

TEMPTED MOMS CH. 01: YOGA MOM

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A son schemes to bed his mother after she exercises.

Incest/Taboo

4.68

13.3k words

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

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As Logan spied into the sunlit room, he softly gasped. Standing inside was his attractive mother, Ava, bent forward, touching the floor with her hands and flaunting her firm, sexy ass to his young 18-year-old ogling eyes.

Oh my god... Logan thought as her long, midnight hair swept across the floor while her glistening black yoga pants hugged her body so tightly the fabric creased into her ass cheeks, accentuating her wonderful bum and he couldn't resist the urge to rub his hardening dick against his jeans.

"Holy fuck..." he mumbled under a whispered breath, as his mother slowly went down on all fours and put her body into a cow pose - sinking her tummy to the floor as her chest and ass raised to the ceiling. Then, still on all fours, she lowered her chest and rear while arching her back.

For the first time, Logan's mind filled with unspeakable sexual desires as his mother went back and forth between the two positions, making it appear as if her round, sexy fanny was flirtatiously dancing just for him. Unable to control his building urge any longer, he cautiously went to unzip his pants in hopes of releasing his solid cock that was painfully confined.

However, as he shifted his weight, a board slowly squeaked, sending him scurrying off before his mother became aware of his presence.

Ava chuckled to herself. Unbeknownst to her son, she planned for him to see her and was watching him from a mirror as she flaunted her body. Her heartbeat raced as she dared to seductively toy with her son and felt her pussy suddenly moisten when he rubbed his hand over his groin. Then when she noticed him unzipping his pants, her eyes widened, she was not sure what she should do and was thankful when he dashed off.

Logan raced through the dining room and down the hallway of their ranch-style house just as Ava snuck her head around the corner in time to see him closing his door.

Ava heard Logan locking his door and the door that connected their shared bathroom and thought back to the conversation she had earlier with her friend over the phone.

"You know Marge I've been feeling so depressed. Chris hasn't touched me in months and hardly pays any attention to me anymore. I can't help but ask myself if this is how my marriage will be from now on."

"You know Ava, I felt that same way a while ago. That is until the day I caught Jacob watching me while I danced around washing the floor. I don't know why but it excited me knowing I was still able to draw an 18-year-old's eye. So since that day, I find myself making little flirtatious moves around him."

"Margery, you didn't! Not with your son?"

"Yes, I know it's hard to believe, but I just couldn't stop myself. Knowing that I was exciting him did something to me."

"Well, I don't know if I could do something like that with Logan. Besides, he's never made any attempt to check out his old mother before."

"Listen Ava... You're not old, and you won't know unless you try. And don't let it bother you that he's your son. It's just some harmless flirting to get your blood flowing again."

"I don't know Marge. I'll have to think it over. Thanks for the advice though."

"Okay dear, I'll call you tomorrow and see how you're doing."

"Okay, bye."

Logan crashed on his bed and sighed before closing his eyes and recapping his mother's sultry figure in his mind as she stretched and twisted her body. His hand reached into his jeans and clutched at his hard cock as her marvelous ass danced in his head.

Softly he murmured, "Oh fuck, you're so hot, Mom," and pulled down his pants. Grasping his steel pole, he jerked off to his mother's seductive image until he climaxed diligently, spraying his jism all over the place.

"Wow I came so hard," he said to himself as he rose up and cleaned himself off.

Meanwhile, Ava was pondering over how aroused her son got and it excited her in a way that she hasn't felt in a very long time. Sitting on her knees, she bit a nail and smiled as her other hand brush lightly across her moistening mound.

Oh my God, I'm getting so horny, she thought and pressed her hand tight against her pussy, just as her cell phone rang.

Ava stood up and grabbed her phone she placed on an end table. Plopping on the sofa she said, "Hello."

"So how are you feeling today?"

"Oh, hi Margery. Well, I took your advice, and I have to admit that you were right."

"Oh... So you got your son's attention. Did he?"

"Sorry Marge I have to go. I hear Logan opening his door. I'll call you later."

"Um. Mom." Logan said as he glanced over his mother's sexy figure once more. "I'm going over to a friend's house for a couple of hours."

"Oh... I didn't hear you come home, honey. Did you finish your homework?"

Logan's mouth watered as he fixated on her lush breast pressing firmly into the skin-tight outfit and croaked, "Yeah. Sorry, I just hurried past you and did it."

"Okay, just don't be late for supper."

"I won't," Logan quickly replied, feeling his dick once again getting stiff and ran out the door.

Ava smirked as she admired her son from the window running down the street then she turned and headed to the bathroom.

Turning on the water, she undressed as the room filled with a warm mist. Ava then stepped into the hot shower and closed her eyes, letting the water cover all over her body while her mind reflected back to her son and how he responded to her seductive actions. Ava rested her back on the shower wall. Her right hand slowly dipped down to her pussy and lightly tickled it while her left hand softly caressed her hard nipples.

Her excitement grew as her mind pictured her young son's hand rubbing his stiff cock against his pants, and it caused her hand to quicken its pace across her folds. Her body trembled as her climax heightened. Her finger found her clit just as she pictured her son unzipping his trousers. She was just about to come when from the bedroom, she heard, "Honey, I'm home."

Ava stopped and opened her eyes and responded, "I'll be right out, dear."

Still horny she turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Quickly drying herself off, she greeted her husband in their bedroom nude.

"Hey honey," she said as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pushed her naked body next to his.

"Hey, you're getting me wet," Chris said and pulled her off him.

"We can fix that," Ava replied and started to unbutton his shirt.

"What are you doing?" Chris said and grabbed her hands.

"Logan's over at his friends. I figured we could fool around," Ava said before kissing her husband's neck.

Chris grabbed her shoulders, pushed her back and said, "I don't think that's a good idea. I'm still stressed from work and also hungry."

Ava frowned and turned away saying, "I'll dress and make dinner then."

Logan knocked on his friend's door and gulped when his friend's mom answered, wearing a low-cut black tee shirt that pushed out her heavy breast.

"Is... Is Jacob here?" He said, fighting back the sudden urge to reach out and grab her tits in his hands.

Margery, Jacob's mother, chuckled, "Yes, Jacob's up in his room. Come in."

Logan stepped inside as Margery turned and yelled to her son. "Jacob. Logan's here."

Logan's eyes drifted down Margery's body, and his dick stiffened when he noticed her round, firm rear.

"I swear that boy is deaf sometimes," Margery said and went to the bottom of the step and yelled once more.

Without getting a reply Margery said, "Logan, just go up already."

"Thanks," Logan replied and dashed up the stairs. With a quick knock, he opened the door to see his friend sitting on his bed with a pair of ear buds in and jacking off.

Jacob quickly stopped, pulled the ear buds off and stood up yelling, "Hey, what the fuck dude!"

"Sorry man. Didn't you hear your mom yell I was here?"

"No, I didn't," Jacob bolstered and blushed as he tucked his dick back into his pants and zipped up.

"I got caught up listening to this CD I found. Here, have a listen," Jacob said as he handed Logan the ear buds.

Logan listened and shouted, "Holy Fuck!" as his ears filled with the sound of a woman moaning loudly and groaning, 'Fuck me. Fuck me harder!'

"Where the hell did you find it?"

"In my mom's closet," Jacob said as Logan handed him the ear buds.

"I was going to make a copy and return it. However, I didn't get a chance yet."

"Oh. Well I wouldn't wait too long. What if she finds it missing?"

"Nah. It was in a box tucked away in the back of her closet," Jacob said as he sat on his bed.

"Dude, what were you doing in her closet?"

Jacob went and locked his door. Turning back he whispered, "Listen, this is between you and me."

"Oh, okay?" Logan said.

"I... I was hiding in there to try to see her naked when she got out of the shower the other day."

"Holy fuck dude! That's your mom!"

