

WHO'S THE DUMBASS NOW DAD CH. 01

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Son schemes to bed his mother and dad is forced to watch.

Incest/Taboo

4.6

12.9k words

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

I would like to thank woodlands1946 and younghrted2 for taking the time to review my story

The first time I ever whacked off, it was while thinking of my mother. To me she's the sexiest thing going. She has beautiful legs, a well-toned figure, and an ass and set of tits to die for. Her big puffy lips, blue eyes, and black hair just drive me crazy.

Once I caught her bending over to pick something up from the living room floor. She was wearing a short mini skirt, and I got to see her pretty pink panties. To this day I, can still imagine taking my hand and running my fingers under the lacey material, finger-fucking her to total bliss.

Knowing my mother would never in her right mind let me fuck her, I never thought such a thing would ever happen - not until I had a lucky break and a wonderful plan entered my tiny brain. I think the devious thought came from some other being, and they injected their thoughts into my mind. I did, however, consider myself the luckiest guy around. At least, at that time I did.

You see, this all happened when I found out my dad had been shagging younger women behind my mom's back. A friend of mine, Donny, just happened to be the son of the owner of a motel located across town. The other day Donny came over to my place for some game play on the PS-3. On our way up to my room, he noticed a family portrait that hung on the wall leading up the staircase.

He glanced at the picture and yelled to me, "Hey, I know that guy. He frequents my dad's establishment about once a week with younger girls. We call him 'Old Perv.'"

"Can't be," I told him with a pissed-off look on my face. I thought to myself, my dad might be an asshole but he's still my father, and this friend of mine was running his name into the dirt.

"No Mike, I wouldn't diss you like that. Your dad is a serious pervert! I'm sure that's him. I'll even bet on it."

"If you want to make a bet on it, I'll need some more proof than just your word. I still think you're wrong. My dad is kind of average looking, and I think you're mistaking him for someone else."

"Hey, what if I record him next time he comes by? No way you could deny it wasn't him, then."

"If you get him on video, and I see that it's my father with my own eyes, I'll give you my PS-3 unit."

"Mike, you got yourself a deal, Man! Tell you what, I'll do you one better. I'll record him in the room with the chick! We have a mini-camera we don't use, and I'll set it up in the room before he gets

there.

"Okay Donny, we got a deal, then. Let's cut out all this bullshit and go play some games," I said, still thinking to myself he's full of shit.

At school the following week, Donny handed me a DVD, with a big smile on his face. "I hope you don't welch on bets! I said I'd get your dad on video, and there's no mistaking that it's him."

I took the DVD from him and said "Okay, Dude, let me take a look. If it's him, you got yourself a PS-3."

After school I immediately went up to my room and fired up my laptop. I put in the DVD and let it play. Donny was correct. There, staring at me on the screen, was my old man. Sure enough, he entered the room with this girl around my age. Looking a little closer, I thought she looked familiar. Then it hit me! The girl looked a lot like my older sister. Not only is my dad a cheating pervert, he wants to fuck Sis! I guess I know where I get my tendency for incest.

I watched as the video played, and the two of them got into it pretty quick. I think they should change my dad's nickname from 'Old Perv' to 'Speedy.' I don't think the girl had a chance to even get wet. He was over before he began. The entire video was over in around 30 minutes from start to finish. When it was over I turned it off and laid down on my bed and stared up at the ceiling.

As I lay there and reminisced over the video, I thought to myself, *What a piece of shit my father is. How could he ever consider screwing anyone else when he's got such a gorgeous woman as my mom at home? I'd be fucking her every free second I had.*

Then I thought, *What would my sister do if she found out how Dad liked sex with girls that look like her?*

That's when the wheels started to turn.

What would Mom do if she also found out what I knew? How would she react? Would she kick him out of the house, and divorce his sorry ass? And what about revenge? Would I be able to get my mother to think about having sex with a younger guy to get even with him? What if Dad was forced to watch and see what it's like to be cheated on? Would I be able to get Mom to go for such a crazy idea?

The younger guy would be me, of course, but I knew she'd never go for that - never in a million years. So how do I get her to fuck me without knowing who I am? Thinking, thinking, thinking, I finally came up with a plan. A plan that had small chance of success, but in my mind it was worth a try. First I would have to get Mom to agree with it, and then work on the details from there.

I heard my mom yell that supper was ready; I was the first one to sit down at the table. Dad had just come home from work and sat down at the head of the table. He didn't waste any time belittling me.

"So, Michael, how's your last year of school going? Do you think maybe you're going to graduate, or are we going to see you repeat your senior year?"

What a fucker. I thought to myself.

But that's how it's been for as long as I can remember. Nothing I do is good enough for him in his eyes. I'm just a dumb-ass because I maintain a B average and not the Honor Roll like he did in school.

So I blew off his comment and hesitantly responded to his smart-ass remark, "Okay, Dad. Just trying to enjoy my last year." I faked a smile and returned to my meal.

"Oh, so trying to get your grades up isn't that important in your last year? What kind of a job do you think you're going to get with such low grades? I mean, your mother and I aren't going to carry you, anymore. It's time for you to 'man up' and think what you're going to do after school is out."

"Yeah, I know, Dad. I was thinking maybe I'd go to a trade school and take up construction. I like to work with my hands and build things."

"So you want us to fork over more money? So you can be a general laborer?" Dad protested in a stern voice.

Mom entered the dining room from the kitchen and overheard Dad's comments, and decided to speak her mind. "Howard, leave Mike alone. If he wants to be a contractor, then that's what it is! And yes, we're going to pay, just like we're paying for your Princess to go to college!" my mother huffed with an agitated look on her face.

Princess is what Dad calls my sister - his Little Princess. For some reason him saying that always pisses Mom off.

I mumbled to myself, "Yeah. You want to fuck your Little Princess don't you, Howard?"

I put on my best smile and looked at Mom, mouthing the words 'thank you' to her. She smiled back at me and gave me a little wink. Sitting down in her chair, my mother started to eat her half-cold meal. I don't think I ever saw Mom eat a warm meal. By the time she finished in the kitchen, and then served Dad his plate and drink, her plate would be cold. I happened to still be looking at Mom when she sat down. I couldn't help but feel myself get excited by the way she was dressed today.

Talk about low cut! The dress that draped over her succulent body was very low cut, and her very impressive chest burst out of the top of it. Her cleavage pushed together and formed a wonderful valley. I just wanted to put my head between those beautiful tits and run my nose between them. I imagined taking one of her boobs in my mouth and sucking on it, like I was a starved infant.

I turned my head quickly when I noticed my mother looking at me. I'm not sure if she caught me as I was gawking at her, or not. It didn't matter because Dad started to speak again.

"Sure, Honey, we'll pay for his college. Oh, and I don't know if I told you or not; I have to return to work after supper. We had a big meeting at work today, and I have a presentation to complete for tomorrow morning."

"No, you didn't, Dear. And it seems to me you have a lot of these meetings anymore, with an awful lot of these next-day rushes."

