mirror over the sink.

“What the hell were you thinking you sick bitch! That was your son's cock you just sucked off!” she barked at her reflection, tears beginning to form as the realization of what she'd just done set in.

Reaching over she pulled a hand towel off the rack and patted her face dry. Once finished she returned the towel and walked back into her bedroom, remorse and fear for what she'd done quickly building. As she stood there a scary thought popped into her head. What would have happened if he had woken up? That question was followed by several more. Would he have been disgusted to find his mother sucking his cock? And if he had woken, how much damage would have been done as far as their relationship was concerned? Could she have explained her actions? She seriously doubted it. How do you tell your son that you were so overcome with lust just by seeing his penis that you couldn't help yourself?

As those questions swirled around in her brain she realized that she couldn't leave him the way he was. She had to at least cover him up. Squaring her

shoulders she stepped out into the hall and froze when she saw the light coming from his open doorway. Had she left the light on or was he awake and waiting for her she wondered. With faltering steps she reached his door fully expecting to see him sitting on the bed waiting angrily for her to return to the scene of the crime. What she found instead was her son laying on his side in a fetal position with his back to the door. He was still naked, and his boxers were still around his knees. Seeing that he was on top of the covers she went over and pulled a spare blanket out of the linen closet in the hall. After covering him up she leaned over and placed a delicate kiss on his cheek. "I love you baby boy," she whispered.

Sleep didn't come to her until the wee hours of the night, and it was a restless sleep at that.

David woke with a serious case of cotton mouth and a pounding headache. Throwing the blanket off he swung his legs over the side of the bed and prepared to stand. That's when he noticed his boxers around his knees. He looked around the room and saw his clothes scattered about.

'Damn, you really tied one on,' he thought to himself as he pulled his boxers up.

His first order of business was to get to the bathroom and relieve his bladder. He must have stood there peeing for almost five minutes before he finally felt empty. Next he reached inside the medicine cabinet and grabbed the bottle of aspirin, which he took with him as he made his way to the kitchen. Once he downed four tablets he set about making a fresh pot of coffee. Two cups later the aspirin were starting to work, but his recollection of last night's activities were still muddled. He vaguely remembered going to a bar, but everything else was a blur. A sobering thought occurred to him.

"Please tell me I didn't drive," he said as he ran to the front window and looked at the driveway.

Not seeing his truck he sighed, "Well, at least I did something right."

After another cup of coffee he made his way back to his bedroom where he searched through his clothes. If he hadn't driven home last night then he needed to know where his truck was. He didn't find his keys, but in one pocket he did find a parking stub for a twenty-four-hour parking garage. He also found a match book for a bar called the Rusty Nail. Written on the inside cover was a note stating that his keys were there. With the mystery of where he

had been last night cleared up he showered and shaved then called Uber.

The driver dropped him off in front of the bar and sped away. There were only two customers in the place, none that looked familiar, and he didn't recognize the man behind the curved mahogany bar either, but the man recognized him.

"Hey sailor, back for some more action?" the burly man asked.

David explained why he was there, and the man happily reached into a drawer and brought out his keys. When asked if he knew where the parking garage was he was told it was two blocks away. After a bit of chit chat David hoofed it the two blocks to the garage where he was informed by the attendant that it would cost him fifteen dollars for the overnight parking. It was almost four o'clock by the time he pulled into his mother's driveway. With a heavy sigh he slumped down into the soft cushions of the couch, picked up the remote for the television and aimlessly surfed through the channels. As he flipped through the channels bits and pieces of last night's activities started to drift in and out of his subconsciousness. Most of the night was a blank but he did remember sitting next to an older gal who

couldn't keep her hands off him. There was something else that tried to surface. Something dark. Something forbidden. Something delicious. But try as he might, he just couldn't force it to reveal itself. His train of thought was broken by the sound of the garage door opening.

Evelyn Cavanaugh's stomach was tied in knots as she pulled into the garage and turned off the car. She had been dreading this moment. Her hands shook as she opened her door and stepped out, the prospect of seeing her son after last night's indiscretion terrified her. Even though she was sure he didn't know what she had done, she still worried about it. Taking a deep breath she opened the door into the kitchen and stepped inside. She found him sitting on the couch watching TV. He looked like death warmed over.

"Hey Honey," she greeted him.

"Hey Mom, how was your day?" he replied, his head slowly turning to look in her direction.

"Long," she answered, taking a few steps closer to the couch.

"You look really nice," David said, taking in the stylish pants suit his mother was wearing.

“And you look like shit. Have a good time last night?” she asked.

With a chuckle he replied, “To tell the truth, I don’t remember a thing. I don’t even know how I got home.”

She could feel her nerves relax upon hearing that. For the next few minutes she told him about being brought home by some guys, and how she helped him up the stairs. She didn’t mention anything about undressing him or getting him into bed. When he apologized for being so much trouble she couldn’t help but let out a little laugh. God, if he only knew she thought to herself. Relief flooded her as she realized that he had no memory of what had actually happened.

“I’ll let you make it up to me. There’s a box on my front seat, I’d appreciate it if you could get it for me and bring it up to my room,” she said while making her way to the stairs.

After she left he sat there for a bit then went out to the garage and retrieved the box. It was fairly large but hardly weighed anything. He reached her bedroom door and found it partially open. Hesitant to go in he called out to her and was told to come in and put the box on the bed. The room was empty,

but the sound of splashing told him that his mother was in the bath.

“I’ll just leave this here. Holler if you need anything else,” he called out, then turned to leave.

“David, could you come in here for a minute,” Evelyn asked through the half-closed bathroom door.

His eyebrows rose at that. He knew she was in the tub. A tingle ran through his crotch as he pushed the door all the way open. Stepping inside he was surprised to see her in the tub completely covered by bubbles with just her head sticking out. She smiled at his discomfort.

“I know I promised to cook you a nice dinner tonight, but I was hoping we could put that off until tomorrow. I’m just not up for it tonight. You don’t mind, do you?” she asked.

Taking a seat on the toilet he said, “No problem, we can just order take-out. Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine, it’s just been a long day and I didn’t sleep too good last night,” she told him.

“Was that because of me?” he asked, trying hard not to look in her direction, even though he knew he

couldn't see anything through the bubbles.

"No," she lied. "It's just been hectic with the expansion and all. Nothing for you to worry about."

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked finally looking at her.

"Not really, but thanks for asking," she replied, sitting up in the tub, the bubbles barely covering her chest.

He was about to leave when a thought entered his mind. A thought that brought back the tingle in his crotch.

"Want me to wash your back for you?" he asked, a questioning smile on his face.

She was taken aback by the question. It had been years since she'd had anyone wash her back for her. Without thinking she took a washcloth, put some body wash on it and handed to him. She watched as he kneeled down by the tub and began to run the cloth over her back. It felt good. Real good. So good in fact that she closed her eyes and let out a soft moan, unaware that the bubbles were no longer hiding the breast closest to him.

“You’re muscles are really tight Mom. Maybe you should let me give you a back rub,” he suggested as his eyes locked on the one erect nipple that he could see.

“That’s okay sweetie, I’ll be fine once I soak for a while. But thanks for the offer,” she told him.

David finished scrubbing her back and handed her the washcloth. He took one last look at her exposed nipple then got up and left. When he reached his room he undid his pants and fished out his erect cock. Closing his eyes he began to stroke the throbbing shaft while the image of his mother sitting in the tub played over and over in his head. God, he wanted her. He wanted her in the worse way.

While David was busy pounding his pud, Evelyn had lain back in the tub and was softly caressing her tingling clit. She had declined her son’s offer of a back rub simply because she didn’t trust herself. With her sexual frustration at an all-time high and knowing about the monster in his pants she was afraid she’d do something rash. Something like rape him. A loud moan escaped her lips as two of her fingers sank into the depths of her starving pussy.

Dinner had consisted of Chinese food delivered by Grub-Hub. The rest of the evening was spent watching TV, neither paying much attention to what was on. They were both lost in their own thoughts. Around nine Evelyn said goodnight and went to bed, David followed shortly after.

Saturday morning David woke just before ten feeling much better than yesterday. After a quick shower he threw on some sweats and a t-shirt then went downstairs where he found Evelyn sitting at the island drinking coffee and reading through what looked like invoices. She was dressed in a fluffy pink robe with matching slippers.

“Morning Mom,” he said, stopping next to her long enough to give her a kiss on the cheek.

“Good morning honey,” she replied, her eyes scanning the papers in front of her.

As he fixed himself a cup of coffee he continued to talk to her.

“I forgot to ask, how did your date with Larry go?” he asked.

“It didn’t,” came her reply.

Turning around he leaned against the counter and asked, “What happened?”

Evelyn set the papers down and answered, “He didn’t show up.”

“He stood you up? What a loser!” he said as he slid onto the stool next to hers.

“Why do you say that?” she inquired.

Turning in his seat to face her he placed his hand on her back and said, “Because if I had a foxy lady such as yourself waiting to go out on the town with me, I sure as hell wouldn’t stand her up! Hell, I’d probably be two hours early just to make sure she didn’t get away.”

Smiling, she said, “That’s sweet of you to say, but Larry and I don’t have that kind of relationship.”

“What kind of relationship do you guys have?” he asked, puzzled.

Picking up her cup, she took a small sip, then said, “Ours is more a physical one than romantic.”

A huge grin spread on his lips as he realized what his mother was saying. “Ahh, so he’s just a booty call then.”

“Something like that,” she said with a chuckle.

“So how long have you and Loser Larry been seeing each other?” he asked with a smirk.

“About six months, and you don’t need to call him a loser, he’s actually a nice guy,” she said defensively.

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry. So tell me, does he ever take you out to dinner or a movie? Or does he just come over and you two knock boots for an hour or two, and then he leaves?”

She chuckled and said, “An hour or two? I wish.”

He could tell she was uncomfortable discussing this with him which only made him want to prolong the conversation. He asked, “So if not an hour, then how long does he stay?”

Evelyn stood and walked over to get another cup of coffee. Once she had it poured she turned around and leaned against the counter just like he had done.

