

INCESTUAL THOUGHTS

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A father's desire to see his wife and son fuck come true.

Incest/Taboo

4.74

11.1k words

All characters are purely fictional. All parties in the story are 18 years or older.

I would like to greatly thank SLWilde for taking the time to review my story.

(Author's note: To hear about the protagonist's special relationship with his mother, I suggest reading "Loving Moms Chapter 1: Night Moves")

Relaxing by the pool, I watched as my loving wife Samantha and our son Kevin horsed around in the water, and it made me smile. I couldn't help but think back to a time when I had such closeness with my own mom, except mine went well beyond what you would call "normal."

When my recollection ended, I found myself perplexed. It had been years since I'd uprooted those old, unmentionable memories, and I had to question why.

Samantha—or Sam, as she likes to be called—is the love of my life. I'll never forget that day in high school when I first gazed at her beauty; I knew right then she was the girl for me. We wed soon after high school, and a year later our son was born. It's been almost twenty years now, and my love for her is still as strong.

Or is it? I thought. Like most long-married couples, our sex life had diminished over time. We still have sex, and I really do enjoy it, but the excitement that once drove us wild with lust was gone. Maybe that is the reason for my recollection.

Figuring nothing could be resolved at the moment, I went back to watching them playfully enjoy the hot summer day. Sam looked delicious in her fleeting white bikini. I chuckled to myself as I admired her perky little nipples poking outward from the thin material.

Then I noticed my son's eyes, and a strange feeling flooded over me, a feeling I hadn't felt in years. The feeling continued to build as I gazed upon my son staring unyieldingly at his mother's firm nipples also. As his eyes stayed fixated on her chest, the wickedest apprehension entered my mind, causing a most delightful shiver.

Does he find his mother hot? I pondered, feeling myself getting stiff. Suddenly, he grabbed her by the waist and tossed her into the air, breaking me out of my twisted thinking when she crashed into the water. Sitting upright in my lounge chair, I heard her laugh as she splashed him and then got behind him, climbing onto his back and pushing her wonderful chest into him as she tried to dunk him under. My wicked thoughts increased substantially and, in an effort to hide my expanding hardness, I yelled to them that I was going inside. They both acknowledged my departure laughingly, still playing.

Out of the upstairs bathroom window, I spied the pool. I know in reality their antics were truly harmless, but in my mind it was becoming intoxicatingly erotic. I couldn't stop myself from rubbing my hand over my now extremely hard cock. I'm sure I would have jerked myself off to completion if they hadn't both gotten out of the pool and headed towards the house.

Adjusting myself, I did my best to control these inappropriate, incestual fabrications and greeted them in the kitchen.

"You two done?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Yeah, you know how easy I burn," Sam replied, kissing my cheek as she quickly departed.

Figuring she must be going to change, I walked over to my son who had his head in the refrigerator searching for a can of soda and said, "Got thirsty, did you?"

"Yeah. So why don't ever join in on the fun?" he asked, opening the can.

"Oh, I think my days of having fun like that are over. Besides, I enjoy watching you two like that."

"You do?"

Did I just say that? Paranoid that my son had somehow become aware of my sexual visualizations, I continued, "Yeah," clearing my throat, "I always enjoy seeing my loving family spending time together."

"Oh... Yeah, I do too, Dad."

I breathed a sigh of relief as Kevin went to his room.

Get a hold of yourself Jarid, I thought as I went to the family room.

The rest of the day was back to normal for me, and I just chuckled up my improper thoughts to being a fluke.

However, that night as Sam and I went to bed, I still felt a tad horny from the day's earlier events and whispered, "You want to fool around?"

She turned to me with a smile and nodded. As we engaged in our ordinary sexual routine—her on the bottom, me on top—we got into our typical lovemaking rhythm. Except this time, in the middle of our sexual act, my mind flashed back to the pool. If it wasn't bad enough that I couldn't give my wife the attention she deserved, I was vividly picturing Sam and Kevin playing like before—only this time, when her nipples got hard, my son swam right up to her and removed her tiny top.

A strange euphoria overtook me, and I heaved hard into my wife's moist pussy, causing her to huff loudly...the same huff I was now imagining when I pictured my son's mouth sucking on her succulent right breast. Faster and harder I pounded as my wicked thoughts of them unfolded. I could see the lust in her eyes building as I imagined my son fingering her feverishly, making her moan in sexual delight, screaming for him to make her cum over and over in the most sinful, demanding way. I couldn't hold back any longer and exploded deep inside my loving wife.

My wife panted profusely, managing finally to ask, "What brought that on?"

"I...I don't know," I said. In truth, I did, and so my hunger to see them fuck was born.

Sleep never came for me that night as I wondered over my newfound excitement. Did I really want this obscene act to happen? Should I explore ways to make this craziness a reality or just be content with my wicked fantasy?

The more I thought, the more my head spun. I finally concluded there was too much to lose in carrying on with this insane idea, as it could ultimately cost me the love of my life. I just couldn't jeopardize that; I told myself to be content with what happened.

For the rest of the summer as we made love, my wicked thoughts would be that of Sam and Kevin engaging in some form of a sexual act. Thankfully, Sam never questioned my newfound lust and seemed quite content with it herself. Life was good once more in the bedroom.

Then came Kevin's first year of college, and Sam seemed a little depressed. He would be moving away, and I felt a need to cheer her up somehow. I suggested before he leaves that we have a night out on the town. Sam happily agreed, and I made the arrangements.

That evening as we got ready, my wife was in the master bath showering while I finished dressing. Suddenly, I heard a rap on our bedroom door. Since the bathroom door was closed, I just yelled, "Come in!"

"You sure?" my son asked after opening the door, shooting a puzzled look towards the bathroom.

"Yeah, your mom just got in there," I chuckled.

Hesitantly, he came in and said in a troubled tone, "Listen, Dad, can we talk?"

I could tell by his demeanor this was serious and told him to take a seat, pointing toward the bed.

"What's on your mind?" I said, sitting next to him.

"It's about girls," he responded, looking down at his feet.

"What about them?"

"Well...I kind of don't know much."

This was a little shocking to hear. But then I realized I never did see him go out on any dates. How stupid could I be? I just assumed that, unlike me, he was more forward and had already figured things out. I remembered back to my own youth and how my mother had explained sex to me.

Figuring her method wouldn't be the best approach, I said, "Okay, go on."

"This is embarrassing, Dad."

"I know, son. But if I can get an idea about what you do know, I can explain the rest."

Kevin straightened up and rapidly replied, "No, not about sex! I figured that out."

Now I was puzzled. "Okay, so what then?"

"Girls in general. How do you like... talk to them and stuff?"

I was just about to give some examples when the bathroom door shot open, and there in the nude stood my wife.