"I know. It's this new department head. He's a real ball-buster," my dad said, trying to put a convincing look on his face.

Yeah, and I know the presentation you're going to do tonight, you fucking prick.

Dad finished his last bite, then got up and gave my mother a kiss on the cheek. "I won't be late, Honey. I'll see you later," he said, as he turned and walked away toward the front door.

When I heard Dad leave, I quickly motioned to Mom. "Mom, I think we need to talk later," I said to her, with a concerned look on my face.

"About what?" Mother asked.

"Just something. I'll help you with the dishes first, then we'll talk."

I gave her a hand doing the dishes, figuring that would be a wise thing to do. I didn't want Mom to have to do anything after I dropped the bomb on her about Dad. That way, she would be able to mull everything over in her head without any distractions.

When we finished the last of the dishes, I went into the dining room and took a seat at the table. Mom came in and I gave her a serious gaze. "Mom, you'd better sit down. I have something very important to tell you, about Dad."

Mom took a seat and looked at me, very intensely. "What about your father?"

"Mom, Dad's having an affair, and not just an affair. He's sleeping with younger girls. They look like they might be around my age."

"How do you know this, Mike?"

I didn't want to show her the DVD. I wanted that secret kept to myself, knowing if she knew what the girls looked like, she'd never go for my plan. So I just told her about my friend Donny, and who his dad was, and where Dad had been going.

"Mom, I bet if we waited in the parking lot you'd be able to see for yourself. I can drive you over there."

"No, I'll go myself and see," Mom said, looking quite disturbed about what I had said. I had to think quickly. I didn't want Mom to burst in on Dad and tell him off. Not without me first telling her about my plan for revenge.

"Mom, I don't think that's a good idea. I mean, I don't think you're going to be in any kind of condition to drive if I'm right about Dad. Besides, we can wait at my friend's house, and not in a car where Dad can see you."

Mom paused for a moment, and I could see her mulling over what I had told her. "Okay, Mike, let's go. I hope you're wrong about all this."

I could see how much this was upsetting her, but I was too far gone to back down now. I couldn't help but feel guilty about making her feel this way, even though it was all true. I was still trying to convince myself all this was worth it.

It's going to get me into my mom's pants in the end, I said to myself as we headed for my car.

I called Donny and told him we were coming over. While we talked on the phone, he glanced out his window and told me he could see Dad's car in the parking lot. As we drove up to the motel, Mom spotted Dad's car.

"That fucking bastard!" Mom furiously spoke.

"We can't be sure yet, Mom, until we see him leave"

"For his fucking sake it better be someone else!" Mom was clenching her hands together.

We entered Donny's home, and I introduced him to Mom. He showed us to the front window and we waited patiently, peeking through the curtains. We didn't have to wait long. 'Speedy' was out of the room in 45 minutes with his blonde fuck-buddy in tow. I had to strain my eyes to see what the girl looked like, since Donny's apartment was so far away from the room. But I was still able to notice that the girl had my sister's appearance. It was a different girl than I had seen in the video with my dad, but this one was very similar looking.

I thought to myself, again, *He must be hand-picking hookers that resemble Sis. But, where did he go to find them? I'll have to follow him and find out. If I want my plan to work, I need him to pick up the right girl.*

I heard a commotion behind me and I spun around, just in time to see Mom bolt for the door. I quickly stopped her from leaving the house.

"Mom, hold on. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to kill that fucking prick!"

"Mom, think about this first. You have the advantage right now. Once Dad is aware you're onto him, he'll try and get out of this."

"I have a crazy idea, Mom. After they leave we'll go, and I'll explain it to you. I think revenge would make you feel better." I watched as Mom fought back tears, but she did agree to wait. I went over my plan in my head.

I had to make this believable to her, or it wasn't going to work. I felt confident that my plan would work as I tried to read my mother's mind. I figured my mom would be mad as hell - mad enough for her not to be rational about what I was about to tell her.

As we sat in my car, I glanced over and looked Mom in the eye. I began to speak in a soft, comforting voice. "Sorry, Mom. I was hoping I was wrong, but Dad's a real loser. I can't understand why he would do this to you. I'm very pissed off myself, and have been for a couple days. I knew what Dad'd been doing, but I wanted to see if he'd stopped. That's why I waited until now to tell you about him."

I placed my hand on top of Mom's to show my affection for her. "I got an idea on how you can get even with him, Mom, but I don't know if you'd be interested."

"What's your idea, Mike?" Mom asked, in a cracked voice.

"What about, umm... What if you have sex with a younger guy, but not just that? What if Dad was tied down, and was forced to watch you have sex with this younger stud?" I watched as a look of shock appeared on her face.

"Michael, where did you get this idea? I'm not going to do something like that, even though it would feel like a good punishment for that, that lying, no- good low-life!"

"Hold on, Mom," I said, cutting her off before she got going again. "Just think for a moment. You asked me where I got this idea. Well, it was from me thinking about what Dad has done to you. I thought that making him have to watch you do what he's been doing to you would just rip him up

inside. Besides that, Mom, I know for sure getting a young guy would be easy to do. All my friends think you're a fox. I mean, I even think you're sexier than hell."

"Mike! Stop that. I don't like this kind of talk."

"Mom, come on. At least think my idea over, before you do anything else. I can get someone that Dad and you don't know to... well, you know. I really do think you deserve this. You're a person with feelings, too, and Dad's getting away with this for I-don't-know-how-long, isn't right. Just divorcing or tossing him out isn't enough of a punishment; at least not in my book."

Mom's eyes started to tear up again, and she squeezed my hand, looking deep into my eyes. She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. "You're such a sweet boy, Michael. I promise I'll think your idea over, and I'll let you know what I'm going to do. I just need some time to take this all in. I'm angry and hurt right now. There's just too much for me to think about."

"I know, Mom. I just wish I could make you happy, again."

I started the car and we made a long and very quiet drive home. I knew Mom would be thinking over everything that took place. Only time would tell if Mom would be interested in my idea. How I wished I could have just held her and showed her how much I loved her.

When we arrived at home, I went straight to my room before my dad came in the door. I was lying on my bed when I heard voices talking. Dad must have just arrived, but he and Mom were talking in a normal tone of voice. There was no yelling of any kind.

Maybe Mom is contemplating my idea, I thought to myself as I turned over on my side. I went to sleep, hoping I had planted a seed in Mom's thoughts.

The next morning was uneventful, like nothing ever took place the night before. Dad was drinking his coffee and heading out for work. He stopped and kissed Mom on the cheek before he went out the front door. "See you tonight, Dear. Oh by the way, I might have to work late again tonight. I won't know until later. I'll call you from the office if I have to stay over a couple of hours."

"Okay, Honey. Mike and I have plans anyway, so it's no big deal," I heard my mother reply to him.

We have plans? What plans are she referring to? Did I forget we're doing something tonight? I put my hand under my chin and tried to recollect what she might be talking about. I heard Mom coming from the entryway, and she greeted me in the kitchen.