"Yea I know, shh... I don't know why, but over the past couple of weeks, I think she's been flirting and wearing sexy clothes for me."

"Yea. You might be right about that. The shirt she's wearing now does show off her chest a lot."

"Well. then you see what I mean. I just had to see those beautiful tits of hers for myself."

"I guess I can't blame you. Besides, I had a similar situation today with my own mother."

"No way! What happened?" Jacob said.

"I came home from school and was heading to my room when I noticed mom wearing this skin-tight outfit doing some kind of exercises in the front room. Oh, by the way, you never said if you got to see her tits."

"Nah. She came out already dressed. So back to your mom. Was that all?"

"Yea, pretty much. However, the moves she did seemed very sexual in nature. They really got to me."

"Wow, that sounds almost like what mom is doing here except it's when she's dancing around cleaning."

"Hey, you think they're messing with us?" Logan said.

"I don't know. Maybe we should test them and see."

"Dude, it's our mothers we're talking about here, not a couple of slutty chicks from school," Logan replied.

"Well, it was only a suggestion."

"I don't know. Maybe we should just wait and see what they do next. I had better split before I'm late for dinner," Logan replied as he made his way to the door.

"Okay dude. Even so, if something else happens you got to tell me."

"Alright, I'll see you later."

Logan dashed out the door and thought about what Jacob said as he made his way home.

Once there he went into the dining room to see his father already seated and said, "Hi Dad," as he plopped into his chair.

Ava entered the room and smirked as she watched her son's eye follow her chest around the table. After being rejected by her husband, she decided to forgo a bra and wear a very tight low cut revealing white top.

Ava bent forward in front of her son as she set the serving plate down on the table and said, "You want a breast?"

"Huh?" Logan replied as he felt his face redden.

"I asked if you wanted a piece of breast meat or a leg," Ava chuckled as she sat in her chair.

"Oh. I guess the breast," Logan said.

As they all ate quietly, Logan couldn't help but gander at his mother's bosom. The outline of her dark areolas couldn't hide under the light gripping fabric and her hard nipples jetting outward only made matters worse. He couldn't help but rub his hard dick under the table as he looked on.

Ava once again felt her pussy moisten as she teased her son and couldn't help but push a hand between her own legs in an effort to relieve the building sexual urges she was feeling.

"So how was your day, son? Anything exciting happen?" Logan's father said, snapping both out of their sexual trances.

Logan looked at his mother as she stared back at him and said, "Oh... No. Nothing special."

"Well I took up yoga today," Ava replied with a devilish smirk. "But I'm having trouble doing some of the moves."

"Oh? I didn't know you were interested in that," Chris said.

With a stern look, she replied, "Of course not, dear. You don't know a lot of my needs." Then glanced at her son and smiled saying, "More breast honey?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Chris said in a loud tone.

"Nothing dear, just enjoy your meal."

Chris huffed and buried his face in his plate. Stabbing his meat with his fork, he forcefully shoved it in his mouth.

Logan felt the tension building between his mother and father and quickly finished eating and said, "That was good, Mom."

"Thank you, honey. At least someone appreciates what I do."

Chris grumbled under his breath as Logan quickly left the table and said, "I'm heading to my room."

However, as Logan entered his room, he listened from the door as his parents started to talk.

"So, I don't appreciate what you do?"

"That's right. I think you take everything I do around here for granted."

"Oh, so I'm supposed to just compliment you on everything?"

"Once in a while would be nice. And speaking of once in a while, how about some sex?"

"Oh, so that's it. Because I didn't want to fuck you earlier."

"How about you never want to anymore? I have needs also you know."

"So me being stressed is supposed to take a backseat to your sexual needs."

"Where are you going?" Logan heard his mother say.

"Out," his father replied and slammed the door.

Logan sat on his bed and contemplated over what his mother said before laying down and falling asleep.

The next morning Logan noticed his father wasn't around and asked, "Where's Dad, Mom?"

"Your father called from the office this morning and said he spent the night there," Ava replied in a testy tone.

"Oh," was all Logan could say as he pulled a chair out to sit down.

Logan glanced at his mother and admired her long black velvet robe, and how it dipped low between her breasts as they both sat and ate. However, he was careful not to draw any attention to himself since it was apparent his mother was very upset.

Finally Logan said, "You okay, Mom?"

"Yes honey, I'm fine. You better hurry before you're late for school."

"Okay. Mom," Logan replied as he walked over and gave her a quick peck on the cheek.

However, as he bent over to kiss her, his eyes glanced down between the robe opening and caught a peek of her right nipple, which caused his dick to jump in his pants.

Logan backed away slowly and caught his mother looking into his eyes deeply and then smiled saying, "At least you show me some affection."

Not knowing how to respond to her comment, Logan just quickly said, "I'll see you after school, Mom," and dashed off.

Ava watched her son run off and called her friend when she heard the door close.

"Hi Marge," Ava said in a sniveling voice.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Chris left after dinner and never came home last night."

"What happened?"

"After I talked to you, I took a shower and felt a bit frisky, so I tried to get some attention from Chris when he got home. Well, of course he didn't want to do anything and that just frustrated me more. So at dinner I wore something a little revealing hoping it would pique his interest."

"So I take it, it didn't work."

"Oh, it did; however, on the wrong person. Logan was practically drooling over me as we ate."

"See... I told you that you were still attractive."

"Yes you did say that. Except that only made me more horny and mad at the same time."

"You... You got horny?"

Ava paused before saying, "Yes," in a subtle voice.

"Oh Ava. I'm so sorry. If I had known it was that bad, I wouldn't have suggested flirting with your son."

"So you didn't get horny after Jacob watched you?"

"I... I felt different afterward. But not horny."

"Really, Marge?" Ava said sternly.

"Okay. I guess a little," Margery said and then replied, "But we're getting side-tracked here. What made Chris leave?"

"I guess I did. I was so upset with him that after Logan left the table, we spat over how he never touches me anymore. That's when he left and called me this morning from his office."

"Ava... Don't blame yourself. He's being an ass. Especially if Logan could see how sexy you looked. Something isn't right here. I hate to say this, but I think Chris might be having an affair."

Ava teared up and said, "That bastard!"

"Calm down, Ava. I said he might be. We don't know for sure."

"I bet you're right. It's all making sense now," Ava said in a huffy tone.

"Listen Ava, getting upset won't solve anything. Right now, I think you need to just relax and see what he says when he gets home."

"Okay Marge. I'll call you later."

"Okay, dear," Ava heard as she hung up the phone.

Ava's mind raced with images of her husband screwing some young girl at his office, and it only intensified her anger toward him. However, in her maddening state, her mind then focused on Logan, her loving son.

Remembering how she felt yesterday when Logan watched her, she was compelled to try it again. So just before he was to come home, she changed into her black leotards and waited. Only this time when she peaked out the window and saw him turning the corner, she added some loud up beat music and began her little game.

Logan was on the front porch when he first heard the music piercing through the outside wall and cautiously opened the front door. Slowly, he advanced until he was next to the opening of the room and peeked around to see his mother bent forward with her arms out to her side, bouncing her upper body up and down to the beat. Her ass pushed back as she moved, and it appeared so inviting that he immediately rubbed his right hand across his stiffening dick.

She's so fucking hot, he thought as her routine changed to her bending forward with her arms out to the side and her swaying from left to right, causing her firm rear to dance from side to side.

Ava watched her son in the mirror, as she moved and felt excited by his presence like before but found herself needing more. Her desire to gaze upon his hard dick once again had taken over her rational frame of mind. So without thinking, she quickly turned and acted startled saying, "Oh Logan... You scared me. What are you doing standing there?"

"Um... Ah... I was... I was just watching you do your um... Workout," he said as he slowly moved his body into the doorway.

Ava noticed his stiff appendage pressing tightly against his trousers and felt a sudden twinge in her pussy. Her pent-up sexual frustration was getting the best of her, and she brazenly said, "Well, if you're going to just stand there, you might as well help me. I'm having trouble balancing and stretching to some of the moves."