“I’m not really comfortable talking about my sex life with my son,” she said.

Holding up his hands in surrender he said, “Fair enough. I was just curious is all.”

She took a sip of coffee then whispered, “Fifteen to twenty minutes.”

“What? Did you just say fifteen to twenty minutes?” he asked in a strangled voice.

Evelyn almost burst out laughing when she looked at his exaggerated expression. She knew he was just screwing with her now but felt obligated to defend Larry.

“A lot can happen in that amount of time,” she remarked.

“Hell Mom, that’s barely enough time to get warmed up. What a loser,” he snickered.

“It’s been plenty of time so far, and please stop calling him a loser,” she said with an edge in her voice.

David couldn’t help himself, teasing her was too much fun.

“Yeah, okay. I won’t call him loser anymore. How does Speed Of Light Larry sound instead?” he chuckled.

She fixed him with a glare then doubled over with laughter. If he only knew the truth she thought. Sure, Larry was fast, and most times he failed to get

her off, but the times that he did left her feeling oh so relaxed. Sex for her was like an addiction, she couldn't go too long between fixes.

"That's funny," she managed to say after her laughter died down.

"Truthfully Mom, I never thought you would settle for a quick roll in the sack. I always figured you for someone that would want the whole enchilada. Dinner, dancing, going out on the town. That sort of thing," he told her.

"I don't have time for that relationship crap. Nor do I want it. What I have works fine for me," she responded.

Just as he was about to say something her phone rang. She went over and picked it up off the counter and glanced at the caller ID. Telling David it was Larry she answered it and walked into the front room for privacy. He could still hear her, and what he could gather the conversation was quickly becoming heated. Rarely had he ever seen his mother angry, but when she returned to the kitchen there was no mistaking the look of anger on her face.

"I take it that wasn't good news," he said.

“No it wasn’t. That prick was transferred to the office in Oklahoma City!” she growled.

“Wow. That sucks for you,” he said, a smile plastered on his face.

Evelyn saw the smile on his face and asked, “If it sucks for me, then why are you smiling?”

“I know it’s bad from your point of view, but from mine, it’s as if fate intervened. Now I don’t have to share you,” he answered honestly.

“Share me?” she asked, not certain how he meant that.

“Your time, Mom. Now I have you all to myself,” he replied.

“Well buckle up buttercup, because without Larry’s visits Mama’s gonna get pretty bitchy real quick,” she informed him.

Taking his cup with him David sidled up next to her at the counter and put his arm around her shoulder, then said, “Well hell, Mom, if all you need is a booty call, then I’d be more than happy to help out with that.”

At first she couldn’t tell if he was serious or not, but one glance at the goofy grin on his face she

decided that he wasn't. For some reason she felt disappointed by that.

“That's real generous of you but be careful your mouth doesn't write checks that your ass can't cash. As horny as I am right now I might just take you up on that.”

He knew just by the sound of her voice that she was joking but that didn't stop his cock from lurching in his pants. He was about to tell her that he'd cash that check any time she wanted but didn't get the chance. She informed him that she had to finish up some things at work and left to get dressed. As she headed out the door to get in her car she reminded him that she still planned on making him a nice meal.

After she left he sat at the island and had another cup of coffee, the idea of doing something he hadn't done in years slowly taking shape in his mind. Years ago they used to give each other a gag gift to open on Christmas eve. Somehow the tradition had faded until it stopped completely. This year he thought he'd bring it back. All he would need was a computer and a printer, which he found in the spare bedroom that his mother used as a home office. With

a smile on his face he got to work, and two hours later he had the gift wrapped and under the tree.

At three-thirty Evelyn arrived home, lugged in a bag of groceries and sat them on the counter. Next she went looking for David. She found him napping on the couch. Not wanting to wake him she went back into the kitchen and put away the groceries then headed up to her room. She stripped out of her work clothes, and after a few minutes of debating what to wear she finally settled on a pair of baggy sweatpants and a tank top. It felt liberating to feel her unfettered tits bounce as she made her way down the stairs.

David was sitting up rubbing the sleep from his eyes when he heard her footsteps. Looking over his shoulder he watched her as she made her way down the last three steps, his cock twitching in his jeans at the way her breasts bounced with each step.

“Oh, you’re awake,” she said with a smile as she walked by.

“Yeah, must’ve nodded off,” he replied, stifling a yawn.

She took a seat on the couch next to him and asked how his day went. Glancing at the gag gift

under the tree he told her it was good. Her eyes followed his, but she didn't say anything. Instead she got up and saying she forgot something she ran back up the stairs. When she came back she was holding two wrapped gifts which she placed under the tree.

“Almost forgot your gifts,” she said, a mischievous look in her eyes.

“Can I shake them?” he asked just like he used to when he was a kid.

“Absolutely not!” came her reply.

“Aww, you're mean,” he fake whined.

With a chuckle she stepped over to him and leaned down to kiss him on the cheek. Just as her lips were almost on his cheek he turned his head and her lips connected with his. Both their eyes widened in surprise as their lips touched and tingles of pleasure shot through them. David's cock lurched in his pants while Evelyn's pussy grew moist. The kiss only lasted a few seconds, but it left both a little breathless. For several seconds they just stared at each other, then Evelyn said something about getting dinner started and fled to the kitchen, leaving David sitting there with the feel of his mother's lips still

lingering on his. He sat there for a while longer then went into the kitchen to see what his mother was doing.

Evelyn was in the middle of coating some chicken with flour when she heard him walk in. Glancing up she was pleased to see the excited look on her son's face.

“All right, fried chicken!” he exclaimed.

“One of your favorites I believe,” she responded.

“It is. Anything I can do to help?”

“You could peel some spuds,” she answered.

“Mom, it's good to be home,” he said as he hefted the bag of potatoes onto the island.

Evelyn stopped coating the chicken and gazed lovingly at her son.

“It's great to have you home, David. Now get to peeling,” she said, stepping over to him and tweaking his nose with her flour covered finger.

“Oh, Oh... I'll get you for that,” he jovially barked before dipping his hands into the flour and stepping menacingly toward her.

With a shriek she turned to get away from him, but he was too fast. Just as she was about to round the corner of the island she felt his arms go around her pinning her arms down at her sides. Not meaning to his hands landed squarely on her breasts as he pulled her back against him. At first he wasn't aware of where his hands were, but she was. Her eyes widened in surprise as her nipples began to respond to the warmth of her son's hands.

"I've got you now!" David gleefully said.

"Uh... honey?" she practically moaned.

"Yesssss," he teased, lowering his head and placing tiny smooches on the side of her neck.

"Your hands baby. I don't think you should have them there," she managed to choke out.

Her words drew his attention to the fact that he was cupping her breasts. For reasons he couldn't quite fathom he gave each tit a firm squeeze feeling her nipples press into the palm of his hands. When he did it again he heard his mother whimper.

"David!" she cried out, her voice more of a groan than a reprimand.

Reluctantly he released his hold on her and stepped back. When she turned to face him he could see the questioning look in her eyes. He could also see the flour smudges covering her tank top right where her tits were.

“Sorry about that,” he sheepishly said, his eyes still locked onto the front of her shirt.

Evelyn gazed down at the front of her shirt and saw how extended her nipples were. She could still feel the warmth from his hands radiating through them. She could also see the flour imprints where his hands had been. Oddly she found this funny and burst out laughing.

“Okay, you got me. Now back to work Mister,” she said between chuckles.

Once David had enough potatoes peeled he leaned against the island and said, “I have to say, Mom, you’ve got some great boobs. They’re fun to play with.”

She had to stop what she was doing and look at him. As soon as she saw the huge grin on his face and the twinkle in his eyes she knew he was just yanking her chain. But still, she felt a sense of pride

that her son thought her tits were good enough to play with.

With as stern of a look as she could muster she told him to go watch TV and let her work. He left with a chuckle and once he was out of the kitchen Evelyn cupped her breasts and whispered, “He’s not lying, they are fun to play with.”

Nearly an hour later David pushed his empty plate toward the center of the island, leaned back in his stool and belched.

“Damn Mom, that was fantastic. Thank you so much,” he said in praise of the meal.

“I’m glad you liked it,” she replied, a smile forming on her lips as she saw the contented look on his face.

When she stood up and started to gather the dishes he stopped her.

“Don’t you worry about these, I’ll clean up here,” he told her.

“Why thank you sweetie. I think I’ll go take a shower then.”

“That might be a good idea,” he replied, nodding his head at her chest.

Evelyn glanced down and saw the smudges of flour where his fingers had touched. With a chuckle she told him he ought to do the same. His nose still had a touch of flour on it too.

While David was busy cleaning up the kitchen Evelyn was busy running her hands over her tits as the soothing water of the shower flowed over her. With her eyes closed she thought back to how it had felt when her son had squeezed them. A low moan escaped as she gently pinched each nipple. “Oh David,” she purred as her sensitive nipples responded to the touch. Once she finished her shower she dried off and went into her bedroom where she donned her fluffy robe and matching house shoes. Just as she stepped out of her bedroom she saw David going into the hall bathroom. A part of her wanted to stand outside of it and listen, hoping to hear him if he decided to jerk off. The motherly part of her admonished her for being such a slut. The motherly part won out, so reluctantly she made her way downstairs.

If she would have stayed she would have indeed heard her son whacking off. She would have also heard him call out her name as he blasted his jism against the shower wall.

By the time he got downstairs Evelyn was sitting on the couch, two cans of Pepsi placed on the coffee table. Before he reached the couch he adjusted his dick in the tight pajama bottoms he'd thrown on. Once seated he opened his can of soda and leaned back against the plush back, then glanced over at his mother before she could pull her eyes from his crotch. A little smile played on his lips; he knew that the outline of his cock was visible through the thin material.

“So, what are we watching?” He asked making a point to look at her chest.

Evelyn blushed and glanced down at her chest. The top of her robe had opened up enough that a good portion of cleavage was on display. A little smile played on her lips too.

“Whatever you want,” she replied, slowly reaching up and pulling the top of her robe closed.

They settled on an action flick starring Jason Statham. Just when the movie started Evelyn scooted over until she was leaning against him. David placed his arm around her shoulder and pulled her a little closer while saying, “I’ve really missed our movie nights.”