"Okay Mike, I gave your idea some thought. I was going to say 'no' until that bastard just told me he was working late, again. So, what do we have to do to set this plan of yours into action?"

I was so ecstatic, I could hardly answer her. "Well, Mom, nothing for now. Just leave it to me. I'll set this up and let you know when it's a go."

"You better make it quick, Mike. I can't promise you I won't change my mind after today."

"Mom, I have to run this by my friend first and see if he's on board. I also need to find a person that can tie Dad down so he can't leave before he's forced to watch. Then I have to setup a camera so Dad will see you in action."

"A camera? You're going to record me? I don't think I like this idea."

"No, no, Mom. It's not a camera. It just goes to a little screen for viewing. I promise, there's no recording involved." I could see she was not too pleased with that part of the idea. "Listen, Mom, I'll show you the setup first, and if you don't like it I'll think of another way. Okay?"

"Okay, if I see it first," she replied.

I ran up to my room, grabbed the laptop and mini-camera, and quickly set it up in the dining room. Then I showed Mom how it was going to be used. "Okay, Mike, I guess that will work," she said when she understood what was going to happen.

"Great, Mom. Now I have to run before I'm late for school. I'll head over to Dad's office after school, and tail him to find out where Dad meets those girls."

"What do you mean, meets those girls? Aren't they from his work?"

"Um, I don't think so, Mom. I would bet they're hookers."

"Hookers!" I can see the fire rage in her eyes.

"Sorry, Mom. I thought you knew that. Where else would Dad go to find young girls like that? It can't be interns, because school is still in. And they look about my age, so I just assumed hookers."

"I don't want to talk about this anymore. Go do what you think you need to do. I'm going to go out now and do some shopping."

I gave Mom a quick peck on the cheek and raced out the door.

Now I needed to find a young guy around my age, height weight, and hair color to go along with this plan of mine. I checked out the guys around school and eyed someone who fit the bill. Then, I had to come up with a reason to invite him over to my house and introduce him to Mom. Then somehow make it seem like he would be the one.

I walked up to him and struck up a conversation. His name was Timmy, and he had just moved here from New York. He didn't know anyone yet himself, and I thought to myself, it just might work.

"Well Tim, if you like I could show you around town and introduce you to a bunch of my friends."

"That would be great." Tim expressed enthusiastically.

"Um, I'm kind of busy after school today, what if we do it tomorrow? We can grab a quick bite to eat at my place and then head out," I said, trying not to show just how ecstatic I was.

"Okay then, see you after school tomorrow," he said. We shook hands, and he headed for his next class. I couldn't believe how lucky I was. Tim's build was very close to mine, and even his eyes were the same color as mine. The rest of the school day just seemed to drag on. It was like watching a tea pot boil, but finally the last bell rang. I dashed out of school, was in my car in a flash, and headed over to Dad's work.

I don't know why I was in such a rush. I knew Dad didn't get out until five, and it was only three-thirty. I parked where I could watch his vehicle and began to play the long waiting game. I sat in my car and jammed to some tunes, frequently checking the time. Five rolled into six, which rolled into seven. *Shit, the fucker was really working overtime.* Then, at about seven-thirty, Dad popped out of

the office. I started my engine and waited until he pulled out. I stayed about six car lengths behind him as I followed him across town.

When Dad pulled his car over, I got the first snag in my perfect plan. He didn't have to search for hookers that looked like my sister. He already had them waiting to be picked up. I watched as a young blonde jumped into the car and they drove off.

What the hell. I thought.

Dad must have already had a contact number from the place where he picked up the girls from. He went straight to the motel, and I knew I wouldn't have to wait a long time. In about another hour they left the motel. Dad dropped the girl off at the same corner where he'd picked her up and drove off. I quickly parked my car and ran up to the young girl.

"Hey miss, can I talk to you for a minute or two?" I said, a little short of breath from running. She pretended as if she didn't hear me and continued walking away. "Please miss, can I talk to you? I wanted to ask you something about the guy that just dropped you off."

The girl stopped walking and turned around. "If you don't leave me alone, I'm going to call the police," the young girl said. As she spoke, she put her hands on her hips and looked pissed off at me.

"Listen I don't want trouble, but that guy was my father, and I know what you two were doing. I just need to ask you who you work for. I need to find a girl myself."

"If that was your dad, why don't you ask him for the number?"

"It's complicated. If you have a minute, I'll tell you what I need it for."

The girl looked curious and walked back towards me. "Okay. Why can't you ask him for the phone number? What's so complicated?"

I began to explain to her what I wanted to do - how my dad has always treated me like crap, and how I was going to have my mom have sex with a younger guy and force him to watch it. I left out the part about me being the young guy. A big smile rolled onto the girl's face.

"Well I can relate to being treated like crap. My father did more or less the same thing to me. Hence, here I am doing what I'm doing. This is better than being at home with him." The girl then explained how Dad had his favorites, and who they were. "There are three of us that your dad sees. He has what we call a daughter crush, so we all play that part, but with different personalities."

"I'm Rebecca, by the way, and I play the good daughter. Then there's Trish. She plays the meek, shy daughter. Lastly there's Sandy. She plays the kinky daughter. I think you would want Sandy for what you want to do. I bet she could get him tied up, but I don't know if she'd go for it. I don't think your father will be coming back to us after this all plays out. Your dad's been a regular with us for a while. Losing his business would cost us a steady income, not to mention if he spreads the word around about what one of us did."

"I see your point," I said, as I pondered over what she told me.

"I'm, sorry your dad treated you like shit, also. I'll see if I can figure another way to get my dad tied up. I thank you for your time."

"Wait a minute," she said. "I said we might have a problem. I didn't say we wouldn't do it."

"No, I don't want to cause you girls a problem. It's better if I think of another way," I said as I started to walk away.

Rebecca grabbed me by the arm. "Listen, meet me here tomorrow about this time. I'm going to call the girls and explain to them what you want to do. Let us decide if we want to take a risk or not."

"I don't know," I said. "I think this is getting way out of hand. I'll tell you what - you explain to your girlfriends what I plan on doing, and I'm going to go and think about this some more, myself. If I show up, you'll know I didn't change my mind. I don't want to cause anyone any grief over this. I might hate what my father has done to my mom, and how he's treated me over the years, but knowing I caused problems for other people would make it hard to live with myself."

"Just meet me here, and we'll see what happens. I didn't get your name," Rebecca said, throwing me a smile.

"It's Mike," I said, as I extended my hand for her to shake.

"Well, Mike, you seem like a real sweet guy. I'll see you tomorrow," she said as she shook my hand.

"Okay," I said as I turned away to head for my car.

I took my time as I went back. I was lost in thought, and went over everything I could think of about my situation. I began to wonder if this was worth all the trouble I was going through, or if I was just being a pervert, myself. I mean this whole plan is aimed at allowing me to fuck my own mother, and shove it in my dad's face. That's when I got a vivid picture in my mind. I was slamming my rock hard cock deep into Mom's pussy as I heard her scream out in ecstasy. Immediately my dick got hard in my pants.