"OH!!" She squealed as I saw the shocked expression on my son's face. However, instead of turning his head away he just gazed at her, totally motionless.

Quickly, my wife covered what she could with her bare hands, and I stuttered, "I...I...I thought you knew he was in here?"

"NO!" she screamed, retreating back into the safety of the bathroom.

It was only a second but it felt like minutes before I suggested, "You'd better leave. We'll talk over your problem later."

Kevin just nodded, yelling to his mother, "I'm sorry, Mom!" before running away himself.

Sam came back, this time wrapped in a towel, and said, "I'm so embarrassed."

"It's okay honey, so was he," I said, trying to calm her down. But what I didn't realize was my little friend was very stiff, and I was caught off guard when I heard, "Jarid, you're hard?!"

Hard? Oh fuck, think of something! Quickly, I replied off the cuff, "Of course. How couldn't we be hard after seeing the most beautiful, sexy woman walking around naked?"

"We?! You don't think...oh my God!"

"Wait, no, I didn't mean we..."

"You said we. Was Kevin hard too?"

"NO...I mean, I don't know, I wasn't looking..."

"My God he *was*, wasn't he?!" She was ranting hysterically.

Something inside me snapped, and without thinking it through I said, "So what if he was? You're a sexy woman, after all."

"Jesus, Jarid, he's my son!"

"And also a young man with sexual urges."

"What!! What are you saying?"

What the hell am I saying?

"Wait, that didn't come out right. I meant..."

Too late. She ran in the bathroom crying, locking the door behind her.

Wow, did I just fuck that up.

"Honey, please let me explain."

She didn't respond. After twenty years of marriage, I knew she needed time to calm down. I left figuring I should have a chat with Kevin.

I walked down the hall contemplating what I could say to her that might fix this mess I made. Preoccupied, I didn't think twice about opening my son's door and walking right in.

OH FUCK!! my brain screamed as I saw my son sitting on his bed, feverishly stroking his hard cock.

"DAD!!"

"Oh sorry... I, errr," I replied, turning my head away. Instead of being embarrassed by what I saw, however, I actually chuckled, "Well, that answers that."

I could hear my son fixing his pants and reply, "What answers what?"

Turning, I saw how red-faced he was and I tried to put him at ease by smiling and saying, "Your mother wondered if you got excited seeing her naked."

"Shhhee... she did?"

"Yeah, but only because I messed up by saying we both did."

I could tell this only made him more puzzled, so I attempted to explain how I messed up my words with her. Like before, I couldn't seem to help myself but figured it couldn't get any worse.

"You did get excited though, didn't you? That's what you were thinking of, wasn't it?"

Kevin looked bashfully at the floor, and I continued, "It's okay, son. I understand."

"You?! You do?" He looked very perplexed now.

"Yeah, and I'll keep what you were doing just between us."

"But Dad, isn't it wrong to think like that?"

My question of whether Kevin found his mother appealing had just been answered. That strange feeling overcame me once more, making me think about them in a lustful embrace.

"Dad?" he asked, shaking me out of it.

"No son, it isn't wrong. What I'm about to tell you never leaves this room, you understand?"

Kevin nodded as I softly whispered about my own incestual tale and explained how his feelings for his mother were only natural. When I finished, I could tell by his look of shock that he was trying to grasp it all.

He finally said, "And Mom doesn't know you did that with Grandma?"

I shook my head.

"But why didn't you tell her? She's your wife."

"I don't think she would understand. Kind of like how she wouldn't understand why you were jerking off to her." I then chuckled, "She's upset just thinking you were hard. Can you imagine what she'd do if she caught you jerking off afterwards?"

Kevin chuckled himself and replied, "Yeah, I guess you got a point."

"So about your girl troubles," I said, but we were once again interrupted, this time by a knock.

"You boys in there?"

"Yeah, Mom."

"Well, I'm ready."

"She doesn't sound happy," Kevin whispered.

"She'll be fine. I'll talk to her. Finish getting ready," I said, ruffling his hair.

I found my wife downstairs, sitting on the couch and bouncing a crossed leg.

"Honey, I'm sorry," I said, sitting next to her.

"So what were you two talking about?" she asked noxiously. I swallowed hard.

"Kevin asked about girls."

Sam uncrossed her legs and sat up. "What about girls?! Was it because of what he saw?"

"Calm down, will you. No, it wasn't. He wanted to know how to talk to them."

"Talk to them?"

"Yeah. Don't you remember how hard it was for me to talk to you? I guess he suffers from the same thing."

That at least that made her smile, and then she giggled, "I remember how lost you were when I said 'eat me.'"

Now I laughed, lovingly tapping her knee and saying, "Come on. It was my first time. I think I did pretty well for not knowing what I was doing."

"Yes, yes you did. And I still love you for it," Sam said, leaning over and kissing my lips.

I apologized again in a soft tone, and she replied, "Forget about it."

Kevin had just entered the room and coughed loudly, making his presence known.

"Oh, *now* you let me know you're around."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to-" Kevin said, stopping when I shook my head.

"-to stare," he finished.

"It's okay, honey. I hope seeing your mother's old body like that doesn't give you a nightmare!"

I saw Kevin was ready to reply, and I quickly interrupted.

"Hey, we'd better go before we lose the reservations."

The drive to the restaurant took almost an hour, and I listened as Sam and Kevin chatted the entire time about his college plans. The restaurant I choose wasn't high priced but wasn't cheap, either. We placed our orders and had a couple of glasses of wine while we waited. I can't speak for them, but I found my meal superb and ordered a bottle of wine afterwards.

Sam enjoyed dancing, and that was really why I choose this place as there was a dance floor next to the piano bar. We were just about halfway through the bottle of wine when I asked her to dance.

I really enjoy dancing with my wife, and she was sinking into a very sultry mood when our son asked to cut in.

I sat down at our table and watched as Sam and Kevin swayed to the slow beat, and I noticed my wife had moved herself closer to him. Her head was on his shoulder while his hands were on her waist. I could see as they swayed that my wife's leg would brush against his groin and observed his growing penis bulging out. After about a minute of this light flirting, Kevin pulled her tight to him, and I saw his hips thrust forward, grinding his hard tool straight into her mound.

That must have really startled Sam because she immediately stopped and pushed away from him. She hastily made her way back to our table.

"Everything okay?" I asked.

She was quiet at first and then said, "Yes, I'm fine now. Please pour me another glass."

Kevin strolled back and said in a low tone, "Thanks for the dance, Mom."

Sam nodded, finishing off the glass I had just filled.

I poured her another and she polished that off just as quick. Talking very little, Sam just sat and drank until the bottle was empty, which at least seemed to make her less tense. I asked if we should order another bottle, but Sam suggested we should leave.