Logan set his books down and walked toward her but noticed her eyes looking right at his groin and felt his face turning red.

"Okay, now just stand here until I say," Ava said and laid her back on the floor with her arms to her side. Then she lifted her lower body upwards and said, "Okay, grab my legs."

Logan reached out with both hands and held her by the ankles as she lifted her body higher until only her upper back was touching the mat.

"Oh, thank you, honey. I couldn't do this before," Ava said and then proceeded to lift and lower her body while she admired her son's stiff prick above her.

Logan couldn't help but marvel over her tight bum as it lifted and lowered so close to him. His sexual urges grew immensely, and he found himself just wanting to reach down and squeeze her firm ass in his hands.

"Okay, that's good," Ava said and lowered her body to the ground. She could feel the sexual tension building in the room. And even though a little voice told her this was far enough, she couldn't help but push it just a little further.

"Now sit here," she said, patting the mat next to her as she moved to her side facing her son.

"Okay, grab my leg again," coarsely came out of her mouth as she raised her leg stiff into the air.

Logan once again grabbed her ankle but Ava spoke up and softly said, "Move your hand a little lower, honey. I need you to help me slowly stretch my leg further."

Logan slid his hand down to her calf, as his mother patiently spread her legs wider.

The touch of her son's firm hand on her leg was sending little jolts of sexual pleasure straight to her vagina, and she pleaded, "Okay, now push."

Logan eased her leg forward, and it slowly stretched wider. Then he let her gently lower it back down on top of the other.

Again and again they gingerly lifted, stretched and lowered her leg. Each time increasing her spread until her other leg started to rise and leave the mat, and she wolfishly implored, "Can you use your other hand and hold my other leg down?"

Logan adjusted his body and placed his free hand on her inner thigh when she slowly lifted her leg and gazed at her mound as it came into view, which caused his cock to ooze its juices and soak his under shorts.

Ava smirked as her stimulation grew expeditiously. The game they were now playing made her extremely wet. However, as she basked in her new sexual high, her son did something unexpected and shifted his body and said, "Let me see if this helps, Mom."

Logan put her lifted leg on his shoulder and said, "This will help you stretch more." Then with both hands pushed outward on her inner thighs midway between both her legs and slowly nudged them toward her mound.

Ava, shocked at first, closed her eyes and lightly whimpered as her son's fingers gingerly eased toward her snatch, which caused her shudder. Her pussy juices flowed from her body as her mind

filled with forbidden thoughts of passion, almost over taking her. Then just before her son reached her sacred spot, she opened her eyes suddenly and swiftly uttered, "That's enough for the day," and pulled herself away before dashing to her room.

Feeling secure in her bedroom, Ava sat on the bed and pondered over what just happened. Her sudden sexual urge to feel her young son touch her pussy had almost over taken her collective frame of mind.

Maybe I should stop toying with him before this gets out of hand, she thought.

However, her body was too excited to let it go, and she found herself rubbing her pussy to the image of her son's hand gliding across her folds.

"Oh my God. This is sick. I'm getting so turned on by my own son," she mumbled to herself as her fingers dabbled across her hard clit while she lay back on the bed.

"Oh... Oh fuck... I'm going to cum. Christ yes... Right there, Logan. Rub faster. OH! OH YES!!" Ava said loudly as her mind fantasized him rubbing her sopping pussy.

Unknown to Ava, was her son was just behind the bathroom door, listening as she toyed with herself and gasped when he heard his name.

Holy fuck, she did want me to touch her, he thought. His own ecstasy flourished, and he was just about to masturbate in the bathroom listening to her when he heard the front door opening.

Oh fuck, Dad's home, he thought and tiptoed to his room.

Ava also heard the door and disappointingly stopped. Her body was on fire, but it would have to wait. Fixing her clothes she left her room and met her husband in the living room.

Chris just looked at her as she entered the room and said, "What, no dinner?"

"Really Chris? You don't come home last night and now expect me to have dinner ready for you? Don't you think we need to discuss things?"

"What's there to discuss? I felt it would be better if I just stayed away for the night."

"That was really mature, Chris. So instead of discussing our problems, you thought running away was the answer!"

"Listen, I didn't come home to fight again. If that's the case I'll just go out and get something to eat."

Ava huffed and turned toward the kitchen and said, "No... I'll feed you, and after I want to discuss this."

"You just can't let this go, can you?" Chris yelled.

As Ava and Chris bickered, Logan quickly called Jacob.

"Hey dude," Logan said in a loud whisper, "All right if I crash at your house for a while?"

"Sure... What's going on?"

"My parents are fighting and I want to make myself scarce before mom calls me to supper."

"Oh, sorry dude. Yeah, come on over. I'll tell mom you're eating over here tonight."

"Great. Oh... And I'll tell you what happened with mom today," Logan said.

"Oh, cool dude. Can't wait. See you in a bit."

Logan passed by the dining room and yelled into the kitchen, "I'm eating over at Jacob's, Mom. I'll see you later," and quickly dashed out before his mother could object.

Logan knocked on Jacob's door and once again was astonished when his friend's mother answered the door wearing a tight, buttoned-up red shirt halfway open exposing a large portion of her marvelous chest, and light blue jeans so snug he wondered how she ever got them on.

"Oh, hi Logan, Jacob told me you were coming," Margery said, smiling as she held the door open. "Please come in."

Logan stepped inside just as Jacob came to the door also.

"Hey Mom, Logan and I will play some games in my room until dinner."

"That's fine, dear," Margery said and headed toward the kitchen as both boys made their way to Jacob's room.

Jacob locked his door and said, "Okay dude, what happened today," just as Logan crashed on the bed.

Logan gave Jacob the quick rundown of events up until the point his dad came home.

"Fuck dude. That's hot. I haven't tried anything here yet. However, my mom is driving me fucking crazy."

"Yea, I bet," Logan said. "That getup she's wearing now is really hot."

"Fuckin A it is. You have to see her dancing around wearing it."

"Hey, maybe that's it," Logan said.

"What's it?" Jacob replied with a puzzled look.

"Have her teach you to dance."

"What??? Fuck dude, that's lame."

"Listen. Once I got involved helping mom with her stretching, it got easy to make some moves on her."

"I don't know. But I guess it's worth a shot. So you think your parents will still be fighting tonight?"

"I hope not. But if you don't mind, I'd like to stay here as long as possible."

"It's cool with me, man."

"Time for dinner," they heard coming from downstairs and made their way to the dining room.

As they all sat and ate, Logan did his best not to gawk at his friend's mother. Especially since Jacob's dad was home now and sitting off to his left.

Jacob's parents made some small talk as they ate and when they finished, both boys went back to Jacob's room to play some computer games until Logan had to leave.

Logan quietly entered his house and noticed his father sitting in the living room and said, "Hey Dad, where's Mom?"

"She already went to bed."

"Oh. Okay, well goodnight, Dad," Logan said and heard his father grumble in a tone too low to make out.

Logan crashed on his bed and listened to the quietness until he finally fell asleep.

Come the next morning, he was awoken by loud voices coming from outside his room. It was apparent his parents didn't work anything out last night. So he stayed in his room until he heard the door slam and knew his father left for work.

After dressing, Logan went down the hall and into the kitchen to see his mother standing over the sink wearing a long white terrycloth robe and said, "Everything okay, Mom?"

Ava turned slowly and tightened her robe.

"Yes honey, everything is fine."

"You sure, Mom? You and dad have been arguing for a while now."

"It seems your father hasn't been faithful to me."

Logan felt his blood boiling and said, "He's been screwing around, Mom?"

"Don't worry about it, Logan. Just go to school before you're late."

Logan huffed loudly and said, "Okay, Mom. But Dad's an ass to do that to you. I mean, you're the hottest woman I've ever seen."