"Yes, I'm that much of a perv myself. If, just once, I can feel Mom's pussy sliding against my dick, it's worth it," I told myself. I headed back home. On the way, I began to run down my list of things I had to get, and then tried to think where I could get them. In no time, I was back at home.

I saw Dad's car in the driveway, so I figured he must have come straight home. I hopped out of my car and entered the house through the back door. I noticed Mom standing by the sink in the kitchen, waving me over.

I tip-toed over to her and whispered in her ear. "I got a lot done today, but I have more to do tomorrow. I'm bringing a friend over for you to see."

"Oh, okay. Have I seen him before?" Mom asked, kind of hesitantly.

"No, he's new to the school. I figured that would be best."

"How old is he, Mike? I don't want to rob the cradle here."

"Mom, he's 18 like me. Give me some credit here." I said feeling disappointed.

"I didn't mean it like that, Mike. I know you're very smart. You shouldn't start believing what your asshole father has been telling you all these years. When this is all done, he won't be telling you that anymore. I have full intentions of letting him know this was your plan."

"Thanks, Mom, but I don't think that would be such a good idea. I think he might still be able to kick my ass. Why don't we just keep it between us?" I leaned in and gave Mom a peck.

"Okay, but someday I'm going to let him know how he was out-smarted by you."

I left Mom and made a quick sandwich to eat, then quietly tip-toed to my room to eat. While I sat on my bed eating, I reminisced over all that had happened today. I began to feel quite tired so I put the plate on my night stand and slipped under the covers. It didn't take long before I dozed off.

I must have started dreaming as soon as I went to sleep. I dreamt I was watching the video of my dad and the young blond girl. It started out just like I'd seen on the video, but the video turned into seeing them for real - as if I was right in the room with them. As I watched the scene unfold, I began to see them sitting on the bed as they started to kiss. The girl's face became more vivid and I saw it was Rebecca.

My dad then began to kiss down her neck, and I heard her moan in my dad's ear. In a soft tone. I heard the words escape her lips, "Yes, Daddy, oh yes! Your Princess loves what you're doing."

Then another unexpected change occurred. Rebecca's face began to change, morphing into another girl's face. As I focused on this new girl, the blurry image became clear. It was my sister!

I couldn't turn away as I felt myself getting excited over what was taking place. I was about to see my dad fuck my sister! I watched intently as he slowly unbuttoned her jeans and slid his hand down to her moist pussy lips. I watched as Dad stimulated her clit with his fingers. She began to moan in delight from what he was doing. Her hips pushed hard against his hand.

"Fuck me! Oh.. Oh.. fuck me, Daddy!" I heard her moan over and over again.

Dad quickly tore my sister's pants off, and he stood up to quickly fumble with his own. My sister, very sexy, wet her lips with her tongue, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Fuck me now, Daddy, I want to feel you inside me," my sister said. I watched as she rubbed her own pussy with her right hand. I was totally turned on now, I felt the cum building up in my cock.

In my aroused state, I could see Dad bend over my sister and line his cock up with her spread pussy. My sister brought her legs up and put them on my Dad's shoulders. With her hand, she pulled his body into hers. I watched as she lifted her ass off the bed and forced as much as she could of Dad inside herself.

"Oh.. Yes, Daddy, oh fuck me, fuck your Princess. I want you to come inside me, Daddy," my sister said, nearly screaming as she pushed herself hard up against his cock.

Faster and faster Dad pounded into her. The sweat dripped off his forehead and landed on my sister's bouncing tits. Dad leaned in and took one of Sis's perky breasts in his mouth and sucked on it.

"Oh, Daddy, oh... I'm coming! Ugh... ugh... ugh." My sister screamed as she arched her back up and tightened her legs around my dad's neck. Her hands gripped the covers on the bed. Dad arched himself and gave one hard push into my sister. His eyes slammed shut and he started to grunt.

"Uh. Uh I'm coming, Princess! Daddy's coming!"

Then I felt my own release, and I kept coming and coming. I awoke to realize I had cum in my own pants. I jumped out of bed and replayed the dream in my mind.

What the hell? I thought to myself. *Where did that come from? Why did I dream about that?* I was totally confused by what had just happened, not only by what the dream was about, but why was I excited over seeing my dad and Sis fuck? I changed my clothes and slipped back into bed. I tried to reason out what had just happened, but my thinking was short lived, in no time I was asleep again.

In the morning I still tried to get a grip on what took place last night in my dream. *What the hell's the matter with me? First I wanted to fuck Mom, now pictured Dad and Sis fucking, and liking it to boot. What's next? Seeing Mom and Sis together?* I felt my dick jump at that idea.

Holy shit I'm worse than a pervert! I think I might need some kind of mental health exam.

Getting myself dressed, I headed down stairs to the kitchen to grab a bite to eat before school. As I entered the kitchen I figured I must have over-slept, because Dad was already gone and only Mom was in the kitchen.

"How did you sleep, Honey?" Mom asked.

"Umm, okay. I had a weird dream."

Oops. I shouldn't have said that. I thought.

"Weird? What was weird about it?" Mom asked, looking concerned.

Thinking quickly, I replied, "I don't know. It's all foggy. I don't remember what it was about; just that it was strange, that's all."

"Oh, well now that we have some privacy, what happened yesterday with you? You didn't get home until late, and your father asked where you were. I told him you were over at a friend's house, playing games."

"Yeah, and I bet he said, 'Oh time for games but not for any school work I see.'"

"Well, I'm not going to repeat what the asshole said. I already told you how smart I think you are," Mom said, a big smile on her face.

"Well, I met one of the girls Dad's been with, and she told me to meet her today. She'll see if the kinky girl that Dad plays with will tie him up."

"The kinky girl? How many are there? He has special ones?" Mom asked, raising her voice and crossing her arms.

Upon seeing her face turn red with anger, I grabbed her hand in mine and moved closer to her. I looked deep into her eyes. "Mom, don't get upset. I promise you, he's going to get his. What we're doing now is just the start of the punishment I plan on dishing out his way."

"Oh Mike, what would I do without you?" Mom said, and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me close and rested her head on my shoulders.

I could hear her lightly crying. I put my arms around Mom, and squeezed her tight to me. I know I was comforting her, but I was also aware of her bosom as it pressed hard against my chest. I swear I was able to feel her nipples as she pressed tightly to me. I began to feel myself get hard.

Without thinking, I relaxed my arms a little and slowly slid them down to my mom's waist. My hands reached around both sides of her waist, and I eased my fingertips to the top of my mom's ass, keeping them there. God I just wanted to put my entire hand on her ass and squeeze it, then pull her close to my cock and rub it against her pussy. I felt Mom push me away, and I let my fingers lightly slide off her body.

As I looked at Mom, I began to think something was wrong. She had a strange look on her face.

Shit! Did she just feel my hardon? I tried to recollect if I felt her pressing against my cock while I was in my fantasy state. I just couldn't remember.

"Um.. Mike you better get to school. We'll talk later about everything," Mom said, with a strange tone to her voice.