With the wine we had both consumed, I asked Kevin to drive while Sam and I relaxed in the back seat.

On the trip home, Sam was apparently half out of it from the wine and kept rubbing my thigh and occasionally giving it a squeeze. Then, out of the blue, she leaned into my ear and whispered in a slur, "Kevin got hard when we were dancing."

I acted surprised and just whiffed, "He did?"

Sam smiled, nodding her head haphazardly and softly whispered, "I want you," grabbing my crotch.

I had to pull her hand away several times, reminding her that Kevin was in the front seat. She was like a cat trying to catch a fish clawing at my crotch. Thankfully, we were soon home and I rushed her inside. I told Kevin to lock up the house while I helped his mother to bed.

Wow, Sam was hot. As I tried to remove my shirt, she had already pulled down my pants and was sucking my dick.

"Fuck, Sam!" I shouted, trying to at least get her in our bed.

"Fuck me," she whimpered. I quickly removed her clothes and laid down next to her. Her hands were all over my stiff pole, stroking me feverishly as I kissed her neck.

Out of the blue, I heard her whisper, "He was stiff, Jarid. My son's cock was stiff."

Whispering by her ear while rubbing her clit, I said, "Did that excite you?"

"Ohhh," she moaned as I felt her nub harden and her wetness increase.

While slipping two fingers inside her moist pussy, I asked again, "Did that get you hot, Sam?"

Her ass bucked upward as she cooed, "Yes!!"

That did it. I quickly centered my raging pecker and pounded into her profusely, making her cum several times before I climaxed myself.

Kevin left for college the next day, and I think Sam took it well. We never brought up our dirty sex talk from that night, but our sex life seemed to have improved a tad over the following month.

Sam appeared to be coping well with Kevin being away and talked to him daily. It was after one of these talks in October as I got home from work that Sam ran up to me with exciting news.

"Kevin's coming home for your birthday," she said, hugging me tightly. She then informed me she was going to throw me a party—not just a birthday party, but a costume party. My birthday was in a couple of days and I really didn't want this, but Sam insisted and had already invited a couple of people we knew.

My birthday falls on Halloween, and Sam just loved to play dress up. What she didn't understand is that I actually don't. However, love being how it is, I could never just tell her no. So off I went to pick out an outfit for my son, knowing there was no way he could afford to buy one. Sam, on the other hand, had already recycled a costume, and I must say it brought back a lot of fond memories. I distinctly remember her wearing that little pink Bo Peep outfit back when we were teenagers.

Kevin arrived home the day before the party, and Sam doted over him. I really did enjoy watching how much they obviously cared for each other as they sat in the kitchen chatting over God knows what. Seeing that closeness only kicked my dark, sexual fantasies in gear, and I couldn't help but picture them embracing in a deep, passionate kiss. Rubbing their hands over one another's body until their lust grew too great to control and they started to undress each other at the table. My dick came alive as I vividly pictured Sam kneeling before our son and inhaling his cock.

"Fuck, Mom!" I heard him grunt as she bobbed her head on his tool. Faster and deeper she went; his expression showed how close he was. I knew any second now he would bust a nut, sending his hot cum down her throat...or would she let him spray it over her lush boobs?

"Dad!" I heard, shaking me out of my wicked trance.

"Uh, what? Yeah?"

They both laughed as I sat there dumbfounded.

"So where were you?" Sam asked.

"Just thinking about the party," I replied, hoping they both bought my lame excuse. I followed with, "Speaking of that, shouldn't we be getting ready?"

Sam looked at the clock and agreed.

I stayed seated as they went to leave, and Sam asked, "Aren't you coming?"

"Yeah," I replied, slowly rising and hoping my dick had gone down enough not to draw attention.

Once in our bedroom, I stripped out of my clothes while Sam changed in the bathroom. I got into my Batman costume. Yeah, that's right. Batman. The Dark Knight. Not the modern, cool look. The old 60's style, since that was all the store had left. At least when Kevin came out of his room wearing his Robin outfit, it looked great on him as his well-toned body helped pull it off. Sam even commented when she stepped out in her little pink dress how handsome he looked, and his face went beet red under his mask.

"It's okay son, she'd say that if you were dressed as Kermit."

"Jarid!" she shouted, slapping my arm.

"Hey!" I fired back, rubbing the slap as we made our way down the steps.

The party soon started, and I must say I did enjoy it. Even the stupid, silly games went over well. Sam made sure the music and drinks kept the party interesting while I chatted with various people. It was just about midnight when my wife finally came up to me and asked for a dance. I could tell she was a little tipsy, so I waited for a slow song.

Most of the people still at the party seemed pretty lit also, and I noticed some light petting taking place on the dance floor. Leading my wife to an open spot on the floor, I held her close and we swayed slowly together.

With her arms around my neck, I heard her purr, "Oh, this feels so nice."

"Yes, it does," I said, and placed a gentle kiss on her lips.

Her body rubbed up against me as she whispered, "I don't have any panties on under this." We were just getting into it a nice rhythm of rubbing together when I felt a tap on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw my son asking if he could have a dance.

I nodded and stepped aside. He took her in his arms as I went back to the sofa to have another drink. Relaxing, I watched as Kevin and Sam danced close but apart as a mother and son should: their left hands locked together, and her right hand held his arm while his rested on her hip. They danced like that for the rest of the song, but as the next song started, Sam moved closer and rested her head on his shoulder while her arms wrapped about his neck. Their tempo had slowed and was more of a gentle sway as Kevin placed both his arms at her waist and ever so slowly closed the gap between them. I gazed upon their sultry embrace, and I couldn't help but notice the growing bulge in Kevin's pants, feeling a rush of excitement when it brushed up against Sam's leg.

They stopped for a split second, and I figured that she would run away like before, but instead she lifted her head and smirked. Not the loving smile I've seen her give him a thousand times—this was something different. Something more devious in appearance. The sultry swaying began once more, except her legs were bending just enough to brush against his cock every time they swayed by.

Fuck, was I getting hard. Was she aware of what she was doing? I really didn't know. I only knew it was making me excited. I couldn't help but rub my groin when, to my amazement, she took hold of his hips and pulled him closer, grinding her coochey against his protruding bulge. My heart raced when Kevin grasped her ass hard while she hooked her right leg around him, smashing his stiff meat against her mound.

There was no doubt about what was taking place right in the middle of the dance floor, and I just watched as they dry humped each other, grinding and heaving faster by the second. My cock raged

in my pants as I saw my wife thrusting her pussy callously against her son, clutching his body as she gyrated in circles, forcing his penis to push into her little dress.