“Me too,” Evelyn whispered, snuggling even closer.

Half way through the movie David’s arm looped around her neck and his fingertips rested gently between the upper part of her robe just barely touching the tops of her breasts. He sensed her stiffen a little before she relaxed against him. It wasn’t long before his fingertips were lightly caressing the upper part of her chest, sending little jolts of pleasure through her. She made no effort to dislodge his fingers, it wasn’t like he was actually touching her tits she told herself. Plus it felt good, really good.

“I need to get rid of this,” she said, leaning forward to place her empty can on the coffee table.

David placed his hand on the back of the couch thinking his fun was over. But when she settled back against him she grabbed his wrist and brought his hand back to where it had been, only now his fingertips were brushing against the swell of one breast. Confused, but happy, he settled down and slid his fingers deeper into the folds of her robe.

“Now, where were we,” Evelyn cooed, snuggling up against him.

David couldn't see the smirk on her face as they settled in to watch the rest of the movie.

Evelyn knew she was playing with fire. She just couldn't help herself; it felt so good to have a man's fingers so close to her nipple. Waves of pleasure were already rolling through her chest sending currents of lust to her neglected pussy. For the hundredth time she cursed Larry for leaving her in such a state. Without being obvious about it she let her eyes travel downward until she was looking at her son's crotch. A feeling of satisfaction swelled inside of her as she saw her his cock expanding in his pajama bottoms. She wanted so desperately to reach out and wrap her fingers around the thick shaft, but she just couldn't bring herself to take that leap.

While his mom was busy staring at his thickening cock he was ever so gently pushing his hand lower into her robe. His breath caught in his throat when he felt the crinkled skin of her areola. His cock throbbed as his finger lightly caressed the rough skin. Before he could stretch his fingers the scant distance to her nipple the movie ended. That broke the spell they were both under. Evelyn stood, leaned over and planted a quick kiss on David's lips then headed up the stairs. He sat there for some time

before locking up and heading up to his own bedroom. Neither slept very well.

Evelyn was the first to wake. She put on her thin cotton robe then made her way to the kitchen and started the coffee while thoughts of last night's disappointing masturbation session ran through her mind. For some reason she had been unable to achieve an orgasm no matter how long she slammed her dildo into her pussy. Frustrated she finally gave up trying and rolled over, but sleep eluded her. So it was no wonder she found herself a little cranky as she fixed her first cup.

David had had no problem getting off, all he had to do was visualize his mother and that was enough. However it had left him feeling unfulfilled. Sleep was hard to come by, he had tossed and turned all night. Throwing on just the pajama bottoms from last night he made his way downstairs, the smell of coffee pulling him to the kitchen where he found his mother seated at the island, a troubled look on her face.

"Something wrong, Mom?" he asked while pouring a cup.

Evelyn hadn't even noticed him come in. When she looked up and saw him without a shirt on

something snapped. As her eyes roamed over his chiseled torso she felt her pussy involuntarily clench. This only made her more aware of her need for sex.

“Jesus David, at least get dressed before you come downstairs!” she barked.

David was stunned by her outburst; it was so uncharacteristic of her. Cocking his head he stared at her briefly before sitting his cup down and walking out of the kitchen. After going up to his room and slipping on a t-shirt he returned and went over to where his cup sat. He didn’t hear her come up behind him and was a little startled when she hugged him from behind.

With her face pressed against his shoulder she said, “I’m sorry honey. I didn’t mean to snap at you.”

Taking her hands in his he slowly turned around until he was facing her. Releasing her hands he slid his arms around her waist and pulled her body against his.

“What’s bothering you, Mom?” he asked as she placed her head against his chest.

“I don’t know baby, just frustrated I guess,” she murmured pressing harder into him.

He knew what her problem was. She needed to get laid. But he sure as hell wasn’t going to say that.

“I’m here for you, Mom. All you have to do is say the word and I’ll do whatever you need me to,” he told her slowly lowering his hands until they were resting lightly on her ass.

“I don’t think you can do anything to help me sweetie, but thanks for offering,” she replied, stepping away and returning to her stool.

He joined her and said, “Maybe if you tell me what’s wrong I might be able to fix it.”

“God, if it were only that simple,” she told him, her eyes staring into her coffee cup.

“It could be,” he said, reaching over and rubbing her back.

Evelyn felt a chill of excitement run down her spine. She was afraid that if he kept his hand on her much longer she would do something unforgivable. Something that could shatter their relationship.

“How about some breakfast?” she asked, hastily getting up and going to the refrigerator.

After they ate she told him she had some things to do and left him sitting there nursing his third cup of coffee. Once in her room she undressed and was about to put something on when she spotted the box David had brought up for her. Picking it up she placed it on her bed and opened it. Inside were several outfits one of her vendors wanted her to put in her store. They were going to be part of her new loungewear line, if she approved of them. She began to pull them out noticing that they were all about her size.

The first outfit she tried on was a silk burgundy pants suit, the matching top held up by thin spaghetti straps. It felt a little too snug on her, almost like a second skin. Glancing in the mirror she noticed her panties created lines. Quickly removing the pants she took off her underwear then put the pants back on. When she looked in the mirror again she was astonished to see how clearly the seam was wedged up the crack of her ass. The front view wasn't any better, the seam pressed deep into her cleft and produced a pronounced camel toe. She wasn't too thrilled with that and made a mental note to order several different sizes. She was just about to take the outfit off when a knock came on her door. One last

glance at the mirror assured her that she was covered in all the right places.

“Come in,” she called out as she continued to study the outfit.

David opened the door and stepped inside, stopping in his tracks when he caught sight of his mother admiring herself in the mirror.

“Wow!” he coughed out.

“You like?” she asked, turning to give him the full effect.

“Oh yeah,” he sputtered, his eyes roaming over her chest first before dipping down and spotting the camel toe.

Evelyn’s eyes were drawn to the left pant leg of his pajamas. Her breath caught in her throat when she saw the clearly defined outline of his cock. It appeared to grow longer and thicker as she watched.

“Do you think it’s too tight?” she asked huskily, taking a perverse pleasure in knowing that she was making him hard.

“No... no... it’s... perfect,” he stammered, finally bringing his eyes up to meet hers.

“Well, I think it’s a little too tight for my liking,” she said, walking over to where the box sat and looking inside.

“So what is all this?” he asked, joining her by the bed and recognizing the box.

“A new line I’m thinking about selling,” she replied, pulling the next item out of the box.

“You know, it’d be a rough job, but if you want I’d be willing to let you model them and give you a man’s perspective of how they look,” he volunteered.

“Oh you would, would you,” she chuckled.

“Just saying, couldn’t hurt to have a second opinion,” he replied.

The business woman in her told her that what he was saying was actually a good idea. She told him to sit and took the next item into the bathroom to try on. When she came out David almost fell off the bed he was staring so hard. She was wearing a floor-length gown in hunter green that fit her perfectly. Her breasts were emphasized by the bodice while the lower part flowed out past her hips allowing plenty of room to move. He gave her a thumbs up,

only because he didn't trust his voice enough to speak.

"So this one's a go too, huh?" That got her another thumbs up.

"Okay, shall we continue?" she needlessly asked.

"By all means," he managed to croak out.

Evelyn found herself really enjoying this. She reached into the box, grabbed the next outfit and retreated back into the bathroom. David meanwhile used that opportunity to adjust his sizable erection into a more comfortable place. Now the head of his dick was pointing toward his left hip instead of snaking down his pants leg.

The next three outfits were basically the same, only different in color. There was a deep brown one, a canary yellow one, and a bright red one. They all received his vote of approval. When he pulled the last one from the box to hand to his mom he noticed several clear plastic packages containing something altogether different. He reached in and brought one out.

"You didn't tell me there were garter belts and seamed nylons too," he said, holding the package of a black garter belt out for her to see.

“I didn’t think I needed to, since I won’t be modeling them,” she laughed.

“But they would go so good with those outfits,” he said, waggling the package out in front of her.

With a chuckle she said, “Forget it buster!” and took the last outfit into the bathroom.

Evelyn was having serious doubts about modeling this outfit in front of her son. It was more of a nightie than a lounging outfit in a striking sapphire blue. The skirt part barely reached the middle of her thighs and the top part consisted of two strips of material that came up from the waist and went over her breasts then tied behind her neck, almost like a halter top. It was obvious to her that it was designed for women with smaller tits. Hers were hanging out on both sides, her areolas barely hidden from view.

“Something wrong, Mom?” David called out after she had been in there too long.

“Uh, I’m not too sure about this one honey. Maybe we should just skip it,” she replied, adjusting the material over her breasts.

“I’m sure its fine, Mom. Come on out and let me take a look,” he said as convincingly as he could

muster.

The sound of the bathroom door opening drew his eyes in that direction. When his mom stepped out his jaw dropped. She stood near the door with a look of uncertainty on her face, her hands up covering most of her breasts. He stood and walked around until he was at the foot of the bed. He held out his hand as if that would bring her closer. It did. Slowly she walked over until she was right in front of him, her knees shaking a little. Before she had a chance to react he reached out and took her hands in his. She started to tremble when he lowered her hands to her sides.

“It’s beautiful. You’re beautiful, Mom,” he said, his voice raspy.

“It doesn’t sit right, my boobs are too big,” she complained, reaching up and once more trying to adjust the top.

“I see what the problem is. May I?” he asked.

Against her better judgement she found herself nodding.

David reached both hands up and took a hold of the material on the left side strip near her collarbone. Slowly he began to pull the material in both

directions causing it to flatten out more. Evelyn's heart beat faster as she felt the back of his fingers graze her flesh. When his hands worked lower she felt a lump in her throat. All she could do was stare into his face as he worked the fabric lower and lower. When the back of his fingers slid over her nipple she let out a soft moan. As far as she could tell he hadn't heard it.

He had heard it but didn't want to frighten her off. When he had the left strip straightened out all the way down to her waist he started on the right side. Only this time as the backs of his fingers brushed against her stiff nipple he pretended to have trouble getting the material to flatten out. Putting a look of concentration on his face he pulled the material outward and then to the side exposing her rigid nipple.