This caused Ava to lightly chuckle before walking over and kissing his cheek. Then she said, "You're the best son a mother could ever hope for," and followed by giving him a big hug.

Logan hugged her back and enjoyed how her warm body and firm breast pressing into his chest felt. And as they embraced longer than expected, his hands slithered down her robe and cupped her ass without him thinking.

Logan heard her softly moan to his touch and pulled her closer to him, mashing his groin against her mound.

"Oh!" He heard her say as she pushed him away and appeared to be shocked.

"Um... Sorry mom. I... I don't know what came over me," Logan said and quickly turned away.

Instead he felt a soft hand touch his shoulder and say, "It's okay, honey. Let's just forget it happened. You better hurry before you're late."

"Okay, Mom. I'll see you after school."

Ava once again called Margery as her son left and explained how she confronted Chris last night about her suspicions and how it was true. He was having an affair, and it's been going on for over a year now with a new intern in the office.

"I'm sorry, Ava. So what are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure. Part of me thinks it's my fault while another part of me is mad and thinks two can play that game."

"Listen Ava, it's not your fault at all. So just clear that from your mind. Men are just pigs at times. As for feeling two can play the game, well, don't do anything hasty."

Ava then went on to tell how she's been feeling toward her son and what happened before he left.

"Ava... You're playing a very dangerous game. I would be careful that it doesn't get too far."

"I understand what you're saying, Margery. But this has awakened a part of me I didn't know I had."

"Ava, please stop and think about this. He's your son."

"You're right. You're right. I don't know what I was thinking. I'll talk to him after school."

"Good, honey. I'll talk to you later and see how it went."

"Okay. I'll call you," Ava said and hung up the phone.

At school Logan met up with his friend Jacob and told him what happened this morning.

"Holy fuck, dude!" Jacob said. "You going to try again tonight?"

"I don't know. I mean, she did look dismayed at me."

"I bet she's just taken back by it all. Dude, you have to try to take it further."

"Maybe. But what about you? You going to also try?" Logan said.

"Listen, if you get somewhere with your mom, I promise I will. I just don't want to risk anything yet."

Logan rolled his eyes and laughingly said, "Oh, so I'm the guinea pig."

Jacob chuckled and replied, "Yea... Sorry dude, I guess you are."

Ava watched the clock as her mind raced with thoughts. She knew her friend was correct about stopping her dangerous game. However, the thrill and new sexual awaking she experienced with her son was just too great to overcome.

Maybe just one more time before I have a talk with Logan. I'm sure I can control the situation if something were to happen, she thought to herself as she went into her room to change.

Holding up her black leotards, she looked at them and said, "Well since this will be the last time, maybe I should give him something to remember it by."

Ava opened a bottom drawer and removed a pair of white, very thin leotards. Stripping off her clothes down to her silky white panties, she slipped into the sheer material, just as she heard the front door opening.

"Is that you, Logan?"

"Yea, Mom."

"I'll be right out honey."

"Okay, Mom," she heard him say and then heard his door closing.

Ava stepped into the hallway and said, "Are you up for helping me exercise again?"

"Sure Mom, let me just change."

Ava proceeded into the front room and laid the mat out on the floor. Then did some basic stretches until Logan walked in wearing a white tee-shirt and dark-blue sweat pants.

"Okay Mom, I'm ready."

"Great," Ava said and kept her eyes glued to Logan's crotch as she laid her back on the mat.

Seeing his mother in her new attire caused Logan to harden quickly. No longer caring if she noticed his raging boner or not, he walked up next to her and said, "Like yesterday, Mom?"

"Yes, honey," Ava expressed and lifted her legs up into the air. However, as she lifted her body up and down, she could feel something brushing against her outer thigh and softly gasped. Logan had his legs partially spread apart and was rubbing his stiff groin against her leg.

Oh my God, it feels so hard, Ava thought as her son made little soft grunting noises above her.

"Okay Logan, let's... Let's stretch my legs out," she said as she got on her side.

Her heart pounded hard in her chest as she lifted her leg and felt his firm grip clutch her thigh just above the knee.

Slowly she spread her leg and felt his hand sliding down her thigh toward her mound. Her eyes closed and her mouth lightly parted as little whimpers escaped her breath.

Logan could tell what he was doing was affecting her. Her almost naked figured had pushed him over the top, and without hesitation, he motioned his hand down her thigh stopping just before touching her pussy.

"How's that, Mom?" He bluntly said.

"Y... Yes honey. Oh... So nice," she softly purred, as she spread her legs wider.

Logan ran his hand back to her knee as she lowered her leg partway down. Then motioned his hand toward her love whole when she spread it again. Over and over he teased her, until finally he heard her mumble, "Just... Oh... Just stretch me a little further."

With that, Logan eased his hand down and cupped her box with his palm and was pleased when she covered his hand with hers and pushed it tightly to her mound as she moaned loudly and

trembled.

Slowly Logan moved his hand and she whimpered. Her hand grabbed his by the wrist and helped him move it back and forth over her pussy.

"Oh... Oh my god, yes. Oh, Logan," Ava hissed as he increased his pace. Her body was on fire. Her orgasm was rapidly approaching and she thought, *He's going to make me cum. Oh my God, my son is going to make me cum. Oh... Oh no! Oh, what have I done! I have to stop.*

"Oh fuck!" She screamed as waves of pleasure raced through her body and a climax pierced through her like she's never experienced before.

Pulling her son away from her, she slid herself back and under a racing breath, she barely worded, "Oh... Oh God. No no no no no. We... We shouldn't have done that. Logan, I'm sorry."

"But Mom," Logan replied before he was cut off.

"I'm so sorry, Logan, it was a big mistake to have done that," Ava said in an almost crying voice and again raced to her room.

Logan was confused and was about to try and reason with her through the door but heard his father pulling up the driveway.

Great, that fucker has perfect timing, Logan thought as he picked up his mother's mat and placed it in the corner before crashing on the living room couch and turning on the television.

"Where's your mother?" His father said as he entered the room.

Logan just looked at him and shrugged his should as if to say, he didn't have a clue.

Logan lowered the volume on the television as his father entered his bedroom and strained to listen.

In a loud muffled tone he could hear his father say, "What do you mean I have to fix my own dinner?"

Logan acted as if he was engrossed in the television when his father reemerged and said, "I guess we're on our own for supper. Your mother isn't feeling well and doesn't want to be disturbed."

"That's okay, Dad. I'm really not that hungry."

"Then I'll just make myself a sandwich," his father said and went into the kitchen.

As his father ate in the dining room, Logan slipped outside and called Jacob and gave him the news.

"Wow dude. What you going to do now?"

"I don't know. She's really upset about it."

"Listen dude. It's just like the other day. I'm telling you, she fucking wants you man. She's just confused about it."

"Maybe. I'll just play it cool and see what she does," Logan said. "I better get back inside before Dad wonders what I'm doing."

"Okay man. I'll see you at school."

Logan went back inside and told his dad he wasn't feeling well either and headed toward his room.

Come the next morning, his mom never came out of her room so instead of eating breakfast with his father, he just headed off for class.

When Logan got home that evening Ava was waiting for him in the living room and told him they had to have a talk.

Logan sighed and walked into the room. He sat on the couch next to her and said, "Okay Mom."

"Honey, I made a big mistake yesterday, and I'm so, so sorry. I shouldn't have let you do that."

"Mom, you didn't do anything wrong. How was me making you feel good a mistake?"

"If I didn't tease you with my exercising and my choice of attire none of this would have happened."

"But see, Mom. You did do it. So there had to be a reason. I know how sexually frustrated you are and with Dad having an affair on top of it, I can tell how stressed you are."

"Oh, it shows? I'm sorry I got you involved with my own mess."

"Mom, maybe what happened yesterday was exactly what you needed. What if we just take a step back and you do your exercises while I help you once more?"