Then it happened: his body shook as he heaved forward, almost lifting her up, and it was obvious he was cumming. Sam just held him tightly to her sex and stayed fixated on his face until he finished. Kevin, unquestionably shaken, broke away first and staggered off, running up the stairs.

I was so stiff when I walked back over to her, I didn't think it was possible to get more excited.

However, I was wrong, for when she looked at me with her lust-filled eyes and drunkenly giggled, "I think I made our little boy cum," I really lost it.

My rational understanding went out the window, and I whispered back, "Did you like it?"

Sam held my arms and nodded, then silently mouthed, "I want you, now."

Holy shits, I was gone. Guests or not, I led her by the arm up to our room. In the heat of the moment I completely forgot to close our door, and as I hiked up her little dress and mounted her from behind, there was no stopping now. In seconds, I was sinking my hard cock deep inside her soaked snatch. My tempo built as her ass pushed back, meeting my every thrust. It was when I grabbed her long black hair, pulling her head back and causing her to whine in a very sexual way, that I made a shocking discovery: our son was peeking from the doorway.

Kevin watched as I pounded his mother, and it awakened my dark side like never before. Leaning over her back, I thrust my cock deeper and croaked loudly, "You're so wet. Did Kevin do that to you?"

Surprisingly, she hissed, "Yesss!!" and I almost came right then.

Keeping what composure I could, I heaved again and said, "You liked getting your son hard, didn't you?"

"Yesss!!" she wailed.

That made me bolder, and after several long, exaggerated pushes I shouted, "You wish this was his cock, don't you?"

"Mmmm nnnnn...noooo... He's my son."

Pushing her head down, I grabbed her hips, shoved myself deep inside, and uttered throatily, "Even so, you still wish it was."

"I can't think that. It's not right."

Building my motion with long, hard jabs, I groaned, "Just picture it. His long, firm cock slipping inside you. Making your pussy sooo wet. You can't deny these urges you're feeling. You need his cock. You want to feel his cock stretching your pussy. Say it, Sam. Tell me I'm right."

Her cunt got super soaked, and she screamed, "OH FUCK! YES!! I wish it was his cock! Fuck, I'm cumming!"

Never had I felt her cum so hard. Her pussy clutched me while her hips gyrated out of control. I came hard a moment later, grinding my teeth while I held her tightly by the waist.

When she collapsed on the bed, I waved my hand at the doorway and saw Kevin's shadow disappearing down the hall.

"That was so dirty, Jarid," Sam lovingly said, panting hard.

I kissed her passionately and whispered, "I love you so much."

"I love you too, honey."

After fixing our clothes we ventured back to the party, acting as if nothing had happened. When the last of the guests left I told her I would lock up. I watched as my wife drunkenly made her way up the stairs when I was confronted by Kevin.

"Dad, is it true?"

I knew exactly what he meant and just nodded.

He looked shocked and excited at the same time, and I said, "She's drunk right now so her thinking isn't clear. She might not remember what she said in the morning."

"And you're okay with her wanting to fuck me?"

I looked up at the stairs to make sure Sam wasn't there and whispered to him, "Take a seat. I have a confession."

Kevin was astonished when I told him about my fantasy and promised him I'd work out a way for it to happen.

I'll never forget the smile that filled his face when I heard him say, "You're the best father in the world."

The next day, Sam mentioned nothing about our wicked fuck, and I let it be for now figuring she just might not recall. I had a massive hangover myself and just watched as Kevin and Sam packed his things to head back to college. My head was pounding but I couldn't help but chuckle as Sam played the loving mother, making sure he didn't forget anything.

"Honey, he's a young man now. I think he can manage."

"I know. It's just hard for me to accept he's all grown up."

Kevin lightly touched her cheek, and I heard him softly say, "I *am* all grown up, Mom." He lightly pecked her lips, lingering for a moment before following with, "But I'm *your* young man."

I could see Sam was flabbergasted as she backed away slowly. Quickly, I sat up, holding my head from the piercing pain, and interjected, "I'll help you take that out to the car."

Sam stood kind of dumbfounded as I grabbed Kevin's suitcase, walking out the door with my son in tow.

"Take it easy, sport. You're going to scare her by doing stunts like that."

"Sorry, Dad. I just couldn't help it."

"I know, son. Believe me, I know."

Sam finally came out and lent a hand packing his car, and I said goodbye by the doorway while Kevin took my advice and didn't do anything foolish when she kissed his cheek quickly. Waving goodbye, I watched as he disappeared down the road.

Sam's eyes teared up and I comforted her in my arms, saying, "He'll be back soon."

"I know. I know."

Sam resumed talking to Kevin every day again, and I figured things were back to normal. I, however, kept thinking of ways to get her mind back onto the subject. I even wondered if I should bring it up again when we were making love, but heck, I didn't want to ruin a good screw. Even if it was back to ordinary sex. It seemed that since Kevin was interested in his mom and Sam, when intoxicated, was fascinated by him, I couldn't fantasize about it anymore. Trust me, I tried, but when I did my mind would wander to how to make it happen instead.

It was now Thanksgiving, and Kevin was coming back for the holiday. Only this time, he was bringing a guest, a girl he met. It seemed I didn't need to give him advice after all. Sam of course was running around the house, frantically tidying up and asking me a million questions in the process.

"So what did he tell you about this girl?" she asked, fluffing the sofa pillows.

"You talk to him more than I do. I didn't even know he had a girlfriend."

"I hope he knows she's not sleeping in his room with him," she stated firmly.

"Jesus, Sam, they're adults."

"That might be true, but there still won't be any hanky-panky going on in here."

"Are you listening to yourself? Don't you remember when we were that age?"

"Oh yes I do, and that's exactly why I'm saying this!"

"So let me get this straight: it's because of what we did?"

"No. Not because of how sexually active we were."

"Then what?"

"It...it just isn't going to happen, that's all."

"Sam, please don't tell me you're jealous."

"JEALOUS?!" she yelled, holding her hips.

"Yeah. Jealous of the fact that your son might be having sex with a girl."

"What! I... No, that's not it. It's because...I..."

I interrupted her babbling and said, "Calm down, honey, it's okay. I understand. You're having trouble dealing with that fact that he's a grown man fucking a girl. Nevertheless, it was going to happen someday, so I think you should just accept that fact."

Sam sighed, "Okay, you're right. Maybe I *am* jealous."

Standing next to her, I held her in my arms and whispered, "It's only natural for you to feel that way."

We kissed passionately as we heard the front door open.

"Boy, you two are always at it," Kevin teased, walking into the house. He introduced his girlfriend Meadow, and we talked for a bit. Sam excused herself to go finish preparing dinner and Meadow asked if she needed a hand. My wife took her up on the offer, leaving me and Kevin a chance to catch up.