"Honey?" Evelyn whispered, her pulse quickening.

David ignored her and continued to adjust the material until he had it smoothed out just like the left one. He stepped back, placed his hands on her shoulders and slowly turned her until she was looking into the mirror on her closet door. Stepping

behind her he placed his hands on her hips and stared at the sight before him in the mirror.

“Perfect,” he whispered.

“The outfit?” Evelyn whispered back; her hard nipples clearly defined.

“No, not the outfit,” he began, slowly coaxing her body to turn until she was sideways to him. “you. You’re perfect.”

Evelyn’s heart skipped a beat when her son’s left hand went up and cupped the back of her head, his right went under her chin and tilted her head up. As if in slow motion she watched as his face lowered until his lips were on hers. The feeling was electric. She felt herself responding. Reaching up she cupped the side of his face and parted her lips enough to slip her tongue into his mouth. She felt his hand glide down past her collarbone under the strip of material that covered her left breast. When his hand closed around her tit she felt lightheaded. She closed her eyes and moaned into his mouth when he gently pinched the nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Her hand that was closest to his body reached out and found his rock-hard cock and squeezed. Suddenly she realized what they were doing. Her eyes opened wide, her breath coming in

ragged gulps. Pushing away from him she stepped back.

“Oh God! Oh God! What are we doing? This is so wrong!” she wailed before running into the bathroom and slamming the door behind her.

David stood there, adrenaline flowing through his veins making it difficult for him to calm down. The frightened look on his mother’s face said it all. He had taken advantage of her. Shame filled him as he made his way to his bedroom.

Evelyn stood in the bathroom shaking. Not because of what David had done. But because of how close she had come to allowing herself to give in to her base instinct. A battle raged in her head. He’s your son. Mothers do not fuck their sons. They also don’t suck their son’s cocks either, a part of her brain reminded her. She splashed some cold water on her face then gazed into the mirror.

“Admit it, Evelyn. You want to fuck him,” she told her reflection.

When Evelyn finally went downstairs she was dressed in baggy sweatpants and a loose black t-shirt. She found David sitting at the island. Before she could walk past him he stood and held out his

arms for a hug. Her heart swelled with love as she saw the agonized look on his face. Stepping into his arms she hugged him tightly to her.

“I’m so sorry about what happened, Mom. I just got caught up in the moment,” he said, his voice catching in his throat.

Squeezing him tighter, she replied, “It wasn’t entirely your fault sweetie. You weren’t the only one that got swept away.”

“So we’re good?” he asked.

“We’ll always be good honey,” she assured him, stepping back and running her hand tenderly against his cheek.

Placing his own hand on her cheek he smiled and said, “I love you, Mom.”

A small tear appeared in the corner of her eye as she told him she loved him too. They hugged once more then Evelyn went over to the fridge and opened the door. David watched as she just stood there staring into the refrigerator. When he asked what was wrong she told him nothing was wrong, she was just trying to figure out what they were going to have for dinner.

“You know, it is Christmas Eve. We could always do what we used to,” he said.

She glanced over at him with a perplexed look on her face.

He cocked his head then said, “Our tradition?”

A light went off in her head. She smiled broadly and exclaimed, “Our tradition! Pizza and Pepsi!”

Throwing up his hands he shouted gleefully, “Yes! Pizza and Pepsi! You remember.”

She shut the fridge door and said, “God, that brings back memories.”

“I does. Pizza and Pepsi followed by watching ‘It’s A Wonderful Life’ while snuggled on the couch. So are you up for that?” he asked.

“Sounds great to me,” she replied, her smile so bright it made her eyes sparkle.

“I also thought I’d bring back one more tradition if it’s alright with you,” he said with a mischievous smile.

“You’re not talking about what I think you are,” she chuckled.

“The gag gift!” they both shouted at the same time.

“Wait here,” he told her and ran into the front room.

When he returned he was holding a wrapped gift. Evelyn squealed in delight and told him to stay there. She too went into the front room, returning shortly with a wrapped gift of her own. Her smile was just as mischievous as his.

“You’re not the only one who likes traditions,” she told him.

They sat at the island and exchanged the gifts. Evelyn insisted he open his first. He peeled the wrapping paper off and was shocked by what he saw. There was a small box with a professional looking label on it that read, ‘Pocket Pussy’. He looked from the box to his mother, then back and forth between the two for a spell.

“Open it,” Evelyn said.

Hesitantly he lifted the lid off the box and gazed inside. A smile stretched across his lips as he pulled the item out and held it up. It was a small metal figurine of a cat dangling from a tiny chain.

Reaching over and fingering the cat Evelyn laughingly said, “All you have to do is put it in your pocket, and you’ll have pussy no matter where you go.”

“I love it. Thanks Mom, you got me good this time,” he laughed.

Evelyn picked up her gift and said, “So, what have we here?”

Evelyn pulled off the wrapping paper revealing a small, unmarked box. She took off the lid, stared at the object inside for a few moments, then reaching in pulled out a slip of paper about the same size as a dollar bill. Her lips spread into an ever-increasing smile as she read what was written on it.

The paper had an intricate design that ran all the way around the border. In the center near the top in big bold print was the word coupon. Just below that it read, *This Intitles The Bearer To One Free Booty Call*. In small print under that were the words, Must be eighteen or older to redeem. She placed the slip of paper on the counter and gazed over at David.

“That’s very funny,” she chuckled.

With a mock serious tone he said, “You do realize that all I’m giving you is the coupon, you have to

find the one to give it to.”

Both cracked up laughing at that.

They spent the next hour and a half just talking. Their conversations ranging from things from the past to what each hoped for the future. It was one of the best bonding times they had ever shared. It ended when Evelyn told him she needed to do a little work in the home office.

While she worked in the office figuring out budgets and orders for the new store David sat on the couch and binge watched some shows on Net Flix. During a commercial break he went into the kitchen to make sure there were some cold sodas in the fridge. Finding none he opened the pantry door and was about to take out a 12 pak when he spotted two bottles of wine. After a quick internal debate he decided to mix things up. Instead of putting sodas in the fridge he took the bottles of wine and added them to the half full bottle that was already there. Satisfied he'd added an adult flair to their tradition he went back into the front room and scrolled through his phone until he found a pizza parlor that delivered on Christmas eve. He ordered a combination and was told it would be about forty

minutes. Now all he had to do was tell his mom that dinner was on its way.

Evelyn was hunched over her desk making notations on an order form when David told her. She gazed up at him and noticed that he had changed into a pair of loose-fitting nylon basketball shorts and a matching blue t-shirt.

“I’ll be down in a minute, honey. Just want to hop in the shower first,” she informed him.

“Okay, see ya downstairs,” he said, flashing her a smile before turning to go.

Evelyn was a little startled to find herself staring at her son’s butt when he turned around. A flush came on her face as she felt her pussy clench.

“Nice ass,” she muttered to herself as she rose and headed to her bedroom.

While she was taking a shower David was busy preparing things downstairs. He had grabbed a light throw blanket and placed it over the back of the couch in case they got cold while watching the movie. Once that was done he poured two glasses of wine and set them on the kitchen island. As he mentally checked off his list of things that needed doing the pizza arrived.

“That was quick,” he remarked as he went to open the door.

Just as David was getting the pizza Evelyn was stepping out of the shower. She dried off and went into her bedroom. Looking around she asked aloud, “Hmm, what to wear.”

Evelyn chose a pair of silk shorts covered in a multitude of bright colors, reds, greens and yellows, that were quite baggy in the crotch, the elastic waistband riding low on her hips. Next she put on a rather loose-fitting white sleeveless blouse that buttoned up the front. She looked at herself in the mirror and absently unbuttoned the top three buttons exposing a fair amount of cleavage. As she gazed at herself in the mirror she wondered what the hell she was doing. Was she deliberately dressing this way to tease him? She told herself no, but deep in the back of her mind she wasn’t so sure. She gave herself another once over in the mirror. Not bad for an old gal, her inner voice chimed in.

“Fuck it!” she whispered, slipping on her fluffy house shoes before heading downstairs.

David was sitting at the island when he heard her coming down the stairs and turned to watch. He felt his dick twitch in his shorts when he saw how she

was dressed. At first he thought she was wearing a very short skirt, but the closer she got the more he realized she had on shorts. Very baggy shorts. His dick lurched once more as she settled on the stool next to him, his eyes automatically drawn to the abundant cleavage on display.

“You look comfy,” he said forcing his eyes up and away from her chest.

“So do you,” she softly replied, her eyes catching the subtle twitch of his cock in his shorts.

“I am,” he said with a nervous chuckle, thrilled knowing that his mom was checking out his package.

“So we’re having wine instead of our usual?” she questioned.

“Yea. I figured since we’re both grown up now, we should kick it up a notch. You don’t mind, do you?” he asked.

“Not at all,” she answered, picking up her glass and turning in her seat to face him.

When he picked up his she clinked their glasses together and said, “To new traditions.”

They both took a drink then began to eat. For the next thirty minutes they chewed on pizza, talked a little about nothing in particular, while each snuck subtle peeks at the other. Him at his mother's creamy cleavage; her at the growing outline of her son's cock in his nylon shorts. When the half empty bottle was finished David got up and opened another. By the time they pushed the pizza away each had drank three glasses.

"So, how about we watch the movie," Evelyn suggested.

"Sounds good. Top off your glass first?" he asked. Not waiting for a reply he poured more wine in both their glasses.

Evelyn led the way as they made their way back to the front room, David following closely, his eyes glued to his mother's swishing ass. While she settled onto the couch he went over and searched for the DVD. Once he found it he placed it in the machine and took a seat. Before settling back he pulled the coffee table closer to the couch so they could place their feet on it.

"Ready?" he asked, pointing the remote toward the TV.

“Whenever you are,” she answered.

He hit the play button and then settled back, placing his feet on the coffee table and his right arm around her shoulder. Evelyn scooted even closer then put her feet up too, causing their thighs to touch. The skin-on-skin contact made her feel slightly giddy. Holding her wine glass in her right hand she leaned back and placed her left hand on her stomach. As the movie unfolded David began to gently caress his mother’s shoulder, drawing little circles on her upper arm. She found his touch quite soothing.