"Is everything okay, Mom?"

"Yes, Sweetie, everything is fine. I just need some time alone. Now please go, and don't be late for school."

"Okay, Mom. I'll head right home after, so we can talk," I said, and gave her a quick kiss before dashing out the door.

While I drove to school, I kept trying to think if Mom felt my cock. I know I wanted her to, but did I happen to do what I was thinking? Then I heard my phone ring, and saw it was Sis.

Why is she calling me now? I thought as I hit the answer button.

"Hey, Sis. What's up?"

"Hey, little brother. What the hell is going on at home?" my sister asked in a worried voice.

"Nothing. Why are you asking?"

"Well, I just called Mom, and she didn't seem right. Something's bothering her; I could hear it in her voice. Just like I can tell you're not telling me everything, right now."

Shit, Sis knows me too well. What the hell am I going to tell her? If I tell her about Dad's affairs with hookers after work, she'll leave school and come home. That would ruin everything. She'll tell Dad and all this planning will be for nothing. I told myself. I had to think quickly.

"It must be because of my grades this last quarter. Dad's been really pissed at me lately, and Mom is getting upset by it."

My sister didn't say anything for a while, then I heard her say, "Maybe that's it, but I still think you're hiding something from me."

"There's nothing to hide, Sis. Listen, I'm just about at the school. I'll have to chat with you later or I'm going to be late." Again, a pause.

"Okay, but if Mom doesn't sound different next time I call, I'm coming home. I better not find out you lied to me because you'll be really sorry for not telling me the truth. I promise you that!"

"Okay I'll talk with you later. Bye," I said, and hung up before she could say anything more.

I wasn't lying about already being at school, and I parked the car to run inside. Of course I was late, but my first period teacher was cool, so there wouldn't be any problems. I opened the door and checked out the clock - I was ten minutes late. As I looked over at the teacher, she just shook her finger at me. I smiled and quickly took my seat.

My teacher, Mrs. Murphy, stood up and began to talk to us. "Okay, now that everyone is here, I guess I can start the movie."

Shit! I forgot today was the day we have to watch a film on Native Americans. I eased back in my chair and waited for the film to start.

I can tell you, there's nothing too interesting in Native Americans. What a boring film. I tried my best to keep my mind on the movie, but felt myself start to doze off in my chair. All of a sudden my mind started to wander more and more, and I lost focus on the film.

My mind drifted back to the video of my dad and the blonde again. Just as the night before, it was playing out again, only this time it was like I was Dad, and Sis was talking to me. I was seeing what it would be like to kiss her, and run my tongue into her open mouth. To feel her hot breath against my face, and hear her moan lightly, telling me she's enjoying the kissing. I then felt my hand running up her chest and begin to play with her tits. I could see Sis fumble with my pants and slip her hand in, reaching deeper and deeper until she had my dick in her hand, stroking it up and down. I was feeling exactly what Dad would have been feeling.

"Oh!" I heard myself say.

Sis began moving her mouth closer to my ear. I could feel her breath as she whispers, "You like it, little brother."

Little brother. It's not Dad she's jerking off. It's me!

"Michael!" a voice yells, waking me up from my dream. Looking around the room, I see everyone staring at me.

"Didn't you get enough sleep last night at home?" Mrs. Murphy asked, looking crossly at me.

"Um, sorry no. I had a bad night."

"Well, pay attention. There's going to be a test on this tomorrow."

"Okay, Mrs. Murphy. Again, I'm sorry," I said, as I felt my face blush.

Then I heard the class chuckle as I slid down in my chair to hide my embarrassment.

My buddy Chuck leaned over his desk and whispered to me, "What the hell were you dreaming about? All you were doing was moaning."

Great, I was having a wet dream about my sister in class, and everyone was listening to me get excited. Could this day get any better? I thought how to reply and came up with some bullshit excuse.

"I was being chased by a pit-bull. The fucker had me by the leg and was pulling me down."

"Well, it sounded more like you were fucking your girlfriend."

"I wish," I said, and looked at Mrs. Murphy to see if she had caught us talking.

As the day dragged on, I kept thinking about my latest dream, and why I was now thinking about my sister. I heard the bell ring, and hurried to meet up with Tim. We got into my car and blasted over to my house in record time. We both walked in, and I began to look around for Mom so I could introduce her to Tim. I found her sitting at the dining table with a blank look on her face. We both walked up to my mother.

"Mom, this is Tim, the guy I told you about."

Mom turned and looked our way, but seemed to have her mind somewhere else.

"Oh, sorry. I was in a deep thought for a minute. Hi, Tim, I'm Lisa. It's good to meet you. I hope I'm what you expected?"

Tim had a puzzled look on his face at Mom's question. I grabbed him by the arm and rushed him into the other room before he could ask what the hell she was talking about. I yelled back to Mom as we made our retreat, "Mom, we have a lot of things to do, so you two will have to talk some other time."

"Oh, okay. Bye, you two," Mom said, and threw us a kiss as we left.

Once in the living room, Tim turned and asked, "What was that all about?"

"Well, my mom has this thing where she thinks people don't think she's pretty, anymore. We always try to tell her she's very nice."

"Are you shitting me? Don't take this the wrong way, Mike, but your mom's a fox!"

"Thanks Tim. We all know this. It's Mom that doesn't think she's a fox."

"If I'd known this about her before, I would have paid her a compliment right away."

"Well, let's make a quick sandwich and head out before it gets too late. I have to meet someone around eight o'clock."

"Okay," Tim said, as we made our way back to the kitchen.

As we passed Mom still sitting in the dining room, Tim yelled to her, "Hey Lisa, I just wanted to tell you how great I think you look."

Mom turned and smiled at him. I swear I could see a twinkle in her eye.

I grabbed a couple sandwiches from the refrigerator and quickly spoke up. "Okay, let's scram." I said, tossing Tim a sandwich, then headed out the back door before Mom could say anything else to us.

Now that she has seen him, and knows what he looks like, half of the job is done. She'll remember his features, and it'll make my switch a lot easier. I thought to myself.

We stopped at a couple of my friends' places that were close to my home. I didn't want to get tied up anywhere, and I didn't want to be late for my meeting with Rebecca at eight o'clock. We finished bullshitting with my buddies around seven-thirty, and I dropped Tim off at his house. Then I headed straight to my secret rendezvous with Rebecca.

I got there with five minutes to spare, parked my car about a block away, and headed down the street. As I looked ahead I saw Rebecca standing, waiting for me. I walked up to her, and couldn't help but notice that she was looking around the corner.

"Hey, it's nice to see you again Rebecca," I said, putting my hand out for her to shake.

"Hi, Mike," She said, and took my hand.

"Um, I talked everything over with the girls, and I think they're okay with your plan, except for Sandy, who wanted to meet you in person, first," Rebecca said and turned to look over her shoulder. She motioned with her hand in a 'come here' gesture, and another girl walked towards us.

My jaw dropped. I couldn't believe how much the girl looked like my sister.