I asked him about Meadow and got the entire low down, in more detail than I'm sure he told Sam, and I found out what a little vixen she was. I had a hard time controlling myself as Kevin went on about all the places they'd had sex.

This talk brought me back to when Sam and I were younger, and I couldn't help but tell him about our own sexual encounters—very proudly, I might add.

"Jesus, Dad! Mom was that naughty?"

I just smiled and said, "Hey, we were young and frisky too, you know."

"I guess," was his reply.

"So listen son, is she the one?"

"The one what?"

I went into detail about how I knew his mother was the love of my life and just wanted to know if Meadow made him feel the same way.

"I don't know, Dad. This is all new to me."

Okay, I figured, he's young and isn't sure of himself yet. Maybe he needs more time to search out his true feelings for this girl; I dropped the subject.

Kevin and I watched a couple of ball games while the girls chatted in the kitchen, finishing the Thanksgiving meal.

When it was finally ready, we all sat down and I thanked Sam for preparing such a wonderful feast, making a holiday toast with my wine glass.

Sam sat to my right while Kevin and Meadow sat across from us. In appearance, it looked like Sam accepted my son's choice in a woman, but occasionally I would catch her making some expression or other after Meadow made a comment.

We all sat and chatted after dinner while consuming a couple more glasses of wine. Sam wasn't drunk but was definitely feeling its effects. When she asked Meadow a few embarrassing questions like, "So when did you lose your virginity?" I spoke up and told her it was time for bed.

We all departed to our appropriate rooms, and I was truthfully happy Sam didn't make a stink about them sharing a room together. In fact, I actually couldn't have planned a better scenario.

We were only in bed for about ten minutes when things started to get a bit heated. Apparently, Meadow didn't have a problem expressing herself, and the muffled sounds of their lovemaking

could be heard from our room.

"My God, do you hear them?" Sam huffed.

Rolling on my side, I snuggled next to her, pushing my leg between hers, and whispered, "Sounds like they're having fun."

"Yes, maybe. It's just... well...I don't know. It just seems improper for them to be doing that when we're right here."

Rubbing my thigh on her sweet spot, I said, "Just think back to when we were young. Did we care? Listen how passionate they sound."

Sam sighed, "I guess," and took my cock in her hands.

I took that as a sign of acceptance and lightly tickled her clit. Sam's breathing quickened as our stroking increased.

Centering myself on top of my wife, I eased my dick inside, and she moaned. Her legs opened wide as we slowly fucked, listening to Meadow's sounds of pleasure.

Sam was getting into it. Her pussy was sopping wet as Meadow's whines got louder and faster. I then made a shocking discovery: my wife's hips would thrust upward in sync to Meadow's cries of pleasure.

Did she know this? I thought. We then heard Meadow's muffled whimper, "Fuck me harder, Kevin!" and I felt Sam's pussy tighten up as she gasped loudly, "Oh fffuuuck!!"

Building up my tempo, I leaned next to her ear and groaned, "Listen to that, honey. She's fucking your little man. His cock is driving her crazy."

"Ohh! Ohh! Ohhhh!" she huffed and grabbed my ass as she thrashed around.

"Can you see it?" I dared to say, grabbing her thighs and lunging forward.

"Yess..." she hissed.

"He's going to make her cum. She wants it so badly."

"Oh fuck, Jarid! Ugh! Mmmm... Oh my God!"

"Listen to them. Listen to how he's pounding her."

"Mmmm...ohhh... Ohhh!" she panted

"Cum with her. Let your boy make you cum."

"OH FUCK!! Yes!! I'm cumming!" she screamed, releasing the most intense orgasm I ever felt her have, thrusting, grunting, and clawing at my back. I fucked her through it and exploded, holding my throbbing dick deep inside her as she quivered under me.

With the sweat pouring from us, I rested my head on her, my spent cock inside as I nuzzled her and whispered, "That was great, honey."

"That was so nasty of us," she giggled, rubbing my back.

I fell into a deep sleep just like that.

When morning arrived, Sam had somehow managed to maneuver out from under me as she wasn't in the bedroom. Tossing on a robe I wandered down to the kitchen and found her fixing breakfast with Kevin and Meadow sitting around the table.

"Morning, dear," Sam said with a gleaming look.

I kissed her cheek and replied, "Morning, honey."

"Take a seat, this is almost ready," I heard as I poured a hot cup of coffee and sat next to the kids.

In the processes of enjoying my java, I caught Meadow glancing at me with a strange smirk, followed by Kevin giving her a bump with his shoulder.

"Am I missing something?" I said, causing Meadow to bust out laughing.

"Shh! Meadow!" Kevin shouted, shaking her by the arm.

"Don't mind them, dear. They've been acting like this since they got up."

Sam placed the breakfast on the table: biscuits with gravy and scrambled eggs. I was famished from last night's sexual romp and dug right in. Wow, did it taste good.

I was right in the middle of taking a mouthful of food, and I almost choked when Sam said, "Kind of loud last night, weren't you two?"

I started to cough and then Meadow replied, "We weren't the only ones!"

Clearing my throat, I spoke up, "Okay, okay... Let's just agree we were all kind of preoccupied." They all laughed and thankfully that ended it.

Kevin and Meadow left that evening, and as I sat by my wife, I asked her what she really thought about Meadow.

"I guess she's okay for him."

I was happy she said that and cozied up next to her.

Time seemed to fly by and, before I knew it, Christmas was right around the corner. Our son arrived at home, only this time alone. Meadow had gone to spend time with her own parents over the holiday break. I think that made Sam extremely happy, although she never said it.

Two days before Christmas, Sam and Kevin went to do some shopping, leaving me home by myself. I was happy as spending tireless hours browsing various stores just didn't appeal to me. I had actually fallen asleep on the couch by the time they arrived back home.

"Enjoy your nap?" Sam asked, setting a bunch of bags down.

"I'll get the wrapping paper," I heard Kevin say as I sat up.

"Think I'll go get some eggnog. You want some?" I said.

"Yes please," she replied, spreading the items she bought out over the floor.

Over the next few hours, I watched Sam and Kevin as they sat on the floor wrapping gifts and sipping eggnog. It felt so relaxing listening to the holiday music as they bustled about.

I was just about to doze off when Sam sat up and stretched her back, and I heard my son ask, "You stiff, mom?"

"Oh, yes. Very."

"I can give you a massage."

Sam chuckled kind of sarcastically. "Really?"

"Yeah, just lay right here." He patted in front of him.

With slit eyes, I watched as Sam laid on her tummy and Kevin straddled her, resting on her thighs just beneath her ass.

"Just relax, Mom," he said as he worked his digits into her upper shoulders.

"Oh... That does feel good," she cooed.