Half way through the movie David got up and went into the kitchen bringing back a bottle of wine. He refilled their glasses and took his seat, only this time instead of placing his arm around her he placed his hand on her thigh near her knee. Evelyn glanced at him then down at his hand but said nothing. She reached over with her free hand and placed it on his thigh. They sat like that for a while until Evelyn leaned forward and placed her wine glass on the table.

“How about we change positions, my butt is getting sore,” she laughed.

“Okay,” David replied.

Standing he went over and grabbed a small throw pillow off the loveseat and brought it back, placing it on the arm of the couch. When Evelyn looked at him with a puzzled expression he told her that he'd lay down against the back of the couch and she could lay in front of him. That way they could both stretch out he explained.

"That sounds nice," Evelyn replied, rising and waiting while he situated himself first.

David laid down and using his feet he pushed himself upward until his head was resting on the arm of the couch. What he didn't know was while he was moving around the shorts leg covering his semi-erect cock had slid up exposing most of his dick to his mother's astonished eyes. Once situated like he wanted he patted the couch in front of him. Evelyn wasn't sure why she didn't tell him about being uncovered, but she didn't. Instead she got on the couch and lay sideways in front of him, her head resting on the throw pillow.

"Scoot closer to me Mom, wouldn't want you falling off," David said, placing his arm around her waist and pulling her against his body.

It was only when he felt the heat of her bare thigh against his exposed cock did he realize he was

completely out of his shorts. His first thought was to reach between them and pull the leg of his shorts over it, but for reasons unknown to him he didn't. Instead he pulled her even tighter against him, hoping beyond hope that she wouldn't get mad.

What he didn't know was the feel of her son's bare cock against her skin had re-awoken the carnal cravings deep within her that she had so valiantly fought against since he had gotten home. Her bottom lip quivered as her wide opened eyes stared blankly at the television. She felt him moving around trying to get his left arm up so he could prop his head in his hand. By the time he had himself in just the right position to be able to see over her his cock head had slipped up her thigh and was now closer to her leaking pussy.

"Better?" he nervously asked.

She didn't trust her voice enough to answer, so all she gave him was a feeble, "Yep," and left it at that.

For the remainder of the movie they stayed like that. When the credits started to roll David reached over to the end table and picked up the remote and turned off the DVD player. The screen went black leaving the room bathed in the colors coming from the Christmas tree.

“Wanna watch a little TV for a bit?” he asked hopefully.

Evelyn heard the ring of hopefulness in her son’s voice. She didn’t want the evening to end either, so she said, “Sure.”

Whether by accident or just blind luck, when David switched over to cable the first channel that came on was Cinemax. Or to most people Skin-O-Max. The show currently playing was a softcore porn flick called *Housewives From Another Planet*. On the screen a man and a woman were vigorously fucking in the doggystyle position. Although nothing really showed the two actors were doing a convincing job of simulating the sex act.

David didn’t even ask his mother if what they were watching was okay, he just sat the remote down and slid his hand back onto her stomach. Only this time he put it under the hem of her shirt, so he was touching her bare skin. He wasn’t sure but he thought he heard her sigh.

The feel of his hand on her skin set off an electrical charge that raced through her body before coming to rest in her moist center. She let out a little sigh and wiggled her butt, pressing it snugly against him.

He had heard somewhere that fortune favors the bold. He was about to find out if that was true.

Evelyn sucked in a breath when she felt her son's hand unbuttoning the bottom button on her blouse. When his hand moved up and swiftly unbuttoned the next one she held her breath. Her rational mind was screaming at her to put a stop to this madness, but unfortunately for her the rational part of her mind was no longer in charge; her pussy was. She quivered inside when his hand landed on the last fastened button.

"Honey... what are you doing to me?" Evelyn breathed out as she rolled onto her back and stared up at her son. She didn't need to look when she felt the fabric being pulled away, she knew what she would see.

David gazed in awe when his mother's breasts came into view. They were perfect. Round and full, the creamy white flesh flawless, the erect nipples a study in perfection. His cock lengthened and his mouth watered. With a trembling hand he cupped one breast and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"What I've wanted to do for so long," he whispered, reaching over to gently caress her other breast.

“Ohhhh!” she moaned as he tweaked the nipple.

“This is so wrong baby. We shouldn’t be doing this...” her words died in her throat as he pinched the other nipple.

“If this is wrong, Mom, then I don’t want to be right,” he said while holding her gaze.

Evelyn shuddered. She knew she was lost. Reaching up she cupped the back of his head and pulled his face down to hers. Their lips touched, lightly at first, then more forcefully. Soon they were devouring each other’s mouths, their tongues battling for supremacy. Her hand on the back of his head held him locked to her lips as her other hand slid between them and reached down, searching for that special rod she knew all too well.

David let out a soft moan when he felt her fingers curling around his thick shaft. Releasing his hold on her tit he slid his hand down her torso until he reached the waistband of her shorts. Instead of slipping his fingers under it he slid them over the fabric until he felt the smooth taught muscle of her inner thigh. As if reading his mind Evelyn raised her knees and let her legs open. He wasted no time in running his hand upward until it dipped under the baggy pants leg, his hand coming to rest on her hair-

covered mound. He was pleasantly surprised to find out she wasn't wearing panties. He ran his fingers gently through her pubic hair, tugging on it playfully every once and a while.

Pulling his head up he looked into her eyes and said huskily, "No panties Mom? You're a naughty girl aren't you."

Evelyn gave his cock a squeeze and said, "You have no idea how naughty your Mother can be."

"No I don't, but I plan to find out," he remarked, leaning his head down and raining tiny kisses on her throat.

"Oh David," she cooed as her son's lips worked their way down over her collarbone and onto the swell of her breasts.

David's cock throbbed; his heart raced as he took his mother's ripe nipple in his mouth. Slowly he worked the hand on her mound lower until the tips of his fingers brushed against her clitoris. His eyes widened when he felt how big it was. He'd been with several women in his life, but he had never felt a clit as big as her's. Slowly he began to explore it, gently gliding his fingertips over the large bud for a spell before pinching it between his thumb and

forefinger. Gently he started stroking it, marveling at the way it seemed to throb. Moans of pleasure poured from his mother's mouth as he explored this new-found treasure. He latched his lips onto the other nipple as he pushed his hand lower, his middle finger sliding between her drenched labia until the tip rested at her entrance. He had never felt a woman as wet as she was.

Raising his head he stated the obvious, "You're so wet."

Evelyn wanted to say something but couldn't, because her son chose that very moment to plunge his finger deep into her smoldering depths.

"Oh Fuck!" she hissed through clenched teeth.

She screamed in pleasure when he added a second finger.

For several minutes he finger fucked her, the palm of his hand relentlessly smacking against her fully extended clit. His mother's moans increased in pitch the longer he worked his fingers into her overly saturated pussy.

Evelyn was in seventh heaven. Each time her son's hand slapped against her clit a bright light would flash inside her brain. She knew she was

reaching her peak and would explode at any moment. Bucking her hips she urged him on. The pleasure racing through her body continued to grow with each passing second. Faster and faster she pumped her hips upward, reaching for that beautiful bliss of orgasm. Just when she felt herself start to crest her son removed his fingers. Internally she let out a long sorrowful groan. When she felt him shifting position a new hope welled up inside her. Had her prayers been answered? Was he going to shove his big hard cock into her needy pussy?

David pulled his juice coated fingers from his mother's cunt, then rose to his knees. Placing one hand on the back of the couch for balance he moved until he was kneeling between her spread thighs. Once in place he leaned forward, pressed her breasts together and took both nipples into his mouth. Leaving his hands on her breasts he slowly started to kiss his way down his mother's body. When his tongue reached her belly button he felt her tummy flutter.

Evelyn was starting to panic. She realized what he was planning on doing and the old fear of how the men in her life had rejected going down on her surfaced. She didn't want her son to be one of those guys that viewed her larger than normal parts as a

reason not to perform oral sex on her. She reached down and placed her hand on the back of his head.

“Honey, I don’t think you want to do that,” she uttered, his lips now kissing over the fabric of her shorts.

David glanced up at her face and asked, “You don’t like oral sex?”

The question surprised her.

“It’s not that. I’m built a little different than most women, and it’s been my experience that men don’t like to use their mouth on me,” she found herself explaining.

Still looking at her he replied, “Then you haven’t been with the right man.”

Before she could say anything else he brought her legs straight up and placed her ankles on one of his shoulders. Then he hooked his fingers into the waistband of her shorts and began to pull, forcing them past her hips and in seconds he had them off. Next she felt him slide off the couch, take her hips in his hands and maneuver her lower body toward the edge of the couch. Her breath caught in her throat as he placed his hands at the back of her knees and

gently pushed her legs apart. When he began to kiss the inside of her thigh she shuddered in anticipation.

David gazed at her womanhood as his lips rained tiny kisses along the inside of her thigh. The heady aroma of her arousal drawing his mouth closer and closer to his prize. When his lips finally made contact with her outer lips he heard her breathe out a huge sigh. Slowly he began to use the tip of his tongue to tease the outer folds of her pussy causing her to push her pelvis upward, searching for more.

“Please, honey...” she moaned out her frustration.

With a new sense of purpose David increased the pressure of his tongue, alternating between gentle kisses around the fringe of her pussy to dragging the flat of his tongue deeply through her dripping slit, avoiding contact with her engorged clit. Seconds turned into minutes as he explored every inch of his mother’s folds, her hips rocking upward pressing herself tighter against his face. When he finally clamped his lips on her clitoris and began to flick the tip of his tongue against it she reached down and grabbed the back of his head and held him in place.

“Oh Fuck! Yes! Yes! Yes! Just like that!” she cried.

For several minutes he nipped, sucked and battered her clitoris with his tongue causing an endless stream of obscenities to pour from her mouth. The sound of his mother's squeals of pleasure filled him with joy. He wanted nothing more at that very moment than to please her like no other man had done before. Redoubling his efforts he slipped his tongue as deep into her center as it would reach. The effect on her was instantaneous. She arched her back and wailed.