"Hi, my name is Sandy. I heard you want us to tie your dad up and have him watch your mom have sex."

Rebecca interrupted before I could answer, "Sandy I have to get going. I have a job in twenty minutes, and I don't want to be late. Bye, Mike."

"Bye, Rebecca. Umm.. Yeah, Sandy, that's the general idea," I said, waving to Rebecca as she left.

"So, who's the lucky guy that's going to do the deed?"

"Umm. A friend at school I know."

Sandy looked at me. I could tell she wasn't buying it. "A friend from school? You expect me to believe that you're going to let a friend fuck your mother? If you don't want to tell me the truth, then forget it. I'm not going to take part in something that might get me arrested. It's bad enough I'm a call girl. For all I know you could be setting your mother up to get raped and want your dad to watch it happen."

"No! That's a terrible thing to say! What would make you think I would do such a thing?"

"Well, I want the truth out of you right now, or this meeting is over."

I was left with no other option but to come clean and tell her my devilish endeavor.

I pulled Sandy aside so no one else could hear me and whispered my incestual desire to her. "It's me that will be having sex with her. I'm going to wear a ski mask to hide my identity. She'll think I'm actually my friend."

"Oh, you're kinkier than I thought. And I thought your dad was kinky for wanting sex with his daughter. I see it's a family trait. But, shit, you want the real deal. You want to fuck your own mother! Shit, I'm getting wet just thinking about this."

"Well, do we have a deal? Are you going to help me, Sandy? Or am I going to have to find someone else?"

"Tell you what, Mike. If I get to watch you screw your mother, we have a deal."

"Well, I don't see how you could watch. I'm using a video feed for Dad to watch Mom getting screwed by a young stud. That's the whole reason I need him tied down. I thought you understood this."

"No. You're not following me, Mike. I want to be in the room when you do this."

"Oh. I don't know about that. It took me quite a while just to convince my mom to want to fuck a young guy for revenge. I don't think she'd go for having another person in the room, watching."

"Mike, that's easy - just use adjoining rooms. I can sneak in through the door and your mother would be none the wiser."

"I'm a little hesitant about this", I said, "but okay."

"Oh this is going to be so hot! I can't wait to see this. Your dad is meeting me in two days at nine o'clock. I'll tell him I have a surprise for him, this time. You just have to get the room set up, and I'll take care of the restraints. Just remember, adjoining rooms, and make sure the door is unlocked between them."

"Okay, Sandy, I'll see you in two days. Hopefully, Mom doesn't change her mind by then. I better get going and fill Mom in on the day."

"Bye, Mike," Sandy said with the wickedest smile I've ever seen.

I raced home and entered by the back door into the kitchen, quietly heading into the dining room. Mom was still sitting at the table, and she still had a strange look on her face.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"Uh... Oh... Nothing, Mike. I'm still wrapping my head around things."

"What things? Can't you tell me? I only want to help."

"Oh, Honey, I know you do. Come here and give Mom a hug." Mom said, holding her arms out waiting for me to walk to her. I walked up and wrapped my arms around my mom and pulled her into my stomach as she sat in the chair. She squeezed me tightly to her, and put her left cheek against my stomach. I could feel her body giving little jerks, I knew she was crying again, I began to run my fingers through her hair.

"It's all going to work out, Mom. We're going to be okay."

"I know Mike. It just kills me knowing your father is screwing young girls. Why wasn't I enough for him? Don't I still look sexy?"

"Mom, Dad is a fool. You're the most gorgeous woman I know. If I weren't your son, I would definitely be trying my best to get you to go out on a date with me."

"Oh, Mike, please stop. Why would you want to take an old hag like me out on a date?"

"Are you kidding me? Mom, look in the mirror - you're a knock out!"

"You are so sweet, Mike. Come here and give me a kiss," Mom said, as she looked up at me, waiting for me to give her a kiss.

I bent over and gave her a peck on her forehead, feeling myself getting hard again from the closeness of her body. I wanted to leave before my dick would be exposed to my mother's view, especially in her seated position. I pulled myself away from her and sat down across from her at the table.

"Mom, I think I got everything set for you. I talked one of the girls into tying Dad up, and I just need to know if you're still up for it."

"As of now I am, but we better do this quick. I think I'm having second thoughts."

"Well, in two days Dad's meeting her. She said she'll take care of restraining him. I'll tell Tim tomorrow to be at the room early. I'm going to have him wear a mask to protect him from Dad seeing his face. I think Dad would kill him if he ever saw him around town."

"That's a good idea, Mike. I didn't think about that myself. Honey, you better scram before the loser walks in and asks what we're talking about."

I went up to my room and played a couple of video games before crashing for the night. I kept going over everything in my head. It was hard to believe it was going to happen. I was going to slide my cock inside my mother, and she was not going to know it was me. What a great plan.

After school, I hurried over to the motel, explaining to Donny I was going to record my dad to get proof of what he was doing to Mom. She could then use that against him in the divorce proceedings.

"What happened to the DVD I made?" Donny asked.

"I was so pissed when I saw it was Dad I broke it. So I need to catch him fucking again." I think Donny bought my half-assed story. In any case, he gave me a hand setting up the gear in the rooms. We left only the last camera and laptop so I could set it up for Dad to watch the action.

The big day had arrived. All day I couldn't help thinking about what was about to happen. Time seemed to drag on, but finally school was out. I raced out of school and prayed Mom didn't change her mind, calling out to her as I burst through the front door.

"Mom, you home?"

"Yeah, Sweetie, just up in my room getting changed."

I hurried up the stairs and gazed into my parents' bedroom. I was shocked by the clothing my mother had chosen to wear. I looked her up and down, admiring the long, silk, black dress. There was a slit that came up to her upper thigh, and the low cut v-neck exposed most of her breasts as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"So, you think Tim is going to like how I look?"

"My god, Mom, you're so hot!" I said, feeling my dick going to hardness. But I didn't care if she saw it at that moment. I wanted to just take her right then and there.

"Well, I see you're not lying to me..."

"Huh?" I said, looking down where my mother was staring. I was fully hard, and my cock was bulging out in my jeans. Mom saw it.

"Oh, sorry Mom. It's just -- well, you look so sexy. I can't help myself."

"Well, we'll forget about it. I hope your friend sees me as sexy as you apparently do."

"

"Oh, I'm sure he will."

"Well, I have to finish Mike. I'll see you before I leave?"

"Mom, I'm going over to a friend's house to study for an important test tomorrow in school, but I'll be home by the time you get back tonight. Oh, and the room number for the motel is 103; Tim will have the door open for you. Just make sure you show up a little after nine, so Dad doesn't see you enter the room."

Sounding disappointed by my answer, Mom went back to fixing her hair.

"Okay, Honey, I'll see you later tonight."