"Shh, just close your eyes and relax," Kevin said softly, working his fingers and palms down the center of her back.

Sam's arms were resting at her sides, but as his hands moved outward across her back they almost rubbed the side of her chest. As if in response, her hands lifted until they were even with her head. Her lips parted slightly and her eyes were closed as Kevin slowly rocked his body while rubbing his hands up and down her back.

I heard her whimper very softly when he adjusted his position and I noticed his groin was digging into her ass while his hands ran up her sides, almost grazing the sides of her breasts.

My heart thumped in my chest. His slow seduction appeared to be working. Sam's mouth opened more as her breath quickened and I saw her legs part slightly, allowing his cock to make better contact with her behind, which I swear lifted up just a smidgen.

Kevin leaned forward and moved his fingers further towards her sides, defiantly brushing her breasts. She sighed in response, which seemed to encourage him. Keeping contact with the edge of her bosom, he moved his fingers inward and grasped her breasts while lunging his groin into her ass.

Sam's head shot up and she gasped, which must have surprised Kevin because he quickly removed his hands and sat up.

"Okay, that's enough," Sam said sternly, squirming her body forward.

Kevin got up as Sam did, and she quickly went to me and said, "Honey, I think we should head up."

"Huh? Oh. Okay, dear," I said, acting like I was asleep.

We went to bed and Sam definitely appeared distressed. As we laid next to each other I asked, "You okay?"

"What? Oh. Yes, dear, I'm fine."

Cuddling up next to her, I whispered, "How was your massage?"

"It was fine," Sam quickly replied.

"Just fine?" I asked, rubbing my hand over her arm.

"Yes."

"Why don't I pick up where he left off?"

"What!" she cried with a questioning look.

I acted puzzled and said, "Relax, honey. What's gotten you so on edge? I figured since Kevin rubbed your back, I could rub your front."

"Oh," she sighed and patted my hand.

Kissing her neck, I ran my palms over her tits and gave them a gentle squeeze, causing her to sigh. Slowly, I ventured lower and kissed her lips while I grazed a finger over her slit.

Fuck, she's already moist, I thought as I tickled her little nub.

Sam's ass bucked upward as I slipped two digits inside her. I whispered, "You're so wet, Sam," as I eased a third digit inside. She whimpered at the invasion. I could tell she was really getting into my finger fucking so I pushed my luck.

"Did Kevin get you this hot?"

That turned out to be a mistake. Her body went stiff, and she very angrily said, "No, he didn't."

She then pulled my fingers out and said, "I'm not in the mood."

I was somewhat startled and replied, "What's wrong? Did I do something?" I knew it was wrong—had always been wrong—but I'd hoped she'd be as open to it as she was on previous occasions.

"No. I'm just feeling very tired now."

With a long sigh, I replied, "Okay," and kissed her cheek as she rolled her body away from me.

Christmas Eve was uneventful, and Samantha appeared to be back to her normal self as she helped Kevin decorate the tree and put the gifts under it. I took several pictures while this was taking place and just kept commenting how great they looked together.

Not wanting to push it, I forewent making any attempts to have sex that night and just cuddled with her.

Christmas morning we exchanged gifts. Kevin got a new laptop and miscellaneous clothing. Sam must have figured he needed a fresh wardrobe for school. I got a pair of house slippers, some ties, and a nice watch. Sam got a gold heart locket from Kevin that had his picture in it; I saw her tear up when she hugged him. From me she got a diamond tennis bracelet.

I saved one present for last and handed it to her myself. Her eyes grew wide when she opened the box and held up the little red sequin dress.

"My God, Jarid, where on Earth do you think I'd wear this?"

"Well, we do have that New Year's Eve party..."

She gave me a peculiar look as she sized up the dress in front of her.

"Jesus, it goes almost right up to my crotch!"

Kevin laughed and then suggested she go try it on.

"I'm not going to wear this."

"Aww, come on Mom. I bet you'd look super hot in it."

I stayed quiet as Sam shot him a steadfast glare and said, "I'm sure not going to put this on now after that remark."

Drawing her attention away from Kevin, I uttered, "Okay honey, I'll return it. I just thought you'd like it."

Sam shook her head and smiled. Giving me a smooch she whispered, "What am I going to do with you?"

I shrugged my shoulders and looked stumped.

"Ok, I'll wear it. Thank you."

"Shouldn't you try it on to make sure it fits? I did just guess at your size," I replied, shooting a fast glance at Kevin.

Sam paused for a second and said, "I guess you're right."

I waited with Kevin down in the living room until she returned. I can't speak for my son, but holy shit did she look sexy. The dress somehow exaggerated her breasts, which were halfway exposed down the middle. No way could she wear a bra since the back was cut very low also. And she was right about the length; if she went to bend over, her sweet little pussy would be exposed for all to see. It actually barely covered the bottom of her ass.

"Holy fuck," I heard my son groan.

"Kevin!" Sam shouted, holding her hips and tapping a foot.

I was speechless myself and could only stare at her beauty, but Sam then yelled at me.

"Are you going to let him say that to me?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry, honey," I blurted. "Kevin, that's no way to talk to your hot mother—I mean, mother."

Sam busted out laughing.

"Sorry, dear. I guess it does look very sexy."

"Yes. I can tell by both of your expressions."

Sam did a twirl and I felt my cock jump. I wasn't alone, apparently; Kevin was having a hard time concealing his own erection, so I quickly said, "If it fits okay, I think you should change out of it

before you give your poor hubby a heart attack."

Sam smiled and gave me a hard kiss before sashaying back up the stairs.

When she was gone Kevin whispered, "Dad, I really would like a picture of Mom in that."

"I'll see what I can do."

Sam came back down wearing a pair of loose-fitting jeans and a white tank top. This kind of surprised me when I saw her little nipples start to poke outward.

She's braless, I thought. But why? Did what we say and do have an effect on her? Maybe it did. I didn't know. All I knew was I needed a stiff drink after that show and made my way back to the kitchen, only to discover we were out of eggnog.

"Fuck me," I said, and started to make another batch.

Eight eggs, some sugar, a couple of cups of cream, grated nutmeg, and some bourbon. Well, heavy on the bourbon since yesterday's didn't affect me at all.

I poured myself a tall glass and took a sip—now *that* was strong.

"Maybe a tad too much on the bourbon," I said to myself.

I offered a glass to Sam and she took a sip. Her expression told me I overdid the liquor.

"Jesus, honey! You added alcohol?"

"Well... Yeah?" I said, confused. "You're supposed to."

"I haven't added liquor in years."

Well, that explains why we didn't get buzzed.

"You want me to dump it?"

"No, it's fine. I guess since Kevin is older now we can enjoy it like this."