"No. I don't think that would be a wise thing to do."

"Come on, Mom. I can tell it helped you. If only for a short time. You can just say stop if anything gets out of hand."

Ava's face glimmered as she said, "Okay, we can try once more. But remember, if I say stop, we stop."

"Sure thing, Mom."

"I'll go change then," Ava said as she walked into her room.

Logan also went to his room to change and stripped off his clothes and under shorts. Then hastily put on a pair of dark-blue sweat pants and raced back into the front room.

Logan's cock twitched immediately when his mom walked in wearing her white almost see-through outfit. Standing in front of him she said, "Okay you ready?"

"Sure thing, Mom."

Ava turned on the music and began doing some basic stretches as Logan stood behind her and watched. His dick hardened by the second as she twisted and turned. He finally blurted out, "Can I help yet?"

Ava chuckled and said, "Okay, let me get ready."

Sitting with her legs crossed she said, "Sit behind me."

Logan did as he was told and spread his legs to his mother's sides and said, "Like this?"

"Yes, that's fine. Now I'm going to stretch to my side and you help me," she said and lifted her right arm high into the air.

Logan took his hand and placed it just above her arm pit as she bent to the left and pushed.

"Oh yes. That's it, honey. Oh, you're such a good boy."

Logan leaned in and whispered into her right ear as she bent over again and said, "Let me show you how much of a good boy I can be," then kissed her ear as his hand moved from her arm pit to her right breast and squeezed.

Ava quickly lowered her arm and clutched at his invading hand and covered it with hers and said, "Logan... Honey, this isn't part of the routine. What would people say? If they saw you doing this."

Logan moved his hand all around her breast then slowly eased it lower while pecking her neck and said, "I don't care, mom. It's just between us. Let me show you how good I can make you feel."

"Oh no, Logan. We mustn't, baby. Please," she said as his hand inched over her tummy.

"Just once more, mom. All your stress will be gone," Logan said and bit her neck.

Ava moaned as her son covered her cunt once again with his prying hand. Her body trembled with excitement as she told herself, *I must stop this. It's so wrong*. But alas, she couldn't fight off the building excitement and gasped as Logan pushed harder into her snatch.

"See Mom, you need this to happen," Logan whispered as his hand glided over her pussy and she whimpered and uncontrollably rocked her mound on it.

"Oh, Logan. Not again honey. It's wrong. So wrong for us to be doing this," she said and untwisted her legs and body until she was flat on the mat.

"Shhh Mom. Let me help you feel good once more," Logan said and moved himself until he was centered over her. Easing himself down, he placed his hard cock over the top of her covered pussy and heard her inhale loudly.

"Oh my God, you're so hard," Ava groaned as she unknowingly spread her legs wider.

"I know you need this, Mom. You need this to happen. Dad is a fool for not wanting you. You're so fucking hot, Mom. I can't help myself," Logan hissed as he eased his stiff member gently back and forth across her mound.

Ava fought with her dark lust and moaned, "No... Nnnoo... I can't. We can't. But it feels so good."

In long hard strokes, Logan rubbed his steel rod against her and said, "Just let yourself go, Mom. Let yourself go and enjoy how it feels."

"Oh, Logan," Ava whined as she closed her eyes and held his waist. "Oh god you're making me like this."

Logan felt her body push up to meet his thrust and surged his dick faster across her mound.

"Oh... Logan... Nnnoo... OH NO! I'm going to cum. Oh fuck!" Ava wailed as she grasped his ass and gyrated her cunt on him. Her body exploded in such an intense orgasm she screamed out, "I'm cumming!"

Logan pushed harder against her as she quivered and groaned loudly, "Oh fuck, Mom," and came in his shorts.

Panting profusely, Ava pushed on his chest and squirmed out from under him and said, "That's enough for today."

Logan watched as she rose up from the mat and said, "So same time tomorrow?"

Ava turned still gasping and replied, "We'll see."

And see he did, because after school the next day, his mother was waiting in the front room wearing that same erotic outfit. Except this time, he noticed her nicely trimmed bush hiding underneath the thin white material.

"Well?" Ava said as her son just stood there gawking at her. "You going to get ready?"

Logan just nodded his head and dashed to his room.

Ava watched her young lad race to his room and thought back to her talk earlier with Margery.

"Oh my God, Ava, you didn't! Think about what you're doing."

"I have Margery, and I never had an orgasm like that with Chris."

"But he's your son. Ava, you have to control yourself."

"Listen Marge, it's just two people helping each other find some sexual relief. As long as we keep our clothes on, I don't see the harm."

"You're playing a very dangerous game, honey. I hope you know what you're doing."

"I'm sure I can keep things under control. Listen, I have to go and get ready. Logan will be home soon."

Ava smirked as she walked into the front room and thought over what she could do to excite her son once more and quickly remembered how stiff he got seeing her in a cat stance, so she went on all fours and waited for him to arrive.

"Okay honey, just watch for now. I'll tell you when I need help," she said as soon as he entered the room.

Ava pushed her shoulders and ass up while inverting her spin. Then sunk her shoulders and rear down while arching her back. Over and over she did this and was startled when she felt a hand run across her lower back.

Looking over her left shoulder she saw Logan behind her and said, "What are you doing, honey?"

"Fuck Mom, that looks so hot. Let me help you."

"Help?" Ava chuckled, "Help how?" And then felt her son slide both his hands up to her back and push on her shoulders.

Logan waited until his mother's chest was pressed to the mat and while her ass was still high in the air, he quickly got between her legs and pushed his mouth hard against her pussy.

"Oh fuck, Logan," he heard as he pushed his tongue against the material and then felt her nudging her box on his face.

Logan stopped and sat up behind her. Reaching his right hand around her body, he hastily tucked it under her pants until it was against her twat.

"Logan!" Ava shouted, "This might be too far."

"Doesn't it feel good, Mom?" Logan said as he found her clit and worked his finger across it.

Ava's mind spun out of control as her son's finger actually touched and massaged her clit. Her body tingled with excitement as her sexual appetite grew.

I should stop him. But it feels good. He's getting me so hot, Ava thought as her hands clutched at the mat and her hips twisted and pushed until his finger slipped past her slit.

"Oh!!" Logan heard her moan as he wiggled a finger inside her snatch and eased it back out. Then added a second digit and sunk them deeper into her.

"How's that feel, Mom?" Logan said as he increased his speed.

"Mmm. Mmm. Ohhh!" She said as he fucked her with his fingers faster.

Logan knew she was hot, and with his left hand cautiously eased his shorts down releasing his stiff cock.

"Oh baby. Oh fuck. Your fingers feel so good." Ava said as her climax built to its crescendo.

Logan took his left hand, and as she whimpered and moaned, he gingerly eased her pants down past her ass. Then he slipped his hard member between her legs and bumped it against her mound.

"Oh... Oh no Logan!" Ava screamed and quickly crawled away.

Standing up she said, "That is definitely too far and enough for today," and she dashed to her room.

Logan sat on his knees with his dick still out and thought. *What the fuck? I know she wants to.* Then remembered his conversation with Jacob and how he said she was just confused.

"Fuck it. I'll help clear her head," he said to himself and walked into his room. Logan listened and heard the water running in the bathroom and waited until it was off before quietly opening the door.

Ava shouted, "Logan... What are you doing?" She looked astonished with a towel wrapped around her.

"I think you know, Mom," Logan defiantly replied as he stripped off his sweats and walked up to her.

Frozen in place, Ava said, "Your father will be home soon."

Logan took her hand and opened her bedroom door. Then he pulled her close to him. He kissed her deeply and she moaned into his mouth.

Ava broke the kiss and lightly pushed on his chest and in a frightened tone said, "Oh, honey. This is wrong."

"Enough, Mom. I know you want to," Logan said and tugged her towel away and heard her gasp. But before she could react to his sudden actions, he kissed her hard and toyed with her breast.