“I’m cummmmmiiiiinnnnngggggggg!”

Evelyn's hands were clutching the arm of the couch in a death grip, the muscles in her arms straining. She had never felt such pleasure before, it was as if a nuclear explosion had occurred deep within her very being fusing all her nerve endings together, their tips focused wherever her son's tongue touched. Once more her eyes rolled back in her head as her orgasm went on and on and on. When her orgasm finally waned she fell back on the couch limp as a rag doll.

David sat back on his haunches and stared at his mother's limp body, the exquisite taste of her juices lingering on his tongue. He gazed up and watched her heaving breasts before turning his attention to

her face. He couldn't see much of it. She had one arm over her eyes, the other hanging limply over the arm of the couch. Once more he leaned forward and ran his tongue through her saturated slit, until he felt her hand press against his forehead and push his head back.

"No more baby, I'm too sensitive right now," he heard her weakly say.

Glancing up he saw her staring down at him, a look of astonishment on her face.

"That was... incredible. No one has ever made me cum with their mouth" she huffed.

"I'd be happy to do it again," he stated, pride evident on his face.

Evelyn crocked her head, stared at him for a second, then sat up. When her head stopped spinning she stood up, held out a hand and said, "Come with me."

David reached up and took her hand. When he stood she pulled him toward the stairs, the only thing covering her was the blouse. As they went up he couldn't stop staring at her ass, the cheeks smooth, round and firm.

“Enjoying the view?” Evelyn asked with a chuckle.

“Immensely,” he shot back.

When they reached her bedroom she flipped on the light and went over by the bed. Deftly she shrugged off the unbuttoned blouse and let it flutter to the floor. Turning around she looked at David and said, “Your turn.”

At first he just stood there, his eyes roaming over the naked goddess of his dreams. He took in the disheveled hair, the two large breasts sitting proudly on his mother’s chest, then finally the sweet wide hips. His mouth watered when he gazed upon the trimmed triangle of pubic hair, the hood of her clit clearly visible through the dark hair.

“You’re beautiful, Mom,” he uttered, the tent in his shorts growing larger.

“Thank you sweetheart. Now get naked so I can see how beautiful you are,” she sternly said.

Evelyn’s pulse began to race as she watched her son strip. First came his shirt, the broad chest she had swooned over, looking even more perfect. When he began to lower his shorts, having a little trouble getting it over his erect cock, her nipples began to

stiffen. A warm gush of fluids escaped her pussy when his dick appeared in all it's thick, long, hard glory. Dropping to her knees she beckoned to him.

David took several halting steps forward until he was standing over his mother, his rampant hardness dripping pre-cum as it pointed right at her face. He sucked in a deep breath when her fingers curled around his shaft and held it near her lips. He saw the smile on her face as she slowly stroked his manhood.

Evelyn gazed lovingly up into his face, then for the second time in her life she lowered her lips around the fat mushroom shaped head of her son's cock. Their groans of pleasure poured out in unison. Slowly she worked her mouth on his cock taking more of it into her wet orifice. When the head hit the back of her throat she gagged a little forcing her to backtrack slightly. With the skill that only comes from experience she swirled her tongue around his cock while her other hand reached up and fondled his heavy balls.

“Oh God, Mom!” he cried out his knees growing weak.

Once more she tried to deep throat him but choked again. There was just too much cock for that.

David saw the trouble she was having and knew that if he didn't stop her she'd keep trying. As good as it felt to have his cock sucked, that wasn't what he really wanted. He wanted her in the biblical sense. Pulling back until his cock slipped from her mouth he bent down, placed his hands in her armpits and lifted her easily to her feet. She had a bewildered look on her face.

"I want you, Mom," he explained as he walked her backward until the back of her knees hit the edge of the bed forcing her to sit.

Evelyn scooted back on the bed and lay down, leaving only her feet hanging over the edge. She watched her son's eyes widen as she raised her knees and opened her thighs as wide as she could. She shivered with anticipation as she waited for her son to penetrate her.

Seeing his mom so wantonly laid out before him David's lust boiled over. His body trembled with excitement as he climbed onto the bed and knelt between her supple thighs. Guiding the head of his cock to her pussy he slowly rubbed the leaking head through her slit, the head parting the large lips of her inner labia gathering up her fluids. Before he could bring himself to enter her he felt the need to get her

permission. Gazing into her eyes he waited for her approval.

Evelyn saw the look in his eyes and understood what he needed; he was about to fuck his own mother after all. Reaching down between them she grasped his cock and lined the head up with her entrance, then nodded once.

“I’ve dreamed of this moment for so long, Mom,” he choked out.

A huge smile spread on Evelyn’s lips as she said, “Then fulfill your dreams sweetheart.”

So he did.

With a small push he felt the head of his cock go in. Their moans floated in the air as one. Leaning forward he placed his hands on the bed near her armpits and gently pushed another inch into her wet, tight passage. Pulling back a fraction, then pushing forward again sank another two inches into her well lubricated pussy. With a patience he didn’t know he possessed he repeated the process until his large balls nestled up against the soft firm globes of her ass.

Evelyn released her breath when her son’s cock reached full penetration. She had never felt so full.

With an adoring look on her face she stared up into his eyes and began to gently thrust her pelvis upward encouraging him to fuck her. When he pulled almost out she worried that he had changed his mind, the idea that they were committing incest finally catching up to him. But when he pushed back in, his cock buried to the hilt, that thought quickly vanished.

“Yes baby, fuck me,” she encouraged.

His eyes sparkled as he said, “I love you, Mom.”

Reaching up with both hands she cupped his face and whispered, “I love you too.”

With a little experimentation their rhythm began to synced up. It wasn't long before David was taking long, hard strokes in the hole he came from. Each time he would pull back, then slam forward, his balls would slap her ass with a resounding clap, the sound echoing off the walls. For her part each time her son plowed into her depths she would thrust her pelvis up to meet his downward plunge. It wasn't long before both were breathing hard, their movements so in tune they were like a well-oiled machine.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Evelyn cried each time he thrust into her.

David felt his balls tighten, the pleasure coursing through him too much to hold back his approaching orgasm. Collapsing on top of his mother he reached down and grabbed a cheek in each hand, his ass rising and falling at a breakneck speed. Faster and faster he pounded into her squelching pussy, his body trembling from the exertion.

Evelyn’s arms wrapped around her son’s body and pulled him tight against her chest, the soft downy hairs on his chest tickling her sensitive nipples. The feel of his cock reaching places no one had ever touched before sent her mind and body spiraling out of control. With huge gulps of air she raked her fingernails down his back before wrapping her legs around him, locking her ankles behind his pistoning ass. The freight train that was her orgasm slammed into her at full force. Blinding light flooded her brain as her cunt muscles clamped tightly around her son’s invading cock. Arching her neck, her body going stiff, she screamed out his name.

“Daviddddddd!”

He lifted his head and stared into his mother's wide opened eyes. The look in them was one of wild abandon, almost feral in intensity. His mind screamed for him to pull out, but the pleasure racing along his pulsating shaft was too much to bear. The walls of his mother's pussy milking his cock sent him over the edge.

"Mommmmm!" he cried out in sweet agony as his cock erupted inside her, sending rope after rope of thick white sperm deep into the recesses of her quivering cunt. When the last blast of cum shot into her he went limp, his face buried in her neck, while his cock continued to twitch inside her overflowing pussy.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he whispered into her ear.

Puzzled, Evelyn asked, "Why are you sorry? Are you regretting what just happened?"

Pushing himself back up on his arms he replied, "No regrets about that. What I'm apologizing for is coming inside you. What if you get pregnant?"

Laughing softly she pulled him back down and began to stroke his sweaty back soothingly.

"Oh honey, you can't get me pregnant. I had my tubes tied after your Father passed away. I didn't

want to have another child with a different man,” she told him.

“Really?” he asked, surprised by her announcement.

“Really,” she said, tilting her head so she could look at his face. “So you can cum in me as many times as you like.”

“I’m gonna hold you to that,” he chuckled.

“Please do...” she returned his chuckle, “but before then could you let me up, I have to go to the bathroom.”

David pushed himself up until he was able to roll off of her, an audible sucking sound filled the air when his cock dislodged from her pussy. Evelyn cupped her pussy, rose from the bed and went into the bathroom. While she was gone he lay on his back staring up at the ceiling, his hands behind his head, a huge smile on his face.

Evelyn was astonished at how much cum dripped out of her as she sat on the toilet. When she felt like most of it had dripped out she wiped then walked back into the bedroom. She stopped halfway to the bed and admired her son’s muscular body. He was stretched out sideways near the foot of the bed, a

sloppy smile stretched upon his lips. Slowly she crawled up on the bed and lay against his body, her head resting on his shoulder.

“So, was it as good as you dreamed it would be?” she purred, her hand lightly caressing the hair on his chest.

Wrapping his arm around her shoulders he pulled her in tighter and replied, “It was a million, no, a gazillion times better.”

They lay there for several minutes, each enjoying the afterglow of their lovemaking. Evelyn continued caressing his chest while he drew little circles on her upper arm.

Evelyn gazed up at his face and softly said, “I have a confession to make. It’s about the night you came home drunk.”

“Okay,” he languidly responded.

David’s eyes slowly opened, and he rolled onto his side to meet her gaze, the tips of his fingers lightly brushing against her right nipple. As he listened to her tell him about that night he felt his cock begin to grow. By the time she finished telling him how she had sucked his cock while he was passed out he was fully erect again. Leaning over he

tenderly kissed her lips, the fingers that had been on her tit slowly inching down until he was cupping her mound.

“Feel like going again?” he asked.

Evelyn glanced down until her eyes landed on his burgeoning cock.

“How do you feel about doggystyle?” she cooed.