And enjoy it, we did—that pitcher and another one. By the time we finished off the second one I actually felt lightheaded. I wasn't alone. Sam and Kevin were on a giggle kick and when they started to wrestle around, I just sat and watched.

In Kevin's condition he had trouble standing, and it was easy for Sam to pin him to the ground. She straddled his chest and was tickling him while he bounced his body up and down, laughing hysterically while trying to break free. He finally managed to turn the tables and pinned his mother. He straddled her like she did, but instead of tickling her he held her by the arms and leaned slightly forward. Both of them were laughing and looking at each other. But then the laughing stopped, and a more serious expression washed over them. Kevin leisurely hunched forward and gently kissed her lips. I saw Sam closer her eyes as her lips parted, welcoming her son's mouth.

Holy shit, it might happen, I thought as he let her wrists go and she pulled his head closer. I could see their mouths pressing hard and knew their tongues were mixing. Kevin lifted his hands and gingerly squeezed her breasts, breaking their kiss. Sam expelled a very deep sigh, and I watched as her back arched, pushing more of her succulent bosom into his palms.

Her right hand palmed his groin, and he groaned, "Oh Mom!"

Her hand pulled away and she grabbed his wrists, pushing him upward as she gasped, "Wait, no! We can't!" I saw her look in my direction.

Thank God I was half out of it already and actually appeared to be sleeping.

"But Mom!" Kevin whined as she pushed him away.

"No buts, Kevin. We can't, and that's all there is to it," she quietly hissed as she walked up to my side.

I felt her shaking my arm, and I batted my eyes open.

"What? You two finished horsing around?"

"Yes. I'm tired. I think I had too much to drink."

"Okay, honey," I said, almost falling back on the couch as I tried to stand up. "I think I did, too."

With our arms around one another we helped each other up the steps, and I yelled to Kevin to lock up.

Now this feels about right, I thought as I woke up, head pounding as it should.

I rolled over to wake Sam up, but she grumbled, "I feel sick," and I let her sleep. She spent the entire day in bed. This was more than just a hangover, and I eventually tried to coax her up once more. Unfortunately, she didn't budge and just kept telling me she didn't feel well.

I started to get worried, but by the third day she came down the steps.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Uh huh," she replied.

I could tell she wasn't just by how she was avoiding our son. Kevin himself tried to talk to her but to no avail. Her mind and feelings were somewhere else, and I hoped it wasn't going to be permanent.

Thankfully, by the fifth day things turned around. She and Kevin were once again talking, and she even asked if he'd talked to Meadow.

Happily, he replied he had and couldn't wait to be with her again.

The following day was the party, and I couldn't wait to see Sam in that dress again. My God did she look so delicious; I knew she would be the hottest woman at that party and I felt damn proud to know she was with me. Kevin was going to spend the night at home, mainly because I asked him to. If the party was anything like years past, we would be too drunk to drive ourselves home.

Sam and I walked down the steps, me in a suit and her in the dress, and Kevin was there waiting with camera in hand. He shot off several quick pictures, and Sam protested accordingly.

I told her it was fine, and if he didn't do it, I would have for sure.

"You're both so fresh!" she said, slapping my arm playfully as we went out the door.

The party was great, and Sam's dress was a hit. I can't tell you how good I felt catching the men staring at her as we danced. It was just about midnight when I got us another drink; I lost count of how many we had. As the clock counted down I held her tight and kissed her long and hard when the New Year arrived.

When our kiss broke, I saw the deep passion in her eyes as she cooed, "Take me home."

"You sure?"

"Yesss," she hissed. "I want you to fuck me."

Yep, Sam was hot. I was in no condition to drive, however, so I gave Kevin a call and told him to hurry.

Sam and I danced a couple more songs while we waited, and she became quite the little vixen. My cock was hard as she danced seductively, grinding her ass and mound against my crotch, even pulling my hands up to her breasts and making me squeeze them.

Kevin finally arrived, and we crawled into the back seat. I don't think we'd even pulled away before her hand dove into my pants and stroked my pole.

Two can play this game, I thought, and reached under her dress. I was surprised to find she forewent wearing panties.

"Surprise!" she whispered, biting my ear lobe and squeezing my cock.

Now I was hot as I eased two fingers into her wet snatch. I think I would have fucked her right there if it wasn't for the fact that we were already home.

Adjusting ourselves as Kevin pulled into the driveway, we beelined into the house. I thought for sure she wanted to rush up the stairs but she shocked me when she turned on the music and in a very sultry voice said, "I want to have just one dance with my son."

"Sure..." I replied, kind of baffled.

So dance they did, and Sam put her arms around his neck while he held her hips. They danced slowly to the beat of the music, and then Sam started to talk—not the usual kind of talk but something different, more like flirting. No, it *was* flirting. She was actually flirting with him.

I just stood there in shock and listened as she sassily asked, "So you really like this dress?"

Kevin just nodded, and I saw her smile a wicked, lustful smile.

She then moved closer and said, "Does my dress make you hard?"

Kevin nodded again, and I thought, *Holy fuck!*

Closer still she moved until his groin was rubbing against her, and she devilishly murmured, "Mmmmmmm..."

Her head rested on his shoulders as she started to lightly rub against him. Kevin pulled her tight, and her arms caressed his back. Her legs bent slightly, and her hips begin to make little gyrations just like she did on Halloween, trapping his cock against her sex.

She wants him to cum again, I thought, but something was different this time. She wasn't looking him in the eyes; her own eyes were closed, and her breath was racing. She was getting hot herself. When her tempo picked up and Kevin grasped her ass, I knew now was the time to act.

Standing behind her, I whispered in her ear, "You like this, don't you?"

"Oh! Honey I didn't know you were there."

"That's okay," I said, rubbing my hands on her shoulders and pushing her chest closer to Kevin.

Again, I said, "You like how this feels, don't you?"

This time she nodded lazily and purred, "Mmm hmmm..."

I gently grasped the little zipper that held her dress up and eased it down.

"Jarid, what are you doing?"

"Shh, honey, it's okay. Just keep dancing."

Kevin took the hint and casually kissed her neck, causing her to coo.

Ever so calmly I eased the dress off her shoulders until it fell upon the floor, causing Sam to huff, "Wait, what's happening?"

However, before I could answer, Kevin grasped her bare ass and pulled her tight into his groin.

"It's fine, dear," I whispered into her ear. "Let yourself go, I know you want him."

"OH MY GODDD!!" she whined.

Kevin kissed her left breast as his hand moved down to her slit. I couldn't keep my stiff cock at bay any longer. Walking away, I sat upon the couch, unleashed my prick, and stroked it.

"This is so, so wrong," she whimpered, but her hips responded to his touch, pushing his fingers against her clit.