"That's it, Mom. See... Just accept it," Logan said as she sighed into his mouth. Then when he felt her hands drape over his shoulders, he dipped his right hand down to her pussy.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck," Ava moaned as her son tickled her clit again and sucked on her hard nipples.

Lost in her lust Ava reached down and grasped his stiff dick and said, "Oh it feels so big and hard."

Logan inserted his two fingers once more and fucked her with them as she slowly jerked him off until his knees weakened. Moving forward he nudged her onto the bed and spread her legs.

"I want to taste you, Mom," Logan said and swooped to her love hole.

"Oh, honey... Oh your tongue is making me so wet," Ava said as she grasped his head and pulled him against her.

Logan rammed his tongue deep into her snatch and worked it in and out which caused her to whimper loudly.

"Oh, Logan. Oh, I'm cumming!" Ava screamed and pushed his face hard against her snatch.

When she finished her climax, Logan rested beside her and kissed her before slowly rubbing his hand over her soaked mound.

Ava once again jerked on his cock while they kissed. She broke away and slowly kissed down his body until she was almost at his groin and looked up and said, "Just this once."

Logan's body pulsed with pleasure when he felt her lightly kiss the tip of his mushroom for the first time, then slowly stroked her hand up and down his shaft.

"Oh fuck, mom. Do it again? Please," Logan groaned and felt her kiss it again and gingerly stroke him.

"You like that?" Ava teased as she caressed his shaft.

"Fuck yes, Mom," Logan said.

Ava kissed his dick again, but this time sucked his cockhead in her mouth and heard him grunt as his hips lifted off the bed. Slowly she took her young man down her throat and then eased it back out. Over and over she worked on his tool until finally she straddled herself over him and pushed her pussy next to his face.

Within seconds, she felt him latched onto her hot cunt once again as she deep-throated him. Her body was on fire as he licked her swollen clit with his tongue and proceeded to bob faster on him

until that familiar tingle rushed through her body. Her orgasm was hastily approaching and she lifted her head and jerked on his cock feverishly while she yelled, "Fuck yes! I'm cumming again."

Quivering and grinding her pussy on him, she heard him grunt and inhaled his cock before he could explode.

However, as her young man thrust his rigid shaft down her throat, the sound of the front door opening could be heard.

Ava quickly rose up and realized her husband, his father, was home and rapidly whispered, "Logan... Hurry... Follow me." And rushed into the bathroom, closed the door and hopped into the shower. Turning the water on, they listen as Chris entered the bedroom and said, "You taking a shower?"

"Yes I am," Ava shouted over the water.

"Listen honey, can we talk when you get out? I've been thinking about what you said and well... Maybe we can try to fix this."

Logan's mind raced with thoughts and then realized that if his father talked his mom into forgiving him, all this would be over. No way did he want this to end, so as his father talked from the bedroom, Logan reached around his mother and lightly tickled her pussy.

"So what do you think?" Chris said.

Ava squirmed and tried to remove her son's prying hand from her snatch and replied, "I... I... guess so."

Logan held his hand firm and finally found her clit and rubbed it feverishly as he placed a hand on her neck and pulled her back to him. Standing under the water, he kissed her hard, and she moaned softly.

"Nnnot now, Logan," Ava softly whimpered as her excitement grew.

Logan felt her mound push against his hand, and he knew she was hot again. With his dick still hard, he centered himself behind her, and right as his father asked another question, he slid it into her cunt, which lunged her forward and forced her hands to brace herself against the shower wall.

"Oh no, Logan!" Ava said in a loud whisper. However, it was too late to stop him. Her cunt already gripped tightly onto his meat as it sent unknown pleasures throughout her body.

"So what do you think?" She heard in her excited state and tried to reply, "Oh... Oh... sssounds good."

Logan grabbed her hips and pounded away as she made little whimpers. He could feel her now pushing back to meet his every thrust, and it just added to his maddening lust. Then when her body tightened up and her whimpers intensified, he quickly covered her mouth, just as he felt her quiver.

Logan pushed his dick hard into her as she trembled and just when he was about to cum himself, he whispered, "Your cunt is mine now." However, before he could explode his mother pulled away and turned around with a very nasty appearance.

"Okay, honey. I'll go fill up the tank and make the reservation while you get ready," they heard before hearing Chris leave the bedroom.

Logan eased forward just as his mother smacked his chest and followed with a muffled roar, "What the hell Logan!! Get to your room before he comes back!"

"You heard him, Mom, he's going to get gas," Logan said just as the door closed.

Ava got out of the shower and proceeded to go into her room. Standing next to her bed, she turned and said, "And I'm not your piece of meat. I didn't care for that stunt you pulled, or that comment you made."

Logan followed her into the bedroom and said, "I'm sorry about that. I just got carried away."

"Okay well, it's over now... Just go into your room and dress before your father gets back," Ava said as she shushed him with her hands.

"But mom, I'm still hard," Logan said and stroked his hand over his stiff prick.

Ava looked down at her son's hard appendage, sat on her bed and replied, "I think you can take of that yourself."

Logan walked up to her and pushed her backwards, spread her legs and said, "I have a better idea," and eased his stiff dick inside her while he stood.

"Logan!" Ava yelled as her son slowly sank his steel pole deeper into her snatch.

"Oh fuck yea Mom, you're so tight. I can feel your cunt gripping me again."

Ava whimpered, "Your father will be right back. We have to ssstop before... Oh Christ, you're getting me excited again."

Logan moved on top of her as she wrapped her legs around him and said, "Yea Mom yea. That's it. Fuck me back. Your cunt feels so good around my cock."

"Oh my God, you're so big," Ava said as her body lifted and sent his dick deeper into her yet.

Logan fucked her slowly and as she moaned said, "You like me fucking you, don't you? This is what you really wanted isn't it? Tell me, Mom."

Whining, Ava whimpered, "It's wrong, Logan."

"But you want it, don't you? You love my cock inside you, don't you, Mom?" Logan said as he quickened his paced.

"Oh... Oh Logan," Ava wailed as she grasped his ass.

Logan thrust harder still and said, "Tell me, Mom. Tell me you love it."

"Oh fuck yes! Oh God I do. I do love fucking you," she replied just as her body stiffened and then screamed, "I'm cumming!"

Logan fucked her fast and hard. His cum raced up his shaft, and as she quivered under him he grunted loudly, "Fuck Mom!" And released deep inside her.

"Oh no. Oh no, you came inside me!" Ava screeched with a shocked look.

Logan held himself stiff as his dick pumped in her womb and replied, "Yea mom I did, and it feels so good."

Ava pushed him off of her and sat up. With a worried tone she said, "I have to clean this up. Jesus, I'm not on the pill."

Logan shouted as his mother raced into the bathroom, "Sorry mom. I didn't know."

"Oh God! Oh God!" Ava said as she quickly got back into the shower and yelled, "Logan go clean up in your room. Your father will be returning any second now."

"Okay, Mom," he said and did what she asked.

Logan was changing when he heard the front door open and listened as his father entered their bedroom. Unable to make out what was being said they talked for over a half an hour before leaving the room.

Then heard a rap on his door and his mother say, "Logan dear, your father and I are going out to eat."

"Okay, Mom," he called out and waited until they left before calling his friend Jacob.

"Holy shit! Holy shit! Dude, you're my fucking hero! You have to tell me what it felt like to fuck your mom."

"It was the best thing ever. And I almost didn't get that far. I swear when she sucked on my cock, I almost blew right then."

"Dude! She fucking sucked your dick, too?"

Logan laughed and said, "Yea, and she's very good at it."

"Aw... That's it. I got to try to get somewhere with my mom. So you think she's going to fuck you from now on?"

"I sure hope so. If Dad didn't come back, I would have fucked her again for sure. Well I should say maybe I would have. She was kind of pissed at me afterwards."