Both mother and son watched in the closet door mirrors as David’s cock slid effortlessly inside her well lubricated hole. There was very little resistance, and he had no trouble sliding all the way in on the first try, his balls coming to rest of her clit. It was almost surreal as they gazed upon their reflections, their union perfect in every way. For David the sight of his mother’s hanging breast swinging back and forth with each slam of his pelvis against her ass was another dream come true. As for Evelyn it took her breath away just watching as her son fucked her from behind. Never in her wildest dreams would she have ever thought she would see something so titillating. Her juices flowed; her moans of ecstasy drifted into the air in ever increasing volume as her son’s balls slapped mercilessly against her very sensitive clitoris. In no time she felt the first signs of an approaching orgasm. David was right behind her,

his balls churning, his rigid rod swelling thicker with each passing second. Faster and faster David pounded into her, his hands firmly grasping her hips as the force of his thrust caused her ass cheeks to ripple.

“Now baby!” Evelyn screamed as her pussy spasmed on her son’s cock.

“Aaagggghhhhh!” David cried out as he unloaded a torrent of cum into her claspings cunt.

Evelyn’s arms gave out and she crashed face forward on the bed bringing David down with her. She could feel his cock still moving in and out as his hands went under her and cupped her breasts. A second, minor orgasm, rocked her as her son’s pubic bone bounced off the swell of her ass cheeks.

For what felt like hours, but was in actuality only about a minute, he continued to pump into her, the feel of her round firm butt cushioning his thrusts spurring him on. Gradually he stopped, he had no more to give. He lay on top of her, his hands occasionally squeezing her tits, for another two minutes before he rolled off and lay staring up at the ceiling, his breath coming in ragged gulps.

For almost five minutes mother and son remained still, neither talking as tiny tingles continued to tickle their genitalia.

David's eyes fluttered open, the room bright from the light streaming past the window blinds. At first he was disoriented, his surroundings unfamiliar. Then things began to make sense. He was in his mother's bed. A smile spread on his lips as he recalled the night's activities. He had always known his mother was hot, but last night showed him a side of her he had no idea existed. She was an absolute tiger in bed. Reaching down he curled his hand around his morning wood, the shaft sticky from their combined juices, the smile on his face growing broader. With a sense of purpose he climbed out of bed, used his mom's shower, then went looking for her dressed only in her fluffy pink robe.

Evelyn stood in the kitchen sipping her coffee while looking out at the back yard. She was happy. Happier than she'd been in a really long time. Her only worry was whether her son saw their blossoming relationship the same way she did. If she had her way the two of them would share their lives together for as long as time allowed. She'd only felt this way about another man once, and that man had been her son's father. But she had to be realistic.

David might not see things the way she did. If that were the case she knew she'd have to let him go, her love for him was too strong not to.

David rounded the corner of the island and stopped in his tracks, his jaw dropping open. It was déjà vu all over again. She stood staring out the window dressed exactly like the day he had come home. The baggy sleeveless white t-shirt with the stretched-out armholes was the same. The only difference in her attire was the color of her panties; these were black instead of pink. He stood there and admired her just as he had that first day.

Unlike that first day Evelyn was very aware that he was there, she'd heard his footfalls when he came down the stairs. But like that day her nipples stiffened as she turned around, a huge smile spread on her face when she saw what he was wearing.

She let out a laugh before saying, "That's a little tight on you, but I definitely think pink is your color."

"Why thank you, ma'am," he chuckled, hamming it up even more by doing a little curtsy.

"Cute," she snickered, then said, "Good morning sweetheart."

“Good morning, Mom, and Merry Christmas,” he replied, then added, “Nice outfit.”

“I’m glad you like it, and you better get used to it, because this is how I usually run around the house in the mornings,” she told him.

“What’s not to like,” he said, his eyes roaming over her.

She sat her coffee cup down and stepped into him, her arms going around his waist pulling him tight against her. Placing her face against his chest she whispered, “Merry Christmas to you too.”

“I love you, Mom,” he whispered back.

After a bit she pushed away from him, told him to get some coffee, then went over and took a seat at the island. With a fresh cup of coffee he joined her.

She waited until he had taken several sips before saying, “We need to talk about last night.”

“Okay,” was all he could think to say.

“First off, what we did was both morally and socially wrong. But with that said, I just want you to know that I don’t regret one minute of it though. If I had to do it all over again I would, without

hesitation. My only concern is how you feel about it.”

“Mom,” David began, reaching over and taking her hand in his, “I’ve been in love with you my whole life. What we shared last night was beyond beautiful. I just wish I hadn’t waited so long to let you know how I felt about you.”

“Then why did you?” she asked, her eyes locked onto his.

“I was scared. I hadn’t realized that I wanted something other than a mother and son relationship with you until I was eighteen. And let’s be real. I was definitely not mature enough at that time to make my desires known. Hell, I probably would’ve said something dumb like, ‘Hey Mom, wanna do the dance with no pants?’

“Yeah, that wouldn’t have gotten you very far,” she chuckled.

“And therein laid my conundrum. How does a son tell his mother that he wants to have sex with her? I couldn’t figure out how, so I chose to enlist in the military hoping that being away from you would quell my desires. FYI, it didn’t. The moment I saw

you again all my wants and desires returned with a vengeance.”

“Well, if it’s any consolation, you handled yourself quite maturely last night.”

“Thanks,” he said.

“Now I have one or two more question for you. Where do you see this thing between us going? Was it a one-time thing or do you want more than a fling?” she asked, the anxiety she felt clearly evident in her voice.

David stood, took hold of her stool and swiveled it around until she was facing him. Moving even closer, forcing her to spread her knees to accommodate him, he wrapped his arms around her waist and gazed lovingly into her eyes.

“Ideally I’d love for us to grow old together. Not as Mother and Son, but as a couple. But I will do whatever you want, because your happiness is all that matters to me.”

“I was hoping you would say that,” she chirped, reaching up and pulling his face down to her’s.

Their lips met, the kiss tender yet filled with passion. His arms pulled her tighter into him until he

felt her crotch press against the head of his cock. Both pulled their heads back and looked down between their bodies. David's erect cock had slipped through the folds of the fluffy pink robe and was now poking against his mother's panty covered pussy.

"Well, looks like something else likes what it heard," Evelyn giggled.

"It appears so," David's giggles joining in with her's.

As much as he would love to pull her panties aside and push his cock into her he didn't. Instead he picked up his cup and her's and went over and refilled them. By the time he returned to his seat his cock had deflated enough that it no longer stuck out of the robe.

"Want me to make you some breakfast, honey?" Evelyn asked, trying to take her mind off her son's cock.

"Thanks, but no thanks, I'm good with just coffee," he replied, bringing his cup up to his lips.

"Well if you'll excuse me, I really need a shower. When I get back we can open presents," she said, sliding off the stool and heading upstairs.

While his mother was taking her shower David went into the front room and retrieved the presents from under the tree. After placing them on the coffee table he sat on the couch and waited, his mind swirling with happy thoughts about the future. His thoughts quickly turned to other things when he heard the click-clack of heels coming down the stairs. Turning enough to watch his breath caught in his throat when his mother came into view.

“Oh Wow!” he gulped, his jaw dropping.

Evelyn walked over and stood two feet away from her son, her heart swelling with pride that she could get such a reaction from him.

“Merry Christmas lover,” she cooed, slowly turning in a circle to give him the full view of what she was wearing.

David’s pulse quickened as he took her in. She had on a sheer white floor-length cover-up, the diaphanous material completely see-thru. The brown circles of her areolae were on full display, the eraser sized nipples erect. Underneath she wore a black garter belt with red stitching, and no panties. The neatly trimmed thatch of pubic hair exposing the hood of her clitoris. Hooked to the suspenders of the garter belt her legs were encased in sheer black

nylons, a black seam running the length of the backs of her toned legs. On her feet she wore a pair of six-inch black heels that brought out the muscles in her calves as well as the roundness of her ass. All David could do was sit there and stare as blood flowed into his cock.

“So, do you like?” she asked demurely.

Once he could speak he said, “Very much, you look fantastic, Mom, but I don’t remember seeing those in that box.”

“Because they weren’t. These are from my personal collection; I haven’t worn them since your Father died. I haven’t wanted to, until now,” she explained.

David stood and stepped over to her. Immediately he wrapped her in his arms and kissed her; a full-blown passionate kiss that took both their breaths away. They stayed glued together until Evelyn finally pushed him away and said they should do presents while they still could. Reluctantly he joined her on the couch where she passed him his present. Like a kid with a new toy he tore the wrapping paper off the box and threw it on the floor. His eyes gleamed when he opened the box and saw a brand new I-phone 15pro.

“It has the biggest storage space they make, so I expect you to send me lots of pictures of where you’re at. I also put you on my Verizon account so it’s ready to go,” she happily chirped.

“Thanks Mom,” he said, quickly putting his arm around her and snapping a selfie of the two.

When they looked at the picture both were amazed at the clarity of it. Because he’d caught her off-guard Evelyn had a startled look on her face, but neither were actually looking at that. What their eyes were drawn to was how distinctly her nipples stood out under the fabric of her cover-up.

“Promise me you won’t be sharing that with all your sailor buddies,” Evelyn chided.

“Rest assured Mom, any pictures I take of you are strictly for my own personal viewing,” he quickly told her.

Picking up her gift he handed it to her and waited while she slowly and carefully removed the wrapping paper. Her eyes widened when she saw the word, ‘Cartier’ on the velvet covered box. With a trembling hand she opened it and gazed at the gold bracelet inside. Placing the box on the coffee table she pulled the bracelet out, turning it this way and

that before draping it over her wrist. It appeared to be too big.

“Oh sweetheart, you shouldn’t have. This must have cost you a fortune,” she protested.

“Don’t worry, it was actually quite reasonable,” he assured her.

Holding it against her wrist she said, “It’s lovely dear, but I think it needs to be sized down.”

Laughing heartily he took the bracelet from her and slid off the couch until he was sitting on his haunches in front of her. Looking up into her puzzled face brought another round of laughter from him.

“It’s bigger than your wrist because that’s not where it goes. It’s an ankle bracelet, Mom,” he said, reaching out and taking her right ankle and placing her foot on top of his thigh.

“Oh,” she said, watching intently as her son snapped the bracelet around her ankle.