"It's okay. Just enjoy his touch," I said hoarsely, stroking my tool.

Kevin's hand slipped further down, and I could see at least two of his digits were inside her now.

Sam's head tilted back and she moaned. I saw her right hand ease downward and rub over his pants, slowly grabbing and rubbing his cock, teasing him with her seductive touch.

Brazenly I said, "Take it out, Sam. Feel it. Feel your son's cock in your hand."

Whimpering and groaning from Kevin's attack at her snatch, her hands worked hard on his trousers, and they fell upon the floor. I could tell she was a bit hesitant, but I heard Kevin ask softly, "Stroke me, Mom."

"Oh, Kevin," she whined and grasped his tool.

"This can't be happening. I can't be doing this," she cried as her hand stroked and twisted his cock long and hard.

"But you are, Sam. And you want more. Don't you?" I said.

"Oh, Jarid," she sighed while Kevin fingered her a little quicker.

"Don't you, Sam!" I yelled, seeing her body bucking and grinding against his prying hand.

"Oh fuck yess! Yes, I want more!"

Still fingering her, Kevin slowly guided her next to the couch. I could barely control myself. My cock had never been so hard as I watched my son and wife toying with each other. Stroking my stiff wood at a steady pace, I could hear Sam moaning in pleasure.

Then she looked at me with half-opened, lust-filled eyes, her breath racing, and I firmly said, "Fuck him! Fuck your son. Fuck your baby boy."

Sam's expression changed to a serious look, and her eyes widened as she took hold of her son's face and kissed him hard. Then in a swift motion, holding his shoulders, she leaped upward, wrapping her legs around his waist. Kevin quickly held her ass and lowered her down until his cock head hit its mark.

"Ohhh fuuuccck..." I heard her groan as Kevin nestled his dick inside.

Sam started to whimper and wail as she bounced hard up and down, riding him like a pony. I could see he was having trouble keeping his balance. Her bucking and bobbing caused him to fall forward, but thankfully they landed on the sofa. With Sam's back now on the couch, she spread her legs wide, and Kevin thrust into her.

"Yesss! Oh yes! Oh my God!" she wailed, lifting her legs higher to give him deeper access.

Only inches away, I couldn't control my own sexual excitement and coaxed them on.

"Fuck her, Kevin. Make her cum. Make your mom cum hard."

Kevin pounded away and I heard her scream, "Yes! Oh yes! Fuck me! I want this so bad. Give it to me baby! Make mommy cum!"

Grunting and lunging, Kevin went wild. Sam squeezed her legs tightly around him and grasped at his ass, heaving her pussy to meet his every thrust, and then it happened.

With a loud scream she yelled, "I'm cumming! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

I watched on as her body shook profusely. I could tell Kevin was going to pop any second, but suddenly Sam rocketed forward and took hold of his cock. Leaning over him she devoured it, taking his entire dick down her throat.

"Oh fuck Mom! Oh Jesus! Oh no... I'm gonna...nnnnnnn... ohhhh!!!" he croaked as his legs begin to shake. Sam never let up and feverishly bobbed her head. Kevin made this strange, gargling sound and then looked as if he suffered a stroke, falling onto the floor. Sam stayed with him, still sucking relentlessly on his cock. My boy's body started to jerk and twitch, and I watched in amazement as my sweet wife sucked our son dry.

Sitting upright, she wiped her lips and made the most shocking statement.

"Did Meadow ever make you feel like that?"

My son, panting hard, just slowly shook his head.

I then heard her say, "Good. Now go to bed. I need to have a talk with your father."

Kevin just nodded and stumbled to his feet.

Oh shit! I thought as my son staggered away.

With my cock still in my hand I feared for the worst. Maybe I took this too far. For whatever reason, Sam just looked at me. I swear I had never seen that look in my life. Deviousness, want, lust...I can't put her expression to words, but as she crawled up next to my side, she took hold of my swollen meat and very sternly huffed, "Take me now."

"I love you, Sam," I said and rolled her on her back. Grasping my dick with both hands, I buried it deeply inside her.

Yesss!!" she hissed and arched her back, grabbing my ass while spreading her legs. "Fuck me, Jarid! Fuck your wife. Fuck me like you fucked your mother!"

What? How...?

It didn't matter. I really didn't care. All I wanted to do was fuck her, and fuck her hard. Within moments we both bucked, gyrated, and thrust so wickedly I thought the couch would break.

Sam viciously hissed, "You liked seeing me fuck our son, didn't you?"

"Yesss..." I grunted.

"Did it remind you of fucking your mom?"

"Ugh, yes..." I grunted again.

Sam pulled me to her, and with her hot pussy sucking on my shaft she whispered, "I liked you watching me fuck him."

"Oh shit!!" I groaned, fucking her with all I had.

Sam's back arched as she cried, "Fuck me! Give it to me, baby!"

I felt my cum ready to explode and finally grunted, "Shit, baby, here it comes!"

My God, I couldn't breathe. My entire body seized up as I climaxed right when she did.

"SSssammm!" I croaked as my cock pumped its seed into her hot sex. I fell forward and listened to our hearts racing.

I struggled to get up but my arms felt like rubber bands, and I heard Sam whisper, "Don't move. I want to feel you in me."

"I love you so much, honey," I said, resting my head on top of her chest.

"I love you, too," she replied, rubbing my back softly.

I smiled with my eyes closed and held her tight. That was my last recollection of that night.

Come morning, I awoke naked and cold on our living room couch. Sam had already left, and I could hear her in the kitchen sounding very chipper. Tossing on my pants from the night before, I ventured to her.

"Want a coffee?" she asked as I plopped down in a chair.

"Oh, my fucking head," I moaned.

"So, I think we need to talk," I heard her say as I held my head.

"About last night?"

"Yes. I already talked to Kevin about it," I heard her say.

I looked at her and sighed. "Listen, I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me."

"Shhh..." she said, putting her finger to my lips. She sat next to me and held my hands, and in a very sweet voice said, "Thank you for last night."

"Huh?"

Sam chuckled and explained how she heard about my mother and I; apparently, Mom told her when Kevin turned eighteen. Sam had found herself contemplating how it could have ever happened. Then she caught herself actually having improper thoughts about our son, and it scared her.

But after last night, she understood.

I didn't know what to say. I just kissed her and said, "You know how much you mean to me, right?"

Sam smiled and softly said, "Yes, and that's why I told Kevin what we did shouldn't happen again."

"You sure?"

"Yes. You're all the man I need."

I kissed her again, and we ate breakfast together. I went back over last night's events, remembering what she said to Kevin after sex: *Did Meadow ever make you feel like that? Hmmm... Something about that comment just didn't sit right.*

But who knows.