"Why?" Jacob said.

"Well my dick felt so good in her, I just blew inside her."

"OH FUCK DUDE! You kept it in her!"

"Yea."

"Shit, you have more balls than me for sure."

"Listen, my dad's gone out of town for a week. I'm going to let you go and see if I can get anything started with mom tonight."

"She's cleaning now?"

"Nah, she's in the living room watching a movie. Maybe I can figure something out if I watch it with her."

"Oh okay. Well, good luck."

"Thanks, and congratulations again, you lucky fucker. I'll talk to you later."

Logan hung up and made a quick sandwich. Then retired back to his room and reminisced over his triumphant accomplishment and thought, *Wow I can't wait to fuck her again.*

Logan fell asleep imagining having his mother in all kinds of different positions and was awakened in the morning by the sound of his father whistling a tune in the bathroom.

Logan dressed and entered the kitchen where his mother was facing the sink dressed in a white floral skirt that went down to her knee and a short-sleeve pleated top.

Logan walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist and said, "Morning, Mom." Then proceeded to kiss her cheek.

"Logan, honey. We have to talk."

"Okay, Mom," Logan replied and gave her tummy a hug as he rested his chin on her shoulder.

"What happened yesterday with us can't ever happen again. I had a long talk with your father last night and he seems sincere about working things out."

Logan huffed and said, "But Mom. He cheated on you. And I know he's been neglecting you also."

"Yes. You're right. He has. However, he's my husband, and I should at least give him another chance."

Logan's blood boiled and said, "What about me mom? Can't you see I wouldn't do that to you?"

"I know, honey. But you're my son, and it was wrong for me to let you fuck me," Ava said.

Logan heard the water running in the shower and leaned into his mother's ear and whispered, "Then tell me fucking your son wasn't the most exciting thing you've ever experienced." Then reached up and fondled her breast.

"Logan. Didn't you hear me? We can't," Ava said and grasped at his hands.

Logan kissed and nibbled at her neck as he dropped his right hand down and pressed it tightly over her mound and said, "I know you love how I make you feel."

"Yes I do. But it's wrong."

Logan quickly lifted her skirt and pushed his hand under her panties.

Ava squirmed and grabbed at his prying hand and said, "Logan, it's wrong, we can't do this. Ugh... Oh... Ahhh. Your father will be coming soon."

Logan wiggled two digits deep into her and bluntly said, "I know you love it mom. You're saying no but your pussy is saying yes."

Ava whimpered as her body gave into her son's sexual advances and could feel her cunt gripping at his fingers as he slid them in and out of her. Unable to control her sinful lust, she barely worded, "Please Logan, we shouldn't." She felt him ease her panties down with his free hand.

Logan ignored her pleas and lowered his pants. He quickly lifted the back of her skirt and slid his cock between her legs.

"Oh... Oh..." He heard as he took hold of her hips and pushed his mushroom head between her slick slit.

"Oh fuck! Logan. Your father mmmight..." Ava trailed off saying as her son's meat thrust deep inside her, sending her head spinning once more.

Ava braced herself on the counter as her young man fucked her profusely from behind.

Logan fucked her rapidly and said, "I can tell you like it, Mom. You love fucking your son. Don't you?"

Ava whimpered, "Yes... Oh yes. Your cock feels so good." She pushed back hard meeting his thrusts.

They fucked like animals until Ava shivered and groaned, "I'm cumming."

However, just as Logan was going to cum, the water stopped and Ava quickly pulled away, turned around and whispered, "Your father might hear."

"Mom, I need to cum. I was so close."

Logan watched as his mother got down on her knees and took his entire cock down her throat. Then with a deep fast thrust, she steadily sucked his dick until he couldn't hold back anymore and grunted, "Oh fffuck mom. That's it. I'm going tooooo... Ugh. Ugh. Ugh."

Logan felt his cock pump all its hot seed into her mouth and watched as she sucked it down while looking up at him.

Ava stood up and said, "Quickly now... Fix your clothes." She did the same. She sat at the table just as her husband entered the room.

Logan chuckled under his breath when his dad gave his mom a quick peck on the lips just after he had come in her mouth.

Chris sat down at the table and as Ava went to make him some breakfast he said, "So did you get all the stuff needed for the party tonight?"

Ava turned around holding a spatula in her hand and said, "What party?"

"Remember the football party. I told you about it last week."

"No, Chris. No you didn't."

"Oh hmm... Well I thought I did. Anyway a bunch of people will be coming over around 8 for kick off."

"Jesus, Christopher. I'll have to run to the store and also get the house ready."

"Well you do have all day you know."

Ava gave a nasty look at him that even startled Logan. Then said very bluntly, "I'm glad you think I just loaf around here all fucking day."

"Oh come on, you know what I meant."

Ava huffed and said, "Do I?"

Logan excused himself from the table and said, "Okay, I'm off for school."

"Okay, honey. Have a good day," Ava said as Logan fast paced out the door.

Ava finished making her husband his eggs and sat quietly at the table until he finished and heard him say, "I'd better run myself before I'm late."

"So how many people we talking Chris?" Ava said as her husband began to walk away.

"I don't know, maybe a half-dozen or so."

Ava sighed and said, "Okay, I'll see you tonight."

"Okay babe. Oh..." Chris said and turned around and gave her a quick peck on the cheek.

Ava watched as he walked away and thought, *Yea, it really seems like he's trying to making an effort.*

She got up to leave herself except her cell phone rang, and she noticed it was Marg.

"Hi Marge."

"So how are things going?"

Ava skipped completely over the part where she fucked her son and went right into how Chris wanted to work things out. Then explained how she had to quickly go shopping for the party she didn't know she was hosting.

"I won't keep you then. I can see you're very busy today. I'll call again tomorrow."

"Okay, Margery," Ava said and hung up the phone.

Ava managed to straighten up and set out a nice spread just as her son got home.

"Hi, Mom," Logan said as he gave her a nice kiss. Then said, "You need any help?"

"No, honey. I'm just about finished. Thank you for offering."

"Anytime, Mom," Logan said and followed with, "So I guess no yoga tonight?"

Ava placed her hand on her hips and said, "No... No yoga tonight. And I was serious about what I said this morning."

"Mom, I thought we settled that already. I can tell you love it."

"Yes I do. However, it's also wrong that we keep doing that, and I furthermore told you how your father wants to fix things between us. How can I even think about fixing my problem with your father if I'm still fucking you?"

"Mom I think..." Logan started to say when Ava shouted.

"Enough Logan. I said no, and I mean it."

Logan didn't say another word and just sulked back to his room and stayed there until he heard his father open the door and enter with a bunch of people.

Slowly Logan walked toward the small crowd and noticed a young girl standing off to his father's right side.

Ava also noticed and rapidly introduced herself and felt like someone kicked her in the stomach when her husband hastily spoke and said, "This is Rachel, honey. One of our interns."

Ava said, "Nice to meet you. Chris, can I have a minute?"

"Sure thing, dear," Chris said and followed her into the kitchen.

"Tell me you didn't just bring your little whore into our home," Ava announced.

"Honey, please don't make a scene, I had no choice. Mark already invited her; I couldn't say no."

"You couldn't or you didn't want to?"

"Baby..." Chris said as Ava walked away.

Everyone sat in the living room as the game started except Ava. Logan quickly noticed this and went to look for her.

Logan walked into the kitchen and noticed her sitting at the table drinking a beer while bouncing her crossed leg and said, "Everything okay, Mom?"

Ava looked at him and said, "No. Everything isn't OK. I was a fool to think your father would change."

"So that girl is the one, isn't she?" Logan said as he walked closer to his mother.

"I don't want to talk about it Logan, just leave me be for now."

"Okay, Mom. But I'm here for you."

Logan went back into the living room and sat on the floor in a spot where he could still see his mother in the kitchen. He noticed that the girl was sitting right next to his father and wondered if his mom knew.