When he finished he leaned back up but kept his hand on her foot. Slowly he reached out and took hold of her other ankle and brought that foot up to his other thigh. With both her feet sitting on his

thighs he brought both hands up until they were holding the backs of her knees.

“Hey Mom,” he began, slowly looking up into her eyes, “I changed my mind about breakfast.”

“Huh?...” she started, confused, but quickly let out a shriek of surprise when she felt her legs being lifted, the movement forcing her head and shoulders to slump against the back of the couch. Her shriek of surprise was quickly followed by a whimper of delight when she felt her son’s tongue plow through her slit, spreading her lips apart before sliding forcefully over her clitoris. Instantly her pussy juice began to flow, the inner muscles clenching and unclenching uncontrollably.

“Oh God!” she cried out, her hands automatically coming up to cup her full ripe breasts, her fingertips pinching her nipples through the gossamer material of her cover-up.

David relished the taste of his mother’s juice, as well as the smell of her heated arousal. Slipping her legs onto his shoulders he plunged his face into her folds and sucked, licked, and nibbled every inch of her mature pussy. He couldn’t get enough. Eagerly he clamped his lips over her emerging clit and swirled his tongue around and around the growing

bud. The sounds of her loud moans music to his ears as he devoured her.

Evelyn was in a state of ultra bliss. She couldn't believe that she had finally found a man that would pleasure her in the way she had so far been denied. The fact that it was her own son that was sending her body into a tailspin of ecstasy only heightened her senses. Every nerve fiber in her body screamed with pleasure as her son's mouth and tongue pushed her closer and closer to what she knew would be the ultimate orgasm. Every muscle in her body was tensing up, her breath coming in ragged gulps.

David was lost in a world of incestuous lust. He sucked her inner labia into his mouth, bathed them with his tongue for several moments, before sipping his tongue deep into her opening. Instantly he felt her whole body stiffen. Grasping her hips he pulled her ass up and plunged his tongue even deeper into her smoldering depths. He felt her hands grab the back of his head, her thighs tightening around it, as her hips rapidly bucked upward against his face.

“Davvvii!” Evelyn screamed as an earth-shattering orgasm washed over her very being. Faster and faster she bucked her pussy up

against her son's mouth, her legs jerking uncontrollably.

Hanging on for dear life he rode out her orgasm, his battered mouth aching by the time she slowed to a halt. Grasping her ankles in his hands he rose, pushing the tops of her thighs up until they touched her breasts. Placing her ankles on his shoulders he leaned over her doubled-over body until his hands were on the back of the couch. Next he carefully stretched his legs out until he was in a plank position over her, his ass high in the air.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Mom," he proclaimed, letting his eyes drift down to where his cock hovered over her exposed pussy.

Evelyn followed his eyes with her's and gasped at what she saw. Her son's huge cock hung down from his pelvis, the veins along the thick shaft visibly throbbing, the swollen mushroom shaped head dripping copious amounts of pre-cum directly on her gaping opening.

"Be gentle baby," she whispered, her voice filled with lust along with a mixture of fear.

Their eyes were glued to his cock as he lowered his ass, the head, as if guided by radar, landing

directly at her opening. They watched the spongy head flatten a little before slipping inside, the sounds of their sighs mingling in the air. Slowly, inch by inch, he pushed more and more of his turgid shaft into her stretched pussy. Another sigh floated in the air when his balls finally settled against her upturned ass. Gently he began to withdraw until just the head remained lodged in her, then just as gently he pushed all the way back in. For ten minutes he kept up this slow pace, both savoring the pleasure his plunging cock produced. The pleasure intensified when he began to speed up.

“Oh yes, honey, just like that,” Evelyn mewed as her son worked his cock in and out of her.

“Oh God, Mom, you’re so tight,” David growled, his hips moving faster and faster.

“Roll over baby, let Mama ride you,” Evelyn said, reaching up and pressing her hands against his chest.

Moving one arm at a time David let her ankles slide off his shoulders. Once her legs were down he slowly pushed himself up until he was able to roll away from her, his cock slipping out of her tight pussy with a wet plop. Quickly he placed his ass on the edge of the seat and leaned back against the

cushions, one hand holding his slick cock up, the shiny head pointing toward the ceiling.

Evelyn stood, kicked off her heels, then stepped over in front of her son. Slowly she removed her cover-up and let it fall to the floor in a heap at her feet. She could see her son's lust filled eyes devouring her body. She stood there for a bit letting him drink in the sight of his mother standing in front of him in just nylons and a garter belt. With a lecherous grin she stepped up on the couch, placed her feet to either side of his thighs and squatted down. With her hands on his shoulders for support she slowly lowered herself until she felt the head of her son's cock brush against her pussy.

"Guide it in honey," she whispered.

David held his cock steady and watched in awe as his mother slowly lowered herself onto his throbbing cock. Once the head penetrated her well lubricated entrance he expected her to ease the rest of his cock inside, but she didn't. Instead she relaxed her legs and let her weight do the rest. In a split second she was fully impaled on his cock, her ass resting snugly on his large balls.

"Oh fuck!" they cried out in unison.

Once Evelyn recovered from the shock of her son's cock stretching her open she leaned forward and hungrily devoured his lips with her's. With their lips locked together she pushed her feet off the couch until she was on her knees.

As their tongues battled for dominance David slid his hands along her nylon clad thighs until his hands reached the succulent cheeks of her firm ass. He squeezed them repeatedly, keeping track with the way his mother's pussy contracted and relaxed around his girthy shaft. Their kiss went on for several minutes before his mother leaned up and began to rotate her hips in circles. The sensations running along his cock was new to him; he'd never felt anything like it. He could feel her wet walls massaging every inch of his throbbing dick.

Evelyn's eyes were closed as she chanted, "So good, so good."

Reaching up he cupped her breasts in his hands and mashed them together until the nipples were almost touching. Leaning forward he latched his lips on both stiff nubs and began to suck. This brought a deep growl of satisfaction from his mother, and faster movements of her hips. For several minutes he

nursed on her tits as she continued to increase the speed of her rotations.

Evelyn could feel it, that gradually building sensation that signaled an approaching orgasm. Stopping her circular motions she lifted up on his cock until just the head remained inside her tingling pussy. She held that position for a second then slammed herself back down taking all his meat into her soaked hole. She repeated this over and over, each downward thrust more forceful than the last.

Unable to keep his lips on her tits he leaned back and watched as his mother's tits bounced up and down on her chest. Slowly he raised his eyes and stared into her face. Her eyes were wide, ablaze with that wild, almost feral look he'd seen in them before. He placed his hands on her hips and rocked his hips upward as best he could, striving to match her frantic pace.

Evelyn's breath was coming in ragged gasps, her chest gleaming with sweat, as she pounded herself on his cock. She could feel something happening, something she'd never felt before. She felt her toes start to curl and an overwhelming warmth flooding her very core. The feeling grew and grew until suddenly she felt something strange happen.

Something she'd heard about but always thought was a myth. She squirted. Hot fluid gushed from her drenching both her pussy and her son's balls. She opened her mouth to scream but nothing came out. Dropping her chest onto her son's she rapidly undulated her hips back and forth rubbing her engorged clitoris against the base of his shaft prolonging the rapture that held her in its grip.

David felt the gush of fluids encase his cock in its molten heat, the sensation triggering his own orgasm. With his arms firmly holding his mother's body against his he pushed one final time, his cock sinking as far into her as possible and erupting. His cock was like a volcano shooting his thick cum into her like lava. The force and pleasure of his ejaculation so intense that his eyes rolled back in his head.

The feel of her son's cum exploding inside her sent Evelyn over the edge of the abyss and right into the loving embrace of nirvana. Her body shuddered violently, and right before she blacked out she could have sworn she the face of her dead husband smiling down approvingly at them.

David was the first to regain his senses. Slowly, lovingly, he stroked his mother's sweat covered

back, her body still trembling against his. When Evelyn came around she snuggled into him feeling a sense of peace like never before. It took her a few minutes before she was able to speak.

“I have never came that hard in my life,” she stated.

“That makes two of us,” he quietly agreed.

“Let me know when you’re ready and I’ll let you up. I think we both could use a shower,” she said, making no move to get off him.

David tightened his arms around her and whisper, “In a bit. I want to hold you a little longer.”

An hour later, freshly showered, mother and son lay on her bed. She had her head on his chest and was lazily playing with his almost soft cock while watching their reflection in the closet door mirrors. He softly stroked her hair with one hand while lightly caressing the swell of her breast with the other. His eyes glued to their reflection too.

“I’m going to miss you so bad when you have to report back,” she softly voiced.

Evelyn was started when he slid out from under her and climbed off the bed. Her puzzlement only

increasing when he walked out the door without saying anything. When he returned she noticed that he had a manila envelope in one hand, his other hand gently stroking his growing cock. The devilish grin on his face didn't help explain what was going on either.

"I have one more Christmas present for you, Mom," he said, climbing onto the bed and handing her the envelope.

"What's this?" she asked as she took the envelope from him.

"Open it," he replied, grinning from ear to ear.

Evelyn open it and pulled out a sheaf of papers. She scanned the top page and her heart soared.

"Is this for real?" she happily asked.

"Yep. I've finished my sea duty obligations; those are my new orders. I'm being transferred to NAS Lemoore, effective immediately, for the remainder of my enlistment," he gleefully informed her.

"That's only a thirty-minute drive from here. That means..." she couldn't bring herself to finish the sentence.

Laying down and stretching out next to her he said, “That means I can be home every night on the days I have duty, and all the time on my days off.”

Evelyn dropped the envelope and papers onto the bed and rolled over and took him in her arms.

“You don’t know how happy this makes me,” she whispered before pressing her lips to his.

As they kissed tenderly David rolled them over until he was on top of her, his now fully erect cock pressed against her mound.

Breaking the kiss she laughingly asked, “Didn’t you get enough already?”

“I’ll never get enough of you, Mom,” he answered as he slowly pushed his cock into his mother’s wet pussy.

“This feels just like a Fairy Tale come true,” she mewed, as her son’s thick cock filled her very happy pussy once more.

’...and they lived happily ever after.”

THE END

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