Quickly, I changed clothes into new ones that I purchased; I knew Mom would recognize all my old ones. I rushed out of the house, and sped across town to the motel. I parked my car a good eight blocks away, figuring Mom would park closer. I grabbed the last camera and laptop out of the back seat and fast-paced my way to the motel. By eight-thirty I was at the motel, and quickly grabbed the key to 103 from Donny. I then headed to the room, opening the adjoining door to 104. I set up the camera, and was only able to do a quick video check before I noticed someone approaching the room. I dashed back into 103 and closed the door just in time to hear the door in 104 opening. I started the camera in 104 and saw Dad and Sandy enter the room.

"So, what's this new game you told me about?" I heard my dad ask.

"Just get yourself ready and lie down on the bed. I think you're going to like this."

Dad stripped off his clothes and lay down in the center of the bed. Sandy removed her top and skirt, leaving only her bra, panties, and stockings on. She then straddled my dad and pulled his arm up to the head board. She grabbed a pair of hand cuffs that had pink fuzz on them, out of a leather purse. She attached my Dad's right arm to the bed.

"Oh, you're getting kinkier on me, Sandy."

"Mmm, I hope you like it, Daddy. I've got a great surprise for you."

"This isn't the surprise?"

"Eww, no, Daddy. This is the foreplay. The surprise comes later," Sandy said as she brushed her hand across my dad's cock.

Sandy took Dad's left hand and bound it to the headboard with another pair of fuzzy handcuffs. She then rolled herself off of Dad and took one of her stockings off. She then used it to tie around my dad's ankle, fastening it to the bottom of the bed. A moment later she proceeded to do the same with his other foot. My dad now was completely tied, and at Sandy's mercy.

"So, do I get my surprise now?" Dad asked, as he tested his restraints.

"Soon, Daddy, very soon."

I watched as Sandy made her way to the laptop on the dresser. She turned it on and swiveled it to face toward the bed, so my dad could see the screen.

"What the hell is this?"

"This is your surprise, Daddy. We're going to be watching a live show."

Then, I heard the door to my room begin to open, and quickly put the ski mask on as Mom entered the room. She wore a long coat over her black dress. I watched as she glanced over at the table and saw Dad tied and watching. She also happened to notice Sandy lying next to my dad, rubbing her hand up and down his chest.

"Sandy, I don't think this is going to be fun. I want you to untie me," Dad said, jerking the hand cuffs.

"Shh - the fun is just about to start. Just keep watching."

Mom came closer, removing her coat and letting it fall to the floor.

"What the fuck!" I heard come from the laptop, "That's my wife!"

Mom looked at the laptop and smiled. "So, Honey, you think you're the only one that can cheat? I plan on having a little fun of my own."

Mom then looked back at me, and put her arms on my shoulders and leaned into my ear.

"So, you still think I'm sexy?"

I just nodded my head, and put my arms around her waist. I pulled her closer to me, pressing my groin into her.

"Oh, I see," Mom said, looking me in the eyes.

I slowly moved closer to her face and touched my lips to hers. We began to French kiss, our tongues dancing together, exchanging saliva between one another. Slowly, I dropped my hands from her waist and slid them back to her ass. I pulled her into me while lightly squeezing her cheeks.

"Mmmm," I heard her say.

"You fucking whore! I'll kill both of you when I get out of this!"

We both paused from kissing and watched the screen.

"Shh, be nice, Daddy, or I'll have to gag you also. Just enjoy the show, Daddy. Isn't it hot, seeing your wife getting seduced by that young stud? I bet he's going to fuck her all night. Oh, I'm getting wet thinking about it."

"Fuck off, Sandy, and release me, you fucking bitch!"

"I said be nice," Sandy said, taking off her panties and stuffing them in my father's mouth.

"Mmm, hmm, Mmm," was all my dad was able to say.

"Did she just call him 'Daddy'?" I heard Mom question.

I just shrugged my shoulders and moved in to kiss her again. It wasn't long before we both were hot and really into making out. I ran my hands up and down her back, pausing at her ass as I squeezed it. I lightly lifted her off her feet, and began to slide my hard cock up against her mound.

Mom dropped her hand down to my pants and unbuttoned them, pushing them down to the floor. She reached into my underwear and her hand wrapped around my stiff cock, toying with it, moving up and down. She began to stroke my shaft.

"Ohh," I said, as I squeezed her ass to show how much I liked what she was doing.

"Oh, you're such a big boy, I bet that cock of yours tastes as good as it feels. Do you mind if I see?"

I shook my head 'no' and Mom slid down my body, resting on her knees. She stroked my dick as she stared at it, her head just inches away. I could feel her hot breath on me, and watched as she eased herself forward, moving closer to my dick. I closed my eyes as I felt her moist lips take my cock in her mouth, sliding me deeper and deeper.

"Ohh!" I said, turning my head to the laptop to make sure Dad was seeing this. I caught some movement on the screen. Sandy was jerking my dad off while she played with her own pussy.

"Oh, I think your wife knows her way around a cock, Daddy. I bet that young stud never had such a blowjob before."

She was right - I was in heaven. Not only was this the best day of my life, having my own mother sucking my dick, but I had never felt anyone that was as experienced doing it. The way she worked her tongue on my shaft was driving the cum up my cock to the head. I could feel it building, and I began to pull her harder into me. I put my hands on her head and pulled her, feeling her take more of me into her mouth until I felt her lips touch my balls. Mom was deep-throating me! Her hand began to tease my nut sack, pulling on it lightly. My hips began to push forward, and I was now fucking my mother's mouth. Faster and faster I went until I felt my dick blow down her throat.

"Ugh.. Ugh... Ugh..." escaped from my mouth, and my body began to shake. I was having trouble standing. I pushed harder, still spewing my cum into her mouth.

Slowly, Mom slid my cock out of her mouth, her hand still slowly jerking my spent dick. "Mmm. You do taste good. I hope there's more of that for me."

I pulled her up and we went over to sit on the bed. I once again began to kiss my mother, running my hands across the front of her dress. I felt no bra, and snaked my hand down the front of the v neck. I inched my fingers to her breast, and slid my palm across a stiffening nipple. I began to lightly fiddle around with it using my finger tips.

"Oh, I love having my tits played with. It's been so long," Mom cooed.

With my free hand I reached to the top of her dress. Taking hold, I eased it off, sliding it down to her waist. Then leaning forward, I took a nipple in my mouth while my hand played with her other tit. I kept teasing her nipple with my teeth, taking little nibbles, and pinching her other tit with my fingers.

"Oh, yes! That's it! You're getting me wet!"

Mom's hand was back at my dick, stroking it back to hardness.

I stopped toying with her tit and slid my hand down to her waist. Down my hand went, until I was rubbing her mound with my palm. I couldn't feel any panties under her dress. My hand pushed harder, working the silky satin material between her pussy lips. I could feel her heat and wetness build as I rubbed against her.

Mom stood up and faced me. I watched as she slipped out of the dress and it puddled to her feet. I put my hands on her waist and pulled her to me. Kissing her stomach, I then began to kiss my way down to her mound, stopping right at her pussy. I flicked it lightly with my tongue.

"Ohh," I heard her say, feeling her body lightly shiver.