By the time the game entered half time, Logan had observed his mother had four empty bottles sitting in front of her and then noticed that the girl had her hand on his father's lap and was slowly rubbing it up and down.

Stealthily Logan left from his seated position and walked back to his mother and said, "Mom, I think you're going to want to see this."

Ava slowly stood up and felt her head spin as she staggeringly followed her son to the doorway.

"Look, Mom," Logan said as he pointed to his father and heard his mother whisper, "That fucking tramp has the gall to sit by him."

Logan stood behind his mother and held her hips and whispered, "It's not just her, Mom. I don't see dad moving away."

"That... Fucker." Ava mumbled as she felt her son's hand softly gripping her waist.

Logan pulled his mother backwards until just her head was peeking around the corner and said, "See, Mom. Dad isn't going to change. I think he's enjoying her rubbing his leg."

"What? What!" Ava said. She hadn't noticed Rachel's hand until Logan mentioned it, and her rage grew diligently when she observed it moving.

Logan held her in place when he felt her suddenly lunge forward and said, "Hold on, Mom. I have a better idea."

With that, Logan slid his right hand down to her pussy and pushed it hard over her skirt and said, "Wouldn't this make you feel better?"

"Nnno... Logan. Not now," Ava said and gripped his wrist as his hand rubbed up and down over her mound.

"Yea Mom, now is the perfect time," Logan said and eased her back into the kitchen.

Quickly, Logan turned her around and lifted her up onto the counter-top and said, "He's not worthy of you." Then rapidly reached under her skirt and yanked her panties down.

"Logan. Everyone's in the next room. Please not here."

"They're too busy watching the game," Logan said as he pushed her legs open and tucked his head under her skirt.

"Oh... Awww. Llogaaan," Ava said as she tried to push his head away but had to stop herself from falling backwards and braced the counter with her hands.

Logan's tongue lapped at her clit and then pushed through her slit, causing her to lose her sense of reasoning once more, and she hissed, "Oh fuck, Logan. Oh shit. Yes. Oh yes. Mmm."

Logan worked his pants down as his mother moaned and then lifted his head out and pulled her toward him sending her pussy crashing against his hard member.

"OH Logan," Ava groaned when her son's meat penetrated her slick cunt.

Logan held her ass with both hands as her legs and arms wrapped around his body.

Lifting and pushing, Logan fucked her deep and her moans and whimpers intensified until he knew she was just about to orgasm and grunted, "Mmmom... You have to keep it down."

"Oh... I cccan't hhelp it. Oh fuck... OH FUCK! OH YESSS!!" She screamed, but thankfully, it was at the same time everyone had cheered in the other room.

Logan held still until the commotion died down then slowly worked up his tempo until he was feverishly fucking her once more. His seed was rapidly rising up his shaft and was just about to blow when his mother pushed on his chest and slid away.

"Mom?" Logan said as she put her finger to her lips and made a 'shhh' sound.

Ava swiftly took hold of her son's cock, rapidly jerked on it said, "I told you. I'm not on the pill."

Logan just gave a nod as his mother hastily worked on his cock and then watched as she went to her knees and inhaled it.

"Oh ffffuck, Mom. You're so good at that," Logan groaned as he pushed on the top of her head sending his entire cock down her throat just as he exploded.

"Mmm Mmm Mmm," he heard as he held his pumping prick deep inside her mouth.

However, just as he was slowly easing his spent cock out from his mother's lips, he heard someone announce, "That was a great game."

Ava quickly rose and adjusted her skirt then picked up her panties and handed them to Logan and said, "Fix your clothes and take these."

Logan tucked them into his pocket and followed his mother over to the table and sat just as a couple of people entered the room.

"So how was the game?" Ava said as she sipped on her beer and acted nonchalant.

"Great, our team won. You two missed a good game."

"Oh... I don't think we missed anything," Ava said as she looked at her son. "Do you?"

Logan just nodded his head and smiled.

"Well, thanks for having us over. Oh and by the way, I think Chris might have had a tad too much to drink. He's kind of out of it, so we'll take Rachel home."

"Oh? Was Chris supposed to do that?"

"Well... Yeah? He's the one who brought her?"

"Is that a fact!" Ava said.

"Umm... Well... Thanks again."

Ava waited until everyone had left and then walked over to her husband who was slouched on the couch and shouted, "You fucking asshole!"

"Huh wwwhat? Where did everyone go?"

Ava watched as he shook his head and tried to stand and said, "You might as well just stay there. You're not sleeping in my bed tonight."

"What the fuck has gotten into you?"

"I know it was your idea to bring that bitch here, Chris!" Ava said as she stormed out of the room and into her bedroom.

Logan stayed in the kitchen until he heard his father snoring on the couch and lightly tapped on his mother's door and said, "Mom, can I come in?"

Logan heard the pounding of his mother's footsteps before she promptly opened the door and yanked him into the room saying, "Get in here."

Ava closed the door and sharply turned around. She walked up to her son and pulled his pants down and said, "I want you."

Logan kissed her passionately as her hand stroked his cock hard once more. And as they kissed, he gingerly undid her blouse and bra, followed by easing her skirt down.

Ava nibbled on his ear and whispered, "Fuck your mother. I need your cock inside me again."

Logan walked her over to the bed and gently laid her on it. Resting himself over her, he slowly glided his stiff cock across her slit and said, "This cock is yours, Mom."

Ava pulled on her son's neck and deeply kissed him as her hips pushed and twisted until she felt his mushroom tip slip through her folds. She loudly sighed, "Oh yes!"

Logan pushed and pulled, slowly easing his shaft deeper inside her as she gripped his ass and nudged him all the way in.

"Fuck me, Logan. Fuck me faster!" Ava whined as she clutched at his bottom.

Logan pumped and pushed faster and faster until he was jack-hammering into her.

Ava yelled out, "Oh fuck! You're the best fuck I've ever had. Make me cum, honey. Make me cum!"

Logan sat up on his knees and grabbed her thighs and fucked her profusely and said, "Fuck, Mom. I'm going to cum soon."

"Oh baby. Yesss. That's it. Oh like that. Oh yes! Oh OH!!" Ava screamed as she climaxed.

Ava huffed, "Let me... Let me on top."

Logan rolled over as his mother faced him and spread her legs then eased his dick back inside her.

Leaning forward she kissed him as she gyrated her hips, grinding her clit on his flesh.

"Mmm ohhh mmomm!" Logan mumbled as his mother kept her mouth tight with his. Her body grinding on him was sending his sperm racing to the tip.

Ava sat up and worked her hips faster as she held her breast and said, "That's it honey. Oh that's it. I can feel you're getting close. Cum for momma. Cum for me."

"But mom... Oh fuck. What about the pill!!!" Logan grunted as his cock exploded inside her.

Ava grounded herself hard against her son as he pumped his seed into her and moaned, "Oh you're filling me up."

"Mom, that was best yet." Logan said as his mother eased herself off him.

"We're not finished yet." Ava announced as she lay beside him and slowly stroked on his cock.

They both passionately fucked several more times that night, with her husband, his father, totally obliviously passed out on the couch.

Then next morning before Chris rose from his stupor, she sent Logan back to his room and waited for her husband to wake.

He no sooner woke when she said, "Get your things and get out."

"Huh what. Hey!" Was all Chris could say before she laid into him once more.

"You can keep that fucking slut of yours. I want a divorce."

Logan listened from his door as his father tried to plead his case, but was happy when his mother stood her ground and heard her yell once more, "Get the fuck out!"

When Logan heard the front door slamming shut, he emerged from his room and smiled when he saw his mother standing looking back at him with a smile of her own.

"You're not going to school today. I need you to help me pack up your father's things," Ava said.

"Oh, okay Mom."

"And afterward I'll help you." Ava said and palmed his groin.

"Can't wait, Mom."