Again I gave a light flicker, and again, and again. I parted her lips farther apart with every lick, until I felt her clit touch my tongue. Her hands went to my head, pulling me closer into her as she spread her legs farther apart, giving me better access to my ultimate goal. Working my tongue on her clit, I put my hands on her ass and began to knead them with my fingers.

Mom was mine now - I knew it. Her juices were flowing out of her like a river, and her body was quivering as she ground her pussy into my face. She pulled my head deeper into her. Faster and faster I flicked my tongue, building her up to her boiling point.

"Oh yes! Oh God, yes! Eat me! Oh, ah, don't stop! Oh God, don't stop, I'm coming! Oh God, I'm coming!"

I covered her pussy with my mouth and began to suck the juices that were flowing out of her, tasting and savoring the flavor. Her body quivered, out of control, as I held her ass pulling it to me, forcing her pussy tight against my face as I sucked on her love box.

"Ahh! Ahh!" Mom said, her body stiffened as she collapsed on top of me. Her body was draped over my head. Carefully taking hold of Mom's arms, I stood up, helping her to the bed. I laid her on her back and laid down next to her.

On the bed, I began to slowly caress her again, working my fingers over her body. I started from her neck and eased my way down to her breasts, fondling them gently with my hand while I began to give her little pecks with my lips. I kissed her neck and eased my lips closer and closer to her wonderful breasts. I took one of her hard nipples in my mouth and started sucking on it again, switching from one to the other. Light moans were escaping from Mom lips.

In the distance I could hear Sandy talking again to my dad. "Daddy, I think Mommy likes that. I think her young stud is going to give her a good hard fucking, now. What do you think?"

Mom slid her hand to my cock, jerking it back to it full hardness. I was in heaven. My dreams of having my mother were close at hand. I knew that very soon I would be sliding my cock deep into her willing pussy, as I felt her fingers working their magic on my cock.

Mom's breath was very heavy, I could hear her panting in my ear, and then I heard the words I dreamt of hearing her say, "Fuck me" She whispered to me. "I want to feel that monster inside me."

I slowly slid up to Mom's face, I gently moved myself on top of her. My hard cock rested on top of her mound, and I eased myself down her body until I felt my cock glide between her pussy folds. Up and down I rocked, working my shaft against her wet pussy. I felt her hips pushing up to meet my cock as it stimulated her outer lips, nudging my cock against her clit. Mom spread her legs wider. She was opening herself up to me.

"I want you, now! Please put your cock in me. I'm so fucking horny!" Mom moaned.

I eased myself down until I could feel the tip of my cock make contact with her entrance. I felt the heat of her love hole. This is it, the moment I had waited for. How long I hoped for this moment. I wanted to savor this for a long time, so I began to slowly work my dick into her. I fucked her in

short strokes as I eased myself deeper and deeper into my mother. The feeling was greater than I could have ever imagined, her warm, wet pussy grasped my cock as it slid in and out of her. I was experiencing pure ecstasy.

Mom began to buck her hips, pulling me further into her, her hands grasping my ass, pulling me deeper. My once gentle mom was now like a wild cat. The sweat was pouring from both our bodies as we fucked like wild animals. Pure lust had taken over. Mom wrapped her legs around my waist and squeezed me, her hands clawing at my back. I felt her nails dig into my flesh, as her pussy walls sucked on my cock with every thrust.

"Fuck me. Oh, fuck me," Mom moaned.

I increased my pace, building my speed until I was ramming myself into her. Harder and harder I slammed against her pussy, fucking her with all I had. The headboard began to bang against the wall with every thrust.

"Oh... Oh... Oh... Harder, fuck me harder!"

Grunting, I took Mom's legs and put them on my shoulders. I then sat up on my knees and grabbed her thighs, ramming my cock deep into her, thrusting as hard as I could. Mom's moans were almost screams. Her hands reached up above her head, and she pushed herself harder into me.

"Oh, God! I'm going to come! Don't stop, please, don't stop!" Mom said, as I watched her eyes close.

Deeper into my mom I plunged, my own orgasm ready to explode in her.

At that moment I caught a shadow in the room with us, and it was coming closer to me and Mom. I could feel a presence behind me, and I was way too far gone to care. I just kept fucking Mom. I was in a lustful rage and nothing was going to stop me from fucking Mom. Then I felt another hand on me, sliding up my back, towards my head. Then I felt the hand grasp the ski mask, and it was being removed from my face. I was helpless to stop myself. I needed to come! I wanted to come! I had to come! I had to plant my seed into my mother. I couldn't help it, and at that moment I didn't care what happened.

Mom's eyes opened, and I saw the look of horror on her face.

"Michael! Oh, God! No! Ugh... Ugh... Ugh..." Mom screamed. I could feel her climax, her body gyrating, her pussy tightened around my cock, squeezing my dick like a python, as my own orgasm erupted.

"Oh, Mom! Oh Mom, I'm coming, I'm uh... I'm so... Ugh, sorry... Oh... Uh... Uh."

My cum shot deep into her pussy, pumping and pumping, spewing all my seed into her. I collapsed onto her. Mom began to cry, but she put her arms around me, and held me tight. I felt my dick twitch inside her, still expelling my semen deep in her pussy.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever seen." I heard Sandy say.

"Sorry, Mike. I thought your mother should know who just gave her the best fuck of her life. You'll see, this will be better for the both of you, now that she knows it was you. Oh, and your father didn't see you. I closed the laptop so your secret is safe; just you and your hot mother know who just fucked her brains out. And another thing, Lisa, your husband is on our 'don't fuck' list, so he

won't be seeing any of us in the future. I hope everything works out for you. Well, bye bye. I'll tell the manager to untie your dad in about two hours. That should give you two plenty of time to talk and work things out."

I heard Sandy leave, closing the door between the rooms.

"Mom, I'm sorry for this. I hope you'll forgive me. I love you so much. I wasn't lying to you when I said that I think you're the sexist woman I know. For years I fantasized about making love to you, and when I found out Dad was screwing around on you I got so angry I came up with this idea. You weren't supposed to know it was me."

"Michael, just get dressed and head home. We'll talk about this tomorrow," Mom said wiping the tears from her face.

"I'm going over to discuss things with your father."

"Things, Mom?"

"Don't worry, Mike, it's not about what we did. He's going to hear about what he's been doing, and I want to know why that girl was calling him 'Daddy' all night. If I find out he's been fantasizing about screwing your sister, he won't be coming home at all."

"Okay, Mom," was all I could say. What else could I say to her? I knew I had just shattered any trust I ever had with my mom. My horniness had just ruined the close relationship I had with my mother. Even though it was the best sex I ever had in my life, I now doubted it had been worth it.

I dressed quickly and left the room without saying another word to Mom. It took a very long time for me to reach my car. The whole way there, I reflected on how much I must have hurt Mom. The look of horror on her face as I exploded in her would stay with me forever.

I made it to my car and headed home, going straight up to my room. I then laid awake for hours just thinking how I might be able to fix this. *Maybe Mom will forgive me*, was my last thought, before finally dozing off.